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Jim Jam Jems: March 1922

Sam H. Clark

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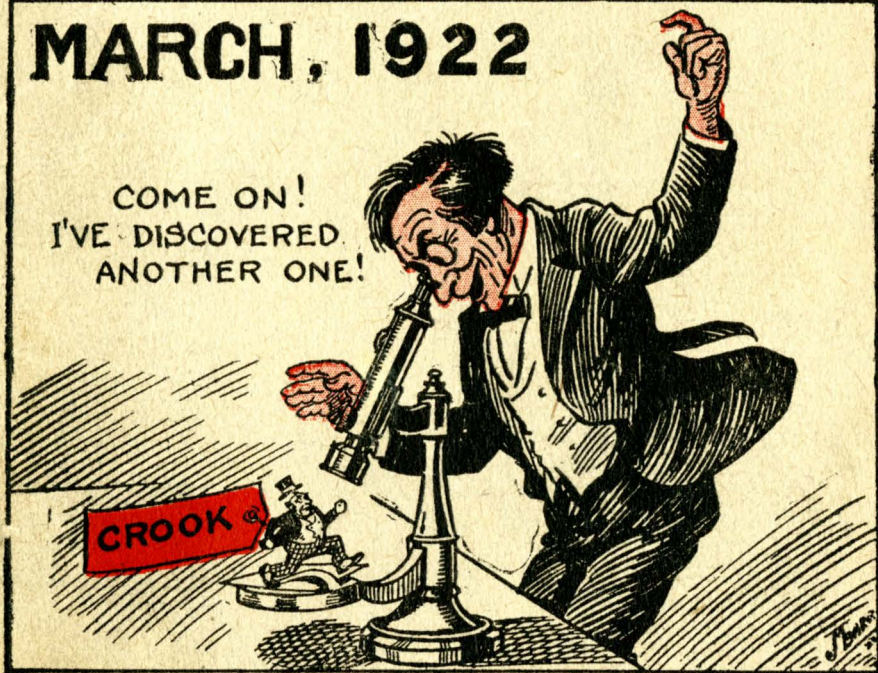
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Jim Jam Jems

BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

MARCH, 1922

COME ON!
I'VE DISCOVERED
ANOTHER ONE!



A VOLLEY OF TRUTH



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

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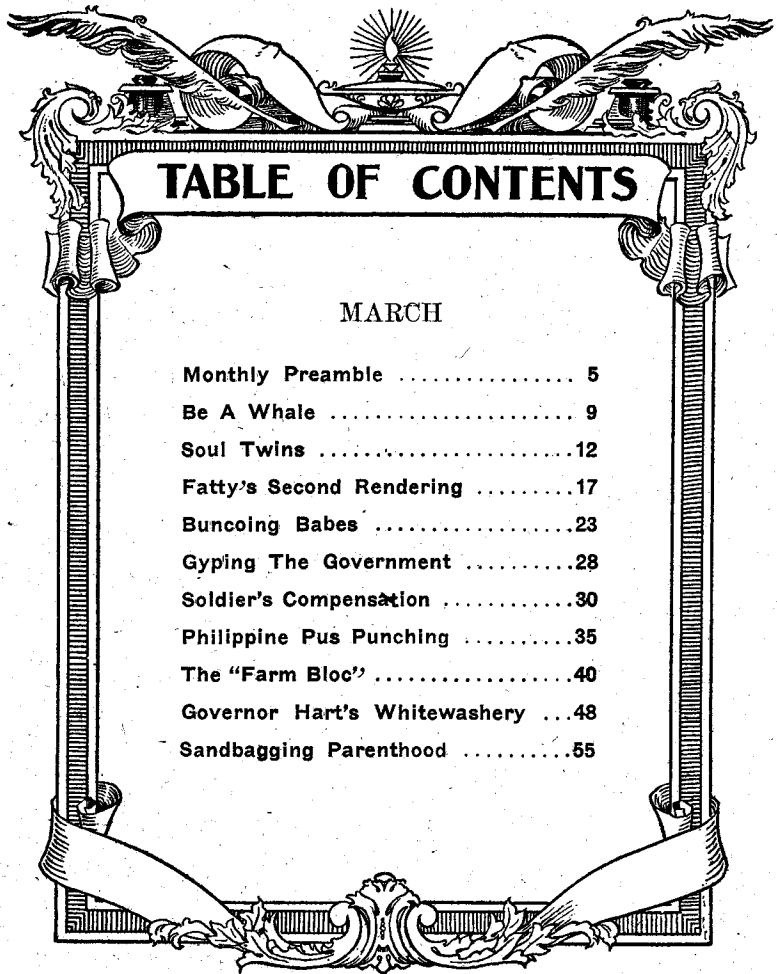
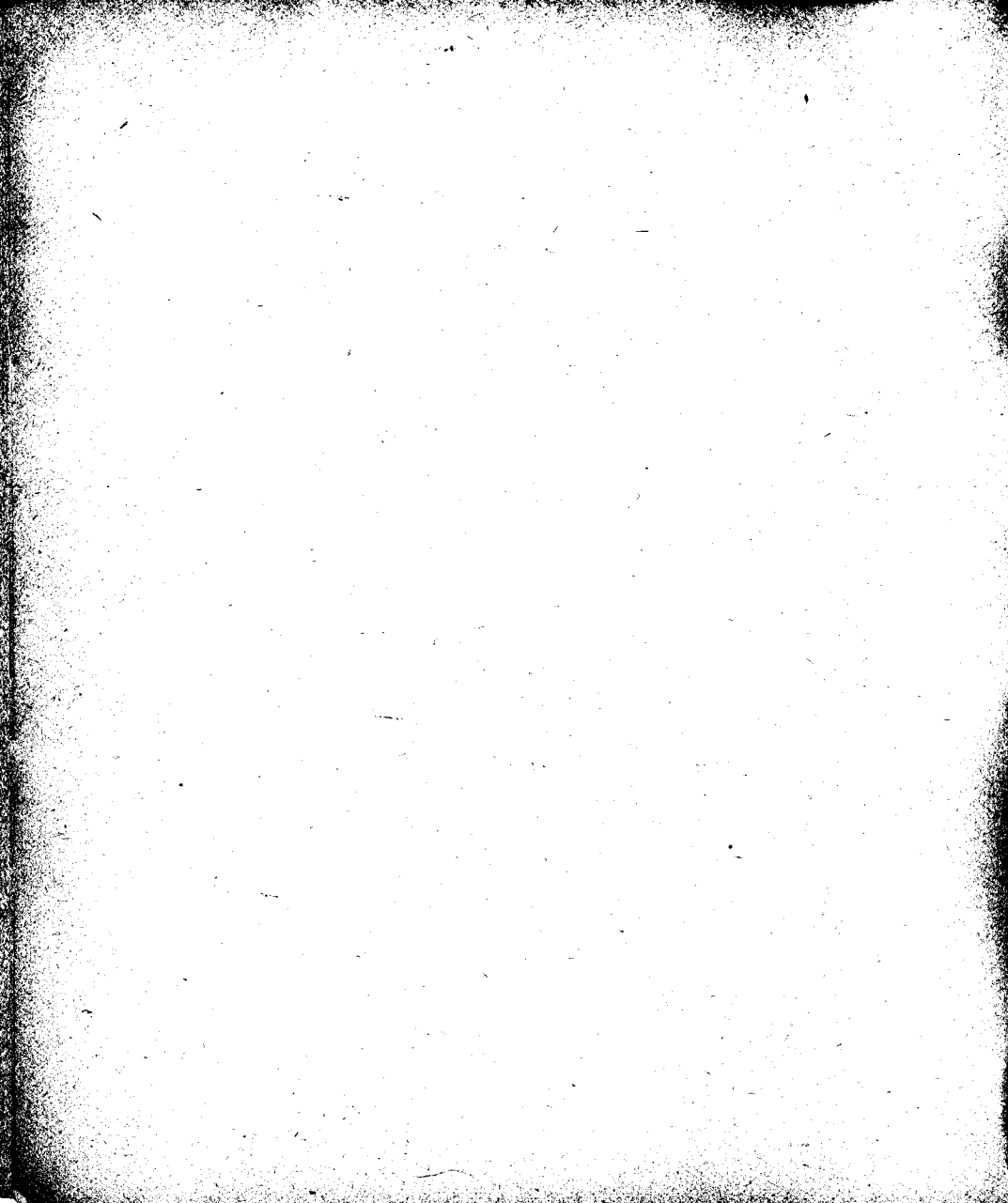
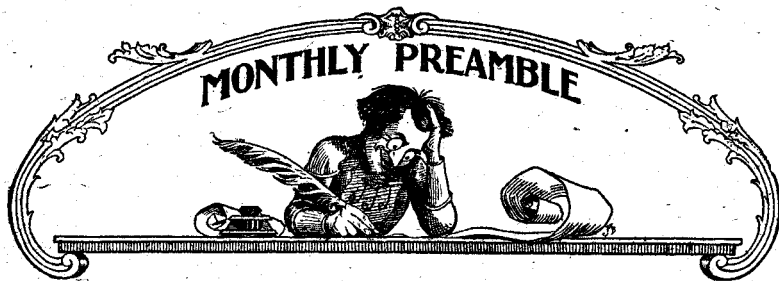


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WE feel like emitting a roar akin to that of the March lion while we breeze into our readers and the public in general a few facts about JIM JAM JEMS. During the past couple of months police officials and vice-squad operatives, and occasionally a newly-elected and active city attorney, at various points throughout the country, have been attempting to suppress the sale of a multitude of so-called magazines because of the salacious, suggestive and downright rot and nastiness that characterize a number of them. Just now there seems to be an endless flood of chipmunk magazines which contain questionable matter and in some cities at least officials are making an effort to suppress the sale of these publications. In general style and appearance, in size and color and makeup, a dozen or more imitators of JIM JAM JEMS have appeared upon the news-stands throughout the country. We have no quarrel with these publications. After



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all "imitation is the sincerest flattery"—even if it be outward only—isn't it? But when a bungling vice-officer, or police officer or other minion of the law issues a blanket order to suppress questionable and suggestive literature, we want them to be blamed sure not to include JIM JAM JEMS in that class. There is not a publication in America today that is more carefully edited than JIM JAM JEMS. Not a line of suggestiveness or licentiousness or obscenity appears in this magazine. It is cleaner than your daily newspaper and no man—we care not how scrupulous or exacting he may be as to the literature he carries into his home—need have any hesitancy about JIM JAM JEMS. "Accuracy and Reliability" is the motto of our editorial room. We publish nothing but the absolute Truth in all things. We never print a lie to a make a friend, nor do we suppress the Truth to keep one when we believe that good will result from the publication of that Truth. We never print an ugly story about anyone just because people like to read about ugliness. Sometimes we find it necessary to spade up the mud so that the light of Truth may shine into the slimes of deceit and crookedness and nastiness and purify it. The sun may shine into a cesspool without polluting its warm rays. JIM JAM JEMS is exactly what it purports to be—A Volley Of Truth. We do not skulk or hide behind "if's and and's;" we never deal in rumors; we never use the expressions "it is alleged," "it is said to be," "it is understood;" we do not insinuate anything; we charge—right from the shoulder—and we know whereof we write or we keep still. We do not deal in sug-

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gestive poetry; we do not rehash old barroom stories and we do not fill our space with a lot of revamped burlesque-show gags and putrid witticisms. Between the covers, there is no more similarity between our imitators and JIM JAM JEMS than there is between the mocking-bird and the owl. All of which brings us to the milk in the cocoanut:

Last month in the city of Memphis, Tennessee, an order went out from the city attorney's office to stop the sale of a number of magazines on the ground that they are suggestive, licentious and obscene, and not fit for home literature. And JIM JAM JEMS was included in the list. We protested, and after reading a year's output of our publication the order was sent forth to newsdealers that JIM JAM JEMS carried nothing objectionable and the ban was removed on our sales. A like order was enforced in the city of Buffalo, New York, but upon investigation the vice-crusaders reversed their gears again and JIM JAM JEMS was given a clean bill of health. In Tulsa, Oklahoma, we won a certificate of good character, and so on down the line in several cities where an attempt has been made by officials to stop the deluge of questionable literature that is flooding the news-stands. At Casper, Wyoming, the rumor started that the Chief of Police had placed a ban on this class of magazines and one crack-brained editor, whose paper was areek with sensational stories of murder, suicide, homicide and crime and rot, spat forth a spiteful editorial commending the Chief of Police for his order against what the editor termed "JIM JAM JEMS brand of literature." But the Chief of Police writes us em-

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phatically that he has never issued an order against JIM JAM JEMS and we have written Mr. Editor to swallow his lying editorial charge or take the consequences.

We want it distinctly understood that we are going to stand strictly upon our rights and will not tolerate interference with our publication. After ten years of unparalleled success, JIM JAM JEMS has made a place for itself in American literature that is as distinct and unique as that of the Literary Digest and the Saturday Evening Post. One day's mail arriving at our office would convince the non-reader or the person who is not familiar with the Truths that JIM JAM JEMS has been fearlessly dispensing, that the American public is fully alive to the good we are accomplishing, and our friends everywhere who challenge our critics gain the satisfaction of an acknowledgment from our traducers that they do not read our publication, and do not know what they are talking about.

Cold, hard facts, things you ought to know, Truths that directly affect your everyday life—that is what you will find in JIM JAM JEMS. As a usual thing our preamble is along happier lines; we usually leave the cold facts for the balance of our book; our preamble is our playground and in general it reflects the mood of the editor as he sets about the task of compiling the monthly issue. Next month we hope to display a mood in keeping with the April sunshine and spring showers. And we ask your indulgence for this blast of March in defense of JIM JAM JEMS.

JIM JAM JUNIOR.

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BE A WHALE



THIS is going to be like a tack—short but pointed. If you are going to be a criminal be a whale, don't be a minnow. Absorb these facts.

John Guy—and we insist “guy” is right too—at Middletown, New York, committed a heinous crime. He stole three lead pencils and he drew from justice's urn a sentence of five years because he was an ex-convict. An ex-convict annexes three lead pencils and bolts and bars and stone walls immure him for five years. Register that on your mental camera and then focus on this one.

On this same day another ex-convict, Charles W. Morse, was charged with stealing millions from this government.

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He has already been convicted of crime upon a scale that convict John Guy couldn't even imagine. He was once in the Atlanta Penitentiary, convicted of financial crimes upon a stupendous scale. But Mr. Morse was an invalid. Yes, sir! Bright's disease had him in its deadly vise, one foot was in the grave and the other was slipping! He admitted it, his lawyers spilled scalding tears describing it and his doctors certified in effect that the undertaker was on call! President Taft was deceived and befooled and he pardoned Morse so that he could spend a few brief days with his family ere the embalmer grabbed him!

That was about ten years ago and the embalmer has quit waiting for Morse. Morse spat on his hands, took a fall out of the "fatal Brights' disease" and annexed some government millions in the ship building orgy. About the time Uncle Sam began groping around for some of those lost millions Europe enticed Mr. Morse! Again he was a "sick man" and only European surgery could prolong his days. Morse came back unshackled, unarrested, gave bail and lolls in luxury while he devises ways and means to defeat Uncle Sam—very possibly with the very money annexed from him!

But if ex-convict Guy gets five years in jail for stealing three lead pencils how many aeons in jail ought ex-convict Morse to get if he is convicted of this last charged theft of millions? If the proportion be that of the value of three lead pencils to millions Morse's sentence—if he be convicted—ought to approximate eternity, oughtn't it?

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Moral? Certainly! If you are going to be an ex-convict swim with the whales, don't be a minnow. Don't steal three lead pencils, annex millions! Millions, Bright's disease, freedom and luxury! Penury, three lead pencils and five years in prison! Be a whale, spout millions, look at Morse and then at Guy!

No wonder Justice is always pictured with bandaged eyes.



SOUL TWINS



WE'VE been disillusioned. We had just attuned our typewriter—we mean the machine of course—to its most soulful notes and were about to rhapsodize a symphony of sentiment anent the heights of pure idealism when a little dispatch jazzed into it. It's the sudden birth of a "soul twin" which brought us back to earth with a jar. It's all about Mr. Charles Garland of North Carver, Massachusetts.

Young Mr. Garland was bred in the purple—one of the Tudors of Boston claiming direct lineal transmission from Henry the Eighth. He was also born in the gold inherited from a very realistic and practical banker father. It was quite a mess of money, something over a million in regular dollars, awaiting young Garland. He had annexed a Harvard di-

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ploma, a wife, a baby daughter, a petty New England farmlet and oodles of high ideals. He spurned his inheritance. He would have none of it. It was tainted—in fact all money was tainted—by methods of acquisition abhorrent to an idealist. Money stunted ideas and destroyed ideals. He would repudiate his inheritance, tickle the soil, embrace his wife, fondle his babe and “live low and think high.” His wife, formerly a Miss Wrenn of Boston, twittered on the same high key. On that barren New England farm they were going to raise a crop of high ideals—babies and mebbe a few “spuds” and the like. It was going to be an Edenic and idyllic sector of Paradise—all etched on a huge background of repudiated gold!

Well, it's all over with. Our rhapsody is busted and we are going to pound the brutal keys of fact. “What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh” and Tudor-descended Charles Garland is emulating old Henry the Eighth and has put aside his first wife with another babe in the offing for his “soul twin.”

Old Henry the Eighth had six wives thusly. First he shucked his regular wife, Catherine of Aragon, and annexed Anne Boleyn. Then, one after the other, he wed Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Catherine Howard and Catherine Parr. Incidentally two of 'em were divorced from the royal roue by the executioner's ax. He didn't call 'em “soul twins,” he just progressively annexed 'em.

Young Mr. Garland's “soul twin” is a golden haired, lissome bit of femininity of Boston yclept Lillian Conrad. She

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says "Charles loves me and loves his wife. I know he needs both of us. I love Mary Garland more than I love any other girl. I am willing to share Charles with her. She is not willing. She thinks we have both done her a great wrong. My philosophy includes the possibility of other women. They may come into his life just as I came. If they do he must leave me for them just as he left his wife for me" and so on ad nauseam to ad pukum!

Young Mr. Garland has decided to take his money—along with his "soul twin!" If he keeps on annexing "soul twins" as fast as his old ancestor, Henry the Eighth, until he grabs a sextette of 'em, he'll need all that million—and then some! This "soul twin" business is a new alibi for ordinary concupiscence.

It's a far cry from old Henry the Eighth of England with his matrimonial sextette to his Tudor-descendant young Charles Garland of New England with his "soul twin." And our rhapsody anent pure Brahminic Bostonese idealism and its repudiation of tainted money has gone wastebasketwards! Young Garland has reneged and like other messes of inheritors has chosen the primrose path of dalliance striving to bedeck it with gaudy verbal blossoms. With his real wife and babe he spurned wealth but when he annexes a "soul twin" he'll take the money too!

We want to say right here and now that we are implacably opposed to all these matrimonial slusheries o'erflowing this land. We are "agin" "affinities," "soul mates," "soul twins," misbranded "platonic affection" and all the like euphonious

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alibis for matrimonial infidelities. Almost one tenth of American marriages now end in wreckage on the rocks of divorce. And the words "till death do us part" in the marriage ceremony ought to read "till desire do us part." It's all right for pungent paragraphers to spill piffling witticisms anent these tragedies and it's all right for moviedom to paeinize vampires and dress—or undress—they in golden auras but we want to say to you, brethren, that when the bonds of marriage become but gossamer threads the whole fabric of your civilization is loosening! We want to say to you that the whole superstructure of civilization and of government rests on the foundation of family units and as one by one they crumble chaos will impend. To change the figure these strains of golden jazz being played into the symphony of wedded life absolutely destroy the harmony of civilization!

You see it overseas. Degradation of womanhood and its subservience to the basest uses is one of war's worst legacies. It is at its worst in Russia but its poison is seeping through all Europe. And you see repudiation of family ties and repudiation of honest debts swaggering hand in hand "over there!"

America is a land of homes, of family units and of respect for pure womanhood. If ever it changes—as one tenth of it has already changed—if ever it wanders after the false gods of "affinities," of "soul twins," of "soul mates," of misbranded "platonic affections" and of other euphonious synonyms for marital infidelities its downfall will approach! Its husband, wife, mother, home and children—unpolluted by messes of

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verbally bedraped infidelities—that cement together this land into the greatest nation on this planet. And if ever they crumble your nation will crumble too!

Young Mr. Garland once repudiated his million and took his wife, now he repudiates his wife and takes his million—along with his “soul twin.” But thank God this young sprig—who will know more when he has had time to learn more—doesn’t make America!



FATTY'S SECOND RENDERING



OR the second time at his second trial at San Francisco for the slaughter of Virginia Rappe the “fat was fried out” of Fatty Arbuckle—and came darned near sizzling into San Quentin! For the second time our representative watched Moviedom unroll Fatty’s Reel of Innocence very badly blurred.

Moviedom for all its millions, for all its press-pandered adulations, for all its arrogance and for all its attempted dictatorship of public creed and public belief couldn’t register “acquittal” on its silver—and gold—screen. Moviedom, and also Fatty’s deflated avoirdupois, are still ashudder at how nearly eleven men and one woman came to giving him a “location” at San Quentin! Ten to two for conviction was the real verdict.

His first trial was a farce, his second trial almost a trage-

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dy and his third impends. Fatty's not through yet—not by several jugsful. And the second Movie tragedy in Screenland at Los Angeles—the murder of Movie Director Taylor which our representative is closely watching—doesn't help Moviedom. Moviedom is astench with a surfeit of tragedies! It's registering too many violent deaths in its "upper circles!"

But to Fatty's second trial. Everywhere was in evidence the bang of the box office, the boldness of the Barons of Mazuma and the Force of the Film! Drunk with what they deemed a victory on the first trial—a near acquittal—the Fat Faction swaggered into court with a "nothing to it this time" air. That was the confident and confidential trumpeting of the Movie tuba.

The defence wouldn't put Fatty on the stand this time! His head legal director, Gavin McNab—"The McNab"—wouldn't even address the jury in Fatty's behalf this time! All a part of the arrogant "nothing to it" head title!

It took a week to unroll the jury film this time and this jury panel looked better with eleven men and one woman—and different—than the first. When the jury box was filled its members registered intelligence and hunger for cold evidence. They looked like real fact ferrets and the battle was on.

Once more we see the St. Francis Hotel stage set with Fatty's Labor Day debauch, Fatty and Virginia locked in his bedroom, the girl on the bed writhing in agony and Fatty tying up his bath robe and explaining that Virginia must

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have had a fit or something! Then follow in court two weeks of fighting, sniping, shelling and gassing—but principally gassing. Here are some of the high lights of the legal gas bombs.

Zey Prevost and Alice Blake, the pair of show girls, the chief witnesses for the prosecution, appear this time in the most gorgeous apparel. Since the first trial they have grown flocks of the finest feathers of feminine adornment and they haven't been working! Whence sprouted these sumptuous furs, plumes and gowns? They are both coy—oh, so coy and manifestly reluctant—to give any evidence against the Roisterous Roscoe. It's hard for the district attorney to dynamite the damning facts from out their marceled braineries and corkscrew them from out their crimsoned lips. The fact-ferrets in the jury box note this new-born reluctance, hook it on to the sumptuous apparel of the pair of birds and doubtless draw—as they have a right to draw—their own conclusions.

But it is finally wrung from them that Arbuckle followed Virginia Rappe into that bedroom, locked the door, remained there with the door locked for half an hour or more before he would unlock it in response to the knocking, kicking and calling of Mrs. Delmont and of this bedizened pair. Those facts are finally pulled out of the show girl twain. These girls haven't been in custody since the first trial and evidently somebody has been basking with this coy twain in the sunshine of Conversational Liberty! Of course it couldn't have been Moviedom.

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Then the bruises on Virginia and her moan of "He hurt me!" "The McNab" struggles to show that she referred to Fishbach who carried her to and from the cold bath but the remorseless fact-ferrets in the jury box register incredulity.

Then Moviedom glibly reels along its film of gin and "scotch" and orange juice and music and dancing and embraceries and drunken revelers who of course can't remember anything that did happen with any degree of accuracy and whom of course the jury isn't to believe—the Befuddlement Film.

The prosecution runs the chambermaid film. Josephine Keza listened at the door, heard a woman shriek "My God! No! No! No!" and heard a man's voice hiss "Shut up!" There are Virginia's aunt, Mrs. Kate Hardebeck, and Mrs. Fox of Chicago, and numerous others who swore that Virginia never in her life manifested any symptoms of pain or agony that might be due to a diseased bladder—the rupture of which caused Virginia Rappe's death.

Then comes the Perjury Film. Moviedom imports Mrs. Florence Bates from Chicago. She swears that in 1913 while working in a Chicago department store she saw Virginia Rappe go into fits, hold her abdomen, writhe on the floor and tear an expensive gown from her body—a gown which she, as a model, was exhibiting at a fashion show. This registers well—for a minute. But from behind a curtain the prosecution produces the manager of that Chicago department store. He swears and proves by records that Mrs. Bates worked there only *in 1910* and that during that time Virginia Rappe

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was never there. Mrs. Bates is confronted with her own written application for employment in the *year 1910*. She swears that isn't her signature. They make her sign her name and it needs no handwriting expert—subsequently called—to prove the identity of the two signatures! This defence film blew up right in the face of the jury. Moviedom looks as if it had put its hand in its pocket to pull a black jack and found it full of angle worms.

Then is run the film of Fatty the Innocent—Roscoe the good Samaritan—First Aid Fatty. He doesn't take the stand this time. Why tire a jury certain to acquit? So there is read into the evidence Fatty's sweet and tender story told by him on the first trial. It relates in effect how he merely found Virginia Rappe lying on his bathroom floor when he went in to dress and ministered to her for half an hour—before summoning aid. Also if Fatty didn't take the stand he couldn't be cross-fired by cross examination volleys!

And why argue the case? The prosecution—smoothly insinuates Moviedom—hasn't proved a blamed thing. Fatty's Good Samaritan halo hasn't a dent in it! So lady and gentlemen of the jury, you will not be wearied by verbally "refining fine gold" nor by "painting the lily" of Fatty's immaculate innocence! So in effect mouths Moviedom and "The McNab" plays no bagpipes of eloquential harmonies.

Then the jury ran its own film thusly. Ten ballots registering nine for conviction and three for acquittal. Four more ballots registering ten for conviction and two for acquittal. A thirty-six hour wrangle in an attempt to swing

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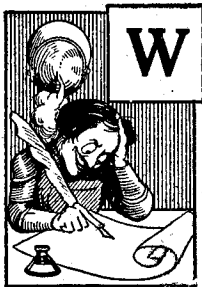
into line two men oppressed with just enough doubts of the galumphing clown's guilt to prevent handing him a "location" at San Quentin. And finally an expression by nearly every one of the ten convicting jurors to the effect that the evidence of Fatty read into the record didn't register truth with them, that his failure to front them on the witness stand looked to them like quaking cowardice, that the refusal of "The McNab" to argue his case looked as if he hadn't a good one to argue, that the reluctance of the bedecked pair of show girls to give evidence looked as if Moviedom might have "located" them and that the production of a witness like Mrs. Florence Bates savored of an evidence factory!

So Moviedom's flags aren't whipping the air as valiantly as once they were. Mazuma Barons of Moviedom aren't jingling their box office takings with the ring of yore. Fatty's huge film footages—with Moviedom shekels locked therein—haven't yet "Acquitted" and "Martyr" pasted o'er them. Moviedom doesn't quite own all the Pacific Coast—not yet.

Mebbe Will Hay's goldenly actuated accents—with a Presbyterian-Movie tremolo stop—will chlorinate Moviedom. But we doubt it. What it really needs is fewer wassails, debaucheries, slaughters and anticries—and more real honest-to-goodness morality and artistry.

And Fatty's "location" in—or out—of San Quentin is still unsettled.

BUNCOING BABES



WE ARE going to grab a strutting Ananias Advertiser and hold it aloft and let you take a good look at its fakery. We refer to Sheffield Farms Company of New York City. It has been buncoing babes by selling for their consumption its "Certified" milk—alive with worms! It chose for the scene of its despicable predacity the most populous city on the Western Hemisphere where there are literally hundreds of thousands of babes dependent upon pure milk for their precious lives. It loaded its price ten cents a bottle for its "Certified" brand. Its grade "A" milk at eighteen cents a bottle was of course an excellent product but its "Certified" brand at ten cents more per bottle—well 'twas "Certified" you understand. "Certified" by the great Sheffield Farms Company, Inc.!

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First we are going to hand you the facts—spaded up from court records. Then we are going to slip an asbestos sheet in our typewriter and coyly hand you our views on this Ananias Advertising and its babe bunkery.

Mrs. Mary Lieberman of Brooklyn Borough handed over twenty-eight cents of her husband's hard earned money and obtained a bottle of milk sealed on the top of the bottle with the magic formula "Certified Sheffield Farms Co." She could have got the same amount of grade "A" milk without that magic formula of "Certified" for eighteen cents but she was taking no chances. Babe Lieberman must have the best—and hence the extra dime was dropped in the slot of corporate depravity. The babe was fed with the Ananiasized "Certified" mess. He became restless and ill. The doctor arrived. The remaining milk in the Sheffield "Certified" bunk bottle was taken and was subjected to examination and was found to be aswarm with wriggling worms or larvae!

Mr. and Mrs. Lieberman thought they owed a debt to their fellow "bunkees" and they brought suit against this corporate despoiler of babes for the insignificant sum of a thousand dollars. They employed a real lawyer, Emanuel Sustick. He pinned on his "I'll stick" badge and went to it.

Right here was where corporate predacity and depravity burgeoned into asininity. This great corporation, claiming to furnish huddled cliff-dwellers—and particularly their babes—pure milk, might better have paid the petty thousand dollars many times over than to have attempted to justify its babe bunco game. It mounted the congealed heights of

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refrigerated corporate gall and yodeled in effect that "Certified, Sheffield Farms Co." sealed on the cork of its milk bottle—and for which it charged ten cents extra per bottle—meant nothing!

The legal mouthpieces of the Sheffield Farm Co., not only admitted that their client knew nothing about the contents of those "Certified" bottles of milk but insisted and proved that Sheffield "Certified" milk was not milked in Sheffield dairies nor bottled by Sheffield employees. They merely purchased the liquid junk from some farmer and merchandised it in "Certified" bottles and sold it as distributors or salesmen! How is this bunco game worked? Just thusly—with the usual preening medicos in the dirty game. A "Committee of Doctors" from the local county medical association attends to the certification game. Do they inspect the cows, the farm, the milk, the dairy or the milking methods or the like? Nothing like that. The "Committee of Doctors" employs an agent. He takes a look at the dairy and guesses its product ought to be good and hence its "Certified!" Labels "Certified, Sheffield Farm Co." are sent to the owner of the dairy and he "certifies" his own product and may ship—as he did in this case—a mess of wormy liquid junk for public consumption.

A complaisant judge in the lower court let this corporate merchandiser of wormy milk "get away" with the proposition that its "Certified label in effect meant nothing. In other words it could furnish dirty dairies scores of thousands of its labels—at a cost of a fraction of a cent per label—get

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ten cents more a bottle thereby and incur no liability! As a matter of fact the so-called inspector swore in this case that this bottle of milk, which sickened Baby Lieberman, came from a Pennsylvania dairy which had before sent out wormy milk. Was the extra ten cents a bottle for the worms?

Anyway Lawyer Sustick stuck and appealed and the appellate court walloped the whole wormy mess by saying that "an obligation is placed upon the seller to see to it at his peril that the articles sold are fit for the purpose for which they are intended." Good!

Brethren, isn't it about time that messes of Advertising Ananiasés be made to "put up or shut up?" Isn't it about time that the Amalgamated Advertisers of Ananiasdom get it shot into their domes of predacity that promise means performance? If you can produce seals "Certified, Sheffield Farms Co." by the car load for a fraction of a cent apiece, paste 'em on the top of bottles of wormy milk and get ten cents apiece for 'em you've got an immortal cinch haven't you? And this shooting wormy milk into helpless babes and getting ten cents a bottle extra for doing it is a noble business isn't it? And we're looking to see a corporation formed for stealing pennies from blind men's cups or stealing candy from children! It would be just as legitimate as buncoing babes with "Certified" milk reeking with worms! Was it the worms or the milk the Sheffield Farms Co. meant to certify?"

There are messes of these Amalgamated Advertising Ananiasés cluttering up the pages of papers and magazines with

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their slogans and their bedizened and lacquered language who ought to be brought to book and their performances made to square with their promises! The Sheffield Farms Co.—with its baby bunco game—got caught with the goods of its wormy milk pinned right on to its corporate depravity. But it's only one of thousands.

This whole land is areek and astench with shouters and touters and ballyhooers, dâmmed by Saphira and sired by Ananias, palming off their worthless junk upon a befooled public. It isn't business, it's bunk. It isn't merchandising, it's mendacity. It isn't salesmanship, it's sucker-hunting. And when caught—like the Sheffield Farms Co., with its wormy "Certified" milk—they try to crawl out of a hole so small that a famished angle worm wouldn't try to go through it. You may or you may not like JIM JAM JEMS but you'll notice that no Advertising Ananias deface its columns.



GYPING THE GOVERNMENT



HERE'S a good one and one of our readers with a sense of humor craves its mention. The Chicago Flexible Shaft Company made clipping machines for your Uncle Sam's use during the war orgy and they are coming back from overseas to harass their makers! They issue a circular beseeching that the "true history" of these clipping machines be known and warning purchasers against them!

They naively wail that "these machines were made from war-time materials not up to our standard and cutting blades particularly were not from steel made to our special formula to insure good cutting quality." Let that soak in. The "materials not up to our standard" and the cutting blades won't "insure good cutting quality" but they were good enough for your Uncle Sam weren't they? They sob that they were sold

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“for a song” in France and snuffle and moan in effect that now their own product returns to plague them! They are being “clipped” with their own poor clippers and groan as it bites into their hide. They’re making a different product now with a “red label” on it and everything—but beware of those clipping machines made for Uncle Sam! They were good enough for Uncle Sam but—having clipped Uncle Sam’s long green—they’re no good now! Don’t buy ’em!

Uncle Sam sold ’em “for a song”—the refrains of which echo in your tax bills. But don’t be fooled again. You were, as taxpayers, fooled once and now the very people who made the product warn you against it! Don’t be “clipped” twice by the same clipping machine. Get a good one this time—made by the same concern which made the inferior product against which they warn you!

A fishmonger ambling down the street with a basket of fish for sale screaming “stinking fish” wouldn’t sell many, would he?

There were hordes of government contractors—some of whom we’ve coyly mentioned—cluttering up Graftopolis-on-the-Potomac during the war. But so far as we know the Chicago Flexible Shaft Company is the first one to warn buyers against its own product. Seems like if these clippers were sold “for a song” overseas their makers might better have parted from a few of their golden notes and annexed the stuff themselves and entombed it—rather than to warn buyers against their own product. It’s a poor bird that fouls its own nest isn’t it?

SOLDIER'S COMPENSATION



WE ARE going to write our honest thoughts about our soldier's compensation—not bonus. We hate the word “bonus.” It savors of charity, it stinks with mendicancy. This land owes its soldiers no “bonus” but on humanity's ledger traced in crimson characters it owes them a debt of honor! We aren't the organ of the American Legion—nor anybody's organ, thank God—but we have talked with scores of Legionaires, some of them wounded over-seas and some of them wounded at home by poverty's deepest stings, and we know how they feel and how their friends feel.

We have a right to pen our thoughts on this subject too without being told to “look at home” because our own State of North Dakota—poor and sparsely settled compared with most of her sister States—was the first first State in this U.

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S. A. to tax itself to compensate its home boys. Also we are for the "buck privates," the "common soldiers"—the bravest lads whose tread ever shook this earth. Others vociferated. They bared their breasts to bullets and snatched the guerdon of victory when it was trailing in defeat in the greatest battles ever waged! If success merits compensation theirs is doubly and trebly won!

When amid the greatest pomp and panoply and ceremony ever staged in this land the "Unknown Soldier" was laid at rest in Arlington Cemetery the thought came to us that the best way to honor the Unknown Dead is to honor with the justice of payment the Known Living.

Front facts as they are. In a Bankrupt World, your land, the U. S. A., alone rears a proud head of solvency. The currency of every civilized nation is at a discount in the marts of the world except your dollar—the only currency which "know that its Redeemer liveth." You moan about "hard times" but America is a Dives compared with the Lazaruses of earth.

Great Britain compensated her soldiers—with your money. France compensated her soldiers—with your money. Italy compensated her soldiers—with your money. Poor Canada—whose money is at a discount in your marts—gave her soldiers 4,000,000 acres of land. In loans abroad and in charities over-seas you flung your money by billions. Are you going to be super-generous wastrels over-seas and miserly debtors in your own land? Are you going to let generosity abroad lead the van while justice at home sulks in the rear?

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Are you going to let Great Britain and France renege on their debts to you and collect billions of indemnity from Germany while your soldiers—without whom Great Britain and France would doubtless be paying instead of collecting indemnities—go uncompensated? Is everybody going to be paid and are every nation's soldiers but yours going to be compensated? Are the real winners of victory to be unpaid while their beneficiaries fatten on their valor? Is everybody going to be paid and are every nation's soldiers but yours going to be compensated? Are you going to let Great Britain and France smugly annex your soldier's compensation while your soldiers—who finally made victory possible—vainly beseech for justice?

Are you going to let battalions of millionaires drunk with the blood of their brethren cache their loot in billions of tax-free securities while the lads whose blood they quaffed suffer poverty's lashes? Ought millionaire tax-dodgers to smugly ensconce themselves in their tax-proof battlements while the boys who made possible their millions suffer in want? Are you going to let tax-free stock dividends—which Congress could tax had it the "guts"—pile up by billions in the coffers of millionairessdom while the boys who made them possible suffer industrial martyrdom? Are we, the richest of the triumphant Allies, going to be the only one of the civilized races to dodge our really greatest obligation? That isn't our idea of justice, it isn't your idea of justice, and it isn't America's idea of justice, and you know it. It's a blot on the scutcheon of the greatest, fairest, most generous and most

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honest nation 'neath Jehovah's canopy and deep down in our heart of hearts we all know it and all blush for it.

We know and you know that a dollar a day and subsistence—often of the kind a dog would disdain—wasn't compensation nor wasn't intended to be. You know and we know that it was in the heart and mind of every true American that when the eagles of Victory perched upon our banners real compensation should be awarded the earners of that victory. You know and we know that these lads were torn from home for paltry pay when their brethren were easily making five to ten times as much. You know and we know that they were led away from industry's ranks when any money-hound could "get his."

Swollen tax-dodgers like the millionaire owners of tax-free securities and like the smug recipients of billions of tax-free stock dividends have strutted this earth before. The same swollen class so strutted in Rome when the Roman Senate wouldn't compensate Pompey's soldiers. But they were compensated—and blood flowed the Forum.

Brethren, we say to you that nothing in this world is settled until it is settled aright; that ears deaf to the cries of real injustice oft list to harsher sounds; that ballots' drift have oft buried injustice and that to elevate on pedestals of wealth tax-dodgers while patriotic poverty grovels at their feet is worse than a crime—it's a senseless blunder!

Legionaires and their brethren in arms and the rank and file of justice-loving Americans are not politicians. They are better—and really wiser too—than any litter of politicians

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who ever cluttered legislation's halls. They are lovers of real justice.

Grant these soldiers boys—no mendicant bonus—compensation. Postpone its payment if needs must—though we think it should be taken out of tax-dodgers who fattened on their blood—but grant it! Remember it isn't the Huns, it's Justice, clamoring at your gates.



PHILIPPINE PUS PUNCHING



ATCH 'em young, treat 'em rough, tell 'em nothing" has been pus punchery's slogan in the Philippine Islands. 'Twas a virgin field for vaccination witchcraft and it wasn't going to be pitied—nor pitted—for its smallpox epidemics. No, sir! The Philippine Health Service was going to smite the monster of smallpox ere ever it raised its putrid head in that Pus Puncher's Paradise! Our "island wards" in the Pacific—and vaccination sceptics at home—were going to have a real object lesson! "Preventive medical science"—with a subject race to practice upon, with absolute police power, with practically limitless American dollars at its command and with A. M. Atite pus punchers in the van—was going to absolutely prevent smallpox in the Philippine

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Islands. That was the promise yodeled and heralded throughout Pus Punchedom and here is the performance.

In 1918 the Philippine Health Service shot 3,285,376 slugs of pus into that number of Filipinos and *reaped a harvest of 47,369 cases of small-pox with 16,447 deaths!*

In 1919 they "improved the service" and delivered 7,670,252 pus puncheries into their brown brethren and *reaped a harvest of 65,180 cases of smallpox with 44,408 deaths!*

About this time they ran out of pus or their death rate appalled 'em or the Filipinos had fled beyond even police pursuit. The fact is that squads of pus punchers—loaded with guns and pus punching hardware—had prowled about the Philippine Islands, had grabbed the natives like felons and had forcibly vaccinated and revaccinated 'em until almost every Filipino who wasn't dead had an arm or leg putrid with punched pus! Babies were particularly hunted and were frantically hidden by their terrified mothers like wild beasts in their dens. At one time during this orgy over 250 armed squads of compulsory vaccinators were carrying "preventive medical science" with police assistance to their benighted brown brethren! The Occident with all the pomp and panoply and gun play of arrogant Allopathy carried one of "medical science's greatest triumphs" to the Orient—and reaped a harvest of 60,855 corpses in its two years campaign! It got a death rate of over 54 per cent—60,855 deaths out of 112,549 cases of smallpox—in its two years' campaign! This is absolutely the highest recorded smallpox death rate in all history since records of death rates have been kept.

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You don't find these facts blazoned forth in the American Medical Association's parrot-prating propaganda, nor in the vaccine manufacturer's Ananias advertising broad sheets, nor in Board of Health bulletins nor in the columns of the subsidized press. That wonderful "science of preventive medicine" and that "annihilator of epidemics" you read so much about lisps never a syllable about its 60,855 pus-punched dead in the Philippines. Arrogant Allopathy—with its pus-punching gun squads pursuing the helpless Filipinos—puts a Maxim silencer on that gun of bombast. You know it.

It's our belief that the pus-punching started the smallpox epidemic in the Philippines. Anyway the pus-punchery and the smallpox epidemic started together, kept pace together and the more pus was shot the busier were the grave diggers. The 60,855 pus-punched dead can't testify, their evidence is "buried" but the 51,694 who survived the holocaust believe that the "white devils" with their "charms" gave 'em the smallpox!

Thusly they reason. In their heathen simplicity they really believe that when you poison 'em they are likely to show its effects. With their simple-mindedness they can't differentiate between a poisonous arrow blown from a blow-gun and a slug of pus-punched into 'em. Uninstructed in the great American "science of preventive medicine" they really believe that when their blood stream is polluted it's polluted! With Oriental naivete they really believe that poison poisons and that effect follows cause! Of course after they have had

an intensive course in Ananias Medical Association subsidized propaganda the few of 'em who survive will understand that putrid pus drawn from the reeking abscesses of disgustingly poisoned heifers really purifies the blood, that poison doesn't poison and that putridity is the evangel of health! But pending this enlightenment the average Filipino flees from a pus-puncher like a gun-shy jack rabbit from a hunter. The pus-punchers may "treat 'em-rough" but they've got to catch 'em first. A corpse pus-punched to death impresses a simple savage more than does language. He gambles on his own observations.

Here's the smallpox scenario exactly as it is in the Philippine Islands—the Pus Puncher's Reel. A virgin soil for the proof of the blessings of compulsory pus punchery—an intensive and compulsory vaccination and revaccination campaign for the years 1918 and 1919—a virulent smallpox epidemic coincident with the pus-punching orgy—smallpox attacking and killing the vaccinated and the unvaccinated with a preference for the vaccinated—a close up of 112,549 cases of smallpox with 60,855 of them dead!

What is the defense of pus punchdom? It hasn't any. It acknowledges the corn thusly by saying "*vaccination did not prevent or attenuate the smallpox epidemic.*" And they add "*the failure of three succeeding vaccinations among the non-Christians detracted faith from its efficient prevention.*" We should think it might! "Three successive vaccinations" and then that holocaust might "detract faith from its efficient

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prevention" in the mind of anybody—Christian or non-Christian—who can count graves!

And whence came these figures? They came from the much-belated, little advertised, hushed-up and darned-hard-to-get Report of the Philippine Health Service preening itself at Manila, P. I.! But we got it and now you've got it.

When some enthusiastic pus puncher with a fee in the immediate offing approaches you or your children waving his hardware, pull these facts on him ere you bare your arm—or your shapely leg—for his orgy. If you see it in JIM JAM JEMS it's so.



THE "FARM BLOC"



RETHREN, have a whiff of truth from the prairies anent the "farm bloc." We've been almost submerged by a snow-storm of letters containing clippings from editorials—penned in sky-scraper eyries—moaning and sobbing about the legislative "farm bloc" in Washington. Doubtless the most of these editorial moaners and sobbers think potatoes are plucked from hoop poles and that corn is dug out of a corn hill!

We are going to hand you some facts.

What is a "farm bloc" in legislation? It is a coterie of legislators formed into a wedge-like "bloc" determined to open legislative craniums far enough to let in a ray of light on the injustices being handed out to farmers.

If you don't start right you'll never end right on this

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proposition. So start right right here. City canyons, with swarming millions dodging through them, belted by skyscrapers, theatres, banks, department stores, palatial hotels, cathedrals, factories, newspaper buildings and jobbing houses, athrob with all the evidences of a tinseled civilization—rest on American farms. The values are made on the farms—and juggled with in the cities. The rough-handed farmer and his family produce the values and the white-handed and bemanicured talons of citydom juggle with 'em. Farmer Corntossel's trousers have no knife-edge crease but his brain is getting sharpened—by the grinding of penury.

There are some 6,500,000 farms in operation in the U. S. A. Do you know or do you know anybody who does know of any farmer in the U. S. A. who has made as much as a million dollars in the occupation of farming? Government statistics show over 26,000 millionaires in this land. Can you put your finger on a single one of that battalion who has made a million dollars entirely by farming? We can't.

It's the largest industry in the U. S. A. It's the only absolutely basic industry in the U. S. A. And it grows no millionaires.

Here's what happened to their product in the last three years.

Value in 1919	\$13,500,000,000
Value in 1920	9,000,000,000
Value in 1921	5,675,877,000

In each of these years there was practically the same acreage under cultivation, 350,000,000 acres. In 1919 farm pro-

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duction was worth about \$39 per acre, in 1920 about \$26 per acre and in 1921 about \$16 per acre! Do you know of any other great basic industry which has endured any like shrinkage in gross income—with its net income almost a myth?

You can "shut down" a steel mill, a copper mine, a woolen mill, a shoe factory, an automobile plant, a cotton mill or any one of the scores of thousands of like plants, but you can't "shut down" a farm. It must run—with its ceaseless overhead expense—every day in the year. There are undoubtedly millions of farmers in the land who would like to "shut down" their plants and can't.

Do you know any other great industry in the U. S. A. which has had the value of its product cut down 60 per cent in three years and has gone right on producing on a 100 per cent basis? We don't.

Have the costs of living to the consumers of farm products been reduced 60 per cent? You know they haven't. You know they haven't been reduced over 15 per cent. And Farmer Cornrossel wants to know who has got that 45 cents on every dollar—which the consumer hasn't saved and which he has lost? As he sits by his corn-fed fire he "figgers" on these things, don't you ever think he doesn't.

Do you know any other great industry which has no voice in naming the price of its own products? The farmer is "told" what is the price of his products. He doesn't fix the prices, the buyers fix the prices. When his purchases are made he is again "told" the price. He makes no prices but is "told" both times—when he buys and when he sells. Do

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you know any other great industry so penalized in both marts—in both buying and selling? We don't.

Hiram Sodbuster also recalls that during war times and war prices the government fixed a price for his wheat product—guaranteed it at \$2.25 a bushel—when it was well en route to at least \$5 per bushel. Government held down the farmer's profit. And at the same time the government guaranteed the railroads the highest dividends they ever made and put over a thousand millions of dollars of tax-wrung money into the pot. The farmers were penalized and the railroads were subsidized. The producers were skinned and the parasites were gold-plated.

In 1913 200 lbs. of pork would buy a farm wagon, now it takes 550 lbs. of pork—squeal and all—to buy the same wagon. In 1913 850 lbs. of beef "critter" would buy a mower, now it takes 1,750 lbs. to buy the same mower.

In 1914 114 bushels of corn would buy a farm wagon, now it takes 503 bushels of the same corn to buy the same wagon. In 1914 96 bushels of corn would buy a gang plow, now it takes 361 bushels of corn to buy the same plow.

And now that the war is over railroad transportation prices—based on water-logged stocks—are held up and farm products are battered down. The government nails a halo on railroad dollars and despoils farm dollars—both during and after the war. Railroad owners are pressed to the Government breast and nourished while farm owners are left on doorsteps to starve! Hiram Sodbuster doesn't understand this partiality and we don't know anybody who

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does, do you? Possibly some astute railroad lobbyists could tell!

Hiram Sodbuster also says that he pays at least 40 per cent of all freight charges because he pays freight on all that he sells and on all that he buys. He says that his industry is the only one so mulcted. And he "figgers" that out of two billion dollars a year grabbed by railroads under government control and under the Cummins-Esch bill he has paid over two fifths of it! He says he is the vanishing middle against which both ends are played!

He says that he gambles against the weather, hail, rust, drought, boll weevils and all the forces of nature. But when it comes to also gambling against the stacked cards of railroad extortions, "wind sales" on Boards of Trade against his real product and all the schemes and chicaneries of embattled parasitism it isn't a gamble, it's a cinch—against him.

Hiram Sodbuster also notices that the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad recently declared an extra 15 per cent dividend on top of the regular 5 per cent semi-annual dividend making the total dividend 25 per cent—while foreclosure notices and tax sale notices clutter up his mail! He has tried selling his corn to buy coal but finds it cheaper to burn the corn direct and does so!

Hiram Sodbuster also notices that in July 1921 railroad wages were reduced 12 per cent saving about \$400,000,000 a year and that reclassifications and discharges of railroad employees saved about \$80,000,000 more a year. This made about \$500,000,000 a year saved in railroad disbursements,

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but freight rate reductions didn't keep pace and were reduced by only about \$125,000,000. Hiram figures he's out about \$375,000,000 a year, or his share of it, on this thimble-riggery!

Is it any wonder that a "farm bloc" is finally organized against such series of legalized pillages? Is it any wonder that Corntossel & Sodbuster finally attempt to organize before they become serfs or hoboes?

And when, by the death of Senator Penrose, Senator McCumber of North Dakota is to become Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee oodles of subsidized editors grasp their goldenly actuated pens and pen wails which pierce the empyrean! Senator McCumber is denounced as a "farmer" which he never was! But if he were what of it? Is the occupation of "farmer" a badge of disgrace or infamy in the eyes of sky-scraper editorialists? Senator McCumber is denounced as a Nonpartisan Leaguer—which he never was! Why all this moaning and sobbing and snuffling because a Senator from an agricultural state reaches high place? Is it feared that the farmers may get a few crumbs of justice after parasites have been gorged with loaves of super-justice? Isn't the greatest—and the only real basic—industry in this land entitled to a voice? And if not why not?

Also oodles of financiers and their subsidized financial editors are mournfully tooting their tubas because the farm interests are demanding a real "dirt farmer" on the Federal Reserve Board. Well, why not? Isn't the greatest industry of this land entitled to at least one place—where it

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would be a hopeless minority anyway—in a financial satrapy?

Out in the Middle West and on the Far Western prairies where the real values—with which the rest of the U. S. A. juggles—are really produced the Corntossels and the Sodbusters are getting really interested. When it comes right down to being vilified and ridiculed on top of being plundered the real producers of the real wealth feel that they are entitled to be heard against a propagandized parasitical chorus.

They see huge reservoirs of money siphoned from all over this land into speculative centers and pipe-lined into the hands of speculators in their products at nominal interest rates while they, the real producers, are forced to pay Shylock rates for driblets! They say production is penalized and parasitism is coddled. They say the Federal Reserve system is too darned icily “reserved” when they approach its sacred portals. That’s the way they feel about it.

Were we seated in a sky-scraper eyrie on the heights of citydom canyons penning editorials we wouldn’t fill our ears with wax when the Corntossels and Sodbusters spoke. We’d listen—ere their accents grew to roars.

If the farmers of this U. S. A. ever really “struck” and “struck hard” and produced just enough for their own subsistence you’d hear a mournful chorus of empty parasitical peritoneums flapping against wobbly backbones wouldn’t you? Very well, then. Why not list to the embattled farmers

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in their sodden trenches? There are worse things than a "farm bloc" and one of 'em is a real "farm strike."

Also masticate this thought food. You have seen and we have seen "financiers' blocs," "tariff blocs," "manufacturers' blocs" and "patrioteers' blocs" erected into fortresses which bombed billions out of this land—without eliciting a sanctified yip from subsidized, sky-scraper editorialists. But when a "farm bloc" impends they squat upon their hams, raise to heaven their bemanicured talons and snuffle, sob and moan till they split their golden throats! You can gore the farmer's ox with golden horns till it's a worthless pulped mess but if the farmer's horny finger threatens a scratch on predacity's golden chariot chaos impends! It's worth your thought.



GOVERNOR HART'S WHITEWASHERY



READ here how two Hell Pits receive a coat of whitewash—and then a coat of glistening kalsomine. In five successive issues beginning with May 1921 we fired volleys of circumstantial facts into two Washington State Hospitals for the Insane, one at Steilacoom under strutter Dr. W. N. Keller and the other at Sedro-Woolley under preener Dr. J. W. Doughty. We printed dates, names, details and circumstances showing a series of murders, of atrocities, of “red lightings,” of peonages, of garbage-fed patients and of general barbarities pulled off in these twain Hell Pits beside which the original Bedlam was a Paradise. Governor Hart was in the heluva fix. He hadn’t—for reasons best known to himself—the “guts” to clean out his sub-satrap from their iniquitous sat-

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rapies. He hadn't the nerve to "sit tight" under our volleys for they were hot with facts and had penetrated even his thickened political hide. So he just nachally equipped a friendly coterie—which he called a Committee of Investigation—with whitewash brushes and servilely have they been plied.

Its so-called Report lies—in several senses—beside us as we write. It's as clumsy a job of kalsomining as amateur sycophants ever pulled. To change the figure these bi-sexual modistes have carefully constructed a Mother Hubbard gown which o'erdrapes the whole subject and never really touches it.

If the people of the State of Washington have the "guts" we believe they have they will stage a recall for their gelatine-spined Governor Hart and turn the spotlight of publicity on what we believe to be one of the rottenest maladministrations which ever exploited an American State. Now to this misbranded Report. Copies of its expense vouchers are en route to us too late for this issue. Doubtless we will later refer to them.

The brutal murder of Mrs. Leone C. Peck at the Steilacoom Hell Hole on June 18, 1916 is glossed over with the statement that "Mrs. Peck injured herself by jumping and falling against a radiator in a fit of violence or an attack of acute insanity." We have quoted the evidence of two eye-witnesses who saw Mrs. Peck brutally beaten by virago Kate Knowles, "watercured" by a coterie of embruted Amazonian attendants and "kneed" up and down her frail body by a 240

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pound female attendant. Her ribs were brutally broken. In her dying convulsions—undoubtedly caused by this succession of brutalities—she fell out of bed. But the fall didn't cause her death. The convulsions—brought on by these unexampled atrocities—caused her fall. If ever a frail and helpless woman was beaten, “water-cured” and “kneaded” to her death it was Mrs. Peck in that murderous Bedlamery of Steilacoom and no Committee Whitewash can chlorinate that ghastly crime.

Not a word, not a “finding” about the cold blooded murder of George Frondorf by attendants pulled off at Sedro-Woolley Hell Hole on September 13, 1919 and witnessed by I. H. Arnold living at Seattle where this misbranded Committee held frequent sittings! But is murder so common in these Hell Holes that it wasn't worthy consideration by these kalsominers?

Not a word about the garbage menus and the “mulligan” rat stews fed at Steilacoom! Not a word about “hypnoing” sane patients into nightly insensibility! Not a word about the battalion of sane patients released by habeas corpus proceedings by Attorney Harry H. Johnston of Tacoma where this whitewashery held sittings! Not a word about the atrocious spinal puncture pulled off on Dr. Allan M. Kay who lives at Tacoma where he could be heard at a moment's notice! Not a word about Dr. Keller's remark that “the good things to eat go first to the doctors, then to the hogs and then to the patients” which could have been inquired about from Mrs. Anna C. Thompson who lives in Seattle

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where the whitewashery frequently convened! Not a word about the harridan syphilitic Kate Knowles who repeatedly assaulted Mrs. de Montis and Mrs. Anna C. Thompson—both ready at the Committee's call!

But the kalsomine and varnish Committee does admit that "patients are kept longer than necessary" or in other words that perfectly sane people are habitually held in peonage in these Hell Holes; that patients are habitually abused by brutal attendants; that attendants are recruited from an organized gang with headquarters in Missouri; that attendants frequently steal clothing and food sent for patients by their friends or relatives; that attendants choke or "neck out" patients into insensibility by the use of a towel around the neck; that nauseous doses of purging salts are forcibly fed to patients by embruted attendants; that no dietician is employed; that the mail of patients is tampered with, read and censored; that the incoming mail of patients is also read and delivered or not as the satraps see fit; that reports of the true condition of patients are withheld from their families or friends; that Czar Keller Superintendent satrap at Steilacoom habitually practices medicine privately contrary to law; that satrap Dr. J. W. Doughty at Sedro-Woolley gives more time to other affairs than to the patients whom he is paid to attend and cure and that complaints against the "Steilacoom institution were so often repeated that they were bound to make an impression."

These were a few of the protuberances on these Pits of Hell that even the kalsomine brush of this servile Com-

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mittee couldn't cover up! And these admissions alone are enough to damn the whole Washington State Insane Maladministration from Governor Hart down to the kitchen scullions. What this Washington State Insane Maladministration wants isn't any "reform"—it's the axe!

The whole system of commitments of the sane; of the abuses, atrocities and murders committed upon them by em-bruted attendants; of the detention of the sane and of the their practical peonage; of the disgusting garbage fed to patients; of the illegal tampering with their mail; of the "red lighting" of hopeless imbeciles; of the laws whereby each Superintendent is an absolute Czar in his own domain accountable to no one; of the employment of attendants who are mere traveling bullies and thugs; of political graft with its head at Olympia and its tentacles enfolding all institutional activities in the State of Washington—wants a bomb! It wants to be blasted and torn from its moorings and reconstructed for the benefit of the patients—instead of for the benefit of a mess of political hangers-on and pap-fed parasites who could give pointers to Tammany Hall heelers! The whole structure is a mass of graft, incompetency, abuse, atrocities, murder and pillage!

It took Mrs. Myrtle de Montis five years to get a hearing and then she had to get it from Bismarck, North Dakota. Not a paper in the State of Washington—not one—had the "guts" to volley into these Hell Holes until after JIM JAM JEMS had torn 'em open. Such was the power of this Hart-Keller-Skaggs gang in its own State. It took JIM JAM

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JEMS from May 1921 until February 1922 to fully open this reeking cesspool of atrocities, murder, graft and pillage.

Now we're getting some real results. Even this servile whitewash Committee falters on some strokes of its bedaubments and admits enough to damn forever the whole mess. T. L. Skaggs, the ambulatory part of this machine, who has been hectically flitting from institution to institution for some months past has turned in his resignation effective April first next—a suggestive date. Even the rats flee a sinking ship. Czar Keller of the Steilacoom Bedlamery is branded for what we first branded him—a common lawbreaker!

But the head and center of this whole octopus of Washington State Insane maladministration is at the Governor's office at Olympia. Governor Hart knows—and has known for years—of these atrocities, horrors and illegalities. It's from that center and that center only that these tentacles have been enabled to function. It is Governor Hart through his appointees, through his subsatrap, through his acquiescence and through his silence who is primarily responsible for the continuation of these horrors which have finally aroused the whole State of Washington. Then cleverly—with the astuteness of a "practical politician"—when the trail marked out by JIM JAM JEMS got too hot and led directly to his office door he attempted to drag across it the red herring of his boob "Committee" of whitewashery. But even they couldn't chlorinate and coat the whole mess of damnable atrociousness!

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This trail leads direct to Governor Hart's office at Olympia. Why not "recall" the man who is, really and in the final analysis, responsible for as damnable a series of atrocities as ever blackened any administration? There's no halo around a Governor's head. North Dakota proved that. Why not apply the same medicine in the State of Washington?



Sandbagging Parenthood



DO YOU want honest parenthood and innocent childhood penalized and imprisoned in this land? Do you want snoopocratic autocracy sticking its gimlet-pointed nose into your most intimate and sacred rights? Just those atrocities are being staged at Bonners Ferry, Idaho. If our type bar doesn't melt down we are going to hand out an old-fashioned, solar-plexus wallop at this medico-legal monstrosity of snoopocratic autocracy in Idaho and then in Oregon and then at the whole smear. Here are the facts.

Albert A. Sundsmo with his wife and five children were dwelling in happiness in his own toil-earned home at Bonners Ferry, Idaho. They had been married eight years. During that time there had been born to them seven children,

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two of whom had died. They didn't live in elegance, neither did they dwell in squalor. Mr. Sundsmo is a carpenter, a good, faithful workman, owns his own home and had always maintained his family by his honest toil. Recently on a Sunday morning without notice, without hearing, without their day in court and without a trial this family was disrupted, husband and wife were separated, the wife was handcuffed like a felon and she and the five children were incarcerated like criminals in the Home of the Feeble-Minded at Nampa, Idaho! Why? Simply because as a mother Mrs. Sundsmo was too prolific to suit the fancy of snoopocratic autocracy! Birth control faddists want to usurp Jehovah's laws, sterilization barbarity insists upon maiming parenthood and Idaho atrociousness now imprisons motherhood and innocent childhood! As Mr. Sundsmo mused over his disrupted home and his ruined fanes he wrote this letter. Read it. Here it is:

"Dear Friend:—I am greatly puzzled as well as grieved. Being financially embarrassed, I hardly know how to proceed. I feel that my wife and I have been greatly wronged and I have not the means at hand to get a hearing in the courts. Some eight years ago I became acquainted with and married a girl. Her name was Anna. Anna and I have lived peacefully together and about as happily and contented as a workingman could perhaps expect. She is a kind, loving woman, and although she may not be called an intelligent reader gifted, nor talented in any way, I always thought her very practical, full of common sense.

"During the eight years of our married life, seven children came to us. Two are dead. Five are living. Up until now we had no trouble, but suddenly like a bolt out of the blue sky, she was taken away with her five children and committed to a retreat by a probate judge. The judge said he thereby parted us forever. The trouble was this, that five children, two very small, was too much for her to keep them properly clothed and clean and to keep

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the house up to standard sanitary conditions at all times. Someone reported one of the boys dirty. I could not hire help, for it took every penny I made to pay for our groceries. I was working every day sometimes even on Sunday.

"Now the sheriffs came one peaceful Sunday morning, surrounded our house, put handcuffs on wife, took children with hardly any clothes on, for they had just got out of bed. When the judge read the court order to me, it stated that two doctors had come before him and said that her house had been found in unsanitary condition and that our oldest boy did not seem as bright as he should be, and therefore she might have more children which might not be normal. He said we, both Anna and I, belonged to a class of people called morons, who had children far too fast, who were a menace to society, and on the strength of this he parted us forever, and filled our lives with sorrow.

"I can't understand the justice of this. I hate to think that I am subnormal. Now the law point is, can we lawfully be parted thus?

"I had not a dollar with which to obtain legal advice, and would it do any good if I did? Am all alone in my home tonight.

"My heart is heavy. I have not slept for a week. I can always see my wife being brutally treated with handcuffs on. It all seems so horribly unjust.

ALBERT C. SUNDSMO."

They fulfilled the object of matrimony—parenthood—and are treated worse than criminals. Criminals are given their "day in court" and can present their defense. But this banded family was denied that right. The home is disrupted, husband and wife are separated, the wife is led away handcuffed and she and five innocent children are immured without trial, defense, jury or judgment.

Are families to be disrupted and innocent mothers and innocent children to be imprisoned in the U. S. A. because the mothers are too prolific or because their homes were not embroidered with all the latest devices of sanitation?

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Doubtless the home of Lincoln's parents wouldn't have suited the finical tip-tilted noses of snoopocratic medicos. He was raised in want's dregs and performed the most menial tasks—but spurred by poverty he became the greatest human figure who ever graced this globe! The home of Garfield's parents was poor and lowly. Garfield was a humble toiler and drove mules on the canal tow-path—but he lived to reach America's highest pinnacle, the White House!

It isn't charged that this family was—or was likely to become—public charges. All that is charged in effect is that Mrs. Sundsmo was “too prolific.” How many children in how many years is snoopocracy's ukase anyway?

And is parenthood the earmark of “morons”—whatever that may be? And were Mr. Sundsmo a millionaire would he and his wife be branded as “morons” and “subnormal” because in eight years they had seven bairns?

Our Idaho correspondent had a twenty minute interview with David Burrell, Idaho State Commissioner of Public Welfare, anent this outrage. Mr. Burrell stated that the State of Idaho would restore Mrs. Sundsmo to her husband if he would be sterilized by a competent physician! Can you beat this for concentrated idiocy of bureaucracy? Mrs. Sundsmo and her children are immured on the ground that they are feeble-minded and subnormal and will their feeble-mindedness and subnormality recede and be cured by the sterilization of Mr. Sundsmo? There's a good plot for a comic opera!

Also Mr. Burrell stated that in order to incarcerate any-

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body in Idaho in the Home for the Feeble-Minded it is only necessary for one licensed medico to state that he has examined the person or persons and that they should be confined!

Also Mr. Burrell stated that a clinic—composed of course of Allopathic wizards—would be established at the Home for the Feeble-Minded to submit them to tests. In other words after they *have been committed for being feeble-minded* by some damphool judge on the word of some damphool medico a clinic is going to find out if they *are feeble-minded!*

There lies before us as we write a photograph of Mrs. Sundsmo and her five bairns and we want to say here and now that if they are “morons” or “subnormals” we’ve seen the heluva lot of well-to-do mothers and children who had better take to the brush before snoopocracy’s eyes envisage them!

Mrs. Sundsmo looks every inch a kindly, loving and happy mother and the five children look as well fed, as cleanly clad, as alert and as intelligent as any family group we ever saw. Handcuff and lead away that mother like a felon and immerse her and her five children because children came too fast to suit snoopocracy’s birth schedules? To Hell with such snoopocratic slush, autocratic high-bindery, medico-legal banditry and penalization of parenthood!

Now step across the State line of Idaho into Oregon and watch the same sandbagbery of parenthood wielded by the so-called State Board of Eugenics. It’s a weird scheme of

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organized snoopocracy. This board—assuming to officially sort out from the citizenry of Oregon those suitable for parenthood—is composed of the members of the State Board of Health, the Superintendents of the State Hospitals for the Insane, the Superintendent of the State Institution for the Feeble-Minded and the Superintendent of the State Penitentiary.

They “confer”—Allopathic high-binders always “confer” you will notice—at stated intervals, consult their ouija board or some other Delphic oracle and sift out from the eight hundred thousand population of Oregon those whom they deem unworthy of parenthood! This Board—pretending to hold in its hands the destinies of Oregon posterity—then makes an order decreeing that such and such persons of either sex be operated upon and deprived of parenthood. Sometimes the operation of sterilization is ordered and sometimes a ukase is issued ordering the most radical maiming.

Up to this writing 198 Oregonians have been certified as unfit for parenthood and as nearly as can be ascertained about 175 have been “eugenically” butchered! It isn’t of record that a single Oregonian of wealth or standing—no matter how notoriously immoral he or she may be—has been grabbed for this “eugenic” butchery! Strange, isn’t it, that it’s always the poor who are unfit for parenthood? Strange, isn’t it, that millionairessdom—no matter how putrid its morals—is always fit for parenthood?

But be all that as it may, Allopathic eugenic cleaverdom in Oregon struck a snag and its tools are likely to rust.

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Jacob Cline is an inmate of the State Penitentiary and was designated for the operation of sterilization. Jacob of old wrestled with an angel and this Jacob took a fall out of these angels of eugenics in the courts. Without cluttering up our pages with messes of legal polysyllabics the fact is that Judges G. G. Bingham and Percy Kelly awarded the fall to Jacob and said in effect that the whole snoopocratic scheme of sandbagging parenthood was unconstitutional, void and legally worthless. The Oregon Eugenics Board has sobbingly appealed to the Supreme Court—where we gamble that they get their final wallop!

We'll gamble that there are aplenty of venereal diseases in and about Idaho and Oregon whose victims aren't being handcuffed, imprisoned or forcibly led to the operating shambles—not as long as they pay tribute to the fetich of Allopathic snooper! We'll gamble that there are battalions of bootleggers, peddling their poison rot gut, in Idaho and Oregon who aren't being handcuffed or imprisoned—as long as they pay tribute to officialdom!

And as to this orgy of snoopocracy in the U. S. A. in general the spirit moves us to some coy and shrinking comments. This land in its Federal Government and in every State Government is all cluttered up with messes of snoopocratic laws regulating everything from a babe's birth to the cremation of corpses. Its committees, commissions, boards and bureaus, national and state, supervising everything and everybody from a hen laying an egg to a commission laying a tariff, from regulating railroads to regulating parenthood,

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from punching pus to punching propaganda, from squirting serum into humanity to squirting water into busted railroad stocks, from "farming out" insane soldiers at a profit to the State Institutions to deflating the real dirt farmer to penury by Federal Reserve chicanery! Embattled snoopocracy sandbags the Sun out of Sunday, grabs the "Mon" out of Monday and—in Idaho and Oregon—swats the "Wed" out of Wednesday! They're worse than the seven-year itch for that does end but their sucker hunt for legislative boobs is endless—and darned profitable to these snoopocratic snouters and touters! They glue their parasitical lips to the public teat and swing back and forth as endlessly as the pendulum of time, sucking down money with every swing!

In short we are in the midst of an orgy, a mania and a debauch of sanctified snoopocracy—mostly Allopathically propagated—boring its sharpened dirty nose into everybody's affairs except its own noisome grafts! The average citizen is legislated, supervised, hounded, regulated, "committed," "commissioned" and bureaucratized from the procreation of his children to the embalment of his corpse!

Everything—except plain justice—is measured out to him by snoopocracy's predaceous beak scenting mazuma! In the last ten years Congress has spent over three billion dollars for the benefit of these teat-hanging legions of parasitical snooper and States have spent as much more!

One of the counts on the indictment against fat-headed old George the Third in our Declaration of Independence was that "he has erected a multitude of new offices and sent hither

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swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out our substance." That's just exactly what sanctified snooper—from Prohibition's futile fiasco to the sandbaggery of parenthood—is doing to you now.

This U. S. A. must decootie itself of these droves of verminous, parasitical snooper or there'll be Hell to pay—with the water pipes frozen.





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