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Jim Jam Jems: August 1922

Sam H. Clark

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Jim Jam Jems

BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

AUGUST
1922



A VOLLEY OF TRUTH

JIM JAM JEMS

BY

Jim Jam Junior



Jim Jam Jems

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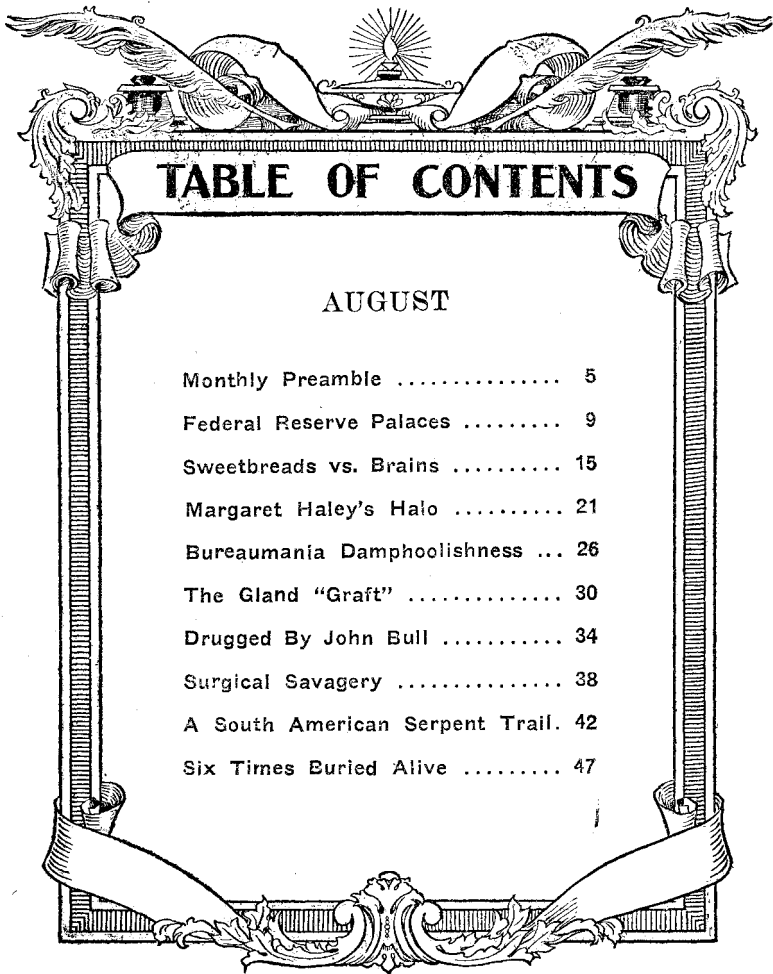


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ZINC! VINEGAR! VITRIOL!

JIM JAM JEMS

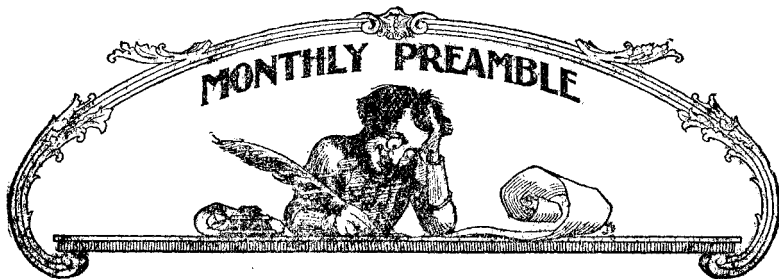
Please don't confound JIM JAM JEMS with other magazines that are aping us in size and general appearance. This is not a joke book, nor a dream book, nor a slab of fiction. It is just what it is advertised to be—A Volley of Truth!

You will find more hard, frozen-in facts, and facts that you want to know about matters of public interest in each issue of JIM JAM JEMS than you will find in any other publication in America.

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INSTEAD of the "Irish Free State," it commences to look like the Irish Free-for-All State. But after watching the newspaper reports of the strike riots in America, it begins to look as though our celebration last month of the one hundred and forty-sixth anniversary of our independence and the birth of Liberty shows our independence and Liberty have about as much kick left in them as the limited firecrackers the American youth is provided with under the "sane" Fourth of July movement. And when the reformers get through with us, Liberty will have a ball and chain attached to her leg. After a couple more wallops from reformers when we

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stand up to sing the "Star Spangled Banner" we will all be able to see the stars and feel the stripes. Don't know as we ought to criticize the Irish for staging a free-for-all fight for Liberty. At least the Irishman is willing to fight for his, while we sit idly by and see ours White Ribboned and Volsteadized and legislated while wine is a mocker and strong women are raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is a dampool.

Speaking of the Fourth of July, we spent ours away up in the lake region of Northern Minnesota, and having nothing more exciting in sight, our good wife conceived the idea of going blueberrying. Blueberries probably derived their name from the feeling a fellow has after he had tried to pick enough to make a respectable pie. They grow on little vines close to the sand and usually in clusters of one. There's a woodtick for every blueberry in Northern Minnesota and we scratched like the very devil to keep even. That night after the family had picked the woodticks off each other and picked over the blueberries, we had a conference with our better half. We recalled to her mind the fact that there are just two kinds of pie that are popular in the Clark household. One is pumpkin and the other is blueberry. And we established the rule then and there that after this our wife will pick the blueberries and we will pick the pumpkins.

And while we are on the subject of blueberries, we want to slip this one to you: When we were a student in law school one of our classmates named Berry was indebted to a pal of ours for a small loan. You know, in those days at

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least, most students were working their way through school and whenever one of us had a little surplus cash he was always willing to "stake" his friends. In fact about all of the money in the entire class belonged to a common fund. Well, anyway, this pal of ours who had staked Berry was badly in need of a little money and Berry was a little slow in repaying the loan. So John wrote Berry a "dun" in the classroom one day, slipped it over to us and whispered to us to read it and then pass it on to Berry. We can't just recall the exact words of that collection letter but it ran something like this:

Dear Berry:

I am feeling quite blue-Berry this morning because of the fact that you did not repay the small loan I made you when it was due-Berry. You know I don't care a straw-Berry for money, but I am in dire straits and must insist that you pay. Sitting here in the classroom, hungry and needing a change of linen badly, I look over at you and you look like a Baptist Elder-Berry. I am angry and I don't give a huckle-Berry how angry you get, but I want you to understand now and here that your bill is due-Berry and if you don't pay up I have decided to kick your rasp-Berry until it is black-Berry and blue-Berry, and I tell you you're a goose-Berry if you don't kick in at once.

Signed, "John."

Our recollection is that Berry got into quite a jam over the loan.

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We don't want to hand you any jolts out of a clear sky but we couldn't help thinking the other evening as we sat on our front porch and listened to the brass-band buzzing of the mosquito horde, how reproachfully a wet moon has been looking down almost continuously this season upon the prohibitionists.

But we should worry; last month we announced in our preamble that after due consideration and careful deliberation we had decided to take subscriptions for JIM JAM JEMS at three dollars per year sent to any address in America, and the first check received for three dollars and the man whose name has been entered on our list as Number One is "Henry Ford, Dearborn, Michigan." And while that may not mean much to you it means a lot to us to know that the busiest, biggest, business man in America not only took time to read our July preamble, but he sat himself down and sent us a check for three dollars to insure his getting little old JIM JAM JEMS every month. And we modestly and unblushingly admonish every man to imitate the successful Henry Ford—to the extent of three dollars at least. We love the readers and need the money.

JIM JAM JUNIOR.

FEDERAL RESERVE PALACES



FEDERAL RESERVE OLIGARCHY houses itself most palatially. There is nothing in Government annals or in corporate prodigality private or public to anywhere approximate the absolute squandermania of Federal Reserve obsession for luxurious quarters.

If you want in your city a Post Office Building, a Federal Court Building or a Custom House Building you must lobby and beseech and petition and “trade” and pull wires in Congress until you do—or don’t—get it. But it’s different with Federal Reserve Satraps. By merely a Federal Reserve ukase or decree or resolution or order an Aladdin’s Palace arises like magic—paid for by your money. No such squandermaniac obsession has ever before been seen in this coun-

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try in prodigality of buildings, in luxuriance of equipment or in splendor of quarters. And not only that but the speed with which enormous sums have been "charged off" from building accounts is absolutely appalling. Take a look at some of the items of this profligacy.

The Philadelphia Federal Reserve Bank bought a building for \$600,000 and spent in "remodeling" it \$1,099,638 making a total cost to September 30, 1921, of \$1,699,638 and then charged off to depreciation allowance the enormous sum of \$1,166,848. In other words after spending \$1,099,638 in "remodeling" its buildings it "charges off" for "depreciation" \$1,166,848 or \$67,210 more than it cost to "remodel" it! So after spending \$1,099,638 on "remodeling" the whole property is worth only \$532,790 or \$67,210 less than it cost before "remodeling." Either Philadelphia real estate depreciates with lightning-like rapidity or Federal Reserve judgment isn't worth a picayune or this huge "charge out" for "depreciation" is a mere camouflage or deception. Take your choice. It's either damphoolishness or incompetency's height of deception. And that's all you can make of it.

The San Francisco Federal Reserve Bank spent originally in "original investment" for a building \$520,785, spent \$232,895 for "remodeling," spent \$488,776 for "new building" operations making a total cost to September 30, 1921 of \$1,202,456 and then "charged off" for "depreciation allowance" \$530,795 so that after spending \$681,671 on "remodeling" and new buildings on an original purchase of \$520,785 it emerges with a value of but \$671,661! Or in

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other words, after spending \$681,671 on a \$520,785 purchase it claims the gross value to be but \$671,661 or but \$150,876 more than the original purchase! Or in other words it got but \$150,876 of value for an expenditure of \$681,671! Does San Francisco real estate depreciate as fast as that or are Federal Reserve business oligarchs futile wastrels or is this method of accountancy just a camouflage? Figure it out for yourself.

The St. Louis Federal Reserve Bank made an "original investment" in building of \$1,311,197, spent \$560 on "remodeling" and "charged off" \$685,000 for "depreciation allowance" emerging with a value of \$626,575 for an expenditure of \$1,311,757! Another case of swift shrinkage in value of wastrelcy in expenditure or camouflage in accountancy. Figure it to suit yourself.

The New York Federal Reserve Bank paid \$4,797,882 for its site, spent up to September 30, 1921, \$758,072 on building operations, making a total expenditure of \$5,555,954 and immediately charged off to "depreciation" the enormous sum of \$1,841,618! Did it pay too much for its site or does real estate in the heart of the greatest city on earth depreciate almost 40 per cent almost immediately after purchase? Figure it for yourself. Later on reference will be made to this New York oligarchical palace of splendor.

Up to September 30, 1921, Federal Reserve Satrapists had spent \$36,158,056 on its twelve building operations and had "charged off" as "depreciation allowance" the gigantic sum of \$6,684,213! In other words in a very few years, and in

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most cases practically at once, it depreciated its own building accounts by about eighteen per cent!

Incidentally up to the same date it had spent \$3,212,349 on its Branch Bank buildings and had depreciated them by \$346,369. In its Helena Branch it made an "original investment" of \$15,000, blew in \$161,438 on the purchase and then "charged off" for "depreciation allowance" \$77,738 when it got through or about 45 per cent on the whole transaction.

Up to September 30, 1921, Federal Reservists, including branch banks, had "reserved" \$39,370,405 of your money in building operations and had then "depreciated" by the enormous sum of \$7,030,582 or about 18 per cent almost immediately. You are entitled to draw your own conclusions as to the necessity for these palaces, for the splendor of their equipment and for the real motive of so speedily "charging off" such enormous sums for "depreciation allowance." You are entitled to draw your own conclusions as to the wisdom of allowing a coterie of bureaucrats to spend such huge sums for their own personal comfort or convenience or splendor unsupervised and unhindered. You are entitled to ponder on the proposition that these huge expenditures aren't obtained by legislation from Congress but are made to suit the whim or ambition or convenience or extravagant ideas of an appointive body.

The New York Federal Reserve Bank in cost, in expenditure, in equipment, in splendors purely for the convenience of its occupants is intended to surpass any like building on

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earth. Its cost has been estimated at from \$17,000,000 to \$20,000,000. Its cornerstone—amid speeches and plutocratic glorifications—was laid on May 31, 1922. The fees of architects and engineers alone amounted to the stupendous sum of \$1,106,000. It is intended to house 5,000 employees—about 2,500 more than it now has.

Make right here some comparisons.

In the first week of May, 1922, the loans and discounts of the New York Federal Reserve Bank amounted to \$89,956,248 and it must have a \$17,000,000 building and equipment to handle its activities. On the same date the loans and discounts of the National City Bank of New York amounted to \$506,840,494 and its bank buildings to but \$6,060,000. On the same date the loans and discounts of the National Bank of Commerce of New York amounted to \$259,165,930 and its bank building to but \$4,000,000. Figure it for yourself. It makes some difference whose money is being spent, doesn't it? Private business is one thing and public business is another thing when it comes to housing it, isn't it? Compare the volume of the loans of these banks, compare their building costs and draw your own conclusions.

In addition to veined marble and polished brass and in addition to a mass of luxurious equipment the New York Federal Reserve Bank has or will have on completion, a beautiful auditorium, a gymnasium, a club room for men, a club room for women, and a restaurant.

It will doubtless gratify farmers on the prairies, workmen all over the land, merchants, and manufacturers and pro-

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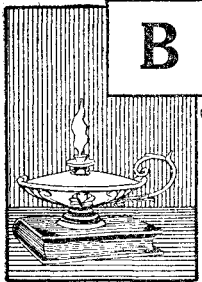
professional men to know that their toil, their efforts and their earnings are in effect being levied upon to provide this modern palace equipped with an auditorium, a gymnasium, two clubs and a restaurant.

It will doubtless gratify stockholders in National Banks, whose money is commandeered to capitalize this leviathan, to know that their money or its proceeds or its earnings is being used to erect and equip a veritable Temple of Mammon with all these attendant luxuries—which they themselves cannot afford in their places of business!

If you who read these lines could commandeer over a hundred millions of dollars for capital at 6 per cent and could conscript over \$1,800,000,000 of deposits at no per cent you could transact your business in a palace in the heart of New York with an auditorium and club rooms and a gymnasium and a restaurant couldn't you? But as you can't commandeer your neighbors' capital nor conscript for nothing the deposits of the public you find yourselves compelled to work and to provide the wherewithal for those who can!

You can measure these lavish expenditures for buildings and equipments and luxuries by any known measure, by volume of business, or by like buildings for like purposes and it is as clear as day that these Federal Reserve Palaces are a monument of needless extravagance and of wanton wastage—pulled off by the ukase of enthroned bureaucracy spending "other people's money!" That's all you can make of the Monster's Palaces.

SWEETBREADS vs. BRAINS



BOY, PAGE somebody who really knows what happened in North Dakota's recent primary campaign! The result of the election everybody knows, and the press of the land—especially the Eastern newspapers—have attempted to tell us how it all came about. But they haven't come within a mile of it. They attribute the defeat of that great and good statesman—United States Senator Porter J. McCumber—to dissatisfaction with the Harding administration at Washington. Of course, there is nothing to that. Merit, nor principle, nor platform had anything to do with the result in North Dakota. McCumber was simply the victim of political assassins and that time-old weapon—the double-cross—was the means to the end.

The average human head, like a crock of clabber, absorbs

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the flavor of its surroundings and brains function like sweet-breads all too often. Here in North Dakota the most peculiar political conditions have arisen. To the outsider our political results would indicate that North Dakota is proportionately as full of nuts as was the Ford peace ship. Our citizenry is ridiculed and laughed at, but that is because the outsider does not understand.

There isn't anything peculiar about the Nonpartisan League. If there were more blacksmiths in North Dakota than any other class, and the products of these blacksmiths were marketed through a gamblers' clearing house down in Minneapolis where the gamblers were so situated that they could tell the blacksmith how much they would give him for the product of his labor, and some wise guy like A. C. Townley came along and said to these blacksmiths, "You are being robbed; you are the only class of people in the world who are told by the gamblers what you must pay for everything you purchase and what you can charge for everything you sell; all you have to do is form an organization for your common good, stick together, elect your own state government, and you can better your condition." A large percentage of North Dakota's population happens to be farmers instead of blacksmiths. Townley went among the farmers, told them just exactly what we have quoted above, got their confidence and all they had to do was "vote 'er straight."

The farmers selected one of their own as a standard bearer. They took Lynn J. Frazier from his farm and elevated him to the position of Governor. They laid out a pro-

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gram of what they considered would be beneficial to the farmers and Mr. Frazier during his two terms as Governor stood flatly for that program. He never compromised. He was for what the farmers wanted. During the four years of the Frazier administration, the farmers' program was given a trial. It didn't get anywhere and did not result in the vast benefits to farmers that they believed it would. Politicians spread dissatisfaction. A third time Frazier was nominated and elected. Poor crops, the withdrawal of all outside capital from the state, and general depression following the world war made hard times and the farmer carried the tax and interest burden of these hard times. The politicians started recall petitions. A recall campaign was launched. The "antis" carefully selected a young bombastic Scandinavian as the standard-bearer. Republicans and Democrats amalgamated themselves against what they termed the common enemy. They raised the cry of Socialism. Their standard-bearer, Mr. Nestos, came out flatly and told the farmers that he believed in their program—he was anxious to give their terminal mill and elevator and their state bank and other ideas a fair trial—to convince them that they were damphools because it wouldn't work. And when the election was finally staged, Lynn J. Frazier—the farmer—was deposed as Governor and Mr. Nestos was elected to succeed him. This is the first instance in American history where a successful recall gubernatorial election has ever been staged. All of this happened late in the fall of 1921.

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In the early spring of 1922 came the regular primary campaign. Mr. Nestos of course was the candidate of everything and everybody opposed to the Nonpartisan League. Lynn J. Frazier, recalled Governor, became the candidate of the League for the United States Senate. Nestos was still on his old platform. He still stood—or stood still—for these farmer-program institutions and enterprises. On the same ticket with him was Frazier standing on the same program—Recalled and Recaller were before the people on the same platform only this time—just a few months after the recall election. One was a candidate for Governor and the other for United State Senator. Opposed to Mr. Frazier was Porter J. McCumber. Mr. McCumber came out flat-footed and said he was in favor of the election of Mr. Nestos and opposed to the program of the Nonpartisan League and urged his friends to vote for Nestos. Right then and there Mr. McCumber indicated that he believed Nestos was man enough to acknowledge his deception—that while protesting his belief and promising to give the farmer enterprises a fair trial—down deep in his heart he knew and his friends and backers knew that his idea of a fair trial for the state bank and state mill and elevator meant a decent burial and the kind that scarlet fever victims get—quick and quiet.

But Mr. Nestos, inflated and bombastically strutting 'round as the only living example of man who had won a recall seat in a gubernatorial chair, took no chances. He did not come out and say, "I am a Republican; I recognize in Senator McCumber a man who for a quarter of a century

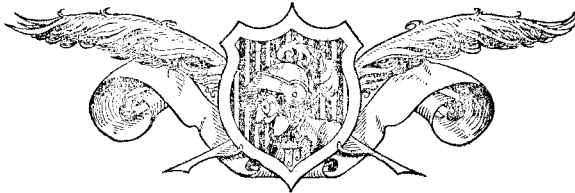
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has proclaimed and lived and acted Republicanism; I recognize in him a man who has always stood for the best interest of his constituency—businessman, citizen and farmer alike—and I am for him.” Oh no! Mr. Nestos did not do that. He didn’t want any clean-cut campaign issue. All he wanted was to save his precious political neck. And he knew that the men who were behind him—while supposedly good Republicans and supposedly the saviours of our state—were in a combination with the Democrats to double-cross McCumber and nominate Lynn J. Frazier for the United States Senate. And so Mr. Nestos talked to the farmers and Lynn Frazier—the man he had recalled only a few months before—talked to the farmers along practically the same lines with the result that Frazier, recalled Governor, was nominated for the United States Senate, and Nestos, recaller, was nominated for the governorship. And now, if there is anything but solid hypocrisy in Mr. Nestos’ makeup, he cannot do less than go before the people next November and advocate the election of Lynn J. Frazier—the man he recalled from the governorship—to the United States Senate. They stand today on the same platform, are nominated on the same ticket, and were nominated by the votes of the same voters who deposed Frazier as Governor, elected Nestos Governor, then nominated both as Republican candidates for U. S. Senator and Governor respectively.

The only difference between the two candidates is that Frazier is consistent and sincere, while Nestos is inconsistent and cannot possibly be sincere.

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And the fact that Nestos' friends double-crossed McCumber is the one reason why North Dakota citizens are laughed at and ridiculed everywhere outside the state. But what does Nestos care? Didn't he cable his mother in Scandinavia shortly after he was elected Governor, "I have been elected 'Kongen' of Nord Dakota." "King" suits Mr. Nestos very well. Nationality and political insincerity and a combination of dirty politics have made Nestos Governor of North Dakota. After all, there must be some satisfaction in the thought that it will never be possible to elect a Protestant Pope.



MARGARET HALEY'S HALO



DAMN 'EM, they tried to make us play the game—the political game—but they couldn't do it." That's the "slanguage" of of a "he-man" but it volleyed forth from feminine lips—Margaret Haley's lips—and it hit the bull's eye of political putridity.

Who is Margaret Haley? She is the business representative of the Chicago Teacher's Federation and she is a representative who represents too, never you doubt it.

All over the U. S. A. people have been guessing just how much and what ice women would cut in politics. Would they "bend to the will" of astute politicians (forever tooting the keynote of applied predacity); would they "play the game;" would they stand for the "double-cross;" would they

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then stand for the "re-double-cross;" and then could they be made "to like it" as do the male variety?

Margaret Haley has been for years striving and battling to connect up the teachers with a living wage.

She was an important factor in inducing the legislature to authorize an increase in the education tax levy in Chicago whereby every \$100 in assessed value paid \$1.92 instead of \$1.20 a year for educational purposes—designed in part to increase teachers' paltry salaries and put 'em somewhere near the level of common labor. That increase produces more than \$12,000,000 annually.

Her brainery also functioned again when the Illinois legislature added \$2,000,000 to the fund which the State collects and distributes yearly among the various schools—of which Chicago's share approximates \$700,000.

Margaret stepped gaily along with the political machine as long as it rolled her way, but when it didn't she broke step and threw a wrench in its gears thusly. When crafty politicians tried to force her to support a bill which would allow the Chicago Board of Education to sell school lands without the authorization of the Chicago City Council Margaret rebelled—really rebelled, you understand—and killed it deader than Caesar.

Then William A. Bither, attorney for the Board of Education, attempted to insert the first syllable of his name betwixt Margaret's firm lips and threatened to pare down \$500,000 a year from the already underpaid teachers! Did Margaret "go along," did she "play the game," did she

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“come in out of the wet” like the professional male politician? She did not. She hired a hall—in fact two halls—and opened denunciations with the sentence that opens this article and a storm of applause from gallery to pit volleyed back to her from her opening volley! Then she asked, “Why did they want that school land sales bill?” And back roared the answer—“Graft!”

Then Margaret got out and distributed 10,000 pamphlets that had the “punch.” She showed how the “educational fund” was being purposely depleted for political, sixty-day appointees appointed and reappointed, some as high as nine times. She showed how “incidentals” running into stupendous figures were being wastefully purchased really as “political pap” for favored politicians. She showed how teachers had to dip into their shallow purses—meagerly filled with miserly pay by a political plunderbund—to buy the pupils pens, pencils, papers and needed supplies!

She showed how the Board of Education’s squandermania for its “autohoboing” tactics had spent \$143,189 for automobiles with insurance premiums of \$16,064 and chauffeurs’ salaries of \$13,440. Chicago educational officialdom evidently had leg paralysis. The Packard limousine used by President Davis of the Board cost \$7,875. William A. Bither, attorney for the Board, burned gas from a Lincoln sedan costing \$4,530 and Charles J. Forsberg, business manager, ricocheted about in a \$4,400 Haynes sedan. All teachers and many taxpayers had to walk—but not the Board of Education officialdom!

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Incidentally Charles E. Springer, a real estate dealer, fired by Margaret's pep, "gave up" how he offered the Board of Education a piece of property needed for the Wendell Phillips High School for \$65,000; how the offer was deliberately rejected; how a few days later he sold the property for \$65,000 to Charles A. White of the Lincoln State Bank and how soon after the Board of Education paid White just \$95,000 for the same property! When White was selling it was worth just \$30,000 more than when Springer was selling! Who got that \$30,000 split? Margaret doesn't know but we gamble she finds out.

Incidentally William A. Bither and H. W. Kaup, a real estate operator, have been indicted for conspiracy on another angle growing out of the Board of Education's real estate operations. There were some fifteen houses on property acquired by the Board—supposed to be acquired with "the buildings thereon." When conveyance was made to the Board of Education the document showed an erasure with "exclusive of the improvements" written in. The rental of these fifteen houses approximated some \$2,000 monthly which was paid to Kaup and only about \$1,000 had reached the treasury of the Board when official investigation had started. Thereupon the Board of Education through its business manager megaphoned that "Kaup had paid into the Board treasury the sum he is accused of collecting in rents on the Wendell Phillips site, as well as a sum in the Forrestville school condemnation of *some months ago.*"

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Resignations of Board of Education members flew about in flocks and Margaret kept on smiling.

The first thing the Board of Education did at its meeting after these various revelations was to vote the increase of teachers' pay for which Margaret Haley had been battling all these years!

All through the legislative enactments granting more educational money, all through indictments for conspiracy in depleting educational funds, all through an expose of Board of Educational wastages and down through the "Damn 'em, they tried to make us play the game" public meetings Margaret Haley stood pat and finally emerged with the added teachers' pay voted!

Margaret Haley started to get teachers' pay in Chicago raised from \$1,200 to \$1,500 a year in elementary schools as a minimum up to \$2,000 to \$2,500 a year as a maximum. She did it. We don't expect every woman in politics to be a Joan of Arc carrying aloft a banner of political purity against hordes of filching politicians—but Margaret Haley did. And her "Damn 'em, they tried to make us play the game—the political game—but they couldn't" touched off a bomb and blew off the lid from a seething pot of Chicagoese political putridities. We aren't distributing halos but if we were we would coyly place one about the brainery of Margaret Haley. Also God knows we are no avatar of "reform" but women voters could if they would force battalions of "astute politicians" to "toot" less predaceously and more honestly.

Bureaumania Damphoolishness



IT'S easy by a few strokes of a pen—in the hand of a bureaumaniac—to blast a human life. Steve Borisuk of Brookline, Massachusetts, a battered and shattered World War veteran, has gone against German mustard gas, German bayonet stabs, German bombs and German machine gun volleys. Also he has gone against the medical re-rating volleys in the United States Veteran's Bureau. And he had rather take his chances against the Huns—where he could at least fight back. Here are the refrigerated facts anent Steve Borisuk's collision with snowbroth-veined bureaucracy.

Take a physical survey of Steve from head to heel. He has a fractured skull. His eyes have been practically blinded by corroding mustard gas and the right eye must be

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shortly removed. The left jaw is diseased and a portion of the bones have been removed. His lungs have been torn to tatters by mustard gas and frequently leak blood. His spine was so injured by being hurled into a shell hole that he is compelled to wear a brace. He still suffers from bayonet stabs in the stomach. Seven machine bullets penetrated his left leg. His right heel was shot away and a silver plate replaces it. Physically Steve Borisuk is tattered and battered almost to death by war's bloody waves.

Mentally he is in a maze and a daze from the enfilading volleys of bureaumania fired at him thusly.

For the first nine months after his discharge he was rated—with all his physical wreckages—as “fifteen per cent disabled” and drew the munificent compensation of \$12 per month. Then bureaucracy let a little red blood flow through it and rated him as “temporarily totally disabled.” Then in June 1920 bureaucratic medical wizardry guessed again that he was “totally and permanently disabled” and doled him out \$80 per month. But “permanently” didn't mean anything to these bureaucratic birds and he was again tobogganned down to “temporary total disability” and his “compensation” was held up on the ground that he was mentally incompetent. Somebody was “mentally incompetent” alright but it wasn't Steve Borisuk! Then he was declared “competent” and the rating gears shifted him to a “ten per cent disability” with \$8 a month—when he was in precisely the same condition as when he was allowed \$80 per month! Then the rating gears took another shift and landed Steve in

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the "less than ten per cent disabled" with zero as his compensation.

Incidentally in Brookline, Massachusetts, where Steve lives, he is rated as "incompetent and insane" and in Washington he is rated as "competent and sane" but he is just the same—mentally and physically—in both places. Steve doesn't change much mentally nor physically but bureaucratic medical wizardry wobbles and wobbles so fast that nobody can "keep cases" on it!

We are for these shattered and tattered boys from reveille to taps! They didn't preen and strut and vociferate about their "paytriotism"—with the first syllable heavily accented—and stay at home and plunge their hands to the armpits into your Treasury! They didn't wallop the tax payers and bond buyers with the "cost plus" clubs of banditry! They didn't get any of the three billions appropriated by a rubber-stamp Congress for the "canceled contract" despoilments!

What they got were promises by the ocean-full and then performances served in an eye-dropper by a mess of bureaucratic medical wizards—whose real "guts" could be stored in an emaciated angleworm!

We hope the American Legion will take up the case of Steve Borisuk and thousands of the like. We hope the American Legion will volley at enthroned American bureaucracy with as deadly an aim as it volleyed at enthroned Kaiserdom overseas! We hope that every promise made these war-tattered and war-shattered lads will be made to know that "its Redeemer liveth"! We hope that the Amer-

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ican Legion—with its vote volleys—will bring to their senses the machine gun nests of Bureaucracy at Washington with as deadly accuracy as they did the machine gun nests of Hunocracy overseas! Don't you?

And in the meantime there at Washington—where there have been stolen from your Treasury literally billions of dollars by “paytriotic” looters—lies Steve Borisuk “re-rated” into pauperdom and completely surrounded by a mess of rimless ciphers girdled about him by bureaucratic nincompoops! Steve helped make “the world safe for Democracy” and the U. S. A. safe for bureaucratic nincompoopery! Quite a scenario, isn't it? And that's what a mess of hollow headed medical bureaucrats did to Steve Borisuk.



THE GLAND "GRAFT"

"Backward, turn backward
Oh Time in your flight."
Give me relief from
Senility's plight!



SUCH IS the moan and sob and wail from mazuma-misted old age or waning middle life as virility declines. As a semi-scientific journal JIM JAM JEMS feels bound to casually mention modern Ponce de Leons in their frenzied forays for the Fountain of Youth.

From ring-tailed monkeys to butting Toggenburg goats to pauperized humanity has progressed this palpitating search for deathless youth. Harold F. McCormick—with his wedded

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wife in the discard at home and with the sirenic Ganna Walska overseas—sought rejuvenation. Medicos—so coyly and “ethically” shrinking from publicity’s calcium—issued daily bulletins and cables zipped to the pulchritudinous Ganna in her Parisian nest of unmated sumptuousness. Brethren, it’s all “old stuff” pulled about once in so often when medical greed and moneyed yearning for the fires of youth meet up.

It was pulled in old Egypt thousands of years ago—as “gland transplanted” mummies prove—but death came and no endless progeny of Pharaohs and no ceaseless lines of vamping Cleopatras surged into humanity’s streams. It was pulled all down the ages when physically declining Midases and Croesuses quaffed bucketsful of the blood of young children to keep alive waning vigor. Thousands of barrels of the blood of young children have flowed from sacrificial altars to propitiate the God of Youth. And now Poverty lays on the altar of millionaireshood its own glands to kindle anew the fire of youth.

This graft prospect surely does allure doesn’t it? Take a look at it. Dried up spinsters would again feel the flood of youth surging and pulsating through their brittle arteries, would feel snow broth changing into red blood and would enticingly beckon for mates in Cupid’s fanes. Old bachelors would feel the thrill of youth straighten up their gelatine spines, would lift high their halting steps, would furbish up their dingy feathers, would comb wisps of hair over their bald spots, would distend their chests and strut about as in

their crowing heyday. Married dames and ancient Benedicts verging on the "sere and yellow" would passionately entwine ancient arms about surprised mates, withered lips would meet in fervid kisses and flocks of Storks would alight on long-deserted chimneys. Race suicide among the "uppah clawsses" would itself die. Birth rates in millionairedom would ascend and birth rates in pauperdom would descend. Human glands of various grades—"refrigerated" or "strictly fresh"—would be quoted on exchanges and "rejuvenation while you wait" would flaunt from medical signboards. Age could have "young ideas" and fulfill 'em too—just as long as its money and the gland market held out.

But listen friends, there's a hole in the skimmer. It's just a flash in the pan. Years ago Dr. Frank Lydston of Chicago performed the operation. In our issue of March, 1920, we described how Dr. J. R. Brinkley of Milford, Kansas, transplanted goats' glands into humanity athrob with desire for progeny. In our issue of October, 1920, we described how Dr. Brinkley drove his herd of Toggenburg goats to Chicago in order to plug and punch virility into Chicagoese humanity. But the portals of Dr. Brinkley's establishment at Milford, aren't thronged with goat-gland seekers and Chicagoese birth rates haven't aviated. Irving Bacon, a sensational writer, yodeled forth his paeans of praise after a New York medico had transplanted into his anatomy a frisky gland but soon after he committed suicide.

The chill fact is that it simply doesn't work—not for very long. Like pus punching, serum squirting and drug doping

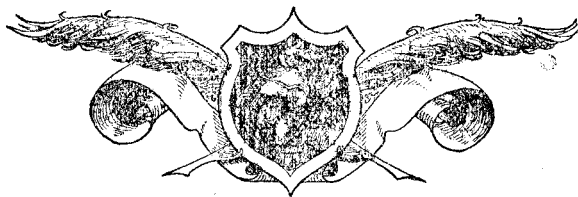
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the facts don't come up to the rainbow-hued language! When you get to the foot of the rainbow the pot of gold isn't there. The operation of gland transplantation, monkey, goat or human, is a great success—for the doctors! It transplants mazuma from the patient to the medico and that's its greatest success!

The old Horologe—first set aswing by Jehovah at creation—ticks on remorselessly unstayed by the transplantation of glands—monkey, goat or human! And you haven't heard the fair Ganna Walska—aged twenty-nine—clamoring for a gland have you?

But gland grafting is a great “graft”—for the doctors!

Just as we go to press a despatch advises us that McCormick is again hectically commuting overseas—where he might casually meet the fair Ganna. So long Harold!



DRUGGED BY JOHN BULL



GREAT BRITAIN has the world grabbed and narcotized with opium—purely for lust of gold. Do you know that the U. S. A. is earth's greatest opium market? It is and it consumes just 36 grains of opium per person per year kindly handed to Uncle Sam by British Pecksniffery, i. e., by the British Government. When John Bull smugly chants his hymn about "hands across the seas" he is using his hands to hand American drug addicts one of America's greatest curses.

Your statute books are all cluttered with anti-opium legislation, your government pay roll carries battalions of Uncle Sam's "narcotic agents;" your insane asylums, sanitariums and clinics are jammed with opium fiends—all kindly conferred upon you by John Bull. That slick old taurian grabs

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your money by billions and won't even hand you the interest upon it; grabs hundreds of thousands of square miles of earth's richest territory as loot of the war which you won for him; chloroforms you with thousands of columns of adroit press-paid propaganda—and then narcotizes you with his accursed opium traffic!

Thusly he does it. In British India thrives the deadly poppy plant whence is derived the deadlier opium. The planting, the manufacture and the sale is a Government graft. Government not only licenses poppy planters but loans them money without interest so that they may make their deadly crop. After harvesting the poppy crop the Indian Government—which is merely a convenient alias for the British Government—manufactures the opium in a Government factory at one of its outposts of Hades yclept Ghazipur. There it is sold at public auction. John Bull “gets his” and thence narcotization is broadcasted to the easiest stations of pillage by astute British traders.

Medical sharks, who have specialized on the study of narcotics, assert that one ton of opium would fill the annual legitimate medical requirements of the entire Western Continent and the same for Europe, Asia and Africa. In other words four tons of opium would supply the real annual needs of the world. But the latest Government record put out by John Bull's damnable narcotic factory shows his annual production to be 1273 tons—4 tons for necessity and 1269 tons for greedy narcotic traffic! In other words it's a three hundred and seventeen to one shot for British greed and

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yet Great Britain chitters and mouths about "holding aloft the torch of civilization" and "bearing the white man's burden"! What it really does is to hold aloft the torch of deadly narcotism and to burden the white man with the damnable load of opium addiction! Beneath the clacquery and the lacquery of John Bull's language you find—in his opium monopoly—the festering pustule of poisonous greed.

These statistics of Uncle Sam's consumption of opium—the greatest per capita on earth—you can find in our Government reports, and the British Indian Government production and sale of opium you can find in their Government reports.

As to all of which the spirit moves us to some shrinking comments. Doubtless you know, or know of, some drug addicts, veritable morphine fiends. You have seen their pasty faces, their glaring eyeballs, their twitching hands, their emaciation and their deadly descent to the very gates of Hell ayawn for them. Doubtless you have seen some of them with bodies wrecked, with brains debased and with consciences benumbed en route to the charnel house of degradation. A morphine fiend would steal a son's earnings, sell a daughter's virtue and mortgage his or her soul to Satan to satisfy cravings. A woman morphine fiend will prostitute herself and a man morphine fiend will become a common pick-pocket for the sake of the juice of the deadly poppy. Ties of honor, of friendship, of chastity or of all that men or women hold dear snap like threads of gossamer against the urge for opium addiction.

Dollars by the scores of millions, lives by the scores of

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thousands are yearly laid on this opium altar of Mammon erected by John Bull and gilded o'er by his Pecksniffian hypocrisy. Homes wrecked, virtue lost, honesty forfeited, children beggared, brains debased and asylums thronged in America are some of the gems in the British circlet of greed by its claws of opium pillage.

“Hands across the seas”—so beloved by British orators—hand you America’s deadly curse of narcotism and “the Mother tongue”—so ballyhooed by British orators—curls in its hypocritical cheek at America’s tribute to its astute commercialism.

What you hand Great Britain is billions of your treasure and scores of thousands of your priceless lives in their war—which you won for them. What Great Britain hands you is America’s deadly curse of narcotism. British progagandists and Anglophile sycophants cluttering up your press columns have strangely neglected to mention this matter so JIM JAM JEMS coyly broadcasts it! Are we “anti-British?” Bless you no! Just pro-American and anti-sucker! Aren’t you too?

“On Flanders fields the poppies grow
And there your dead lay row on row.”
On Hindu fields the poppies swell
And spread narcotics’ poison spell.
From Flanders fields to Hindu plain
Your lives are lost—for British gain!

SURGICAL SAVAGERY



RING NOSED butchers of savagery ought to take a short course in cleaverdom at the private hospital of Dr. Alphonsine J. Lalonde at Pawtucket, Rhode Island. The journal of the American Medical Association and other subsidized touters of Allopathic surgical wizardry have overlooked this "surgical triumph" so JIM JAM JEMS will coyly mention it.

Mrs. Mary L. Morrell of 24 Cottage Street, Providence, Rhode Island, was enticed into Dr. Lalonde's private abattoir at Pawtucket for an "operation" upon her strangulated hernia. Lalonde was surrounded by an Allopathic aura and illuminated by an Allopathic halo encircling his seething dome. He is one of these surgical wizards, you understand—one of that battalion of heroes rescuing human lives from the fell grasp of disease. His operating room is one of those theaters where are staged "rescue dramas" where Death's icy hand is stayed! You can read

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all about 'em in the columns of Allopathically propagandized publications and in syndicated slusheries paeianizing abdominal operations. You've seen pictures of 'em—absolutely aseptic operating rooms, snow white, trays of knives and cleavers in sterilized solutions, nurses with hour-glass figures all masked except their sympathetic eyes and the surgical wizards all masked and wearing rubber gloves! Into such a stage-set theater of healing was rolled Mrs. Morrell, and after one of the scheduled surgical triumphs she was going to be rolled out en route to health and happiness.

Dr. Lalonde made an incision—purely “exploratory” for all we know—into Mrs. Morrell's abdomen, took a look at the interior, sewed it up and informed Mrs. Morrell that she couldn't live more than two days!

Mrs. Morrell preferred not to die in Lalonde's abattoir and said so. Thereupon she was sent home—in an undertaker's wagon. Whether all of Lalonde's patients leave his temple of healing in charge of the undertaker we don't know. But anyway that was the way Mrs. Morrell left—first butchered and then jolted home in charge of the undertaker, sort of a “trial trip” in charge of Lalonde's natural successor!

But Mrs. Morrell obstinately refused to die. Here was a “doctor's mistake” that just wouldn't be buried and her second trip in charge of the undertaker was indefinitely postponed. Subsequently she was operated upon at the Rhode Island Hospital and—in spite of Lalonde's initial butchery and in spite of his funereal prognosis—she recovered.

Thereupon Mrs. Morrell and her husband sued Lalonde

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and his insurer, the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company. The jury ordered the application of \$13,416 worth of Uncle Sam's anguish plasters for Mrs. Morrell and \$2,333 of the same for Mr. Morrell. These "doctors' mistakes" must be getting pretty numerous when insurance companies and their actuaries can figure out a proper premium basis. What? But why not insure the patients direct? That's what we want to know. Why force Mrs. Morrell to sue for the excruciating tortures and for the brutalities heaped upon her and why force Mr. Morrell to sue for the loss of his wife's companionship and for the expenses incurred? Wouldn't it be much more modernly efficient if the inhumanly treated and butchered victims in these abattoirs could file their claims direct with the insurance companies? For example "Carver & Cutem, Physicans and Surgeons, malpractice victims covered by the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company."

Also here's a little legal twist which sorta nauseates a layman. These cases were tried before Judge Sumner and a jury. The jury was to pass upon the facts and to settle the damages—that's what a jury is for. And the jury said \$13,416 for Mrs. Morrell and \$2,333 for Mr. Morrell.

After the jury had ordered these anguish plasters—which seem very mild to us—Judge Sumner said: "The Court is satisfied that the incision made by Dr. Lalonde was useless and that his conduct was characterized either by gross ignorance and a careless indifference to the plaintiff's condition or inexcusable cowardice. The neglect, operation and

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treatment by Dr. Lalonde greatly increased her suffering, undoubtedly prolonged her period of confinement and is probably the cause of the pain from which she still suffers at the place of incision." And then hizzoner winds up by saying that "in this case the amount is too large and the jury were unduly prejudiced against the defendant, Lalonde," whereupon he orders the verdicts reduced to \$8,500 for Mrs. Morrell and to \$1,500 for Mr. Morrell or a new trial. The plaintiffs, Mr. and Mrs. Morrell, wouldn't consent to this reduction and the cases are en route upwards to an appellate court.

Can you beat it? Here's a woman taken by a surgeon—or a licensed butcher—into his operating room—or his abattoir—to be operated upon. Her abdomen is slit open, no operation is performed, the slit is closed, she is told that she has but two days to live and is jolted home in an undertaker's wagon to die! But she declined to push up the daisies among other doctors' mistakes and persists in living and proves this strutting medico's prognosis to be just about as valuable as his "operative skill!" And after undergoing this useless butchery, after being cold-bloodedly condemned to death and after being jolted home in an undertaker's wagon to die, she sues the preening medico—who is insured against the perpetration of just such atrocities—gets a petty verdict of \$13,416 and is told to cut it to \$8,500!

She is butchered on the altar of medicine and then when a petty redress is awarded her she is immolated on the altar of law. Cut open by medicine and cut down by law! Good, isn't it?

A SOUTH AMERICAN SERPENT TRAIL



OR the third time JIM JAM JEMS rings the tocsin of alarm for the ears of the theatrical profession against the lure of South American "contracts" handed out by accomplished kikes.

This time we refer to "Bernstein's Carnival" pulled off under the aegis of the Marine Enlisted Men's Club at Santo Domingo. That is one of kikery's best cards, to get under the aegis of your flag, to get a semi-official okeh and, under that as a cloak, lure together a troupe and then hand its members a Simon Legree scenario—far from home and with pay days about as far apart as leapeyear!

Freeman Bernstein was the general manager and promoter of Bernstein's Carnival which sailed on the U. S. S. Henderson from Norfolk, Virginia, on March 20th last. The troupe had

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been recruited largely in New York under the usual "contracts" providing for transportation and other expenses and a weekly salary. They were to sail Southern Seas under Uncle Sam's flag, produce entertainments under the U. S. Marine patronage and protection, charm the natives, live lives of luxury and return crowned with theatrical honors!

Now what were the facts after this troupe—largely composed of American women—had been recruited under kike enticement? Miss Gene St. Claire, of 54 Hamilton Ave., White Plains, N. Y., was one of the victims of Bernstein's "contracts." She was to receive all expenses and fifty dollars per week for ten weeks. What she did receive was about nine dollars and "subsistence" which would nauseate a Zulu, with "transportation" mostly on her own feet or crowded standing up on a jolting truck coupled with insults and epithets too foul to disfigure a printed page.

What the Marine Enlisted Men's Club got was a small percentage of the takings. What Bernstein got was the "big money"—added to by every device and abuse which parsimonious kikery could put over.

From San Diego to Santo Domingo at Camp 61 the "transportation" that Bernstein provided was the wearied legs of these daughters of the footlights. It was just forty miles and they were forced to walk every step of the way or be abandoned penniless and friendless in a strange land. From Camp 61 to Capital Santo Domingo is just sixty miles and the "transportation" was a jolting truck on which they were compelled to stand upright. En route they had nothing to

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eat and one woman in the party with a baby had to carry it in her arms or abandon it. But Bernstein and his two nephews rode in a luxurious automobile! Their route was kept a secret so that they could not communicate with the outside world. When these abused women implored Bernstein for money to buy life's commonest necessities they were coarsely told to solicit men—mostly negroes! One girl was seriously injured in an auto accident and was heartlessly abandoned at Port au Prince. The accommodations provided were of the vilest and filthiest—beds without mattresses and overrun with vermin, and food which was largely uneatable garbage! En route to San Pedro de Macorise they had an all night journey in an unseaworthy tug packed in with a mess of filthy natives—many of them suffering from revolting diseases with open sores! They were repeatedly instructed to drink with negroes and to solicit the patronage of negroes—for Bernstein's Carnival or for themselves! Miss St. Claire was forced to repel Bernstein's vile personal solicitations and to hear herself called the vilest names!

One actor, Hugo Jansen, broke away and went to work on a sugar plantation rather than to longer endure such a life.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Reed of 433 Green avenue, Montreal, Canada, were heartlessly discharged, abandoned, refused transportation home and forced to borrow \$220 to make the return trip!

"Bernstein's Carnival"—coupled with gambling devices of great profit to Bernstein and of great loss to the trustful

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Dominicans—left a dirty track all through Santo Domingo. It was camouflaged under U. S. Marine patronage. On Tuesday May 23, 1922 at San Pedro de Macorise Bernstein staged a sumptuous banquet to General Lee of the U. S. Marines with a flood tide of Champagne St. Marceaux and with a bill of fare which made the mouths of his starved troupers water! Staging banquets to notables and “Simon Legreeing” troupers is one of kikery’s best cards—soiled from much usage but still taking tricks! That bill of fare lies beside us as we write, and as we look at it and as we reflect on the damnable treatment and on the garbage-can food handed out by Bernstein to the befooled members of his troupers our blood begins to sizzle. Stage banquets to officialdom under the limelight and then starve, maltreat, abuse and insult the honest women who make the money for such bedizened camoufleurs of kikery! Strut under the American flag and under the patronage of General Lee and under the aegis of the U. S. Marines—just for the dirty money there is in it—and then abuse and insult American daughters of the footlights! That’s kikery and Shylockery to the life!

Joseph T. Moran, American Vice consul at Santo Domingo City, finally befriended Bernstein’s dupes, sent for Bernstein, procured them passports and the befooled troupers were finally sent home—all except two girls, Helen and Margaret Stanley, who were unable to prove American citizenship and who at last accounts were marooned friendless and penniless in Santo Domingo City. It’s easy enough to “get in” but

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it's the heluva job to get out of these South American or West Indian hell holes where American girls are lured by these theatrical "contracts"—often but "scraps of paper."

It ought to be a crime to lure American women to these South American or West Indian serpents' nests, to starve them, to berate them, to force them to toil forty miles on foot, to herd them for long journeys where they are forced to stand or sit with diseased natives, to refuse to pay their salaries, to assault their virtue and to try to force them to sell their virtue to obtain life's commonest necessities!

There ought to be a law on this subject to ham-string such kikeries and Shylockeries and it ought to be at the port of embarkation. Bonds should be required—not "straw" ones but real ones—to pay salaries; to pay expenses; to provide suitable subsistence and transportation; to protect from insult, abuse and virtue assault and to return those employed to the point of departure. That's the way and the only way to prevent this systematic exploitation of American girls by kikery and Shylockery.

We would like to see Congress put an embargo on this damnable trade right at the point of embarkation—good bonds or no sailing. We would like to see these daughters of the footlights, honestly trying to earn an honest living, have real contracts protected by real bonds, not a mere "scrap of paper" signed by kikery, countersigned by Shylockery and in fact but a passport to White Slavery and to Simon Legreeism!

SIX TIMES BURIED ALIVE



SIX TIMES has Amanda Byrd—while absolutely sane—been imprisoned in Insane Infernos. If to be immured with mowing maniacs, syphilitic imbeciles and raving madwomen; to be manhandled, stripped to nudeness, bound with thongs and forcibly dosed with poisoned potions—isn't worse than being buried alive, you name it.

Amanda Byrd is the daughter of Dr. Alexander Hamilton Byrd of Eutaw, Alabama, deceased. Miss Byrd is a refined, educated, high-strung Southern woman with mental operations as swift as lightning and with a wit as keen as a new-ground razor. Her experience in Insane Infernos ought to rock America. We are going to hand you a few high lights of facts which out-fiction any fiction ever penned. Also we are going to casually skin a herd

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of medical pole-cats—mostly “alienists” engaged in alienating free American citizens from their God-given liberties.

Mebbe you’ve noticed the slogan of the American paint trade: “Save the surface and you save all.” Expert medical alienists have adopted that slogan too. Under a veneer of polysyllabic medical terms and under a varnish of false “histories” of a kidnapped victim they ply their gruesome trade for power and pelf.

Also we shall casually mention the National City Company of New York, an offshoot or tentacle of John Dee’s National City Bank—the most powerful financial organization in the U. S. A.

Miss Byrd early in life wearied of office drudgery and grittily “went on her own.” The American Magazine in its issue of December, 1918, tells how Miss Byrd pluckily “homesteaded” a hundred and sixty acres at Estes Park, Colorado, how she stuck in her shack which she had named “Hard Tack” and how she finally “made good.” That was a mere detail in as vivid a career as ever woman had.

We want to say here and now that the persecution, prosecutions, kidnappings and thuggeries pulled off on Amanda Byrd—under the aegis of the law—make one of the most damnable scenarios which ever defaced America. Charles Reade fired all England with a work of fiction based on the abuse of the sane as insane. But his most vivid imaginings are but snow broth compared to the blood-red facts of Amanda Byrd’s actual experiences with mad-house thuggeries. Brand ’em as “paranoiacs,” plaster against them a

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farrago of "histories" as false as hell as they are bandied from mad-house to mad-house, and added to at each successive kidnapping, is the formula of medical buzzardry.

While in Colorado Miss Byrd entered the service of the Colorado Prison Association. A dispute arose regarding her salary. It was charged in effect by some of the smug officials of that Association that Miss Byrd had not turned over all of the money collected. She sued for her salary and was successful in her suit. She charged grave irregularities in the conduct of its affairs and particularly in the conduct of one of its officers named Mace. Mace finally confessed to theft and was given a penitentiary sentence. In the course of her conflict—which she did not seek—with this Association and in which she was successful Miss Byrd incurred the hostility of charity officialdom in Denver.

Miss Byrd then went to New York and entered the service of the National City Company—one of the leviathans of finance—as a bond saleswoman. Her success was unusual and attracted notice. During the first four weeks she sold some \$65,000 of bonds. She was then instructed as to the method of showing prospective bond buyers how to evade profit taxes. She flatly refused to be a party to any such tax evasions and reported the scheme to Government officials. On November 30, 1918 in the presence of a large number of employees she was publicly discharged by Mr. Barker of the National City Company who said with an oath, "I'll get you locked up." Miss Byrd very vigorously defended her position and reiterated that she would take no part in what

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she branded as a "tax steal!" Thereupon National City Company guards seized Miss Byrd, dragged her off her feet, twisted her wrists, and manhandled her down a long corridor. She was met by a man—supposed to be a Bellevue Hospital attendant—who threw up her head, punched his thumb into her jugular vein and when she shrieked with pain threw some heavy yellow liquid on cotton and forced her to inhale it. Still struggling with all her strength against this brutal handling she was thrust into an ambulance and still protesting and struggling was thrust into the Hell of the Insane Ward at Bellevue Hospital. She was dragged through ward after ward filled with the degraded scum of a huge city's offscourings until she was landed in Ward 23—politely called the "observation ward"—in fact about the deepest sector of an earthly Hell. There, with foul language and with curses that would freeze any refined woman's blood she was turned over to a coterie of harridans and the direction of head harridan O'Brien. Her feet were tied together with thongs as you would tie the feet of a trussed fowl and both were tied to the cold iron footboard of the bed. Her clothes were stripped off her to nudity. Each hand was tied to the headboard of the bed and there lay this refined young woman as if she were crucified. Her body was cruelly stretched as if her arms and limbs were being torn from their sockets. Not content with this torture three sheets were folded into bands and her body tied down in three places. She was as rigid and helpless as a slab of wood in the hands of this squad of harridans. She begged for air.

"Oh, yes, we'll give you air," said one of the she-devils and jerked the pillow from under her head and smothered her with it almost to the point of death! When sobbing and gasping for breath she was repeatedly slapped in the face. Then—still perfectly nude—the window was thrown wide open upon her on the last day of November and she was left in this barbaric situation trussed up, bound down, absolutely nude and with a cold wintry wind fairly freezing her vitals. No, this wasn't in the Paris Bastille nor in the Siberian Sector of Hell under the Czar. It was in Bellevue Hospital in the greatest—and supposedly the most civilized—city on earth in November, 1918!

Finally after several hours of this atrocious barbarity perpetrated upon a helpless and refined woman two nurses entered. One said to the other: "What do you make of it? There certainly is nothing wrong with her. She ain't a dope or a drunk and she ain't crazy." The other one said: "It beats me." Finally another nurse—with a little feeling in her heart—came in and said: "Tell me, what does this mean, what did you do?" Miss Byrd replied: "I didn't do anything." Said the nurse: "You must have done something awful to be sent to a place like this—the crazy ward." She then said to Miss Byrd: "Don't say anything, be as quiet as you can and be as nice to the doctor as you can." Later in the evening—after several hours of thong-tied crucifixion and freezing—Miss Byrd's thongs were released and she was given one cup of coffee, which tasted as dishwater looks, one-half slice of bread and a few pieces of dried peaches.

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The sights, the sounds, the screams, the oaths, the imprecations and the horrors of that night in the Bellevue "crazy ward" stagger human vocabulary! On Sunday noon December 1, 1918, Dr. Jewett, the physician in charge, first saw Miss Byrd and in amazement said to the nurse: "Is this Miss Byrd?" "Yes," replied the nurse. He then said to Miss Byrd: "What have they got you in here for, child?" Miss Byrd was a saleswoman and she proceeded to "sell" her release to Dr. Jewett. He asked her if she had "anything against the National City Company or Mr. Barker" and of course she hadn't! He asked her if she "were released if she would get out of town as soon as possible" and of course she would! Finally at nine o'clock on the evening of Sunday, December 1, 1918, Miss Byrd was released in the custody of a lady friend who signed for her as an "incompetent person." Miss Byrd wasn't charged with any crime, wasn't insane nor charged with being insane but had been manhandled, tortured, abused and ill-treated worse than any lunatic or criminal ever should be!

She immediately entered suit against the National City Company for \$125,000 for the atrocities heaped upon her and for this kidnappery! Then commenced a series of kidnapperies which ought to make this U. S. A. ope wide its eyes.

If it is possible to commit a crime of *lese majeste* in a Republic Miss Byrd committed it when she entered suit against the National City Company. It was like rocking the Ark of the Covenant of High Finance. For a mere dispute over

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a matter of business policy Miss Byrd had been manhandled like a street strumpet, abused worse than a criminal and tortured with a savagery worse than Zuludom. But sue the National City Company—responsible for these atrocities? God forbid!

In January, 1919, Miss Byrd went to Washington at the request of Special Federal Investigator Becker and reported to Congressman Ben Johnson of Kentucky, the Chairman of a Congressional Committee of Investigation. While sitting in Congressman Johnson's outer office awaiting a letter which Johnson was preparing for her a squad of some seven men poured into the office and flung themselves upon Miss Byrd. It seemed to her—and it was in fact—lawless kidnappery. She fought them, tore loose and ran into the corridor of the House of Representatives office building. There with a crowd surging about her she was overpowered and immured in the Washington Asylum and Jail. This second kidnappery occurred on the last Saturday of January, 1919. On arriving at the Washington Asylum and Jail she was dragged into a bathroom, her clothing was stripped from her body and she was forcibly bathed. Her clothing was all taken from her with the exception of a thin union suit and over it was put the regulation jail uniform of a calico wrapper. She was immured with street walkers and prostitutes, was made to sleep between two influenza patients and was fed a disgusting mess of uneatable garbage fed to her by a degenerate negress! From Saturday noon until Tuesday noon she received no care nor attention. About noon of the

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Tuesday succeeding the Saturday kidnapping she had a fifteen minute interview with Dr. Percy G. Hickling, the medical satrap of this Hell Hole. Here is what the strutting Hickling said to her: "You got in pretty bad, didn't you? Now I tell you, my girl, I like a woman who has got your nerve. We have been doing some wiring. We know about the Colorado homestead and your run in with the National City Company. But you got in wrong in this National City Company business. Why, don't you know that those folks run the country? Now I'll tell you what I am going to do with you. I'm going to throw every card on the table and give you a run for your life because as I tell you I admire you and there isn't any use to give you any of this crazy bunk. Now here's the proposition. You're going to sign a couple of little statements about that Colorado Prison Association and about the National City Company. You're going to say that there isn't any truth in what you've said about either one. These statements are going to be put away and you won't be embarrassed with them unless you start something in the future. I'll then set you free and you can go out to Colorado to your homestead. Now after all of this Hell you have been through wouldn't the green fields out there look pretty good?" Miss Byrd replied: "There aren't any green fields in Colorado in January, Dr. Hickling, and as for the rest of it I'll see you and the National City Company in that Hell where you say I've been before I'll ever retract a word of my charges. I've told the truth and I'm going to stick to it." Tyrant Hickling then

bellowed: "I'll show you, I'll put you in St. Elizabeth's Asylum for life!" Miss O'Malley, the head of the harridan squad, was sent for and drove Miss Byrd upstairs with a torrent of abuse. Before the iron barred door was opened for Miss Byrd's re-entrance to the jail department Miss O'Malley was called back by Sultan Hickling and Miss Byrd flew out. On the grounds she encountered two guards whom she easily hoodwinked, went through the fence, emerged upon the canal and spied a bridge which she crossed. She met a negro driving a cart, mounted the cart and persuaded the negro to aid her escape. He put his own cap on her bare head, wrapped her in a blanket and drove her to his mother's house. There she was cared for and—dressed in the clothes of a twelve year old girl—went to the headquarters of the militant suffragettes under the charge of Miss Alice Paul. During these several days, detectives and sleuths scoured Washington in the vain attempt to recapture Miss Byrd. After remaining in hiding for a few days in order to recover from the effects of this second grueling kidnapping Miss Byrd immediately employed an attorney who dared organized thugocracy to arrest her for any cause whatsoever. The kidnapping squad reneged and Miss Byrd remained in Washington undisturbed by bandits, thugs or kidnappers although her whereabouts was widely heralded and although she challenged arrest. This closed Amanda Byrd's second kidnapping experience. And her suit against the National City Company was still pending.

After having made her escape from head virago O'Malley

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and satrap Hickling at the Washington Asylum and Jail and after having defied her kidnappers to again attempt to kidnap her, Miss Byrd was joined by her brother Alex Byrd from Alabama. He secured her purse and clothing from the Washington kidnappery.

By Senator Bankhead of Alabama—now deceased—by Congressman Oliver and by others eminent in official life, Alex Byrd was besought to induce his sister to dismiss her suit against the National City Company. However the propaganda started and however it was brought about the fact is that Miss Byrd's entire family became obsessed with the necessity of having this suit dismissed. Miss Byrd was adamant in her determination to continue this suit and from that time on she found practically her entire family arrayed against her. "What? Sue the great National City Company? Why you must be crazy!" That was the slogan dinned into Miss Byrd's ears. But she wouldn't listen and dismiss that suit against the National City Company. It was still pending. Keep that fact in mind.

Here occurs the third kidnapping. On the night of February 11, 1919, at about one o'clock in the morning while Miss Byrd was alone in her room at the St. Charles Hotel at New Orleans, Alex Byrd and city detectives accompanied by Dr. B. F. Gallant of the Belvidere Sanitarium effected entrance into Miss Byrd's room and forcibly and against her struggles and protests kidnapped her into Dr. Gallant's Sanitarium. Dr. Gallant had had himself appointed a Deputy Coroner of New Orleans for one day in order to give a sem-

blance of legality to this thuggery. For four days she was immured in a dark room with practically nothing to eat. A carpenter was sent for to fit a heavy wire screen across the window and to fit a special lock on the door. During these days a continual stream of conversation was poured into Miss Byrd's ears at the door in this wise: "This is one of the most dangerous maniacs that we have. We are placing a screen on the window to prevent her committing suicide." These and like remarks were poured into this little woman's ears almost ceaselessly. One of the nurses, Mrs. Tally—with a real woman's heart in her breast—slipped into Miss Byrd's room and whispered to her: "They're doing all this to break you. It's their regular psychology they're working on you. Escape if you can. I'll leave the door open if I get a chance." A few nights later the door was left open and Miss Byrd tried to escape. She was re-captured, manhandled and dragged back into a room in the basement where she was visited by Dr. Gallant.

From that time on there was a change. Dr. Gallant made good his name—Gallant by name and gallant by nature! Miss Byrd was removed to a sumptuously furnished room with a private bath and with the best of meals daintily served her. At the trial of her case against the National City Company Miss Byrd testified that Dr. Gallant made a series of the most indecent proposals to her which she firmly repulsed. Several weeks elapsed and finally Miss Byrd was allowed to leave the Sanitarium in the daytime and to seek employment in New Orleans. This was allowed by Dr. Gallant

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—as he said—in order to demonstrate to Miss Byrd that she could not obtain employment and was practically helpless in his hands! She did obtain employment, whereupon Dr. Gallant sent for her to his downtown office where she was threatened with permanent incarceration if she persisted. During this colloquy she ran out of the office and escaped. During three days she was hidden in a room, secured for her by a militant suffragette, in the downtown slums. At the end of that time—detectives having apparently given up the search—she took a train for Mobile, Alabama. This closed Miss Byrd's third kidnappery. And still the suit against the National City Company was pending.

After boarding the train for Mobile, Miss Byrd was very cleverly approached by an emissary of her pursuers—who had not, as she thought, given up the chase. She was told that owing to war conditions all the hotels at Mobile were overcrowded and that it was impossible to obtain a room. She was told that the Inge-Bondurant Private Sanitarium had been practically converted into a hotel because of Dr. Bondurant's absence overseas and that there she could obtain a room. There she went and spent the night. In the morning she went downstairs, laid two dollars before the attendant at the desk and said: "I understand this is the price of a night's lodging. I've been very comfortable and I think I'll run along." Miss Byrd started for the car line whereupon she was pursued by a flock of nurses headed by Miss Pharis, the head virago, and a large boy. The boy screamed out, "Help us catch that crazy woman!" Miss Byrd

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was overtaken, thrown to the ground and overpowered and held down by the band of nurses. An automobile was commandeered, passing men were pressed into the service and under the damnable brand of "insane"—while as sane as you are—this little woman was again manhandled, dragged back into this Hell Hole and dumped on the floor of the hall. A negro attendant forcibly took her in his arms and carried her upstairs where she was put to bed. A little nurse—not yet broken into kidnapping horrors—slipped in and with streaming eyes said to her: "I could kill that brother of yours and that Mr. Christian, your brother-in-law. God Almighty, if I could just live without being a nurse. What I've seen these doctors and that old hellion of a Pharis pull off here!" During the day Miss Byrd was promised her immediate release. She was allowed to have an attorney visit her who assured her that she would be released the next day. It was but a plot. Miss Byrd was drugged until she became delirious, was then overpowered by a battalion of nurses and stripped to nudity amid torrents of oaths and abuse. After a brief respite, utterly exhausted and prostrated by this grueling maltreatment, she was forcibly dressed and told that she was to be released. This ended Miss Byrd's fourth kidnapping. And still the suit against the National City Company was pending.

But she wasn't released. She was taken in charge by a deputy sheriff and immured in the Asylum for the Insane at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, reaching there at 4:30 in the morning. When the deputy sheriff, Mr. Cazanias, delivered Miss

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Byrd to Dr. Taylor he said: "Doc, I've brought lots of people to this place but this is the damndest night's work I ever pulled off. There ain't a God's thing the matter with this little lady and you know it as well as I do." How was this fifth act of kidnappery perpetrated? It was done by a commitment signed by Judge Price Williams of Mobile—who never saw Amanda Byrd in or out of his courtroom. It was issued on the medical statement of Dr. Harry Inge who never saw Amanda Byrd except for a brief five minutes at Mobile. It was issued on the statement of her brother-in-law Warren Christian and her sister Evelyn—who were determined that she should dismiss her suit against the National City Company. There was no trial, no hearing, no day in court and no defense! It was a mere "scrap of paper"—like a Czar's ukase—whereby a sane, refined woman was thrust into Bedlam! That's what it was and that's all it was. Space doesn't permit a full description of the horrors endured by Miss Byrd in this Bedlamery. She was confined with maniacs, syphilitics, dopesters and the dregs of humanity. She daily witnessed sights and scenes which were enough to drive the sanest brain to madness! But through all these horrors she kept up her courage, kept her poise and utilized her photographic memory. Dr. Partlow, one of the physicians, insisted that she was sane and that she be released and she was released after spending ten days in this inferno. As she was leaving this sector of Hades in company with her mother, her mother said to nurse Young: "Do you think it's alright for me to take her out?" Nurse

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Young replied: "Certainly, she never had any business being here." This closed Miss Byrd's fifth kidnapping. And still the suit against the National City Company was not dismissed!

The latter part of September, 1920, found Miss Byrd in Denver, Colorado, prosecuting the sale of her Estes Park homestead grown into large value. At this time and at this place through the machinations of a medico, one Dr. E. A. Peterson—employed by a coterie whose hides we'd hang on our fence had we the space—Miss Byrd went through her sixth burial alive in a mad-house. She was seized by the police of Denver—instigated by interested parties—dragged through the streets of Denver like a common criminal, put in a cell, held two hours while "booked" and then taken in a police ambulance to Mt. Airy Sanitarium, a private mad-house managed by Dr. Neuhouse. There she was thrust into a small room with barred windows, with the ravings of a violent maniac in the adjoining room constantly echoing in her ears. Every thirty or sixty minutes an electric light was flashed into her face. She was terrorized, abused and deprived of sleep for forty-eight hours.

Miss Byrd had a brother in Colorado, Dan Byrd, who came to Denver. Every possible persuasion, scheme and device were brought into play to induce Dan Byrd to swear out a lunacy charge against his sister. He declined. No one—of all the horde of officialdom so ready at kidnappery—dared to swear out such a charge and at the end of forty-eight hours Miss Byrd was released from her sixth lawless kidnappery!

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We ask you, men and women of America, to gaze at this revolting film of fact. Six times—six times mind you—from New York City to Denver, Colorado, had this frail little woman been seized, banditized and buried alive on the false charge of insanity. But not once—not once mind you—did a single one of her accusers of insanity dare face Amanda Byrd in a legal inquiry as to her sanity! Six times—six times mind you—they reneged. Heroes when kidnappery was staged but cravens when it came to “making good.” They’d all battle her frail body, but on a battle of brains they “welched.” We’ll say more of this later. And still Amanda Byrd’s suit against the National City Company wasn’t dismissed! Mark that.

Miss Byrd was penniless and physically a wreck after six banditized burials alive in mad-houses and her case against the National City Company was set for trial for October 6, 1920—suggestively and perilously near. Amanda Byrd’s brain however—despite six incarcerations in mad-houses—was functioning, as it always had, aright.

By almost superhuman exertions and against the most virulent opposition she secured an adjournment of that trial to June, 1921.

In June, 1921—facing one of the richest corporations in America with the best legal talent money could buy and with a practically limitless treasury for witnesses and expenses—Amanda Byrd, practically penniless, practically homeless and practically friendless went to trial against the National City Company. This trial lasted practically twenty

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days. It resulted in a disagreement of the jury. But nine of those jurors wanted to bring in a verdict of \$75,000 against the National City Company! Flaring headlines—printed by a lickspittle press—flaunted that “Amanda Byrd Loses Against The National City Company,” but ’twas as false as Hell. It was a draw with the odds enormously in Miss Byrd’s favor. Again this feminine David with deathless courage battled the Goliath of finance in the Supreme Court in New York in December, 1921. After Miss Byrd had put in her case an adjournment was taken and on the last day of December, 1921, the National City Company of New York paid Amanda Byrd \$7,500 in settlement. In 1918 this little woman commenced her battle against the leviathan and on the last day of December, 1921, she successfully finished it. We uncover to Amanda Byrd! She’s a scrapper right!

Why did she take this paltry sum? Her finances were rimless ciphers, her health was a wreck and she secured by this settlement a virtual acknowledgment that she was both right and sane. Furthermore Amanda Byrd wanted—and she will and you can gamble on it—to expose the nefarious, barbaric, lawless and atrocious kidnapperies of the sane as insane! It’s a cancer eating out the vitals of American liberties and Amanda Byrd is going to knife it and JIM JAM JEMS is going to help her do it, don’t you ever doubt it!

Twice across the American Continent has Amanda Byrd journeyed in the vain attempt to find an editor and a publisher with the “guts” to volley into this damnable system. She finally found him right here in little old Bismarck.

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Has the fact that the National City Company maintains, as it boasts, "offices in more than 50 leading cities" and plasters newspapers and magazines throughout this land with its full-page advertisements, touting its wares, anything to do with the reverberating silence of the American Press on this astounding case? We don't know but we coyly ask you that question. Has the American Medical Association with its ceaseless propaganda and its strutting membership prating polysyllabic bunk anent "paranoia" and the like anything to do with this reverberating silence? We don't know but we coyly and shrinkingly inquire.

This brief article is but a "curtain raiser." Amanda Byrd is in Bismarck. Anybody or the emissary or the hireling of anybody who wants to test Amanda Byrd's sanity can have a "run in" here and now. If Amanda Byrd is, or ever was, a "paranoiac" we're a doodlebug!

Six times has this little woman been kidnapped, man-handled, abused, ill-treated and buried alive in insane Infernos. Six times her kidnappers had to release her and not one time did any one of them dare test her sanity!

Single handed, alone and penniless she has fought her battles with wits as sharp as a rapier and with deathless courage! The damnable details of her experiences we have barely touched upon. You have had here but the bare skeleton of as damnable a giant of abuses as ever stalked your land. You are going to be able to read the details, the stuffing over the bare bones of this giant. And we'll tell you where and when to get it.



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