THE "CLAMMING" INDUSTRY

How the Material From Which Pearl Buttons Are Made Is Procured—The Hope of the "Clammer," to Find a Big Pearl—How the Pearls Are Formed—Life in Clam Town.

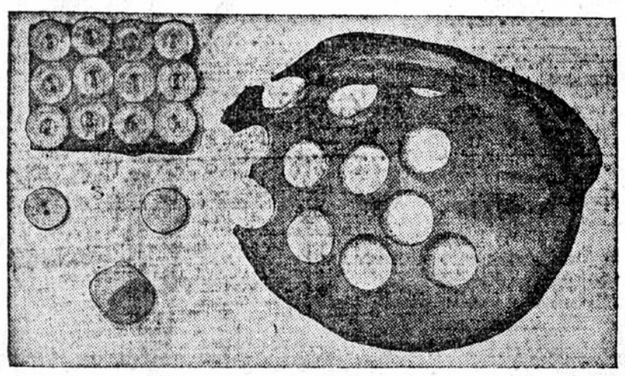
Pearson's Magazine for July contains an industrial story of the clam fisheries of the Mississippi. This is one of a series of special industrial articles that this magazine is, among other things noted for. The story itself dealing as it does with a subject little known to many people, illustrates what is practically a modern industry, and shows the danger of it being crippled unless something is done to regulate it.

Fresh-water clam-fishing is a unique occupation, since it insures a modest income, and at the same time offers the allurement of a game of chance in which is no risk. It is the shell, in which the clam has his singularly wise yet stupid being, that insures the fisher an income. These are used for making pearl buttons, and "the clammer," as he is called, gets from $5 to $20 a ton for them. Like other commodities, the price fluctuates with the supply and demand. There is also a great difference in the value of the various kinds of shells, and it is safe to say that there are as many varieties of clams as of fish in the waters from which they are taken.

From the sale of the shells the clam fisher averages, taking the summer thru, a wage of from $1 to $2 a day. In addition to this, there is scarcely a day that he does not find baroque and seed pearls of more or less value. The uncertainty as to these values, and the ever-present, enticing possibility of finding a pearl of price, gives to his ocupation the same fascination that lures the gambler.

This industry—for, the peculiar, it is a recognized industry—is of comparatively recent origin. The story of its beginning is that, about twelve years ago a German, who knew something of pearl-button making, was gathering clams for fish bait along the shore of the Mississippi river, in the vicinity of Huron island. As he took out the clams he observed that the mother-of-pearl lining of the shells was particularly fine in color, texture and luster. In considering this, it occurred to him that the shells might be utilized, and he sent a few of them to a friend in Holstein, Germany, who was an expert pearl-button maker.

This friend, M. J. Beopple, at once recognized in them a fine material for buttons, and decided to come to this country for the express purpose of utilizing them. He arrived here in 1890, and, single-handed and alone, began the manufacture of pearl buttons from Mississippi river clam shells. He invented a circular saw for cutting the shells into neat pieces, known as button blanks, but the grinding of these to the required thickness, the facing, drilling, and polishing, which in factories is done by means of chemicals and machinery, Mr. Beopple did by hand. He also, in the beginning, gathered the shells, raking the clams from the shallow water along the inshore with a common garden rake. When he had finished a few gross, he offered them for sale. The tariff bill of 1890 had advanced the price of pearl buttons, and, as he asked less than was paid for the same button before this advance, he had no difficulty in disposing of them, and in a few weeks was overwhelmed with orders.



Stages in the Evolution of the Button, from the Clam Shell to the Finished Product

No sooner had Mr. Beopple demonstrated what could be done with fresh water clam shells than there was a rush to this new field of industry. Button factories sprang up in almost every town of any importance on this part of the river. In Muscatine, Iowa, are twelve factories. Large concerns in New York and Chicago, which up to this time had imported shells, established branches for the cutting of button blanks, which were packed and shipped to the city factories to be faced and finished.

The first clam fisher who sold shells on the Mississippi was Captain Fox, now one of the largest dealers in shells on the river. At that time he was keeper of the government light on Huron island, and as he made his trips he gathered shells for Mr. Beopple, who paid him at the rate of $40 per ton for them. Equally good shells are now sold at $11 to $14 per ton; but the present methods enable the fisher to take more in an hour than he could at that time in a day.

He now has a wide, flat-bottomed rowboat fitted with what clammers call a "crowfoot dredge." This consists of two standards fastened firmly to the sides of the boat at each end. Resting in grooves on these standards, and extending along the sides of the boat, are two hollow metal pipes—usually a section of gas-pipe is used for this purpose. On these pipes are fastened many lines, from twelve to twenty inches long, and on each line is one or more four-pronged, barbless hooks. These are known as "crowfoot hooks," and are simply pieces of heavy wire cut the required length and bent upward. These are usually made by some one in the camp fond of "puttering," who furnishes them to his fellows for a small sum.

The fisher in using the outfit, when he has reached a desirable position, turns his boat across the current and puts out his drift board, which is a sheet anchor that keeps his little craft in position. He then drops first one bar and then the other, over the boat's side, to which they are securely held by heavy lines. As the boat drifts slowly down stream the many hooks dangling from these bars drag along the river bed.

Nothing could be more uninviting than the big, rough, unbaited hooks, but they serve their purpose as well as do the dainty and fly-concealed ones that tempt the coy trout to rise. The clam, able to make for itself a habitation lined with a substance so fine that it is named as the material of heaven's gates, is of omnivorous appetite. He eats or tries to eat whatever comes his way. When he feeds, he stands on edge with his shell opening downward. Always well out of the current, he plows, as he moves very slowly forward, a narrow groove in the soft mud of the river bed, which may be seen from the surface of the water. In his blind progress he seizes on anything in his way, and at once tightly closes his shell. It is the aim of the clam fisher to drop his lines along the little shelving irregularities formed by the action of the water, so that the clam in feeding comes in contact with the hooks and seizes them. When they are biting well, the fisher makes what he calls "a drag" in ten or fifteen mintes. That is, he drops his lines, and in that length of time draws them in and places them on the standards, with a clam dangling from nearly every hook. This means a catch of 300 or more. When he has taken the clams from the hooks, and he must remove each one separately, as they hold on, if not for dear life, to the end of life, he again drops the bar.

A big catch may not be very valuable, since, as has been said, certain kinds of shells command a good price, others bring a small price, and some are not salable, tho these last often yield something of value in the pearl line. Each of the many different kinds of clams has been given, no one seems to know when or by whom, an odd, characteristic name, by which it is known to clam fishers, shell buyers and button manufacturers.

The niggerhead, a big, thick shell with a black outer surface, while it does not command the highest price, is one of the most profitable shells, and is used in making thick-shank buttons, as well as the more expensive kinds. It is not difficult to get together a ton of these and others of similar value, and the button manufacturers are always ready to buy them.

A shell that always brings a high price is the buckhorn, which is long, narrow and rough on the outer surface, as is the horn from which it takes its name. It is not unusual to cut two dozen buttons of the finest quality from a single buckhorn shell, and the fishers sell them readily for $20 a ton. The butterfly, marked with faintly colored dotted stripes of varying length, is also one of the most valuable shells, and he who selects handsome pearl buttons that do not lose their luster may be sure that they were made from these finer shells.

The round mucket, black sand, pig's ear, and several others, rank with the niggerhead, and are sold with them; while the deer's foot, which on the hinge side is in the exact form of a deer's hoof, the pocketbook, elephant's ear and razorback are much less valuable. The yellow sand shell, used by Mr. Beopple when he began the manufacture of buttons from Mississippi river clam shells, is now rejected at the factories, as, while it is beautiful in color and texture, it is thin and brittle and requires careful handling, which, with the machinery now in use, makes the cost of manufacture too high for profit.

A clam fisher's outfit, in addition to the boat already described, is a pan for cooking the clams, a bin-shed, and a portable dwelling of some kind. As the nature of his calling makes him an itinerant, everything he possesses is movable, whether it is poor and cheap, or, according to his standards, expensive and handsome. Class distinctions exist among clammers, as in other communities. A clam fisher of the middle or lower class lives in a tent, or in a shack constructed of driftwood and building paper. These are large or small, good or poor, according to his state. If he be an aristocrat among clammers, he has a houseboat, which is his permanent, tho movable home, and he holds himself a little aloof from the other clammers of any camp where he may happen to be. When he finds a pearl he does not call his fellow fishers to examine and pass judgment upon it, neither is he called to share the excitement of a valuable find; and so, however much he may enjoy his exclusiveness, he loses much of the poignant pleasure of the clammers' camp.

Whe na fisher has taken as many clams as he can boil and sort in the after part of the day, he draws up his boat and lights a fire in a furnace of rude masonry, on which is mounted a big sheet iron pan. This he fills with clams and water, and when they have boiled about twenty minutes the clams are open and ready for sorting. From the pan they are shoveled into a large, shallow box called a sorting tray, which is fastened on standards driven into the ground, making it about as high as an ordinary table. This occupies one side of a rough shed, under which the shells to be sold are piled, since to allow them to bleach in the sun makes them difficult to cut and work successfully. It is when the clam fisher is taking out the meats and sorting the shells that he finds pearls, and his fingers are as sensitive as the fingers of the blind. He detects, unerringly, the least hard substance in the soft meats he is handling, the eager hope of the gambler seeming to be concentrated in his finger tips.

Pears follow no law as to position. Seed pearls are sometimes fastened on the frilled lip of the clam, forming a continuous edge, not unlike pearl beads on a bit of lace. Often pearls are embedded in the thick portions of the mussel's body, and frequently they are unattached in the shell. As those which are not attached often fall out when the clam opens, the water in which they are boiled is carefully strained. Upon any foreign substance in the shell the clam pours a nacreous substance, which is largely carbonate of lime. This, deposited in exquisitely delicate layers, is as smooth as is the lining of the shell. The size and shape of the foreign substance determine whether a pearl or a baroque pearl is to result. The latter are being much used, and may be seen in almost any jeweler's window. Some of them are beautiful in color and luster, and are effective as pendants, as the petals of flowers, and as the bodies of birds and insects set about with gems.

The pearling over of any substance in the shell of the clam is an instinct of self-preservation, as, if the intruding matter be not made smooth, it irritates the soft, skinless body, and death is the ultimate result. Once this pearling process begins, it goes on indefinitely, and the pearl, whatever its shape, grows constantly larger. Occasionally the deposit after a time grows coarse, like the outside of the shell. When this is the case, the pearl is what is known as a "peeler," that is, the outer layers must be peeled off to reach the pearly surface. Some very fine pearls have been of this kind, but it requires great care and skill to get the pearl out of the hard, and often thick casing successfully, and the most careful and expert work is not always rewarded, as the inner part is sometimes valueless.

A pearl, whatever the kind, means not only an accident to the clam, but one that has been successfully overcome. Judging from an experiment made by an old Mississippi river clammer, who has for years been studying clams and their ways, at least 80 per cent of these accidents are fatal. Having read of the Chinese method of introducing grains of sand into the shells of oysters to induce them to make pearls, he tried a similar experiment with clams. In a small, shallow arm of the river, near where this man was camping, was a fished-out clam bed. Taking fifty clams, he inserted in the shell of each a grain of sand, and placed them in this old bed. Forty-six of the number died, but the remaining four pearled over the sand grains and seemed to be in as good condition as if nothing had happened. It is quite possible, however, that if the sand had entered the shells in a more natural way, and the clams had remained undisturbed in the bed from which they were taken, the fatality might have been less.

When a clam is pearling over a substance, the tendency is to make it round. Were it otherwise there would be no perfect pearls, as no particle is a complete orb when it enters a shell and becomes the basis of a pearl. A pearl that, when rolled on a level glass surface—which is the crucial test of its shape—does not show the slightest inequality is a valuable pearl, providing its color and luster are good. Many pearls found by the Mississippi river clammers, not perfectly round, yet in other respects fine, command good prices, as they can be set to conceal slight defects of shape. The colors of Mississippi river pearls vary from white and a delicate roseate pink to a dark shade of heliotrope. Some of them have an iridescence, which is unusual in pearls and is most attractive.

As the gamester believes that luck, however long deferred, will at last be his, each clammer confidently expects to find a big and perfect pearl. Such are occasionally found on the Upper Mississippi. A few years ago a pink pearl was taken from a clam bed at Red Wing, Minn., that was sold to a dealer for $1,200. The dealer disposed of it at a round profit, and later it went to Europe, and, it is said, is now among the jewels of an English duchess. Few such pearls are found, but even a few are enough to inspire enthusiastic hope among several thousand clammers; and it is not altogether a hope deferred, as, during a summer, most of them find a number of good pearls.

It is said by those who live in houseboats and make clam-fishing a regular business, that, as in gambling, there is the "beginner's luck." It is also stated that when a man who has the "pearl fever" begins to get discouraged, and is about to give up his quest, he invariably finds a good if not a great pearl. A teacher of languages in a school located near a large clam bed, where several valuable pearls have been found, has for a number of years had this pearl fever. In the early dawn, and as long as he can see after his school work is done, he is out on the river fishing, or on the shore boiling and sorting clams. It is related that, when he grows discouraged and offers his outfit for sale, he invariably finds a pearl worth $25 or more, and again he becomes enthusiastic, and with renewed zeal seeks the uncertain favor of the gambler's deity.

A camp of clam-fishers, wherever it is located, includes an odd medley of people. Those near towns are largely made up of the flotsam and jetsam of the irregularly employed, found on every shore. What may be called the arcadian clammers' camp is quite different. In these there are, with scarcely an exception, one or more representatives of a class that is typical. In Louisiana and Mississippi this class is known as "Piney Woods People," in Georgia and Florida as "Crackers." The clam-fishing representatives of this peculiar people are more intelligent than are some others of their class, from the fact that they are wanderers, and, from their point of view, have seen much of the world.

What is known as Clam Town, on the Wisconsin shore of the Mississippi river, about sixty miles below Minneapolis, is a typical arcadian clammers' camp. A large clam bed, which has not yet been fished out, is the attraction. Houseboats, tents, and shacks are scattered in picturesque confusion along a sandy beach, backed by a narrow bit of wood, above which rise high bluffs, crowned with fertile farms, which stretch back as far as can be seen.

With the single exception of the aristocrat, who occupies the houseboat, each inhabitant of Clam Town makes excuse for being there. As he sees it, the houseboat man has reason to felicitate rather than excuse himself. He states with pride that he pays no taxes, has no fuel bills, since the river brings him all he needs in this line in the shape of driftwood, that he goes where he pleases and when he pleases, taking his home with him. His satisfaction is not without reason. The six little staterooms, the living room, the small reception room, the narrow porch-deck, bright with flowers, are illustrations of how comfortable a family can be in limited space and with very little money. When the summer wanes he moves his taut domicile to the town of his choice, and, with no firmer foundation for it than the flowing river, is as safe and satisfied as if it rested on a rock. As the winter days go by, he fishes for clams thru the ice with a clam rake, and so keeps the pot boiling without encroaching on his summer savings.

The itinerant who represents a class, tells of lost opportunities, which are his reasons for being a clammer. With his wife, their two children, and his partner he lives in a one-room shack, and, while making an honest if not opulent living, he is looking for the big pearl. There are several old farmers and their wives who, having outlived the necessity of the strenuous labor of farm life, spend their summers at Clam Town, earning just enough to give zest to their quiet days. Several invalids are doing enough fishing to make their camping-out-cure pay. A little grop of white tents occupied by university students, is called "The Big Mit Camp." A huge boxing glove is their insignia, and, working and idling with equal zest, they are the pride of the camp.

The representative ne'er-do-well, who never ceases out of the land, is found in Clam Town as elsewhere. He is beloved of the dogs and the children, and finds more pearls than all of the other clammers, and has less money; but he is quite honest, whether in his cups or out of them, as are the other inhabitants of this summer town. Whether the clammer is in possession of money paid him by shell and pearl buyer, or has found a big pearl that may be worth almost any price, he goes to his rest with the coming of darkness (his drafty tent or shack is not suited to artificial light) with no thought of possible loss. In these oddly assorted little communities theft and dishonesty are almost unknown. It is not from his fellows that the clammer desires to get quick gains, but from the big river, which is always the loser.

Just how long the Father of Waters can stand this continual giving without getting it is not possible to say. Clam fishing is by no means as profitable as it was a few years ago, and each year the fisher must labor for smaller and yet smaller returns. If the mussel beds of the Mississippi river and elsewhere in this country are not protected, as they are in Europe, they will, of course, in time be exhausted. There are, however, a great many shells, rejected a few years ago, that now, as the supply of the more desirable kinds is less, are being used. Others still declined at the button factories, no doubt later on will be accepted, as it requires only slight changes in the machinery and more skilful workers to utilize them. Great beds of these, principally the yellow sand shell, have not as yet been touched, and the pearls found in these shells are beautiful in color and of brilliant luster.

Miles from any town or railway, it would seem that the arcadian clammers' camp would be lonely and eventless; but interest, like happiness, is relative here as elsewhere. The farmer comes down the steep bluff road to bring supplies and to get clam meats for his chickens and pigs. There are rowboat journeys to the town. An occasional visitor comes from other camps, and now and again a steamer puts in to land a pearl-buyer or some curious stranger. The finding of a good pearl is always a time of excitement, and the coming of the shell-buyer, in his naphtha launch, with its big barge in tow, is an important event, since it brings each fisher his wages.

These shell-buyers supply the button factories located farther down the river, at La Crosse, Muscatine, Clinton, Davenport and other points. Those factories which are not connected with large concerns in New York and Chicago finish the buttons and ship them direct to wholesalers and jobbers. The workers in each of these factories are paid, not for their time, but for the work they do, and there is much emulation among them as to the amount each is able to earn in his particular line in a day. From the man who fishes the clams to the girl who sews the finished button on the cards, these workers, and, all told, there are something more than 80,000 of them, are happy and satisfied. Over $20,000,000 worth of buttons, up to the present time, have been made from Mississippi river clam shells.

BOTH WRONG.

Philadelphia Ledger.

"Isn't it ridiculous to call sleeping cars sleepers?"

"Yes, that's 'way off."

"Because it isn't the cars that are sleepers, but the people who occupy them."

"That's where you're 'way off. Evidently you never tried to sleep in one."

In a Berlin insane asylum is a patient, it is said, whose hair changes color with her temperature. When she is cool and quiet her hair is a light yellow, but when she is restless and excited it becomes auburn.

WHISKEY AND BEER HABIT

PERMANENTLY CURED BY "ORRINE"

Physicians and scientists throughout the world have long since pronounced drunkenness a disease of the nervous system, creating a morbid craving for a stimulant. Systems vary as to the kind of drink that will satisfy this craving—some want whiskey, others beer, wine, kimmel, etc., the use of which will eventually result in ruining the health and bringing on disease, in many cases ending in death.

"ORRINE" permanently removes the craving for liquor, restores the organs of the stomach to their natural condition and improves the appetite and digestion. It contains no injurious drugs of any description. "ORRINE" can be given without the patient's knowledge, if desired, in tea, coffee, water or milk. It requires no office or sanitarium treatment, but can be taken at home. We will refund the money if it fails to do all that is claimed for it.

Mr. E. T. Sims, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "Use my name as a twenty-year drunkard restored to manhood and health by 4 boxes of 'ORRINE.' It is a wonderful and marvelous cure for the drink habit."

The price of "ORRINE" is $1 per box, 6 boxes for $5. Mailed in plain, sealed wrapper, by ORRINE Co., 817 14th St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Interesting booklet (sealed) free on request. Sold and recommended by

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"NATURE'S MONUMENT TO THE DEAD"

Professor Heilprin Tells of the Astounding Spectacle Now Presented by Mont Pelee—The New Cone Now Reaches a Height of 5,100 Feet or Nearly One Mile—A Scene of Unequaled Grandeur.

Remarkable and Only Photograph Taken by Professor Anglo Heilprin of the Great Obelisk-like Cone of Mont Pelee, Which Overtops the Formerly Rounded Summit of the Volcano, Rising Over 5,000 Feet Above the Level of the Sea.

Philadelphia Press.

Fresh from what he terms the most wonderful spectacle nature has ever presented, Professor Angelo Heilprin is back in Philadelphia after a two months' visit to Mont Pelee on the Island of Martinique. He calls it the greatest volcanic show on earth, and, to use his own epigrammatic and picturesque phrase, in its new cone it has raised up "Nature's monument to the dead."

THE NEW CONE.

Mt. Pelee differs from most volcanoes in having no central chimney, the discharges taking place from fissures in the core itself, which core is continually being pushed up in the air, tho at intervals blowing asunder. In spite of this disruption of the cone, however, it steadily grew in height until early winter, when it had reached a height of 5,100 feet.

Since May Professor Heilprin has spent nearly two months in the Island of Martinique studying the phenomena in connection with the volcano, and on being seen by a reporter of the Press yesterday, he said:

"The distinguishing features of Mt. Pelee, and that which makes this volcano unique among the volcanoes of the world, is the giant tower or obelisk of rock which is being extruded from the summit of the newly made cone, and which obelisk now rises up in supreme grandeur 840 feet above the summit of the cone proper, with a thickness at the base of from 300 to 350 feet.

A MAGNIFICENT EFFECT.

"One can form no conception of its magnificence and terrorizing aspect. The old summit of Mt. Pelee, which was rounded and about 4,000 feet high, is now overtopped by this new creation by nearly 1,000 feet, so that the apex of the volcano, which surpasses the old dome, is found at a height of 5,200 feet above the sea, and the cone, together with its surmounted obelisk, has still surrounding it a crater basin of about 300 feet depth, over which great puffs of steam and sulphur vapor are being emitted, showing that the activity of the volcano is not yet still.

HOW THE OBELISK IS MADE.

"The appearance of this obelisk or monument on the summit of the volcano, transfixing its cone and virtually blocking it, is no less remarkable than the conditions which are involved in its making. There is no question of doubt that the entire mass, rising to twice the height of the Washington monument at Washington, with four times its thickness, is being pushed up bodily and has been pushed out in this manner to its full present height.

"The volcanic stress which has lifted it is the same which in other volcanoes ejects flowing lava, but in this particular instance the molten matter within the volcano has hardened before it has left the lip of the crater and comes out as a united solid. Hence the lava, instead of overflowing, simply mounts up higher and higher into space.

"To what extent this head may still be carried in the future it is impossible to say. The aspect that is now presented is one that is unique in the history of volcanoes and it itself will tell in weeks or months to come what the possibilities of this new form of construction or type of new activity may be.

"This vast obelisk, which gives the appearance as seen from St. Pierre of a monument erected by nature to the dead, is slightly arched or curved in the direction of the destroyed city. On the opposite side it arises with a well nigh vertical face and presents a perfectly smooth, almost polished surface, made so and grooved as the result of hard pressure against the casing of the wall of rock which borders its channel of exit. The surface indeed recalls to the geologist the appearance of horizontal rock masses that have been smoothed, polished and curved as the result of glacial action.

"On May 31, when the volcano lost nearly 200 feet of its summit, the apex reached the 5,200 feet. At the present time it rises slightly above 5,000 feet. On the four days preceding June 17 the rise of the tower was twenti-one feet, but in the early period the extrusion was nearly twice as rapid. On the day preceding my departure a faint line of steam was seen issuing from the absolute apex, showing the fissures and passages that exist in the mass which permit the interior steam to travel thru completely from the base to the summit.

"Geologists will continue to watch with extreme interest the development of this remarkable structure and to follow the career of the great volcano which has plugged or corked itself. How the present degrees of eruptive activity of Mt. Pelee stand in relation with the symptoms of unrest that are manifesting themselves in one or other of the neighboring islands, as in Guadaloupe, is also a question that may find its solution at a not very distant day."

WHEN THE CONE EMPLODES.

Professor Heilprin, when asked whether the area of devastation of the volcano had increased and what the inhabitants on the slopes of Mont Pelee were doing, said:

"Of course, material from the cone keeps on falling down the slopes and in patches covers up the formerly fertile soil. Many plantations, however, are maintained on the lower slopes of Mont Pelee, and the owners are in quite a quandry as to what to do, for the local scientific representative of the French government from time to time advises them to flee as he believes there is no safety in the shadow of the great cone. They, however, prefer to stay, and when they asked me for advice, I did not know exactly what to say. They may be safe, but the question continually arises, where will the ruin stop when the great cone explodes as a whole, as undoubtedly it will do some day?"

ALWAYS TIRED

That never rested feeling—
Tired all day—and all night, too—worse in the morning than in the evening—
Most times it's the kidneys' fault—Kidneys are sick—
Poisons are being carried all through the system—
Backache is the cry for help—the cry of the sick Kidneys—

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

make matters right quickly—cure every kind of Kidney ill—backache, urinary trouble, diabetes—Proof? Plenty of it right here—

Minneapolis People Say So

Men and women who have been cured—you can't doubt testimony like this—

Mrs. J. Stolz, of 2803 Third Street N., says: "An advertisement about Doan's Kidney Pills led me to go to the Voegeli Bros.' Drug Company, Minneapolis, and procure a box for my son, who had considerable trouble from pains in the back. The treatment greatly benefited him, and his getting such quick relief is proof of the great value of this medicine."

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale at all Drug Stores—50c a box—Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A MAGNATE.

New York Sun.

"Is he very rich?"

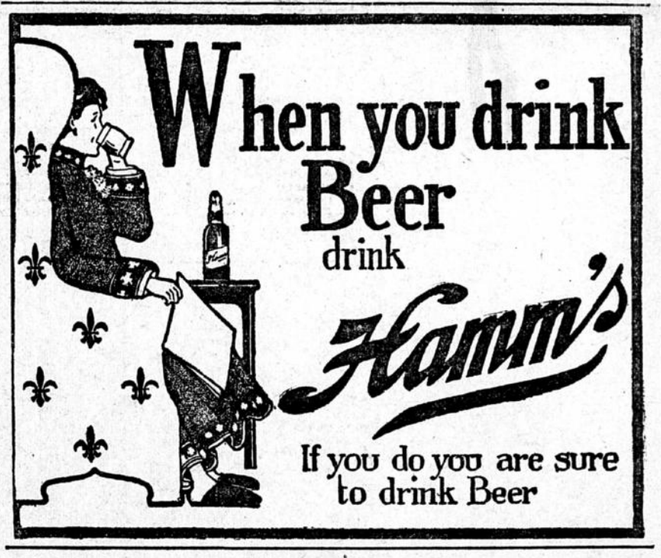
"Rich? Why, he's so rich he daren't look twice at a girl for fear she'll bring a breach of promise suit."

MARGARET KNEW.

Harvard Lampoon.

"Margaret, I think you cheapen yourself by going so much to the theaters with Mr. Jones."

"No, mother. On the contrary, I'm making myself very dear."



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Defective Page