



3-1923

Jim Jam Jems: March 1923

Sam H. Clark

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Jim Jam Jems

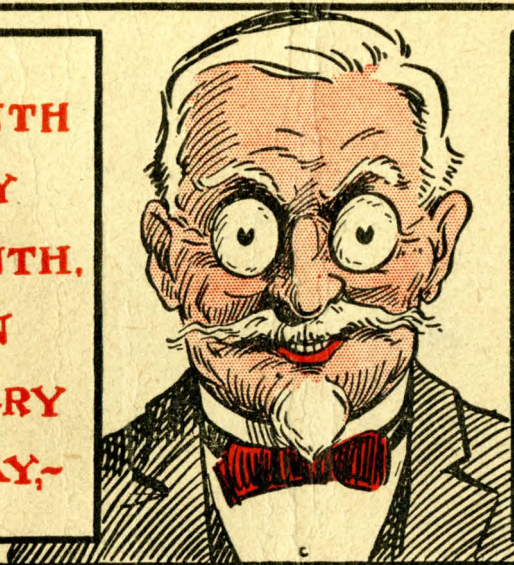
BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

MARCH

—

1923

MONTH
BY
MONTH.
IN
EVERY
WAY,~



I
AM
GETTING
BETTER
AND
BETTER.

A VOLLEY OF TRUTH



Jim Jam Jems

Published monthly by
SAM H. CLARK, Editor and Publisher,
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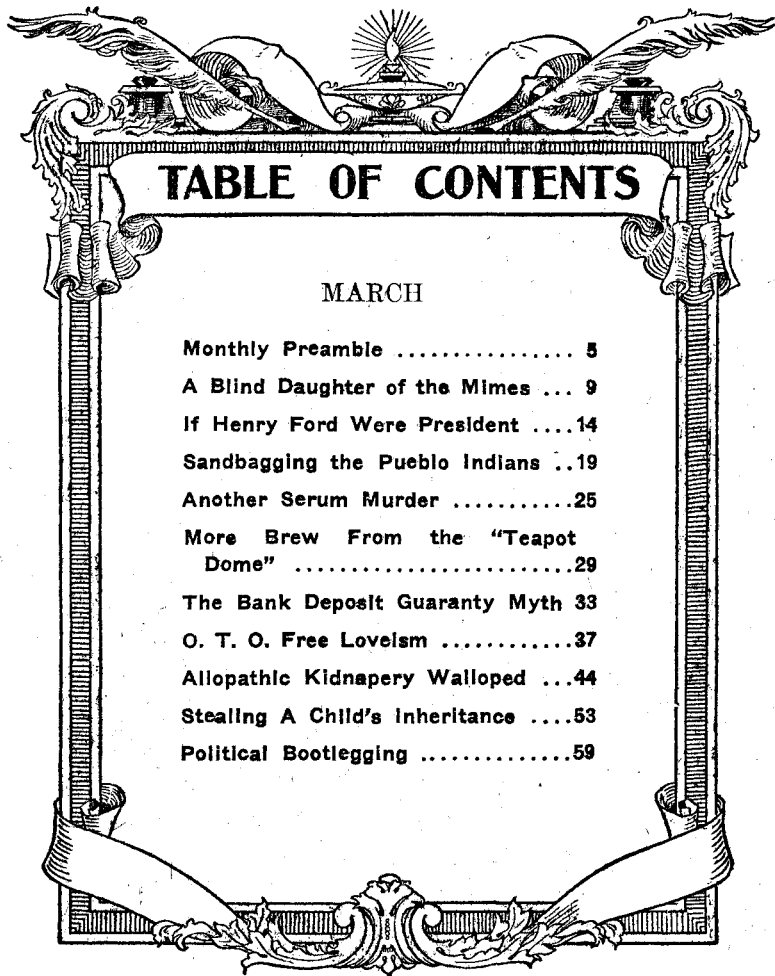
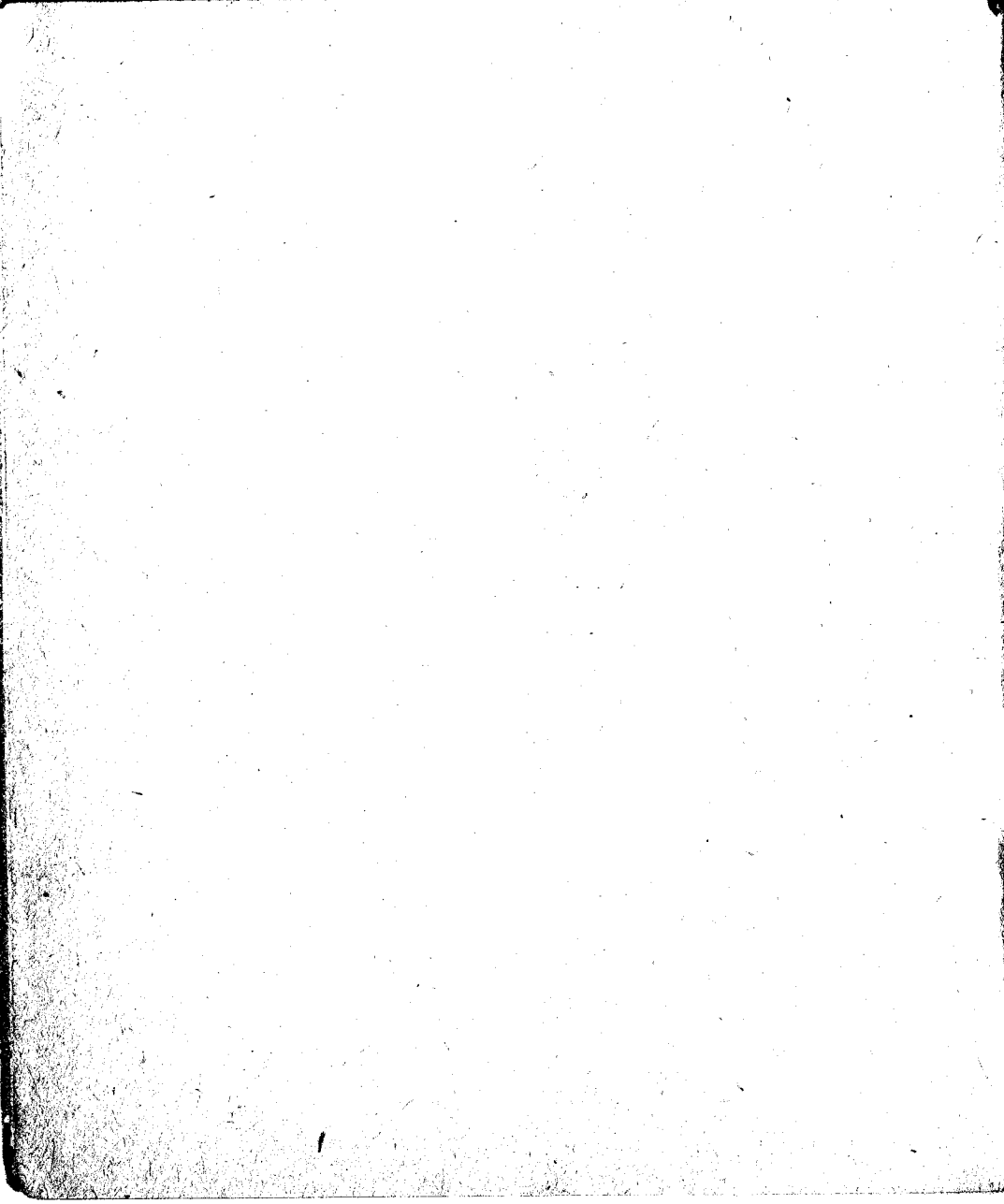
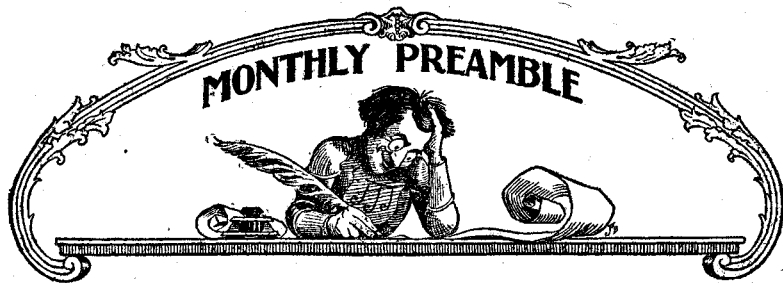


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UFFERING Jericho! How Time does fugit! Here we are in a box-stall room on the seventeenth floor of the LaSalle Hotel in Chicago. It is the thirteenth day of February. Been tied up here on a business deal for three solid weeks and a bell-bandit has just handed us a telegram from the main office at Bismarck thus:

"Whereinell is the copy for March JEMS? Have you forgotten that February is a short month and the printer must have his copy P. D. Q.?"

Very well, very well! There are so blooming many things to write about this month that it is simply a question where

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to start. For instance, Harold McCormick this very afternoon remarried Ganna Walska, the Polish diva. Why not call her "Glanna" Walska, the Polish High-diva?" Glanna is sure a plunger. She just crooked her finger and Child Harold hopped out and got a divorce and a new set of glands and beat it to Paris where they married, honeymooned, and Harold took on another operation while the Polish Polly polished up her voice and announced that she was coming back to America on the jump and sing in Chicago right in Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick's face. Whether it was appendicitis or "glanders" that ailed Harold nobody seems to know, but we do know that he hurried from his sick bed in Paris, grabbed a boat for America and landed in New York a few days ago with his Ganna. But they couldn't come to Chicago together as man and wife, for Harold had married within the year which hadn't elapsed since his divorce, so he beat it home, set the stage, bought a license, Ganna arrived today and Harold re-wed her this afternoon. We just read all about it in the Chicago Tribune. Old Cyrus McCormick made a wonderful binder, but we're afraid his illustrious son will have to go some to invent one that will bind Glanna.

The next item of interest in the newspapers today is that Norway's catch of codfish last year reached a total of 47,900,000. But they are silent on the Lute.

Then let's see, there seems to be somewhat of a Hayes hanging over the movie colony at Follywood. The Hayes-Arbuckle mixup reminds us of the story of the recruit who

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had been court-martialed and sentenced to be shot at sunrise. There was a mixup in the order somehow, and the place of execution had been set at a point five miles away. But the order had to be carried out, so a couple of hours before daybreak a Lieutenant with a firing squad set out with the manacled prisoner for the place of execution. It had been raining for several hours and the roads were impassable so far as transportation was concerned. The trip had to be on foot. The officer walked beside the prisoner—that is they slipped along through mud ankle-deep and it was sure tough going. At the end of about three miles the whole bunch were almost exhausted and the condemned man finally said to the officer: "I don't see why in the devil you want to walk a man five miles in the mud just to kill him." "You should worry," the officer replied, "I've got to walk back." Wonder if Hayes realizes that Fatty has been properly executed, but it's a tough walk back to where he mixed in the Arbuckle affair?

France in the Ruhr reminds us of another story. The boy had a good-for-nothing hound dog; of course you couldn't tell the boy that the dog was worthless; he had to fight like the very devil to get the dog into the household in the first place, and while everybody else wanted to kill it and forget it, the boy wouldn't let go. The boy came into the "sittin' room" one evening and casually mentioned that he "sold old dog Bruno for a hundred dollars." "Whatzat?" yelled the old man! "A hundred dollars for Bruno!" And he looked over his glasses at the boy. "And did you collect the hundred,"

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queried the father? "Well, yes," answered the boy. "I took in a litter of ten pups at ten dollars apiece."

Oh, well, everything is going to be all right. 1923 is coming along good. Congress is playing with its toy blocs and now comes the announcement that they are going to help the farmer out of debt by lending him more money. That sounds just like our dear old Congress, doesn't it? And England has stretched her "Hands across the sea" again (doubtless seeking Uncle Sam's pocket) and swears she will pay us with the interest on our own money when it makes her enough profit to fund the debt. And those who don't understand get about as much kick out of John Bull's promise as Hiram Rube did winking at the wax figure in a Broadway show window.

In the meantime, if everything isn't going to suit you, just lay it to the Ku Klux Klan. That seems to be the popular thing to do now. And we will be along with an April shower of Truth on Easter Sunday that will make the Hles nod their heads in gentle approval.

JIM JAM JUNIOR.

A Blind Daughter of the Mimes



A S LONG as I could read I always read JIM JAM JEMS." So spoke Mollie Fuller, the blind daughter of the mimes, to our Manhattan envoy.

The black pall of blindness has curtained Mollie Fuller's blue eyes but it hasn't dimmed her dauntless courage. And the tender devotion of leaders of the mimes to their stricken sister artist shines brighter than all the lights on their Great White Way of Broadway.

For almost two score years, ever since she was a lithe slip of a girl in her early teens, Mollie Fuller practiced her mimic art. For thirty-one years Mollie Fuller and her husband, Fred Hallen, trod together the boards of the stage and the boards of life. For twenty-five years "Hallen & Fuller" lis-

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tened to salvos of applause volley o'er Vaudeville's footlights. Each had two loves, that of one for the other and that of both for their finished artistry. We want to say that, despite all the stale jokes anent divorces of actors and actresses, many of them lead ideal lives of wedded devotion. Such was the life of Mollie Fuller and Fred Hallen, known to all mimedom. Mates on the stage and mates off the stage they wended together the world's ways and betwixt them love's fire never died.

Came disaster's blast. On top of the twilight sorrow of closing in death the eyes of her mate came the black pall of her own blindness. One by one, slowly, surely, but inevitably—and despite science's best efforts—fell the curtain of darkness over Mollie Fuller's bright blue eyes. Where once lithe-ly she trod the boards of the mimes and of life, henceforth she was destined to blindly grope her way. The long illness of her mate and her years of treatment in the hope of staying the fall of that black curtain of her own blindness had entombed the savings of these two lives. A "shut out" stage and a "dark house" appalled Mollie Fuller. Her cleverest "make up" couldn't counterfeit sight!

Proud, lonely, sightless, at the end of her resources and almost despairing, this daughter of the mimes—bereft of her mate and of her sight—dwelt alone in a room but a few paces from that Broadway where once she had shone. Almost—but not quite—daunted, life and her future looked pretty dark to Mollie Fuller's curtained eyes.

Through the ways of the mimes, well known to its dev-

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otees, filtered the sad scenario of Mollie Fuller's state—which she was too proud to reveal. Despite the mimic shams amid which they nightly move there is no sham about the devotion of the stage to its stricken sons and daughters. That devotion shines brighter than any calcium turned on its scenes.

E. F. Albee, head of the Keith Circuit and of the United Booking Office, heard of Mollie Fuller's predicament and opened wide his check book to finance a Vaudeville Act for her—without hope of profit or reward.

Blanche Merrill, as clever a playwright as weaves plays, proceeded—without money and without price—to weave an act woven for her sightless sister of the mimes. She called it "Twilight." It proved to be a burst of sunlight upon Mollie Fuller's darkened life.

Mollie Fuller's eyes—from which the sight has forever flown—don't look sightless. They look like yours. Their azure depths—forever visionless—are still expressive. And about this fact revolves Miss Merrill's masterful little sketch of "Twilight" in which now shine Mollie Fuller's sightless eyes.

The scene opens on the porch of a country house. In a chair sits Mollie Fuller doing some fancy work. She looks down at her fancy work and she looks up at the audience and she looks at other players on the stage and she does it with consummate artistry too—not a hint of blindness in her brilliant glances. A gawky old female, who lets loose real comedy, is on the stage with Mollie as the curtain lifts.

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Mollie is making a baby jacket for a poor woman but says emphatically that it's not for herself, that she has no such expectations. Then comes the question Was Eva Tanguay ever married to De Wolf Hopper? Mollie counters with "Who wasn't?" Then a mention of Mollie's late mate wins applause from the audience. The gawky female doesn't know who she is and innocently asks if she "really is Mollie Fuller?" Mollie confesses that she really is and has come there for a little vacation. As the lights go down and a twilight descends Mollie, with assured steps, descends from the porch, looks aloft, points up to the stars as they appear and compares them to the famous stars of the stage who have gone above and she points them out one by one. She says something poetic and epigrammatic anent Lillian Russell, Vernon Castle and others and the audience applauds another reference to her dead husband. Mollie says that she is out of money but adds hopefully that it will "come from the sky." Then the sound of an aeroplane is heard. The back stage lights and out comes a flashily dressed actress, but from the voice the audience sees that the part is taken by a man, who announces that he has come to take Mollie "back to Broadway," to be starred again and to again have the plaudits of the public! So about Mollie Fuller, Blanche Merrill has woven humor, pathos, sentiment and that "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin."

And "back to Broadway," to its money, to its plaudits, will go Mollie Fuller—though blind to its flood of light!

Isn't it a good deed to rescue one dauntless soul from

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the verge of the pit of black despair? Aren't the leaders of the mimes—and their audiences too—kindly to their stricken sons and daughters? The stage—thank God—isn't all tawdry and selfish. O'er its boards tread as kindly steps as ever tread the world's ways. And in the hearts and minds of its leaders dwells genuine sentiment as kindly as ever beats in human breasts.

"The light that failed" Mollie Fuller shone again in her flooding eyes as she told our envoy of the kindly hands of Blanche Merrill and E. F. Albee leading her back from the pit of black despair to a new life, "back to Broadway," the Mecca of the Mimes!



If Henry Ford Were President



SHIVERS are ricocheting up and down plutocratic spines at the bare prospect that your "Uncle Hennery" might move his office to the White House. Well, we can imagine oodles of worse calamities. And none of these shivery "plutes," measured by dollars, have anywhere near as large a stake in the prosperity of this U. S. A. as has your "Uncle Hennery." Don't overlook that bet. They're worried that he'd "destroy the dollar." If there's any man in this U. S. A. who wants every American dollar to "know that its Redeemer liveth" it's your "Uncle Hennery"—because who has any more of 'em? What!

If Henry Ford Were President we can tell you of a cluteration of thuggeries that have been "pulled" on you that

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wouldn't "get by" him, and don't you forget it! If war came it would have to come by an actual invasion or threatened invasion of this U. S. A. You would never be "conned" into it by a coterie of international bankers and soulless war profiteers. If war came flesh and blood wouldn't be conscripted while money was begged. You can gamble on that. The Golden Calf would not be pinnacleized on the dome of your Capital. You could wager on that proposition.

No mess of wreath throwers, like Balfour and Clemenceau, would sniffle and snuffle over the tombs of Washington and Lincoln and then bomb crater holes in your Treasury—not if Henry Ford were President. Foreign snifflers and snufflers with their hypocritical eyes glued on your Treasury would have to leave better collateral than a bucketful of crocodile tears before they eloped with Ten Billions of your money If Henry Ford Were President. You can tie to that idea.

And If Henry Ford Were President billions of American money—if it were loaned to European bandits—would get a darned sight nearer to Europe than the corner of Broad and Wall Streets! That's a cinch.

And If Henry Ford Were President and "sat in" in a Versailles card game he wouldn't be complacently buncoed with marked cards dealt from cold decks by international card sharks disguised as diplomats. And if he handed out "fourteen points" we gamble they'd stick where he thrust 'em. And if John Bull swore to high heaven that he wanted no "war loot" we gamble that he wouldn't emerge with

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lootage three-fourths the area of this U. S. A., If Henry Ford Were President! You could paste that in your hat and never lose it.

If Henry Ford Were President no lobbied bill awarding Three Billion dollars of your money to the mythical claims of a squad of war profiteers would ever slip by a White House veto. You could safely hock your halo on that proposition.

If Henry Ford Were President your capital wouldn't be infested with battalions of "dollar-a-year" and million-a-minute looters of your Treasury jailing everybody who noted their thefts. If Henry Ford Were President and you cried "Stop thief!" and pointed out the thief and pointed out the loot in his paws you wouldn't be dungeonized for doing it and the thief wouldn't be pacanized for his thefts—as was done when Henry Ford Wasn't President!

If Henry Ford Were President there's one legalized lootage "made in Germany" under whose burdens you wouldn't be staggering. We refer to the Federal Reserve System hatched in the predaceous brain cells of an alien German Jew! Plutocratic predacity couldn't hurdle over a White House veto with its Federal Reserve "Bunking" System If Henry Ford Were President! That flivver would stall at the veto station!

If Henry Ford Were President no "aircraft" looters would ever "get away" with One Billion dollars of your money or keep it if they got it—as they did when Henry Ford Wasn't President!

If Henry Ford Were President Barney Baruch wouldn't

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direct the industries of this nation nor "copper" its copper prices and Eugene Meyer, Jr., wouldn't censor State Bank "ads!"

If Henry Ford Were President plutocracy wouldn't frisk your clothes during the war and then take your clothes after the war—not while a White House veto could stab the damnable Esch-Cummins Bill of applied banditry! You can stencil that on your brainery.

If Henry Ford Were President coal thugs couldn't stage "coal strikes" at will, manufacture "car shortages," "ration" your coal and banditize your bank accounts for five years. If Henry Ford Were President black diamonds wouldn't—like white diamonds—be sold at carat rates! That's the surest thing you know of. If they couldn't pull that stuff on Henry Ford Manufacturer do you think they could pull it on Henry Ford President?

If Henry Ford Were President and the Government sent out proposals to develop the Muscle Shoals water power and a fair proposal were made—and by the most responsible and practical man in the U. S. A. at that—do you suppose a squad of hydro-electric looters could compass its entombment? You know they couldn't. You know if Henry Ford Were President paws—and pause—of predacity couldn't so throttle public benefits.

If Henry Ford Were President can you imagine the Alien Property Custodian and his pals—among them a thrice-convicted felon—"getting away with" the Bosch Magneto stealage or another band of bandits pulling the Chemical

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Foundation lootage? Why, you know they wouldn't even have the gall to conceive—much less to execute—such titanic lootages If Henry Ford Were President.

If Henry Ford Were President do you suppose a member of his Cabinet would dare to hand over for a petty royalty—and without any bonus for which millions could readily have been obtained—a lease to the nine thousand oil acreage of the Wyoming Teapot Dome? He'd resign first—instead of after—and you know it.

Yes, we can imagine the heluva lot worse calamities—a few of which we've coyly mentioned—in this U. S. A. than making Henry Ford President of it. Henry Ford knows the value of a dollar by making more of them than any other man in this U. S. A.—and without a stain on one of them either. Henry Ford knows more about labor by employing more of it—and at higher prices too—than any other man in this U. S. A. and no “strikes” resound in the Ford plants.

Yes, we can imagine damsite worse calamities than to have a master—a kindly master—of money and of men sitting in the White House Executive Chair. Can't you? And how would it seem to have the White House really “white?” You could endure it, couldn't you?”

Sandbagging The Pueblo Indians



I F YOU believe that "might makes right" skip this bomb from our Volley of Truth. But if you are an honest-to-goodness, up-standing American, wedded to a square deal, take a look at it and hold down your blood pressure.

Buzzardry, disguised under the pasted-on eagles' feathers of the so-called Bursum Bill, is hovering over the Pueblo Indians seeking to drive its beak into their vitals.

The "gifts" of "civilization" to the Indians have been syphilis, tuberculosis, trachoma and booze. That's the frozen fact. And on top of those general curses—imposed upon the real and only "First Families in America" by a tinsel civilization—the sticky paws of predaceous land grabbery

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seek to salve their ceaseless itch of greed with the lands and waters of the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico. Not if JIM JAM JEMS can kindle a fire of indignation at as bare-faced a scheme of banditry as was ever conceived in the womb of a ruthless plunderbund! We want to say here and now that when JIM JAM JEMS fails to champion the cause of the oppressed—whate'er be the color of their skin—there will be a "to let" sign on our sanctum.

The serfdom, oppression, lootage and degradation handed out to the Indians are a greater reproach to this great nation than was ever Negro enslavement and it all climaxes on the proposed sandbaggery of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. Here's the scenario of applied deviltry.

There are some 8,000 Pueblo Indians in New Mexico—peaceful tillers of the soil. They dwell in pueblos or villages. They are artists in weaving fabrics, in pottery, in turquoise jewelry and in decorative costumes. They are not warlike. They are kindly to children and for thousands of years their women have had a place in their community life which the wives of their oppressors have just obtained after generations of agitation. What American women have just grasped—after generations of conflict—the Pueblo women have had for centuries, equal rights! Irrigation, new to Americans, the Pueblo Indians have practiced for centuries. The "Americanization" of our copper-hued brethren has consisted principally in inoculating them with venereal diseases, introducing them to John Barleycorn, cutting their hair, clamping a stiff hat on their heads and dressing them like

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scarecrows. But the Pueblos dress and live today, as they did centuries ago. They are genuine children of nature with religious rites, ceremonies and customs hallowed by centuries.

It's their land that is wanted. That is the prize which the damnable Bursum Bill seeks to ruthlessly wrest from helplessness. Here is their title—as clear as the mountain springs which moisten their land. Before the Mayflower landed its cargo of Puritanism, Spain—which then owned the present New Mexico—granted to each pueblo or village a tract of land running practically a league to each point of the compass from the center of the pueblo or village. Each tract, with each pueblo in its center contained practically 17,000 acres. The land was granted to the pueblo or village as a community and—we quote from an old parchment—“Hereafter as heretofore no one can sell or trade this land and no judge can pass on the title for sale. No Spanish Governor has power to alienate these your lands.” This community land could be rented but it could not be sold.

After the United States purchased and annexed New Mexico your Congress recognized, confirmed and reaffirmed these Spanish grants and each one of these pueblos or villages cherishes, in its archives, its guaranty of land title from your Government bearing at its foot the greatest signature ever traced by human hand—Abraham Lincoln!

Squatters—mere land rapists and as much piratical land grabbers as would be a man who built his hut on your front lawn—have continually attempted to wrest, by mere grab-

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bery, these lands from the Pueblo Indians. It's a game as old as time. "Made to our measure," chortle these squatters anent this land. In 1913 a real lawyer, Francis C. Wilson, of Sante Fe, New Mexico, battered his way to and through the Supreme Court of the United States with a real law suit on behalf of the Pueblo Indians, known as the Sand-oval case. Omitting a mess of technical language the fact is that the Supreme Court of the United States decided in effect that not one acre of these lands could be or ever had been alienated or transferred and that all seizures or attempted seizures of them were null and void and but fruitless attempts at banditries! If there is any land title in this U. S. A. that is air-tight, copper-riveted and concrete-lined it is the title of the Pueblo Indians to their lands.

But, to use an Irishism, this land is just water. It isn't worth a German mark without the water which irrigates it.

Before the Spaniards got title, before Cortez despoiled Mexico, before Columbus set sail, the Pueblo Indians devised and used a system of irrigation ditches. They have a pre-American and a pre-Volstead wetness of their own devising sufficient for their needs if not black-jacked away from them.

There is just one power in this U. S. A. which can practically sandbag away from these honest and simple folk their centuries-owned inheritance and that power is Congress and the Bursum Bill is the sandbag. JIM JAM JEMS denounces it as worse than a burglar's jimmy or a yeggman's "soup can!" It's a mere mask of despoilment—behind which lurks the leering visage of embattled theft. That's all it is.

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Squatters, land grabbers and irrigation thugs are "expediting" and "accelerating" this stage-managed masque of thug-gery. The Bursum Bill should be entitled "An Act to Despoil and Exterminate the Pueblo Indians."

It purports to settle land titles and boundaries—about which there is no more dispute than there is to Jehovah's title to His imperial dome.

It purports to "compensate" the Pueblo Indians from a mythical "fund"—which doesn't exist and for which not one thin dime is appropriated.

It's a fake, a fraud, a grab and a merely legalized weapon of putrid lootage. If you have any doubt about it consider that it is "fathered," "expedited" and "accelerated" by Interior Secretary Fall—whom we hope will be "ex" by the time this reaches your eyes! Yes, this is the same Fall who "fell" for Harry F. Sinclair and brewed for him his Wyoming Teapot Dome grabbery which JIM JAM JEMS denounced. Fall has out-Ballingered Ballinger—the hoodoo of Taft's administration.

About the Pueblo Indians with their community life; with their centuries-old tillage and irrigation systems; with their artistry in weaving, in pottery and in fabrication of turquoise jewelry; with their quaint religious ceremonials; with their interpretative dances full of nature's grace; with their pristine dignity of life close to nature's bosom; with their kindness to childhood; with their respect and deference to womanhood—hover songs, stories, histories, dances, legends and a true sweetness of nature too sacred to be sand-

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bagged by a Congressional "steal" at which even a yeggman would blush!

Kill the Bursum Bill—"fathered" by Fall—beyond any hope of resurrection! Don't add another blackened page, writ in characters of blood, to America's sandbaggery of Indians by exterminating the Pueblos—the flower of a vanishing race unstained by "civilization's" poison! Don't "Americanize" the Pueblos to their extermination—just to salve palms of greed with the ointment of spoliation. Give them a square deal.



Another Serum Murder



URDER in Denver, by serum squirtery, is one of the A.M.A.'s best indoor sports. In our issue of December 1922 we chronicled the slaughter—almost instantaneous—of Mrs. Clara M. Kleinsmith of 1061 Kalamath Street by the injection of anti-toxin squirted into her blood stream to “cure” her of a mild sore throat. Again the undertaker treads close on the heels of the serum-squirtter.

This time the victim was Mrs. Aurella I. Hilbert, 27 years old, residing at 2307 Columbine Street. She wasn't sick, nor likely to be, until she was serum-squirted to “cure” her of a disease she didn't have—diphtheria! According to the A.M.A. wite wizard who was practicing the rites of witchcraft in the Hilbert household one of the other members of the

household had diphtheria. Therefore shoot into Mrs. Hilbert's pure blood stream a slug of poisoned blood from a disgustingly sick horse! Certainly and of course! A very few hours after Mrs. Hilbert had been thus poisoned—to "cure" her of a disease she didn't have—she was deader than Caesar. The burial certificate—as false as the theory whereby she was murdered—gives the cause of her death as "shock resulting from the injection of serum." "Shock," nothing! What this woman died from was poison—putrid poison from the poison blood of a poisoned horse—force-pumped into her circulation.

When you find a nude gibbering Zulu savage with a ring in his nose boiling animal entrails and decocting it as "medicine" for his brother barbarians you pity the superstitious witchcraft. When you find African voodooism drinking as "medicine" the blood of newly slaughtered babes you shudder at the revolting rites. But when you find a smug A.M.A.ite force-pumping poison blood from a poisoned horse into a perfectly healthy woman, why that's "preventive medicine" or "prophylaxis" or some other high sounding medical "scientific" farrago. There's no more "science" about serum-squirtery of poisonous horse blood than there is about the animal entrails of the Zulu or the quaffing of babe's blood by the Voodoos' votaries! They are all three—and all alike—nothing but sorcery, witchcraft and wizardry. The only difference is that the poisonous horse blood—sonorously called "serum"—is squirted by a Caucasian instead of being administered by a nude Zulu or by a crazed Voodoo vo-

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tary. It's just the same poisonous sorcery. Sometimes it kills in Zululand and in Voodoo-ridden Hayti and often it kills in the U. S. A.!

Dr. William H. Sharpley, head of Denver's Disease Department—humorously called the "Health" Department—means, relative to Mrs. Hilbert's murder, that "Once in a great while a person is found whose system is so constituted that it can not stand anti-toxin." Twice in a while we'd say!

A.M.A.tite wizardry said that Mrs. Kleinsmith died from "anaphylaxis," i. e. susceptibility to poison, and that Mrs. Hilbert died from "shock resulting from the injection of serum." Bosh, tosh, bull and bunk! These women—both of them young and both of them in the pink of health—were killed by the injection of poison putridity from a disgustingly diseased horse force-pumped into their pure blood streams. They died quick too—too quick for even A.M.A.tite witchcraft to get away from the cause of their death. Here are—or rather were—two young women in Denver within three months cut off in their prime by poison administered under the guise of "preventive medicine." Perfect health—a shot of poison—a few hours of intense suffering—death. That's the scenario filmed on the silver screen of fact by allopathic witchcraft. That's sectarianized "State Medicine" in Denver—an Undertakers Aid Society. And that's all you can make of it if you reason from now till the crack of doom! Health, poison, suffering, death, pulled by allopathic greed—the dirtiest deuce in the dirtiest pack dealt to the public by laws passed and enforced solely for private gain. But for

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this poison propaganda—imbedded into law solely for the dirty drachmas there are in it—these two young women would be living today instead of corpses slaughtered on the twin altars of mammon and witchcraft.

There is money—big money and oodles of it—in the manufacture of the decocted horse poison called “serum.” There is money—big money and oodles of it—in force-pumping that poison into the pure blood streams of human beings. That’s the reason and the only reason for such murderous atrocities.

You shudder at the nude Zulu boiling animal entrails for “medicine” and you shudder at the unspeakable Voodoo votaries quaffing the blood of newly slain babes for “medicine” but you endure and support by public taxes a system of poisonous witchcraft rites infinitely worse in this “free” U. S. A.! Good, isn’t it?



More Brew From The "Teapot Dome"



HERE is where we hand you the last "drawing" from the "Teapot Dome" brew boiled out by Sinclair predacity. It is the sequel and "close up" of "The 'Teapot Dome' Brew" contained in our issue of January last.

In that article we showed—and proved by the records—that on April 7, 1922, Secretary of the Interior Fall secretly granted to Harry F. Sinclair an oil lease to 9,321 acres of fabulously rich oil land known as the "Teapot Dome" in Natrona County, Wyoming; that this lease was granted without one copper cent of bonus when Wyoming oil operators were clamoring for an opportunity to bid a huge bonus, into scores of millions for that lease; that there had been

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actually paid a bonus of \$1,412 per acre for poorer oil land adjoining this famous "Teapot Dome"; that the Department of the Interior, headed by Secretary Fall, had recently obtained at public auction \$1,226 per acre bonus or \$11,034,000 for like leases at public auction at Pawhuska, Oklahoma, and that "gushers" were being drilled in on this "Teapot Dome" land. We showed the organization of the Mammoth Oil Company—very aptly christened—by Sinclair dummies under the laws of the State of Delaware *thirty-eight days before* Secretary Fall signed this lease to an oil principality granted from your last Naval Oil Reserve. We showed that the Mammoth Oil Company was the final corporate receptacle for this gigantic loot—as stinking a legalized pillage as ever blackened the annals of the U. S. A.

There was just one bit of footage lacking in this film of legalized banditry and that was *who got the stock in the Mammoth Oil Company which got the lease to the "Teapot Dome"?* In other words *who individually got this legalized lootage?*

We have found out. It was Harry F. Sinclair and thusly he got it:

On March 9, 1922, just one month lacking two days before Secretary Fall secretly signed the "Teapot Dome" lease, Sinclair proposed to the Mammoth Oil Company (really only his corporate dummy) that in return for that lease *he should receive from the Mammoth Oil Company all but 10 of its 2,005,000 shares of capital stock!* What is that stock worth? Nobody knows its precise value until the liquid gold from

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the "Teapot Dome" is marketed but it's into the hundreds of millions and every dollar of it comes from your public lands —complacently handed over by one of your public officials to a petted prince of predacity.

Have you read of this smooth deal from its start to its finish in any of the daily press—those immaculate "guardians of your liberties"? Have you read any editorial thunderbolts thundering at this public pillage for private enrichment? Would you know anything about the real facts of this titanic legalized banditry of your property if you didn't read of it in your JIM JAM JEMS? And if not, why not? Ponder on that proposition.

But the press did recently feature Mr. Sinclair on one of his Washington forays. It mentioned that he received an annual salary of \$75,000—the same as the President of the United States. Also it published a photograph of Mr. Sinclair resplendently attired in sartorial splendor smilingly posed on the steps of the Capitol. A very appropriate setting!

JIM JAM JEMS hasn't the slightest animosity toward Mr. Sinclair. He's a "good sport" and—for a one legged man—a "fast stepper." And as long as a mammoth fortune is to be handed out to somebody we don't blame Mr. Sinclair for smilingly annexing it. If we were drawing a salary of \$75,000 a year and if a charitable public officer handed us a leasehold worth at least a hundred million we'd annex a clean shave and resplendent haberdashery and smile too! Wouldn't you?

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What we object to isn't so much to the recipient of the loot. It's the handing out of such a titanic fortune by public officialdom to which we object and against which we will never cease volleying! There's no use prating about "equality under the law" nor penning bunkful periods anent "equality of opportunity" when a public official—paid to preserve your property—hands out over a hundred millions of it to one pet, is there? You could toil like a slave from the day of your birth to the day of your death and live to be as old as Methuselah and hoard like a miser and you couldn't annex as much as Secretary Fall tossed off to Harry F. Sinclair at one pen stroke! "Equality of opportunity"! Bosh, tosh and the "bunk"!

We once had in our employ a dusky-hued male servitor who labeled such doings thusly:

"Fly high you greedy buzzards,
You'se got to 'light some day!"

"Inkspot" had 'em pegged right. They "got to 'light some day" from their aeroplanes of high finance burning fuel siphoned from public reservoirs.

The Bank Deposit Guaranty Myth



NOW is the time and here is the place where we wallop the Bank Deposit Guaranty Myth with the stuffed club of Facts. We're gluttons for facts. One bomb of proven facts will scatter a rainbow tinted theory all o'er the landscape.

North Dakota has had its experience—a darned costly one too—with a mess of semi-socialistic, bootstrap-lifting legislation. Amid all the ruck of that era of applied damphoolishness the Bank Deposit Guaranty Myth—like the drunkard's red nose—flashes a red danger signal.

Here is the damphool theory: Let the State "guarantee" or pretend to "guarantee" deposits in State Banks by levying an annual percentage tax upon all State Bank deposits. In North Dakota the tax was fixed at one fourth of one per cent per year. Thereby a fund would be created which would be ample to pay the depositors in failed State Banks. That was the iridescent theory lit up by a mess of statistics "that weren't so." There is the theory and here are the facts.

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Since the enactment of the Utopian dream in North Dakota 70 State Banks closed. Depositors of 2 were paid in full. Banks reopened were 19 in number. This left 49 busted State Banks with their "deposits guaranteed" by the State.

Unpaid deposits in State Banks which "blew up" aggregate in round figures some \$7,000,000. The precise amount of such deposits subject to the "deposit guaranty" rainbow is in dispute, by reason of legal technicalities, but it is at least \$5,000,000 and probably more. These unpaid deposits bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum—or \$250,000 per year.

The percentage tax upon State Bank deposits, at the highest possible rate amounts to \$240,000 per year—not enough by \$10,000 per year to pay the interest account alone on the "guaranteed deposits."

Problem. With \$5,000,000 with interest at 5 per cent per annum to be paid or \$250,000 interest alone each year how many years will it take to pay it with \$240,000 per year available? Or to put it in other words how many aeons would it take to pay \$5,000,000 at 5 per cent out of a fund with a shortage of \$10,000 per year on the interest account alone? When we submitted that problem to our chief accountant he said "quit your joshing." So we will. Take a sane look at this whole State Guaranty Myth.

It's a misnomer, a misbrand, a fake and a fraud before it gets to first base. The State "guarantees" nothing except to collect and disburse a tax which has proved—by all the

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difference between time and eternity—to be just a deficit producer. It's a mere "bootstrap-lifter" that doesn't lift. It's just bad bait areek with fraud.

It enabled a horde of bankerettes, establishing a mess of bankettes where they weren't needed, to invade North Dakota and advertise "State Deposit Guaranty" as a trap or bait for the unwary whose money they filched under the guise of rotten "loans" to their confederates.

It's unAmerican, unbusiness-like, unfair and unjust to tax honest and competent bankers to pay for the frauds or losses or damphoolishness of incompetent or dishonest competitors. What would you say about a law which taxed successful dry goods merchants to compel them to pay for the bankruptcies of a clutteration of fraudulent "kike" merchants? You'd revolt against it. You'd say that it would either ruin them or that they would be forced to profiteer out of the public on raised prices to stand the tax. And you'd be right—absolutely.

It enabled gangs of dishonest or incompetent "bankers" to don the mask of "banker" and to use the name of the State of North Dakota falsely as guarantor in enticing advertisements to lure money into their mazuma traps.

The blow-up of the whole myth—an absolute fake from its birth—has offered an excuse for hollow-headed legislators to introduce a bill to issue State Bonds to pay depositors in busted State Banks run by a mess of dishonest or incompetent bankerettes. Either overburdened tax payers will have more burdens loaded on their creaking backs or depositors

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in busted State Banks will take heavy losses. In other words incompetency or dishonesty in business—run purely for private profit—are to be paid for by taxation! And we're "agin it."

If all these semi-socialistic rainbow myths are going to be distilled into gold, put into the pockets of dishonesty or incompetency and taken from the pockets of honesty and competency, a State Treasury will be just a clearing house where fakers can cash false vouchers.

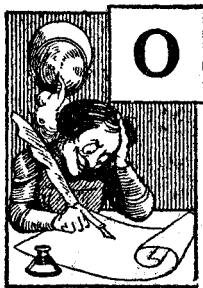
This State Guaranty of Bank Deposits is worse than a misbrand. It's a fake. If it's really needed it's worse than worthless. It's like the coke and dope habit. It cures nothing and creates ills worse than it purports to cure while it anesthetizes the patient.

Where it's needed it doesn't work and where it isn't needed it's a useless tax.

If States are going to "guarantee" honesty and competency in business why not turn over the whole works to dampools or fakers and be done with it? That's our query.

Like "Doc" Coue
We want to say
That every day
In every way
Taxation's curse
Is growing worse.
To put it terse
We're not its nurse!

O. T. O. Free Loveism



OUR DETROIT envoy has spaded up some astounding facts anent the O. T. O.—the Order of the Temple of the Orient. It is British-India propaganda intended to be implanted in this U. S. A. It isn't going to “take” if we can stop it—and we gamble we can.

The Order of the Temple of the Orient is an occult order of phallic (sexual) worship “made in India” and launched in this U. S. A. in Detroit, Michigan, by Aleister Crowley, a former British spy who practiced his profession in India. There it was that he annexed this farrago of a love cult. The “official organ of the O. T. O.” is “The Equinox” written and copyrighted by Aleister Crowley. It is now—for reasons best known to its author and to O.T.O.ites—just a

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rare curio. But we have a copy and we are going to quote from

"THE EQUINOX"

It's a massive and imposing volume. The equinox is astronomically a time of storm and "The Equinox" is a stormy volume. It's the frankest free love propagandist of which we wot. Its slogan is "Love is the law, love under will." It announces that "The satyr is the true nature of every man and every woman." Your dictionary tells you that a satyr is a "cunning wanton." Do you believe that every man and every woman is a "cunning wanton?" Here is the opening ode of "The Equinox."

"And I rave; and I rape and I rip and I rend
Everlasting, world without end.
Mannikin, maiden, maenad, man
In the might of Pan."

"Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law." It makes "everyone unique, independent, supreme and sufficient." "To become a member of the O. T. O. is to hitch your wagon to a star." Mebbe! To the dogstar!

We are now going to write some unwritten history of

THE O. T. O. IN DETROIT.

During the war Aleister Crowley practiced his profession —with a horde of other British propagandists—in this U. S. A. In the early part of 1918 he met in New York Albert W.

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Ryerson of Detroit, a millionaire dabbler in occult literature and a man of many loves—"free" and otherwise. Crowley went to Detroit and made an address before a luncheon of the Detroit Chamber of Commerce membership. The result of this meeting and address was another meeting at the office of Frank T. Lodge. Among those present in addition to Mr. Lodge were

Elbert H. Fowler
Dr. Gordon W. Hill
C. Y. Smith
Albert W. Ryerson
Dr. Frank Bowman
Dr. Jackson

And the pillars of the Order of the Temple of the Orient were set up in Detroit. Enthusiasm among the "elect" ran high. The occult mysteries of the Orient were going to sweep the Occident. The O. T. O.—with its "free love" urge and with its slogan "Love is the law"—was the fad and Aleister Crowley was its prophet crowned with bay leaves of adoration. We are going to pass by a flock of divorce cases filed in Detroit in which irate women claimed in effect that their husbands had strayed from paths of morality after becoming associated with the O. T. O. and coyly mention the case of

Albert W. Ryerson.

Ryerson was born in Massachusetts near Concord and as a boy knew Emerson, Thoreau and other notables of that

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time and place. His father originated the famous Concord grape referred to in Crowley's "Equinox" thusly: "Crush out the blood of me as a grape upon the tongue of a white Doric girl that languishes with her lover in the moonlight." Ryerson "fell" hard for Crowley's farrago and with others established the Universal Book Stores, Inc., which undertook to publish "The Equinox," the official organ of the O. T. O. The Universal Book Stores "blew up" and so did Ryerson's loves—occult and otherwise!

Ryerson had been divorced by his first wife about six months before the "blow up" of the Universal Book Stores and while the O. T. O. still shone with glossy glamour. Then surges into the scenario Bertha Bruce who swore on the witness stand that she was Ryerson's wife and had attended meetings of the O. T. O. at Ryerson's magnificent West Grand Boulevard home. But later on Mrs. Bruce—the divorced wife of a Detroit real estate man—admitted that she had never gone through a marriage ceremony with Ryerson. The Wayne county circuit court records show that Ryerson took out a license to wed Mrs. Bruce but no return on that license has been made up to this writing. Mrs. Bruce left Ryerson some months ago and "fades away" from the O. T. O. scenario—one of the examples of its slogan "Love is the law!" Then surge into the O. T. O. scenario —

Maisie Mitchell and the Hindus.

Maisie Mitchell Ryerson is a lass of eighteen years, full of pep and pulchritude hitched to the fifty-odd year old Ryerson.

son. And she'd like the hitch severed—on the theory that it's just a sortova "granny knot" anyway. Like Trilby, Maisie posed "in the altogether" for the edification of art students in Detroit's Chalet d' Art—an offshoot of the Scarab Club. As a model Maisie's "lines" approach perfection and Ryerson always did worship Venus—in marble or in flesh and blood. Maisie twitters that Ryerson first discoursed to her on "deep subjects"—the occult, fate, religion, temperament, psychology and the like. From a "man old enough to be her father," as the pulchritudinous Maisie phrases it, the subtle compliment "took." Then followed discourses on reincarnation, hypnotism and love cults. Ryerson took a deep "fatherly interest" in the enticing Maisie—purely "fatherly," you understand. Maisie took up her residence with Ryerson and he introduced her as his "daughter" at the Fellowcraft Club function.

But Ryerson opined that the world was censorious and might misunderstand the purely platonic and paternal-like love he bore the lithe Maisie. So why not dam—and damn too—the flood of gossip by marriage and become her father, husband, lover and protector all in one? And wasn't "love the law" anyway? As Maisie puts it "I didn't love him. I married him. I don't know now how I brought myself to such a point. Our married life was 29 days in length. It was 29 days of horror, of revelations that shook me to the very depths of my being. *I emerged from that 29 days of hell bruised in body and soul.* My arm and my back bore the marks of his blows and my soul the blackness that I

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cannot tell until the court hears the evidence." She says "I never knew the taste of liquor nor smoked a cigarette until he taught me. *Then came the O. T. O. that dreadful cult of love.* He was a disciple of it he told me. He said I was the reincarnation of Cleopatra and he was the reincarnation of King Solomon"—who reveled in a variegated assortment of a thousand wives and concubines. "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law" was Solomon's practice as well as the O. T. O.'s motto.

Maisie says "I don't want his money—if he has any. I just want to be left alone and secure my freedom in peace."

Into the Ryerson menage, and while Maisie was one of it, came three Hindus—ostensibly students temporarily penniless. The fact is that Crowley had obtained much of his data for forming the O. T. O. from a Hindu occult organization and some of these documents were supposed to be reposing in the private library or vault in the Ryerson mansion. While in the Ryerson household the "penniless Hindu students" searched every nook and corner of it in vain. Ryerson kicked 'em all out except Marvin Jamsed whom he retained as his chauffeur. Ryerson says that Jamsed wove a "hypnotic spell" o'er the pulchritudinous Maisie and in effect lured her from his side. Jamsed says that Ryerson "led Maisie a miserable life" during her 29 days of wifehood and that he was just her "big brother."

The Hindus have faded from the scene without the O. T. O. documents. The creditors of the Universal Book Stores, Inc., vainly moan for their money. "The Equinox," Aleister

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Crowley's masterpiece of O. T. O. propaganda, is not available. Millionaire Ryerson no longer enfolds in love's embraceries the pulchritudinous Maisie, and students in the Chalet d' Art now envisage her charms as she poses "in the altogether." The Order of the Temple of the Orient whose chief pillar is that "love is the law" hasn't swept the Occident as Crowley opined it would. And when the case of Cleopatra (Maisie Mitchell Ryerson) versus King Solomon (Millionaire Ryerson) holds the court stage in Detroit our Detroit envoy will report it.

Oodles of British propaganda—from borrowing billions of our money to successfully counterfeiting facts in our School Histories—has flooded this U. S. A. But this British India O. T. O. propaganda, with its mummeries of sexualistic slusheries and its "free love" cult, isn't going to "take" in this U. S. A.—not while JIM JAM JEMS can turn its high powered calcium on its mockeries of true love and of real marriage.

"Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law"—as the Order of the Temple of the Orient aphrodisiacally phrases it—isn't going to work in this U. S. A. "Do what thou wilt"—sexually and otherwise—may work in decadent British India but not in this land. And so we tell Aleister Crowley, millionaire Ryerson and their fellow O.T.O.ites. No "free love" in this U. S. A.—not yet!

Allopathic Kidnapery Walloped



ALLOPATHIC thuggery is moaning over another solar plexus wallop—delivered this time by the Supreme Court of Michigan. Miss Nina M. Rock made good her name and rocked sectarian medical tyranny clear off its foundations. And a clutter of holier-than-thou Allopathic satraps are sobbing in the legal debris. Here are the facts—which you won't find in the press artfully subsidized by the American Medical Associated highbinders.

Nina M. Rock was an eighteen year old girl living with her mother about three miles from Alma, Michigan. At Alma also dwelt Dr. Thomas J. Carney—an allopathic Pooh Bah. He not only wielded allopathic cleavers and wrote out mys-

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terious Latinized orders for wizardrous drug dope but he was also Health Officer and he had also been appointed an Inspector by the Michigan State Board of Health. All that A. M. A. wizardry and all that lobbied laws could do for satrap Carney had been done. He not only practiced allopathic witchcraft but he had two legal halos—Health Officer and State Board of Health Inspector! Carney was IT—in his own opinion.

Ida B. Peck was one of the “social workers” infesting Alma.

Mary Corrigan was superintendent of a hospital at Bay City, Michigan, which had a very profitable contract with the State Board of Health where kidnaped girls were “treated.”

One Martin was a deputy sheriff, a part of the “ring.”

Deputy Sheriff Martin, without any warrant or without any more legal authority than a jack rabbit haled Miss Rock and her mother into satrap Carney’s office at Alma. There Miss Rock against her protest and against her mother’s protest was subjected to a physical examination. Satrap Carney informed Miss Rock and her mother that Miss Rock had a venereal disease and must be incarcerated in the Bay City mazuma separator. Satrap Carney issued his ukase that Miss Rock was venereally diseased, delivered her over to “social worker” Ida B. Peck who delivered her over to hospital superintendent Mary Corrigan at Bay City. Here are the sectors of this “ring” wrapped about this young girl—Deputy Sheriff Martin, Satrap Carney, Social worker

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Ida B. Peck, Superintendent Mary Corrigan and the Bay City hospital bastille! After twelve weeks' imprisonment and "treatment" in the Bay City bastille Miss Rock was graciously released.

We want to say that from the time of Miss Rock's lawless arrest and lawless incarceration in the Bay City bastille JIM JAM JEMS has been watching this case of kidnapery and highbindery. We knew it was going to be fought to a finish in the Michigan Supreme Court and we waited for its decision. The decision has come down and it certainly wallops Allopathic highbindery with an honest-to-goodness knockout! It contains some gems from which we are going to quote and then we are going to coyly and shrinkingly comment on the whole putrid proposition of medico-legal tyranny attempted to be "pulled" in this land—purely for the dirty drachmas there are in it!

Anent these enforced "physical examinations" here's the law. "I have said that I thought the Health Officers had the power to make the examination—when may that power be exercised? Indiscriminately? May he send for every man and every woman, every boy and girl of the vicinage and examine them for these disorders? I think not."

"Dr. Carney had the power to make the examination, but he could not exercise such power unless he had reasonable grounds to believe that plaintiff was infected. Such good faith on his part was a necessary prerequisite to the exercise of the power. Dr. Carney was not sworn as a witness and it did not appear from any testimony introduced in the case

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that he had any information with reference to plaintiff, her habits or her conduct, which could give him reasonable grounds to believe that she was infected with either of the diseases named." In other words this blind, arbitrary, tyrannical, "stand-and-deliver" medical Jesse Jamesism doesn't "go!" Why didn't Dr. Carney testify? Why didn't he attempt to justify his practical kidnapery of this young girl? Why did he flinch and "welch" from a probe into his motives when he and his victim stood on an equal footing in open court? You are entitled to guess and we are entitled to guess, aren't we? Issuing medical "*lettres de cachet*" branding and imprisoning a helpless young girl is one thing and justifying them in open court is a horse of another color, isn't it? Anyway satrap Carney "welched." From the day of the kidnaping and imprisonment of this young girl to the close of the case in the Michigan Supreme Court there is no proof that Miss Rock had any venereal disease—for which she was kidnaped and imprisoned.

Here's some more law—not Allopathic verbal strutdom, but law: "*I have been unable to lay my finger on any statute authorizing or even sanctioning by inference the procedure here adopted.*"

"*If the law conferred the power exercised by the health officer in this instance then children with any of the numerous diseases now declared dangerous and communicable could be taken from their homes and sent to a hospital.*"

"*It would be an intolerable interference by way of officious meddling for health officers to assert and then assume the*

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power of making physical examinations of girls at will for venereal disease."

"In any event the defendant had no right to suspect and examine plaintiff so long as she had no accuser."

In other words this girl and every other young girl possesses a sanctity of person which even prurient and snoopocratic medical satraps must respect. Medicaese snoopdom doesn't tell you that nor its subsidized lackeys of pressdom don't tell you that but the Courts do and JIM JAM JEMS does! Just because some prurient sprig of Allopathy burns to "examine" a young girl on "suspicion" doesn't give him the right to do it—not by the heluva sight! And if some of 'em looked down into a barrel of chilled steel in the hands of a father or brother—before they perpetrated the outrage—their ardor might wilt! What!

Why did this deputy sheriff, this strutting medical satrap, this social worker—and "worker" is doubtless right—and this hospital superintendent "pull" this whole scenario of false arrest and violation of sanctity of person and false imprisonment on this helpless young girl? Because they thought they could "get away with it" and with the dirty drachmas out of it. That's "why" and the only "why!" From the moment of Nina M. Rock's false arrest to the moment of her release from the Bay City bastille she was officialdom's "meat" with golden gravy dripping into official platters! But some of 'em are getting a case of acute indigestion from it. To arrest a young girl, to forcibly examine her, to brand her as having a loathsome disease and

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to imprison her herded into a den of dissoluteness is the heluva lot of fun till the day of reckoning comes and then it's different! We hope Miss Rock chisels desolation through the bank accounts of lawless official strutdom. That's the best antidote of which we wot for such tyrannical thuggery.

Now let's get right down to business on these propositions of kidnapery, of the violation of sanctity of person, of venereal-disease branding and of imprisonment in bastiles of infamy.

Don't elope with the fool idea that JIM JAM JEMS doesn't believe in the extermination of venereal disease. We do. But we don't believe in the kidnapery, forcible physical examination, branding as "venereal-diseased" and imprisoning of an eighteen year old girl lawlessly—on suspicion. Neither does the Supreme Court of Michigan and it has pointedly said so.

Don't elope with the crazy notion that JIM JAM JEMS doesn't want the communication of venereal disease forbidden and punished. We do. We want it punished by a good stiff jail sentence.

But venereal disease—when it really exists and isn't merely "suspected" by lawless medicos—isn't a crime. It's a tragical misfortune but no crime. Its victims aren't criminals, they are invalids. Enthroned A.M.A.tite highbindery—crouched behind a mess of so-called laws—persists in branding 'em as criminals.

Are girls to be torn from their parents, pawed over by

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prurient snoopocrats and then imprisoned on "suspicion"—just because Allopathic wizardry and witchcraft and its side kickers need some fees and think they can "get away with it?"

There's no halo about Allopathy, nor any other medical sect, that ever we could see. Allopathy hasn't been so wildly successful in treating venereal diseases, nor any other for that matter, that it need pin any medals on its wind-swollen breast.

If your child is sick of a venereal disease or of any other communicable disease and you don't believe in Allopathy but do believe in Osteopathy or Homeopathy or Chiropractic or Christian Science or the like, is your child to be kidnaped from you and imprisoned (euphoniously called "hospitalized") at the will of a mere medical sect hostile to your belief? Are parental duty, care, love and devotion going to be booted into the discard and replaced by Allopathic kidnapery? Is parenthood going to be canceled and replaced by Allopathic highbindery? That's just what was attempted in the Nina M. Rock case and the Supreme Court of Michigan shot that "bunk" full of holes.

If your child is suffering from "bovine syphilis"—compulsorily pus-punched into her pure bloodstream by Allopathic thuggery—is Allopathy going to arrest her, brand her and imprison her to "cure" her of a disease with which it has compulsorily infected her?

And after Allopathy has infected your child with syphilis and has then arrested and imprisoned your child for having

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syphilis and has herded your child with a squad of depraved dissolutes and has branded your child as the victim of a loathsome disease and has ruined the life of your child what then does Allopathy do for you? Why it then proceeds to levy more Taxes on you to provide more public monies with which to exploit more parents and other children. That's what State medicine does for the bodies of you and your children—just what a State religion would do if there were one—makes you pay and suffer for a systematized sectarianism which you abhor!

And those buzzards of medical sectarian bigotry pull this stuff with the eagles' feathers of pretended law pasted over their bedraggled buzzards' plumes! In the Nina M. Rock case the Supreme Court of the State of Michigan jerked off the disguising eagles' feathers and left Allopathic buzzardry exposed to the chill blasts of real law. And we say it's a righteous decision and good law and darned good sense.

Pin on your "Refuse and Resist" badge whenever a so-called State medico assumes to direct you what school of medicine you shall employ; assumes to violate the sanctity of your person or of your child's person merely to gratify perverted pruriency or to grab your money; assumes to brand you or your child in a den of dissoluteness just for the dirty drachmas it can annex!

"Refuse and Resist" such bigotrous thuggery just as you would resist a uniformed highbinder who would forcibly drag you to a sectarian church.

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'Twas for just such freedom your forefathers fought—
freedom from sectarianism of any brand.

You are the sons and grandsons of real freedom—not just
the “glandsons” of pretended freedom! Get the idea? We
know you do.



Stealing A Child's Inheritance



WHEN we volley into a serpent's nest we don't want to see any of 'em writhe away—scathless. In our issue of May 1922 under the title of “An ‘Inside’ Bank Job” we volleyed into some of the looters of the Mohall State Bank at Mohall, North Dakota. As one of the results of our investigations three of the strutting looters, J. C. Peters, F. W. Wiebe and W. W. Bergman are now adorning the interiors of Uncle

Sam's cute little cubicles at Leavenworth Penitentiary—where they really belong.

C. D. Griffith, President of the First National Bank of Sleepy Eye, Minnesota, who was president of the Mohall State Bank while much of its lootage was perpetrated, has hitherto escaped criminal liability but there is a civil suit for some \$800,000 now pending against him brought by the receiver of the Mohall State Bank on behalf of its looted depositors. We hope the receiver wins. What courts may do is largely a gamble. But the moral responsibility of

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C. D. Griffith to the looted depositors of the Mohall State Bank is no gamble, it's a cinch and here's hoping courts enforce it. Were we C. D. Griffith we would rather leave the world as bare as at entrance than envisage the tragedies resulting from the cold-blooded gutting—from the inside—of the Mohall State Bank.

But here's another as devilish a looting pulled off from the inside of the Mohall State Bank as the wit of man ever devised. We call it "Stealing A Child's Inheritance" and here are the dramatis personae.

Mrs. Minnie Holmes, housekeeper for Dr. E. S. Fitzmaurice, who died on December 28th, 1918, leaving \$5,000 in two life insurance policies.

Dr. E. S. Fitzmaurice of Mohall, North Dakota, practicing physician and employer of Mrs. Holmes and beneficiary under her will.

William Clifford of Mohall, North Dakota, commonly known as "Big Bill" Clifford, and paeanzied by S. H. Bevins, President of the First State Bank of Hawkeye, Iowa, as "one of the best fixers you have in North Dakota." Clifford is one of the witnesses to the will of Mrs. Holmes and is also one of the sureties on the Bond of the Guardian who stole the \$5,000.

Lester Holmes, the infant son of Mrs. Minnie Holmes deceased.

J. C. Peters, former President of the Mohall State Bank and now a convict in Leavenworth Penitentiary.

In answer to an advertisement Mrs. Minnie Holmes was

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lured to Mohall, North Dakota, and became housekeeper for Dr. E. S. Fitzmaurice on his farm a short distance from Mohall. Mrs. Holmes was a widow with one infant son, Lester, to whom she was devotedly attached. Her whole life centered in her babe and in his welfare.

Mrs. Holmes was the victim of tuberculosis. She knew it and her employer and physician Dr. E. S. Fitzmaurice knew it. It was a matter of common knowledge. A sleeping porch was built on the Fitzmaurice farm so that Mrs. Holmes could sleep out-of-doors in the hope of stemming the disease.

Life insurance was obtained on the life of Mrs. Holmes and on one of the policies, for \$3,000, Dr. E. S. Fitzmaurice acted as the examining physician. The policies aggregated \$5,000.

On the 13th day of July 1918 William Clifford, stenciled by his friend Banker Bevins as "one of the best fixers you have in North Dakota," hot-footed out to the Dr. Fitzmaurice farm with a will drawn by his office mate, J. E. Bryans. This will, one of the most remarkable légal documents ever penned, bequeathed Mrs. Holmes' estate including the life insurance to her infant son Lester Holmes. But should he "die leaving no wife or children of his own then all of said property on his death shall descend and go to Dr. E. S. Fitzmaurice of Mohall, North Dakota," who is also described as "my loving friend." Dr. Fitzmaurice was also appointed sole executor and guardian of the infant son. As a matter of fact—doubtless for some reason best known to himself—Dr. Fitzmaurice never became guardian of the boy.

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On December 28th 1918 Mrs. Holmes, as was inevitable, died of tuberculosis at Granby, Minnesota, where her relatives resided. The life insurance amounting to some \$5,000 was paid and passed into the possession of Dr. E. S. Fitzmaurice. He had the money in his grasp but not the boy.

In May 1919 Dr. Fitzmaurice went to Granby, Minnesota, and despite the protests and tears of the relatives took the boy to Mohall, North Dakota. He didn't take him to his own home, but placed him in the home of Ole Aamodt, a farmer. Dr. Fitzmaurice told Aamodt that the boy had an estate of upwards of \$5,000, that he, Fitzmaurice, was his guardian and would pay well for his care and would provide him with clothing. He now had possession of both the boy and the money. What became of both? During four years all that Dr. Fitzmaurice did for the boy was to pay Aamodt \$90 and provided a bit of cheap clothing. Mr. Aamodt and his wife, prosperous and childless farmers, loved the child and at their own expense fed, clothed and educated him.

But what became of the money? It went into the maelstrom of tragedies and ruined hopes, the Mohall State Bank. Some \$1,500 of it went to the personal account of Dr. Fitzmaurice. In the meantime J. C. Peters, the President of the State Bank of Mohall, had been appointed guardian of the person and estate of the boy Lester Holmes, with the ubiquitous William Clifford known as "one of the best fixers you have in North Dakota," as surety on his bond. Under Peters' manipulation and in his own handwriting

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the balance of this boy's estate was taken—simply strong-armed and embezzled—and was made to pay and did pay a series of worthless notes then in the bank whose names and amounts we have. This was on June 5, 1919. It was a wanton ruthless, cold-blooded and despicable theft of an infant's estate—typical of the thievish looting of that den of thieves coiled in the Mohall State Bank. Peters was the guardian, Peters was President of the Mohall State Bank, Peters took the money to cancel some worthless notes carried in the bank's assets.

So rested the matter of the boy's estate from June 5 1919 up to October 9 1920. Dr. E. S. Fitzmaurice had annexed \$1,500 of the fund and guardian Peters had stolen the rest of it! It had disappeared.

But the time was approaching when the Mohall State Bank—a mere shell of phony paper and looted assets—must close its doors and some showing must be made as to the looted estate of Minnie Holmes' boy! Therefore on October 9th 1920 guardian Peters of the Mohall State Bank Peters inserted into the assets of the Mohall State Bank a series of worthless notes and issued to Dr. E. S. Fitzmaurice, guardian for Lester Holmes, a certificate of deposit for \$3,768. This sum really represented the amount of insurance plus interest less the amount that Dr. E. S. Fitzmaurice had previously annexed. Please get this raw thievery just exactly as it was. Peters was guardian of the boy's estate. Peters had stolen the money that Dr. Fitzmaurice hadn't grabbed. Then, when the bank's failure impended, Peters

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who was really guardian issued a certificate of deposit, based on worthless notes, to Dr. E. S. Fitzmaurice as guardian who wasn't and never had been guardian! And Dr. E. S. Fitzmaurice had the ineffable and monumental gall to file that claim—for money that had been stolen on June 5, 1919—with the receiver of the Mohall State Bank!

Twice we have gone to Mohall, twice we have delved into the deviltries practiced in this Mohall State Bank—for no other purpose in the world than to see justice done. Peters, Wiebe and Bergman—as despicable a trio of looters as ever trod this earth—first exposed and posted and pilloried by JIM JAM JEMS—are in Leavenworth Penitentiary. And we say that this defrauded boy, Lester Holmes, is going to get that fund stolen from him by thievish legerdemain! We say that William Clifford, “Big Bill,” “one of the best fixers in North Dakota,” as his friend Bevins styles him, is on convict Peters’ \$5,000 bond and is going to have the heluva time to “fix” that! We say that this stealing of childhood’s money—through this Mohall State Bank crookdom—isn’t going to work!

We say that with Peters, Wiebe and Bergman in Leavenworth Penitentiary; with the theft of little Lester Holmes’ money exposed; with the prosecution of the \$800,000 civil suit against C. D. Griffith for the restoration of the money of looted depositors in that Mohall State Bank den of thievery—North Dakota’s greatest plague spot is due a disinfecting. And we’re not averse to aiding the job.

Political Bootlegging



I F YOU could annex a salary of \$7,500 a year, a sumptuous private office and a secretary paid for out of the public till and then on top of that transact an office brokerage business it would be quite alright wouldn't it? That was just what C. Bascom Slempp, Congressman from the Ninth Virginia Congressional District, thought 'ere he slumped into private life. Office brokerage, with a good stiff commission rate, is a well recognized industry at Graftopolis-on-the-Potomac. We don't just tell you that and then rave about it. When we fire a volley we aim at a target and we point out the target. Our target is C. Bascom Slempp, political bootlegger.

Our Washington ambassador has helped Slempp to slump by spading up some of his brokerage correspondence, some

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of it signed by him and some of it signed by his secretary—paid like his master by Uncle Sam—one L. B. Howard.

The camera doesn't lie and we are going to rest our case against Slem্প's Political Bootlegging on photostatic copies of the following letters. Mr. Ben R. Powell of Gretna, Virginia, to whom these letters were addressed, was the Virginia Referee of Slem্প's Brokerage Bureau. These letters from Slem্প and his man Friday, L. B. Howard, are officially headed thusly.

"C. B. Slem্প,
9th District Virginia

Committee on Appropriations

House of Representatives, U, S.
Washington, D. C."

Here is one from Bascom to Ben.

"Mr. B. R. Powell,
Gretna, Va.

Dear Ben: I have letters in regard to the collection of money for postoffices. One must be very careful about this. It will bring the party into disrepute which would be bad for everyone. We must preserve our standing with the people and with the administration.

With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,
C. B. SLEMP."

Have another where Slem্প's flower of gratitude blossoms.

"Mr. R. B. Powell,
Gretna, Va.

My dear Mr. Powell:

Please accept my thanks for your letter of the 3rd enclosing checks in the amount of \$100. You are doing good work. Keep it up. With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,
C. B. SLEMP."

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Here's another check acknowledgment from Bascom to Ben.

"Mr. R. B. Powell, Gretna, Va.

My dear Mr. Powell:

Your letter of the 7th enclosing checks in the amount of \$125 has been received for which I thank you very much. I hope you can rush this work in your district and report your full quota by the 12th of this month. You have been doing good work and I appreciate it very much. With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours, C. B. SLEMP.

P. S. Yes, I received checks from Messrs. Tucker and Adams in the amount of \$150. C. B. S."

Now we are getting right into the real Brokerage Department as managed by Slemp's secretary L. B. Howard. Here's a "destroy this letter" gem from Slemp's secretary to "Dear Ben"—the same R. B. Powell of Gretna, Va.

"Dear Ben:

I enclose you copy of letter I received from Mr. Jones a short time ago. I have succeeded in pulling his son over the top and am ready to make the appointment, but before we do so it will be necessary for you to get in touch with him and arrange for some money. We will have to have at least \$150.00 in order to come out whole. It took half of that amount to put the matter over, which I will explain when I see you. I want you to handle the matter instead of writing to them direct. It is a very delicate matter and I had to do some strong wire pulling to get it through and I know you can work it in the right way. I would not write any letter on the matter but phone the boy to come and see you. If you can I would like for it to all be arranged by the first of the year. This is a life-time position for the boy which he would not have gotten if it had not been for me, and I feel sure they will appreciate fully the circumstances and protect me in the matter. If you think it is worth more than the above amount you can arrange accordingly. How are you getting along on the Meadows of Dan matter?

P. S. Be sure and destroy this letter after you are through with it.

Your friend, L. B. HOWARD."

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Here is where secretary Howard wants some golden irrigation over the Meadows of Dan rural route. It's a "put up some cash" proposition—written to the same R. B. Powell.

"Dear Ben:

We have a rural route matter at Meadows of Dan in Patrick County that I want you to try and work out in a way that we can get something out of it.

The question is can we get the one we appoint to put up some cash. I know you can do it if anyone can.

It would be immaterial which one we appoint. My suggestion would be to work it through Arch Staples so as to not get in any hobble that might hurt. If you can agree to get one of the three to do something we can make the appointment at once. You better not use my name or Mr. Slemp's in the matter. Just say that you have authority to make the recommendation that will go. I enclose you a little note that will back you up in this connection. See what you can do and let me know. Get all you can.

Your friend,

L. B. HOWARD."

Then Slemp's secretary L. B. Howard puts a price mark on his Rural Route goods thusly.

"Dear Ben:

Further relative to Rural Route of Meadows of Dan I wrote you about today I would get all I could out of the matter. Give it to the one that will give you the most. You should have at least \$200 I think. With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely,

L. B. HOWARD, Sec."

The \$200 evidently materialized for Howard says later.

"Dear Ben:

Everything came in O. K. this morning. I gave Mr. S. \$200. He has taken up your matter with Judge McD. Let me know when I can serve you.

Your friend,

L. B. H."

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But prices do vary and here's a petty little \$25 brokerage.

"Dear Ben:

Lee Wolfe has recommended Will H. Henderson for acting P. M. at Lening. I have recommended him so he can take charge Jan. 1st 1922. Suppose this is alright with you. Lee said he would send \$25.00 on this. Look after it.

Dr. Smith was here yesterday raising hell about matter in Henry County. Will write you fully about it today or tomorrow. Keep all my letters confidential and don't say anything about the Smith matter until you hear further.

Your friend,
L. B. H."

Here's a "get some help" tickler.

"Dear Ben:

I have had a Mr. Moon appointed acting P. M. at Saxe. I suggest that you see him at once and have him help us. He should have his appointment within a few days.

Your friend,
L. B. H."

Here's the tariff on a \$600 Postoffice job as levied by Congressman Slemp's astute secretary.

"Dear Ben:

The Postmaster at Henry in Franklin County has died. The Department has asked for the name of someone to appoint as acting. The office pays about \$600 per year. I wish you would get in touch with Beverly Davis or some one and let us have name as soon as possible. I would have the party send in a little contribution say \$25 or \$35.

Sincerely yours,
L. B. H.
Secretary."

We haven't by any means exhausted our ammunition dump on this political bootlegging. But we leave it to you if we haven't printed enough to prove its existence as a Virginia

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industry with Washington headquarters? We don't know nor care how Slem্প and his secretary Howard divided the lootage—if they did divide it. We don't know nor care whether or not Howard "held out" on Slem্প.

What we are volleying against and what we are protesting against is this prostitution of public office for private gain—whether the loot went into Slem্প's coffers or into Howard's pockets or into an alleged campaign fund or into all of them. It was a dirty graft for dirty drachmas into whatever cess-pool it went.

Washington, Jefferson and Madison came from Virginia—so did Slem্প with his office-brokerage secretary! How art the mighty fallen! 'Nuf said. You get the idea.

Why not haul down Old Glory from the Capitol dome and substitute an auctioneer's red flag?





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