



5-1924

Jim Jam Jems: May 1924

Sam H. Clark

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JIM LAM JEMS



MAY
1924



Published monthly by
SAM H. CLARK, Editor and Publisher,
3rd and Minnesota Sts., St. Paul,
Minn., and Bismarck, No. Dak.

Vol. XIII MAY, 1924 No. 5

Entered as second-class matter June 15,
1922, at the postoffice at St. Paul, Minn.,
under the Act of March 3, 1897.

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**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT,
CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT
OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,**

Of JIM JAM JEMS, published monthly at St. Paul, Minn., for April 1st, 1924. State of North Dakota, County of Burleigh, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Sam H. Clark, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor and Publisher of the JIM JAM JEMS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Name of—	Postoffice address—
Publisher, Sam H. Clark.....	Bismarck, N. Dak.
Editor, Sam H. Clark.....	Bismarck, N. Dak.
Managing Editor, Sam H. Clark.....	Bismarck, N. Dak.
Business Managers, Sam H. Clark.....	Bismarck, N. Dak.

2. That the owners are: Sam H. Clark, Bismarck, N. Dak.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

SAM H. CLARK, Ed. and Pub.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1924.

H. C. MAHLMAN, Notary Public.

(Seal.)

(My commission expires Sept. 26, 1926.)

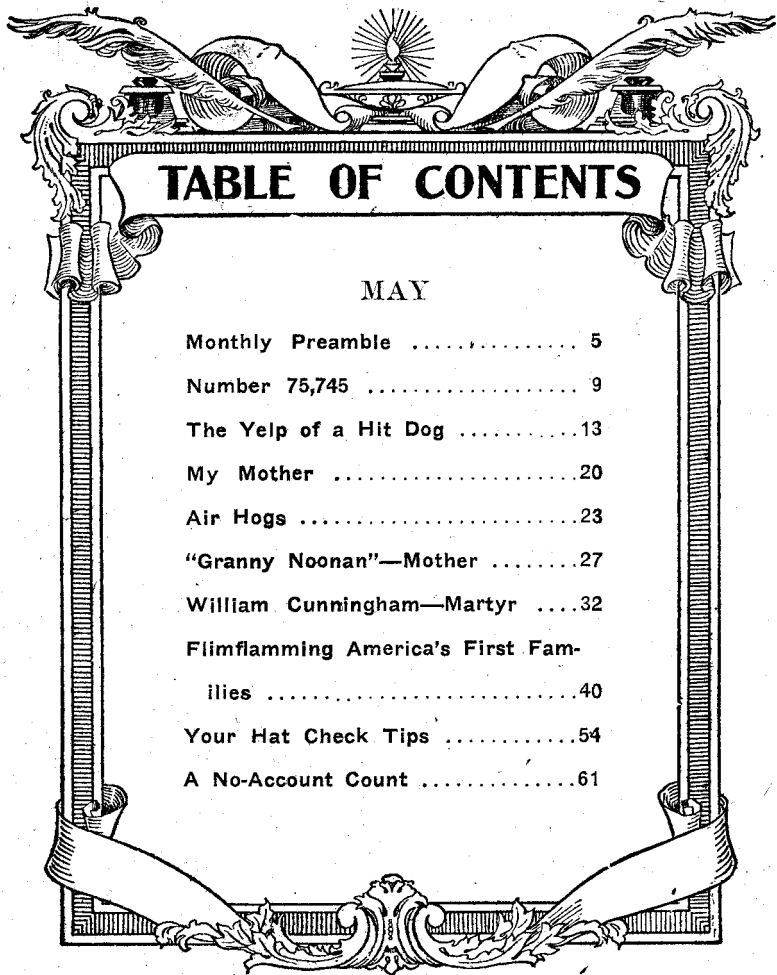


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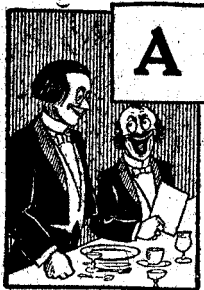
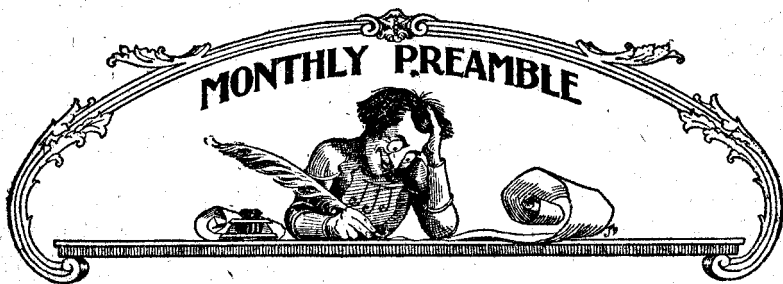
What more appropriate gift can you send Mother than a copy of "SOB STUFF"—a collection in bound form of the choicest articles on Mother and Mothers' Day from the pen of Jim Jam Junior?

It is an ideal gift for Brother and Sister, too.

Only a limited number left.

Order today—\$1.50 per copy prepaid.

We'll mail it anywhere.



A THIESTS deny the existence of God because He doesn't move in their circle. Some people condemn JIM JAM JEMS because the Truth hurts. If you plant a thistle in paradise, it would never become a rose. We fain would apply the soft-pedal to our writings and make our publication pleasant and palatable, but we're not a fresh-picked damphool and we know that we'd never get anywhere telling the Truth only when it is sugar-coated. We just have to hit hard to drive the Truth home. And our vast army of readers all over the

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

universe have come to a realization that they can depend on what they read here; we never insinuate anything; we don't use the stock expression, "It is said," or "It is rumored"—we say, "It is so!" We deal in facts, not guesses; Truth, not fiction. We have been doing this sort of thing for almost thirteen years now, and it has become second nature to us. But there isn't room in this little magazine for all the things we'd like to write about. Every day we bump into things we'd like to comment on and if we gave full swing to our literary soul, we'd have this little booklet so diversified that the Truth would be crowded out. For a long time we have debated the idea of tackling another publication that would provide an outlet for the comment we fain would volley at matters of moment, for the little stories of sentiment that creep into every-day lives, for things in a lighter vein that interest and amuse, for good clean humor and fun. And we decided to do it. We are launching another publication which we have christened "*Follyology*." The initial number for May, 1924, is now on the news-stands. We invite all of our JIM JAM JEMS readers to take a look at our new baby. You'd never guess that it belonged to the same family, it is so entirely different. We intend to keep right on delivering knockout blows of Truth every month through JIM JAM JEMS. "*Follyology*" is just going to be our playground. And we have dressed it up so that it will appeal to the most fastidious. A bewitching maiden will smile at you from an attractive cover; you will find plenty of humor and sentiment interspersed with terse and timely

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comment on matters of interest, neat illustrations, in fact you will find "*Follyology*" an altogether pleasing magazine, well printed, well illustrated, and we will try to make it well edited so as to insure its being well read. It will resemble JIM JAM JEMS in just one respect. There will be no advertising. And it will differ from other magazines in other respects. In fact, we have dubbed it, "The Magazine That Is Different." Our modesty prevents us from saying it is better than most magazines on the market, but we feel that we are doing you an injustice when we don't insist that it is. And if you'll just risk a quarter on this first one, we'll bet that you'll become a regular "*Follyology*" fan. So from this month on, we're going to give you the regular monthly Volley of Truth in JIM JAM JEMS, and a volley of sunshine and sentiment, timely comment and a digest of good humor in "*Follyology*."

You know, we really didn't intend to say a word about "*Follyology*" when we set out to write this preamble, but, darn it, we just couldn't help it. We're human and we've got a new baby and we just had to tell you about it. That's one thing a friend always has to stand for—a parent's enthusiasm over his children. But don't get excited, you JIM JAM JEMS fans. The new youngster may be a beauty and a model child, but nothing can ever make the old man believe that his first-born isn't the greatest kid in the world, and you know blamed well that JIM JAM JUNIOR is the apple of our eye and he's going to get the very best we can give him—always.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

Thus, "with a smile for those who love us, and a sigh for those who hate," we turn our "Jekyl and Hyde" publications over to the tender criticism of a hypercritical public. If you like 'em, say so; if you don't—for the love of Mike, keep still and let the other fellow find it out for himself. Adios! until June.

JIM JAM JUNIOR.



NUMBER 75,745



REFORMER" WILLIAM H. ANDERSON, former Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, has exchanged his name for the above number in the New York State Inn at Sing Sing. Also he exchanged his striped trousers, immaculate spats, Prince Albert coat and up-to-the-minute haberdashery for the latest style and cut in Sing Sing uniforms. As number 75,745 in Sing Sing and as number 59,768 in the Rogue's Gallery one windjamming, "holier-than-thou," "reformer" finds his halo all askew. On the following page our cartoonist has developed our idea of "Reformer" Anderson's present plight—"Booze!" If Anderson had let "Booze" alone he wouldn't be a jail bird for the sordid crime of forgery with other indictments for grand larceny and extortion still hanging over his empty head.

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If ever a gas-distended, Pecksniffian "Reformer" has been debunked it is William H. Anderson. Here's a strutting, preening, pouter-pigeon-breasted "Reformer" who spent hundreds of thousands of dollars of other people's money in trying to criminalize others, never guilty of any real crime, "serving time" himself for the dirty, sordid crime of common forgery. He tried to fasten numbers on innocent men and he's drawn one himself!

To the second-story workers, black-jack artists, gun men, yegg men and murderers in Sing Sing Jim Jam Jems extends sympathy for their enforced association with Number 75,745 and Number 59,768 in the Rogue's Gallery! God knows it's bad enough to be in Sing Sing without being forced to associate with the erstwhile Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League! The last we heard of the debunked "Reformer" he was tearfully shoveling coal and soldiering on the job when a prison guard yelled at him "Shake a leg, Anderson, shake a leg!" Well, well, "the bigger they are the harder they fall." And Uriah Heep Pecksniff Anderson will have to charter an aeroplane to rise up to the scum of Sing Sing society!

Also Number 75,745 in Sing Sing has entered himself for the "1924 Pure Nerve Prize" when he dubs himself a "prisoner of war." He's just a common forger moaning anent being caught. You know that "no thief e'er felt the halter draw with good opinion of the law." And at that he had Ex-District Attorney and Ex-Governor Whitman of New York as his legal counsel—one of the best battlers in the legal prize ring.

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We wouldn't "cut loose" on Number 75,745 if he didn't deserve it and hadn't earned it a thousand times over. He was the head and front and type and model of a battalion of pestiferous "Reformers" who pollute this land! Begging like a common pan-handler for alms to enforce on other people his weird ideas of "Reform;" living like a prince on the avails of his pan-handling; posing and orating and windjamming at public meetings; infesting legislatures as a common lobby hound; blackguarding, abusing and vituperating all who honestly differed from him anent Prohibition anticry; pharasically wrapping about himself his holier-than-thou mantle of super-morality—Number 75,745 finds his halo flickering out in the cell of a sordid forger! That's what has really happened—with other indictments awaiting Number 75,745.

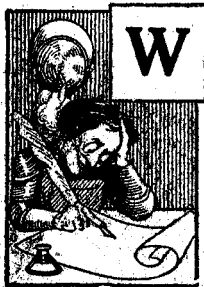
Don't elope with the dampfool notion—just because we brand erstwhile Anti-Saloon League Anderson for what he really is—that JIM JAM JEMS favors saloons. We don't, we never did and we never will. We're glad that those crime hatcheries have been obliterated. But 'twas just a part of the damnable cunning of 75,745 and all of his ilk, having donned the Anti-Saloon mantle, to assume that all who didn't agree with their weird antics favored the Saloon! That was the chief stock-in-trade of their pestiferous cunning.

And we're glad for the sake of genuine Reform—without quotation marks—that Number 75,745 in Sing Sing has undergone a real debunking process.

"Hello Buddy, with what bait were you caught?"

"Booze," Buddy, "Booze!"

THE YELP OF A HIT DOG



WE refer to the agonized kiyi of R. O. Kaufman, a Federal Reservist of Helena, Montana, where he operates a mazuma emporium. Mr. Kaufman yip-yapped his anguish before the Billings, Montana, Kiwanis Club and we've been favored with several printed copies of his moan from readers with requests to reply to it. We didn't start this little "run-in" with Banker Kaufman but we'll guarantee to finish it.

This Helena Hebraist banker agonizes because our book "The Federal Reserve Monster" is having a huge circulation and he moans that the "men Clark and Campbell of JIM JAM JEMS' fame are geniuses and understand human nature." He then sobs that "the royalties on the book must be large." JIM JAM JEMS publishes its own output and draws no "royalties." "The Federal Reserve Monster" is now in its

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one hundred and thirtieth thousand of printing and those printings will continue until the befooled money peons of the U. S. A. become thoroughly debunked anent the depredations of the Federal Reserve System—the most predeaceous financial parasite in human history. And in the meantime the “yelps of the hit dogs” like Federal Reservist Kaufman of Helena are music to our ears.

Here are a few of the holes in the hide of this Wolf of Wall Street—misbranded as the Federal Reserve System—which the Helena Hebraist didn't mention to his Kiwanian audience. We'll do it for him:

It merely pyramided credits by conscripting the money of all the National Banks in the U. S. A. for its capital. It provided no new banking capital. This scheme for despoilment of the American people was born in the brain of a German Jew, Warburg. It is simply a device for conscripting the money of the public and then despoiling the public of its money by means of the money conscripted from them. It's the old formula of O. P. M.—other people's money—applied to the absolute limit. What the Kaiser attempted to do to the world—and failed—one of his subjects did to the U. S. A.—and succeeded! Get this just as it really is. Federal Reservists annexed for their own use the hugest banking capital in the world, over one hundred million dollars, without putting up one copper cent of their own money! They had the gall to conscript other people's money but not the guts to put up their own. They fight in finance as they “fought” in the war—by conscription! They “won the war”

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with conscripted American flesh and blood and they win the war of finance with conscripted American money! That's the chill fact and "The Federal Reserve Monster" hands out the details of that business banditry which Kaufman doesn't.

It conscripted by law its deposits just as it conscripted its capital. Its conscripted deposits from its commandeered member banks, pile-driven into its coffers, amount to the gigantic total of over \$1,800,000,000. On this titantic mound of money—contrary to all banking practice since this U. S. A. was a nation—it pays not one penny of interest. Two per cent per annum was the minimum rate always paid on those deposits. It thereby gyps its member banks—who are forced to pass this gypery on to their customers—out of over \$36,000,000 a year which once they had which now the Federal Reservists fondle! "The Federal Reserve Monster" paints the details of this highbindery which Kaufman omits.

By means of the conscripted capital and by means of the commandeered deposits and by Shylockeries which would fill with envy the soul of a Sheeny Pawnbroker they have extorted profits as high as 160 per cent per annum. "The Federal Reserve Monster" gives you those tables in detail. But the Helena Hebraist smoothly omits them—for which we don't blame him!

The Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta blackjacked a little Alabama National Bank out of over 87 *per cent per annum interest*. It finally disgorged a part of it—so did Jesse James when caught red-handed. You'll find the details of the highbindery in "The Federal Reserve Monster" but not in Hebra

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ist Kaufman's creed—and we don't blame him for omitting it!

Here's a little Federal Reserve deal in his own bailiwick of Helena that Kaufman didn't mention—so we will. The Helena Branch of the Federal Reserve bought a building for \$15,000 and then “blew in” \$161,438 on it and then at once “charged off” \$77,738 for “depreciation allowance” or about 45 per cent on the whole “deal!” Does Banker Kaufman in Helena write down his own assets as fast as that? Does all Helena real estate depreciate almost 45 per cent as soon as it is acquired? We gamble Kaufman doesn't butcher his assets as fast as that—not and keep his money shop open! You know it.

Banker Kaufman moans—like a calf with the colic—that we indulged in “a tirade against the par collection system.” He lies. We never did. We have mentioned the banditries pulled by Federal Reserve Banks against the American Bank & Trust Company of Atlanta, Georgia; against the Cones State Bank of Pierce, Nebraska; against the Brookings State Bank of Brookings, Oregon, and against the Farmers & Merchants Bank of Catlettsburg, Kentucky. We mentioned the “gun-play” against the Cones State Bank and we quoted from judicial decisions walloping these Federal Reserve banditries. Any “tirade” came from Judges of the United States Courts and not from us! We'd recommend Banker Kaufman to read those decisions of the United States Courts before he hee-haws like Balaam's Ass on a subject of which he's evidently grossly ignorant.

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We could fill this issue with details of the building extravagances, of the salary wastrelcies and of the titanic squandermanias of the Federal Reserve System. You can find them all—with a wealth of details and figures from the Federal Reserve System's own reports—in "The Federal Reserve Monster." What we say is that the Federal Reserve System is the dirtiest deuce in the financial pack ever dealt to a plundered public. We say that it is the House of Refuge for the despoiling Trusts in the U. S. A. We say that it's the absolute height of financial highbindery perpetrated behind a smoke screen of law—which must be repealed if America is ever to regain its financial liberty. We say that Federal Reservists under the guise of a lobbied and log-rolled law have usurped the province of Government in issuing currency. We say that it deliberately planned and executed in May 1920 the greatest credit butchery and currency contraction ever staged—from which this U. S. A. is still suffering. We say that it has built up a financial plunderbund of oligarchy unexampled in the history of the world. We say that the Federal Reserve System—born in the brain of a German Jew—has despoiled industry of hundreds of millions of dollars and has done it with the very money of the people whom it sandbags!

When we say that Federal Reservists have "built up a financial plunderbund of oligarchy unexampled in the history of the world" we are going to hand you the figures to prove it and here they are taken from the last available report of the Federal Reserve System itself:

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Capital	\$ 110,831,000
Surplus	220,915,000
Deposits	2,007,116,000
<hr/>	
Total	\$2,338,862,000

This is the hugest mass of capital, surplus and deposits in one Central Bank—which is what the Federal Reserve System really is—on this planet. Now what does this titanic mass of treasure cost the Federal Reservists who absolutely control it? Here is just exactly what it costs them free of all taxes except the taxes on their real estate. For dividends on their commandeered capital they lobbied through a law limiting those dividends to a paltry six per cent per annum though they have made better than 160 per cent per annum—over 26 times what they pay. Six per cent on their capital of \$110,831,000 is but \$6,649,860 per annum. Peg that and proceed.

On their surplus of \$220,915,000 they pay neither interest nor tax.

On their deposits in the leviathan sum of \$2,007,116,000 they pay not one penny of interest due to another provision of that same lobbied law.

So that for the use, practically in perpetuity, of that titanic sum of \$2,338,862,000 they pay but \$6,649,860 per year or *two and eight-tenths of one per cent*.

You who clamor for a chance to pay from six to ten per cent and on security at that for your borrowings can meditate

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on the soft snap of these Federal Reserve gentry who use the hugest fund on earth and pay but *two and eight-tenths of one per cent* for it. Contrast that with their charge of 87 *per cent* to a little Alabama bank!

Mebbe Banker Kaufman of Helena can defend such high-bindery. We can't nor won't nor we'll never cease to pour hot shot into it!

And now for Helena Hebraist Banker Kaufman who has gratuitously attacked us and whom we never attacked. He has grabbed a hot wire and his predacious paws are in for a scorching. As previously mentioned, we didn't start this but we gamble we'll finish it. We will debate this Federal Reserve System with Federal Reservist Kaufman any time he may name and any place he may name—except his home town where he might pack an audience of his debtors. If he wants to charge “gate money” for entrance we will agree that it shall go to the winner at the close of the debate to be determined by the vote of the audience or for any worthy charity.

How about it Kaufman? Have you real “guts” or just an overflow of gall? We mean business. Do you mean business or just bunk? What are you going to do, fight or flunk?

We'll guarantee to shoot the hide of the Federal Reserve System so full of holes that it could be recognized in any tannery.

MY MOTHER



FOR the twelfth time, in every month of May, since this magazine was established, we lay our tribute on the sacred altar of Mother. Long since her weary eyes closed on earthly scenes, long since her tired feet pressed Eternity's shore and long since her feeble lips whispered "Good Bye My Boy," as she spanned that narrow vale between the Here and the Hereafter. Our Mother and her ineffable smile of love as her tender arms pressed her boy to her pillowing bosom are Memory's first flower as perfumed and as fragrant as when first we saw the love light in her misted eyes. Whenever we write of Mother our own eyes flood and our throat swells and, middle-aged though we be, we are not ashamed of it. Shame we would feel were it not so!

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Whether you have quaffed the brimming cup of success or tasted disappointment's bitterest dregs, the memory of your Mother—if she be dead—is your richest possession. If she be living, she gloried in your success or sweetened the bitterness of your disappointment.

Years ago in the loving heart of Miss Anna Jarvais of Philadelphia, flowered the thought of Mother's Day and, by the tenderest sentiment which bands together humanity, May's second Sunday has been consecrated to Mother with the white carnation as its emblem of remembrance.

If your Mother be living, send her at least one blossom as the token of your love. If she be dead don the emblem fragrant of the sweetness, simplicity and purity of Motherhood and let its sentiment center your thoughts on "the best Mother that ever lived"—your Mother. If you wear the crown of success, it will enoble it and if you wear thorns of disappointment, it will sooth their sting. Be sentimental—truly and honestly sentimental—on that one day in the year about the sweetest Mother who ever graced the flowing tide of time, your Mother.

Be she living, she will know it and be she gone before, the chords of love spanning Eternity's gulf will vibrate to humanity's tenderest emotions. Time nor space cannot sever Mother love.

From the time that her being first thrilled at the ecstasy of your coming until that "narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities" divides Mother and Child, the golden halo of her love surrounds you. Did we say

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"divides?" We erred. 'Tis not so. Nothing, not time, nor death, nor space, can sever Mother love. It is born in the arcana of the holiest emotions vouchsafed to humanity, in the breast of the Infinite, and 'tis as deathless as the Infinite whence first it flowed.

Artists with brush, artists with chisel and artists with the magic touch of word imagery in verse and prose have vainly sought to picture the ineffable sweetness of Mother love. 'Twas in vain. As a Mother—in jungle, in desert, in forest depths or in civilization's most sumptuous refinement—croons o'er the babe at her breast, there is a proud sweetness in her smile which no brush nor no chisel nor no language can portray for 'tis heaven-born.

For there be those depths of ocean
Where no plummet e'er can sound,
And there be those heights of azure,
Which no eagle e'er has spanned.
So there sprang from God's own bosom,
Birth, where Mothers' loves abound,
And 'tis there in God's own Heaven,
Where Immortal Mothers band.

AIR HOGS



WE knew 'twould come and it's here—Hogocracy of the Air. Some five million radio fans and some twenty million radio auditors have bumped into “Stop” and “Go” signals manipulated by self-elected Air Hogs. Here are the “Big Five” aerial policeman patrolling the lanes of Jehovah's ether. Take 'em as they come and look 'em over.

Number One of the Aerial Hog Squad is the American Telephone and Telegraph Company—the real aerial octopus. It was originally a wire-telephone monopolistic purveyor of communication. It now seeks to in effect monopolize the wireless azure. It's the Bell company and the bell-wether of the flock patrolling air lanes. It owns oodles of radio patents and most of the stock of one of its spawn,

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the Western Electric Company. It has hundreds of millions of reasons for its yearnings to monopolize the ether—every one of 'em a dollar which it longs to extract from the trust-ridden public. It links up its various broadcasting stations by means of its land wires and then it re-broadcasts.

Aerial Policeman Number Two is the Western Electric Company a "Tel. and Tel." spawn from its monopolistic spawn bed. It's the manufacturing tentacle of complete broadcasting sets. It exchanges patents or licenses thereunder with its fond parent, the "Tel. and Tel."

Aerial Policeman Number Three is the General Electric Company, the hugest electrical manufacturing octopus in the world. It makes, among other devices, high-power alternators. It bed-fellowed with the Westinghouse Company in clamping down the Marconi Company of America.

Aerial Policeman Number Four is the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company. It makes radio apparatus—not sold to the general public—under an agreement or arrangement with the Western Electric and the Radio Corporation. It broadcasts from its station in West Pittsburgh KDKA and from its station at Hastings, Nebraska, KFKK. It connects them, not by wires as does the "Tel. and Tel.," by radio using a special 94 metre wave-length and a huge-powered wattage.

Aerial Policeman Number Five is the Radio Corporation of America. It was formed after the World War and took over, among other things, the German and English foreign stations in the U. S. A. And incidentally the Radio Corporation has

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raised its income from \$426,799 two years ago to \$26,394,789 in its last report or 6184 per cent! Some mazuma radiator, isn't it?

These are the Captains of the Aerial Hog Squad with oodles of other corporate privates in the alignment who seek to surround the circumambient ether with their "hog tight" fence!

WEAF, the New York broadcasting station of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has by a lawsuit set up its "Stop" semaphore against WHN a broadcasting station of Loew's Theatre Building and against other independent broadcasters to silence their stations. The fact is that if the "Tel. and Tel." air hogs succeed in their contention it will be the absolute dictator of aerial communication in the U. S. A. It would have the hugest advertising monopoly on this planet dictating precisely the aerial menu of twenty millions of nightly listeners! Its present charge for "advertising talks and programs" is \$100 for every ten minutes. You listen to a "fifteen-minute sport talk" by a chain-store advertising ballyhooer interspersed with clever advertising patter, who pays \$150 for the privilege. A cigar distributing concern hands you an "orchestral symphony" as an advertising tout. One theatrical orchestra pays a weekly fee of \$1000 to radiate its Sunday-night programs from three of these octopian broadcasting stations. One Y. M. C. A. branch pays \$300 a Sunday to broadcast the maunderings of one of its holier-than-thou lecturers. Department stores, candy manufacturers, chewing gum jawsmiths, piano purveyors, realtors, hotels and the like clamor for a chance to tout their wares—to the millions of

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radio fans. If all these gentry can—for a price—set their “Go” signal and erect their “Stop” signals against all the others the “air hogs” will “billboard” the air.

There are now some 600 broadcasters in the U. S. A., with over 17,000 amateur sending stations, with over 5,000,000 receiving sets “tuning in” and with over 20,000,000 nightly listeners. That’s an audience anxiously besought by professional propagandists, touters and ballyhooers. The control of that publicity, the “Go” semaphore to tribute payers and the “Stop” semaphore against all others, is a conception worthy of the smoothest princes of predacity.

Radio fans the country over are making a roar anent the Air Hogocrats loud enough to silence their high-powered broadcastings and the Federal Trade Commission has started proceedings to make them take their forepaws out of the air troughs!

There isn’t the heluva lot of freedom left in this trust-ridden “land of the free” and what there is left is mostly “up in the air” anyway! But we gamble that the broadcastings of Public Opinion will smash the “Stop” and “Go” aerial semaphores of the Air Hogocrats. Why make “the sky the limit” for Hogocracy? Why not confine it to the earth?

“GRANNY NOONAN”— MOTHER



HE man of God had spoken his last words. The last spadeful of earth had been spread o'er a newly filled grave. There was a heart-rending sob and a tiny withered old lady turned away leaning heavily upon the arms of two young men. She did not speak. She did not cry aloud. There was no sound except the dim moan of suppressed sobs from the tiny old lady. Tenderly the two men half carried her to a waiting automobile, drove it to a little cottage and helped her out of the car and into the house.

“Oh, God, why don't John and Tom and Pat come back to me?” sobbed the tiny old lady as she cast herself upon her bed. There she lay for hours until she sobbed herself asleep

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and then as she tossed on her restless pillow she whispered the names of Tom and John and Pat.

The tiny old lady was "Granny" Noonan of Main Street, Stoneham, Massachusetts. Her real name is Margaret Noonan, but the boys all called her "Granny." They have been tenderly and lovingly calling her "Granny" for years on Main street, Stoneham, and so they will until upon her ears break the wash of Eternity's waves.

Years ago—when "Granny's" dim eyes sparkled with love-light and when "Granny's" wrinkled cheeks rivaled the glow of the rose—she went down into the valley of the shadow four times and four times she emerged with a man child clasped in her rounded arms. Upon those four men children she showered the wealth of her boundless love and in the sunshine of her smiles they grew to early manhood. Then in her fond imagination upreared wonderful castles. She pictured Michael, John, Tom and Pat marrying and in fancy there fell upon her ears the patter of the little feet of her grandchildren and in fancy she clasped them to her bosom where had pillowed their fathers' heads. In fancy she heard them lisp "Granny" and in fancy she saw their dewy eyes melt into hers in the love-light glow. Ah, they were wonderful castles in the air built by "Granny" Noonan and peopled by the grandchildren of her dreams.

Then John wandered afar to carve out his fortune. Then Tom sought the greener fields that he thought he saw just beyond the horizon's verge. Then went Pat pursuing the will o' the wisp of coy fortune. Each went with her blessing

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and her fond parting kiss. Only Michael remained. That was years and years ago. So many years that "Granny" can't number them for "Granny" is now four-score and five and numbers fade in the mist of years.

Michael was a good boy. No better man ever supported a mother and tenderly supplied her every modest want. And "Granny" was happy with Michael. But she missed John and Tom and Pat. Mothers can't tear the absent from memory's casket. They can't forget the tiny heads once pillowed on their breasts. 'Tis so with all Mothers and so it was with "Granny" Noonan.

When Michael was away at work "Granny" used to think and think of her other men children—John and Tom and Pat—and of her grandchildren in that castle of her dreams. And out of her ocean of love poured her affection upon a group of lads on Main street better known as the "Main street gang."

One of them was seized with a terrible illness and through it all "Granny" nursed him. For three days and nights he hovered mid the shadows and for three days and nights "Granny" never left his bedside until his feet were firm set on the shore of life. Today that boy is one of Main street's most prosperous men of business and "Granny" Noonan is his idol.

Another day "Granny" heard the terrified screams of some of the "gang" and her Mother instinct flamed. She rushed out and down to the "ole swimmin' hole" near her cottage. There one of the "gang" was battling for life in the water.

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In plunged "Granny" without a thought for herself and out, after a long struggle, she bore in her arms an unconscious boy. Over him she worked for half an hour and finally came to him breath and life as he wrapped his arms about "Granny" who had offered her life for his!

Another boy in careless years when pleasure beckoned had stolen money and the prison yawned for him until "Granny" Noonan poured into his trembling hands her life's savings and kept him from a felon's cell. And when this "boy"—now the prosperous head of a proud family—speaks of "Granny" Noonan his eyes still flood.

This tiny, wonderful old Mother will not see many more sands sift through the hour-glass of Time. Already her misty eyes envisage the Further Shore. But she prays—with all of a Mother's faith—that at least one of her boys will come to her. 'Twas years ago she last heard from them. One was in the Middle West, one was in Maine and one was in New York. But they have forgotten their old Mother who braved death to bring them into the world, who cradled them on her bosom, who nourished them at her breast, who guided their baby footsteps and who set their feet on the ways of the world!

But the "Main street gang"—many of them with silver in their hair—haven't forgotten "Granny" Noonan and they never will while memory holds sway. Two of them—as proudly as though a Queen walked between them—assisted her from the grave of her son Michael. It was the "gang" who paid for Michael's funeral. There was a cellar full of

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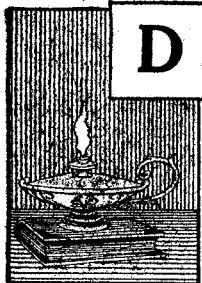
coal and there is a pantry aburst with food—put there by members of the “gang.” They don’t forget. The boy whom “Granny” saved from prison with her life’s savings doesn’t forget. The boy she saved from drowning doesn’t forget. The boy whom she nursed back from the grave doesn’t forget. Just Tom and John and Pat have forgotten.

And dear old “Granny” Noonan, four-score and five, sits and waits and weeps and longs for her three men children. And she doesn’t give up hope. She fondly believes—as is the way of Mothers the world around—that yet Pat and Tom and John will come whistling down the walk and bury their heads in the lap of the Mother who has a whole street full of boys for her sons but yet yearns for her own flesh and blood sons.

And if this tale—as true as God in His heaven—chances upon the eyes of Pat or Tom or John, won’t they please hasten to that tiny old Mother and let her misted eyes feast on them e’re she lists to her Master’s call above?



WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM— MARTYR



DARK as the clouds which cover me;
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul."

That is the slogan of William Cunningham—Martyr—in his cell in the Federal Prison at Leavenworth, Kansas, as he battles for his vindication. If you are an American citizen with red blood in your veins it will boil as you read of one of the most damnable conspiracies ever enacted to shield "higher-ups" in the Army of the U. S. A.! The amazing facts, here laid bare for your inspection, are the results of months of the most painstaking investigation. The indignities, outrages, persecutions and punishments handed out to William Cunningham make the

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famous Dreyfus case in France look pale and pallid in comparison.

William Cunningham is the Great American Scapegoat and we are going to prove it to you. Here is his record.

He was sergeant, master signal electrician and aviator instructor ranking the highest non-commissioned officer in the Army of the U. S. A. He was born at Mount Vernon, New York, in 1881. He served in the army in Cuba, in Mexico and in the Phillipines. He enlisted again October 24, 1916. He served in France, took part in the second battle of the Marne, was wounded four times, was gassed, was decorated by General Petain in the presence of three hundred French officers, received the Croix de Guerre with palm leaf and was honorably discharged from the army of the U. S. A. on October 28, 1919, with the highest character. On the same day he re-enlisted.

On January 9, 1920, he was detailed by Colonel Archie Miller in company with Captain Field E. Kindley to "clean up" Kelly Field, Texas, and to "round up the crooks" who were staging an orgy of theft there. Kindley was shot, under circumstances not essential to this story, and Cunningham was left alone to carry out his hazardous detail—a detail he never sought and imposed upon him solely because of his ability and integrity.

The fact is that aviation Kelly Field, Texas, was the scene of an orgy of theft which was raging like an epidemic. The thefts included gasoline, lumber, tools, typewriters, clothing, automobiles, aeroplanes (sold in Mexico), cigarettes, high-

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test gas, castor oil, squadron food supplies and in short, anything and everything which could be sold. It was a plunderfest and the center of an organized plunderbund. According to an official Government Report. "Somebody got away with about two or three million dollars' worth of Air Service property. There were involved two majors, two captains, four lieutenants and five sergeants. Somebody is protecting these crooks and shielding a major general." The thieves are at large strutting about in your country's uniform and supported by your tax-wrenched money while their discoverer—most artistically "framed"—languishes in a felon's cell.

How was Cunningham "Dreyfused?" Just exactly like this: He was arrested on June 5, 1920, and charged with thievery by the very coterie of thieves against whom he had obtained and had in his possession the most convincing evidence. Here is a brief resume of

CUNNINGHAM'S BARBAROUS TREATMENT

From June 6, 1920, to February 16, 1921, he was, under charge of military authorities and almost continually in solitary confinement. He was kept in the "solitary" with bread and water only for rations from June 5 to July 10, 1920. On July 12, 1920, in the guard house Sergeant Stiner hit him from behind and broke his right shoulder. Lieutenant S. C. Hyndshaw hit him in the mouth and eye when he was down, destroying the sight of the eye and knocking out four lower teeth! He was transferred to Fort Sam Houston, Texas, on July 11, 1920, and placed in solitary confinement.

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An affidavit by a guard states that "Cunningham was confined in a steel cage 8x8x8 and that he had no covering on his feet and that he (the guard) furnished him with a pair of slippers to protect him from catching cold as the floor was of steel and he was liable to take pneumonia as his long incarceration in solitary confinement had weakened him to such an extent that he had lost forty pounds and in danger of severe sickness in such condition." The fact is that William Cunningham—in the hands of the very "thieves and crooks" whom he had been officially detailed by his superior officer to apprehend—was starved and beaten like a dog! On July 25, 1920, he was, when broken down by a series of atrocities, transferred to the base hospital at Fort Sam Houston for treatment. There he remained until August 16, 1920, when he was returned to prison and immured in a solitary dungeon until October 20, when his farce of a trial was started. When the War Department grabbed Cunningham on June 5, 1920, he was a fine upstanding man weighing 182 pounds, when it let loose of him on February 17, 1921, his weight was 145 pounds with one eye and four teeth gone! We now come to the

"PLANTING" OF EVIDENCE AND THE TRIAL FARCE.

The typewriters and parachute, charged to have been stolen by Cunningham, were stolen on or about *December 10, 1919, while Cunningham was at Mitchell Field, Long Island.* The Judge Advocate General said within the hearing of Sergeant Bentley that "Cunningham knows too much and I've

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got to send him over the road." At the time of Cunningham's arrest his automobile, his garage and his residence were searched, but nothing was found *at first*. Later on and after the first visit there were found the typewriters and the parachute "planted" there while Cunningham was in solitary confinement. Also there were stolen from Cunningham's locker his confidential reports to his Government detailing the facts about *the real evidence, the real thieveries and the real thieves*. These have never been recovered. Also a tire, charged to have been stolen by Cunningham, was "planted" in his car. Also Cunningham was not permitted to make a search for Captain Pierce, from whom he had bought his car. Also a sum of money was stolen from Cunningham's trunk while he was in solitary confinement which has never been recovered. Cunningham's chief civil counsel, Judge Diedrich A. Meyer, was repeatedly refused access to his client while trying to prepare for trial. When the trial actually took place Judge Meyer was permitted to attend only the first five days. He told the Court Martial too frankly just what he intended to prove. When he attempted to again attend toward the close of the "trial" he was refused admittance. Many of the witnesses for the prosecution confidentially informed Judge Meyer that they had been threatened that it would "go hard with them" if they told the truth." Several of the witnesses for the prosecution informed Judge Meyer that the property, charged to have been stolen by Cunningham, was "planted" in Cunningham's garage. But when Judge Meyer wanted to cross-examine those witnesses he was

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refused admittance to the court room. Four military defense counsel were at various times appointed for Cunningham, but as soon as they took an honest interest in his case and dug into the "planted" evidence and dug into the suborned and brow-beaten testimony to be produced other counsel were appointed. His final military counsel was Lieut. Thomas T. Thornburgh, but twenty-one years old and fresh from West Point. He agitatedly complained to the Court Martial of Cunningham's long solitary confinement; of the denial to him of access of counsel; of the impounding of his mail and of the purposeful and malicious scattering of Cunningham's witnesses all over the country and some as far as Germany.

Right here is a sample of the charges against Cunningham and how they were refuted at this farcial Court Martial. The principal charge was that he stole a Dodge automobile from H. C. Speer of 216 Soledad Street, San Antonio, Texas.

Speer, the owner of the car, did not know and had never seen Cunningham. Aklin, Speer's office man, swore that Cunningham was not the man who rented and stole a Dodge car. Fred Rote swore that he was present at the Horseshoe Cafe when Cunningham bought a Dodge car from Captain Harry Pierce and paid him \$300 in currency for it. The true copy of the Bill of Sale from Pierce to Cunningham was identified at the trial and also was produced and identified the receipt for \$300 given by Captain Pierce to Cunningham. But what happened to Fred Rote, Cunningham's witness? Why, he was arrested the day after Cunningham was, was kept in the guard house a month and released *eight days after*

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the expiration of his term of service. No charge was ever made against him and he was notified that he had been im-mured for "the convenience of the Government." Looks as if the Czar of Russia had lived in the wrong hemisphere! And Cunningham was "convicted" of stealing an automobile which he bought and paid for on May 6, 1920, for which he held a Bill of Sale and a receipt for the money paid from the seller of it. Other charges were pettier and flimsier.

Of course, he was convicted, railroaded and "Dreyfused" into Leavenworth Prison. We want to say—and we do say—that this "Dreyfusing" of William Cunningham is as black a stain as sullies your flag.

Here is a man of unimpeachable military record in three campaigns; decorated for heroism overseas; selected by his superior officers to "clean up" Kelly Field and "to round up the crooks" there; cleverly and determinedly going about his job; accumulating evidence of a ring of crooks who had stolen huge sums from his Government; "framed" by the very men upon whom he had fastened crimes of huge theft; held in solitary confinement; abused, maimed and treated like a dog while awaiting trial; convicted at the farce of a Court Martial by clumsily "planted" evidence and by suborned and per-jured testimony—appealing and appealing in vain for that simple Justice guaranteed to every American citizen!

We say that this martyrization of William Cunningham—and at the instigation and procurement of the very thieves whom he had run down as he was detailed to do—is a gigantic "frame-up," a denial of justice and a mere hood and

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cloak to disguise a ring of thieves who disgrace the uniforms their bodies pollute! We have contributed, and we are going to keep right on contributing, our money and our efforts until William Cunningham and his "Dreyfusing" persecutors change locations—with Cunningham outside and them inside Leavenworth's grim walls!



FLIMFLAMMING AMERICA'S FIRST FAMILIES



BY "America's First Families," we mean the Indians. Centuries before the original Astor was skinning skunks and selling their hides and centuries before the original Vanderbilt was transporting the public and telling them to "be damned," the Indians possessed this land and dwelt in it without drunkenness, without tuberculosis and without venerealism—all acquired from their contact with "higher civilization."

We are going to "debunk" America's flimflamming of its first families from our "debunking" plant on the banks of the Missouri.

First we are going to take out and hold up to you the

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“bunk” out of the buncombe of the Indian Bureau. Then we are going to hand you the facts unearthed by our investigator anent the atrocities practiced upon the Chippewa Indians on the White Earth Reservation in Minnesota. Then we are going to pour a volley into the organized despoilment of the Oklahoma Indians by a State court coterie of bandits.

First the Indian Bureau. It's the ideal circumlocution office, officered by battalions of how-not-to-do-it parasites with their lips hermetically clamped to the public teat—except when they let loose just long enough to moan for more public pap to suck! It isn't a system. It's a despotic arbitrary domain where Bureaucrats strut, parade, pillage and oppress.

The Bureau of Indian Affairs carries on its payroll 5,482 employees to supervise 200,000 Indians or one tax-eater for every eight Indian families! In the entire Department of State with 269 offices dealing with world-wide affairs scattered all over the earth there are but 3,929 employees—or 1,453 less than the Indian Bureau! In the Department of Labor dealing with 110,000,000 people there are but 2,744 employees—or 2,738 less than in the Indian Bureau dealing with but 200,000 people! We say the Indian Bureau is as badly over-stuffed as a Tammany Hall ballot-box.

In 1889, when the Indian Bureau had been built fifty years and with scores of thousands more Indians under its control than it now has, it spent but \$6,000,000 a year and now it spends \$13,000,000! It has more titles and “supervisors” than a comic opera government. It's like this:

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Big supervisors have little supervisors
Upon their backs to bite 'em,
Little supervisors have lesser supervisors,
And so on, ad infinitum.

Now look at some Bureaucratic Bungling. One million dollars were spent on an irrigation scheme on the Blackfeet Reservation where there is a frost practically every month in the year and where there is no more agricultural production than there is hair on an egg.

We know something about the Standing Rock Reservation in North Dakota. We say that the full-bloods need shelter, need food, need clothing. We say that many of them live on gophers, owls and horse meat and that they have been seen loading into a wagon the pulpified remains of an old knacker of a horse mutilated by a railway train that they might have a bit of meat to keep body and soul together.

But don't take our word for it. Read what Andrew J. Ashurst, for eight years an Indian Bureau employee, says:

"The average superintendent is a bulldozer; a bully. They have all the Indians buffaloed, and the employees are afraid to say their lives are their own. These superintendents fortify themselves with a force of picked employees that will do, act or say anything the superintendent may command of them; and if they are not loyal to his majesty, they hit the road and hit it quick. Look up the records and see how many employees pass through a given agency each year. Take the efficiency reports, if you please, the employee signs, then the superintendent fills in, whether your conduct is good or bad. Every detail of your nature and ability is passed on by the superintendent. You never see this, consequently you never learn what changes are to be made in order to please. My advice to all those who want to become employees of the Indian Bureau is never think of the welfare of an Indian;

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never allow yourself to think that you are working for Indians; always think that there is a huge sum of money about to be spent on a band of savages, and if you remain silent and work hard possibly your beloved superintendent can stop some of it, and as a reward you may at some time hear the jingle of it."

Here are a few very pertinent questions asked by Indians being flimflammed on their Warm Springs Reservation of the Indian Bureau which none of its 5,482 bureaucratic tax-eaters ever answered:

"Why does Supt. O. L. Babcock bring in outsiders to cut and haul cordwood? We need the money and want the work."

"Why did he give this last contract of cleaning the irrigation ditch to outside white men? We asked for this work and were turned down."

"Why were we deprived of the opportunity of putting the telephone poles into the agency installed here last summer? There are thousands of poles here in the form of cedar trees and all of them accessible to hauling."

"We call attention to the affairs of the sawmill. Why does the superintendent hire an outside man as sawyer. We have two competent Indian sawyers who would saw if hired."

"Is the superintendent supposed to denounce us by calling us hogs and dogs? We thought his was a nobler position."

Not only were none of those questions answered but the Indian Bureau employee who typed them and sent them to Washington was bureaucratically "reprimanded" and transferred for "departmental reasons" to another reservation.

Here's a good one. The House Committee on Indian Affairs

made a report. A copy of it reached the Quinault Indian Reservation in the State of Washington. There it was read by a member of the tribe of his fellows. Thereupon the Indian Agent called the Indian who read it, "on the carpet," and told him that if he ever read or discussed this report again he would be driven off the reservation! Isn't it the heluva proposition, we ask you, when a man can be banished in America and deprived of his property rights for reading an official report of a branch of the United States Government? If that isn't the lash of Bureaucratic Slavery curling about the backs of cringing slaves, you name it—that's the brand we burn on it. The fact is that Indians are enslaved, profiteered upon, bulldozed, maltreated and starved by a battalion of strutting, overpaid, parasitical grafters cluttering up the Indian Bureau payroll. That's the fact and that's the "bunk" in the Indian Bureau buncombe.

Now uncurtain your eyes and envisage the atrocities committed upon the

CHIPPEWA INDIANS IN MINNESOTA.

It's a picture, yellow with dastardy and black with fraud. One of these Chippewas died a few weeks ago at the age of 131 years, tired of "waiting to see the Great White Father at Washington keep his promises." For 34 years the Indian Bureau has permitted and winked at the despoilment of the Chippewas. Here are some of the spoliations practiced on the Chippewas—in the face of solemn agreements.

Enormous tracts of their valuable timber lands have been

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patented away from them entailing a loss of upwards of \$10,000,000.

Agricultural lands have been patented away from them without the compensation of one penny entailing a loss of upwards of \$2,000,000.

Their pine lands—which it was agreed should be sold at public auction to the highest bidder—have been sold at the arbitrary price of \$1.25 per acre and but a fraction of their value entailing a loss of upwards of \$3,000,000.

Individual allotments of land and money payment rolls, which were to be “immediately completed,” still rest in the bosom of the future—after almost 34 years of futile dilly-dallying.

These are but a few of the financial highbinderies practiced upon the Chippewa Indians by the Indian Bureau overflowing with graft, with fortunes handed out to favored pets and with absolute disregard of treaty agreements.

We now pass to

“MINNESOTA’S VOLGA”

The White Earth Reservation in Minnesota in which are marooned 7,500 Chippewa Indians comprises about 36 square miles in Mahnomen and Becker Counties. Our investigator has personally investigated this “Minnesota Volga” and here are the results. While hundreds of millions of dollars have been poured into Europe for the relief of starvation and sickness, America’s First Families have been in worse plight. Starvation has stalked its way and disease has taken its frightful toll. With over \$6,000,000 in its tribal funds—

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but not under their control—Chippewa Indians have been pushed over starvation's verge. Our investigator took, and we have in our files, a photograph of Tay-cum-e-ge-shig cowering in his shack as full of holes as a colander and patiently awaiting his pitiful "rations" *which came the day after he died.*

Trachoma, tuberculosis and venerealism, diseases unknown to Indians until white "civilization" polluted them, take a terrific toll.

There is one hospital where an aged physician paid the magnificent sum of \$1,400 a year, is supposed to succor the sick. But "communicable diseases"—trachoma, tuberculosis and venerealism from which arises the greatest suffering—are barred from this hospital. Blind Indians grope their way about, tubercular Indians waste away unattended and venerealism literally eats away their bodies. And this among a people with millions of dollars to their credit in your Treasury and with millions more of their money coffered in the vaults of their exploiters. For the first time in 45 years Chippewa Indians have begged for food while their exploiters have fattened.

Minnesota's "calamity commission" and the Red Cross and private charity have kept the breath of life in literally thousands of these "wards of the Government," when millions of dollars stood to their credit on its books. But no charity can restore sight to the blind, nor stamp out the ravages of tuberculosis nor of venerealism all due to the flippant "yuba dam" attitude of preening Bureaucracy! How long could

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you live and combat disease with a ration of salt pork, beans and tea and that handed out at irregular intervals?

We say that the treatment of the Chippewa Indians on the White Earth Reservation in Minnesota by the Indian Bureau is as black a tale of applied atrocities as disfigures any page of any history. In truth affluent but their heritage withheld and then despoiled of millions of dollars of their clear inheritance, the degradation, starvation and needless decimation by disease of the Chippewa Indians are enough to make the Statue of Liberty turn her back on America and plunge her torch in the Atlantic!

We now move our debunking station to Wagoner, Oklahoma, where one of our fact-ferrets sticks his pitchfork into the

DESPOILMENT OF OKLAHOMA INDIANS.

The flowing gold of the Oklahoma oil fields has always been corroded and blackened by the despoilment of the Indians from whose land flowed the oil. A few years ago Uncle Sam turned over to the State of Oklahoma and to its County Courts jurisdiction over the estates of the Indians and thereby they were pitchforked from the frying pan of despoilment into the fire of looting. We don't claim that the Courts of Wagoner County are any more putrid than other County Courts of Oklahoma where oil erupts from Indian lands. We merely cite these facts as typical of looting conspiracies pulled off under legalistic cloaks against the Oklahoma Indians.

Take a look at the guardianship of Floyd White and Flor-

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ence Davis nee White in the County Court at Wagoner County, Oklahoma, presided over by W. B. Moss. They are citizens of the Creek Nation, that is, they are children of ex-slaves of the Creek Nation and by law made Creek Nation citizens. They were minors owning very valuable oil land. R. H. Cone, who is a professional Guardian and lives in Wagoner County, Oklahoma, was appointed in June 1922 to "guard" the estates of these minors. And we say he was some "gardeen." To further his skullduggeries he annexed as his attorney one E. L. Kirby and what this pair did to the estates of these two minors was aplenty—and then some.

On October 5, 1922, Cone sold an oil and gas lease on the land of these minors—as reported to the County Court—for \$65,000, which the County Court, with Moss as its Dogberry, dutifully confirmed. Floyd became of age on July 2, 1923, and Florence became of age on May 24, 1923. In May, 1923, Cone, who didn't propose to let slip the leash of his "guardianship," by the same complaisant County Court was appointed their guardian by reason of their "mental incompetency." Thereby his strangle-hold was indefinitely continued.

But it is now charged in Court, and the suit is pending as we write, that as a matter of truth and fact Cone, the guardian, received in addition to the \$65,000 and "on the side" \$30,000 from the Prairie Oil & Gas Company (a Standard tentacle) and from the Gypsy Oil Company (a Gulf Oil Company tentacle) unreported and unaccounted for before he would agree to put those leases up for sale! The complaisant

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Judge Moss allowed E. L. Kirby an attorney's fee of \$7,500 for his part in the skullduggery in face of the fact that \$50 in each case had always been the usual and customary fee for such service. On December 18, 1923, after the \$65,000 had been paid and reported—and also the \$30,000 paid as unreported—Guardian Cone entered into a contract to pay Attorney Kirby as his fees one-half of the proceeds from the sale of this oil and gas lease on these minors' lands! It is charged in Court that this pair of despoilers have received from this estate \$30,000 paid "on the side" to start with, \$7,500 allowed by the Court as Attorney's fees, \$32,500 being one-half of the \$65,000 admitted as received and \$2,000 allowed the Guardian in addition, making a total of \$72,000 between the 17th day of June, 1922, and the 18th day of December, 1923, and all from an estate claimed to be but \$65,000! Almost as fragrant as the T-Pot Dome, isn't it? You might think the smell came from another kind of a pot!

But not content with that, Guardian Cone took another wallop at his ward's fund thusly. In 1908 one James H. Kennedy bought 160 acres of very ordinary land for \$600 and couldn't—or at any rate didn't—sell it until Guardian Cone hove into the offing with his ward's money and bought it for his ward, Floyd White, for \$12,000, \$9,000 in cash and the assumption of a \$3,000 mortgage! And of course Judge Moss "approved" the "purchase." Floyd White is now practically penniless under the astute management of his "professional Guardian," Cone, and will doubtless lose this land under

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the mortgage unless relieved of the purchase. Suit to cancel this skulduggery of a purchase now pends!

But if you think "Guardian" Cone was through with this estate you're crazy. He wasn't by the heluva ways. Peg these dates in your brainery. On January 17, 1923, one J. Wright Young purchased 80 acres of land for \$3,800 and three days later, on January 20, 1923, Cone, as "Guardian" for his other ward, Florence Davis nee White, bought it for \$6,800! In three days that land leaped up \$3,000 in value! And then—seven days later—on January 27, 1923, "Guardian" Cone has his ward file a petition to buy this land (already bought seven days before) and on January 30 (ten days after it was bought) Judge Moss servilely approves it! The land is worth not to exceed \$3,200. Suit to cancel this skulduggery now pends!

On these two land deals Floyd White was gyped out of approximately \$5,600 and Florence Davis nee White was gyped out of approximately \$3,600 in addition to the huge original gyperies!

Makes us think of the farmer who said to his neighbor, "Looks like a cyclone coming!" The neighbor replied, "Guess it'll blow over." Next day, surveying the ruins, the farmer said, "Well, it 'blew over' and blew everything with it!"

But there were still other "pickings" for "Guardianship" buzzardry in Wagoner County, Oklahoma, in Judge Moss' Court. Dan Tucker is a Creek Indian freedman minor and on his land the flowing gold of oil made him wealthy over

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night. The same R. H. Cone and one J. C. Cassaver were appointed Co-Guardians. Yes, it took two of 'em and of course the ubiquitous attorney E. L. Kirby, aided and abetted by Judge Moss, to hornswoggle one Indian lad! Co-Guardians Cone and Cassaver at once put themselves each on a \$2,500 annual salary and attorney Kirby on a \$3,000 annual salary. This minor's land had been previously leased to the Standard Oil tentacle, the Prairie & Gas Company, during Dan Tucker's minority. The lease would expire with his minority in September, 1924. If this lease were not renewed Dan Tucker, in September, 1924, would come into possession of a property fabulously rich. One-eighth only, his royalty under the lease, has produced upwards of \$300,000 from which you can figure what the eight-eighths would be worth! But is this Indian going to be permitted to handle and profit by his own property? Not if legalistic Oklahoma skullduggery can "get away with it." On May 16, 1923—some sixteen months before this fabulously valuable lease would expire by its own terms—Dan Tucker was thusly gyped, legally of course, out of the use and value of seven-eighths of his own property. Without notice to other oil companies "just raring" to bid, without public sale and without public auction and on May 16, 1923, sixteen months before Dan Tucker would be of age and sixteen months before the expiration of the lease, the Prairie Oil & Gas Company for a paltry \$20,000 paid this pair of "Guardians" obtained a renewal of that lease "during the minority of this ward and as *long thereafter as oil or gas is found in paying quantities*"—that is, practically forever.

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Here was a huge fortune—doubtless into the millions—legally wrested from Dan Tucker and tossed into the overflowing coffers of a S.O.C. it-to-'em Octopus! Of course Judge Moss “approved,” by written order, this sandbaggery!

Either from fear or from some other motive professional “Guardian” Cone resigned as such in November, 1923, and left Dan Tucker and his estate to the sole mercies of Cassaver, who went to it thusly. On the same date that Cone resigned, November 22, 1923, Cassaver bought for Dan Tucker 560 acres of land for \$56,000 assuming a mortgage of \$16,000. Of course Judge Moss—with attorney Kirby steering this car of despoilment—approved of this purchase and did it in the face of the law that forbids any mortgage on a minor’s land except to pay debts of the minor. Suit now pends in the Federal Court against “Guardian” Cassaver to cancel this fraudulent purchase for his ward, setting up among other charges the enormously exorbitant price paid.

From the Indian Bureau, fairly putrid with extravagance and favoritism and fairly rotten with applied inhumanities to its Indian wards; from the starvations, trachoma, tuberculosis and venerealism of the Chippewas in Minnesota; from the legalized despoilments, skullduggeries and gypings of the Oklahoma Indians—you get a cross section of atrocities and inhumanities and thieveries against America’s First Families enough to forever damn that “Justice” of which strutting politicians prate. No one seems to have the “guts” to spot-light these barbarities and stealings. So JIM JAM

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JEMS has done it—fact-ferreted it out from mountains of “bunk” and camouflage.

What we want to say is that this Flimflaming of America's First Families by White Wolves of despoilment is a fact film which ought to sear the eyes of complaisant on-lookers in this land. Against it we protest and its perpetrators—particularly its “official” perpetrators—we denounce! We say that they are as offensive-smelling whited sepulchers of applied hypocrisy—for the dirty drachmas there are in it—as disfigure this planet.

There is no more beautiful conception of the Deity known to man than the Indians' conception of the Great Spirit. There is no more touching romance in the world than Indian Romance. There are no more beautifully conceived legends than Indian Legends. There is no purer Sense of Justice in human breast than glows in Indian Laws and Customs. American Indians tread as close—if not closer—to God than do their White Despoilers.

And for them—America's First Families—we plead at the Bar of Public Opinion for that bare Justice hitherto denied them.

YOUR HAT CHECK TIPS



AND all the time I was smiling for tips I never got" wailed Miss Cecil Patridge, formerly hat-checking siren at the Statler Hotel, St. Louis.

When you drop your dime or quarter into the pink palm of a hat-check girl in response to her appealing and bewitching smile do you know that usually you are but filling the coffers of some parasitical concessionaire of the checking "privilege?"

We've been taking a look at this gold-digging scheme and it's "good," really it is.

Here is Miss Patridge's experience as a hired gold-digger at the "checking privilege" mine as related to our St. Louis

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envoy. Cecil is not at all hard to look at. She is eighteen years of age and resides at 230 West Adams street, Kirkwood, Missouri, a St. Louis suburb. She went to work as a check-room girl at the Statler Hotel, St. Louis, on September 27, 1921, and was employed there until April 5, 1922, when she was discharged because she left work twenty minutes before schedule on account of illness. During the six months and eight days that she spent in the check-room she "smiled" upwards of \$1,500 out of the check-room patrons in tips—or approximately about \$60 a week! These "gratuity" patrons fondly thought that these tips were going to the smiling siren who handled their coats and head gear but they didn't. Every cent of the amount was deposited in the bank to the credit of Charles Neuberger of Cleveland who owns the check-room and wash-rooms "concessions." Cecil's salary was \$70 per month and consequently Neuberger "sweated out" of her a profit of approximately \$1,100 during her six months of sirenic appeal.

Miss Patridge sought employment at the hotel in response to a newspaper advertisement. She was given the job by Miss Pearl Jones, forelady over the check-room girls and manager of Neuberger's concession at the local Statler Hotel. Miss Jones explained that there were seven check-room girls employed by Neuberger at the hotel and gave her to understand that in addition to a salary of \$70 a month she would receive a share of the tips taken in by all of the girls. From her first conversation with the forelady Miss Patridge was given the impression that all of the tips taken in by the

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seven girls would be pooled and when vacation time came the total amount would be divided equally among the girls, each receiving one-seventh. This arrangement was made, Miss Patridge was told, so that the check girls employed in the less remunerative baggage room would receive an equal share of the gratuities.

Following the instructions given her by Miss Jones, Miss Patridge placed the tips given her each day in an envelope. This envelope she sealed when she went off watch, signed her name on it, added the date and the amount taken in that day, and dropped it through the slot of a large wooden box, under the impression that her just share of the gratuities would ultimately be returned to her. But the forelady had no such intentions. Instead she promptly banked the money in Charles Neuberger's name.

Then came the day when Miss Patridge was fired. She immediately went to Miss Jones and asked when she would be given her share of the tips. "Wait and see," Miss Jones replied. She is still "waiting."

When she concluded that there was no chance of getting back by persuasion the money she dropped through the slot of the large wooden box and into Neuberger's pockets she went to see a lawyer. Suit was then filed against Neuberger for some \$1,400, the amount she alleged was given her in tips during her employment at the hotel.

By reason of a technicality her suit was dismissed and another one pends as soon as service can be had upon the evanescent Neuberger.

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After explaining that she was employed to check hats and coats in the check room adjacent to the front dining room of the hotel and was informed that she was working for Charles Neuberger, Miss Patridge said:

"Miss Jones told me that the salary would be \$70 a month and that there would be tips. She said that I wouldn't get the tips at first, that they would be divided."

"What do you mean by 'at first'?" Miss Patridge was asked by her attorney.

"Well," she answered, "You had to put your name and the date and the amount of money you took in on an envelope she furnished you. These envelopes containing the day's tips are all deposited together in one box. Every girl does the same thing. The envelopes were deposited as soon as you went off duty. It was my understanding that the tips would be divided at vacation time, about June. Each person employed in the check-room was to receive one-seventh. I deposited my tips in the box every day that I worked at the Statler.

"When I left I asked Miss Jones when I would get the tips that had been given me. She said I would have to wait and see. I am still waiting but haven't seen any of the tips yet."

Miss Patridge then explained that the girls worked alternately on two shifts, one six hours long and the other eleven hours. They got no days off and frequently had to work extra hours for which they received no pay!

"While I was at the hotel," she said, "a number of articles were lost and I was forced to pay for them. On one occasion

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an overcoat was lost and fifteen dollars were deducted from my pay to compensate the man who lost it."

Miss Patridge was asked if she ever had seen Neuberger. She replied that he had visited the hotel several times during her employment and had greeted them with a cheery "good morning, girls." He conversed about nothing of importance, she said, and never mentioned anything about the tips. Why should he? His bank account registered them.

She went on to say that she averaged from \$50 to \$60 a week in tips and kept track of every cent taken in by her in an entry book of her own. Four other girls were employed in the check-room adjacent to the front dining room, she said, and they took in about the same amount in tips that she did. Her salary, she said, was paid her twice a month in currency by Miss Jones.

Following are excerpts from a deposition given by Mrs. Dean Ross, 1730 Nicholson place, who later took Miss Jones' place as forelady of the Statler check-room here.

"After the envelopes were put in the slot, were they ever given back to the girls," she was asked.

"No," she replied.

"What became of the money?" her interrogator pursued.

"I banked it," she answered.

"In Neuberger's name," she asserted.

Chas. Heis, manager of the Statler hotel in St. Louis, burst into the scenario thusly.

Heis stated that so far as he knew Charles Neuberger managed the concession but his brother, Bernard Neuberger, a

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Chicago automobile dealer, was really back of it. He declared that the Neuberger's had the check-room and wash-room "concessions" at the St. Louis Statler hotel but didn't know whether he had a contract. When asked if the Statler Hotel came into possession of any of the money taken in by the check-room he replied that the St. Louis Statler hotel did not but he did not know what the situation was in other Statler hotels. He said he understood, however, that the Neuberger's had the concessions in all of them.

Neuberger's attorney in St. Louis said that his client had an oral contract with the Statler people. He said he did not know how much Neuberger paid the Statler company for the concessions but understood that it was paid to them in a lump sum. He said the Neuberger's had check-room concessions in all the Statler hotels of the country.

And thus Cecil told our envoy of her gold-digging "smile" output. "I smiled until my face crackéd," she said, "and the money rolled in. Then they fired me and told me that I could not have my share of the tips. All those smiles for nothing. Seven months of grinning and Charles Neuberger, the concessionaire, gets all the money.

"I worked for that money smiling like mad and helping old men on with their heavy coats. The hours were long enough to ruin anybody. I was paid \$70 a month. One can't act sprightly on that. I smiled from September, 1921, to the next April and thought I was making money, that the tips were to be divided just before I went on my vacation.

"I left one night with a headache and the next day I was

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fired. They called me up later and told me to come back, but I had a good job where I didn't have to smile unless I felt like it.

"Many times I missed the car at 1 o'clock in the morning. When I caught it I could just drag myself aboard, I was so tired from heaving heavy coats around.

"And all the time I was smiling for tips I never got.

"One of the girls lost an old man's coat. That was just before I came on duty. He handed me the check. The coat was gone and he began to yell for money. My boss made me pay one-third of the cost of the coat—\$15.

"Nothing funny about that, yet I had to keep on smiling."

Also Cecil said that she had been instructed to inform liberal tipsters—bewitched by her appealing smile—that their tips went to her personally.

When an appealing Circe smilingly hands you your head gear and deftly slides your top coat over your manly form reflect—e'er you slip her that generous tip—that you may be just fattening the swollen bank account of some astute concessionaire thriftily profiteering upon that tip graft.

So, tip, brothers, tip, but tip with care.

And don't fatten up the concessionaire.

A NO-ACCOUNT COUNT



IN Beantown dwell Miss Virginia Dodge and Dr. Irving B. Dodge who begat her. Virginia is an enticing morsel of pulchritude, a senior at Radcliffe College, and the cause of her being is the wealthy head of Boston's Commonwealth Hospital.

It seems that Virginia was sent to gay Paree to see the sights and to improve her French accent. There she met up with Count Alphonse D'Ornando, an oily-haired and oily-skinned barnacle whose sole topic of conversation was the fact that he is a scion—yes, "scion" is the word—of a famous French family and a lineal descendant of Napoleon, the Third. With reckless abandon Alphonse would plunge into the branches of his family tree and swing from bough to bough chattering anent the fruit that grew thereon. But

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upon none of that aristocratic fruitage burgeoned any signs of the French franc or of the American dollar. Frankly—or perhaps 'twas “francly”—the Count was on a matrimonial mazuma mission. All of the Napoleons, from Bonaparte downwards, have been “gold-diggers” and Alphonse was digging for it where it was—in the U. S. A. matrimonial mart. In a market where wasp-waisted dukes and counts and lords—regardless of their cranial vacuums—were at a premium why shouldn't Alphonse “get his?” Hadn't he-vamp, Count Salm, annexed Millicent Rogers and her oleaginous millions in his dough-raising foray? So Count Alphonse too got the gold bug.

And thriftily the Count set sail for the land of free advertising and for the home of the brave press agents and landed at the front door of the Dodge domicile in Boston's more or less exclusive Back Bay section—where many a gold-digger has struck in his matrimonial pick-axe. There he resumed his chatter—ala Count Boni de Castellane—anent his ancestry. And there were sighs and then more sighs coming from way down in the vicinity of the brave Count's appendix as he gazed upon the enticing Virginia and thought on the bursting dough-bags of Papa Dodge. As a means of annexing Uncle Sam's celebrated steel engravings the Commonwealth Hospital looked pretty good to Napoleon's descendant. And then there was America's historic “debt to France” and Alphonse was willing to personally collect a bit of it.

As the vista of love shot through with gold unrolled before the Count's enraptured gaze Papa Dodge erupted into the

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scenario and hurled the well-known monkey wrench into the machinery of love and riches—mostly riches. Papa Dodge casually remarked to Alphonse that while America was a big country he, Alphonse, was cluttering it. In blunt fashion he gave him the air, told him he couldn't marry his daughter and declared that the quicker Alphonse betook himself across the pond to the society of the "haute monde," or mebbe it was the "demi monde," the better 'twould be. And thusly Papa Dodge hurled Alphonse's pick-axe from his threshold: "I want no Counts connected with my family. Not for a million dollars would I have my daughter tie herself up to such as that. When she marries I want her to get a real, red-blooded American for a husband. My daughter has agreed with me and has promised me that she will show the Count the gate if he appears again."

Whereupon the dough-seeking Alphonse rose up in his wrath and opined that if he were in "my dear Paris" he would take his glove and slap it with vim and vigor across the face of Papa Dodge and make him fight ze duel. Alphonse was simply ripping. But he did not journey to the Dodge residence to avenge himself. Oh no. He stayed right behind the doors of the Copley-Plaza hotel and took it all out in spouting.

That night when Papa Dodge heard about the duel wishes of the Count he donned his hat and coat, took his two canes and hobbled to the Copley-Plaza. You see Papa Dodge is no longer young. In fact he is getting quite old, and is so bothered by rheumatism that it takes two canes to make naviga-

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tion possible. When he arrived at the hotel he yelled loudly for Alphonse, but word came down to him that Alphonse was out. Papa Dodge waited until midnight and with a snort of disgust stamped out of the front door of the hotel.

Alphonse was already packing his European bags while the Doctor was waiting in the lobby. And the next morning disappeared from the hotel without so much as leaving his forwarding address. He did pay his bill, however.


At the same time Millicent Rogers was preparing to go back to the ancestral estates of Count Salm, which she has discovered are nothing but air and debts, and strings of disappointed women who fell for the great Salm.

But Papa Dodge is to be congratulated. He is a rare bird. Might almost be called the American Eagle.

And the gay Alphonse will never read the E. Pluribus Unum inscription on the dollars of the Dodge family as he leaps from bough to bough in his ancestral tree chattering angrily anent "rude Americans!"





 All news-stands,
twenty-five cents
per copy. Single
copies direct from pub-
lishers, twenty-five cents,
forwarding charges pre-
paid. Subscriptions
\$2.50 per year.

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