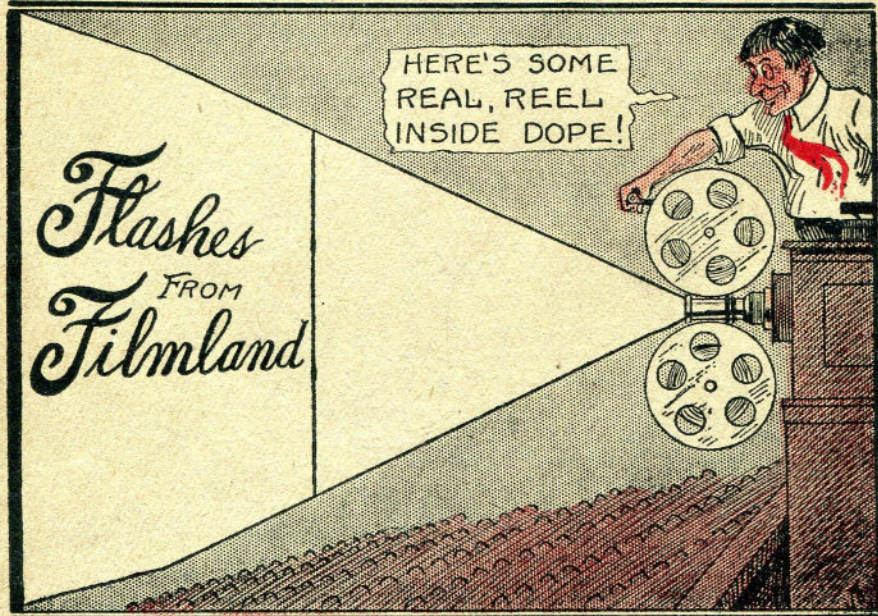


# Jim Jam Jems

BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

APRIL, 1921 NUMBER



A VOLLEY OF TRUTH



JIM JAM JEMS

BY

*Jim Jam Junior*

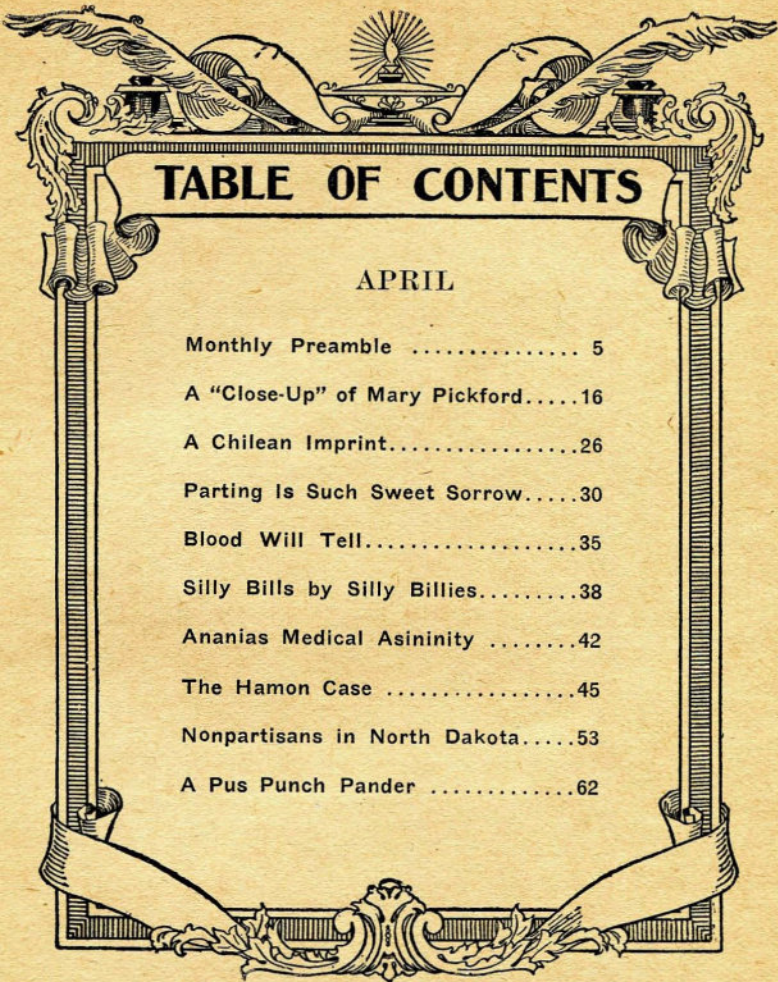


SAM H. CLARK, Editor and Publisher  
Bismarck, North Dakota.

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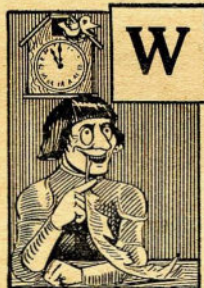
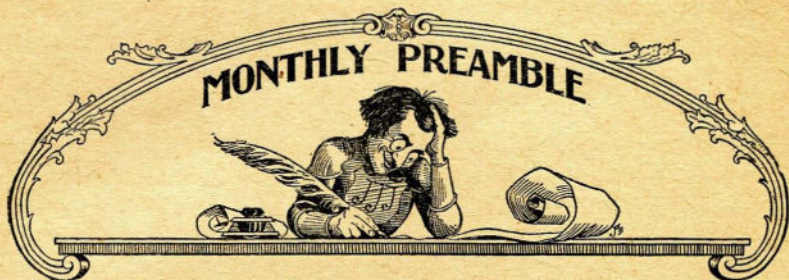


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E'RE just home from a trip o'er the Sunkist Trail. That means California—where the oranges and lemons are “Sunkist” and the apricots and grapes and prunes are “Moonshined.” And we're going to stay home for a long, long time. Yes, even longer than that, for it will take us 'til Doom's Day to gather enough money to ever do it again. If we had weak lungs and a regular income we'd go to California and get cured of both. Naw, those weren't earthquake shocks Los Angeles felt last summer. It was simply the reaction from shaking down the winter tourists. But California is

a great state. One of our friends who moved out there several years ago told us that it takes about five years to get so you like California and it takes about ten years for the people there to get so they like you. There are two political parties operating there right now—the Native Sons and the Japs. The Native Sons own the atmosphere and the climate and the Japs produce all the vegetables and some of the fruit. While Californians are doing their damndest to shut the little brown aliens out of land ownership, the latter are down on their Japa knees cultivating the ground and sticking to it. If the Japs weren't cultivating the ground so intensively there would be much more land available for platting and more city lots to sell Easterners. If you don't sell real estate, automobiles or gasoline in California you are considered a tourist. In Los Angeles everybody is either going somewhere in an automobile or just coming back from somewhere. Los Angeles streets remind one of the Minnesota state fair. The rubes are all there and so is the balloon man. Only the pumpkins are missing. If you chance to buy a newspaper and stand on a corner to look over the headlines while waiting for a car, a half dozen people will be reading the paper over your shoulder, and if you should happen to throw a paper away it will never reach the pavement. And it's just a piece of luck if someone isn't injured in the rush for it. Pershing Square (the city park) is the busiest place in town. It is jammed every day with census enumerators and sunshine absorbers. California's principal product is, of course, sunshine, and there is an abundance of that. It is a



wonderful retreat for the old folks—when they have plenty of money and are just looking for a nice warm place to wait for the end. People with pep and money go to Florida for the winter, while pepleless people with money go to California. But there is one thing about the people of Los Angeles—they sure boost their city and climate both in and out of season. We recall the story of a preacher who was asked to officiate at the funeral of a tourist. "I was not acquainted with the deceased," he said, "and know very little about him, but I would like to say a few words about Los Angeles."

It wasn't the sunshine that took us to California and it wasn't because of any over-abundance of money that we went. But Los Angeles is the real home of movie-production and we wanted to take a squint "behind the scenes." And we did. If you are a movie-fan and like the thrills and chills that leap at you from the screen, don't ever visit a studio and watch a film in the making. All the glamor will be gone. For instance, we stood in the warm California sunshine one afternoon on the lot of the Metro Company and watched Alice Lake working on her next release—"The Uncharted Seas." There was the immense sea of ice with its covering of snow. Alice with her team of dogs and her wounded hero on the sledge packed in furs was racing for shelter. The great sea of ice commenced to break up. Two immense icebergs moved toward each other threatening to entrap her and grind sledge, dogs, man and woman into bits. We can imagine the thrill that this scene is going to send forth from the screen. But if you could have seen the papier-mache ice-

bergs being drawn together by pulleys operated by a couple of greasy Mexicans turning the cranks, all the glamor of the screen would be gone. The operator told us that eighty tons of salt had already been used to make snow for this scene and it would take that much more. And then later when Miss Lake came up and we were introduced she was almost suffocated in that suit of furs as she had been working out there in the hot sun for more than three hours endeavoring to almost freeze to death on the screen. She still had the particles of frost (bits of paper sprinkled with glycerine) clinging to her eyebrows.

The production end of the movie business is all front. And the work of making a film is all business. We used to think, and doubtless everybody else thinks, that a film is made rapidly, the story being unfolded before the camera much the same as a play on the stage is reeled off. But it isn't. Sometimes it takes hours to perfect a scene that is just a flash on the screen, and it takes weeks and months for the production of the usual five or six reeler. For instance, we watched a Priscilla Dean scene in the making one afternoon over at Universal City. The director put several of the other characters through their stunts time after time. Then he gave the word to call Miss Dean. And Priscilla moved majestically into the studio several minutes later, accompanied by her colored maid. A chair was placed for her and then some preliminaries were gone over. "All right, Miss Dean," shouted the director through a small megaphone. The fair Priscilla took a position in front of a dressing-

table in what appeared to be her boudoir. "Lights," shouted the director—and there were lights—bright lights that made the bepowdered Priscilla radiant and all the rest of us blue. Then the funny little director commenced shouting various names and directions in rapid-fire volleys and the action was on. Miss Dean put on her screen face; a fellow in evening clothes with the look of a scared jackrabbit said, "Don't make me open that door!" "Open it," said Priscilla, as she assumed a commanding position. Then the fellow put up a few quakes and shakes and finally reached the paper door which he laboredly opened. "He's opening the door," shouted the director. "Hell, anybody could see that," was what went through our mind. But a young man in evening clothes who had been smoking a cigarette and reading a newspaper over in a corner of the studio strode to the door; he pulled the handkerchief from his neck which had kept his stage collar nice and white, threw his cigarette and stepped on it to kill the fire and when the door finally opened so it could be seen by the eye of the camera (which of course is your eye when the scene reaches the screen) there stood the young man in breathless attitude looking straight at the fair Priscilla the way Jiggs looks at Maggie when she has a rolling-pin in her hand. He advances slowly into the room; as he does so, he looks at the floor, and then steps swiftly to Priscilla's side; he takes her in his arms—and we don't blame him at all. Then Priscilla says in deliberate tones, moving her lips so that in the silent drama of the screen you will understand, "I killed him." "Cut 'er there," shouted

the director. "Lights out," shouted some one else. And the scene was over. And then we discovered another actor—the one that had been killed. He, too, was dressed in evening clothes and had been lying on the floor all that time playing dead. We watched the preparation for this scene for a couple of hours and when it was finally pulled it wouldn't last over two seconds on the screen.

Over at Metro, that wonderful artist Nazimova was working. She has a most elaborate setting for that naughty story "Camille." And when she gets accustomed to fig-leaf aprons and gauzy draperies, she is going to tackle that still more passionate story "Aphrodite"—the girl who wore nothing but ocean foam. "Come on over to the wardrobe department and take a look at the costuming for Aphrodite," suggested the Production Manager who was piloting us at this time. We went. Of course we expected the fellow had the wardrobe in an envelope or that the wardrobe mistress was carrying it in her vanity box, but we hadn't stopped to consider that some of the other characters in the story would have to wear clothes or they might detract from Nazimova's glory. When the billboards a few months hence announce the fact that "Nazimova in Aphrodite" is coming, just check your breath at the box office and go in for a real thrill. For there isn't anyone we know of right now who could do it as well as the little dark woman with the bobbed hair—Nazimova.

Yes, dear fan, we saw Tom Mix and Bill Hart and Tom Moore and the whole blooming galaxy of artists who hold forth at Los Angeles. Tom and Bill weren't working at that

time. Perhaps they had to lay off to let their artillery cool a bit. We wanted to ask Tom Mix the make of his revolver, but we were afraid he might think we were prying into screen secrets. The last time we saw Tom operate, he fired not less than a hundred shots from his gun without reloading and we'd like to get one just like it for hunting. Tom Moore had just signed up with Cupid for a month—his second leap into matrimony.

Doug and Mary, did you ask! Well we should say so. When we called at Doug's playground—Brunton Studios—the inimitable Fairbanks had his hand in splints and a plaster cast. He had just finished "The Nut," and in one of his daring leaps through a window he had missed fire and came out with a broken hand. But the smile was still there. Doug doesn't fake his daredevil stunts, and just to prove it he redoes them for visitors. He is heart and soul in the work. We had about resolved to go and get Bill Rogers to come over and rope Doug for us as we wanted to interview him and our time was limited. The fellow seems to be set on springs, and he lives by electricity and will probably die with scientific expedition. But after several counter maneuvers we ran him into a corner and gassed him long enough to get what we wanted.

Something is wrong with the movie business right now. Many of the big fellows are laying off. Stars are shy on contracts and there is an unhealthy atmosphere about the business. And we wanted to get Doug's slant on the situation. So we fired away at him. "What's the matter with the film

business? What constitutes the perfect motion picture? Has it been made yet—has the near ultimate in screen technique been achieved or do we go further day by day continuing the stupendous development of the cinema, in this product of the lens, this story that is contained in a strip of celluloid and shipped from town to town in a can?" And Douglas Fairbanks apparently has a very definite idea of what constitutes the perfect motion picture, for he summed up the requirements in the following manner:

"We want to know our neighbors the world over—that the great bulk of Russians, of Italians, of Chinese, are persons like ourselves, with simple, homely attributes, persons who have a wholesome pride in worthy achievements, are chagrined when they blunder, angry when they are deceived, jolly in their revelry, who smile when they are pleased and weep when they are sorrowful.

"We need to see the Chinese woman tender with a sick child—to learn that a baby is a baby in all countries—that neighborly kindness means the same in Cairo, Egypt, that it does in Rushville, Indiana.

"And the method of teaching us these things is at our doors. These are the things the screen can show us. This is the great mission of the cinema.

"No tedious journeying by land and sea—no mastering of a half dozen strange languages—no dipping in the cold bath of political economy. Just the plain, easy lessons of the two-dimensional screen in the comfortable theatre in our home town.

"This is no new doctrine I am promulgating. For years we have been saying:

"'Motion Pictures can raise an army.'

"'Motion Pictures can float a navy.'

"'Motion Pictures can elect a president.'

"And we have been satisfied with *saying* it.

"It is time to *do* something.

"It is time that the great directors, the world-known stars awoke to their responsibility."

"Let them carry their work into Russia, into Italy, into France. Let them make their pictures there. Let them take as much pains to show Russians as they are in Russia, Chinese as they are in China, Spaniards as they are in Spain, as they have heretofore taken to show Americans as they are in America.

"Let the American boy play in spirit with the little chap in France, the American mother weep in sympathy over the death of a baby in India. Let the tired business man learn that his problems are duplicated in Holland and Denmark.

"So shall the motion picture director and the motion picture actor succeed where the politician has failed—and when this is accomplished we shall then have the perfect motion picture—the one the critics of the cinema have been clamoring for since the very inception of this new industry."

Nobody seems to know just what the future of the film realm will develop. Will a device be perfected whereby the silent characters of the screen will be given voice? Will some phonographic contraption put words into the mouths of

film characters? It is not beyond the realm of possibilities. Will the legitimate drama thus be wiped out? Will there be any Booths, Bernhardt's, Keenes, Goodwins or Drews of the next generation? Not if Mack Sennett can help it. Sennett is a shrewd producer. Somebody told him that the legitimate actor would soon supplant the stars of shadowland. So Mack gathers about him, under contract, such men as William Collier, Raymond Hitchcock, Sam Bernard and others and when they finally produced a picture what do you suppose it was? Fatty Arbuckle and the Broadway Stars! That's one way of killing off Broadway stars!

But the question of what's the matter with the film business right now remains unanswered. There are a dozen different theories afloat, with some merit in all of them. England is pricking up her ears, likewise France and Germany. America has grabbed the film industry, the only world-wide industry where England doesn't have the lion's share. London is building immense theatres and studios. She is going after the production business with a vengeance. When Doug Fairbanks was held up by Knobloch for the continuity of "The Three Musketeers" which he will do next, France comes along and says she is shocked at the idea of an American attempting to do D'Artagnan, so a Frenchman will be found who will attempt to compete with Fairbanks and we will probably have a French and an American production of "The Three Musketeers" in the next few months. And we'll gamble that Doug will interpret the character of the gallant D'Artagnan with more daredevil elegance than any French



artist the old world can produce and the French producer is bound to suffer in contrast. For Douglas Fairbanks is the king today of swift-moving drama and side-splitting comedy and we'll stake him against any frog-eating foreigner in the business.

And Mary Pickford! Well, we've decided to devote the next chapter to Mary all by herself, for if there is any one who stands alone in her work that one is Mary Pickford.

JIM JAM JUNIOR..



## A "Close-Up" of Mary Pickford



**I**N the vernacular of filmdom, a "close-up" means where the camera is brought so close to the object photographed that the minutest detail is recorded, and where the face of the artist gives forth the slightest expression with every line of the features and every flash of mood or spirit accurately portrayed. We have penned many stories about Mary Pickford in the years she has been in the public eye, and we have ever championed her cause because of the wholesomeness of her work upon the screen. But all of these have been "long shots." Of late—because of certain marital entanglements—Mary has been subjected to more or less criticism, and one or two chipmunk publications which are endeavoring to catch public favor by sensational comments and alleged "inside dope" from film-land, have been specializing on the Pickford family because of Mary's admitted position as the brightest

star in the film firmament. The shadowy and indirect criticisms have been volleyed back to us by countless readers who ask us if we are positive of our ground when we eulogize Mary Pickford, and it was for this very reason that we decided to seek Mary in her accustomed habitat, to watch her work, to study her in person as well as in character, and to satisfy ourself if we had judged her rightly. And in this "close-up" we are going to give you our honest impressions of this little lady who holds the popular title of America's Sweetheart.

Shortly after our arrival in Los Angeles we connected with the business office of the Brunton Studios with a request that we be allowed the privilege of meeting Miss Pickford. Ordinarily to approach celebrities one must show credentials, be properly introduced and adhere to the usual vogue that obtains in the particular circle to which entrance is desired. But our blunt request was answered with the information that Miss Pickford was working on a new picture and she asked that we become her guest the next day, in fact she urged that we arrive at the studio by eleven in the morning so we could inspect the "lot," watch her company at work and lunch and visit with her during the midday recess.

Arriving on schedule, we were provided with an escort who showed us over the entire lot. On one side of the street much of the "set" was still in place where Fairbanks had just completed "The Nut" and there were occasionally "fronts" and other evidences of the preceding Fairbanks picture—"The Mark of Zoro." Across the lot, on what is known as stage No. 5, Mary was working on her latest production "Through the

Back Door," Mary having written this story herself. We did not arrive at the stage in time to see the Pickford Company at work and it was not until we went to the little Japanese bungalow on the Fairbanks side of the lot that we met Mary. In this simple Japanese bungalow the Pickford family assembles each day for luncheon. Mary was there ahead of us and she and her mother came out to greet us. There wasn't any highfalutin' highbrow stuff about "Chawmed to make your ackwaintance" and a fishy hand-touching at an even angle with a tilted nose. Mary simply put out her ungloved hand and gave us a healthy handshake as though she meant it. "You have written nicer things about me than anyone else has ever said, and I am glad to meet you and have the opportunity to thank you personally." Thus it was we met Mary Pickford. Then she presented us to her mother and we entered the bungalow. Luncheon was ready and without a word Mary went to the head of the table and motioned us to a seat at her side. Now that we recall it, it wasn't the kind of a lunch the ordinary person would arrange for a guest. There was soup, fish, cherry pie and coffee. There weren't any butlers or lackeys or music or flowers. And we broke crackers in our soup and enjoyed it and Mary didn't apologize for anything, not even when she called to the maid to bring her another piece of pie and a second cup of coffee. Formality was as lacking as it is in our hunting camp. Mrs. Clark was with us and she and Mother Pickford found common ground immediately. Mark Larkin, an unusually human publicity director and a little fellow whose

appearance didn't impress us sufficiently to catch the name when he was introduced (but who afterwards turned out to be Mary's manager) and a friend of ours, Mr. Egbert of Los Angeles, made up the party. And we didn't talk shop much of the time either. We just visited. Mrs. Peete's trial, Mary's trip to Europe, Harding's election and the freedom of Cuba—and of course California weather—all received a little place in the conversation. Mary slipped in a few personal reminiscences and we were getting along real jolly don't-you-know when up bobbed the little fellow and called Miss Pickford's attention to the fact that the company was assembled and it was time to go to work. But Mary said she was enjoying herself and would like another cup of coffee and she would be ready in a few minutes. The little fellow commenced to pace the floor and we asked Mary in an undertone who the officious chap was. "Why that's my manager," laughed Mary, and then we took another look at him and it was hard to believe. We were chatting away again when the "manager" butted in thus: "Miss Pickford, I really must call your attention to the fact that you are fifteen minutes late now and you still have to make up. I must insist." "Oh, all right," said Mary, "I suppose I must go to work. But you'll come over to the studio. Mother, you're coming and you bring Mr. and Mrs. Clark over in about thirty minutes. We'll be working by that time." She slipped into a coat, gave her mother a love-pat and with a "see you all later," she was gone.

Perhaps all this detail isn't necessary. Perhaps it will

seem a little bit too plebeian when we are writing about the foremost character of the screen. But we have recorded the meeting with Mary Pickford just as it happened. She didn't try to vamp us; she didn't hold our hand and squeeze it a little and smile bewitchingly and ask us if we were going to write some more nice things about her. In fact we don't believe she gave a thought as to what might be the object of our visit. She was just plain Mary Pickford with "eyes as brown as hazel nuts and lips sweeter than the kernel." In our years of writing we have worked our way to the presence of some of the really great men of the time and a few celebrities of the softer sex. The really great person is easy to approach; it's the counterfeit that is hard to reach. But this is the first really great woman we have ever reached without being almost suffocated with strange perfumes, blinded by subdued lights, distracted by weird music or yapped at by a poodle. It was hard to believe that we had spent an hour and a half in wholesome communion with the highest paid screen star in the world. While at times Mary would laugh at a jest and retort with her ready Irish wit, and there would come to us the same simplicity and girlishness that she smiled at America from the screen as M'Liss, as Tess of the Storm Country or as Pollyanna, and we knew it was this simple wholesomeness and goodness and sweetness that had won the world to her feet, still it seemed as though she must Theda Bara her shoulders just a little, or Valeska Suratt her shape or Clara-Kimball-Young it in someway—but she didn't.

A little later we saw her again; with a tiny lace cap, and cuffs and collar of white and a tight-fitting maid's uniform, with her wonderful hair tightly braided and wound about her head, she stood in the bright light in the centre of one of the "sets" for her new play, talking over a minor detail with her brother Jack who was assisting in directing the act. And the thought came to us that she is the same genuine little girl on or off the stage. And just to give you a closer peep at her genuineness than even a close-up of the camera would give we want to tell you what was happening just then. In this particular scene, where Mary was impersonating a young house-maid, she was to reach into the bosom of her dress and withdraw a note and place it on a little telephone table upon which a woman was sobbing with her face buried in her arms. This is one of the "touching" scenes of the play and Mary was endeavoring to handle that note naturally and gracefully without fully exposing her left hand. Why? Simply because Mary has that sweet superstition that other girls have about removing her wedding ring and she was bound not to remove it for this scene and of course it wouldn't do to let it show in the picture. All that afternoon we watched Mary work and we were impressed by the spirit of comradeship, of clean good fellowship, that was apparent in the Pickford Company. There was a sort of reverence, or great big brotherly feeling manifest on the part of every last worker from stage-carpenter, from cameraman, from director or from actor—and it was all for Mary. And when there was a lull—when there was a minor adjustment

of scenery or lights or stage setting or something of the sort—Mary would come down in front where a little audience of us were assembled and she always had the little love-pat for her mother, a smile and a cheery word for the others. Watching her, the lines of the immoral Tom Moore came to us.

“A smile for those who love us—  
A sigh for those who hate.”

It was quite by accident that we stumbled into a little incident in Mary's life that is characteristic of her. It is a good guess that there are not a half dozen people in the world who know that Mary had an adopted grandmother—Grannie McCracken. And we wouldn't have known it either if Grannie hadn't died at Christmastime, just a little before our visit to the Pickford lot. Our newspaper training long ago taught us to “get the dope” by fair means or foul. While of course we don't want to give forth the impression that we would eavesdrop to get information, we don't mind admitting that we listen when it is absolutely necessary. Anyway we happened into the business office at the studio about the time someone wanted to know what disposition to make of the phonograph Miss Pickford had expressed to Grannie McCracken for Christmas and which did not arrive until after her death. And then someone suggested that a notation be made to take Grannie's name off the monthly payroll. And of course we wanted to know who Grannie McCracken was and we commenced making in-



quiries and the more we found out the more inquisitive we became until we finally gathered the whole story.

It appears that a few years ago when Miss Pickford was making her "Romance Of The Redwoods," she was returning from a late setting far out in the Santa Cruz mountains. It was two o'clock in the morning when Mary was waylaid by an old woman who insisted on having an interview for the morning paper. She had been assigned to do a Pickford story for the Santa Cruz Sentinel and had been waiting since early evening for an interview with Mary. There was nothing strange in the fact that a reporter had waited so long to talk to Mary Pickford. But imagine her surprise to find this little grey-haired lady, eighty-two years old, waiting almost the entire night to get the story she had been sent for.

Two interviews were obtained that night—one by Grannie McCracken and the other by Mary Pickford. After Mrs. McCracken had obtained her story, Mary's catechism began and it did not end until four o'clock that morning. Mary was deeply interested in the old lady and set about to learn what she could of the peculiar history of a woman that would find her an active veteran of the Fourth Estate at the age of 82. She learned that Grannie McCracken had been born in Europe, a member of nobility. She had come to America when a girl and married an American Army officer. After an exciting life on the frontier during the Indian campaigns, she took up writing. Upon the death of her husband she became an active member of the staff of the old Overland Monthly of San Francisco and worked with

Bret Harte and Mark Twain. Upon her second marriage, when she became Mrs. McCracken, she moved into the Santa Cruz mountains, and through the influence of the articles she wrote, helped in a great measure to preserve the Sequoia giants in that section. Her stories were instrumental in the establishment of the National preserve by the government that saved these wonderful trees from the inroads of the lumberman. Upon the death of her second husband and the destruction of her mountain home by fire, she then, despite her age, went back to the task of gathering news. She became a member of the staff of the Santa Cruz Sentinel where she remained until her death on December 21st last.

Mary's heart went out to this kindly old lady who had come to write the story of her beloved Redwoods. I've always wanted a grandmother," said Mary, "and now that I've found you I want you to be my grandmother always." And so it was agreed that Grannie McCracken was to be Mary Pickford's grandmother always. Each month thereafter a check went regularly to Grannie McCracken. She was on the Pickford payroll as truly as any of the regulars. And with little gifts and sweet letters and a regular remittance each month, Mary Pickford lightened the burden and gladdened the heart of this little old lady throughout the remaining days of her life.

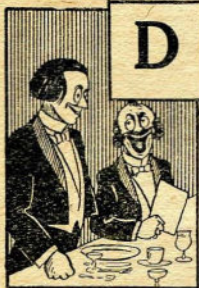
In reciting this incident we are not press-agenting for Mary Pickford. She doesn't need any recital of charities or any of the other bunk to which celebrities oftentimes resort. Mary doesn't even know that we know the story. And she

is very careful to hide her charities. We have told the story simply to indicate to those who know her only from the screen that there's good behind it all, and if you will just stop and think a bit your heart will tell you that Mary Pickford couldn't climb from a minor child part on the speaking stage of nearly twenty years ago—when she did the part of Little Ted in "The Silver King" and only spoke one line—to the very zenith of film stardom unless there was good to underlie it all.

That's our "close-up" of Mary Pickford and it is as true a pen-picture as though a camera had photographed her heart as well as her sweet face.



## A CHILEAN IMPRINT



ON RAMON ESCOBAR hails from Chile but he stages a hot old time. He is consul for Chile at Norfolk, Virginia, with offices in the Monticello Arcade building where he stamps official documents—and also the pink and white epidermis of fair femininity.

Don Ramon Escobar's person and Don Ramon Escobar's official headquarters are absolutely sacrosanct from police interference and also from Volstead sleuthocracy. Wine parties, wassails, and orgies which would make Lucullan banquets look like a beggar's board and which would make Boccaccio's tales but dreary reading have been pulled off in this Chilean—but nevertheless palpitatingly heated—consulate. As a “diplomatic representative” Don Ramon can—and did—maintain a huge stock of juice of the empurpled grape with Volsteadian snoop-and-smell sleuths in the helpless back-

ground. Amid the Sahara aridity of this bone dry U. S. A. Don Ramon maintains a wet oasis whence bubble oodles of booze—with blue nosed Prohibition vandals helplessly licking their parched chops in the immediate offing! As a “diplomatic representative” Don Ramon can—and did—maintain a superheated bizarrerie of a “maison de joie” with the Norfolk police as enthralled but helpless spectators!

Don Ramon has been staging a flock of these orgies of which we mention one and concerning all of which we will coyly comment.

Recently there foregathered at this Chilean isle of superheated joy at Norfolk three couples including Don Ramon, Chile's august “diplomatic representative.” “This is the Consulate of Chile and you have no jurisdiction here” was Don Ramon's ukase to the Norfolk police! But the police and other interested spectators posted themselves at an adjoining window where they observed orgies like a page from the Arabian Nights! “Among those present” were Mrs. Maud Farney and Bessie Wright. Some of the scenes of Boccaccio's “Decameron” were throbbingly re-enacted and Don Ramon's wine cups were constantly caressed by pomegranate lips! Finally two couples withdrew—why we do not know, possibly for prayer—into an adjoining room free from outside observation! Upon their return there was a final spasm of hilarity in the Babylonian revels with Don Ramon's wine cups in a rapid transit role. Slender jeweled fingers and masculine paws “unloaded schooners” laden with bottled sunshine with sizzling rapidity. Beautifully coifed heads langorously

drooped upon manly shoulders. Strong masculine arms entwined about shapely waists. Crimson lips and bearded lips met in osculation's bliss. And then came the grand finale with Don Ramon and Mrs. Maud Farney in the leading roles.

Don Ramon as "diplomatic representative" is accustomed to stamp his Chilean imprimatur upon various documents—possibly as a means of future identification! Anyway he wanted to—and did—imprint his official stamp upon Mrs. Maud Farney thusly. Firmly but lovingly he grasped Mrs. Farney in his arms, laid her upon a table, dramatically but skilfully flung upward her billows of foamy lingerie and imprinted upon her fair flesh the official stamp of Chile! Again and again did he stamp upon Mrs. Farney's pink and white expanse the official imprimatur of the Chilean Republic! Mrs. Farney was duly and officially "vised" as persona grata to the "diplomatic representative" of the august Chilean Republic!

Upon the close of the revel and after the revelers had left the sacrosanct quarters of the Chilean Republic an adjournment was had to the police court where Mrs. Farney paid a "vise fee" of fifty dollars for lewd and lascivious conduct. But of course Don Ramon Escobar, the host and the chief reveler in this sybaritic orgy was immune from prosecution! And against this angle of such a phallic revel we desire to fire a modest volley.

We would like to see this old superstition that a "diplomatic representative" of a foreign government is immune to our laws torn out from our statutes! You saw von Bernstorff

and his aides and lackeys repeatedly and with perfect safety violating our laws before we entered the World War, with this government standing as a helpless spectator. The old delusion—a mere figment of old monarchical superstition—that the “diplomatic representatives” of a foreign government can do no wrong in this land ought to be swatted into nothingness. The idea that a “diplomatic representative” can do anything in this land that he pleases—from plotting against the government to staging a series of revels which would make Boccaccio regret his pale descriptions—ought to be obliterated! If Don Ramon Escobar can stamp—in a sybaritic orgy—an American woman with his official approbation oughtn’t an American judge to be able to stamp some criminal stripes on Don Ramon Escobar? Ought foreign Consulates and foreign Consuls to be able to violate our laws—including those of common decency too—and smugly “get away” with it? Ought foreign Consuls to be permitted to maintain “houses of joy” in immunity when for even attempting the same orgies American citizens would be thrust into jail? We say NO! What do you say?

## Parting Is Such Sweet Sorrow



**C**LUTCHING a roll of ten thousand dollar bills in his hand, large enough to choke a boa constrictor, Mr. E. Z. Mark breezed into his broker's office.

"Here," he panted, tossing him the roll, "buy me Armour Leather Company's Common Stock. Buy it 'pronto' too!"

"What's the throbbing haste?" asked the broker, "and why this stock? I have some Greasem and Slideout oil"—

"Nothing doing, positively nothing doing," gasped E. Z. Mark. "Haven't you seen Armour's ad? Don't you know what juicy profits his Leather Department has been making? And isn't Armour parting with it and wailing about it only because Palmer told him to do it?"

"I didn't know Armour was parting with it," said the broker.

"He is!" screamed E. Z. Mark. "He is, and I want to pal up with Ogden. I want my mazuma to lie beside his and



breed! The Armour Leather Company is buying Armour's interests and the Preferred Stock can get only seven per cent dividends. The Common Stock, \$15,000,000, will control the company. Armour & Co. is only taking 100,000 shares of Founder's Stock at \$5.00 a share and the Common Stock will control the business."

"It will not," countered the broker.

"It will so," shouted E. Z. Mark. "The packers are getting out because the government says they must and because they are patriotic Americans and because they will cheerfully do what the government wants and anyhow they want the public to feel that they aren't being skinned any more. And I'm for Ogden and I want my money with his and—"

"You're on your back and dreaming fast," said the broker. "Quit shedding tears at Armour's generosity and read that ad. again. Armour & Co. will take 100,000 shares of Founder's Stock at \$5.00 per share or \$500,000. The 1,000,000 shares of Common Stock is offered to the public at \$15 per share so you and your fellow boobs ante \$15,000,000 while Armour & Co. ante only \$500,000."

"That's right!" shrieked E. Z. Mark. "Just as I said, Armour & Co. is getting out and the Common Stock will have control and the Founder's Stock only amounts to one-thirtieth of the Common Stock anyway. Go get your head examined—after you buy me that Common Stock."

"Get your own nut examined first" said the broker. "Don't you know that the Founder's Stock has a voting power of ten shares for one and that Armour & Co.'s 100,000 shares

offset the voting power of the 1,000,000 shares of Common Stock?"

"Gosh, did they fix it that way?" said E. Z. Mark. "But that's all right 'cause they know the business and their control will make it profitable and anyhow I'll get the whaling dividends on that Common Stock. I've been 'skun' and now me and Ogden together will skin 'em."

"You'll skin nobody but yourself, you poor boob," said the broker.

"How's that, you poor fish?" scornfully screamed E. Z. Mark.

"Just upraise your optic awnings," said the broker, "and read this coy little line in Armour's seductive ad., which says 'surplus earnings shall be available for dividends on the Common and Founder's Stock *in equal aggregate amounts.*' That means that after dividends on the Preferred Stock are paid you Common Stock boobs and Armour & Co. will split fifty-fifty. If after paying dividends on the Preferred Stock, there should be earnings of say \$1,800,000 the Common Stock boobs would get 6 per cent, or \$900,000, and Armour & Co., holders of the Founder's Stock of \$500,000 would get the same sum of \$900,000 or 180 per cent. So your fifty-fifty split with Armour & Co. would really be just a 30-to-1 split. When the Common Stock boobs get 6 per cent on \$15,000,000 Armour & Co. would get 180 per cent on \$500,000! Armour & Co. furnish the ocean, you boob Common Stock holders—and darned 'common' you'd be too—furnish the ship and you divide the freight!"

"Give me my roll, get me a guardian and lead me to the bug house!" sobbed E. Z. Mark.

"Wait a minute," said the broker. "I have some Greasem Oil"—. But E. Z. Mark wavered down the street with his hand to his fevered brow.

All of which reminds us of an apropos yarn.

A man entered a restaurant, put a silver dollar under a glass goblet and hailed a dusky attendant. "Sambo," said the diner, "do you see that dollar?"

"Yes suh, boss, yes suh, I suah duz," said the son of Ham.

"Get busy, Sambo, and serve me in a hurry."

Sambo hustled, he certainly did, and service was speedy and perfect.

The man paid his bill, lit a cigar, arose and called Sambo thither.

"Sambo," he said, "do you see that dollar?"

Sambo exhibited his ivory display and chuckled. "Yes suh, boss, yes suh, I suah duz."

"Well Sambo, you'll never see it again," said the customer as he entombed the dollar in his pocket and strolled forth.

Sambo gazed ruefully at the departing customer who had entroughed so sumptuously and muttered, "Ize suah dun!"

But all the E. Z. Mark tribe didn't dump their roll before an eye-opening broker. We took a look at Armour & Co.'s seductive ad. when this smooth deal was being "put over," laid it away for future reference and now disentomb it. Armour & Co.'s Leather Department was certainly a glossy

proposition—on paper. Its profits—prior to its sale to the public—had been fabulous; and now, thanks to the decree of a kindly paternalistic government, the public was to be allowed to participate. We now quote from Armour & Co.'s mazuma-enticing ad. when the Armour Leather Company was launched on the stream of public gullibility. "After providing for the dividends on the Preferred Stock the earnings for the last fiscal year were equivalent to 18.3 per cent on the Common Stock." And again "the average annual net earnings during the four-year period were 12.6 per cent on the Common Stock on the same basis."

This would make a prospective investor's mouth water wouldn't it? He would like a slice of this juicy Armour Leather Company melon. Well, he got his slice of melon—the rind!

The first report of the Armour Leather Company since the dear public was admitted to its sacred precincts lies before us. Do the dear Common Stockholders get any 18.3 per cent or any 12.6 per cent earnings? They do not. What they do get is a deficit on the year's operations of \$4,313,653! Before the dear public gets in earnings are fabulous but after the public gets in millions of deficit result!

And when—if ever—the E. Z. Mark Common Stockholders with \$15,000,000 of Common Stock do get any dividends they can divide them on a 30-to-1 basis with Armour & Co.'s \$500,000 Founder's Shares. And "Founder" is right too; that's what happens to an overheated horse who gets too much water!

## BLOOD WILL TELL



**G**IVE me a drop of your blood and here's your child! If a "scientist" sidles up to you and requests a drop of your blood, think twice ere you exude it. You may find yourself thereby elected to a paternalism—which you have the best of reasons to believe belongs elsewhere. Precisely this happened to Paul Vittori of San Francisco and thereby he was separated from twenty-five dollars per month as alimony club

dues. Thusly it happened:

Mrs. Vittori was the mother of a babe—no doubt about it. She swore to the fact and produced the babe in court. Paul Vittori admitted that Mrs. Vittori was his wife but most strenuously, circumstantially and vehemently denied his paternity. In fact he swore he was not "holding his own"—but "sm'other fellow's!"

Superior Judge Graham oscillated in a quandary and called in an "oscillophore" to stabilize his oscillations. This parent detector emerges from the sizzling thought dome of Dr. Albert Abrams. This is the scheme. All human blood contains "electrons." What's an "electron," anyway? It's a subdivision of matter in comparison with which an atom is gigantic. Millions of "electrons" riot through every drop of human blood. And all "electrons" vibrate! Yes, sir! You may not feel 'em but your "electrons" are playing harmonic symphonies in a precise meter with other "electrons"—whose ownership is to be determined. Among all the countless billions of "electrons" in this world yours will synchronize with your progeny's and with none other!

A drop of blood was taken from the Vittori babe and a drop of blood was taken from the protesting father. Dr. Abrams then "condensed them in their electronic vibrations" and "adjusted" them in his weird "oscillophore," found that they "synchronized" and Vittori—despite his protestations—was at once elected to a repudiated paternity! There was an Abram of old who had some "electronic vibrations" of which you may read in the Scriptures, but Israel had no "oscillophore!" And King Solomon settled parenthood without any "oscillophore!"

But wizard Abram—of modern Israel—goes further. He can settle not only paternity, but age, race and sex!

Also this wizard can "wiz" further! He can tell whether you are the offspring of a loveless marriage or the offspring of the ecstasy of true love! If your "electrons" vibrate syn-

chronously with those of your father you are the progeny of lovelessness, but if your "electrons" vibrate synchronously with the "electrons" of both parents you are the offspring of love's most ineffable ecstasy! But if your "electrons" vibrate synchronously with the "electrons" of your mother only, wizard Abrams gives it up! That combination stumps him.

What we want to know is this. Why doesn't wizard Abrams "wiz" on these "synchronous electronic vibrations" between the sexes prior to marriage? Why doesn't he take a drop each of the blood of matrimonial candidates, "condense them in their electronic vibrations," "adjust" them in his infallible "oscillophore," find whether or not they "synchronize," and issue certificates accordingly? If only those whose "electronic vibrations synchronized" mate and wed, divorce courts will be deserted, alimony clubs will be disbanded, loveless offspring will no longer clutter the earth and the heavens will vibrate with the ecstatic music of synchronous marital harmonies! "Electronic vibrations" will synchronize with the music of the spheres, both will synchronize with the vibrations of the Infinite, and existence will be just one grand symphony of love's deathless song!

But pending this symphonic harmony of matrimony, of the music of the spheres, and of Infinity's vibrations, hang onto your blood—or you may find yourself fathering a flock of nondescript offspring whom you know to a dead certainty aren't yours! "Blood will tell"—mayhap what isn't so!

## SILLY BILLS By SILLY BILLIES



NORTH DAKOTA legislatorette fussing with an anti-cigarette bill set us to thinking. One of our youthful geographies noted Brazil as “the land whence come the nuts” and we always wondered at their destination. We wonder no longer. They roll into the forty-eight “nut houses” labeled State Capitals.

For many moons—and most of ’em blue at that—we have watched phrenetic relays of locoed steers called legislators mill around in State Capitols. In the U. S. A. there are forty-eight corrals—and one big one at Washington—where locoed steers frantically devour public fodder with no appreciable result except the fattening of their own sides. It’s a cross betwixt a joke and a tragedy!

Between the various State “nut houses” and the Congress-



ional "nut house" some forty thousand brands of "squirrel food," called laws, are annually tossed forth upon a patient people! No land but America could stand or withstand it.

We can't squander the time to catalogue the entire output of weird legislative "squirrel food" but we'll mention a few choice samples. In Bismarck, legislatorettes have attempted to clutter up the laws anent cigarettes. During the war John Y. Doughboy was inundated with cigarettes and there were about as many "cigarette funds" as there were busybody collectors of other people's money. When our soldiers embarked they were showered with cartons of cigarettes, when they landed they were bombarded with cigarettes, when they reached the trenches cigarettes and cooties had a close race for majorities, when a soldier was wounded the slender fingers of a bewitching nurse thrust a lighted cigarette between his lips, and when at the gates of death—if there were no priest to shrive him—a cigarette soothed his last moments! From enrollment to discharge or death American soldiers were fed on cigarettes! And now all of a sudden these same legislatorettes, who were contributing to the purchase of cigarettes for the youth of this land, propose to make it fifty-seven varieties of a crime for the same lads to smoke in North Dakota what they were besought to smoke overseas! It does tend to confuse one, doesn't it? And incidentally we notice that there were over forty-four billion cigarettes made in the U. S. A. for the last reported year or about four hundred for every man, woman and child in this land!

Another North Dakota legislatorette proposed to make it

a crime to smoke in any dining room or cafe. From making it a crime to smoke in a hotel dining room it is but a step to make it a crime to smoke in your own dining room!

Another North Dakota legislatorette proposed to forbid school teachers from dancing except on Friday and Saturday evenings! And from that it is but a step to forbid anybody dancing on any evening! "Kill joy, assassinate pleasure and sandbag recreation" is the slogan of a mess of sour-faced legislatorettes who ought to be milking something besides the public treasury for their fees and mileage!

In Oklahoma the law doesn't regulate the length of your hotel bill but does regulate the length of your hotel sheets. In New Hampshire the law proposes to lengthen skirts and shorten the hours of labor. In Utah you may enjoy quite a variety of wives and an infinite variety of dope but if you smoke a cigarette a jail yawns for you. And to change your breath anywhere in this U. S. A. is nineteen varieties of a felony! Blue laws are getting to be thicker than blueberries, and soon the sun of this U. S. A. will set in a bank of indigo clouds with coteries of blue nosed "reformers" chanting the paeans of pleasure morticians!

From regulating woman's attire it is but a step to regulating man's attire and we expect soon to be arrested for telling bare facts!

You can't tell now-a-days whether you are a law-abiding citizen or nineteen varieties of a criminal and you are getting so you don't care very much at that!

Sneak-and-smell and snoop-and-pry societies with organ-

izers, officers, headquarters, spies, perjurers and sleuths clutter up the land and tempt the fool killer to instant action!

We are held down by weird laws and held up by self-elected saints. We are ridden by a job lot of she-men and he-women screeching in an eternal gab-fest of epileptic "reform" and producing a mess of half baked laws which no insane asylum would father! Many State Capitals also contain a penitentiary. As a certain method of betterment why not just exchange inmates?



## Ananias Medical Asininity



CHORUS of protesting hee-haws from a herd of baffled A. M. A. medicos at Waukegan, Illinois, makes sweetest music to drugless healers. Here are the facts. Little Miriam Rubin was afflicted with the precise opposite of sleeping sickness. She had talked incessantly for over two hundred hours and by reason of general nervous excitation and restlessness was rapidly approaching death's portals. Allopathic wizardry was stumped. Poison pumps and serum squirters "consulted" and doped in vain!

Dr. Paul Berger, a Chiropractor, was summoned, performed some spinal adjustments to the young girl's spinal malalignment and relief resulted. The "talking girl" ceased her incessant flow of words, restlessness decreased, sleep came, temperature fell and health's restoration began.

News dispatches mentioned it, editorialists wrote of it, publicity's flood poured upon it and Allopathy now begins to froth at the mouth o'er the cure it couldn't make! For once the daily press ceased its pander to the serum squirters and pus punchers and told the truth about their helpless bafflement and it certainly did hurt! Baffled Allopathic wizard Nesbitt—whose little patient's life was doubtless saved by Chiropractic skill—rushes into print to tell you that “no medical man, surgeon, physiologist, neurologist, psychologist, or psychiatrist of any analytical mind would for a moment think that any excited state of the speech center buried deep in a lobe of the brain could be quieted by any snap of the neck or thumbing of the spine.” What difference does it make what all these nincompoops think or think they think? Whatever they thought or think they thought about little Miriam Rubin they thought wrong!

Baffled, stumped and helpless, with its patient almost at death's gates, Allopathic wizardry fails to “wiz” and Chiropractic steps in and performs what seems almost miraculous! Whereupon poison pumper and serum squirtery has a fit, falls into it, rends its vestments, froths at the mouth and tells you what did happen couldn't happen!

If some vandyked vivisectional poison pumper and serum squirter—torturer of helpless animals and poisoner of human beings—had “discovered” some new “serum,” which couldn't cure anybody of anything, except distension of the bank roll, publicity would have been perfectly all right wouldn't it? You know it.

But when a Chiropractor steps in and saves a patient for baffled Allopathy and the feat is heralded far and wide why it's equally all wrong isn't it? You know that too.

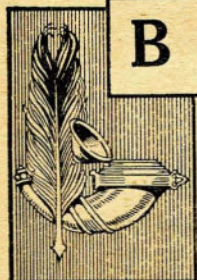
Why, some of these money hounds of poisondom would rather look any day at a little mound in a cemetery than at a little child restored to health by drugless healing. You know that too.



## THE HAMON CASE

King David and King Solomon led merry, merry lives.  
Each one had many concubines and many, many wives.  
But as old age grew on apace each one had many qualms,  
So Solomon wrote the Proverbs and David wrote the Psalms!

But in modern Oklahoma where Jake L. Hamon throve,  
The rule is very different about the god of love.  
When he forsook his concubine to love again his wife  
The concubine objected and it cost poor Jake his life!



**B**IBLICAL worthies could, and did, “get away” with concubinage by the wholesale. Modern Mormondom “got away” with it for several decades but as an indoor sport in the U. S. A. it is growing extra hazardous—due to the revolt of the concubine when discard time arrives. An injured and forsaken wife will eat her heart out in proud silence but a concubine forsaken—or about to be forsaken—becomes a

blood thirsty tigress!

The scenario in the famous Hamon murder trial at Ardmore, Oklahoma, is crammed full of genuine movie thrills thrown on the screen of fact.

Jake L. Hamon rose to prominence with spectacular speed with the ways greased by success in the oil game. Wealth poured in upon him in oleaginous waves and carried him to political heights. He became Republican National Committeeman for Oklahoma and craved higher honors. A bullet sped by the fair hand of his paramour and concubine Clara Smith Hamon—the divorced wife of his nephew—sent Jake L. Hamon to join the ranks of David and Solomon, his fellow concubine connoisseurs. From the first impact of the concubine sped bullet Jake L. Hamon had no doubt as to his destination. Replying to a friend who cheerfully told him after the shooting that they would soon be taking the talked of trip to Palm Beach, Jake jocosely answered, "Where I'm going there will be lots of Palms but no Beach!" Joyously he lived and gamely did he die—slaughtered by her for whom he forsook his wife and children and upon whom he had lavished love and wealth. Jake L. Hamon made a monumental mistake but paid for it with all he had—his life. And we would not—if we could—plant o'er his grave a single weed of bitterness.

Years ago he wooed, won and wed a wife who loyally played her part in the scenes of his success. She bore him two children. She lived with him in a tent on the oil fields. She cooked, washed, scrubbed, mended, sewed and strove with him shoulder to shoulder from poverty's depths upward to—



ward fortune's heights. Arrived there a younger woman—Clara Smith Hamon—supplanted her.

Whether Clara Smith Hamon “vamped” Jake L. Hamon or whether Jake L. Hamon seduced Clara Smith Hamon matters not. The fact is that they dwelt together in open and notorious concubinage. On November 21st, 1920, in their apartments at the Randal Hotel, Ardmore, Oklahoma, his paramour shot to death Jake L. Hamon.

None but the twain were present at that tragedy. Hamon repeatedly told several friends—previous to his death and knowing that he was about to die—that his paramour while caressing him with her left hand sped with her right hand the death bullet as he was resting upon his bed. His paramour says that Hamon in a drunken rage and frenzy assaulted her with an upraised chair in his hands and that as he brought the chair down it struck and discharged the revolver she held in her hand for defense against his onslaught!

This was practically the issue upon whose decision Clara Smith Hamon would or would not be forced to the embraceries of arms she could not vamp—the electric chair. Legal lights—on both sides—blazed and flared to the verbal zenith. They were regular lawyers asizzle with poison gas poured into the others' entrenchments.

But across the table from each other and within a hand's reach of each other sat the real actresses in one of the greatest dramas ever thrown on life's screen—Georgia Hamon, the widow, and Clara Hamon, the paramour, of the dead. Like enraged tigresses they glared at each other in

court and like enraged tigresses they spat at each other out of court. Each had felt the caresses of the dead, each had at one time or another triumphed over the other and now they were at death grips! Georgia Hamon—in widow's weeds with her children by her side—wanted Clara Hamon shocked into eternity in the embrace of the lethal electric chair! Clara Hamon—with her ever faithful mother by her side—fought for her vindication and for her life!

Listen to their spits of venom. Said Georgia Hamon: "Cleopatra sinks into insignificance compared to Clara Smith Hamon. She is a woman who has defied all the laws of man and God. I even believe she has broken every one of the Ten Commandments! Why, my husband hated that woman. She was a leech. He had tried many times to get rid of her, but couldn't!"

Said Clara Hamon: "When I first met him I was clerking in a little store in Lawton, I succeeded in resisting his advances for a while, but the man's dominance overcame me. I was only seventeen years old then. In the early days of our association I underwent great hardships. Many the night I have bumped in an automobile across country roads to oil fields and camped with him on the scene!

"Hardships!" counters Georgia Hammon. "She drove with him in a comfortable automobile. He was beginning to have money then. When I drove with him it was in a buggy behind a worn-out horse. Hardships! When he and she traveled together they rode in Pullmans and were comfortable. When Jake and I traveled together in the early days

it was in some greasy day car. Clara wore fine silks and dresses. I wore gingham to save a few pennies so that Jake's advance could be more easy."

Said Clara Hamon: "I have felt a sense of freedom for the first time since his life and mine got into a common groove."

Said Georgia Hamon: "For nine years I waited for him to give her up and come back to me. He was coming back too and I lost him in death just as I had attained the victory for which I had fought so long." So back and forth ebbed and flowed the tide of hate between the wife and the concubine glaring at each other in court and shooting slugs of bitterness at each other out of court! Jake Hamon living they fought for and with Jake Hamon dead they fought for twelve men's favor instead of for one! From start to finish, from pistol shot in November to jury's verdict in March 'twas one of the greatest dramas ever staged on life's boards!

On the eve of their reconciliation, when Jake L. Hamon had resolved to again don the mantle of marital respectability, death—at the hands of his paramour—dashed to the ground his wife's cup of happiness! At the close of nine years' concubinage the death of Jake L. Hamon snatched from his paramour's hands a possible fortune and emblazoned—for all the world to see—the Scarlet Letter athwart her breast!

But as betwixt this embittered twain of tigresses 'twas an unequal part. Georgia Hamon—the deserted wife ever

present at the grand finale—could sob and leave the court room when the blood-stained garments of her dead husband were displayed in court, but Clara Hamon had the speaking part and the acting part of the real star!

When Clara Hamon, concubine and charged murderess, took the stand in defense of her life no greater scene ever graced the mimes! Whether she entered the drama of Jake L. Hamon's life as a skilful "vamp" or as a despoiled and seduced maiden of innocence she closed the scene a most accomplished star!

As lithe as a tigress, as full of fire as Bernhardt at her best and yet like Niobe—all tears—did she re-enact that death scene of the Sunday afternoon of November 21, 1920. Vividly she described Hamon's drunken rage; venomously she spat forth the vile epithets she said he spat at her; realistically did she describe how he threw her upon the bed, dramatically did she detail his blows, his kicks and his beatings; thrillingly did she re-enact his final assault with the uplifted chair and then, as grand finale, most skilfully did she portray how as it was about to crash down upon her did its stroke speed the bullet from a revolver held in her frail hand! And none could say her nay! She and she alone survived that death scene! She and she alone, fighting for her life in that court room, could etch that picture in the jury's mind! Were her dramatization as true as Gospel or were it as false as Hell when she portrayed it she mounted drama's dizziest heights!

Brethren, 'twasn't a gamble, 'twas a cinch. Were twelve

men going to send to the deadly embracery of the electric chair a young and beautiful woman who re-enacts before them the tragedy of a battle in self-defense for her life, who appeals to their deepest sympathies—aye to their chivalry? We knew they wouldn't and they didn't!

Doubt—that reasonable doubt caressed of law—was bound to tip the beam of justice toward appealing youth, toward flooding eyes and toward lithe grace! From the arms of illicit love—then rigid in death—to the arms of the lethal chair no American jury would ever send Clara Hamon!

But none the less—and never to be erased in this world—blazes upon the breast of Clara Smith Hamon that defacing Scarlet Letter! We crave no pulpit but, anent this tragedy, we would briefly comment.

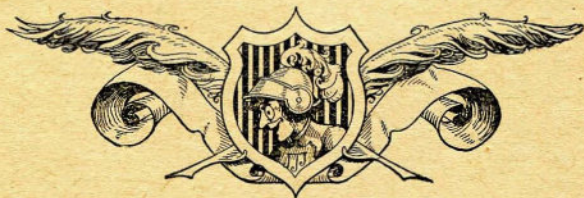
Brethren, and sisters too, concubinage—reduced to its lowest terms—doesn't pay! To debase the pure gold of marriage with the poisonous alloy of illicit love is the poorest bargain humanity can make. To win is to lose! It cost Jake L. Hamon—on the pinnacle of his success and with years stretching fair ahead of him—his life! It cost Clara Smith Hamon not only a woman's most priceless gem, her virtue, but it cost her too an agonizing trial for her life—and overlaying all it cost her the stigma of that Scarlet Letter blazing on her bosom so long as it rises and falls with life's breath!

Georgia Hamon, Jake L. Hamon's widow, had her Golgotha and drank the bitter dregs of an outraged wife. But at the end she emerged with her husband's fortune, with her

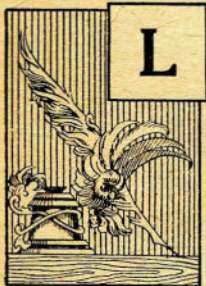
*JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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children at her side and with the woman's priceless gem of virtue glowing on her breast! No, concubinage never pays—neither in the Here nor in the Hereafter! Ask Jake L. Hamon's murdered shade! Ask Clara Smith Hamon's blasted and embittered life!



## Nonpartisans In North Dakota



LITTLE old North Dakota is—politically speaking— No Man's Land, where verbal poison bombs burst steadily and where propaganda fountains, duly tintured to taste, constantly spout. From the midst of the mess and from a bombardment of letters of inquiry we timidly upraise ourself to perform a most unusual feat, viz. : to tell the truth about North Dakota's political potpourri.

There is no Republican party and there is no Democratic party in North Dakota—except on paper. The state is divided into two political camps, the Nonpartisans—who are most bitterly partisan for their program—and the Independent Voters' Association—who are independent only in their bitter opposition to that program! That is as fairly as our mental camera can project upon the screen of fact the political status in North Dakota.

We now recapitulate very briefly political events of the past few years in North Dakota as impartially as our pen can trace them. The farmers, comprising practically seventy-five per cent of the population, revolted against what they called the exactions of what they called "Big Biz." They bitterly complained of these exactions in the marketing of their products, in exorbitant rates for loans, and in high prices charged for their supplies. Their greivances were genuine. About that there is practically no dispute.

The result was the organization of the Nonpartisan League, one of the cleverest devices ever incubated in the mind of man, by one of the cleverest organizers who ever played upon human emotions, A. C. Townley. Observe its astute cleverness. It was not a corporation, hence it could have no disgruntled stockholders. It was not a political party, hence it was not amenable to laws governing political expenditures. It was a voluntary association with practically limitless legal powers. You may or you may not like A. C. Townley—who grew like Jonah's gourd—but you must hand it to him for the cleverness of his conception.

Farmers flocked to his standard. Very large sums of money via membership fees—at rates varying from nine to sixteen dollars per year—were paid into the treasury. Nonpartisan organizers swarmed over the state and the Nonpartisans practically took over its control. Newspapers were organized, purchased or subsidized. Opposition was bitter but the farmers pinned on "we'll stick" buttons and "stuck" like a pup to a root.



In the campaign of 1920 Governor Frazier won for the third time—but by a greatly decreased majority. Some of his fellow speedsters fell by the wayside. But in general on the state ticket the Nonpartisans won—in a very bitter contest. They failed however in one very important particular—about which the battle waged the hottest. Thus it came about.

The Nonpartisan program included the Bank of North Dakota, the Home Builders Association and a State Mill and Elevator. These public utilities are all under the control of an Industrial Commission composed of the Governor, the Land and Labor Commissioner and the Attorney General. The Bank of North Dakota—with a capital of \$2,000,000 of State Bonds—was made by law a compulsory depository of all public monies of every kind and description in the State of North Dakota. Pending sales of State Bonds the other public utilities—the Home Builders Association and the State Mill and Elevator—were financed by the Bank of North Dakota whose deposits at high-water mark reached some thirty-odd million dollars.

The Independent Voters' Association "initiated" a law depriving the Bank of North Dakota of all public deposits except State deposits only. This "initiated" law was so cleverly worded on the ballot that in order to retain all public deposits Nonpartisans must vote "No." For years upon "initiated" laws, constitutional amendments and the like they have been trained to vote "Yes." They couldn't—or at least didn't—reverse their mental gears and lost upon this

fundamental proposition. They voted to retain, and did retain, in power their Industrial Commission governing their state utilities and at the same time practically cut off their source of supplies. At its best at the 1920 election the Non-partisans won a Pyrrhic victory.

The legislature was Nonpartisan in the Senate and I. V. A. in the House. Each one appointed an investigating committee on the public utilities and their conduct. Each one filed diametrically opposite reports. The House Committee report lambasts the public utilities and their management and the Senate Committee report paeonizes them. Each report is loaded to the muzzle with partisan findings and propaganda. The entire truth isn't in either and parts of it are in both.

We are going to step aside here for a moment to say that this last session of the North Dakota legislature was the most hectic and bizarre gathering ever under roof. In legislative lobbies and hotel lobbies locoed legislative steers distractedly milled about with wistful heifers mooning and mooing on the side lines. Roof dances gave way to hoof dances. The "third house" was in constant session and fairy tales of newspaper correspondents cluttered the wires. The last night—or rather morning—of the session was a cross betwixt a heated political convention and a series of prize fights! The whole legislative session was in effect two propaganda mills—one in the House and one in the Senate—run by self generated hot air at cross purposes! It cost a lot of money and was worth less than a hoot in Hades to anybody—ex-

cept the usual camp followers! It merely spouted two hot air columns of predigested propaganda!

The real facts on the public utilities are about thusly. The small State Mill at Drake has lost money. The precise amount is not known but enough is known to know that industrially it is a failure. The huge State Mill and Elevator at Grand Forks is in process of construction and hence has never functioned. The Home Builders Association has constructed, and has in process of construction, some seventy-six dwelling houses. Its construction activities got ahead of its accountancy system and until all cost accounts are made up and distributed it is impossible to fairly comment upon it. There was certainly a lack of system. But fairness compels suspension of judgment until accounts are made up.

The Bank of North Dakota has been the center of the bitterest assaults and of the most determined defense. Its capital of \$2,000,000 of State Bonds was never converted into money by sales to purchasers but it has steadily functioned from its opening to this writing. It has loaned some \$3,000,000 upon long-time farm loans, has acted as depository and reserve agent—not compulsorily however—for many state banks, and claims to have made from the outset very substantial profits. Its opponents claim that its profits are purely “paper” and that upon a “sugaring off” process it would show large losses. We don’t know, its opponents don’t know and its managers don’t know until “sugaring off” time how much of either claim is true. This how-

ever is true. It has withstood an enormous shrinkage in deposits—practically from thirty-five down to fifteen millions of dollars or about sixty per cent. No dishonesty or embezzlement was discovered after a most searching examination. Doubtless there have been errors of judgment, but nothing worse than that has been spaded up.

This brief review covers as fairly as we can state it the results of three very hectic political campaigns in North Dakota.

A. C. Townley, the fertile originator and organizer of the Nonpartisan League constructs a perfectly good "alibi" thusly. He says in effect to his League brethren "I turned over the State of North Dakota to you and you d—n fools didn't know enough to run it." Mr. Townley has sought other pastures in Kansas.

During all these political campaigns and particularly during the past winter the State of North Dakota has suffered from an immense amount of malpublicity—shot from both opposing camps—which isn't so! North Dakota isn't "busted"—not by a heluva ways—as we will show you. If you credit Nonpartisan dispatches and editorials and propaganda you would believe the State of North Dakota has been ruthlessly raided and despoiled by banditized cohorts of "Big Biz." That is not the fact. If you credit the I. V. A. dispatches and editorials and propaganda you would believe the State of North Dakota had been equally raided and despoiled by gangs of socialistic, free love thugs. That is not the fact. Neither camp is as black or as red as its op-

ponents' lurid pen pictures paint it! It's just a case of social, political and industrial animosities run mad with epileptic seizures of envenomed hate prevalent on each side of the battle line!

Every time some petty little cross roads bankette manned by some petty little bankerette has closed its doors I. V. A. publicity would have you believe the whole State was "busted" and the Nonpartisan publicity would have you believe that the ruthless hands of "Big Biz" has throttled another helpless babe! Here are the facts. Forty one small state banks in North Dakota have closed their doors. At this writing three of them have resumed business. The total liabilities of the thirty-eight amount to just exactly \$8,894,129, or an average of \$234,056 of liabilities per bank—every dollar of which is perfectly good from three sources. These resources are first the assets of the bank itself, second the stockholders' liability and third the State deposit guaranty fund. Waste no tears over North Dakota bank failures. They are petty in amount and every depositor will be paid in full. Why, the failure of one Boston Trust Company—coyly chronicled in small type in a corner of the day's news—amounts to over twice the liabilities of all the failed banks in North Dakota! Also North Dakota has been infested by a horde of bankerettes running petty little bankettes where conditions didn't warrant their existence. Many of them ought never to have been started in the first place.

Also there have been literally thousands of columns of publicity—that isn't so—about North Dakota Bonds. Non-

partisans have peddled them and I. V. A.'s have blocked their sale. Here are the actual facts at this writing. There are outstanding in the hands of investors at this writing just exactly \$343,000 of North Dakota State Bonds as against over \$3,000,000,000 of property values in North Dakota, or in other words the bonded indebtedness of the State amounts to but one dollar against \$8,748 of property value! This is the heluvaways from State "bankruptcy" isn't it? A New York City editorette—evidently sitting astride his brains—suggests that the State of North Dakota needs a receiver! Why, the bonded debt of the City of New York in the hands of investors at this writing amounts to just exactly \$1,391,228,759, as against the bonded debt of the State of North Dakota in the hands of investors of just exactly \$343,000! Why, when the island of Manhattan, pressed and oppressed by its leviathan indebtedness, sinks beneath the waves of New York harbor the State of North Dakota will be feeding the starving survivors! We don't belong to the Non-partisan League nor to the I. V. A. and we aren't engaged in selling nor trying to sell North Dakota State Bonds but we are awary—and we pointedly say so—of all this "bunk" and bull and balderdash about the "bankruptcy" of the State of North Dakota. The State of North Dakota is solvent over eight thousand dollars to every dollar of its existing bonded indebtedness.

The fact is that North Dakota is the victim of a most acrimonious and embittered family quarrel—airing and re-airing on the clotheslines of both battlers a little soiled linen

—but it's about the most solvent and productive State per capita in the U. S. A.! In the meantime the embattled Non-partisans slogan “summer fallow and fight” and the I. V. A. legions threaten to stage a “recall” election. “When and if” either event occurs we'll let you know. But don't believe—on either side—the mess of hysterical propagandized junk which assails your eyes. It mostly isn't so! “If you see it in JIM JAM JEMS it's so”!



## A PUS PUNCH PANDER



E pause for a few moments to embalm in the amber of our comment a pus punch pander phrenetically yipping at us from Antigo, Wisconsin. The name of the mental midgelet is Fred L. Berner. As a journalistic misfit he bestrides his brains and inflicts "the daily journal" upon a few misguided subscribers. We move to amend and call it "the daily mistake."

This intellectual animalcula runs a "Kickers" column in which Dr. Zuehlke kicked so vigorously on pus punchery and serum squirtery—quoting one of our articles—that he burst Ananias Berner's gall bladder. Thereupon editoriette Berner rent his vestments and libeled us in an atrabilious spasm of lies thusly:

"Although Dr. Zuehlke has another contribution in the "Kicker's Column" we hardly deem it advisable to continue the discussion, for in looking up 'America's most widely read



monthly magazine' from which he quoted the disgusting material about serums, published several days ago, we find it to be JIM JAM JEMS, a notorious publication that is said to be edited by an ex-convict and has been barred from the mails and must be sent by express to the newsstands so the Government cannot get hold of it."

We didn't start this but we'll guarantee to finish it. This Ananias pus pandering editorette—as vulgar as a buzzard and as venomous as a rattler—is stinking for a little attention from nobility and here is where he gets it.

We are no "convict," "ex" or otherwise, as this lepidosaurian slug of venom doubtless knew when he spewed it forth.

JIM JAM JEMS has never been barred from the mails as we immediately proved to Ananias Berner by mailing him a copy of our issue. His slimy Ananias rag goes second class through Uncle Sam's mails and our Volley of Truth goes first class—and that's about the difference between 'em. JIM JAM JEMS disdains and refuses to accept enough subscriptions and advertisements in one year to make the everlasting fortune of Ananias Berner. He beseeches what we disdain and like any mangy cur remouths such despised scraps—which we won't have. We tell the truth and stand by it, Ananias Berner vomits lies and has to eat 'em. We distribute the product of our idea factory by scores of thousands through news dealers and he peddles his farrago of falsifications by the units through second class mails. Also we'll drop this bit of information into the bottomless pit of An-

anias Berner's ignorance by informing him that precisely the same law as to the contents of printed matter governs transportation by express as by mail.

He yips and yaps that this magazine "must be sent by express so the Government can not get at it." That's as clumsy a falsehood as even Ananias Berner's falsification factory ever produced. If there is anything that the government or anybody else—who has the money—"can get hold of" by scores of thousands every months it's JIM JAM JEMS.

Don't ask us to account for such journalistic encephaloids as Ananias Berner with wavelets of venom ricocheting about in unfurnished cranial attics. We can't do it any more than we can account for polecats.

But we can—and we hereby do—post Ananias Berner of Antigo, Wisconsin, as a most venomous but futile and clumsy prevaricator and well adapted to man the lepidosaurian pits of pus putrescence where we leave him—in his congenial element—to suck his burnt paws and to feast upon his vomitose regurgitations.

Incidentally Ananias Berner—very ungraciously—retracted his libel upon us. We carry no "retractions" in stock ourselves—positively none. But Ananias Berner does—and uses 'em too. He ought to remouth his regurgitations less clumsily, he's used to that diet.

We hated to do it but we just had to pause long enough to expectorate upon and drown this venomous little editorette.





*At all news-stands twenty-five cents per copy. Single copies direct from publishers, thirty-five cents, forwarding charges prepaid.*

