



12-1922

Jim Jam Jems: December 1922

Sam H. Clark

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JOS. G. REYDUK

Jim Jam Jams

BY JIM JAM JUNIOR



A VOLLEY OF TRUTH



Jim Jam Jems

Published monthly by
SAM H. CLARK, Editor and Publisher.
Bismarck, North Dakota

Vol. XI DECEMBER, 1922 No. 12

Entered as second-class matter June 15,
1922, at the postoffice at Bismarck,
North Dakota, under the Act of March
3, 1897.

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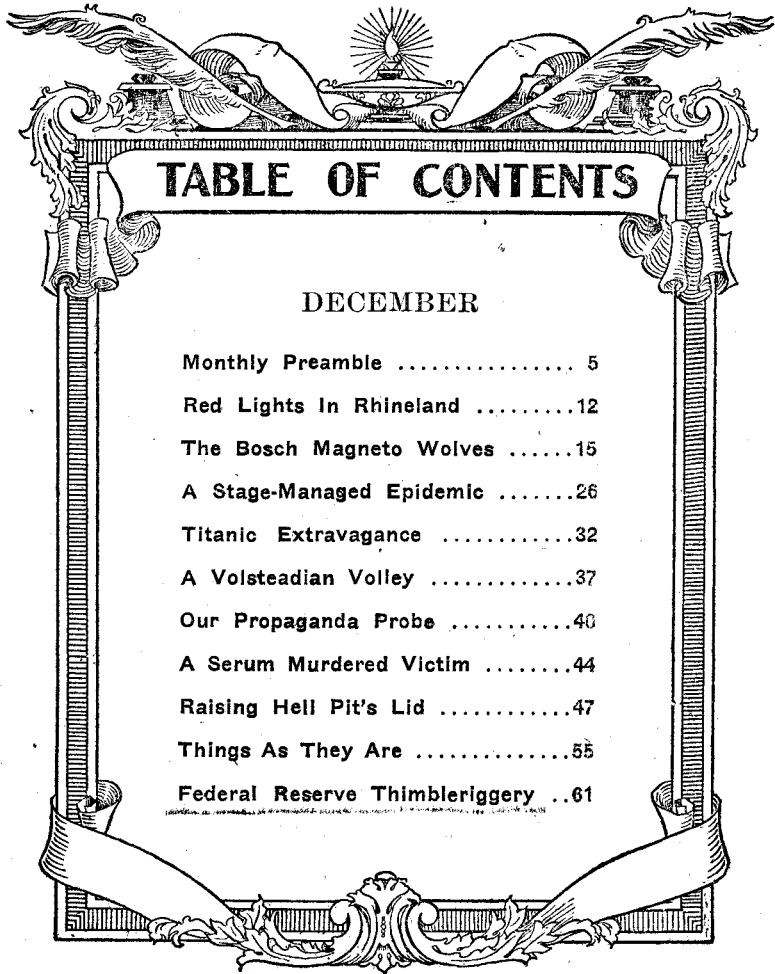
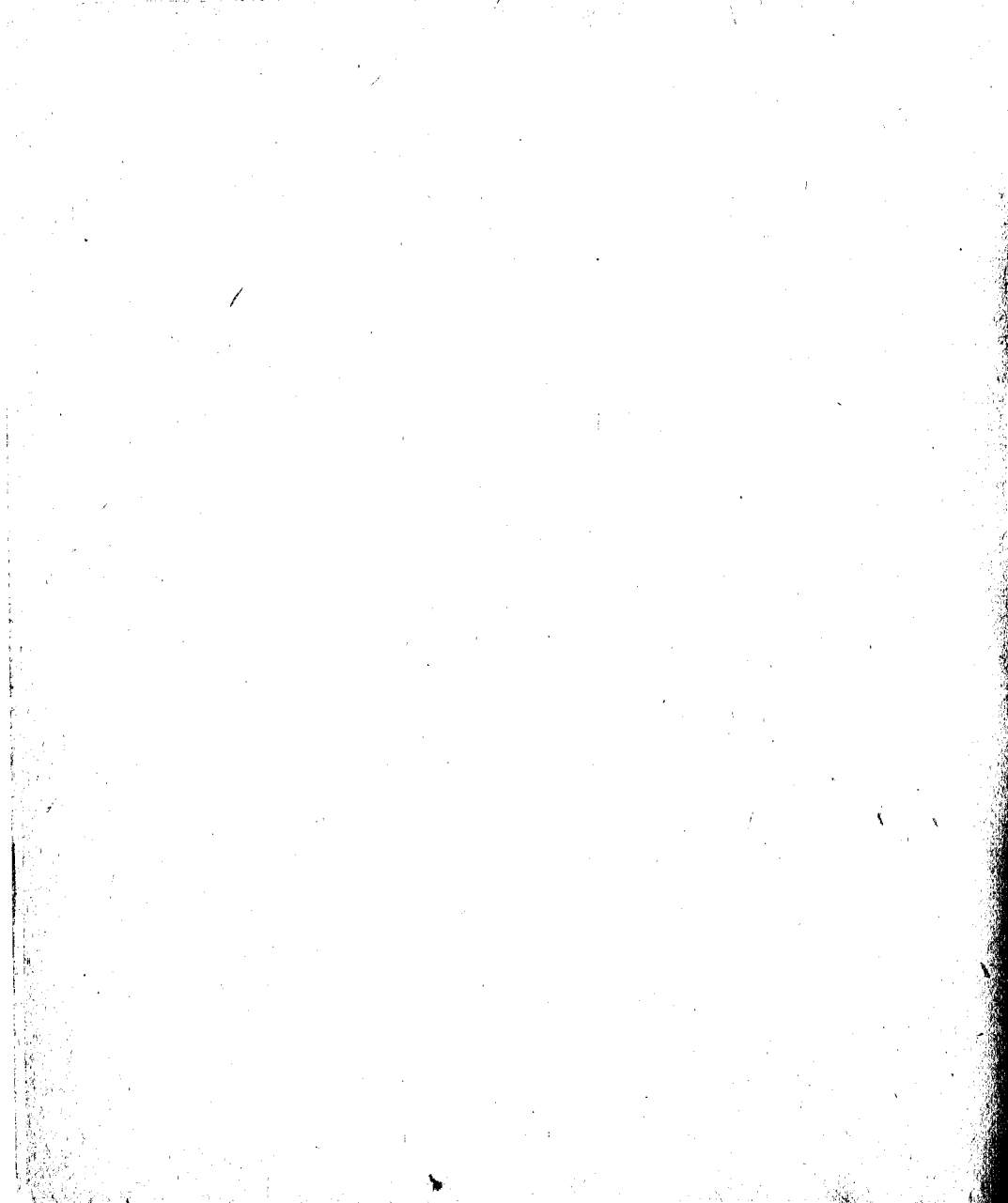
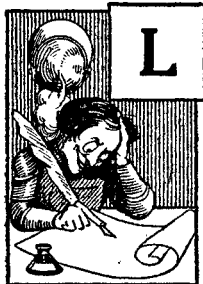
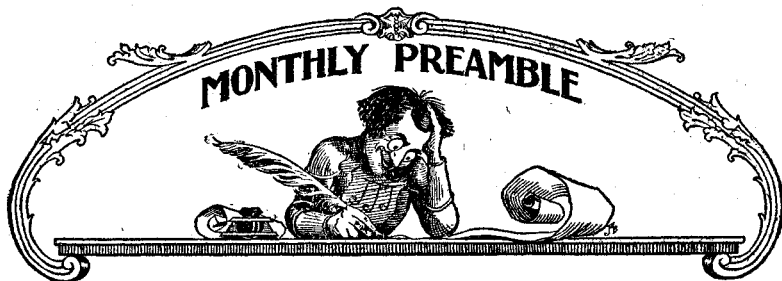


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LAST month's election reminds us of the story of the young German recruit who was carrying a torch in Von Hindenburg's campaign for Mayor of Paris in 1914. It seems that a scouting party of young Germans took refuge one night in an old shack; it had been a tough day and they were too tired to do anything but roll up in their blankets on the floor and go to sleep. Along about midnight one of the recruits awoke and he sat up with a start. The room was filled with a stifling odor that was new and strange to him. It appears that a skunk had taken refuge under the floor of

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the shack and during the night had made its presence known by the usual manifestations peculiar to that animal. The young recruit looked around at his comrades; they were sleeping peacefully and yet the aroma dispensed by the little animal 'neath the floor was enough to choke even a seasoned trooper. "Mein Gott!" he yelled—"Dey all shleeps, and here I got to schmell it all!"

And then we are reminded of another story told by an old Indian Scout of the Dakota plains. It appears that a small detachment of soldiers were surprised one day by a band of outlaw Indians. There was just one small cannon in the outfit and the soldiers had dismantled the cannon and loaded it on pack mules. The barrel of the cannon had been strapped on the back of a big mule with the muzzle pointed rearward and it was loaded with canister and grapeshot. The attack was so sudden that the soldiers didn't have time to mount the cannon properly, so they just squared the mule around with the cannon pointed toward the attacking Indians and touched it off. The Indians had never seen a big gun before and the canister tore into their braves with deadly effect. The Big Chief shouted "Ugh! Shoot jackass at us!" and waved his followers to retreat.

For the past five years the country at large and especially our sister state, Minnesota, has shot many a jackass at North Dakota and we have been made to "schmell it all." We have been dubbed Bolshevik, Socialistic and even Anarchistic because the Nonpartisan League controlled our state. Twin City bankers forever prodded us; they withdrew their mon-

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ey from North Dakota as it was considered unsafe to invest money in a state controlled by radicals. North Dakota was pointed at from rostrum and press as the hotbed of radicalism. But now it's different. While admonishing North Dakota to clean house and "run the reds out"; while big business was contributing to campaign funds to lick the radicals in North Dakota; while Minnesota was "helping" North Dakota to save itself from utter ruin even to the extent of jailing A. C. Townley just as a tip to us how to handle the radicals, blamed if they weren't hatching a hotbed of radicals right at home that swept the state in November. Shipstead—Townley's former candidate for Governor—was swept into the United States Senate with a majority as large as Frazier's total vote in North Dakota, and Shipstead is a super-radical as compared to Frazier. And had it not been that Jake Preus is a popular idol in Minnesota, he and his whole ticket would have been swept into oblivion by practically unknown opponents on the radical ticket. Jake Preus, who licked Shipstead two years ago by a majority larger than North Dakota's total vote, noses through this time with a paltry ten thousand over an unknown man. Of course North Dakota pulled its usual political puzzle. Lynn J. Frazier is the only Governor in the United States who was ever recalled. And yet within one year he is sent to the United States Senate as a vindication. And don't ever think it was simply a case of the Nonpartisan League standing pat. Lemke, one of the outstanding figures in League history in North Dakota, was repudiated in his

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candidacy for Governor by the biggest majority ever piled up against a gubernatorial candidate in the history of the state. Lemke, with a reputation worse than he really is, and with nothing to recommend his candidacy was snowed under. North Dakota citizens—farmers and all—showed their independence in the voting booth. They scratched Lemke's name and Frazier's back.

Look further afield. In New Jersey Senator Frelinghuysen was submerged by a "wet" tidal wave on the crest of which rode Governor Edwards.

In Pennsylvania Gifford Pinchot, a most ardent Progressive—whatever that is—threw a wrench into the gears of the Keystone political machine and stepped into the gubernatorial chair amid the wreckage.

In Iowa radical Brookhart donned the Senatorial toga after a spectacular campaign.

In Wisconsin La Follette, after a generation of strenuous political warfare as a radical, grabbed off approximately a quarter of a million electoral confirmation—an absolutely unprecedented victory.

In Michigan former Governor Ferris walloped "Newberryism" in the guise of Senator Townsend, Newberry's apologist and representative. Your Uncle "Hennery" Ford is not weeping thereat and Newberry is considering shedding his mazuma-tainted toga!

In Missouri Senator Reed, hating "Wilsonism" and all its hollow hypocrisies, and saying so and "wetter" than water, keeps his seat!

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In Nebraska Senator Hitchcock, one of the Democratic Donkey's best valets, is beaten by Progressive Howell while his running mate, C. W. Bryan—brother of the "peerless one"—hotfoots it for the governorship!

In California the "ram" stays in Hiram Johnson and he butts his way again into the United States Senate.

In Massachusetts Governor Cox carries largely while his running mate, the Brahmanic Lodge, noses in by a paltry eighteen hundred out of a million ballots!

In Illinois the Bonus Bill provision "went over the top" with a whoop.

'Twas a chill November all o'er the land for the "fat boys."
'Twas a chill November all o'er the land for bossism—of both parties. The revolt was just as wide as the U. S. A. and both coasts were "wetter" than the oceans which lave them! And in Minnesota even Volstead was drowned!

If you want our opinion here it is. The torque strain has grown too great. Collars of "bossism"—of both parties—have so chafed tender necks that they are being discarded. American pocket nerves have been walloped until they have become "jumpy" and clamor for relief. The Donkey kicked the Elephant here and there and then squads of independent voters walloped both of 'em. That's JIM JAM JEMS' diagnosis of the recent ballot battles.

It all reminds us of the farmer from North Dakota who confidingly shipped a car of oats in to a Duluth commission house. He haunted the R. F. D. box awaiting his check. He didn't get a check but he did receive a bill from the com-

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mission house for some twelve dollars freight balance—that the car of oats didn't pay. He replied to the commission house: "Have no money but can ship more oats." Tax-payers may be short of money but they've got the heluva lot more votes in reserve! That's the way it looks to us at this outpost of civilization in the "Misery" valley.

But this is the month of "Peace on Earth Good Will Toward Men." Yes, likehell it is. Peace and Prohibition are both suffering from bootleggers. Of course you never can tell by the label. Mebbe it's Peace they're having "over there," but to all outward appearance it looks like something else. However we may be mistaken. We recall one time several years ago when we were publishing a ten-column newspaper in a five-column town. A nickel in those days looked as big as a dollar and we were conserving 'em. Our boarding house happened to be a small restaurant down a side street operated by a town character known to everybody as "Dad." We usually spent ten cents for our noonday repast. As we climbed onto a high stool at Dad's lunch counter one day, we surveyed the back shelf with a critical eye and finally called to Dad to "give us a piece of that blueberry pie and a cup of Java." And Dad turned 'round to the pie shelf, waved his hand across the pie a couple of times and blurted out "G'wan, that haint blueberry—it's apple," and after he had shooed the flies off the pie it did look more like apple—with a liberal sprinkling of cinnamon. But we didn't take pie that day. You know we are always glad to hear the other fellow's side of the story and mebbe that's

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not war at all over there. The Turks always conduct a Holy War anyway and mebbe it's only Holy Smoke we see. Anyway, we're glad the Kaiser married a widow. If she lives up to tradition she will make up for all the hell the Allies wanted to give him.

Yes, this is the season of "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men." Most of us are sitting on the doorstep shivering like a hound-dog while waiting for twenty-dollar a ton coal to be delivered a hundred pounds at a time C. O. D. We are praying for an open winter openly arrived at. But there is no pleasure without a little pain—as the monkey said when he caressed the porcupine. Whither are we drifting?—is the question that seems to be bothering the world just now. It isn't the question that bothers us—it's the answer. Let us hope that all this unrest will pass like an uneasy dream and those of us who have any socks to hang up will find them filled with hope and plenty on Christmas morning.

JIM JAM JUNIOR.

RED LIGHTS IN RHINELAND



IS IT "Pro-Germanism" to file a protest against the enslaved prostitution—or the prostituted enslavement—of womanhood in the Rhineland? Anyway we are going to pull our firing lever and pour a volley into the aphrodisiac debaucheries pulled by the Army of Occupation in the German Rhineland of which United States troops form a part.

It is the result of that damnable document known as the Treaty of Versailles negotiated by four doddering old men now in the political discard—Clemenceau, Wilson, Lloyd George and Orlando.

There was created a commission known as the Rhineland High Commission—and "high" is right. It was supposed to enforce war claims against Germany, to force collection of war indemnities with which this land disdained to soil its hands. In reality it is a nest of pampered lollers and debauchments.

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It has spent \$1,400,000,000 and still the account is "mountain" high. One six months' bill alone was \$40,000,000. It has over 1,300 lolling officials and its nests of ease and debaucheries erupt all over the Rhineland district.

From its report—carefully concealed from you—we bulletin these facts. Over 9,700 dwelling houses in the Rhineland containing over 38,000 rooms have been commandeered. In addition 13,000 other rooms have been requisitioned and special houses are now being built for Allied officers and their families. Here is just one sample of the wastrel orgy. One Allied delegate at Trier grabbed the largest house in town and had it refurnished at an expense of \$55,000 with over \$11,000 spent on the kitchen alone! No those aren't vanishing German marks values—oodles of which you can buy for one American dollar—but United States dollar values. It's one prolonged orgy of wastrelcy.

But what we are getting at and now we are at it are the pustules of debauchery called "Red Light Districts"—with their aphrodisiac furnishings, feminine and otherwise—established by this so-called High Commission for use of the officers and men composing the Army of Occupation of which United States troops form a part. For this purpose only over \$200,000 had been spent at the time of the filing of this report for "maisons de joie" for the sole use of officers and privates—including United States troops!

Was the World War waged "to make the world safe for democracy" or to make sexual debaucheries safe for the conquerors? Was the World War waged for "the self-determin-

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ation of smaller nations" or was it waged to shackle chains of prostitution upon the womanhood of the conquered? Was the World War waged "to save civilization" or to debase civilization by commandeering German womanhood for Allied sexual debaucheries?

And not only are there "Red Light Districts" but there are "Special Red Light Districts" established for the special gratification of the lust of the Negro troops quartered there by the French Government! German womanhood—yes and German girlhood—is being unspeakably debauched in miscegenated sexual orgies which Rome at its worst disdained!

And did you lay on the altar scores of thousands of your best lives of young manhood, create an army of a quarter of a million maimed and invalid, spend your treasure like water and rivet shackles of debt on your children—to build up "maisons de joie" in the Rhineland, to conscript German womanhood and girlhood to prostitution and to legalize miscegenated orgies for which you lynch negroes here?

Clemenceau is at this writing en route to the U. S. A. to bestrew some oratorical flowers o'er this land. We hope no one asks him any embarrassing questions anent aphrodisiacal, miscegenated orgy stations established in the Rhineland for the gratification of the lust of French negro troopers!

We hope that when Clemenceau and Mr. Wilson meet and congratulate each other on their "services to humanity and civilization" they scan the statistics and expenses of aphrodisiacal miscegenatic lust stations in the Rhineland!

"What fools these mortals be!"

The Bosch Magneto Wolves



WE ARE going to fire a Volley of Truth into the pack of wolves who set their slaving jaws into the meaty richness of the Bosch Magneto Company. This magazine is always "loaded" against such a pillaging pack as fattened on the Bosch Magneto Company. For months we have been on the trail of these gentry. But we want to say to you that when we succeeded in spading up these details of this legalized banditry—if it is legal—we surprised even ourselves.

THE PRIZE.

When the Alien Property Custodian wolf pack—rechristened by us the American Plunderbund Consolidated—first sighted the Bosch Magneto Company it was the fattest prize that their eyes of predacity ever envisaged. Here was the prize which made their slaving jaws water. On April

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30, 1918, the day before the American Plunderbund Consolidated fastened its jaws upon it, this was the condition of the Bosch Magneto Company.

Assets\$8,757,162.81

Liabilities 169,705.20

Surplus\$8,587,457.61

Its capital stock was but \$25,000 and every one of its \$100 shares of stock was worth—and well worth too—the enormous sum of \$343,498.04! This was undoubtedly the richest value per share of any shares of stock even in this rich land. Among its assets were cash in bank \$390,343.79; Certificates of deposit at interest \$150,000; Liberty Loan Bonds and War Stamps \$194,752.42; U. S. 4½ per cent Certificates of Indebtedness \$450,900.45. It owed no money worthy of mention, was embroiled in no law suits and had on hand orders for merchandise amounting to \$3,435,851.19. What we want you to envisage is that here was one of the richest industrial prices in the world. Its official annual salaries were: President \$2,600; Treasurer \$2,600; and Secretary \$1,000. Its patents, copyrights, trademarks and good will—of almost incalculable value—were scheduled at one dollar!

THE WOLF PACK.

On May 1, 1918, out from their lair in the Alien Property Custodian den surges the wolf pack with the quarry marked ready for their bloody fangs. The Alien Property

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Custodian's office furnished a hand-picked quintette of directors as follows: Joseph A. Bower, Vice-President of the Liberty National Bank of New York; William G. Fitzpatrick, an attorney of Detroit, Michigan; Henry J. Fuller, President of the Fairbanks-Morse Company; George A. McDonald, President of the Chicopee National Bank of Springfield, Massachusetts; and Christian Girl, a manufacturer of automobile parts, of Cleveland, Ohio, the only practical one of the quintette. But Girl, the only one whose services could have been of any real value, retired soon after his appointment. Mr. Bower, with absolutely no practical knowledge of the business and occupying other like positions, drew a salary of \$10,000 a year as director. Mr. Fitzpatrick was an intimate friend of Ralph Stone and was an employee of one of Ralph Stone's business enterprises. Ralph Stone was a member of the Sales Committee of the Alien Property Custodian's office and was a college classmate of A. Mitchell Palmer, the Alien Property Custodian, at Swarthmore College. We believe that Fitzpatrick really represented Stone on the directorate. Fitzpatrick was made secretary and counsel at \$10,000 per year. The former secretary had served for a salary of \$1,000 per year, and the former counsel, Harvey T. Andrews, had served with a retainer of but \$500 a year. But that was before the wolf pack had fastened its fangs on the Bosch Magneto Company. Director McDonald was made Treasurer and drew \$10,000 a year. Arthur T. Murray was made General Manager at a salary of \$12,000 a year.

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Arthur T. Murray and Martin E. Kern had been together concerned in the Bethlehem Motors Corporation—for which A. Mitchell Palmer, Alien Property Custodian, had been counsel. The management or the mismanagement of the Bethlehem Motors Corporation under Murray as General Manager and under Kern as Treasurer had been ghastly and eminently unsuccessful. As soon as the wolf pack, from the lair of the Alien Property Custodian's office clamped their jaws on the Bosch Magneto Company, *directorates and managerial salaries rose from less than \$8,000 a year to \$70,000 a year.* The Bosch Magneto Company needed no loans, had no debts, had no law suits, had more business than it could possibly handle and more money than it could spend. Why this enormous increase in expenses if not to sate the greed of the captors? Murray, as General Manager, ordered values written down, and they were written down arbitrarily in the enormous sum of over \$2,500,000, preparatory to the sacrifice sale of the Bosch Magneto Company. *And how was the feat performed? Why, by the simple expedient of "pensioning" and relieving of further duties the regular auditor and bookkeeper of the concern who were in office when Murray stepped in as the "official representative" of A. Mitchell Palmer, and placing in charge of the books a pal and hanger-on of Murray, one John A. MacMartin.* It looks as if General Manager Murray was getting the goods on the counter for a "bargain counter sale" to his—and to A. Mitchell Palmer's—old associate, prisonbird Martin E. Kern!

You have seen the Prize and its magnitude. You have

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seen the Wolf Pack mangling the Prize and now you are invited to see

THE FEAST.

Here is the sale of the huge assets of the Bosch Magneto Company and here is precisely how it was "pulled." This sale was extensively advertised to take place on November 25, 1918, "on the premises at the front door of the main factory building of the Bosch Magneto Co., Rockrimmon Road, City of Chicopee, near Springfield, Mass." But it didn't. This sale was adjourned—after all its expensive advertising and publicity—without any definite date. The sale actually took place on December 7, 1918, and notices of it were published in but four papers, the Springfield Republican, the Springfield Union and in the New York Times and the Boston Post—the latter two publications only on the morning of the sale itself. If this adjournment to an unnamed date—after all the enormous and expensive publicity of the first date—and then the paltry advertising of the real date wasn't a scheme and a device to fend off and to becloud and to confuse real bidders, what was it? At this adjournment sale the huge assets of the Bosch Magneto Company, worth at least much in excess of \$8,000,000, were struck off to Howard E. Griffiths representing Martin E. Kern for the paltry sum of \$4,150,000!

Who really was Martin E. Kern? He was an ex-convict three times over and an unnaturalized German variously

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known as "Edward Kern" or "Ed Kern" and as "Emil Brown"! At the very time that Francis P. Garvan—Chief Investigator for the Alien Property Custodian and subsequently himself Alien Property Custodian—was a Deputy Assistant District Attorney in New York City "Edward Kern" or "Ed Kern" or "Emil Brown" or "Martin E. Kern" was for the third time convicted of grand larceny in 1902, and was sentenced and served four and a half years in Sing Sing Prison for the last offense. And at that very time and on April 7, 1902, Kern's father wrote a letter to Judge Forster asking clemency for his son! If Francis P. Garvan didn't know who Martin E. Kern or "Ed Kern" or "Edward Kern" or "Emil Brown" really was he had ample cause to know because that letter was on file in the District Attorney's office at the time Garvan was one of the assistants and is still there.

But what did this thrice convicted purchaser Kern himself say about his friend and former counsel Alien Property Custodian A. Mitchell Palmer? On November 10, 1921, at Allentown, Pennsylvania, he said: "The only thing he (Palmer) did for me was to appoint Murray manager of the plant when he took it over," and on January 27, 1922, Kern said: "I thereupon used my influence with A. Mitchell Palmer *who had been my lawyer* and with whom I was acquainted owing to our contiguous estates, to place Arthur T. Murray at the head of the company, which he did."

The thrice convicted Kern and his friend and former lawyer A. Mitchell Palmer, Alien Property Custodian and

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subsequently Attorney General of the U. S. A., placed this factotum Murray in the saddle as General Manager of the Bosch Magneto Company and then the wolf pack staged its feast!

Remember that Kern and his confederates in this stage-managed sale of the Bosch Magneto Company bought for \$4,150,000 properties with a surplus of over \$8,500,000 and earning over \$1,000,000 a year. In other words they bought properties *for less than half their surplus alone and earning up to about 25% a year on their purchase price!*

Howard G. Griffiths himself, the dummy bidder for ex-convict Kern at the alleged auction, said on February 2, 1922, that "the full value of the concern was anywhere from seven to nine million dollars!"

From the date of this purchase on December 7, 1918, to the subsequent 17th day of January Martin E. Kern was the sole owner of the huge assets of the Bosch Magneto Company. What he did with them we don't know but we gamble that he never overlooked the \$390,000 cash in bank nor the \$150,000 certificates of deposit, nor the \$194,000 Liberty Loan Bonds and War Stamps nor the \$450,000 United States Certificates of Indebtedness—all aggregating upwards of \$1,180,000. You'll never make us believe that a thrice ex-convict, who had operated under a string of aliases, ever overlooked any of those little items. Also you will never make us believe that he overlooked another little item of \$1,800,000 the proceeds of the sale of that amount of gold notes that the Bosch Magneto Company issued—preparatory

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to its transfer by ex-convict Kern to the American Bosch Magneto Company accomplished on January 17, 1919. We gamble that ex-convict Kern "got his" and got aplenty!

The new company, the American Bosch Magneto Company, put out 60,000 shares of stock at no par value but put out at \$65 per share or \$3,900,000 and assumed payment of the \$1,800,000 gold notes already issued. During the first year of the operations of the new company, the American Bosch Magneto Company, all those notes \$1,800,000 had been paid and \$420,000 in dividends besides! *Therefore in the first year of its operations the new company made and paid more than one half of ex-convict Kern's original purchase price!* Also incidentally digest this tidbit. On January 27, 1922, when ex-convict Kern was—for reasons best known to himself—abiding overseas in France, he cabled an interview to his own paper the Allentown Chronicle and News (published and owned by him) in which he said: "Personally I am ready to swear *I never had a dollar of my own money in the company!*" And we gamble he's right on that, he didn't need to have!

Also incidentally let this register on your mental tablets. When the American Bosch Magneto Company was formed, the Company presented some 8,000 share of the market value of over \$520,000 to ex-convict Kern to be disposed of by him to parties he should deem worthy. Of these his mother, Mrs. Mary Kern, received 2,000 shares, 2,100 shares went to Thomas Murray, father of his pal Arthur T. Murray; 3,100 went to George A. McDonald, president of the Chicopee Na-

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tional Bank of Springfield, whom we have formerly mentioned!

Brethren, can you beat this legalized grand larceny in a land supposedly governed by law? Look at the Prize! Look at the Wolf Pack! Look at the Feast!

Look at A. Mitchell Palmer, then Alien property Custodian, subsequently Attorney General and later with the supernal gall to aspire to the Presidency of the United States—under whose official sanction these lootages were pulled!

Look at Garvan who despite the above mentioned facts wrote under date of January 7, 1919, to the Bureau of Sales, Alien Property Custodian's office: "I have made a complete investigation into the circumstances surrounding the sale of the Bosch Magneto Company *and the character of the purchaser*—meaning Martin E. Kern alias Ed Kern, Emil Brown, et al.

Look at Martin E. Kern, the thrice convict with a string of aliases, an unnaturalized German heading the Wolf Pack.

During the war you heard a heluva lot about "the Huns at our gates." Here was a Hun within our gates looting not only the Germans whose brains and industry built up the Bosch Magneto Company but on top of that looting Americans whose sworn officials claimed to be seizing that very German property!

Martin E. Kern—with a string of aliases too long to print—had been thrice convicted of petty thefts, grand larceny and forgery, whose takings were but a petty fraction of the loot pulled out of this legalized legerdermain under the wing

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of A. Mitchell Palmer, his former counsel, Alien Property Custodian and subsequent Attorney General of the United States. As Attorney General of the United States would Palmer move to undo this odoriferous transaction pulled off under Palmer as Alien Property Custodian? You know he wouldn't and Kern knew he wouldn't and he didn't. Besides, was it not Garvan who "investigated" and approved Kern, slated as the successor of Palmer as Alien Property Custodian, and of course, he could hush up all claims as the papers were secret according to the rules of the office.

Road agents take a chance, bandits take their lives in their hands, burglars have physical courage but Martin E. Kern (ex-jailbird) and his confederates needed no "guts" in this stage-managed lootage. All they needed—and all they had—was astute finesse and legerdemain and flim flam practice under friendly official protection!

Brethren, we want to say to you that it's such stupendous grabs, such colossal grafts and such titanic stealages as this under the aegis of your flag and under the sanction of your officials—without one of the wolf pack shot by a bullet from the arsenal of justice—that breed discontent that no varnished language can lacquer nor veneer! Ex-jailbird Kern and his confederates luxuriate in their loot from the Bosch Magneto Company with every penny of those millions astutely filched from the taxpayers of the U. S. A. who must toil likehel to fill the treasury vacancies thereby made! And that's all you can make of it if you reason till your brain addles! Alien property grabbed from the men whose in-

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dustry made it for your benefit, commandeered under the aegis of your flag to help fill your treasury and then astutely filched from you by an ex-convict German while your officials complacently permitted—if they didn't actually further—the whole damnable scheme!

And ex-jailbird Kern and his confederates “got away with it” and pouched the proceeds and laugh in their sleeves at the defrauded taxpayers at whose expense they fattened! You can't explain these things! Neither can you explain the reverberating and abysmal silence of a lickspittle press purporting to furnish “news” to its befooled readers. JIM JAM JEMS—alone of the press in this U. S. A.—has spaded up the facts from official records and has the “guts” to publish them. Are the “argus-eyed guardians of your liberties” blind when they look at millionaire and official coteries of lootage? It seems so.

Finally brethren, we want to say to you that in comparison with an officialdom which will permit or wink at or further such titanic graft Judas Iscariot was an immaculate saint and Benedict Arnold was a pure patriot!

And also we want to say to you that prisons are cluttered with men as pure as the driven snow compared with ex-jailbird Kern—the friend and erstwhile client and associate of A. Mitchell Palmer—who headed this wolf pack and who lolls in luxurious freedom!

A Stage-Managed Epidemic



ABOUT this time of the year look out for stage-managed "epidemics" staged by the pus-punching and serum-squirting squads of A. M. Atite burlesquers. Here's how they "pulled" one in Kansas City just one year ago. We have purposely withheld this volley until now because Fall and early Winter is the favorite season for the operations of these gentry—"operating" upon hundreds of thousands of bank accounts.

Early in November, 1921, it was "doosid dull" in pus-punching purlieus in Kansas City. So disgustingly healthy was Kansas City that early in November Health Director Bullock went on vacation, hospitals were running fifty per cent below normal and drug dopesters were bewailing lack of business.

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All of a sudden out of a clear sky a "smallpox epidemic" was staged and Saturday, November 12, was selected for a pus-punching orgy and labeled "vaccination day."

Here follow the "scare head" resolutions put out by the A. M. A. stage managers, the Public Health Committee of the Jackson County Medical Society. Read 'em even if they are in fine print because as high-powered fiction they are in a class by themselves. Here they are.

**RECOMMENDATIONS REGARDING THE SMALLPOX EPIDEMIC
AS MADE BY THE PUBLIC HEALTH COMMITTEE OF THE
JACKSON COUNTY MEDICAL SOCIETY TO THE HOSPITAL
AND HEALTH BOARD.**

Motion made and seconded that a recommendation be made by this Committee to the Board of Health that an epidemic of smallpox be declared to exist in the city at the present time.

Motion made and seconded that the Board of Health prepare a map of the city, indicating on that map the location of each smallpox case and each smallpox death for the information of this Committee at its meetings and for the publication in the press of the city.

Moved and seconded that no pupil or instructor or employe of any private, parochial or industrial school shall be permitted to attend school after Tuesday, November 8th, 1921, without a successful vaccination or scar, or can show that they are in the act of procuring a successful vaccination.

Moved and seconded that all employes and employers of all industries, department stores, public buildings, hospitals, moving picture shows, theatres, hotels and rooming houses be vaccinated at once, or show to the satisfaction of the Board of Health that they have had a successful vaccination.

Moved and seconded that all employes of restaurants, cafeterias, hotels, and all persons handling food products of any kind and all venders of any articles serving the public, be vaccinated at once unless they can show a successful vaccination scar.

Moved and seconded that a day be set aside this coming week

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to be termed VACCINATION DAY, at which physicians will be stationed at every public school, public building, hospital, clinic and dispensary of the city to vaccinate free of charge everyone applying there for vaccination, adult or child.

Further recommended that the above motion be given wide publicity, and further recommended that Saturday, November 12th, be the day set aside for this vaccination.

Further recommended that placards be placed in all public places, street cars, drug stores, etc., giving publicity to the fact that quarantine is not a preventive of smallpox, but vaccination is, and urging the absolute necessity of vaccination for everyone.

Moved and seconded that a recommendation be made to the Board of Health by this Committee that a separate building or hospital be secured at once for the treatment of all contagious cases other than smallpox and that the present Isolation Hospital be used exclusively for smallpox patients. (It is understood that the Sweeney Hospital is available for this purpose.) Further moved and seconded that the Board of Health be advised to immediately begin to provide by tentage for the care of the overflow smallpox cases from the Isolation Hospital, as it is not believed that with the steady increase in the epidemic this building can take care of the cases for more than a few days.

(Signed) PUBLIC HEALTH COMMITTEE,

Jackson County Medical Society.

Notice particularly the bunk about a "separate building or hospital," about securing the "Sweeney Hospital" and about providing "tantage." Why you would think, and the public was made to think and encouraged to believe, that Kansas City was in the throes of a "smallpox epidemic" that was going to pat most of its population in the face with a spade and make 'em look upwards from beneath the grass roots! This was followed by the usual bunk proclamation from the Public School authorities requiring vaccination of school children—with all the pus-punching frills in such cases made

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and provided! The public press teemed—and did team work too—in staging the “epidemic.”

Pus punchers polished up their tools, embroidered shapely feminine legs with pock-marked crater holes, filigreed masculine arms with pus from sick heifers and generally polluted Kansas Citian blood streams with virulent poison! 'Twas the pus punchers' fall harvest festival and gaily did they thresh out the mazuma—hundreds of thousands of dollars of it.

What is an “epidemic”? Dictionaries and even allopathic wizards all agree that an epidemic is a “widely-spread and general disease.” Now how “general” and how “widely-spread” was smallpox in Kansas City when this stage-managed “epidemic” was pulled off? In this month in question, November, there were just 213 cases of smallpox in Kansas City. If you will divide Kansas City's population of 324,410 by 213 you will get a quotient of 1,523. In other words there was just one case of smallpox to every 1523 people! To put it another way one-sixteenth of one per cent of the population of Kansas City had smallpox and Allopathic predacity labeled it an “epidemic”—just to sandbag money out of the public!

In the same State of Missouri, Moberly with 12,162 people had 26 cases of smallpox or one to every 468 people but no “epidemic” was staged there! Jefferson City with 12,780 people had 40 cases of smallpox or one to every 319 people but no “epidemic” was staged there! Kahoka with 1728 people had 49 cases of smallpox or one to every 33 people but

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no epidemic was staged there! If Kansas City had as many cases of smallpox as Kahoka—where there was no “epidemic”—there would have been just 9,527 cases as against the 213 it did have! And if you had one case of smallpox in a village of 1,523 people—just the ratio in Kansas City—would there be an “epidemic”? Don’t take a rain-check for your brains when you enter a stage-managed pus-puncher’s “epidemic” orgy, keep ’em with you and use ’em!

The only real “epidemic” there ever was in Kansas City in November, 1921, was a “widely spread and general disease” of dull business among the pus-punching squad! And they relieved that “epidemic” and the public of its money too. Never overlook that. Some 200,000 people—not counting the free pus-punching of helpless school children—had their blood streams polluted by enthusiastic pus-punchers at so much per punch! Counting the original fee and the after attendance made necessary by blood debasement there was undoubtedly over \$500,000 changed hands from the public to the pus-punchers gyped out of this stage-managed orgy of a non-existent “epidemic.”

Here’s the formula—just as ancient as the greed of “medicine men” and the credulity of a frightened public—for an “epidemic” orgy. Distort a few sporadic cases of a comparatively harmless disease always present in any fair sized city into an “epidemic”; sow a mess of resolutions passed by Allopathic high-binders, who alone can profit by the scare, in the public press; dragoon the school authorities into line; set a day for the pus-punching orgy and there you are with

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upwards of half a million dollars dumped into pus-punching paws of predacity! Easy enough—when you understand it—isn't it?

Fight these stage-managed "epidemics," fight 'em in your home, fight 'em in your schools, fight 'em in your public press, fight 'em in your city councils, fight 'em in your school boards, fight 'em in your legislatures. Don't let the pure blood streams of yourself nor of your children be polluted, debased and poisoned by putrid cow pus just to help out a squad of pus-punchers—who laugh in their sleeves at your gullibility!

If these pus-punchers and their families have all been pus-punched themselves—as of course they have—they know they can't possibly have smallpox don't they? And so long as they can't possibly have smallpox themselves why the more who can have it the better for them isn't it? So just "let her ride," fight vaccination orgies—and hear 'em holler!



TITANIC EXTRAVAGANCE



WE ARE going to run out our howitzer and fire a volley at the monster of public extravagance. And we don't pull our firing lever at any shadow. We volley at a real target, Spokane County, State of Washington. A County is the smallest tax unit in a State.

Here are the facts. Out of the several thousand Counties in the U. S. A. the County of Spokane, Washington, is the most extravagantly administered. It is the only County in the U. S. A. of approximately 150,000 population which costs more than \$875,090 per year to administer. When a dollar gets into the treasury of Spokane County it becomes immediately enfeebled and does about one-half of its duty.

In 1911 the population of Spokane County was 139,404 and in 1921 was 141,289—an increase of but 1½ per cent. In 1911 the assessed valuation of Spokane County was \$112,182,535 and in 1921 was \$119,702,786—an increase of less

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than 6 per cent. In 1911 the tax collected for the government of Spokane County was \$820,535 and in 1921 it was \$1,340,807—an increase of 63 per cent. We have prepared this table, taken from official records, so that you can see just how the dollar duty has been shrinking and how public extravagance has been “mountin’” high!

Office	1911 Salaries	1921 Salaries	Increase Per Cent
Commissioners	\$7,386	\$10,293	39
Auditor	24,094	51,868	115
Pros. Attorney	15,977	21,303	33
Assessor	29,105	72,436	148
Treasurer	28,637	54,644	90
Sheriff	13,546	22,668	67
Clerk	21,015	32,834	56
Engineer	10,674	24,343	128
Janitors and Engineers	7,505	19,148	155
Sheriff	2,873	8,307	189
Transportation			
Sup't Schools	4,160	6,032	45
Automobiles	None	74 autos	All
Gasoline	None	13,873	All
Oil	None	2,074	All
Tires	None	7,212	All
Auto Repairs	None	31,402	All
Population	139,404	141,289	1½
Tax Collected	820,535	1,340,807	63

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Take a look at some of these items. Do you really believe that it honestly cost \$31,402 to keep in repair 74 automobiles for one year at \$424 per automobile? Does it cost that to keep your flivver in order? Do you really believe that it ought honestly to cost 148 per cent more to assess the property in Spokane County in 1921 than in 1911 when its value in 1911 was \$112,182,535 and in 1921 only \$119,702,786? When a valuation increases less than six per cent ought it to cost an increase of 148 per cent to assess that valuation? Do you really believe that it ought honestly to cost \$5.88 per capita to govern Spokane County in 1911 with a population of 139,404 and \$9.41 per capita in 1921 with a population of but 141,289? In other words do you believe than an increase in population of but 1½ per cent ought to cost 63 per cent more to govern? We don't.

Do you believe that the Commissioners, Auditor, Treasurer, Sheriff, Clerk, Assessor, Janitors and auto upkeep of Spokane County, Washington, ought to cost \$400,000 more than any other County of 150,000 population in the U. S. A.? We don't.

And here's another little polished gem in the County "Ring" encircling Spokane County that's worth your notice. The Constitution of the State of Washington provides that "No County Officer shall hold his office more than two terms in succession." So the "Ring" changes its settings and there are changes in offices but no changes in officers! Slicker than a mess of eels in a bucket of soap suds, isn't it?

We haven't "picked on" Spokane County, Washington.

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It's like thousands of others Counties in the U. S. A. only a damsite worse! And if you know of or know anybody who does know of any other County in the U. S. A. with a population of approximately 150,000 that spends more than \$1,340,807 per annum for its County government drop us a line. We'd like to mention it.

But the financial loutage of the taxpayers of the State of Washington is all of a piece under its strutting Misgovernor Hart. There's the same dollar debility in the State that there is in Spokane County.

Do you know that it cost three times more per capita in 1921 to misgovern the State of Washington than any other State in the U. S. A.? Well it did. Do you know that in 1921 only three States in the U. S. A. surpassed the State of Washington in gross expenditures? Such is the fact and those three States were New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois with 10,385,227 and 8,720,017 and 6,485,280 population respectively as against Washington's 1,141,900!

Do you know that the State of Washington pays more taxes than the States of Texas, Missouri, Indiana, Kentucky and South Carolina with a population of over 14,000,000? Well it does! Do you know that the State of Washington pays more taxes than the States of Iowa, Kansas, Indiana, Missouri, North Dakota, Kentucky and South Carolina with a population of over 15,000,000? Well it does!

Brethren, we leave it to you whether such a record is government or gouging, whether it's business or banditry, wheth-

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er it's democracy or deceit, and whether it's justice or jimmying?

We leave it to you if when a dollar is emptied into the State of Washington public treasury it doesn't shrink about as fast as the assets in a "kike" bankruptcy?

We leave it to you to pick out a worse politically banditized piece of ground than the State of Washington in the U. S. A.! And if you can we'll put an asbestos ribbon in our trusty typewriter, give the keys a vitriol bath and take a wallop at it.

If an accomplished yeggman with his can of "soup" and razor-ground tools should meet up with the State of Washington legalized misgovernment thugocracy he'd drop 'em and yell "Kamerad!"



A VOLSTEADIAN VOLLEY



IF WE let our trigger finger lay lax and fail to fire a volley at this news item we would welcome the fool killer. Here's the item. "An 81 year old inmate of the County Old Folks Home here (at Muskogee, Oklahoma) was ejected by the authorities when they found that she had a complete wine making apparatus hidden under her bed together with several quarts of the completed product. Officials said the grapes for the wine were stolen from the county farm."

For fear that your copy of Holy Writ may not be right at your elbow—as ours always is—we quote from First Timothy, chapter fifth and verse twenty-third thusly: "Drink no longer water but use a little wine for thy stomach's

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sake and thine often infirmities." And when this old Mother in Israel, four score and one year old, did what her well-thumbed Bible told her to do she was "ejected by the authorities" from her only earthly refuge! And to add to the infamy of her crime she had used "grapes stolen from the poor farm"! And doubtless some ichor-veined, breath-smelling, Volsteadian sleuth will be courageous enough to land this desperate criminal behind prison bars for plotting against "the peace and dignity" of this majestic U. S. A.!

If these age figures had been reserved, if instead of being 81 she had been 18, if instead of innocently squeezing a little juice from the grape she had squeezed some strutting scion of millionairessdom and pressed out a few scores of thousands of dollars from some swollen bank account—it would have been quite all right, would't it? When a dear old lady of 81 uses her bed to conceal a petty wine press that's one thing but when some vampirette of 18 uses her bed for other concealments that's another matter, isn't it? When a dear old lady of 81 with her age-wrinkled hands presses out a little wine to stimulate her failing heart that's one thing but when some 18 year old courtesan uses her bejeweled fingers to toss off a bumper of bootlegged champagne that's another matter isn't it? It makes the heluva difference what is squeezed, why the squeezing is done and whether the squeezer is 18 or 81, doesn't it? You don't find any official breath-smellers snooping about the bed of an 18 year old for Volsteadian infringements do you? Quite the contrary. But when their blue-nosed olfactories lead

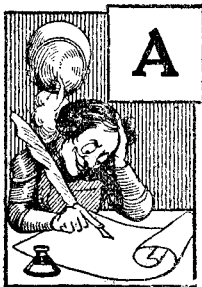
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them to the bed of an 81 year old they're the bravest of the brave, aren't they? You know it.

Bootleggers capitalized for millions, with vessels, with aeroplanes, with trucks, with automobiles, with a perfected organization of bribers, and with a perfected organization of bribed officials, can harvest scores of millions of dollars monthly and grin in the face of the law. They aren't "ejected" from their palaces of pillage are they? But when a dear old lady presses out a little wine for her own use in a Poor Farm she is ejected from her last earthly refuge by strutting officialdom!

The United States Shipping Board—capitalized with taxpayers' money and managed by taxpayers' hired servants—made of your flotilla bedizened boozeries and gaily "get away with it" for a long time without being "ejected" from their beds of ease. But when an 81 year old woman in a Poor Farm would drink a bit of wine she is ejected from her bed, from her board and from her only earthly roof! It makes the heluva pile of difference what citizens of this U. S. A. dispense or drink booze, doesn't it? Faugh!

OUR PROPAGANDA PROBE



AS regularly as the arrival of the mails at this outpost of civilization Railroad Propaganda clutters up our desk. It surges forth from the propaganda mill of the American Association of Railway Executives in a steady torrent. It's a sort of a "Pity The Poor Railroads" scenario with a mess of "sob stuff" sub-titles. The columns of the daily press and the pages of magazines—both more or less subsidized by railroad advertisements—teem with the same junk. The fact is that anent the railroad situation the public is constantly chloroformed and anesthetized with a cone of railroad anesthetics daily held over its nose for inhalation.

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Into this mess we are going to drive our probe of Truth and hand you the facts. We have spaded up these facts from government records and you can bank on them.

Following the legislative monstrosity known as the Cummins-Esch Law or the Transportation Act here is just exactly what happened.

First. The wages of all railroad employees—except general officers and division officers who needed no “raise” God knows—were increased by the Railroad Labor Board, created by the Cummins-Esch Law, in the sum of \$618,000,000 a year.

Second. In order to meet this wage increase freight and passenger rates on all railroads in the U. S. A. were increased \$1,550,000,000 a year by the Interstate Commerce Commission. This bureaucratic jugglery left the railroads just \$932,000,000 annually ahead of the game.

Third. Two years later, in July 1922, to be exact, the Railroad Labor Board decreased wages of railroad employees by \$558,000,000 annually.

Fourth. The Interstate Commerce Commission then ruthlessly cut down rates by the amount of \$400,000,000 annually.

Fifth. This left the railroad rates just exactly \$1,090,000,000 a year ahead of the increase in the wage rates. One bureau, the Railroad Labor Board, raised and lowered wages; another bureau, the Interstate Commerce Commission, raised and lowered rates; the net result is that the public—who pays for the whole smear including bureaucratic

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salaries and expenses—is just exactly \$1,090,000,000 a year worse off than it was before the two bureaus began battling it about!

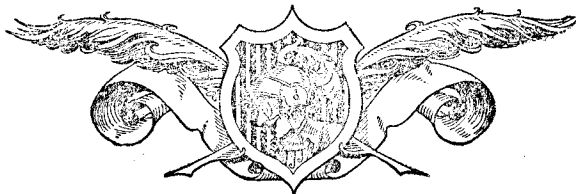
Incidentally you are still having syphoned from your pockets the Pullman surcharge of fifty per cent—which the Pullman Company does not get and which railroad magnatocracy does get. Mebbe some bureaucratic wizard will rise up and tell you why the Pullman Company—against its protest—should be compelled to still collect from you a surcharge of fifty per cent and turn it over to the railroads which don't own the accommodations for which it is collected and which don't pay the employees who collect it. The Interstate Commerce Commission might just as well—and with just as much reason—issue a ukase directing all grocers in the U. S. A. to charge you a cent extra on every pound of sugar and turn that over to railroad plutocracy! The railroads haul Pullman cars—for a price—and haul sugar too—for a price—and that's all they have to do with either. If you know or know anybody who does know or have a friend who knows of anybody who does know of any more putrid bureaucratic legalized pillage than this Pullman surcharge sandbagged out of you for railroad predacity drop us a line! We'd like to mention it—when we get out our asbestos paper edition! If that's justice give us injustice! If that's common sense give us a decree from some dementia precox commission!

But anyway what has really happened is that you are anteing into the railroad jackpot just \$1,090,000,000 more a

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year than you were before the Cummins-Esch Bill commandeered your check book or conscripted the contents of your wallet! That's what happened—"net" we mean—since the Cummins-Esch Bill took its oily way through the legislative hopper.

So when you're called upon to "Pity The Poor Railroads" close up your tear ducts.



A Serum Murdered Victim



ENVISAGE another A.M.A. legalized murder—pulled off this time at Denver, Colorado. If we mentioned all of 'em every issue of JIM JAM JEMS would outsize a dictionary. But this murder was so instantaneous that it entices our pen. The facts stand out like Pike's Peak.

Mrs. Clara M. Kleinsmith was 24 years of age and dwelt at 1061 Kalamath Street, Denver, Colorado—before A.M.A. tite wizardry handed her a ticket to the Hereafter with no return coupon.

The Denver Assassination Association—euphoniously yclept the Health Department—serum-squirted Mrs. Kleinsmith into eternity thusly. Mrs. Kleinsmith had a sore throat and was unlucky enough to fall into the clutches of

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A.M.A.ite wizardry via the ministrations of Miss Lottie J. Harold, a registered nurse. Miss Harold "administered anti-toxin" and in a very few minutes Mrs. Kleinsmith was in the hands of the undertaker. Mebbe she had diphtheria, mebbe she hadn't, but she was serum-squirted with "diphtheria antitoxin" and died almost instantly! That's exactly what happened.

Of course there was a coroner's jury and a coroner's jury's verdict, brought about by A.M.A.ite "expert medical testimony," was to the effect that "no one was responsible for Mrs. Kleinsmith's death." That's one of serum-squirtery's best alibis—coroner's jury's verdict! There is never any evidence at those stage-managed investigations except the evidence of serum squirters or their underlings—plus the corpse! But the corpse can't talk and serum squirters can!

Serum squirters Dr. E. R. Mugrage, Dr. William Mitchell, Dr. John Hammill and Dr. Charles E. Cate testified in effect that Mrs. Kleinsmith died from "anaphylaxis, a rare disease." Reduced to understandable Amercanese what is "anaphylaxis?" It is a susceptibility to poison. And Mrs. Kleinsmith was poisoned—with poisoned blood from a disgustingly diseased horse—by poison squirted into her blood stream and died almost instantly! That's what really happened after you strip off the polysyllabic medical jargon from the murderous event.

What we want to know—among other things we are going to casually mention—is what business has a registered nurse to be diagnosing diseases and administering treatments?

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Aren't there such things as Medical Acts on the statute books—written there by A.M.A.ite wizardry too—prohibiting just that thing? Haven't hundreds of drugless healers—Osteopaths, Chiropractors, Christian Scientists and the like—been venomously prosecuted, fined and imprisoned for relieving human suffering without an Allopathic license to serum-squirt, pus-punch or carve? You know they have! But when a registered nurse—not licensed to practice medicine—squirts poison into a human blood stream and the “squirtee” almost instantaneously dies, why it's quite alright, isn't it? When you relieve human suffering without possessing a magic Allopathic sheepskin you're a criminal but when Allopathic serum-squirtery—equally unlicensed—kills, why that's quite alright! Good, isn't it? It's “heads I win and tails you lose”—with Allopathic wizardry—live or die! If you don't submit to pus-punchery and serum-squirtery—practiced by licensed polluters of human blood streams—you're likely to be a criminal and if you do submit to it you're likely to be a corpse! Figure it out for yourself.

The junk squirted into Mrs. Kleinsmith's blood stream—by a woman not licensed to practice medicine—and which it is admitted caused her death—is called “antitoxin” or anti-poison. We move to amend by striking out the word “anti!”

But of course, as per the stage-managed coroner's jury's verdict “no one was responsible for Mrs. Kleinsmith's death!”

RAISING HELL PIT'S LID



WE ARE going to raise the Lid from Hell's Pit. We are going to give you a "close up" of the interior. We are going to give you in detail the history of a sane man—pulled out of that Hell Pit by JIM JAM JEMS—who endured eleven years and seven months of horrors of Insane Asylums and retained his sanity.

On March 10, 1911 Emile Perry lived at 415 Madison street, Seattle, Washington. On that date, while absolutely innocent of any crime, he was kidnaped by Seattle police and railroaded to the Steilacoom, Washington, Insane Inferno. A sum of money which he had in his residence was grabbed and no account was ever rendered of it. Why this man, innocent of any crime and absolutely sane, was kidnaped and consigned to

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a living death is a separate story for which we here lack space. The fact is that he never in his life committed a crime and the fact is that he never was insane. By physical force and under forms of law—not really worth the paper that bore their lying tracteries—Emile Perry was dungeonized. He was never a criminal nor even charged with crime—and he was never insane. Mark that.

On March 13, 1911, Emile Perry—as sane and as innocent of any crime as are you who read these lines—was handcuffed like a felon and manacled to a maniac and landed in the Steilacoom Insane Inferno. There he remained until June 2, 1914, when he was removed to the Northern Hospital for the Insane at Sedro-Woolley, Washington, where he remained until October 18, 1922, when he was rescued from that Hell Hole by JIM JAM JEMS.

While at Steilacoom he was repeatedly beaten, denied the use of the U. S. mails, abused, berated and threatened! A biped brute attendant in that sector of Hades named Harry P. Watson repeatedly boasted to Perry that he (Watson) was paid and was well paid to make his (Perry's) life "hell for him." In June 1914 a maniac in Steilacoom—coached by attendant Watson—tried to kill Perry by a blow on the head. Perry's skull shows a heavy dent made by that murderous blow. Watson repeatedly boasted to Perry that he "would put manure on his grave." For over three years in that Steilacoom Insane Inferno Emile Perry lived a life of torture, abuse, berating, beating and maltreatment. But his light of reason never even flickered, his photographic mem-

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ory never failed to function and his spirit never broke! Undaunted—amid scenes and undergoing abuses which would shake nerves of steel—Emile Perry kept his reason, kept his memory and kept his courage. Whenever he was permitted to exercise out of doors he was maliciously handcuffed to violent maniacs.

In June 1914 he was transferred to the Sedro-Woolley Hell Hole. He never ceased to protest against his incarceration, he never ceased—in spite of the vigilance of his captors—to smuggle out letters detailing his experiences and demanding his release. He was unconquerable. Two attendants of Sedro-Woolley, brothers named Charles Gray and George Gray, incited a big husky maniac named Joe Zilber to strangle Perry. Zilber not only tried to strangle Perry but tried to gouge out his eyes with his thumbs! Perry, with sneering attendants standing by, had to battle for his life, did battle and won! Life for Emile Perry at the Sedro-Woolley Inferno was a running battle of brain and brawn.

But his spirit never broke, his courage never failed and he kept getting out word to the outside world. Finally he was “put in straps” and so kept day and night from July 25, 1919, to June 12, 1922. Now what are these “straps?” Big leather cuffs encircling his wrists were fastened by double straps to another set of leather straps around his waist and so he was kept for thirty-four months! They put up the claim that Emile Perry was “dangerous!” He never harmed nor threatened to harm a human being. But

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he was "dangerous" to the beatings, to the assaults, to the inhumanities, to the barbarities, to the atrocities and to the murders "pulled off" in these Hell Holes! He ought to be. He had eleven years and seven months to note them and he did note them—don't you ever think he didn't.

We now come to Emile Perry's release from this Hell Hole. JIM JAM JEMS knew about Emile Perry, about his kidnaping, about the atrocious treatment meted out to him by his captors, about his life "in the straps," about his ingenious methods of communication with the outside world and about his deathless courage. JIM JAM JEMS determined to free Emile Perry from his living death.

In previous issues we have told of Mrs. Myrtle de Montis of Gig Harbor, Washington; of her incarceration as insane when absolutely sane; of her plucky fight for freedom; of her release; of her expose of the horrors of Steilacoom; of her vain attempt to obtain punishment for the murder of poor little Mrs. Leone C. Peck, which she herself witnessed, and of her tireless battle against the barbarities perpetrated in Washington Insane Infernos. JIM JAM JEMS told Mrs. de Montis to "obtain Emile Perry's release."

In order so to do she had to see Emile Perry. Mrs. de Montis is about as welcome at the Sedro-Woolley Hell Pit as a policeman in a den of thieves. Mrs. de Montis quietly joined a delegation visiting the Sedro-Woolley Inferno and sat unobtrusively out in the hall, outside of Dr. Doughty's office while Dr. Doughty said: "There is one woman in this State I would never let in to see Emile Perry—or any of

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her following—never! That woman is Mrs. Myrtle de Montis who has been saying derogatory things about our Asylums." And for some time the doughty Dr. Doughty raved on anent Mrs. de Montis—who was quietly listening to his flow of verbal bile! Finally after this medical satrap had relieved his system of his venom against Mrs. de Montis Mrs. Rose Tomlison innocently asked if she couldn't see a Mrs. Weatherspoon, an inmate. Dr. Doughty graciously granted permission and Mrs. de Montis quietly passed with the rest of the party within the barricade of satrap Doughty's pet preserve.

Mrs. de Montis saw Emile Perry in his helpless "straps," interviewed him and satisfied herself and us of his perfect sanity.

The result was that JIM JAM JEMS employed an able lawyer on Emile Perry's behalf and on October 17 last plucky Mrs. de Montis emerged from Court in Seattle with an order releasing Emile Perry from a legalized kidnapery which had lasted just eleven years and seven months! And on October 18 last Mrs. de Montis took Emile Perry—and also oodles of interesting information—out of that Inferno at Sedro-Woolley!

Emile Perry is now employed at Seattle. He is "making good" after eleven years and seven months of as horrible a living burial as ever human being endured! He was sane when he was legally kidnaped, he was sane during every minute of his false imprisonment, he was sane during every second that he was held helpless "in straps" like a wild

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beast and he is sane now—too sane to suit some strutting officials of whom we wot!

And JIM JAM JEMS hereby offers to the Prosecuting Attorney of Skagit County, Washington, or to the Attorney General of the State of Washington, information relating to the following atrocities committed at this Sedro-Woolley Hell Pit.

The killing of John La Chance on or about March 17, 1920, and the names of his killers—who were not patients!

The killing of John W. Doyle on or about June 27, 1920, and the names of his killers—who were not patients!

The killing of M. W. Haley on or about July 22, 1920, and the names of his killers—who were not patients!

The killing of R. J. Belles on or about August 28, 1920, and the names of his killers—who were not patients!

The killing of Walter Fleming on or about August 31, 1920, and the names of his killers—who were not patients!

The killing of John Grenwold on or about September 24, 1920, and the names of his killers—who were not patients!

The killing of George H. Smith on or about January 1, 1921, and the names of his killers—who were not patients!

The killing of Charles Dalzell on or about April 24, 1921, and the names of his killers—who were not patients!

The killing of Arthur Boucher and the names of his killers—who were not patients!

The killing and the subsequent mutilation of the body of John Shelleck on or about February 8, 1922. A coroner's jury investigated this death and found in effect that "John

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Shelleck was murdered by an unknown patient." Shelleck's body was mutilated so as to make it appear the act of a destructive maniac!

The question isn't what a subsidized doctor's death certificate says nor what a coroner's jury's verdict—brought about by perjured testimony—says, but the question is, what is the truth anent these atrocities? JIM JAM JEMS hereby invites Washington officialdom to investigate the facts—not paper statements—anent these killings.

Here is Emile Perry's message to the world—born of his eleven years and seven months' incarceration among mowing maniacs while as sane as you are.

First. Remember that insanity—when it exists—is not a crime but a disease.

Second. No person should be committed to an asylum, public or private, without a public jury trial.

Third. Inmates of asylums should not be deprived of their United States postal rights. Their mail, incoming or outgoing, should be sacred from rifling or from censorship or from espionage.

Fourth. An independent commission should examine all asylum inmates at least every three months with authority to release the same.

Fifth. Welfare officers, armed with authority, should be stationed in every asylum whose duties should be to see that patients have proper food and clothing; that patients are not beaten up nor tortured nor slaughtered by brutal attendants; that doctors do not neglect helpless patients and

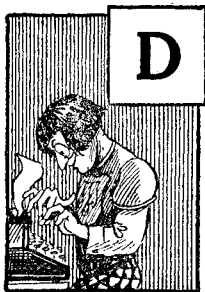
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that every patient's death, mutilation or "accident" be promptly and fully investigated.

Those are Emile Perry's recommendations born of one hundred thirty-nine months' experience and observation of atrocities which shame civilization. Anything "crazy" about them? Aren't they reasonable, aren't they just and don't they appeal to your good common sense?

Brethren, it's an awful thing—beyond the power of language to depict—to be confined one hundred thirty-nine months among mowing maniacs, syphilitic madmen and the violently frenzied; to be unjustly deprived of humanity's greatest blessing, freedom; to be treated like a felon; kicked about by brutal attendant bipeds; sneered at by strutting medicos; bound by leather thongs like a wild beast; to be compelled to witness atrocities which curdle the blood—all while absolutely sane! No human being in this land of freedom—won by the blood and treasure of our forbears—should be subjected to such unspeakable atrocities as Emile Perry endured for over eleven years. While such things can exist in this land liberty is a misbrand, law is a hissing reproach and humanity is a byword! And isn't that the Truth?

THINGS AS THEY ARE



D ID YOU ever know the International Harvester Company to drive a harvester machine into the farmer's dooryard, leave it there and say: "Mr. Corntossel, what are you paying for a harvester today"?

Did you ever know any one of the twelve Federal Reserve Banks to ship a farmer a thousand dollars in currency and say: "Mr. Corntossel, please forward us your note for a thousand dollars at the interest rate you are now paying?"

Did you ever know Sears, Roebuck & Co., to ship a farmer a package of household necessities and say: "Mr. Corntossel, kindly favor us with remittance for package of merchandise this day shipped you at prices current with you?"

Did you ever know one of John Dee's avatars of civilization, a Standard Oil delivery truck, to rumble into a farmer's dooryard, draw off ten gallons of gasoline and hear its driver say: "Mr. Corntossel, here are ten gallons of gas, what are you paying today?"

Did you ever know one of the American Medical Associa-

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tion battalion to mail a farmer a bill saying: "Farmer Corn-tossel, Dr., to Doctor I. Pullem for officiating at birth of child, your current rate for same."

No, you never did hear or see any of those things and you aren't very likely to, either.

But literally millions of these farmers all over the bread basket of this U. S. A. have driven up to elevators with loads of wheat, oats, rye, barley, flax and the like; "weighed in"; dumped the products of a year's toil into the bins; waited hat in hand in the office and gratefully accepted a check or a ticket for what the buyers saw fit to dole out.

Millions of times millions of farmers have hauled millions of loads of potatoes to market and have obsequiously accepted the price per bushel that a ring of "potato buyers" agreed among themselves to pay.

Millions of times millions of fruit growers have shipped millions of car loads of fruit to commission men and gratefully accepted in return checks—which wouldn't pay the freight!

Millions of times millions of farmers have besought millions of loan agents for farm loans—the best security on earth—at rates which would make Shylock blush with envy!

Millions of times millions of farmers have besought banks for loans and—if lucky enough to get 'em—have paid an interest rate high enough to make a pawnbroker moan at his soft-heartedness! But when a farmer is lucky enough to have a few dollars to deposit the "current rate of interest on Certificates of Deposit" is from three to five per cent!

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Now please get this. Here is the greatest industry in this country, or in this world for that matter, with over six million farm "plants;" with over seven billions worth of farm property; with over eleven billions worth of buildings; with almost four billions worth of machinery; with over eight billions worth of live stock; covering almost one billion acres of land—*told, and emphatically told, just what prices it can receive for what it produces and then told, still more emphatically, just what prices it must pay for the necessities it must have!*

In other words the real basic industry of this U. S. A., and of this world, is milked "coming and going" and is doubly dictated to—once when it sells and once again when it buys. Prices are twice "fixed" against it—when it is seller and when it is buyer. What really happens is that the world's leviathan of production is in the grip of exploiters! Isn't that absolutely true and do you know of any other great industry so hampered and so pillaged? There are in round figures six and one-half millions of earth's greatest producers of value operating their plants in what is practically financial serfdom and toiling in what is practically financial peonage. Or put it this way. There are some 18,000 millionaires in this U. S. A. Do you know or do you know anybody who does know, of any one—just one—who has made a million dollars just by farming? If you do, drop us a line. We'd like to immortalize him.

Sorta interested aren't you? Let's forge ahead a bit. Mebbe you've seen, as we have, earth's mightiest mammoth,

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an elephant, plant his massive forehead against a mired circus wagon and literally force it through mud over the hubs. Or mebbe you have seen, as we have, the same elephant push a loaded freight car into position on the siding. One man, with brains and with a little steel hook, directed that mighty mammoth. But did you ever know that circus owner—the central brain plant of the whole show—to do any more for the elephant than just enough to keep him in good condition to perform and work? Of course you didn't! He doesn't have to.

Did you ever know the local elevator man, the local banker, the local implement man, the local store keeper, the mail order house or anybody else who sells to or buys from the farmer, to do any more for the farmer than the circus owner does for his elephant—viz., let him have just about enough to keep him working in fair condition?

Still sorta interested aren't you? Let's forge ahead a little further. Taken as a whole and the country over don't the huge manufacturers, the huge jobbers and particularly the Federal Reserve Banks—the ultimate receptacles for all the proceeds of all the liquid wealth of the U. S. A.—let their underlings, the local bankers, the local storekeepers, the local distributors of all their wares, make just about enough to keep them working in fair condition? Don't many of the makers of "nationally advertised" products even fix the retail price for their wares? Don't the Federal Reserve Banks raise and lower their re-discount rates just according as they want to "inflate" or "deflate" commerce? They certainly do—as

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we have proved in "The Federal Reserve Monster"—and you know it.

Now take a look at this industrial-financial oligarchy on its political side. Don't these gentry—far in the dim background—very astutely keep their possible opponents divided into two nearly equal political camps called Democratic and Republican? What care they which one wins so long as they really control both and so long as their deluded victims are about equally herded into both camps? Whichever party wins they rule that party, rule its rulers and finance them both! Doesn't the Donkey hee-haw as ordered and the Elephant fold up his trunk when told? You know it.

Did you notice how cleverly and astutely they handled the farmers and the laboring man during the World War? They threw a little sop to the farmer in added wheat prices until it looked as if he might get a little real money and then they had the Government fix a "guaranteed price"—guaranteed not to go higher!

They threw a little sop to the laboring man so that he accumulated some silk shirts and some margins on Government Bonds. He wore out the silk shirts and they wore out his margin on Government Bonds when they drove them down into the eighties and separated him from them!

Did you notice how cleverly they handled the service men? They sent them off with flags, with banquets, with bands, with cheers and with speeches reeking with "We're behind you, boys" and they were too—the heluva ways behind! On their return they were fed to the throats with agitations and

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discussions and promises anent the Soldier's Bonus. And when an impossible Bonus Bill was passed it faced an empty Treasury—first emptied by the very interests who had promised money to the returned soldiers! No trouble to conscript soldiers, was there? But it was impossible to tax in or to conscript in any money to pay them a beggarly wage, wasn't it? Makes the heluva pile of difference who wants money out of your Treasury—whether it's soldiers who earned it or profiteers who looted it—doesn't it?

There are just two short words that form a nightmare background to the dreams of the industrial-financial-political oligarchy swaying the destinies of this U. S. A.—and those two words are Third Party! Should the farmers, the laboring men and the ex-service men ever amalgamate themselves into one political party and shower down their ballots—which they never yet have—there would be battalions of industrial-financial-political oligarchs hot-footing it for the tall timber.

Now brethren, why is it that a very small coterie of gentry, certainly not over three per cent of the population of the U. S. A., exploit and rule and befool by millions the farmers, the laboring men and the ex-service men? For, just the same reason that the circus-man exploits his elephant—because the exploiters have the brains!

When are such conditions going to be changed? When you change brain locations or when the exploited decide to use and improve their braineries. And isn't that the truth?

Federal Reserve Thimblerrigery



RIGHT here we are going to show you just how Federal Reservists gyped your Government out of millions of dollars. This legalized thimblerrigery was manipulated by W. "Poison Gas" Harding former Governor of the Federal Reserve Board at Washington—as astute and coldblooded a lobbyist as even Graftopolis-on-the-Potomac ever harbored. Here's the thimble with the pea under it.

When the Federal Reserve Act was originally passed it provided that after payment of six per cent dividends to the member banks "all the net earnings shall be paid to the United States as a franchise tax, except that one-half of such net earnings shall be paid into a surplus fund until it shall amount to 40 per cent of the paid-in capital stock of

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such banks." Keep your eyes on that pea before W. "Poison Gas" Harding shuffled it. On December 1, 1918—after the twelve Federal Reserve Banks had paid a most exorbitant and fabulous expense account and had paid the petty six per cent dividends to member banks—there really stood to the credit of the United States the large sum of \$29,459,109. This amount was depleted by three arbitrary bookkeeping entries thusly. There were charged out \$1,609,537 for so-called "depreciation in bank premises"; \$848,000 for so-called "depreciation in Government Bonds"—which never really have "depreciated" by a punched penny; \$307,000 for "special reserves"—which never have been explained. Here was \$2,730,669 arbitrarily swiped out of this fund. But even then—after this comparatively slight thimblery—there still stood just \$26,728,440 to the credit of the United States. This was quite a respectable sum—too large a sum for Federal Reservists to permit to leave their sticky fingers! Did they pay that sum to the United States? They did not. Under instructions from the Federal Reserve Board at Washington, headed by W. "Poison Gas" Harding, the payment of that sum was not made to the United States but it was held and retained in the Federal Reserve loot bags by a mere bookkeeping entry, crediting that sum to "reserved for franchise tax" account. Federal Reservists clung to that money, like a pup to a root, under those few pen strokes awaiting the shuffling of the pea. And don't you ever think it wasn't shuffled either! On the closing hours of the closing session of Congress on March 3, 1919—the

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favorite time for playing legislative “jokers”—W. “Poison Gas” Harding and his confederates adroitly lobbied through Congress a bill permitting Federal Reserve Banks to *pile up a surplus equal to 200 per cent of their paid-in capital!* And that \$26,728,440—actually due the United States on December 31, 1918—was forever pouched into the Federal Reserve loot bag! There’s the pea under the thimble and now watch it grow. In growth Jonah’s Gourd was a laggard compared to this Federal Reserve Surplus legalized banditry.

Don’t you ever think that these Federal Reserve legalized bandits didn’t know what they were going to do, whom they were going “to do” and how they were going to do it. By charging helpless banks Shylock usury rates—as high as 87 per cent wrung out of one Alabama bank—and by other oppressive financial thuggeries they built up a “surplus” account by September 6, 1922, to the staggering amount of \$215,398,000, the hugest monument to Shylock predacity ever erected in human history! Now “figger” a bit.

On September 6, 1922, the capital of these twelve Federal Reserve Monsters amounted to just \$106,085,000. But for their lobbied thimblerriggery their surplus would have been limited to 40 per cent of that amount or just \$42,434,000—large enough, God knows! But under W. “Poison Gas” Harding’s lobbied legerdemain it did amount to \$215,398,000! If you will subtract \$42,434,000 from \$215,398,000 you will get just \$172,964,000 legally gyped—but none the less gyped—out of your Government. It’s quite a bit of money and you had to toil likehel to dump it into Federal

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Reserve-coffers in the first place, Shylocked out of your industry, and then you had to sweat some more blood to pay in taxes into the United States treasury the money out of which Federal Reservists had gyped it! They got you "coming" when they sandbagged it out of your industry to start with and then they got you "going" when again you were taxed the same sum to pay it in taxes into the United States Treasury and then they got you both "coming" and "going" when—as a depository of your Government—they hold both sums in their coffers of bottomless greed!

If this isn't "gypping," "card-sharping" and "thimbloriging" on a titanic scale under the thin guise of a lobbied law, you name it. That's the brand we burn on it. And every penny of this legally pouched piracy is sandbagged out of your industry—every penny of it—by squads of Federal Reserve oligarchs lolling in their marbled and mahoganized eyries!

We say this is the rankest Phrenetic Finance ever "pulled" on the serried ranks of tax-paying industry and we hereby challenge Federal Reserve parasites and their propagandized press agents to dodge or duck from this Volley of Truth!

And we're going to fire some more Truth Volleys at those Phrenetic Financiers in future issues. Watch for 'em!

W. "Poison Gas" Harding failed of reappointment as Governor of the Federal Reserve Board. We don't know why. But mebbe he cut too much "mustard" for even Federal Reservists to inhale!



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