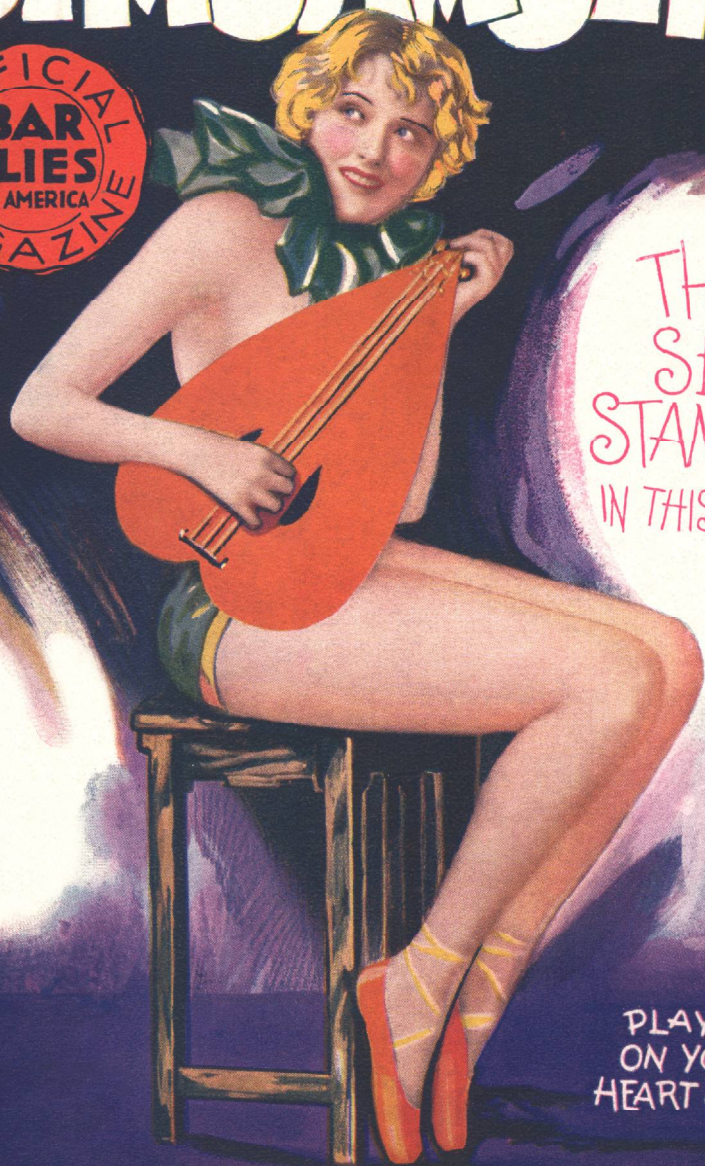


JIM JAM JEMS

MAR. 25¢

OFFICIAL
**BAR
FLIES**
OF AMERICA
MAGAZINE



THIS
SEX
STAMPEDE!
IN THIS ISSUE

PLAYING
ON YOUR
HEART STRINGS!



Wading into the sea of matrimony is like a swimmer with the cramps---you're sunk after the first ducking.

JIM JAM JEMS

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The mother who used to do home canning now has a daughter who goes out of town to get pickled.





HENRY FORD AND OTHERS

LISTEN, folks, we're just back from Dearborn, Michigan, having spent a day with Uncle Henry Ford. You know we claim the distinction that very few can honestly claim—of going to Europe with a Ford. We made the famous trip with Uncle Henry in 1915 when we expected to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas, when actually we had a heck of a time getting the peace party out of Stockholm by New Years.

But be that as it may, we are for Henry Ford. We claim he is the Abraham Lincoln of the twentieth century. In our visit with him we gathered more homely philosophy and common sense than Poor Richard's almanac propounds and more actual figures and statistics than the World almanac contains. And we enjoyed the visit because Henry is one of those fellows who doesn't climb a pulpit every time he has something to say and because he

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didn't make us feel as though he was doing us a great favor spending a couple of hours with us.



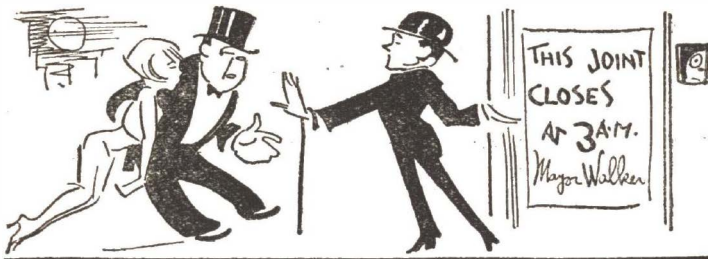
Men of Importance

Right in this connection we are reminded of the story of Theodore Roberts, the sage of moving pictures, who was cast in the character of Moses in Cecil DeMille's "Ten Commandments." It appears that Roberts wanted to talk with DeMille about a certain scene that was to be "shot" that afternoon, so after he got his makeup on, he stepped over to headquarters and told the girl at the desk to inform Mr. DeMille that he was there to see him. The girl went her way and soon returned with the information that Mr. DeMille would see Roberts in a few minutes.

Roberts waited about fifteen minutes and then he stepped up to the desk and again suggested that Mr. DeMille be informed that he was waiting. The girl went to the big boss with the second message and returning assured Roberts that the chief would see him in just a few minutes. Another twenty min-

utes elapsed and Roberts lost all patience. Stepping up to the secretary's desk he roared—"Will you please go in and tell the Almighty that Moses is in the anteroom awaiting an interview!"

Did you ever try to get in to see a man who feels his importance like a country banker? Well, what we are getting at is this—we had less trouble getting in to see Henry Ford than we generally have to see the vice president of a local bank, and we felt ten times as much at home talking to Uncle Henry as we would talking to the credit man of a monthly payment plan concern. Henry Ford is the busiest and biggest man in America, excepting no one, and yet he hasn't acquired or assumed any of the importance of the ten-dollar man in a hundred-dollar position. And we like him because he's just plain folks.



NIGHT CLUB BLUES

MAYOR JIMMY WALKER announces that the old three o'clock in the morning closing order goes for night clubs and speakeasies. And why not? The fellow who isn't soused by that time

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isn't tending to business and he should be sent home. And don't you ever think for a minute that the "Big Break"—as recorded by the ticker—didn't make old Broadway's incandescent eyes blink. The white way came within an inch of its night-life. Broadway sells joy and when Wall Street took all the joy out of life Broadway found its market glutted. You can't sell joy short. You've got to be feeling bully to deal in that stuff.



DOLLARS AND SENSE

AND Boy, how elusive that Almighty Dollar has been for a lot of us who had established a credit at the brokers! Three months ago we tossed the dancing-girl a twenty spot, left a five for the waiter and gave the check-girl a dollar. Oh, Almighty Dollar! When we woke up next morning you were gone. Since then we have prayed, but in vain. We're too short to buy long and have been in the game too long to sell short.

And so, Almighty Dollar—our acknowledged governor, preserver and benefactor—we crave leave



to approach thee, on this and on every other occasion, with that reverence which is due supreme excellence and with that humility which should ever be cherished for exalted greatness. Almighty Dollar, without thee we can do nothing, but with thee we can do all things. When sickness lays upon us its palsying hand, thou canst provide for us the tenderest of nurses and the most skillful of physicians. And when mortality's last struggle has ceased and we are borne to the resting-place of the dead, thou canst provide us an eloquent panegyric by the gifted man of God, a band of music, prominent pallbearers and a military escort. And o'er our grave thou canst erect a magnificent mausoleum to perpetuate our memory.

The Great Provider

And while here amid the missteps, misfortunes and temptations of life, perhaps accused of crime and fronted by a magistrate, thou canst provide us a feed lawyer, a bribed judge, a packed jury and canst send us forth scot-free. Be with us, we be-

seech thee, in all thy decimal parts, for thou art the only perfect, altogether lovely and a chief of ten thousand. We know that there is no condition in life on thy footstool where thy potent and omniscient influence is not supreme and hence we crave thy guidance. In thy absence how dreary the hearthstone, how desolate the household and how drab the life.

And Oh, Almighty Dollar, we hope if we ever get caught with our kilts down again, thou wilt make the ticker lie and lie and lie until we have a chance to hedge.

* * *



HAPPY THOUGHTS

BUT enough of this. An old-fashioned girl is one who says "no" when asked if she's ever been kissed before. And the old-fashioned fellow is the one who asks such questions. We remember an old-fashioned girl who picked our pocket while we were dancing with her. We learned about women from her.

Women, Pipes and Things

You know bad men want their women to be like cigarettes—just so many, all slender and trim, waiting in a row to be selected, set aflame, and when their fire dies—discarded. More fastidious men prefer women like cigars—a selected, exclusive brand, that last longer and look more substantial. And when the brand is good, they are enjoyed to the last puff. Really nice men treat women like pipes, and become more attached to them as they grow old. When the flame dies down, they still cherish them, pet them once in a while, knock them gently (but lovingly) and care for them always. No man shares his pipes! And all this occurs to us while puffing a stogie because we won't be able to afford a perfecto until the Fresh Air Taxi Company pays a dividend.



GOLDEN CALIFORNIA

JUST now a great many people—who can't afford it—have hit the sunkist trail for California. That is, they have left the sheltering pines

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of this gladsome Northwest for the itching palms of California where the oranges and lemons are sun-kist and the prunes and grapes are moonshined. If we had weak lungs and a steady income we'd go to California and get cured of both. Having neither, we're staying at home feeding a Mount Pelee furnace.

Golden California! Eighty years ago the Forty-niners "rushed" there by ox-team to dig the precious yellow metal. But now there's a crop of tourists who carry more gold to California every winter than the gold fields yielded in all time. The last time we went to California extraordinary weather lasted ten weeks; we shivered like a dog who had forgotten to take his yeast-cake for a couple of mornings. At home in North Dakota they played golf all winter, enjoying the weather we didn't find in California while we were experiencing the kind of weather we had tried to run away from. When we came home in the spring we rented a cottage up in the Minnesota lake region because everybody said the summer would be unbearable—a mild winter always forecasting a hot summer. We shivered at the lake until July and then went home to catch the August frosts and since that time we've been staying home and accepting the weather as she comes for durned if we can find anything but extraordinary weather when we go looking for the ordinary.



SOME BONE HEAD

THE world do move! Noticed an item in the daily squawk yesterday stating that a human skull, half an inch thick, had been uncovered out west of Fargo, North Dakota, and everyone is puzzled as to the identity of the stranger. Prohibition Enforcement Officer Doran had better check up on his men and see if he has lost any in North Dakota during the past year. Then again, it might have been some well-meaning farmer who got tired of waiting for farm relief.

That reminds us of the present session of congress, convened to save the country from demnation and the woof woofs. One of its first acts was to tie the can on Senator-elect Vare of Philadelphia, and all because his crowd spent upwards of a million dollars to land a \$10,000 job.

Shades of the Newberry

Times have changed. A few years ago Truman H. Newberry ran for the U. S. Senate in Michigan.

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He spent only about \$600,000 to get the nomination in the primary, and when his seat in the senate was contested, the Supreme Court ruled that the corrupt practice act was not concerned with state primary elections. So the senate seated him. Newberry stayed in the senate just long enough to realize that his colleagues were the best that money could buy. Then he quit and we haven't heard from him since.

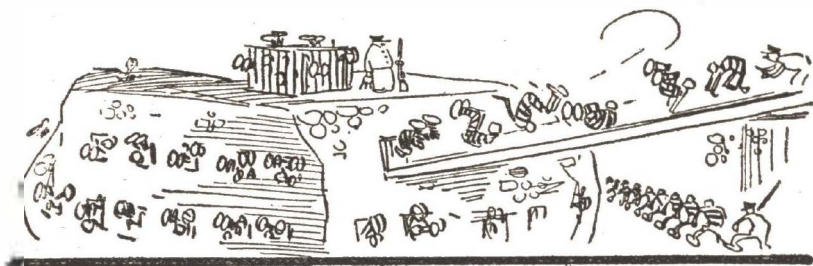
* * *



ROOT OF THE EVIL

AND what a hullabaloo folks are making about these prison mutinies! No one seems to know what it's all about, but everyone appears to be of the opinion that something ought to be done.

Every state in the union has a "crime commission" of some sort, and most of us recall the fact that President Hoover appointed a "crime commission" months and months ago for the supposed purpose of studying the crime situation and offering some concrete, constructive recommendations as a solution of the problem. To date, nothing has been



done, and with each new and bloodier outbreak the damphool public wags its head and wonders what this old world is coming to.

Back of these gruesome mutinies, murders and massacres is the stalking, sinister figure of prohibition and political corruption. "Prove it," croaks the peanut-brained reformer. All right, here goes.

Man's Inhumanity

Prior to the passage of the 18th amendment the penitentiaries were half-filled. In some states, whole wings and cell blocks were vacant. Ten years after the enactment of the prohibition law, every state penal institution was crowded. Institutions, built to accommodate three hundred inmates, now house twice and three times that number. In Leavenworth—where one riot occurred last summer—the inmates have been crowded into every available space, from cellhouse corridors to basement store rooms. Cells built to accommodate one inmate really house three, and this condition is rampant throughout the prisons of the nation. More



than 60 per cent of these inmates are doing time for violating an asinine law that is neither observed nor respected by a vast majority of the folks who sit on juries to send their fellowmen to jail.

With the prisons crowded to capacity, with no legitimate work to keep the hands and minds of the prisoners busy, with wardens trying to keep expenses within the biennial appropriations, and everyone demanding lower taxes—how in the name of reason can anyone be shocked that the caged men rebel at inadequate food, unsanitary conditions and an idleness that is nothing if it is not criminal?

We're Standing Pat

No, we're not renegeing on anything we've said about the prison problem, and that song and dance by the warden of the Colorado penitentiary about a Ku Klux Klan organization being responsible for the bloody outbreak at Canyon City sounded like the belch of a floundered shorthorn.

We'll have prison mutinies as long as the politicians are in control of the big hoosegows as a re-

ward for their efforts in behalf of the successful candidate for governor. We'll have blood-thirsty outbreaks within prison walls as long as wardens refuse to recognize human values and attempt to classify all prisoners, regardless of their moral turpitude, as below the scale of their own peanut intelligence.

Herding every type of criminal and first offender in one big drove is the order of the day, and it constitutes the worst indictment of a rotten prison system ever written. Some day an outraged society is going to demand an accounting, and, when that day comes, every political crap-shooter in charge of a state prison is going to scurry to cover like so many rats before a torrent of purifying water.

The Fly in the Ointment

Prohibition has filled our jails and penitentiaries, and that's how the inefficiencies of prison management have been brought to the fore. The wardens are unable to cope with the congestion, and the absolute lack of honest work to keep these prisoners active and healthy makes them susceptible to any suggestion of mutiny.

And while we're on the subject—perhaps you noticed that President Hoover has appointed Gustav Aaron Youngquist to succeed Mabel Willebrandt, U. S. Attorney General in charge of prohibition enforcement. Jim Jam Junior knows Gus intimate-

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ly, and we like him, but we can't help reminding our readers that he first practiced law in Thief River Falls—where we had our shingle for a time—and then he moved to Crookston. No wonder he landed in Washington.



THE MARTYR

WELL, Harry Sinclair again breathes the free air after doing a trifle over six months for contempt of the U. S. Senate and for interfering with the due processes of justice, namely, shadowing jurors.

Thus he has paid for his part in the oil scandals of 1922. He has been cleared of all charges of corruption, and all that remained—seven years after he and old man Doheny had literally walked off with the last of our naval oil reserves—was to do 200 days in the Washington jail for thumbing his nose at congress, the courts and common decency.

A Man of Honor

Naturally, Sinclair feels that he has been victimized. He regards himself as a martyr, and on the

morning of his liberation from jail issued a statement to the effect that he had been railroaded to jail and that he could not be contrite for sins he had not committed. He characterized himself as a man of honor and integrity, and wound up by saying "I am a victim of political campaigns to elect honest democrats by proving how dishonest republicans were."

Poppycock! No doubt old man Fall feels that he has been persecuted, just as old man Doheny feels that he has been slandered, villified and victimized.

Cockeyed Justice

And while we're on the subject, permit us to call your attention to the fact that Eugene Bergstrom, 18, and Tony Glebis, 17, of St. Paul, were recently sentenced to serve five years each for stealing 23 cents from a St. Paul grocery store. On that same day, at Klamath Falls, Ore., one O. E. Young, a poor outcast, was sent to the state penitentiary for three years for grabbing fifty cents from a theatre box office. He said he was penniless and hungry, and when the officers brought him to the jail he ate as a starved dog might have eaten.

Lest you forget—Albert B. Fall, who avoided trial for seven years, and who was finally convicted of accepting a bribe of \$100,000 from Edward Doheny—was sentenced to pay a fine of \$100,000

and to serve one year in jail. He is still at liberty, and there isn't a man in Washington or elsewhere who would lay a dime to a doughnut that the old rascal ever sees the inside of a jail.

* * *

THE COUNTRY PLUMBER

DO YOU remember the old-fashioned smoke-house that used to loom so forlornly toward the rear of the lot back home? Recall the creaking door, the crescent cut above the door to let the wasps and blue bottle flies in and out? Remember the verses—"Some come here to sit and think, but I come here to down a drink" and the one that referred to the fact that a man's ambition was dog-gone small if he penned his name on a cow-barn stall, or words to that effect?

Well, there's a right smart little book on the market captioned "The Country Plumber" that will bring you back to those good old days of outdoor plumbing. "The Country Plumber" was written by Phil Potts, master designer of backyard architecture, who knows more about privvy construction than the makers of Lucky Strikes know about throat afflictions, reducing, and ancient prejudices. Phil Potts knows his stuff, and his observations are based on laboratory experiments covering a period of years.

Grab a Copy Today

We picked up a copy of "The Country Plumber" at a newsstand and we've never bought so many real belly laughs for a dollar before. Since then we've seen this little book on scores of newsstands, but if you are not able to get a copy, send a dollar to the Country Press, Inc., Box 1796, Minneapolis, Minn., and then let nature take its course.

Jim Jam Jems never hesitates to recommend a book that will make life a bit brighter for the fellow who is down in the dumps, and we're mighty thankful for the privilege of saying a good word for Phil Potts' famous treatise on the economics of privvy construction. Don't miss it.

Jim Jam Junior

Today's ^{*}Happy ^{*}Thought ^{*}

*Don't worry if your job is small,
And your rewards are few—
Remember that the mighty oak
Was once a nut like you.*

** * **
**Asking the modern flapper for a kiss is like sneaking into a Speakeasy and ordering a Coca Cola.**



Bargain Day in Glasgow

IT LOOKED SUSPICIOUS



Ginsburg hadn't seen his former stenographer for five weeks, and then one day she passed him on the street without speaking. Rushing back to his office, he said to his partner:

"Ben, you look in the files under 'P' and see what Polly Pincus is suing me for."

* * *

Very Companionate

The teacher was giving a talk to her pupils concerning the dolphin and its habits.

"And children," she said impressively, "just think, a single dolphin will have two thousand baby dolphins."

"Goodness!" exclaimed the little girl at the back of the room, "and how many do the married ones have?"

GOES ON HIS OWN TOOT



“He’s a Paul Revere to women.”

“Why’s that?”

“He can’t resist the midnight call to arms.”

* * *

Bill Jones lost his enforcement job,
Kicked off the dry patrol;
He held the job for seven weeks,
And never killed a soul.

“Gosh, it’s gittin’ tougher an’
tougher to find work,” said the
street sweeper as a Ford truck al-
most side-swiped him.

THERE AND OVER



Hank Slithers was boasting of his drinking exploits and his capacity for punishment.

"I'll bet you can't drink more than Hefty Flynn," said one of the bar flies. "Do you know him?"

"Know him?" snorted Hank. "I'll say I do. Why, I got him so soused one night it took three bell boys to put me to bed."

* * *

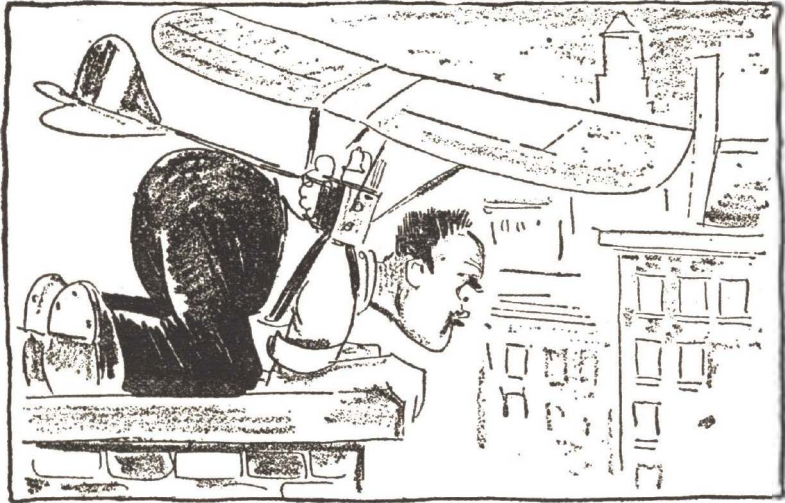
Time, the Healer

"For six years I was ashamed of myself for the way I lived," sighed the gold digger.

"Ah, and then you reformed?" said the blue nose.

"Heck, no, I got over being ashamed."

SCOTCH ALL THROUGH



Hoping to make a fortune with their invention of a patent flying apparatus, Mike Hoolihan and his Scotch friend, Bruce McDonald, donned the wings and went to the roof of a ten-story building to give their contraption a trial.

Mike was the first to take off, and for several minutes he flapped around in the air, finally making a perfect landing on the building across the street.

Then the Scotchman took off, but something went wrong and he tailspinned to the pavement below.

Mike looked down from his perch with disgust.

"Now if that ain't just like a Scotchman," he muttered. "He hasn't been a sparrow over two minutes and already he's down among the horses."

* * *

When an old hen cackles she's through for the day, but when a young chicken cackles she's just beginning.

SPEEDY AND EFFICIENT



"I've got the fastest stenographer in town."

"That's the only complaint I've got against mine."

* * *
Welcome

And then there's the old maid, who always brought in her door-mat each night and placed it under her bed.

* * *
Real Bonded Stock

A Minneapolis salesman making Bismarck ran short of funds and stepped into the bank. After writing a personal check he shoved it through the wicket.

"You'll have to bring along someone to identify you," informed the cashier.

"My gosh!" exclaimed the traveling man, "are you selling it here, too?"

HE KNEW THE BOYS



Old man Murphy, slightly under the influence of red corn liquor, wandered into an Episcopal church and fell asleep. An hour later the janitor shook him and said, "You'll have to move for I'm going to close the church."

"Don't kid yerself," said Murphy, "the Catholic church never closes."

"But this is an Episcopal church."

"Well, ain't that the statute of St. Paul over there?" asked Murphy. "And isn't that St. John in the windy yonder?"

"Yes," said the janitor.

"Well, thin," said Murphy, "will ye tell me whin they turned Protestant?"

BEAL STREET STUFF



Mandy—"Us gals done wore our new white dresses to de poker party las' night."

Julia—"Dey say wearin' somethin' new will fotch good luck."

Mandy—"Tain't so, Julie. We done begins to lose from de start, an' ever' minute things looked darker an' darker."

* * * And in the Trenches

A soldier and a marine were comparing notes on the cooties they had met while in France.

"Where'd you find the most?" asked the doughboy.

"Brest," said the leather-neck.

"My gosh," said the doughboy, "they was all over me!"

WOULD GILLETTE HER



“Say, girlie, do you ever get down on your knees?”

“Yes, but I always shave it off with my brother’s razor.”

* * *

Meant Business

“So you would like to be my stenographer,” said the big utter and beg man. “Have you had any experience?”

“You’d be surprised,” gurgled the pretty blonde. “I’ve had some wonderful ones.”

* * *

Axel Snoosequist doesn’t believe that the lady who wrote “A Thousand Ways to Spend a Pleasant Evening” knew that many men.



A BUNCH of stew bums were lapping it up
In the Bucket of Gin Saloon;
And a bar-fly was picking a butt off the floor,
And humming an old time-tune;
While up at the free lunch end of the bar
Stood cock-eyed Dan McStew,
And watching him eat without buying a drink
Was the bartender known as Lew!

Have you ever been out in the world all alone
Without even a snort of booze?
Ah, then you must know how Dan McStew felt
As he shook there in his shoes—
Eating a herring that was pickled in salt,
And rye bread as sticky as glue,
“I guess I’ll spread that guy over there,”
Said the bartender known as Lew!

Then the lights went out and BANGITY BANG,
Two fuse-plugs blazed in the dark,
And someone lit a kerosene lamp,
And there on the floor, cold and stark,
Pitched on his head, his mug full of bread,
Lay cock-eyed Dan McStew,
And opening the window to get some fresh air,
Was the bartender known as Lew!

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They say that McStew was full of white mule,
And I'm not calling that bunk;
The Coroner said the man was sure dead,
And that he died during a drunk;
And though I'm not as wise as the lawyer guys—
Strictly between me and you—
What killed him was one of those cold-storage eggs
Laid in nineteen twenty-two!

* * *

Companionate Daze

The traveling man had been pacing the floor of his room impatiently for some time. Finally he took down the receiver and called the desk.

"My wife went out over an hour ago," he said, "and she hasn't come back; she didn't take the key, and maybe she's forgot the room number. She hasn't been to the desk inquiring for me has she?"

"Well, nobody's inquired for you, but there's a woman sitting here in the lobby who's forgotten the number of her room, and her husband's name also."

* * *

~~~~~
You can't tell whether a girl is experienced or not until you watch her crawl into a rumble seat.
~~~~~

MEDIUM WELL DONE



Lars took in the church bazaar last month and after trying his hand at lotto and other innocent games, wandered over to the fortune-teller's booth.

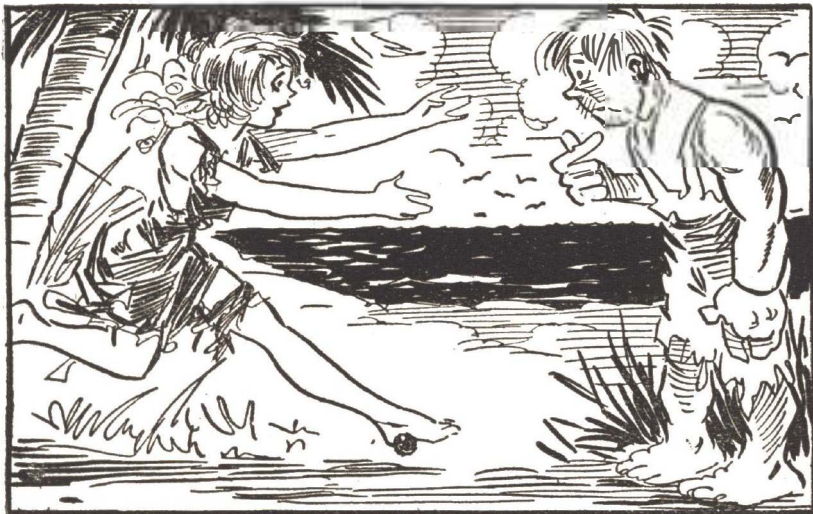
"I'll tell you what you are thinking about for fifty cents," said the pretty girl.

"All right," said Lars. "Here's the money."

The girl took his hand and held it for a moment, and then slapped Lars across the face.

"By gosh, you did it," he said, as he walked away.

“I WANT CHEW”



AFTER two years on an uninhabited island, Emil Axelson saw one day a strange creature coming toward him. It proved to be a little Swedish girl who had survived a recent shipwreck and who was over-joyed to see him.

“O, ve skal be so happy togeder,” the girl cried.

“No, ve von’t,” growled Emil, “Ay an’t got any snus.”

* * *

And when the devil came to take
The vamp’s soul to his den,
She did a little shimmy dance
And vamped it back again.



They were skating in the rink, and Liza fell down, flopped over, and came upright again in front of Rastus with remarkable agility.

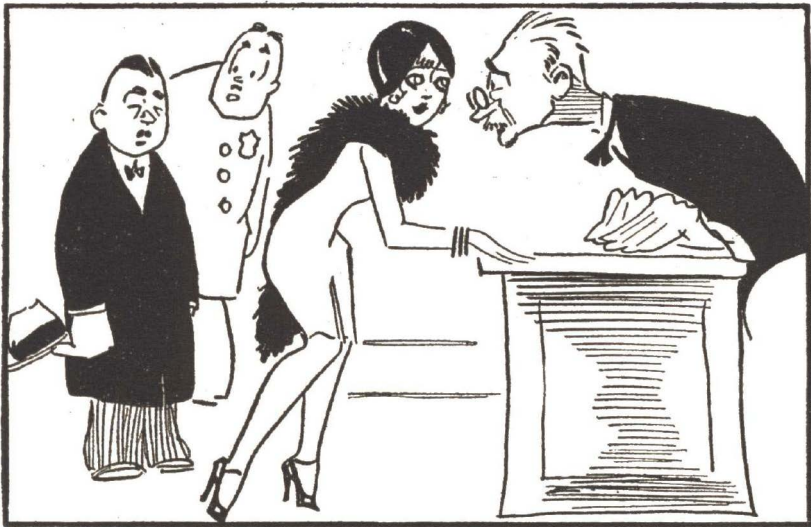
“Did yo’ see how quick Ah recovered mah equilib’ ium, Rastus?”

“Golly, yaas—almos’ befo’ Ah noticed it was uncovahed!”

* * *

Jim Jam Junior says that the difference between a Girl Scout and a good scout is the amount of walking they do.

PURE BUNK



Wife—"Your Honor, I want a divorce. My husband snores fearfully."

Judge—"How long have you been married?"

Wife—"Two weeks."

Judge—"Divorce granted. Name your own alimony."

* * *
Attention, Margaret Sanger!

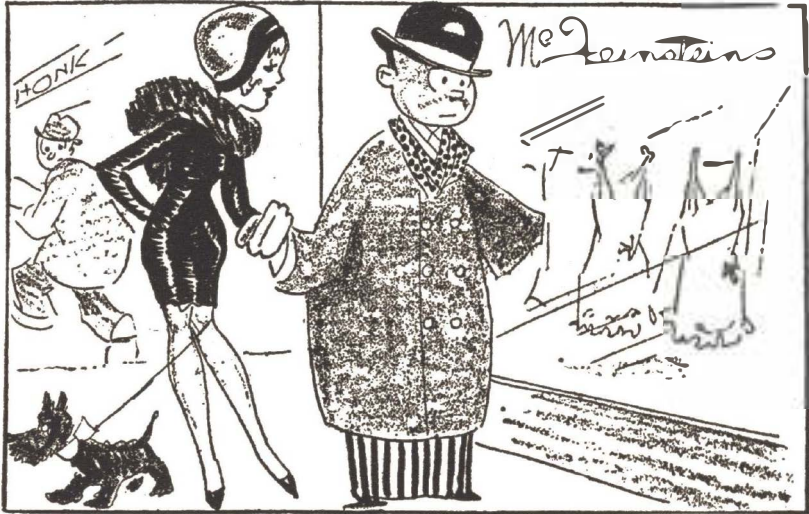
Sheik: "How'd you come to have so many brothers and sisters?"

Sweet Young Thing: "Daddy said a stork left them on the doorstep."

Sheik: "Well, daddy better watch his step."

* * *
Many a misunderstood husband thinks it is cheaper to buy a warm house than it is to heat a cold one.

FINDER IS KEEPER



“I wonder where all those step-ins go?”
“Search me, big boy.”

* * *

Oh Daddy!

When flappers frolic at the beach
They have no thoughts of drowning,
They flop their tummies on the sand,
And look like Peaches Browning.

* * *

The Facts Pure and Simple

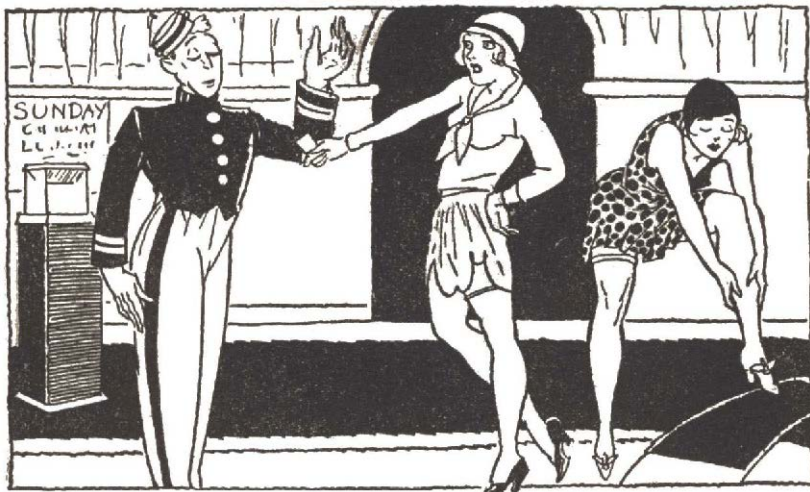
Hazel—“I saw you starting out for a ride with
Bill last night.”

Mable—“Yes—and about five miles out he
claimed his motor died.”

Hazel—“How were you when you got home?”

Mabel—“Good and tired.”

**THERE ARE OTHER
VERSIONS**



Usher—"Gallery left, please."

Flapper—"I'm sure there must be a mistake.
We have mezzanine seats."

Usher—"I don't care if you have gold teeth—
your seat's in the gallery."

* * *

We've seen the last of Mary's lamb,
Which gave the kids a laugh:
And now it looks as if we'd seen
The last of Mary's calf.

* * *

For the Old-timers

"They tickle," cried the king

"My lord, what tickles?" asked the good
queen.

"Spectacles," roared the king, and the
joke was on the queen.



BLUE-NOSE INSANITY V. S. COMMON SENSE

TWENTY years ago when Jim Jam Junior was studying Blackstone at the old Minnesota College of Law the saloons and bawdy houses were running on a 24-hour shift. The sky was the limit in those days and you never had to ask a cab driver for any information. Everyone knew where the gin mills operated and the gang knew where the bright lights twinkled along the line.

But in those days the college deans tended to their knitting. They didn't feel it incumbent upon themselves to snoop around in the private affairs of the students. They never catechised the student body to ascertain the popularity of common law marriages, prostitution, immorality or intemperance. We didn't know anything about "necking" or "petting" in those days, that is, under those names. We called it "fussing" but the modus operandi was the same. Yet no prof or dean ever considered it his

business to quiz us about fussing, buggy riding or beer parties.

Times have changed, as we have so often remarked, and today it is quite the thing for the dean of men and the dean of women in certain schools and universities to pry into the personal affairs of their charges.

Vices Listed

The latest development into this new school of snoopering comes from the University of Texas, department of ethics, which recently conducted a survey to ascertain or classify the sixteen dominant "vices" of the students at that institution of learning. And what do you suppose the survey revealed? Well, listen, my children and you shall hear—

First on the list of campus vices was sex irregularities. That is the prevalent vice at the University of Texas, and the next blackest sin listed was cheating. After cheating, the vices—in the order of their popularity—were stealing, lying, vulgar talk, swearing, gambling, selfishness, drinking, gossip, Sabbath breaking, extravagance, snobbishness, idleness, smoking and dancing.

Read over that list again and you'll get a real laugh at the expense of the department of ethics. Reminds us of the story of the prison reformer, who went to interview a hardened old yegg in Sing Sing. The yegg admitted he had broken every

commandment, most of the moral laws directed against sex promiscuity, that he was serving time for a revolting crime that dates back to the day Lot's wife turned to rubber and then turned to salt, and that he was bad all the way through.

"Do you smoke cigarettes?" asked the reformer.

"No," roared the yegg, "and I thank heaven no man can lay that agin me." He might have added, "an' I've never danced a step in my life."

Sex Questions

A few months ago certain professors in the University of Missouri caused to be circulated among the students of that school a "sex questionnaire" in which these perverted blue noses attempted to ascertain the moral reactions of the student body to such questions as these:

1. (a) If you were engaged to marry a man and suddenly you learned that he had at some time indulged in illicit relations, would you break the engagement? (b) Would you break the engagement if you learned that he had so indulged frequently and indiscriminately? (c) If, after marriage, you were to find that your husband was unfaithful to you, would you terminate your relations with him?

2. (a) Would you quit associating with an unmarried woman on learning that she had at some time engaged in irregularities? (b) On learning that she had so engaged often and promiscuously? (c) On learning she had accepted money?

3. (a) Are your own relations with men restrained most by religious convictions, fear of social disapproval, physical repugnance, lack of opportunity, fear of disease, or pride in your own ability to resist temptation?

What in the name of Jehova are these mentally constipated school authorities thinking of? What is their objective in seeking to stir up a sex stampede on the college campuses of America?

They'll Find Out

Jim Jam Junior is not a prude. We believe sex should be taught in a dignified way, and that this ethical training should come from the home. But as long as most mothers are content to allow their children to seek that information from other sources—either through ignorance or a false modesty that stinks to high heaven—sex education must come from avenues apart from the home. The kids are not going to get their information from the trees or the birds; they are going to get it from any and every source that is available.

So we do not resent an honest discussion of sex and the inevitable relations of human beings. We do not resent sex in books, in drama, in the movies or through the legitimate channels of information.

But to listen to the flat-breasted sisterhood and the blue-nosed brotherhood of reformers for revenue, one would think that sex is like a contagion, a leaky sewer, a prairie fire or something else that should be taken care of by the mentors of public morality. One would almost think that sex is something we are responsible for, and that if something isn't done about it—we'll all go to gehenna.

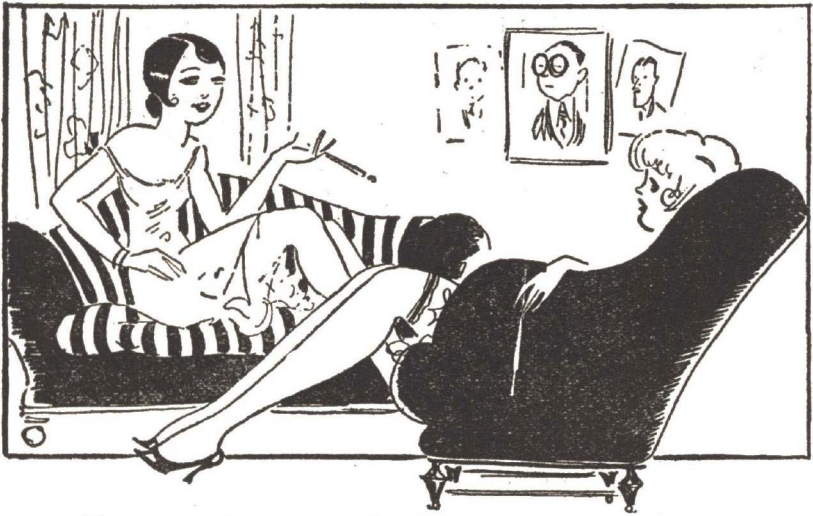
So these breath-sniffers and bedroom inspectors set up a howl as though they feel that public morality and common decency can be stampeded in the proper direction. They howl to the high heavens against literature that does not seek to convince mature readers that babies are brought by the stork or left on the door-step by the village doctor. They yell and froth at the drama that preaches morality by precept, comparison and hideous demonstration of the eternal truths of life and human tragedy.

Sex Is Truth of Life

Some day these abscess probers are going to realize that the American people are sick and disgusted with their antics, and that common decency will be best served by the absolute elimination of the moral vultures and grave diggers who devote their time to seeking filth and carrion.

You can't stampede morality any more than you can legislate purity and chastity. Sex is a truth of life, and all the bellyaching of the white ribboners will not change the biological scheme of things set in motion when the creator fashioned the earth and called it good. Rave to your hearts' content, bludgeon state legislatures into asinine action, brow-beat and maul justice into submission to your crazy theories of morality—when you reach the end of your trail you'll find that the boys and girls of the world will still seek that knowledge.

REAL TEST OF "IT"



"My new boy friend is a lingerie salesman."
"Good grief! How do you keep him interested?"

* * *

Edinburgh Special

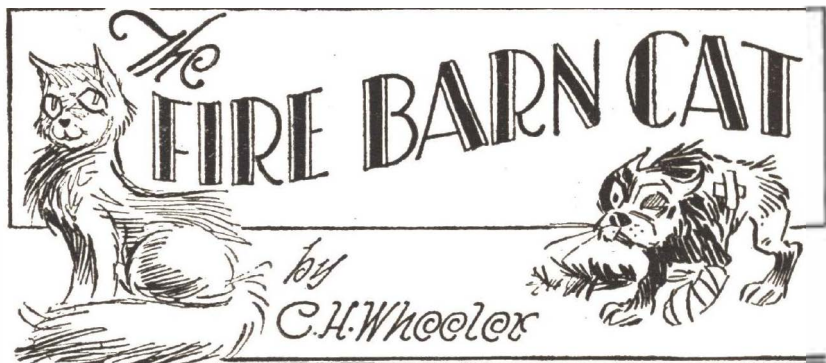
Sandy had been courting the fair Jean for two years. One evening after Sandy had been silent for some twenty minutes, Jean murmured, "A penny for your thoughts, Sandy."

"Weel," said Sandy with a sudden boldness, "I was thinkin' I'd like tae kiss ye, lassie."

Jean blushed happily as the operation took place, but Sandy again fell silent.

"An' what are ye thinkin' about noo?" asked the girl hopefully, "Anither?"

"Na, lassie. It's mair serious this time. I was wonderin' when ye were going tae pay me that penny."



The Perfumed Kitten stopped to chat,
With Thomas McWhiskers the fire barn cat.
Her blonde marcelle was fine as silk,
Sleek and shiny from liver and milk.

Tom was heavy with rats from his evening meal,
And had long since lost his sex appeal.
“Mac,” purred the pussy in accents light,
“What say we step out for some whoopee tonight?”

“That,” yowled old Thomas, “would suit me fine,
I’ll meet you in the alley prompt at nine.”
But Fate took a hand as the evening sped—
A call came in for the wagons red.

His soul ’twixt love and duty torn,
Tom stayed alone in the engine barn.
His duty was guarding the dump from rats,
But his heart was out with the pussycats.

At nine she meowed a plaintive note,
But the tomcat’s answer stuck in his throat.
“I wanna go out, but I gotta stay in—
It’s nice to be faithful, but pleasant to sin.

“I’m not a real fireman if I never neck—
To H—with my duty, I’m goin’, by heck!”
The rough-house started at ten-fifteen,
On the south-east end of the village green.

Jim Jam Jems

The shirker swallowed a bitter cup,
When sixteen tomcats beat him up.
For she led him into a jealous snare,
That took it out on his hide and hair.

Her owners got their kitten back—
Rode home from her walk in a Cadillac.
But Thomas McWhiskers is now a bum,
Cursing the cat gods that made him so dumb.

Mooching his chow from other cat's pans,
Or sneaking it out of the garbage cans—
Dreaming again of his fire barn days:
"Yeow—don't let 'em tell you "the woman pays'!"

* * *

The Heighth of Something or Other



Nurse: "It's a boy, Professor."

Prof.: "What is?"



THAT the American Bar Flies all over this great Land of the Spree have taken their New Year's resolutions with a grain of malt, is a proven fact. Thousands of tipsy wobblers have joined the National Trap since old Father Time brought his youngest offspring, 1930, into our midst. That is the spirit that will tend to make the American Bar Flies the great organization that it was intended to be.

All it takes to be one of the gang and a wobbler of the front ranks is one he-man full of the old American spirit. That's all that's needed. By slipping your name on the application and shooting it in to the National Trap, you automatically become a Bar Fly with a membership card that admits you into any Fly's cellar. Your friends see your card, become interested, and send for one for themselves. Then you have the nucleus of a trap of your own, and before your last batch is gone there will be

Jim Jam Jems

enough Flies in your neighborhood to swarm all over the place, and what's more, they will.

There are those among us who will say that old man Rum has taken his last stand. But what if he has? That sparkling spirit was always supposed to go down. Congress says, "We must put away demon rum," and according to the stories that come out of Washington they are the boys who CAN put it away too. It is up to you jolly good fellows, the American B. F.'s, to help those staunch old Senators, lest they get so busy putting it away sometime that they forget to adjourn.

What is a greater boost for these good old states than the occasional meeting of a group of you jolly good fellows who know what you want and are having it. It all makes for the spirit that gives everything the rosy outlook that it should have.

So remember that it is all free to you, and there is no time like the present to pour your FULL name on the application below.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP IN NATIONAL TRAP

Please send me FREE, the Bar Flies Membership Card and Rules.

Name

Address

Fill out the above application and mail it in at once. Address all communications to the Jim Jam Jems Chapter, American Bar Flies, 501 Seventh Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

NO STATIC



“That big blonde who married the radio announcer keeps tuned in on his station every night.”

“Gosh, is she jealous?”

“No, just careful.”

Smoke ^{*}^{*}^{*}Glasses Needed

Rastus came home unexpectedly. As he stepped suddenly through the open back door of the cabin, his wife jumped off the lap of a huge gentleman of color and shoved him hurriedly out through the front. Then, rushing up to her husband she put her arms about his neck affectionately and snuggled her head into his bosom.

“Honey,” she cried, “does yo’ b’lieve yo’ eyes, or does yo’ b’lieve yo’ baby?”

“Ah b’lieves mah baby,” he replied stoutly, “but Ah’s gwine hab mah eyes treated!”

SUCH IS FRIENDSHIP

A couple had been married a very short time when the husband had to make a motor trip. But he promised his wife that he would be home at dinner time. At seven o'clock he had not arrived. At ten o'clock the frantic wife sent a telegram to a friend of his in each of several towns through which he should have passed. "John missing. Much worried. Have you seen anything of him?" she wired.

Her husband reached home an hour later and soon, also, the telegrams began to arrive. They all read: "John all right, is spending the night with me."

* * *
Whiskers in the coffee!
Whiskers in the tea!
A bullshevik's daughter.
Was all riot to me.

* * * No Flag Flying

A Minneapolis writer in search of historical material visited Philadelphia and stopped to ask directions of a policeman.

"Can you tell me where the Betsy Ross house is?" he inquired.

The cop eyed the writer suspiciously.

"You a stranger here?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I t'ought so," said the policeman. "Thim places has all bin closed up long ago."

IT WASN'T THE WEATHER



He—"I'll bet I know what you are thinking about."

She—"Well, you certainly don't act like it."

* * *

Good-Night, Ladies

Agnes: "It was funny at that barn dance, last night—every light went out."

Mabel: "Golly, what did you do?"

Agnes: "Oh, we just stalled around till the hired man fixed them."

* * *

Jim Jam Definition

DEBATE: A conversation between a gold-digger and a Scotchman.



Good to the Last Drop



PEG JOYCE RETIRES FROM THE ALTAR LIGHT

THERE'S a real horse laugh in the latest cable from Cap Dail, France, to the effect that Peggy Hopkins Joyce has forsaken the earthy pleasures of this old world and retired to a life of peace and quiet in her Villa de Petite Chien. Some sob sister has given a ready ear to Peg's latest bid for notoriety and used up some perfectly good French panga to wire the details of her retreat from the gay night life she used to live. No doubt Peggy Joyce herself is getting a good laugh out of that.

A few months ago Peg packed a boat load of wardrobe trunks and beat it for Paris. Uncle Sam wanted Peggy as a witness in federal court; the district attorney wanted her to explain what she had done with an Isotta-Franchini car, a \$300,000 diamond lavalier and numerous other trinkets one of the Locke brothers had given her for old time's sake or some other consideration.

The Locke brothers were then on trial for their part in an eight-million dollar oil fraud. Peggy evidently didn't want to testify and as she isn't averse to using a half dozen different names, she was able to book passage for Paris two jumps ahead of the U. S. marshal. And now this new story breaks and we are told that she has turned her beautiful villa into a convent cell. But the cable did not inform us of the fact that this same villa was a parting gift of a millionaire admirer in New York who wanted to do something for the little girl.

Married Four Times

Just a few months before the late Nat C. Goodwin led his sixth bride to the altar, one of his friends asked him if he had ever married Peggy Hopkins Joyce, and the wise-cracking comedian replied "My gawd, who hasn't?" And when a reporter once asked Peggy why she had never married Santa Claus she promptly informed him that there wasn't any Santa Claus.

While she admits three marriages, there really have been four. At an early age she tripped to the altar with one Everett Archer, a millionaire, who happened to be old enough to be her daddy. This marriage was annulled because Peggy was a minor child, so she went back to the name of Margaret Upton. She lived in Washington, D. C., at that time.

However, she didn't allow much of the Potomac to flow under the weeping willows before she tripped to the altar again, this time with another millionaire by the name of Hopkins. But this marriage didn't "take" any better than the first, and after a sensational divorce case she came forth with a lot of experience, a middle name and a comfortable fortune.

About that time Florenz Ziegfeld saw a chance to capitalize on the publicity the gal had received and immediately booked her for the Follies. She went big, but she wanted to hog the show and when Ziegfeld put his foot down, Peg took the leading role in "A Sleepless Night," which some geek had written for her. Whether it was a sort of biography or not we can not say. But she fitted into the part like the stuffing of a frankfurter, and when the company went on tour Peg was all set for her third pace to Hymen's bower.

Enter Mr. Joyce

In Chicago she met one J. Stanley Joyce, a three-chinned lumberman who was managing to struggle along on a reserve fund of \$40,000,000 with a daily income of \$5000. At their first meeting Joyce told her he was crazy to meet her. He certainly was, and the marriage went flooey after a few months. It appears Joyce had a very jealous disposition, and sometimes he would take a slap at his wiff in front of others. Not only that—he was suspi-

cious of his vivacious young wife, and they do say the detectives fetched in a lot of damning evidence against the fair Peggy. They said she stepped out with a lot of dukes, professional dancers and a few tired business men. And that isn't half of it.

Hannah Raises Gehenna

Hannah, who was Peggy's maid and old man Joyce's private detective, made her mistress look like a ten-cent contribution to the national debt when she testified as follows:

"I've seen Mrs. Joyce scratch Mr. Joyce's face many times. Once, after a bad quarrel, I went to Hot Springs with Mrs. Joyce. She met a man named Barton French there. Mrs. Joyce spent lots of time in his home. When Joyce called her long-distance, they made a connection from our home to Mr. French's home so that he could talk to her. Mr. Joyce did not know he was talking to her in another man's home.

"Then she met Mr. Evans Spalding. Mrs. Joyce would come home early at night and Mr. Spalding would come in a little later. He had a key to the door downstairs and we left the upstairs door unlatched for him. Mrs. Joyce told me that Mr. Spalding had lots of money but was not as good-looking as some of the other men she knew."

Right after Hannah got through airing the family linen, Mrs. Sawdon, who had been Peggy's

secretary on a European trip, told a few things that were not calculated to make Peggy look like a possible candidate for sainthood. Here's what Mrs. Sawdon testified:

"When we went to Venice, Mr. Henri Letellier went along. On the train there and back, Mr. Letellier and Mrs. Joyce occupied the same compartment. At Venice we stopped at the Europe Hotel. We were there seven days. He paid the transportation and hotel expenses.

"Later, I accompanied Mrs. Joyce to London. The first night we met Edgar James in the grill. A night or two later I opened my door and saw Mrs. Joyce come out in her negligee. She said 'All is well.' Then I heard Mr. James tell her good night and saw him leave. We went back to Paris and Mr. James was there. They were together a great deal."

A Million Dollar Doll

Peggy cost old man Joyce the neat little sum of \$1,380,000 and this amount does not include court costs, lawyer fees and alimony. She asked—and received—\$10,000 a month temporary alimony to keep her in comfort during the days when she was awaiting the outcome of her divorce action.

There's nothing cheap about Peggy unless it is the valuation she places on her reputation. Just a few months ago she met J. Jerome Floum, a multi-millionaire who was taking the suntan cure at Miami,

Jim Jam Jems

Florida. During one of their strolls among the itching palms Peggy must have told him she didn't have a thing to wear. Being big-hearted, Floum told her to use his charge account at the Peck & Peck store. He also told the credit man at the store to honor Peggy's purchases. "She'll drop in to buy a knick-knack or a doodad," said Floum, "and you take care of her."

Peggy didn't wait long to use her new found friend's credit at Peck & Peck. She must have thought the firm name was an invitation to pick and pick, for she only bought eight suits, three rain-coats for a rainy day and forty-one pairs of silk hose at \$15 a pair. She also blew in \$18 for four handkerchiefs, figuring that these \$4.50 rags were worth blowing in. When old man Floum got the bill—a mere matter of \$1500—he went up into the ozone, refused to pay it and told Peck & Peck he'd see them in hell before he'd pay the bill. But he paid.

They Couldn't Shake Her

A few years ago a blackmailing magazine tapped the tills of a lot of Broadway celebrities. The gag was to approach a money-flushed sucker, whose linen was dirty, with a suggestion that the stepper should spend a little money for "advertising" in the publication. If the victim was obstinate—the blackmailers simply published a nasty—though true—story about the party who had been solicited. A few

weeks later another "advertising salesman" would make a second approach, and invariably the sucker would then come across.

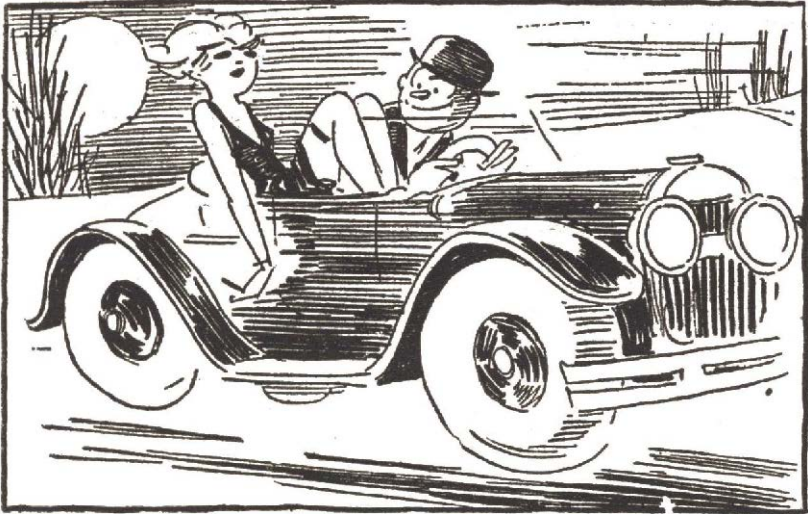
She Gets Her Man

While these blackmailers were able to shake down such well-known figures as Tex Rickard, Otto H. Kahn, Col. Jacob Rupert, Jesse Lasky, Julius S. Fleischmann, Percival Hill, W. A. Harriman and a score of others, it remained for Peggy Hopkins Joyce to tack the most damning evidence on the crooks. She was the only one on the sucker list who had been able to get a receipt for her hush money, and it was this receipt which sent the editor and his henchman to Atlanta.

You've got to give it to Peg—a lot of wise-acres have learned this bitter fact—and while we haven't a hellava lot of respect for her ideals of human husbandry, we'll doff the old derby to her any day in respect for her ability to stay in the lime-light for fifteen years without taking on the complexion and general constitution of a sun-kissed lemon.

That's our tribute to the girl who has had more adverse publicity than any other American woman in the last decade, but we can't help grinning at that stuff about Peggy turning her villa into a nun's convent. That's putting on the goo with a vengeance.

WHY NOT NOW?



“When we reach that bend in the road I’m going to kiss you.”

“Say, isn’t that going a bit too far?”

* * *

Strategy

A colored soldier named Henry was sent out to reconnoiter in No Man’s Land, when he suddenly encountered two Germans and started back in a hurry for his home trench. He was running well-bent for election, with the Huns in hot pursuit, when his captain looked over the edge of the trench and saw him.

“Halt, you coward!” the captain bawled. “Turn ’round and fight! Don’t let those huns chase you!”

“Chase me, nothin’!” yelled Henry, putting on an extra burst of speed. “Open mah dug-out door quick—I’s bringin’ ’em in alive!”



Let's Hope So

(From the West Mansfield, Ohio, Enterprise)

Indications point very strong towards the marriage of a West Mansfield girl, who for the past week has been enjoying her honeymoon in Canada and through the East.

* * *

Wet Honeymoons

(News item in the Annona (Tex.) News)

Due to the heavy rains in this section, many brides were washed out and much damage was reported.

* * *

He Was Her Man

(Item in Harrodsburg (Ky.) Herald)

The Jolly Fellows, a colored organization, held a dance at Park's Pavilion, Tues. eve., which was a huge success. Nothing marred the evening except several fist fights, and the arrest of Lyda Brown who it is alleged attacked Molly Johnson with a cuspidor for a nasty remark about her man friend.

* * *

Pull Down the Shade

(Want ad in Lewis County (Ky.) Herald)

5 Room House—Single bath large enough for two men and women. Randolph 653.

* * *

Keep in Line, Girls!

(Ad in Lancaster (Ohio) Gazette)

WANTED—Two young women; must love away from home. If you put your heart in this work I'll guarantee good money. Call Center 256.

NO REASON WHATEVER



“What dosh your wife shay when you shay out late ash thish?”

“Ain’t got no wife, Joe.”

“Then why do you shay out ash late ash thish?”

* * * Not the Blindfold Test

“Over in Turkey when a man dies they bury him under the sand for seventy-two hours.”

“Yeh?”

“And then they dig him up again, place him on a white marble slab, and ten beautiful maidens march with him through the streets.”

“What’s that for?”

“If he doesn’t wake up then they know he’s dead.”



SAINTED MONEY

IF THERE is anything that gets our dander up to the flaking point it's the holier-than-thou attitude taken by some of the folks in charge of community drives and other benevolences.

The name of Colonel Edward R. Bradley is known and respected wherever good horse flesh lines up at the tape. For half a century he has followed the races; for three decades he has bred and trained some of the finest horses that ever cut the turf of the Kentucky derby, and his honesty and integrity have never been questioned.

Like most turfmen, Col. Bradley is a good all 'round sport. He's a natural gambler, with all the best attributes of the gambler. He has always been the friend of the outcast, the down-and-outer and the forsaken. But his one big hobby has been to help make life a bit more pleasant for the orphan and the foundling.

For Charity

And so each year he stages a race at his world-famous Idle Hour Stock Farm near Lexington, Kentucky, inviting all the big racers to enter their horses. All the proceeds from this meet go to the orphan children of Kentucky, and for years the event has provided an average of seven dollars for every homeless little kid in the blue grass state. He had made thousands of little waifs happy at Christmas, and every turf addict chips in to make the jackpot as big as possible.

This year the races were run as usual and Col. Bradley sent his checks to the various orphanages. But the Kentucky Baptist Orphanage, located at Louisville, refused to accept his gift, curtly returning the check on the grounds that the orphanage did not care to participate in the enjoyment of money raised in a gambling enterprise. And so hundreds of homeless children, who had looked forward to the day of days in their drab little lives, ate the usual institutional dinner on Christmas day. The toys and trinkets they had anticipated did not come, and old Colonel Bradley's head, whitened by the drift of seventy years, bowed to the will of the peanut-brained administration of the Kentucky Baptist Orphanage. His money, which might have gladdened the lives of children bereft of parents, was considered tainted and unfit to buy the things which

bring smiles to wan faces and songs to wee, hungry hearts.

We would to God there were no postal censorship on the things men may put into print when righteous anger moves the hand to write the things that well unbidden to the brain. We would like to put into type the uncensored emotions that arise when we encounter such instances of synthetic holiness on the part of those entrusted with the care of motherless boys and girls. But there are limitations to the liberties of the press, just as there are moral depravities too deep and vile for the human mind to plumb, and so we feel especially handicapped in paying our respects to the tadpoles in charge of the Kentucky Baptist Orphanage.

Spiritual Sanctification

When Mary the Magdalen bathed the feet of the Master with precious oils bought with her shame, did He condemn her and feel that His person had been made unclean? He did not, and the contrite spirit of that poor woman purified the oils and cleansed her own heart. So it was with the money Colonel Bradley sought to give to the homeless waifs in that hard-shelled Baptist institution. The spirit of his gift, the desire to bring happiness to others, the will to serve his fellow men sanctified that tender of gold and made it as pure as the tears that welled from the eyes of Mary nineteen centuries ago.

Shame on the men and women of the Kentucky Baptist Orphanage. Shame on every mortal being responsible for the scorning of this good man's gift to the friendless babies of a great state, and God grant that the spirit of Christmas may abide in them next year when Coloned Bradley will repeat his offer. And that's how we feel about that!

* * *
The Height of Precaution

The groom who drank black coffee on his wedding night.

* * *
Maybe Ferry Boats



Dorothy—"Mama, my birthday book says the fairies come across the water. Do they have ships?"

Mother—"I don't know. Ask your father, he used to be an admiral in the navy."

HERPICIDE BLUES



Jean: "All the girls are going to the dance tonight, and each one must wear a dress the color of her sweetheart's hair. Are you going?"

Joan: "Heck, no. My sweetie is bald."

* * *

Still Had It

An English nobleman met an old Scotch gardener whom he hadn't seen him in fifty years.

"Sandy," he said laughing, "do you remember the time I bought those marbles off you and paid you with a plugged nickel?"

"No, mon; are ye sure? I never noticed it but I'll look when I go home the night."



Q A whole lot of promising girls get by doing nothing else.

* * *

Q And the honeymoon is over when the bride's father empties his shotgun shells to make a rattle.

* * *

Q Many a girl, who learned to walk when she was two years old, has to have a boy friend help her navigate at twenty.

* * *

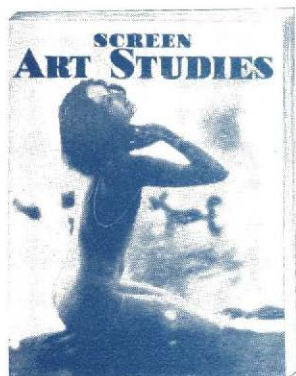
Q When love flies out the window you can bet it's the husband who flew in the door.

Beauty on *Parade!*

You'll find an unusual variety of exquisite art portraits done in beautiful rotogravure in this magazine for camera students and art lovers. Don't miss the MARCH issue of

**SCREEN
ART STUDIES**

On Sale February 10



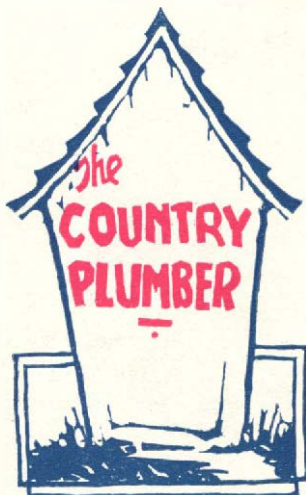
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