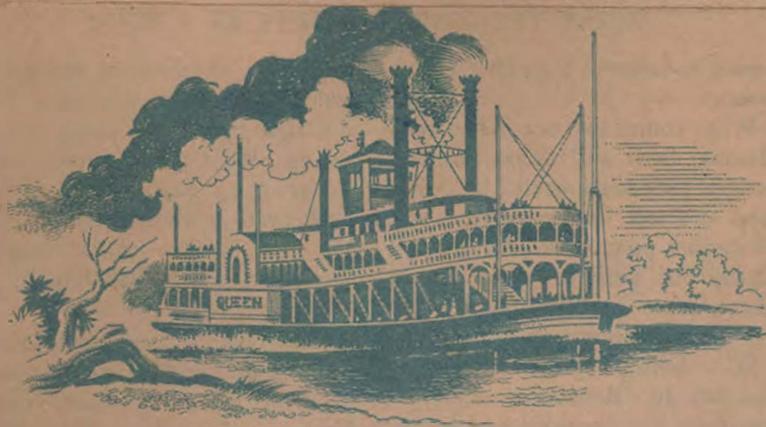


Bickel
Notebook
Collection

Mark Twain



Dynamic Memorials To Mark Twain

MERVIN B. HOGAN, 33°

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THE NATIONAL Gallery of Art in Washington, D. C., is the source of the thought: "For the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men and their story is not graven only on stone over their native earth but lives on far away without visible symbol woven into the stuff of other men's lives." Truly, this observation seems particularly appropriate for Mark Twain or Samuel Langhorne Clemens, as he was christened.

Mark Twain became a member of Polar Star Lodge No. 79 of St. Louis, Missouri, in 1861; having been Initiated May 22, Passed June 12, and Raised July 10. Shortly thereafter he went West and attended Masonic meetings at Carson City, Nevada, as well as serving as Junior Deacon in Bear Mountain Lodge No. 76, at Angel's Camp, California.

Few commonwealths have recognized a distinguished son and his achievements as the State of Missouri has honored Mark Twain. Even so, other localities have identified his connections with them. Connecticut has memorialized his residences at Hartford and Redding; while in Woodlawn Ceme-

tery at Elmira, New York, repose the mortal remains of himself and his immediate family. The Quarry Farm home on East Hill still stands on the outskirts of Elmira, although in private hands and closed to the public. His octagonal study, in which he wrote several of his books, was removed several years ago from that original site to the Elmira College campus, where it may be seen today.

Interestingly, Yale University was the first academic institution to extend recognition, conferring upon him the Master of Arts degree in 1888 and that of Doctor of Literature in 1901. In 1902 he made his last trip to Missouri, where he was affectionately, enthusiastically, and proudly received and acclaimed. At the June commencement the University of Missouri made him a Doctor of Laws and an honorary member of Phi Beta Kappa. Johns Hopkins had recognized him with an honorary degree in 1889, and on June 26, 1907, he received a Doctor of Letters degree at Oxford University.

Mark Twain was a seven months baby and it is remarkable he survived the rugged, rural hardships of that day. As to his origin, we are fortunate to have himself as

the authority:

"I was born the 30th of November, 1835, in the almost invisible village of Florida, Monroe County, Missouri. My parents removed to Missouri in the early 'thirties;' I do not remember just when, for I was not born then and cared nothing for such things. It was a long journey in those days and must have been a rough and tiresome one. The village contained a hundred people and I increased the population by one per cent. It is more than many of the best men in history could have done for a town. It may not be modest in me to refer to this but it is true. There is no record of a person doing as much—not even Shakespeare. But I did it for Florida and it shows that I could have done it for any place—even London, I suppose.

"Recently some one in Missouri has sent me a picture of the house I was born in. Heretofore I have always stated that it was a palace but I shall be more guarded now. "The village had two streets, each a couple of hundred yards long; the rest of the avenues mere lanes, with railfences and cornfields on either side. Both the streets and the lanes were paved with the same material—tough black mud in wet times, deep dust in dry.

"Most of the houses were of logs—all of them, indeed, except three or four; these latter were frame ones. There were none of brick and none of stone."

Anyone not acquainted with the region surrounding Florida would probably be as surprised as Brother Twain himself would be, if he could be told that Florida is today still an "almost invisible village" of fifty people. At the intersection of State Route 107 and a faint trail at right angles to it is a simple stone marker with a bronze plaque affixed which reads: "In This Village Was Born/November Thirtieth/1835/Samuel Langhorne Clemens/Mark Twain/He Cheered And Comforted/A Tired World/Erected By The/State Of Missouri/1913."

This stone marks the exact location of the birthplace and originally was surmounted by a bronze bust of Twain executed by the St. Louis sculptor, Robert P. Bringhurst. The bust is presently on ex-

hibit in the Mark Twain Memorial Shrine at the Mark Twain State Park.

The Mark Twain Memorial Shrine was dedicated Sunday, June 5, 1960, with Governor James T. Blair, Jr., delivering the dedicatory address. The structure was designed by the architectural firm of Swanson, Tervey and Bray, and was built in 1959 for the Missouri State Park Board.

The building is ultra-modern in concept and strikes the viewer as strangely non-conforming when first seen in its impressive setting atop a knoll amongst magnificent native hardwoods. However, it grips one's imagination and attention and, after spending some time within its portals viewing the Twain memorabilia and exhibits, one feels a spiritual uplift, as well as a kinship with Twain himself and the humanity he so well portrayed.

As viewed from the roadway, the left hand portion houses the small, two-room clapboard cabin in which Mark Twain was born. The roof over this pioneer, frontier home of the Clemens is a three-inch thick reinforced concrete slab poured as a hyperbolic paraboloid, and having an outer surface of white marble chips.

In addition to housing the authentic old Clemens frame cabin, the Shrine ushers the visitor into a bright and spacious exhibition hall, has an extensive and artistically displayed museum area, conference and office rooms, and several functional facilities. On exhibit is the original manuscript of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, numerous books from Twain's personal library, first editions of all the books written by him, and foreign editions of translations of many of his books.

The Mark Twain State Park was formally dedicated Wednesday, August 20, 1924. During the ceremonies M. A. Violette presented to the Mark Twain Memorial Park Association the frame cabin in which Mark Twain was born. The two room cabin and the land were officially presented to the State on February 9, 1925, and formally accepted by Governor Sam O. Baker at Jefferson City. The park comprises 1,192 acres of forested and scenic terrain. In addition to the Mark Twain Memorial Shrine,

there is an enclosed shelter, "Huckleberry Hall"; an organized group recreational facility, "Camp Clemens"; camping grounds, picnic areas, housekeeping cottages, hiking trails, and children's playgrounds.

In southwestern Missouri's Ozarks are 601,000 acres comprising the Mark Twain National Forest. Caves and springs abound in the area and inspiring scenic drives traverse the reservation. Hunting, excellent stream fishing, picnicking, and camping are other attractions of the forest.

One is impressed with how successfully Missouri has perpetuated the joyful and enchanting spirit of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn in the natural temples and tabernacles of God's great outdoors and made such natural resources forever available to all people.

As every reader of Twain well knows, the town of Hannibal was his boyhood home and his chosen setting for much of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. The Clemens family moved there from Florida in 1839. Twain's father, John Marshall Clemens, died March 24, 1847 of pneumonia in the House of the Pilasters, or Grant's Drug Store, on the southwest corner of Main and Hill Streets and across the street from Twain's boyhood home.

Hannibal is truly a living memorial to its talented and gifted son. As one approaches from the east he crosses the Mark Twain Memorial Highway Bridge and, in all probability, continues on one of the principal thoroughfares, which is Mark Twain Avenue. On Main Street he notes the Mark Twain Hotel and readily observes examples of practically every commercial enterprise named after the community's most renowned resident.

In the vicinity of the intersection of Main and Hill Streets is a veritable continuation of Mark Twain's boyhood. Still standing and open to the visitor are Mark Twain's boyhood home, the adjoining Memorial Museum, the Becky Thatcher House, the House of the Pilasters, Selms General Store, and John Marshall Clemens' Law Office.

In the Memorial Garden adjacent to the Clemens' home is an elfish statue of Tom Sawyer by Walter Russell. At the foot of Cardiff Hill, one block north of the garden on Main Street is the Tom and Huck statue by Frederick Hibbard. Riverview Park is the site of an heroic bronze statue of Mark Twain overlooking the Mississippi River from the bluff's edge and at an elevation of 300 feet. This statue was presented to Hannibal by the State of Missouri in 1913. It, too, was sculpted by Frederick Hibbard.

The Mark Twain Cave is two miles southeast of the town and is open to visitors all year round. It was in this noted cavern that Becky Thatcher and Tom Sawyer became lost, and also where the infamous Injun Joe lingeringly died of starvation.

On December 27, 1867, Mark Twain met Olivia Louise Langdon in New York at the St. Nicholas Hotel. They became formally engaged February 4, 1869, and were married February 2, 1870, at the Park Congregational Church of Elmira, New York. Thereby Mark Twain became irrevocably identified with south central New York State. In addition to being the site of the last resting place of himself and his family, his local influence is evidenced by such landmarks as the Mark Twain Hotel with its Huck Finn Room, a Tom Sawyer Motor Inn, and a Huck Finn Motel.

Mark Twain employed the architect Edward Tuckerman Potter to build him a home in Hartford, Connecticut. It had nineteen large rooms and five baths and was the most unorthodox, elaborate, and oddest mansion in the city. The five acres it graced cost Twain \$31,000; the house, \$70,000; and the furniture, \$21,000. It had a porch like a river-boat deck, a balcony similar to a pilothouse, lookouts commanding the best views, and was topped off with Gothic turrets. The author built it for hospitality and became so entrapped with social rounds that his living expenses for one year reached \$100,000.

Characteristically, Twain confided at this time to his friend William Dean Howells, "A life of don't-care-a-damn in a boarding

Memorial Highway - 2
Memorial Highway - 2
"THE GREAT JUST HEAVEN HISTORY"
K. I. BIGELOW, KEOKUK, IOWA
Mark Twain
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house is what I have asked for in many a secret prayer."

Mark Twain and his family lived in this house from 1874 to 1891, and sold it in 1903. Today the structure is another living Mark Twain Museum commemorating his many years as a resident of the northeast. It is at 351 Farmington Avenue and is maintained by the Mark Twain Library and Memorial Commission.

Twain's penchant for mansions, social life, and expensive hospitality culminated in his last home, "Stormfield," at Redding, Connecticut, which he moved into on June

18, 1908. At 6:22 p.m., Thursday, April 21, 1910, Mark Twain died at Stormfield. Unfortunately and regrettably, this edifice burned to the ground a number of years ago.

Mark Twain is esteemed and re-

membered not only for the books he wrote but for the pithy, penetrating, and pungent aphorisms he so characteristically expressed, such as:

"It is nobler to show another how to be good than to be good yourself, and less trouble."

"Let me make the superstitions of a nation and I care not who makes its laws or its songs either."

"There is an old-time toast which is golden in its beauty: 'When you ascend the hill of prosperity, may you never meet a friend.'"

"It takes your enemy and your friend, working together, to hurt you to the heart: the one to slander you and the other to hurry the news to you."

"Don't part with your illusions. When they are gone you may still exist but you have ceased

to live."

"Irreverence is another man's disrespect for your god. There isn't any word that tells what your disrespect for his god is."

It is the deathless and timeless prose of Mark Twain which will forever be the living monument to his beloved and revered memory. In this complex, emotional, and confused world of today probably no brief statement of this Southerner who had worn the Confederate gray has greater significance than the self-appraisal he made at 63 years of age:

"I think I have no color prejudices nor caste prejudices nor creed prejudices. Indeed I know it. I can stand any society. All I care to know is that a Man is a human being, and that is enough for me; he can't be any worse."

The Gate City.
= JANUARY 9, 1897. =
Entered in Keokuk Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

"PUDD'NHEAD WILSON."

How One of Mark Twain's Stories Came to be Dramatized.

"The home of Samuel L. Clemens, 'Mark Twain,' is to see the creations of the brain of its great child, when the story of 'Pudd'nhead Wilson' is told at the opera house in the near future," said Jno. Henry Martin, who it in the city preparing for the coming of Pudd'nhead Wilson.

"Its almost three years now since one foggy, drizzly afternoon Mark Twain and Frank Mayo met on Broadway, New York. A friendship begun a third of a century ago away out in the Sierra Nevada mountains, when Mark Twain was a reporter on a Virginia City newspaper, and Frank Mayo was a young and rising actor, making his first fame on the Pacific coast, had never been allowed to lag. 'Innocence Abroad,' 'The Gilded Age,' 'Tom Sawyer' and other well told pithy and pathetic stories had in the mountains placed Mark Twain in the front rank of English literature. And 'Davy Crocket,' 'Nordeek,' and other delightful plays, well played, had placed Frank Mayo in the front rank of American actors and playwrights.

"Howde, Sam," said Mayo, when they met on Broadway.

"Howde, Frank," responded the great humorist. "Sam, step in here, I want to talk to you a moment," said Mayo, as he indicated an open hallway where they would be sheltered from the weather.

"Frank, ain't you mistaken? That don't look like a place where they sell it," drawled the author of "Tom Sawyer."

"Stop your fooling, Sam; I want to talk business."

"All right, Frank, fire away, but be quick or I will miss my dinner."

"Sam, I want to dramatize one of your stories."

"Which one, Frank?"

"Well, what's the matter with that one now running in the Century Magazine, 'Pudd'nhead Wilson.' It looks like a good thing to try."

"All right, Frank, sail right in. I will send you the advance proofs. You go ahead and do the work. Don't consult me at all. If there's a play in 'Pudd'nhead' I know you will get it out. Now good-bye, Frank, I must go or I shall surely miss my dinner."

"But, Sam, how about royalties?"

"Oh, never mind about that; we can settle that afterwards."

And thus it came about that "Pudd'nhead Wilson" was made into a play. It was produced in New York in May, 1884, and ran until June, when the theater closed for the summer. Was put on again in September, ran many weeks, and then went on tour to the principal cities of the country. Mark Twain's royalties on the play were over \$5,000 last season.

Frank Mayo died last June, after scoring his greatest success as an author and actor in "Pudd'nhead Wilson." The original company, the one Mr. Mayo selected for the play, will be here, also the original scenic productions. Of the success of the play, of its wit, wisdom and tender pathos, all have heard. It is the undisputed dramatic success of the age. The play has just finished a long run at McVicker's in Chicago.

Your theater-goers in Keokuk cannot fail to be pleased with the story of Dawson's Landing, Missouri, and the quaintly humorous folks who tell it. It is filled with the true atmosphere of a Mississippi river town, and the folks who tell the story will not seem to be acting, but will be the real

folks themselves and you will recognize in them old friends and acquaintances.



MONDAY • JAN. 18.
• EVENING.

THE MOST DELIGHTFUL
PLAY OF THE AGE.

Made Famous by Frank Mayo
From the Story Told by.....

"A GATE CITY BOY,"

**Mark
Twain's
Pudd'nhead
Wilson**

Same Production, Original Scenery, Original
Cast, precisely as played in all cities.

THERE IS BUT ONE COMPANY PLAYING
"PUDD'NHEAD WILSON"

PRICES—\$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c.
Box Seats \$1.50.

☞ Sale opens Thursday morning. ☞

The Gate City.
: JANUARY 13, 1897. =
Entered in Keokuk Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

"PUDD'NHEAD WILSON."

The Company Appears Here at Lower
Prices Than Elsewhere.

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MEMORIALS

Quite a discussion was indulged in by D. L. Hughes and John Henry Martin, the representative of Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson," the entertainment Mr. Hughes will offer Monday, Jan. 18.

This entertainment is in its second season and has never, so Mr. Martin stated, played to less than \$1.50 for the best seats. It has only been seen in Davenport last season and in Des Moines and Cedar Rapids this season. These and Keokuk are the only Iowa cities in which it will appear this season. As the other cities gladly gave \$1.50 to see "Pudd'nhead Wilson," of course Mr. Martin insisted on the same prices here. Mr. Hughes argued against this and the result was that Mr. Hughes won in the discussion and "Pudd'nhead Wilson" will be seen here at \$1 for the best seats. Said Mr. Martin: "I yield only for the consideration that this is the boyhood home of the great humorist who wrote "Pudd'nhead Wilson," hence I agree that the prices for this great entertainment should be such as will enable all of Mr. Clemens' (Mark Twain's) old neighbors to see the beautiful play Frank Mayo made of his story.

The Gate City.

=JANUARY 14, 1893.=
Entered in Keokuk Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

MARK TWAIN'S LUCK.

How He Struck the Popular Chord and Has Grown Rich.

A New York writer says that when Mark Twain, the former Keokukian, sailed to Europe with his family, some time ago, his intention was to remain away about a year. The period has now extended to nearly two years, and he finds his villa life in Florence so pleasant that his sojourn is likely to be prolonged indefinitely. His purpose in travel was twofold; to test the curative powers of the continental baths for the rheumatism, which had been troubling him of late years, and to complete the education of his three daughters. He keeps his home at Hartford in constant readiness for his reception, and he has, during the period of his visit abroad, twice returned to this country to arrange business matters and for the sake of the ocean travel, of which he is particularly fond.

Mark Twain has at present no definite plans for a new book. He talks very little of his literary work until it is complete, and the only new works of his ready for the public are two stories for the Century Magazine. One of these, the "Million-Pound Bank-Note," appearing in the January number of that magazine. The other will be published in the March number, and is entitled, "A Cure for the Blues." It is the story of an American novel of a hysterical type, which Mark Twain found by chance

and which struck him as particularly ludicrous. He retells the story of the novel, quotes liberally from it and intersperses running comments of his own. It is in Mark Twain's own estimation "the funniest thing he ever struck," and with this recommendation of the author himself the story ought certainly to prove especially interesting and amusing to many readers of the great humorist.

Just in this connection it is well to say that while Mark Twain has always stood out as our leading humorist there is a far more serious vein in him than many of his readers imagine. In fact, it has of late years given him considerable annoyance to find himself obstinately misunderstood when his purpose has been serious. "People seem to think I can't do anything but right jokes," he once said. He was so misunderstood by many who criticised his "Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." The book was funny at times—Mark Twain couldn't help being that—but it was intended for a satire with a serious purpose. His early books he frankly states were written simply for fun, but lately he has occasionally taken on a more serious tone, and his annoyance at finding himself misunderstood in every case is quite natural.

Mark Twain of today is a far different man from the one who wrote "Innocents Abroad." In the last twenty years he has developed, broadened and deepened. He is a man of the highest culture, widely read and widely informed, an accomplished linguist, a thorough literary scholar and a deep and serious thinker. His special favorites in literature are Shakespeare and Browning. These masters he has studied long and carefully, knows them almost by heart and his recital of favorite selections has often given pleasure to his friends. His three daughters, brought up in surroundings of the utmost refinement and culture, are all bright, well educated and accomplished. The eldest, Miss Clara Clemens, not yet 20, has already begun to show distinct literary tastes. She has written a play of an allegorical character, which was produced in Hartford previous to her departure abroad, by an amateur company, of which she was the leading figure. Witnesses of the performance say that it was entertaining and clever, and gave evidence of genuine literary ability.

As an equally successful author and publisher, Mark Twain occupies a unique position in American literature. He founded the publishing house of Charles L. Webster & Co., and is still the head of it. Mark Twain, as author, receives a regular royalty from the sales of his books and as publisher he receives a large share of the dividends from the business of the house. Being his own publisher, it may of course be safely assumed that the terms he makes with himself as author are quite sat-

isfactory to him. It must be said, however, that were he compelled to rely solely on his royalties Mark Twain would be a man of comfortable means. The manager of the Webster company informs me that they feel perfectly secure of disposing of 40,000 copies of any book Mark Twain may write. This can be appreciated when we learn that every one of the humorist's books have sold upwards of 60,000 copies, and "Innocents Abroad" has now sold over 200,000 copies, with "Tramps Abroad" close upon that number. Of his more recent books, "Huckleberry Finn" leads, over 100,000 copies having been disposed of; 20,000 copies of this popular book were sold last year alone. The sales of "Tom Sawyer" and "Prince and Pauper" have reached 80,000, while "The Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," which has been out comparatively only a short time, has sold already nearly 50,000 copies.

The Keokuk News.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

THE KEOKUK NEWS COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

HERBERT H. WINSLOW, - - - Editor.
E. O. TOWNSEND, - - - - - Manager.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1882

MARK TWAIN.

Some Reminiscences of the Great Humorist.

A correspondent who writes from Hannibal, Mo., says:

I fell in with John R. Robards, Mark Twain's old chum, and who is the prototype of Jack in "Tom Sawyer."

The first place Robards took me to was the old home of the Clemens family, and where the early days of the illustrious humorist were spent. The house is an old two-story brick, and is occupied by a colored family, who have no sentiment concerning the place of their abode.

"In this house and under this tree have I spent many a pleasant hour in company with Mark," said my companion, as we stood in front of the old house.

The next place I went to, a little way down the river, is the cave by which "Tom Sawyer" made his wonderful escape, and by means of an underground passage the city of Hannibal is easily regained.

"Is that cave story in 'Tom Sawyer' simply fiction?" I asked.

"It is as true as I am standing here. I remember it as if it only happened yesterday. And the little girl whom Mark speaks of is no other than Mrs. Koontz, wife of our present Mayor and President of the Hannibal Printing Company. The

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Great Humorist

AGENT HUNNICKS

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

little boy whom Mark says he had a fight with about this little girl is John H. Garth, now our wealthiest citizen."

Mr. Robards next took me to one of the hills which surround Hannibal in a similar manner to which Cincinnati is surrounded. At the foot of this is the old village blacksmith-shop, which Mark tells about demolishing by rolling a big boulder against it.

"Is this story true?" I asked Robards.

"Yes, I helped Mark to it. We used to play about this shop and were always in mischief. The old blacksmith became so provoked one day that he caught Mark and with a shingle made Mark so sore that he didn't sit down for a week. As soon as Mark got well we went upon the hill immediately above the blacksmith shop, and every day for about a week we worked at digging up a big boulder. Finally we got all the earth from around it and all we had to do was to give it a shove and down the hill it would go with a terrible velocity. Saturday afternoon was always a holiday in Hannibal in those days. Well, this particular Saturday was a beautiful June day and the blacksmith shop was closed. It was, as it is now, a frame building, and most of the material is in it yet. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon we started the boulder down the hill. It struck the blacksmith shop and almost demolished it."

I also met the original "Mulberry Sellers," who is an intelligent farmer living a short distance from Hannibal, and who has always a job or big scheme under way, but which invariably proves a failure. When I met him he was soliciting subscriptions to build a railroad. He talked so well that if I had had \$100 I would have invested it with him. He is an uncle of Mark Twain's mother. He and John T. Raymond have met and got to be great friends. Mr. Robards has several letters which he received from Mark at different times after the humorist became famous, of which I have copies. One of them inclosed a \$100 check for the purpose of having Robards purchase tombstones to be placed over Twain's father and oldest brother, who are buried in Hannibal. It is quite humorous. He says: "Don't fix the old man's grave too fine, for you remember he was a very plain man during life, and if you did his ghost would rise up and demolish the tombstone."—*St. Louis Republican.*

The Keokuk News.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

THE KEOKUK NEWS COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1882

MARK TWAIN.

Some Interesting and Entertaining Episodes in the Early Life of the Distinguished Humorist.

Keokuk is especially interested in the literary career of "Mark Twain" for the reason that he once resided here, and that his brother, Orion Clemens, is still a citizen of Keokuk. We give therefore the following from the pen of W. D. Howells in the *Century* for September:

In one form or other, Mr. Samuel L. Clemens has told the story of his life in his books, and in sketching his career I shall have to recur to the leading facts rather than to offer fresh information. He was remotely of Virginian origin and more remotely of good English stock; the name was well-known before his time in the South, where a senator a congressman and other dignitaries had worn it; but his branch of the family fled from the destitution of those vast landed possessions in Tennessee, celebrated in "The Gilded Age," and went very poor to Missouri. Mr. Clemens was born on the 30th of November, 1835 at Florida in the latter state, but his father removed shortly afterward to Hannibal, a small town on the Mississippi, where most of the humorist's boyhood was spent. Hannibal as a name is hopelessly confused and ineffective; but if we can know nothing of Mr. Clemens from Hannibal, we can know much of Hannibal from Mr. Clemens, who, in fact, has studied a loafing, out-at-elbows down-at-the-heels, slave-holding, Mississippi river town of thirty years ago, with such strong reality in his boy's romance of "Tom Sawyer," that we need inquire nothing further concerning the type. The original perhaps no longer exists anywhere; certainly not in Hannibal, which has grown into a flourishing little city since Mr. Clemens sketched it. In his time, the two embattled forces of civilization and barbarism were encamped at Hannibal, as they are at all times and everywhere; the morality of the place was the morality of a slave-holding community; fierce, arrogant, one-sided—this virtue for white and that for black folks; and the religion was Balvanism in various phases, with its predestinate aristocracy of saints and its rabble of hopeless sinners. Doubtless, young Clemens escaped neither of the opposing influences wholly. His people like the rest were slaveholders; but his father, like so many other slave holders, abhorred slavery—silently, as he must in such a time and place. If the boy's sense of justice suffered anything of that perversion which as curiously and pitifully maimed the reason of the whole South, it does not

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appear in his books, where there is not an ungenerous line, but always, on the contrary, a burning resentment of all manner of cruelty and wrong.

The father, an austere and singularly upright man, died bankrupt when Clemens was twelve years old, and the boy had thereafter to make what scramble he could for an education. He got very little learning in school, and like so many other Americans in whom the literary impulse is native, he turned to the local printing-office for some of the advantages from which he was otherwise cut off. Certain records of the three years spent in the Hannibal "Courier" office are to be found in Mark Twain's book of sketches; but I believe there is yet no history anywhere of the *Wanderjahre*, in which he followed the life of a jour-printer, from town to town and from city to city, penetrating even so far into the vague and fabled East as Philadelphia and New York.

He returned to his own country—his *patria*—sated, if not satisfied, with travel, and at seventeen he resolved to "learn the river" from St. Louis to New Orleans as a steam-boat pilot. Of this period of his life he has given a full account in the delightful series of papers, "Piloting on the Mississippi," which he printed seven years ago in the "Atlantic Monthly." The growth of the railroads and the outbreak of the Civil War put an end to profitable piloting, and at twenty-four he was again open to a vocation. He listened for a moment to the loudly calling drum of that time, and he was actually in camp for three weeks on the rebel side; but the unorganized force to which he belonged was disbanded, and he finally did not go with his section either in sentiment or in fact. His brother having been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nevada Territory, Mr. Clemens went out with him as his private secretary; but he soon resigned his office and withdrew to the mines. He failed as a miner, in the ordinary sense; but the life of the mining-camp yielded him the wealth that the pockets of the mountain denied; he had the Midas-touch, without knowing it, and all these grotesque experiences have since turned into gold under his hand. After his failure as a miner had become evident even to himself, he was glad to take the place of local editor on the Virginia City "Enterprise," a newspaper for which he had amused himself in writing from time to time. He had written for the newspapers before this; few Americans escape that fate; and as an apprentice in the Hannibal "Courier" offices his humor had embroiled some of the leading citizens, and impaired the fortunes of that journal by the alienation of several delinquent subscribers.

But it was in the 'Enterprise' that the first used his pseudonym of "Mark Twain," which he borrowed from the vernacular of the river, where the man heaving the lead calls out "Mark Twain!" instead of "Mark two!" In 1864, he accepted on the San Francisco "Morning Call," the same sort of place which he had held on the "Enterprise," and he soon made his *nom de guerre* familiar "on that coast;" he not only wrote local items in the "Call," but he printed humorous sketches in various periodicals and, two years later, he was sent to the Sandwich Islands as correspondent of a Sacramento paper.

In 1867, Mr. Clemens made in the Quaker City the excursion to Europe and the East which he has commemorated in "The Innocents Abroad." Shortly after his return he married, and placed himself at Buffalo, where he bought an interest in one of the city newspapers; later he came to Hartford where he has since remained, except for the two years spent in a second visit to Europe.

THE DAILY GATE CITY. — APRIL 28, 1887. —

Mark Twain's Address.

HARTFORD, CONN., April 17.—At the annual reunion of the Army and Navy club of Connecticut this evening, the chief address, on the memory of General Grant, was made by Rev. M. B. Riddle, formerly chaplain in the service. He was followed by S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain), who delivered the following characteristic address:

I will detain you with only just a few words—just a few thousand words, and then give place to a better man—if he has been created. Lately a great and honored author, Matthew Arnold, has been finding fault with General Grant's English. That would be fair enough, maybe, if the examples of imperfect English average more instances to the page in General Grant's book than they do in Mr. Arnold's criticism upon the book, but they don't. [Laughter and applause.] It would be fair enough maybe, if such instances were commoner in General Grant's book than they are in the works of average standard authors, but they are not. In truth General Grant's derelictions in the matter of grammar and construction are not more frequent than are such derelictions in the works of a majority of the professional authors of our time, and of all previous times—authors as exclusively and painstakingly trained to the literary trade as was General Grant. There is that about the sun which makes us forget his spots, and when we think of General Grant our pulses quicken and his grammar vanishes. We only remember that this is a simple soldier who, all untaught of silken phrase makers, linked words together with an art surpassing the art of the schools, and put into them something which will still bring to American

ears as long as America shall last the roll of his vanished drums and tread of his marching troops. [Tremendous applause.]

THE DAILY GATE CITY. — MARCH 29, 1887. —

MARK TWAIN AS A FARMER.

A Speech That He Might Have Delivered Before a Farmers' Club.

I have been introduced to you as an experienced agriculturist. [Laughter.] I love the farm. Adam loved the farm. [Laughter.] Noah loved his vineyards. Horace loved the farm, as is shown by that great book, "What I Know About Farming." [Laughter.] Washington, Webster, and Beecher were allured by the attractions of agriculture. Some one said to Beecher, "Keep your cows out of my shrubbery." "Keep your shrubbery out of my cows," replied Beecher, "it spoils the milk." [Laughter.] Hogs are hard animals to drive over a bridge. [Laughter.] I once saw a man carried several miles on the back of a hog that turned back in opposition to the solicitations of the driver on approaching a bridge. [Laughter.] I will tell you of a safe way to get hogs over a bridge. Kill them and draw them over in a wagon. [Laughter.] Hogs are fond of Spring lambs and Spring chickens. Hogs will eat their own offspring if no lambs or chickens are offered in the market. [Laughter.] When a boy I was solicited to escort a pig to a neighbor's farm. A strong rope to the pig's leg was placed in my hand. I did not know before the speed and strength of a pig. [Laughter.] But they do not run the way you want them to run. [Renewed laughter.] A pig can draw a canal-boat with the tow-line tied to his hind leg, but I would not insure the canal-boat. Hogs are cleanly, orderly, silent and not bent on mischief—[laughter]—when cut up and salted and in a tight barrel, with a heavy weight on the lid. [Prolonged laughter.] This is all I know about hogs.

I love cows. [Laughter.] What so meek and lowly—[laughter]—as a mooley cow? City people are foolish to be frightened at cows. I was never hurt by a cow but once. He shook his head at me from behind the gate. I felt the security of my position and shied a pumpkin at him. He came through the gate as though it were a spider's web, and then I was sorry I did it. [Laughter.] This kind of a cow should not be fooled with unless you are tired of monotony. [Laughter.] The poets love to dwell upon milk maids, milking time, and lovers sparring over the farm-yard gate, but no such poet could ever have milked a cow in fly time. [Laughter.] I can not imagine a successful love suit at such a season. I milked the cows one night when the boys were off on a Fourth of July. [Laughter.] That is, I milked one and one-half cows. [Laughter.] The last one was so busy knocking off flies with her hind foot I thought I had better not disturb her longer. A pail of fresh milk kicked over a boy does not improve his clothes or temper. Some say I milked from the wrong side. [Great laughter.] I thought I would be sure and be right, so I milked half on one side and half on the other. [Renewed laughter.] I was on the other side when she knocked off most flies. Can any one tell me why a cow should be permitted to dictate which side a man shall milk from? I claim the right of my choice at least half of the time.

Sheep are my special delight. How gracefully the lambs gambol over the green. I trust you never gamble over the green. Nothing so patient and modest as

a sheep. [Laughter.] Some say a scamp is the black sheep of the flock, but a black sheep is just as respectable as any, and the color line should not thus be drawn. [Laughter.] I once fished on the bluff and casually discovered a sheep with large crooked horns coming at me with head down and fire in her eyes. The fish were not biting well, so I left my sport and dodged behind a stump. The sheep fell on the rocks below and broke her neck. For this act I have since been accused of non-protection in the wool traffic. This reminds me of a Commissioner of Agriculture in old times who purchased six hydraulic rams for the improvement of American flocks. [Prolonged laughter.] Feather beds are made from geese, but all woollen goods and drums are made from sheepskins. [Applause.]

I take great pride in the horse. "He is the noblest Roman of them all." [Laughter.] I once led Stephens' horse to water. How proudly he arched his neck and tail. He was so fond of me he tried to embrace me with his front feet. But I was so shy he turned about and playfully knocked my hat off with his heels. [Laughter.] I told Stephens I thought horses looked much better walking on four feet than on two feet. A horse presses hard when your toe is caught under his hoof. I speak not from theory, but from actual experience. [Laughter.] I went riding with Stephens' horse, and he shied and danced provokingly. "Treat him kindly," said Stephens, "Never beat a horse." By and by Stephens thought he would get out and walk for exercise. "You may let him feel the lash now," said Stephens. "A little discipline now will do him good." [Prolonged laughter.]

Here is a composition I wrote on farming when a boy: Farming is healthy work; but no man can run a farm and wear his best clothes at the same time. Either the farming must cease while the new clothes continue, or the new clothes must cease while farming continues. This shows that farming is not so clean work as being a Congressman or schoolmaster, for these men can wear good clothes if they can find money to pay for them. [Laughter.] Farmers get up early in the morning. They say the early bird catches the worm. If I was a bird, I had rather get up late and eat cherries in place of worms. [Laughter.] Farmers don't paint their wagons when they can help it, for it shows mud too quick. The color of their boots is red, and don't look like other people's boots, because they are twice as big. [Applause.] Farmers' wives have a hard time cooking for hired men, and the hired men find fault with the farmers' wives' cooking. Why don't the farmers' wives let the hired men do the cooking while they do the finding fault. [Great applause.] Farmers don't get as rich as bank presidents, but they get more exercise. [Prolonged laughter.] Some ask, "Why don't farmers run for Congress?" They run so much keeping boys out of their peach orchards and melon patches they don't have any time to run after anything else. If Congress should run after farmers, one might be caught now and then. Lawyers can beat farmers at running for most anything. I know a farmer who tried to run a line fence according to his notion. The other man objected and hurt the farmer. The farmer hired a lawyer to run his line fence, and now the lawyer runs the farmer's farm, and the farmer has stopped running anything. Speaking of running reminds me of our calf that ran away to the woods. There were not enough men in the county to catch that calf. We turned the old cow loose into the woods and she caught the calf, proving the old saying that it takes a cow to catch a thief. [Laughter.] (END)

6
THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
W. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

The Gate City.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1870.

MARK TWAIN has written an agricultural article at last, treating of many bucolic topics. Here is a few extracts:

"Turnips should never be pulled—it injures them. It is much better to send a boy up and let him shake the tree.

"The guano is a fine bird, but great care is necessary in rearing it. It should not be imported earlier than June nor later than September. In the winter it should be kept in a warm place, where it can hatch out its young.

"It is evident that we are to have a backward season for grain. Therefore, it will be well for the farmer to begin setting out his corn-stalks and planting his buckwheat cakes in July instead of August.

"Concerning the Pumpkin.—This berry is a favorite with the natives of the interior of New England, who prefer it to the gooseberry for the making of fruit cake, and who likewise give it the preference over the raspberry for feeding cows, as being more filling and fully as satisfying. The pumpkin is the only esculent of the orange family that will thrive in the north, except the gourd and one or two varieties of the squash. But the custom of planting it in the front yard with the shrubbery is fast going out of vogue, for it is now generally conceded that he pumpkin, as a shade tree, is a failure."

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION.

KEOKUK, FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1878

CITY NEWS.

—Orion Clemens, of this city, a brother of Mark Twain, is in Des Moines. The Leader has interviewed him and has an interesting account of Mark and his brother, nearly a column in length. The Leader says: "Mr. Clemens is here as attorney for the plaintiff in the case of Bloodgood H. Cutter, of Long Island, New York, on a bond, with a question as to the statute of limitations touching coupons attached to the bond, but more than ten years old. Every one who has read "Innocents Abroad" will remember the poet of that practical party. Mr. Bloodgood H. Cutter, the plaintiff in this case, was that individual. Mr. Clemens tells us that Mr. Cutter is continually writing poetry, and that he is frequent contributor to the New York daily press."

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION.

KEOKUK, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1878

CITY NEWS.

—Orion Clemens, of this city, has been engaged in a case in the U. S. Circuit Court at Des Moines for Mr. Bloodgood H. Cutter, of N. Y., wherein the fight was in regard to

the payment of the coupons on some bonds, which were over ten years old, longer than they were to run. Hon. John H. Craig, of Keokuk, was on the other side and filed a demurrer, on the grounds that one-half of the coupons were more than ten years old. While the case was being argued, it was ascertained that a suit precisely similar was now pending in the U. S. Supreme Court, and by consent of all parties it was agreed to await the termination of this suit before taking further proceedings.

DAILY GATE CITY.

THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 18, 1873

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

—A Des Moines law firm are the attorneys in a case in the United States Court for "Mark Twain" (Samuel S. Clemens). The suit is Buena Vista County vs. Langdon, et al. Mr. Langdon in the suit is the father-in-law of Mark, or rather, was, being now deceased. Mark now appears as a principal party to the suit.

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION.

KEOKUK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1878

TWAIN'S TRAVELS.

Mount High at Sunrise--Studies in Art in the Alps.

From "A Tramp Abroad."

We heard his horn, and instantly we got up. It was dark and cold and wretched. As I fumble around for the matches, knocking things down with my quivering hands, I wished the sun would rise in the middle of the day, when it was warm and cheerful, and one wasn't sleepy. We proceeded to dress by the gloom of a couple of sickly candles, but we could hardly button anything, our hands shook so. I thought of how many happy people there were in Europe, Asia and America, and everywhere, who were sleeping quietly in their beds, and did not have to get up to see the Rigi sunrise—people who did not appreciate their advantages, as like as not, but would get up in the morning wanting more boons of Providence. While thinking these thoughts I yawned, in a rather ample way, and my upper teeth got hitched on a nail over the door, and while I was mounting a chair to free myself Harris drew the window curtain and said: "O, this is luck. We shan't have to go out at all—yonder are the mountains in full view."

That was good news, indeed. It made us cheerful right away. One could see the Alpine masses dimly outlined against the black firmament, and one or two stars blinking through rifts in the night. Fully clothed and wrapped in blankets, we huddled ourselves up by the window, with lighted pipes, and fell into chat, while we waited in exceeding comfort to see how an Alpine sunrise was going to look by candle-light. By and by a delicate, spiritual sort of effulgence spread itself by imperceptible degrees over the loftiest altitudes of snowy

wastes—but there the effort stopped. I said presently—

"There is a hitch about the sunrise somewhere. It doesn't seem to go. What do you reckon is the matter with it?"

"I don't know. It appears to hang fire somewhere. I never saw a sunrise act like this before. Can it be that the hotel is playing anything on us?"

"Of course not. The hotel has a property interest in the sun, but it has nothing to do with the management of it. It is a precarious kind of property, too; a succession of total eclipses would probably ruin this tavern. Now what can be the matter with this sunrise?"

Harris jumped up and said:

"I've got it! I know what's the matter with it, we've been looking at the place where the sun set last night."

TWAIN AS AN ARTIST.

We had had the best instructors in drawing and painting in Germany—Hammerling, Vogel, Muller, Dietz, and Schuman. Hammerling taught us landscape painting, Vogel taught us figure drawing, Muller taught us to do still-life, and Dietz and Schumann gave us a finishing course in two specialties—battle pieces and shipwrecks. Whatever I am in art I owe to these. I have something of the manner of each and all of them; but they all said that I also had a manner of my own, and that it was conspicuous. They said there was a marked individuality about my style—insomuch that if I ever painted the commonest kind of a dog, I should be sure to throw something into the aspect of that dog which would keep him from being mistaken for the creature of any other artist. Secretly I wanted to believe all those kind sayings, but I could not; I was afraid that my master's partiality for me, and pride in me, blasted their judgment. So I resolved to make a test. Privately and unknown to any one, I painted my great picture, "Heidelberg Castle Illuminated"—my first really important work in oils—and had it hung up in the midst of a wilderness of oil pictures in the art exhibition, with no name attached to it. To my great gratification it was instantly recognized as mine. All the town flocked to see it, and people even came from neighboring localities to visit it. It made more stir than any other work in the exhibition. But the most gratifying thing of all was, that chances strangers, passing through, who had not heard of my picture were not only drawn to it, as by a lodestone, the moment they entered the gallery, but always took it for a "Turner."

When the landlord learned that I and my agent were artists, our party rose perceptibly in his esteem; we rose still higher when he learned that we were making a pedestrian tour of Europe.

He told us all about the Heidelberg road, and which were the best places to avoid and which the best ones to tarry at; he charged me less than cost for the things I broke in the night; he put up a fine luncheon for us, added to it a quantity of light green plums, the pleasantest fruit in Germany; he was so anxious to do us honor that he would not allow us to walk out of Heilbroun, but called up Gotzvon Berlichengen's horse and cab and made us ride.

I made a sketch of the turnout. It was not a work, it is only what artists call a "study"—a thing to make a finished picture from. This sketch has several blemishes in it; for instance, the wagon is not traveling as fast as the horse is. This is wrong. Again, the person trying to get out of the way is

ONE OF MARK TWAIN'S EARLY DAY EFFORTS

While Living in Keokuk He Wrote for Papers Under Nom De Plume of "Snodgrass."

Sample of the Budding Ability of the Now Celebrated
Humorist Samuel M. Clemens, Before He Devel-
oped and Became Famous Throughout
the World.

Constitution-Democrat.
DECEMBER 19, 1903.

Pioneer newspaper men and old citizens of Keokuk remember Samuel M. Clemens, "Mark Twain," when he was a printer and occasional contributor to local newspapers. In running down the history of the *Constitution-Democrat*, one of Mark Twain's earliest efforts was discovered in a file of the defunct *Keokuk Saturday Post*, now in the possession of Robert Rees, in the issue of April 19, 1851. Mr. Clemens then wrote under the nom-de-plume of "Snodgrass," and his humor is still remembered by many of our older people. The article was as follows:

SNODGRASS IN A ADVENTURE.

Cincinnati, March 14, 1857.—
Mister Editors: It mought be that some people thinks your umble sarvent has "shuffled off this mortal coil" and bid a eternal adoo to this subloony atmosphere—n-a-r-y time! He ain't dead, but sleepeth. That expresshun are figerative, and go to signerfy that he's pooty much quit scribblin. It's been cold here, Mister Editors. And when I asserts that fact, people can take it for granted I mean its been almighty, nasty, partickler cold—a considerable sight colder'n coffee at the seckond table. First, it snowed, and snowed, and snowed, tell you actilly couldn't see the mud in the streets; next it kivered up and blotted out the sines, and continued on tell all the brick houses looked like the frame ones, and visy versy—and at last, when it did stop, you couldn't a told Cincinnati from the Rocky Mountains in January. The Ohio river was friz to the bottom, which warn't no

great shakes in the freezing line, considerin that krick ain't never got more'n forty barls of water in it, no how—and the steamboats was friz to the airth, and the Dutch was friz to the sour-kROUT kags, and the preachers was friz to thar parsonages, and somehow I kinder think the devil hisself got ketched and had to winter in the durned uncomfortable town.

Well, in course, coal went up and fires went down. People couldn't neither beg, nor steal, nor borry the preshus truck—and buyin was clean out of the question, seein that they asked seventeen cents a ounce for it, and not keerin much about sellin it anyhow. Things got to sich a pass that the poor porshuns of the sitizens wanted the mayor to discontiner the use of the steam fire injuns, cause when a house would conflaggerate them eternal noosances would drowned it out afore they could git warm. Gold dust warn't worth no more'n coal dust, and, in course, the blasted Jews got to adulterating the fuel. They mixed it up half and half—a tun of coal dust to a tun of ground pepper, and sold it for the genuine article. But they ketched 'em at it at last, and they do say that some of the indignant inhabitants took a hoss whip and castriated one of 'em till he warn't fit to assoshiate with Jeemes Gordon Bennett hisself.

After a spell, the city council concluded to try ther hand at relievin the suffurin community. They laid in a stock of coal, and advertised to sell cheap, and to poor devils only. But it was curus to see how the speculation worked. Here's a instance. A indigent Irish woman—a widow, with nineteen children, and several at the breast, accordin to custom, went to the mayor to git some of that public coal. The mayor he giv her a order on the marshal, the marshal he giv her a order

on the recorder; the recorder sent her to the constable; constable sent her to the postmaster; postmaster sent her to the county clerk, and so on, till she run herself half to death, and friz the balance, while she had sixteen places to go yet, afore she could git the coal. But that is only just half of the little circumstance. You see, that widder had been trottin after recorders and postmasters and sich, for considerable more'n a good while—and the corner's jury that sat on her scraped up the orders she'd got and sold 'em to the paper mill at three cents a pound, clearin about four dollars and a half by the speculation. Now only think what a mercantile edication mought a done for that unfortunate daughter of Eve. (I say "daughter of Eve," meanin it as kinder figerative or poetastical like, for I forgit now whether the Irish come from our Eve or not.)

I reckon I orter tell you about the little advenster I had tother night, but drat if it don't work me worse'n easter oil just to think of it.

I was a santerin up Walnut street, feelin pooty nice, and hummin to myself that good old Metherdis hymn I learnt at class meetin in Keokuk, commencin:

"Boston isn't in Beugal
And flannel drawers ain't made of tripe:
Lobsters don't wear specks at all,
And cows don't smoke the German pipe."

When a young lady with a big basket birsted in on my revery, "I say mister," says she, "is your name—" "Snodgrass," says I, wonderin how on aerth she knowed me. "The very man I wanted to see," says she. "The dev—dickens!" says I, yes, and I've always learn you was sich a good, kind feller, that I allers wanted to have a talk with you. "By jings! madam, Im glad to hear you talk so. I'm jest as much at your service as if I was your own grandmother." "Yes, you're jest the man; and now I've got somethin to tell you. But bless my life (lookin skeered) I've left my portmoney in the grocery 'round the corner. Is you would please to hold my basket till I go and git it, Mr. Snot-bag, I'll never forgit you." "With the all-fireddest pleashure in the world, madam—but Snodgrass," says I, correctin her as I took the big basket. And away she went 'round the corner, leavin' me as happy as a dog with two tails. Thinks I, I'll galant that gal home; and then (she's already struck with my personal appearance) she'll ask me to come again—spect she's rich as a Jew. No doubt the old man 'll take a likin' to me, (chargin the heavy basket to tother arm), and he'll ask me call around. In course I'll come, and come often, too and when about dozen of gals sweethearts finds me a shlinnin up so numerous, they'll git mad, and after a spell they'll challenge me (changin the basket again) I'll just take 'em over there to Kaintuck and shoat 'em down like pole-cats. That'll fetch the old man!

He'll think I'm the devil himself. He'll come and tell me how many banks and railroads he owns, and ask me to marry his darter. And I'll do it!—but hold on—by the eternal smash! whar's that gal took herself off to? Seems to me she's having a arful chase arter that portmonny o' her's. So I shoved out arter her—(which was durn sensible, considerin' she'd been gone a hour and a half).

Putty soon there commence the ternaldest confoundest, damnationest kickin' in that basket, follered by the eternallest, confoundedest, darnationest squallin' that ever you hearn on. I run to the gas lamp and jerked off the kiver, and thar was the nastiest, ugliest, oneries, he-baby I ever seen in all my life. "Sold! by jeminy." Der-r-n the baby! Oh, Lordy, Lordy, Lordy!" says I blubberin' like a three-year-old. "Dang your skin, don't make sich a racket!" But it wouldn't do to stand thar with that basketfull of baby lungs, raisin' the devil and the perlice all over the neighborhood. So I gathered up the traps and broke for home like a quarter-hoss, cussin' at every jump, and mixin' it up with what the woman said and grittin' my teeth like a tobacker worm. "Often hearn of me!" Lost her portmonny—never had any. "Kind good man!" Oh, Lordy! Snodgrass, you a foal. "Never forgit he." Wish to jewhillikin, I could forgit her. Oh, Lordy! what'll I do with the baby? Snodgrass, you're a blasted, eternal onmitigated fool. And so I ranted and cussed till I got home to my own room.

Then the thing quit hollerin', and I locked the door. Becomin' a leetle composed, I tucks the tongs and lifted the cretur out of the basket, so as to git a good look at it. Well, the varmit kept so quiet that it kinder fooler me and I thought I mought venture or makin' a face at it, throwin' my hand up like claus and makin' a leetle small bump at it jest oy way of revenge, you know. Now, right thar's whar Snodgrass misseu it. Sich a yell that skeered animal sot up—shucks! A shiverree warn't nothin' longside of it. In course I had to grab it, I keep it from wakin' the dead afore resurrection day—and I walked it, and tossed it, and cussed it till the sweat run off my carcass to the amount or a barl, at least. Oh, Lordy, warn't I in agony of sufferin'?

"Sh-h-h!" says I, tossin' the brat, "there now—the-e-re, there-e-re, there.—your mother's comin' (singin' a liddle, occasionally), 'ocky by wavy in a tree-top, when the wind blows,—there, now, poor dear little—when the wind blows—Oh, dern yer everlastin' yaller skin, won't you never dry up?" But it wasn't no go. The baby wouldn't quit cryin', so I sot basket, baby and all under the bed, and piled old close on 'em, tell I was pooty certain the creature wouldn't freeze, if it didn't smut-er, and then I turned in.

Well, Mister Editors its no use haryin' up my feelins by devellin' on this onpleasant expox in my kareer, tharfore, I'll jest mention that arter

standin' guard over that infant, all the next day to keep the searvant gals from gittin' a sight at it, I was ketched by a perliceman about mid-night, doun to the river, tryin' to poke the dong thing through a hole in the ice. They raised the dickens about it the day arter. The crowd into the court room let out ther opinyones pretty free, und I tell ye I was riled when I hearn a lady say that "the poor innocent little ceurub ort to be put out of the reach of its onnateral father." "Onnateral thunder!" says I, a bustun out all at wunst. "Fine the prisoner ten dollars," yells the judge, "for contempt of court." "Fine and be —" but they didn't let me finish. They lugged me off and locked me up, and never let me out till I promised. No sir, I swar I won't tell what I promised them sharks. But betwist you and me, somethin' dark's a goin' to happen. It 'pears to me thet that baby'll larn to swim yet afore its six weeks older,—(pervided it don't perish in the attempt).

I reckon I'll bid you adoo, now, Mr. Editors, and go on tryin' to find out the meanin' of the verse that says, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven," and several other passages. "Onnateral Father!"—dern my skin,—I wish I war—well, ner mind.

Yours, et cetery,
SNODGRASS.

Constitution-Democrat.

FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1904.

Mark Twain likes to recall and tell of the days when he was a characteristically impecunious reporter. One day he had a note to meet, but labored under a total lack of funds. Half distracted, he was rushing around San Francisco in a feverish hunt for enough cash to tide him over the trying time. He rushed a little too quickly, however, for as he was turning a corner he collided with a little man and overthrew him. The victim regained his feet and yelled: "You do that again and I'll knock you into the middle of next week." "My dead sir," said the apologetic humorist, "do it by all means. If I can get through till then without breaking I'm safe." The originality of this reply struck the stranger, who after some talk handed Mark a check for the necessary amount.

Keokuk People Join in Tribute To Mark Twain Born Century Ago

Mark Twain, who is claimed by Keokuk people quite as much as by some of the other communities where he lived, by reason of the fact that he visited here, and the residence of his brother and his mother here, was honored last night at the opening of the centenary of his birth. The light in the new beacon on Cardiff Hill at Hannibal was turned on by President Roosevelt in Washington, using a golden key, and a program of addresses and music was presented in Hannibal. The radio carried this program, and included an address from Detroit by Mark Twain's daughter, Clara Clemens Gabrielelovich. The music incidental to the broadcast included "Old Man River" and songs by a quartet which sank some of the favorites of the negro rousties on the boats, when Mark Twain was a famous pilot.

Orion Clemens, Mark's brother, lived in Keokuk at Seventh and High streets, and Mrs. Jane Clemens, mother of Mark and Orion lived there, too. Mark Twain worked in Keokuk in his brother's printing office, located where the present Iowa State Insurance company building stands now. In fact there is a Mark Twain room in the building. Mark Twain and George Cable lectured in Keokuk fifty years ago this month, and Mark visited his mother, and got quite a "kick" out of her suggestion that he was growing better looking.

Daughter Pays Tribute.

Gov. Park of Missouri spoke from the Mark Twain home last night, lauding the author of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Fin and

explained the centenary plans which will continue through the year and culminate in the dedication of the Mark Twain memorial bridge. When Mark's daughter spoke from Detroit she said that she could picture her father, a twinkle in his eye, standing near the light house and asking if "all this was meant for him?"

She expressed in a story she told at the end of her tribute to her father the keen sense of humor which Mark Twain possessed, and which those people here who knew the humorist appreciated. She said that he had been to call on Harriet Beecher Stowe and when he returned home, his wife discovered that in one of his periods of absent mindedness for which he was famous, he had failed to put on a necktie. She called his attention to this fact chiding him gently for his lack of the tie when he called on such a famous personage. Mark dashed up stairs and secured his prettiest tie and sent it with a note to Mrs. Stowe, "so sorry that we both could not call on you at the same time."

Some of the biographers of Mark Twain among them Albert Bigelow Paine, who visited here many years ago in search of material found in Mrs. Starkwather a ready front of information on some of Mark's escapades in Keokuk, and some delightful sidelights on the life of America's most famous humorist were told by her. Mr. Paine was entertained by Dr. G. Walter Barr on the occasion of one visit and he told many delightful incidents he had found about Mark Twain.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 16, 1935

KEOKUK DAILY GATE CITY

THE GREAT WEST HEAT CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

KEOKUK, IOWA.

1869

1869

TUESDAY MORNING, JAN. 19.

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MARK TWAIN.—Mark Twain being an old Keokukian, our readers will be pleased to read this notice of his lecture at Dayenport. It is from the *Gazette*: "Mark Twain, the well-known humorist, lectured at the Opera House, last evening, under the auspices of the Library Association: The largest and most brilliant audience, of the lecture season, thus far, greeted the speaker. The lecturer's subject was 'The Vandal Abroad.' He said he was not exactly embarrassed to be introduced in so public a manner,—he rather liked it. He accompanied the Quaker City Expedition to the Bermudas, Paris, the Crimea, Constantinople, Palestine, Rome, Athens and other portions of the old world. Here came in the 'Vandal.' The lecturer pitched into the guides who beset and belay American travelers in Europe, making the laugh come with his description of their efforts. He gave a ludicrous history of Columbus and the Egyptian Mummy, to which he was introduced at Genoa and Rome respectively. He didn't like the mummy, preferring a 'fresh corpse.' The true American Vandal is not remarkably well versed in science, arts and antiquities, but is sure to be at home anywhere. In the 'grand Quaker City Holy Land funeral excursion,' was a doctor, who was introduced to the audience as the stupidest of fellows, who knew everything. He prescribed for a sailor who was troubled with an 'horizontal parallex,' for which doctor prescribed four shovelful of laudanum four times a day, and a mustard plaster about the size of a saddle, across the small of his back, the laudanum to put him asleep and the blister to wake him up, for he must be kept active. The Vandal is never astonished. He will stand unabashed in the presence of one Pope, two or three Kings and Grandees innumerable, and will stand unawed, unsubdued, and pick his teeth before the venerable, time-honored, time-defying placid face of the Sphinx. Here came a description of the Sphinx which is almost sublime in expression and thought.

The true home of the Vandal is Paris. He drinks champagne in large quantities, attends to all the plays, weeps when the crowd weeps, and spits and stamps when other people do the same, though he cannot tell the dialogue from the scenery. He learns to talk French so well in six weeks that he is constantly abusing the Parisians for not knowing their own language. He knew one, who, on his return, failed to answer the salutations of his friends, he had become so familiar with his adopted name that he found it difficult to recognize his original one.

After doing Paris he generally goes to Genoa, to see the birth-place of Columbus and get a stone from the very house where he was born. It has been estimated that all the stones taken from that house, if collect-

ed, would build one 14,000 feet long and 16,000 feet high.

"But we have not time to follow Mark Twain through the whole of his intensely spicy lecture. With his 'party' he did the Crimea where a relic hunter could find no other relic of the war than a hip bone of a horse which he labelled 'jaw bone of a General' and carried off in triumph; he described Milan, with its Cathedral and skinned man; Venice, with all its peculiarities of canal, palace, gondola and gondolier (whose songs the Vandal suppressed in four minutes)—Athens, the description of which as viewed from its ruin-crowned heights, was marvelously beautiful—a visit to the Emperor of Russia, the only real friend America has among the monarchs of Europe, with whom the party had a good time, as well as a breakfast with the Grand Duke—each reference being interlarded with unlooked for 'splints' of wit and humor which set his hearers in a roar. He is not a remarkably good looking man—nor a bad looking one either. His eyes are deep-set beneath a noble forehead, which is surmounted by dark curling hair. His manner is peculiar; he hangs round loose, leaning on the desk, or flirting round the corner of it; then marching and counter-marching in the rear of it and talking with a kind of monotonous drawl. It was a mighty good lecture."

The Daily Gate City.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 19 1871.

Mark Twain on his Travels.

I got into the cars and took a seat in juxtaposition to a female. That female's face was a perfect insurance company for her—it insured her against ever getting married to anybody except a blind man. Her mouth looked like a crack in a dried lemon, and there was no more expression in her face than there is in the spinal column of a cold custard. She appeared as if she had been through one famine and had got about two-thirds through another. She was old enough to be great-grandmother to Mary that had the little lamb. She was chewing prize popcorn, and carried in her hand a yellow rose, while a band-box and a cotton umbrella nestled sweetly by her side. I couldn't guess whether she was on a mission of charity, or going west to start a saw-mill. I was full of curiosity to hear her speak, so I said:

"The exigencies of the times require great circumspection in a person who is traveling."

Said she, "What?"

Says I, "The orb of day shines resplendent in the blue vault above."

She hitched around uneasy like, then she raised her umbrella and said, "I don't want any of your sass—git out;" and I got out.

Then I took a seat alongside of a male fellow who looked like the ghost of Hamlet lengthened out. He was a stately cuss, and he was reading.

Said I, "Mister did you ever see a camel leopard?" I said camel leopard because it is a plus animal, and never eats any grass without getting down on his knees. He said hadn't seen a camel leopard. Then I said, "Do you chew?"

He said "No sir."

Then I said, "How sweet is nature?"

He took this for a canumdrum, and said "he didn't know." Then he said he was deeply interested in the history of a great man. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "we are but few."

I told him I knew one; "the man that made my cooking stove was a great man."

Then he asked me "would I read?"

Says I "what you got?"

He replied, "Watts Hymns," Reveries by Moonlight," and "How to spend the Sabbath."

I said, "None of them for Hannah," but if he had got an unabridged Business Directory of New York City, I would take a little read.

Then he said, "Young man, look at these gray hairs."

I told him I saw them, and when a man got as old as he was he ought to dye. Said I, "You needn't think these hairs are any sign of wisdom; it's only a sign that your system lacks iron; and I advise you to go home and swallow a crowbar."

He took this for irony, and what little *entente cordiale* there was between us was spilled. It turned out that he was champion of a base ball club.

When we got to Rochester I called for a bowl of bean soup. It ought to be called lean soup. I send you the receipt for making it: "Take a lot of water, wash it well, and boil it until it is brown on both sides; then very carefully pour one bean into it and let it simmer. When the bean begins to get restless sweeten it with salt, then put it up in airtight cans, hitch each can to a brick, and chuck them overboard, and the soup is done."

The above receipt originated with a man in Iowa, who gets up suppers on odd occasions for Odd Fellows. He has a receipt for oyster soup of the same kind, only using twice as much water to the oyster, and leaving out the salt.

Speaking of Iowa reminds me of the way I got the money to pay for my ticket to pay for that Odd Fellow's supper. I bet a fellow a dollar that I could tell him how much water to a quart went under the railroad bridge over the Mississippi at Dubuque in a year. He bet, and I said two pints to a quart. I won the bet, but after all, that supper was an awful swindle. If the city didn't settle faster than its coffee did, its old settler's club would be a failure, and the city too.

Dubuque is celebrated for its fine turn-outs. There was a very fine turnout on the streets while I was there; a wagon upset and spilled a lot of women. I didn't see it, I looked the the other way. No cards.

biogr JULY 5, 1881. gifts.

Mark Twain on Pie.

This receipt for making New England pie, from "A Tramp Abroad." "To make this excellent breakfast dish, proceed as follows: Take a sufficiency of water and a sufficiency of flour, and construct a bullet-proof dough. Work this into the form of a disk, with the edges turned up some three-fourths of an inch. Toughen and kiln-dry it a couple of days in a mild but unvarying temperature. Construct a cover for this redoubt in the same way and of the same material. Fill with stewed dried apples; aggravate with cloves, lemon-peel and slabs of citron; add two portions of New Orleans sugar; then solder on the lid and set it in a safe place until it petrifies. Serve cold at breakfast, and invite your enemy."

AMUSEMENTS.

JANUARY 15, 1885.

TWIN-CABLE.

Mark Twain's characteristic introduction of himself last night at its close shaped itself into an apology for his having been the cause of bringing from pleasant homes and cheerful firesides the large audience that assembled at the opera house last night. We venture the assertion, however, that every one present felt fully repaid for the discomfort experienced in fighting their way through the fiercest snow storm of the season by the excellence of the entertainment furnished them by Mark Twain who certainly is entitled to rank as our foremost humorist and George W. Cable, the distinguished southern novelist. Mr. Cable was first upon the program and gave a reading from Dr. Sevier, but unfortunately the greater portion of it was lost to the audience by reason of the interruptions caused by the late comers. Mark Twain came next and the appearance of the ungainly body and the shaggy head was the signal for applause. He remarked after the performance that he had grown handsomer of late. If this is the fact, and it is generally understood that Twain is truthful, we feel grateful that he didn't appear before us in his previous condition. As far as looks are concerned Twain would never capture a premium at a beauty show, but when it comes to story telling the best judges would pronounce him chief. He called the audience friends and fellow townsmen, told them he was glad to resume an intercourse that had been broken off years ago, said he was sorry to have been the cause of bringing them out upon such a night, but that they were no worse off than the people of some seventy-five cities already visited by them this season, that a storm generally preceded their coming, and if feeling well they always left a famine behind them. After this, as a sort of an introduction and preliminary, he waded into an extract from his new book and caused many a laugh by his funny description of the discussion of the merits of and demerits of "King Sollermann" between the darkey Jim and Huckleberry Finn.

Mr. Cable's next reading was from Dr. Sevier also and dealt with Kate Riley, Richling and Ristofalo, the latter part of it being devoted to the wooing of the widow by the Italian and was given in a decidedly clever manner. Mark Twain then convulsed the audience with a side-splitting history of his tussle with the German language and of his lamentable failure to properly declare their adjectives or master the intricacies of the gender of their nouns. Being recalled he told his very funny stuttering story and another being de-

manded he spun a sailor yarn to the entire satisfaction of the audience.

For the regular number on the program Mr. Cable at this point substituted several pleasing Creole songs which were well received. Twain then gave "a Trying Situation" which was followed by Mr. Cable in a descriptive reading. He had kept his best for the last and his dramatic rendition of "Mary's Night Ride" won for him most heart applause. The performance was closed with a personal reminiscence by Mark Twain detailing his experience with the duello in his days of roughing it in the rowdy west.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1909

Mark Twain As a Pilot.

Kansas City Journal: A convincing instance of the provinciality of the East and its tenderfoot ignorance, almost as great as that of our British cousins, regarding conditions in general throughout this country, is afforded by the reports sent by correspondents for various newspapers, to the effect that Mark Twain has consented to pilot President Taft's boat down the Mississippi next October from St. Louis to New Orleans. These newspaper men, so typical of Verdant Green in the flesh, are apparently wholly oblivious of the fact that Mark Twain quit his job as a cub pilot on the Mississippi river about half a century ago, and that the great river has undergone such radical changes in its conditions since then, as to its channel, currents banks, and in every other respect that governs the bearings of a pilot, that Mr. Clemens would find himself utterly at a loss in the pilot house of a steamboat on its waters even if he had been proficient in such duties in the days of his youth. As a matter of fact, which has been published many times, Mark Twain's experience as a pilot on the Mississippi was extremely limited so much so that it is doubtful whether he ever qualified as a pilot. It is pretty certain, too, that he never piloted a boat from St. Louis to New Orleans. His chief claims to fame in connection with the river are founded upon his literary pen name and his quaint accounts of the early days of flatboating and steamboating on the "Father of Waters." However, the most experienced pilot that ever put a hand on the wheel would not dare undertake to steer a boat through the numerous perils of navigation which attend the 1,200 mile voyage from St. Louis to New Orleans after an absence from the pilot house of fifty weeks, much less fifty years. These green easterners ignore the fact that the Mississippi river is a mighty flood every year during the June rise overflowing its banks and becoming a great inland sea, forty miles wide in some places; a raging stream flowing through a soft alluvial soil, its swift,

resistless current slicing off thousands of acres from its banks, forming a new channel here and a new island there, dividing on either side of islands where sandbars were before, throwing up huge sandbars where before the channel was a hundred feet in depth; creating new and dangerous obstacles everywhere along its course, snatching huge trees from its banks and burying their roots beneath tons of sand in its bottom with their strong trunks reaching almost to the surface of the water to serve as deadly snags which would pierce the thin-planked hull of a steamboat as though it were paper. The treacherous ever-changing currents have forced upwards of 2,000 steamboats against such snags since navigation of the river began, in most instances causing their utter destruction. The Mississippi river is a law unto itself, defying the efforts of man to control it, pursuing its own course ever-changing channels—fickle, treacherous and more dangerous than stormy seas. Mark Twain could no more pilot a boat on the Father of Waters today than he could man the uncharted currents of the Styx.

THE GATE CITY.

KEOKUK, IOWA:

SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 20, 1876.

The Romance of Mark Twain's Wedding.

From the Cleveland Herald, February 8.

It had been arranged that Mr. and Mrs. Clemens should proceed at once to their boarding-house, on arriving in Buffalo, while the rest of the party were to be domiciled at the Teft House. The securing of a desirable, genteel home, in a private family, had been delegated to an intimate friend and resident of Buffalo, who, understanding the tastes and requirements of the young couple, would of course be the best person to make for them judicious arrangements. Mr. Clemens, having been absent on his lecturing tour for the past few months, accepted the assurance that everything had been attended to. At the depot hearty "good nights" were exchanged, the larger party driving to the hotel, the bride and groom taking a carriage for more quiet quarters. Stopping in front of the modest but very attractive brick house in the upper part of Delaware street, Mr. Clemens was somewhat surprised to be met in the hall by the father of the bride and his own sister whom he supposed already at the hotel. The landlady of the house suddenly disappeared from the scene, and as leaf by leaf of the charming little drama unfolded, Mark Twain found himself the victim of what he termed a "first-class swindle," the proprietors and abettors of which were the delighted father and mother, who stood there silent spectators of the happiness they had prepared for their children in the gift of this beautiful home. For once the fun-loving Mark failed in repartee, and moistening eyes spoke deeper thanks than words.

Nothing that love or wealth could suggest or supply was wanting to make the scene the fulfillment of the poet's dream, from the delicate blue satin drawing-room to the little sanctum quite apart, with its scarlet upholstery, amid the pretty adornments of which inspiration must often come to its happy occupant.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

The Daily Gate City.

THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 6,

Mark Twain's War Map.

Twain has published in the Buffalo Express his first attempt at wood engraving and labelled it a war map. It is a capital burlesque on war maps, and will compare favorably in accuracy with the those published sometimes by the city dila. Perhaps the funniest part of it, however, is the explanatory note and the commendations accompany it, which are appended below:

TO THE READER.

The map explains itself.

The idea of this map is not original with me, but is borrowed from the Tribune and the other great metropolitan journals.

I claim no other merit for this production (if I may so call it), than that it is accurate. The main blemish of the city paper maps of which it is an imitation, is, that in them more attention seems paid to artistic picturesqueness than geographical reliability.

Inasmuch as this is the first time I ever tried to draft and engrave a map, or attempt anything in the line of art at all, the commendations the work has received and the admiration it has excited among the people, have been very grateful to my feelings. And it is touching to reflect that by far the most enthusiastic of these praises have come from people who know nothing at all about art.

By an unimportant oversight I had engraved the map so that it reads wrong end first, except to left-handed people. I forgot that in order to make it right in print it should be drawn and engraved upside down. However let the student who desires to contemplate the map stand on his head or hold it before the looking-glass. That will bring it right.

The reader will comprehend at a glance that piece of river with the "High Bridge" over it got left out to one side by reason of a slip of the graving tool, which rendered it necessary to change the entire course of the River Rhine, or else spoil the map. After having spent two days in digging and gouging at the map, I would have changed the course of the Atlantic Ocean before I would have lost so much work.

I never had so much trouble with anything in my life as I did with this map. I had heaps of little fortifications scattered all around Paris, at first, but every now and then my instruments would slip and fetch away whole miles of batteries, and leave the vicinity as clean as if the Prussians had been there.

The reader will find it well to frame this map for future reference, so that it may aid in extending popular intelligence and dispelling the wide-spread ignorance of the day.

MARK TWAIN.

OFFICIAL COMMENDATIONS.

It is the only map of the kind I ever saw.

U. S. GRANT.

It places the situation in an entirely new light.

BISMARCK.

I cannot look upon it without shedding tears.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

It is very nice, large print.

NAPOLEON.

My wife was for years afflicted with freckles, and though everything was done for her relief that could be done, all in vain. But sir, since her first glance at your map, they have entirely left her. She has nothing but convulsions, now.

J. SMITH.

If I had had this map I could have got out of Metz without any trouble.

BAZAINE.

I have seen a great many maps in my time, but none that this reminds me of.

TROCHU.

It is but fair to say that in some respects it is a truly remarkable map.

W. T. SHERMAN.

I said to my son Frederick William, "If you could only make a map like that, I would be perfectly willing to see you die—even anxious."

WILLIAM III.

JULY 2, 1872. 18,370,166

TWAIN.

DAVID G. LOWRY

Has received a full supply of MARK TWAIN'S new volume, "Roughing It," and will send single copies free by mail on receipt of the subscription price, \$3 50.

Orders from the trade can be filled promptly.

142 Main Street,

3 doors from Postoffice.

JULY 1872

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION.

KEOKUK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2.

WHY JEWELL WAS REMOVED.

Mark Twain on the Absurdities of our Postal System.

To the editors of the Evening Post:

Now, when there is so much worrying and wailing and legislating about economy in postage, may I ask your attention to a conundrum touching that matter? If you write to a person in certain foreign countries, our Government will forward your letter without requiring you to prepay the postage; but if you write to a person in your own or a neighboring state, you must not only prepay, but be sure that you do not fall short a single penny; for if you do the Government will be afraid to risk collecting the penny at the other end, but will rush your letter to the Dead Letter Office (at an expense of about 2 cents), and then write you (at an expense of 3 cents) that you can have it by writing for it (prepayment 3 cents) and en-

closing 3 cents for its transmission. To illustrate our system: A fortnight ago a citizen of Hartford mailed a letter, directed to me at this place, where I am summering, and inadvertently fell 1 cent short of full prepayment. The Post Office authorities held a council of war over it and then sent it to Washington in charge of an artillery regiment, at great cost to the nation. The Dead Letter Department worried over it several days and nights and then wrote me (at a cost of 3 cents) that I could have my letter for a 3 cent stamp or its equivalent in coin. I, like an ass, sent for it, thinking it might contain a legacy, and yesterday it arrived here in a man-of-war, at vast expense to the Government, and was brought to these premises by three companies of marines and a mortar battery, all of whom staid to supper. The letter had nothing in it but a doctor's bill. On the same day I received a heavy letter from England, with a 1-penny stamp on it, and the words, "Collect 18 pence." It had been forwarded from Hartford without ever going to the Dead Letter Office. The conundrum I wish to ask is this: If a letter be underpaid, would it not be well to do it up in a rag and send it along taking the risk of collecting the deficit at the other end, as used to be the custom before we learned so much?

However, the expenses which I (and the government) incurred in the transmission of a doctor's bill, which I did not want and do not value, now that I have got it, was not the gravest feature of this unfortunate episode. The postmaster-general was removed from the cabinet for not collecting storage for the six days that my letter remained in the dead-letter office. It seems to me that this punishment was conspicuously disproportioned to the offense.

MARK TWAIN.

ELMIRA, N. Y., July 22, 1876.

[It was characteristic of Mr. Twain's kind heart that he prepaid the postage on the foregoing letter with stamps amounting to 39 cents, when 3 cents would doubtless have an evered purpose.—Ed. Post.]

NOVEMBER 2, 1886.

Keokuk Constitution.

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION CO.,
V. A. GEORGE, PRINTER. F. B. GEORGE, SELLER.

To Mean To Swim.

Mark Twain and I were riding across Missouri once, when our horses broke down. We stopped at Hannibal and I got a large horse, but Mark could find nothing better than a little mule. Well, we left Hannibal and soon came to a creek much swollen by late rains. Mark told me to go first, which I did. It deepened rapidly and my big horse was soon swimming. I had the reins of Mark's mule, and, looking back, could hardly see the mule's head, and the water was well around Mark's shoulders. After a little trouble we reached the other side. Mark sat on his mule a moment, when, without a word, he dismounted, and, coming to my side, laid his hand upon my knee and looking earnestly into my face said, "George I believe that mean little mule waded every step across."—George Ritschel of St. Louis.

tone. **MARCH 14, 1907**
Mark Twain as a Speculator.

From Mark Twain's Autobiography in North American Review: I had taken up my residence in San Francisco. One day I got a tip from Mr. Camp, a bold man, who was always making big fortunes in ingenious speculations and losing them again in the course of six months by other speculative ingenuities. Camp told me to buy some shares in the Hale and Norcross. I bought fifty shares at \$300 a share. I bought on a margin and put up 20 per cent. It exhausted my funds. I wrote Orion and offered him half, and asked him to send his share of the money. I waited and waited. He wrote and said he was going to attend to it. The stock went along up pretty briskly. It went higher and higher. It reached a thousand dollars a share. It climbed to two thousand, then to three thousand: then twice that figure. The money did not come, but I was not disturbed. By and by that stock took a turn and began to gallop down. Then I wrote urgently. Orion answered that he had sent it to the Occidental hotel. I inquired for it. They said it was not there. To cut a long story short, that stock went on down until it fell below the price I had paid for it. Then it began to eat up the margin, and when at last I got out I was very badly crippled.

When it was too late, I found out what had become of Orion's money. Any other human being would have sent a check, but he sent gold. The hotel clerk put it in the safe and went on a vacation, and there it had reposed all this time enjoying its fatal work. Another man might have thought to tell me that the money was not in a letter, but in an express package, but it never occurred to Orion to do that.

THURSDAY, JAN. 17, 1907

Mark Twain's Powers as a "Medium."
From Mark Twain's Autobiography in The North American Review for Jan. 4: In 1847 we were living in a large white house on the corner of Hill and Main Streets—a house that still stands, but isn't large now, although it hasn't lost a plank; I saw it a year ago and noticed that shrinkage. My father died in it in March of the year mentioned, but our family did not move out of it until some months afterward. Ours was not the only family in the house, there was another—Dr. Grant's. One day Dr. Grant and Dr. Reyburn argued a matter on the street with sword-canes, and Grant was brought home multi-fariously punctured. Old Dr. Peake calked the leaks, and came every day for a while, to look after him. The Grants were Virginians, like Peake, and one day when Grant was getting well enough to be on his feet and sit

around in the parlor and talk, the conversation fell upon Virginia and old times. I was present, but the group were probably quite unconscious of me, I being a lad and a negligible quantity. Two of the group — Dr. Peake and Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Grant's mother—had been of the audience when the Richmond theatre burned down, thirty-six years before, and they talked over the frightful details of that memorable tragedy. These were eye-witnesses, and with their eyes I saw it all with an intolerable vividness: I saw the black smoke rolling and tumbling toward the sky, I saw the flames, burst through it and turn red, I heard the shrieks of the despairing, I glimpsed their faces at the windows, caught fitfully through the veiling smoke, I saw them jump to their death, or mutilation worse than death. The picture is before me yet, and can never fade.

Very well, three or four years later I was king-bee and sole "subject" in the mesmeric show; it was the beginning of the second week; the performance was half over; just then the majestic Mr. Peake, with his ruffled bosom and wristbands and his gold-headed cane, entered, and a deferential citizen vacated the seat beside the Grants and made the great chief take it. This happened while I was trying to invent something fresh in the way of a vision, in response to the professor's remark—

Concentrate your powers. Look—look attentively. There—don't you see something? Concentrate—concentrate. Now then—describe it."

Without suspecting it, Dr. Peake by entering the place, had reminded me of the talk of three years before. He had also furnished me capital and was become my confederate, an accomplice in my frauds. I began on a vision, a vague and dim one (that was part of the game at the beginning of a vision; it isn't best to see it too clearly at first, it might look as if you had come loaded with it). The vision developed, by degrees and gathered swing, momentum, energy. It was the Richmond fire. Dr. Peake was cold, at first, and his fine face had a trace of polite scorn in it; but when he began to recognize that fire, that expression changed, and his eyes began to light up. As soon as I saw that, I threw the valves wide open and turned on all the steam, and gave those people a supper of fire and horrors that was calculated to last them one while! They couldn't gasp, when I got through—they were petrified. Dr. Peake had risen, and was standing—and breathing hard. He said, in a great voice—

"My doubts are ended. No collusion could produce that miracle. It was totally impossible for him to know those details, yet he has described them with the clarity of an eye-witness—and with what unassailable truthfulness God knows I know!"

Mr. George W. Cable sat in his room in the Everett house yesterday when a reporter called and asked him about the result of the practical joke played upon Mark Twain April 1, of which Mr. Cable was the author. Mr. Cable said that he had kept out of Mark's way since that time, and really could not tell how Mark took it, and he was not anxious to know if he would have to meet Mark face to face.

"During the winter I was lying ill at Mr. Twain's house," said Mr. Cable, "and as I improved he and I used to attend to our correspondence together. Occasionally I would open a letter containing an application for my autograph and he would open another asking for his. One day when he had an unusually large mail I remarked that these autograph applicants were insufferable bores. I left his house on February 18, and started over to Philadelphia. While lecturing there the idea of playing my friend Clemens a joke occurred to me. Now, I am not a practical joker; in fact, I have always considered myself incapable of perpetrating a joke with any kind of a point to it. Therefore, when the suggestion occurred to me I flattered myself that I had struck something rich. Henry Ward Beecher was in Philadelphia lecturing in the Academy and I was reading in Association hall. We were both stopping at the Lafayette. In all the fullness of a simple and guileless heart I imparted my plot to Mr. Beecher, and he was charmed with it. I had previously mentioned it to Johnson, of *The Century*, and when I met him again he reminded me of my proposed joke and insisted upon my working it up. Even then I did not fully make up my mind to do it, and I went off west on a tour. About the 26th of March my manager, Maj. Pond, reminded me again of the proposed joke, and stated that Beecher and Johnson were ripe for it. I immediately sat down and wrote out a circular. The circular asked Mark for his autograph. I also forwarded some to J. R. Osgood, asking him to pass them along. But he was away at the time, and did not receive them until it was too late. Mr. Beecher was tickled with the idea. He loves a joke better than a girl loves ice cream. I am sorry Osgood missed that bundle, as we were out on Dr. Holmes and a lot of Boston fellows. There were only 150 circulars printed, but the word was passed among Clemens' friends, and the result was that about the first of the month he was confronted with appalling piles of mail from every quarter containing applications for his autograph from authors, publishers, bankers, merchants, actors and actresses, editors, and society ladies.

"Occasionally Clemens, when otherwise engaged, puts aside his mail for a day or so, and to prevent our joke being spoiled by such a circumstance, I wrote to Rev. Joe Twitchell, to go over to Clemens' house and make him take his medicine. I went off on the road, going as far west as Madison, Wis., and as far east as New Bedford. I came here from the east, but took special pains to come by another route than that touching at Hartford. I am, however, inclined to think that he was a mad man about the first of the month, but I don't see what he has particularly to growl about. If he don't want his collection I'll take it."—*New York World*.

WINTER CRIMPED LEAF
CREDITS

THE DAILY GATE CITY, WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 7, 1884.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY!
R. J. BICKEL, KEOKUK, IOWA

The Daily Constitution.

KEOKUK, IOWA :
THURSDAY MORNING, DEC. 21, 1871.

A CHEERFUL CORPSE.

How Mark Twain's Friend Wanted to be Buried—Why Didn't They Oblige Him?

"Now, that corpse, (said the undertaker, patting the folded hands of the deceased approvingly) was a brick—every way you took him he was a brick. He was so real accommodating, and so modest-like and simple in his last moments. Friends wanted a metallic burial case—nothing else would do. I couldn't get it. There warn't going to be time—anybody could see that. Corpse said never mind, shake him up some kind of a box he could stretch out in comfortable, he warn't particular about the general style of it. Said he went more on room than style, any way, in a last final container. Friends wanted a silver door-plate on the coffin, signifying who he was and wher' he was from. Now, you know a fellow couldn't rou-t such a gayly thing as that in a little country town like this. What did corpse say? Corpse said, white-wash his old canoe, and dob his address and general destination onto it with a blacking-brush and a stencil plate, long with a verse from some hymn or other, and pint for the tomb, and mark O. C. D., and just let him skip along. He warn't any more distressed than you be—on the contrary, just as oarm and collected as a hearse horse; said he judged that whor' he was going to, a body would find it considerable better to attract attention by a picturesque moral character than a natty burial case with a swell door plate upon it. Splendid man, he was, I'd I've druther do for a corps like that'n than any I've seen in seven year. There's some satisfaction in buryin' a man like that. You feel that what you're doing is appreciated. Lord bless you, so's he got planted before he spiled, he was perfectly satisfied; said his relations meant well, perfectly well, but all them preparations was bound to delay the thing more or less, and he didn't wish to be kept lying around. You never see such a clear head as what he had—and so oarm and so ocel. Just a chunk of brains—that was what he was. Perfectly awful. It was a ripping distance from one end of that man's head to t'other. Often and over again he's had brain fever a raging in one place, and the rest of the pile didn't know anything about it—didn't affect it any more than an Injun insurrection in Arizona affects the Atlantic States. Well, the relations they wanted a big funeral, but the corpse said he was down on flummery—didn't want any procession—fill the hearse full of mourners, and get out a stern line and tow him behind. He was the most down on style of any remains I ever struck. A beautiful, simple minded creature—it was what he was, you can depend on that. He was jest set on having things the way he wanted them, and he took solid comfort in laying his little plans. He had me measure him and take a whole raft of directions; then he had the minister stand up behind a long box with a table-cloth over it and read his funeral sermon, saying, "Angcore, angcore." at the wood places and making

him scratch out every bit of brag about him, and all the hifalutin, and then he made them trot out the choir so's he could help them pick out the tunes for the occasion, and get them to sing to "Pop Goes the Weasel," because he's always liked that tune when he was down hearted, and solemn music made him sad; and when they sang that with tears in their eyes (because they all loved him), and his relations grieved around, he just laid there as happy as a bug, and trying to beat time and showing all over how much he enjoyed it; and presently he got worked up, and tried to join in, for, mind you, he was pretty proud of his abilities in the singing line; but the first time he opened his mouth and was just going to spread himself, his breath took a walk. I never saw a man snuffed out so sudden. Ah! it was a great loss—it was a powerful loss to this poor little one-horse town. Well, well, I hain't got time to be palavering along here—got to nail on the lid and mosey along with him; and if you'll just give me a lift we'll skeet him into the hearse and meander along. Relations bound to have it so—don't pay no attention to dying injunctions, minute a corpse's gone; but if I had my way, if I didn't have respect for his last wishes and tow him behind the hearse, I'll be cussed. I consider that whatever a corpse wants done for its comfort is a little enough thing, and I hain't got no advantage of him whatever—and whatever a corps trusts me to do, I'm going to do, you know, even if it's to stuff him and paint him yellow, and keep him for a keepsake—~~you hear me?~~"

The Daily Gate City.

THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 19, 1871.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.

A Word of Sage Counsel from that Veteran Parent Mark Twain.

From the Buffalo Express.

Having reflected deeply, for half an hour, upon the subject of domestic discipline, I feel like sparing a few suggestions relative to the best method of bringing up children. Being a bachelor without children, my suggestions are as likely to be disinterested as if I had never seen a child.

According to my observation the most difficult time to bring up children is in the morning. You can sometimes, though seldom bring them up in the morning by yelling at them; but the effectiveness of this process diminishes with its repetition, even when not entirely neutralized by the children's trick of stopping their ears with the bed clothes. The only prompt, effective and absolutely reliable method is to bring them up by the hair. If your child has a good, healthy scalp, without any tendency to premature baldness, this method will work with most gratifying efficiency. Try it about once a week, and you will be surprised to observe how its influence will extend through the six days' interval, inspiring your child with the liveliest possible interest in the resplendent pageantry of sunrise. To bring up a darling child by the hair requires the exercise of some energy and firmness; but no affectionate parent will hesitate at any little sacrifice of this kind for the welfare of his offspring.

Nothing can be more fatal to your discipline than to allow your children to contradict you. If you happen to be betrayed into any misstatement or exaggeration in their presence, don't permit them to correct you. Right or wrong you must obstinately insist on your infallibility, and promptly suppress every symptom of puerile skepticism, with force if need be. The moment you permit them to doubt your unerring wisdom, you will begin to forfeit their respect and pander to their conceit. There can be no sadder spectacle than a parent surrounded by olive branches who think they know more than he does. I vividly remember how my father, who was one of the most successful and rigid of disciplinarians, quelled the aspiring egotism that prompted me to correct his careless remark (when he was reckoning a problem in shillings), that five times twelve were sixty-two and a half. "So," said he, climbing over his spectacles, and surveying me grimly, "ye think ye know more'n your father, hey? Come 'ere to me!" His invitation was too pressing to be declined, and for a few excruciating moments I reposed in bitter humiliation across his left knee, with my neck in the embrace of his left arm.

I didn't see him demonstrate his mathematical accuracy, with the palm of his right hand on the largest patch of my trousers, but I felt the old man was right; and when, after completely eradicating my faith in the multiplication table, he asked me how much five times 12 was, I insisted with tears in my eyes that it was 62 and a half. "That's right!" said he; "I'll learn ye to respect yer father, if I have to thrash ye 12 times a day. Now go'n water them hosses, 'u be lively too!" The old gentleman didn't permit my respect to wane much until the inflammatory rheumatism disabled him; and even then he continued to inspire me with awe until I was thoroughly convinced that his disability was permanent.

Unquestioning obedience is the crowning grace of childhood. When you tell your child to do anything, and he stops to inquire why, it is advisable to kindly but firmly fetch him a rap across the ear, and inform him "that's why!" He will soon get in the way of starting, with charming alacrity at the word of command.

One of the most inveterate and annoying traits of children is inquisitiveness; if you are inconsiderate enough to attempt to gratify their omnivorous curiosity you may as well prepare to abdicate, for you will be nonplussed by their questions a dozen times a day, and in a week your sagacity will be hopelessly compromised. An average child is a magazine of unanswerable and disconcerting conundrums. You can't expect children to have much reverence for a parent whose ignorance they can expose twice out of three times trying. It is well enough to answer an easy question now and then, just to convince them that you can when you choose; but when they come to you with a poser, tell them, "Oh, you never mind!" or "shut up!" and then they will grow up independent and self-reliant, and restrained only by veneration from splitting your head open, to find out how it holds so much information without letting some out.

It would be difficult—very difficult—to estimate the beneficial effect that would be entailed upon their children if parents generally would adopt the method here vaguely indicated.

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION.

KEOKUK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9.

GEO. SMITH, H. W. CLENDENIN, THOS. REES.

SMITH, CLENDENIN & REES,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

TWAIN AND DAN DE QUILLE.

Entertaining Redskins With Rabbit Mesal.

Carson Appeal.

It was nearly twenty years ago when Dan De Quille and Mark Twain attempted to start a paper in Mendocino county. They took the type and material of the recently defunct newspaper in San Francisco, and, loading the stuff into a wagon, struck out into the country to retrieve their fortunes. They packed their type just as it stood in the forms, tied up the articles with stout cords by a process well known to printers, and, packing them closely in boxes, vowed to establish a newspaper somewhere which would be the leading exponent of politics and history for the Pacific coast. Had not an unfortunate circumstance taken place it is quite evident that the same newspaper which they contemplated building would have been alive to-day. Their journey over the mountains was utterly uneventful until they reached Simpson's station. Here they met a party of emigrants making for Lower California, and the latter had with them a small mountain howitzer, which they had brought with them across the plains.

Twain took a great fancy to this gun, and offered \$50 for it, with two kegs of powder thrown in. The emigrants were glad enough to part with it as they concluded the time for its use had passed. Dan thought the purchase of the artillery and military supplies was a reckless piece of extravagance, and said as much, but Twain replied:

"When we start our paper we must fire a salute. A newspaper office with artillery has a big bulge on the business. No well regulated office in California should be without a howitzer. If a man comes in for a retraction we can blow him into the next county. The howitzer goes."

This silenced the argument, and the next day the two journalists took the road with their printing outfit and artillery.

On the next night they camped in a mountain ravine fifteen miles from Simpson's and after building the usual camp fire, fell asleep. About 11 o'clock the horses awakened them by prancing about, and the two journalists were led to the conclusion that nothing less than a party of Indians were making arrangements for a night attack. In the clear moonlight they could be distinguished about half a mile away at the foot of the ravine. The idea of encountering Indians had never entered the heads of the two fortune-seekers, and they had no arms. Suddenly Twain brightened up, remarking:

"The howitzer."

"We've got nothing but a little powder," said Dan.

"Well, powder'll scare 'em, and we'll load her up."

The piece was immediately loaded with a good big charge, and the two men felt quite certain that the Indians, hearing the roar of the gun, would beat an unconditional retreat. The piece was hardly loaded and placed in position, when about fifty of the redskins came charging up the ravine.

Twain seized a board from the camp-fire and was about to lay it on the touch hole, when Dan yelled, "Hold on," as he rammed something into the mouth of the piece and remarked:

"Turn 'er loose."

The roar of the howitzer echoed through the lonely forests, and the savages, with frantic cries of pain, reeled down the ravine in wild confusion.

"What in h—l did you put in?" asked Mark.

"A column of nonpareil and a couple of sticks of young spring poetry."

"Poetry did the business, Dan. Get one of your geological articles ready for the next charge, and I guess it'll let the red devils out for the present campaign."

The savages again advanced. Mark attended to the powder and Dan sorted the shot, so to speak.

"Jeems Pipe's song, 'My Mountain Home.'"

"Good for three Indians; sock 'er in."

"An acrostic, by John R. Ride, in long primer."

"It'll paralyze 'em."

"Frank Pixley on the constitution," half a column of loaded brevier.

"If it hits 'em the day is won."

"Your leader on law and order."

"Save it as a last resort."

Dan pulled the type out of the boxes, and stuffed column after column into the howitzer's mouth as the savages came charging on. Another round from the gun, and the redskins rolled over and over each other like boulders swept away by a mountain cloud burst. Mark, in an ecstasy of delight, pulled an American flag out of his effects, nailed it to the tail-board of the wagon, and was about to make a speech, when the dusky figures of the foe were once more seen moving in the attack.

The piece was again loaded, and this time with a double charge. Mark's leader on "Law and Order," the puff of an auction-house by Fred McCrelish ("as a sickener," Dan said), Frank Gross' verses on "The Rebel Yell," an agricultural article by Sam Sebaugh, showing the chemical properties of corn juice as an educational lever, a maiden poetical effort of Olive Harper, and some verses by Col. Cremeney and Frank Soule completed the load.

"That poetry, reaching 'em first, will throw 'em into confusion, and my editorial, coming upon the heels of the rest, will result in a lasting demoralization. It will be like the last charge of the French at the battle of Austerlitz."

For the third and last time the faithful howitzer belched its typographical compliments to the advancing foe. The havoc was terrible. There was a wild yell from a score of savage throats, and then the low groans of the dying floated up the ravine on the gentle wind. The two men walked over the field of slaughter and counted fifty-six aboriginals lying in heaps. The bodies were horribly mutilated with nonpareil, long primer, two-line pica, bourgeois "caps," misere dashes, and unsorted pi.

"My leader cooked that man's goose," said Mark, pointing to a savage with his bowels hanging over the limb of a cedar.

"My geological article did the business for him," rejoined Dan, nodding carelessly to an Indian, whose head was lying twenty yards away.

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

"You bet! Hurrah for Faust and Guttenberg."

"Is there any type left?"

"Not a pound."

Ten days later the two journalistic tramps reached Virginia City, weary, discouraged, and footsore, and secured a place on The Enterprise.

A few days ago Dan received the following letter from his former partner:

HARTFORD, Conn., Jan. 1, 1880.—DEAR DAN: I send you the congratulations of the New Year. Do you recollect the time when we exterminated the unlettered (?) savages in Mendocino county? If you can spare the time I wish you would make a pilgrimage to that historic spot, gather the ghostly relics together and plant a tablet, not too expensive and at your own expense, for the memory of the departed. Have a shooting stick laid across a long bow, with our monogram and coat of arms entwined, and some appropriate epitaph carved in the stones; an extract from Carl Schurz' "Peace Policy" might do. Inclosed is a dollar and a half for your incidental expenses; you can dead-head traveling expenses.

Yours,
MARK TWAIN.

P. S. Send me a thigh-bone of the fallen chief by next express. M. T.

Dan will attend to the matter in the spring.

The old howitzer used on the occasion is still in his possession.

DAILY GATE CITY.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 5, 1874.

Mark Twain as a Pioneer.

[From the Keosauqua Republican.]

An impression has got abroad among our pioneers that Mark Twain once vegetated in the classic shades of Keosauqua. We are not aware how the belief originated, but it seems to have been credited by so eminent an authority as Senator Wright. Yet it is an error. Mrs. Lydia Starr Hunter sends us the following in relation to the matter, with a characteristic letter from Mark himself:

"I had frequently been told that Mark Twain was a pioneer printer in this county, and had in fact read the same in a published address, delivered by Geo. G. Wright, in the year 1872. Having some business of my own with the first of the three American Graces, and not doubting the report, I mentioned the re-union of the Pioneer Association in Keosauqua, and asked him to write something for the occasion, if it were only a few lines, hoping thereby to add something to the pleasure of the meeting. I received the following reply:

FARMINGTON AVENUE,
HARTFORD, July 28 }

DEAR MADAM: It was an error. I was in Keokuk during 1856, and in Muscatine a month or two in 1854, but have never wrought on an Iowa journal. I have never been in Keosauqua, so it must have been some other person of the same name. If it be the individual who personated me in Dubuque last April, and swindled the people there, and cost me a hundred dollars in Sheriff fees and telegraph bills (for the idiots in office there let him go, and I, another idiot,) tried to capture him again, he began to circulate in Iowa earlier than I had imagined. Sorrow to him!—and a career briefer than his own wit, be his portion, is my prayer.

Although not a pioneer myself, I hope I may without offense wish a pleasant re-union to those who are. Yours truly,

SAM'L L. CLEMENS.

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THE GREAT JUST DEAR CALL
R. J. BICKEL, KEOKUK, IOWA

DAILY GATE CITY:

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 11, 1874.

Advertisement Extraordinary — Mark Twain and P. T. Barnum Have Chartered the Comet.

This is to inform the public that in connection with Mr. Barnum I have leased the comet for a term of years; and I desire also to solicit the public patronage in favor of a beneficial enterprise which we have in view.

We propose to fit up comfortable, and even luxurious, accommodations in the comet for as many persons as will honor us with their patronage, and make an extended excursion among the heavenly bodies. We shall prepare 1,000,000 state-rooms in the tail of the comet (with hot and cold water, gas, looking glass, parachute, umbrella, etc., in each), and shall construct more if we meet with a sufficiently generous encouragement. We shall have billiard rooms, card rooms, music rooms, bowling alleys, and many spacious theatres and free libraries; and on the main deck we propose to have a driving park, with upwards of 10,000 miles of roadway in it. We shall publish daily newspapers also.

DEPARTURE OF THE COMET.

The comet will leave New York at 10 p. m. on the 20th inst., and therefore it will be desirable that the passengers be on board by 8 at the latest, to avoid confusion in getting under way. It is not known whether passports will be necessary or not, but it is deemed best that passengers provide them, and so guard against all contingencies. No dogs will be allowed on board. This rule has been made in reference to the existing state of feeling regarding these animals and will be strictly adhered to. The safety of the passengers will in all ways be jealously looked to. A substantial iron railing will be put all around the comet, and no one will be allowed to go to the edge and look over unless accompanied by either my partner or myself.

THE POSTAL SERVICE.

will be of the completest character. Of course the telegraph, and the telegraph only, will be employed, consequently, friends occupying state-rooms, 20,000,000 and even 30,000,000 miles apart, will be able to send a message and receive a reply inside of eleven days. Night messages will be half rate. The whole of this vast postal system will be under the personal superintendence of Mr. Hale, of Maine. Meals served at all hours. Neals served in state-rooms charged extra.

Hostility is not apprehended from any great planet, but we have thought it best to err on the safe side, and therefore have provided a proper number of mortars, siege guns, and boarding pikes. History shows that small, isolated communities, such as the people of remote islands, are prone to be hostile to strangers, and so the same may be the case with

THE INHABITANTS OF STARS

of the tenth or twentieth magnitude. We shall in no case wantonly offend the people of any star, but shall treat all alike with urbanity and kindness, never conducting ourselves toward an asteroid after a fashion which we could not venture to assume toward Jupiter or Saturn. I repeat that we shall not wantonly offend any star; but at the same time we shall promptly resent any

injury that may be done us, or any offence offered us, by parties or governments, residing in any star in the firmament. Although averse to the shedding of blood, we shall still hold this course rigid and fearlessly, not only to single stars, but toward constellations. We shall hope to leave a good impression of America behind us in every nation we visit, from Venus to Uranus. And, at all events, if we cannot inspire love, we shall, at least, compel respect for our country wherever we go. We shall take with us, free of charge,

A GREAT FORCE OF MISSIONARIES

and shed the true light upon all the celestial orbs which, physically aglow, are yet morally in darkness. Sunday schools will be established wherever practicable. Compulsory education will also be introduced.

The comet will visit Mars first, and then proceed to Mercury, Jupiter, Venus, and Saturn. Parties connected with the government of the District of Columbia and with the former city government of New York, who may desire to inspect the rings, will be allowed time and every facility. Every star of prominent magnitude will be visited, and time allowed for excursions to points of interest inland.

THE DOG STAR

has been stricken from the programme. Much time will be spent in the Great Bear, and, indeed, in every constellation of importance. So, also, with the Sun and Moon and the Milky Way, otherwise the Gulf Stream of the skies. Clothing suitable for wear in the sun should be provided. Our programme has been so arranged that we shall seldom go more than 100,000,000 of miles at a time without stopping at some star. This will necessarily make the stoppages frequent and preserve the interest of the tourist. Baggage checked through to any point on the route. Parties wishing to make only a part of the proposed tour, and thus save expense, may stop over at any star they choose, and wait for the returning voyage.

After visiting all the most celebrated stars and constellations in our system, and personally inspecting the remotest sparks that even the most powerful telescopes can now detect in the firmament, we shall proceed with good heart upon

A STUPENDOUS VOYAGE

Of discovery among the countless whirling worlds that make turmoil in the mighty waste of space that stretch their solemn solitudes, their unimaginable vastness billions upon billions of miles away beyond the farthest verge of telescopic vision, till by comparison the little sparkling vault we use to gaze at on Earth shall seem like a remembered phosphorescent flash of spangles which some tropical voyage's prow stirred into life for a single instant, and which ten thousand miles of phosphorescent seas and tedious lapse of time had since diminished to an incident utterly trivial in his recollection. Children occupying seats at the first table will be charged full fare.

FIRST CLASS FARE

From the Earth to Uranus, including visits to the Sun and Moon, and all principal planets on the route, will be charged at the low rate of \$2 for every 50,000,000 miles of actual travel. A great reduction will be made where parties wish to make the round trip. This comet is new and in thorough repair, and is now on her first voyage. She is confessedly the latest on the line. She makes 20,000,000 in a day, with her present facilities; but with a picked American crew and good weather, we are confident we can get 40,000,000 out

of her. Still we shall never push her to a dangerous speed, and we shall rigidly prohibit racing with other comets. Passengers desiring to diverge at any point or return will be transferred to other comets. We make close connections at all principal points with all reliable lines. Safety can be depended upon. It is not to be denied that the heavens are infested with

OLD RAMSHACKLE COMETS

That have not been inspected or overhauled in 10,000 years, and which ought long ago to have been destroyed or turned into hail barges, but with these we have no connection whatever. Steerage passengers not allowed aboard the main batch.

Complimentary round trip tickets have been tendered to General Butler, Mr. Shepherd, Mr. Richardson and other eminent

gentlemen, whose public services have entitled them to the rest and relaxation of a voyage of this kind. Parties desiring to make the round trip will have extra accommodation. The entire voyage will be completed, and the passengers landed in New York again on the 14th of December, 1991. This is at least forty years sooner than any other comet can do it. Nearly all the back pay members contemplate making the round trip with us in case their constituents will allow them a holiday. Every harmless amusement allowed on board, but no pools permitted on the run of the comet—no gambling of any kind. All fixed stars will be respected by us, but such stars as seem to need fixing we shall fix. If it makes trouble we shall be sorry, but firm.

Mr. Coggia having leased his comet to us, she will no longer be called by his name but by my partner's. N. B.—Passengers by paying double fare will be entitled to a share in all the new stars, suns, moons, comets, meteors, and magazines of thunder and lightning we shall discover. Patent medicine people will take notice that

WE CARRY BULLETIN BOARDS

and a paint brush along for use in the constellations, and are open to terms. Cremonians are reminded that we are going straight to—some hot places—and are open to terms. To other parties our enterprise is a pleasure excursion, but individually we mean business. We shall fly our comet for all that it is worth. MARK TWAIN.

THE DAILY GATE CITY:
AUGUST 30, 1857.

A Trying Hour For Mark.

Mark Twain and his wife are so well known in Keokuk that the following story will be of interest, especially to their acquaintances:

As every one knows, Mr. Clemens first met his beautiful wife while on the famous voyage of the Quaker City, and he pursued his acquaintance after their return so closely that at last the young lady's papa one day called the ardent and devoted Mark into his private study and said, after some preamble: "Mr. Clemens, I have something to say to you which bears upon a subject of grave importance, at least to me and mine. You have been coming here for some time, and your manner leaves no doubt in my mind as to your object. Now, my daughter's welfare is very dear to me, and before I can admit you to her society on the footing of a suitor to her hand I would like to know something more than I do about you

and your antecedents, etc. Stop a minute! You must remember that a man may be a 'good fellow' and a pleasant companion on a voyage, and all that, but when it is a question as grave as this a wise father tries to take every precaution before allowing his daughter's affections to become engaged, and I ask of you, as a gentleman, that you shall give me the names of some of your friends in California to whom I may write and make such inquiries as I deem necessary; that is if you still desire our friendship." It was now Mark Twain's turn. "Sir," said he, bowing profoundly, as became a young man who respects his hoped-for father-in-law, "your sentiments are in every way correct. I approve of them myself, and hasten to add that you have not been mistaken in my sentiments toward your daughter, whom I may tell you candidly seems to me to be the most perfect of her sex, and I honor your solicitation of her welfare. I am not only perfectly willing to give you references, but am only too glad to have an opportunity to do so, which my natural modesty would have prevented me from offering. Therefore permit me to give you the names of a few of my friends. I will write them down. First is Lieutenant General John McComb, Alexander Badlam, General Lander and Colonel W. H. L. Barnes. They would all lie for me just as I would for them under like circumstances." This conclusion broke the old man all up, and he never asked more references nor wrote to those gentlemen.

Constitution-Democrat.

MONDAY, AUGUST 17, 1891.

"I MET Mark Twain in Paris," writes a New York Tribune correspondent. "On my expressing the hope that he was enjoying himself in that gay and festive capital, he replied, with characteristic linked deliberation long drawn out: 'No, I'm not over here enjoying myself; I'm over here heaping maledictions upon the rheumatism, which has got hold of my right arm.' I expressed my regret, adding that he ought to have had the presence of mind, if he was going to have the rheumatism, in any of his arms, to select the left one. 'Yes,' he assented, 'anyway, I should have exercised my left arm so that I could depend upon it in an emergency. I have found that a left arm is an uncommonly useful thing to have the full use of.' A few hours later, as I was strolling through the salon in the Champ de Mars, I observed Mark standing in more or less rapt contemplation before one of the pictures. Art had evidently made him lose sight of his rheumatism."

THE GATE CITY:

TUESDAY MORNING, NOV. 9.

"A Tramp Abroad." 1886

Spielhagen, the eminent German novelist, calls this "Ein lustiges Buch," and gives it high praise. He thinks Mark Twain and Bret Harte the only two writers worth the name that America has produced. Hawthorne and the rest he thinks dreary echoes of English writers; but Bret Harte and Mr. Clemens he finds to be distinctive, original and American. The Nation doesn't want to discredit Spielhagen's place as a critic, but thinks it noteworthy that he should make so much account of a book that has not added to Mark Twain's fame any upon this side of the Atlantic. And surely "The Tramp" does not take the larger place of "The Innocents" that went ahead of him. He plays in a minor key to them. This is as moonlight to sunlight: a second seeing of Europe with the rollicking novelty and grotesquerie of first sight-seeing nearly all gone. The Innocents were inimitable, unapproachable: the Tramp is merely enjoyable, but he is that fully and completely. Mr. Clemens has a way of taking you along with him and making you see what he does: a knack of photographic writing peculiarly his own. The Tramp is not to be read for the fun of the thing. There is fun a plenty in it, but it is the subdued and perfunctory fun of a man lying upon the grass under a noble tree with his eyes and thoughts on the blue sky and the solemn, stately, far-off mountains, while he talks idly what he doesn't think to the comrades beside him. The most boisterous humor that Mr. Clemens reaches in his book is when read by the context, a sort of sub-humor after all: a something brought in like a campaign speakers stories: for the boys who are not hungry enough for the meats but wanting the whipped custards at the close. The only people who will not be content with this book are those dreadful people who will think Mark is in earnest when he is fun, and that he is in fun when he is earnest. When a good old man read slowly out of his weekly newspaper that an engineer had been blown all over a township by a boiler explosion, part of him found in one lot and part in another, he said vexedly: "Daag it, the paper don't say whether it killed him or not." We do not think *The Tramp Abroad* will be a wholly useful book to readers of that fashion, but any and everybody who enjoyed the *Innocents* can enjoy this. To give his German readers a touch of the book's quality Spielhagen gives them the story of the blue jay. With their Kinder-marchen and Thierchen that speak the

Germans would find a certain fanciful realism in that blue jay conceit that would make them enjoy what to Americans is a far-fetched absurdity. We do not appreciate that convocation of laughing hilarious jays, but young Moses and the frog—that's up to the high level of American apprehension and any of us can see the fun there is in that. Charles Sumner, even, would have laughed over it. Better than all the strained or unstrained fun-making of the book we find its bright photographic touches of places and things and people. Nobody can make you see and enjoy foreign travel in the mere telling of it like Mr. Clemens. His books are not substitutes for an encyclopedia or Murray's Guide, but "The Innocents" and "A Tramp" are worth about all the other books of travel that have been published in this generation.

CREDITS

Constitution-Democrat.

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APRIL 17, 1901.

CLEVELAND AND TWAIN.

A good story about President Cleveland and Mark Twain is told by W. E. Curtis in the Chicago Record-Herald in this: "Early in the administration of President Cleveland Consul General Mason, at Frankfort, who is generally considered the best man in the service, was notified that his resignation was expected, and that a Mr. Rapp of Illinois, was to be his successor. He was packing up his goods when Mark Twain happened around that way and visited the consulate. Being informed of the situation the latter wrote a letter to Ruth Cleveland, the baby daughter of the president, telling her that he could not interfere in matters of patronage because he was a mugwump, but he considered it a shame that a man of experience and ability like Consul General Mason should be turned out of office simply because some democrat who knew nothing about his duties wanted the place. He said that he was acquainted with a great many consuls, and that Captain Mason was the best he had ever known, and if her father ever consulted her about the consular service he suggested that she advise him not to disturb good men merely to give places for politicians. About a month later Mr. Clemens received a little note in President Cleveland's handwriting, in which Miss Ruth Cleveland presented her compliments to Mark Twain, thanked him for calling attention to the threatened removal of Consul Mason, and said that if he knew of any similar cases the president would be glad to hear from him. Consul General Mason is still in the service, and has since been promoted to Berlin."

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

A NEVADA FUNERAL.

BY MARK TWAIN.

There was a grand time over Buck Fanshaw when he died. He was a representative citizen. He had "killed his man"—not in his own quarrel, it is true, but in the defense of a stranger beset by numbers. He had kept a sumptuous saloon. He had been the proprietor of a dashing helpmeet, whom he could have discarded without the formality of a divorce. He held a high position in the fire department, and been a very Warwick in politics. When he died there was a great lamentation throughout the town, but especially in the vast bottom stratum of society.

On the request it was shown that Buck Fanshaw, in the delirium of a wasting typhoid fever, had taken arsenic, shot himself through the body, cut his throat, and jumped out of a four-story window and broke his neck; and after due deliberation the jury, sad and tearful, but with intelligence unblinded by its sorrow, brought in a verdict of death "by the visitation of God." What could the world do without juries!

Prodigious preparations were made for the funeral. All the vehicles in town were hired, and all the saloons were put in mourning, all the municipal and fire company flags were hung at half-mast, and all the firemen ordered to muster in uniform, and bring their machines duly draped in black.

Regretful resolutions were passed and various committees were appointed; among others, a committee of one was appointed to call a minister—a fragile, gentle, spiritual new sledging from an Eastern theological seminary, and as yet unacquainted with the ways of the mines. The committeeman, "Scotty" Briggs, made his visit.

Being admitted to his presence, he sat down before the clergyman, placed his hat on an unfinished manuscript sermon under the minister's nose, took from it a red silk handkerchief, wiped his brow and heaved a sigh of dismal impressiveness explanatory to his business. He choked and even shed tears, but with an effort he mastered his voice, and said, in lugubrious tones:

"Are you the duck that runs the gospel-mill next door?"

"Am I the—pardon me, I believe I do not understand?"

With another sigh and a half sob Scotty rejoined:

"Why, you see, we are in a bit of trouble, and the boys thought may be you'd give us a lift, if we'd tacker you, that is, if I've got the rights of it and you are the head clerk of the doxology works next door."

"I'm the shepherd in charge of the flock whose fold is next door."

"The which?"

"The spiritual adviser of the little company of believers whose sanctuary adjoins these premises."

Scotty scratched his head, reflected a moment and then said:

"You rather hold over me, pard. I reckon I can't call that hand. Ante and pass the buck."

"How? I beg pardon, What did I understand you to say?"

"Well, you've rather got the bulge on me. Or may be we've both got the bulge, some-

how. You don't smoke me, and I don't smoke you. You see, one of the boys has passed in his checks, and we want to give him a good send-off, and so the thing I'm on now is to root out somebody to jerk out a little chin music for us, and waltz him through handsome."

"My friend I seem to grow more and more bewildered. Your observations are wholly incomprehensible to me. Cannot you simplify them some way? At first I thought perhaps I understood you, but now I grope. Would it not expedite matters if you restricted yourself to categorical statements of fact unincumbered by obstructing accumulations of metaphor and allegory?"

Another pause, and more reflection. Then Scotty said:

"I'll have to pass, I judge."

"How?"

"You've raised me out, pard."

"I still fail to catch your meaning."

"Why, that last lead of yours is too many for me—that's the idea, I can't neither trump nor follow suit."

The clergyman sank back into his chair perplexed. Scotty leaned his head on his hand, and gave himself up to reflection. Presently his face came up, sorrowful but confident.

"I've got it now, so's you can savvy," said he. "What we want is a gospel-sharp. See?"

"A what?"

"Gospel-sharp, parson."

"Oh! why did you not say so before? I am a clergyman—a parson."

"Now you talk! You see my blind, and straddle it like a man. Put it there"—extending a brawny paw, which closed over the minister's small hand and gave it a shake indicative of fraternal sympathy and fervent gratification.

"Now we're alright, pard. Let's start fresh. Don't you mind me snuffling a little, becoz we're in a power of trouble. You see one of the boys has gone up the flume"—

"Gone where?"

"Up the flume—throw'd up the sponge you know."

"Thrown up the sponge?"

"Yes—kicked the bucket—"

"Ah—has departed to that mysterious country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

"Return? Well, I reckon not. Why, pard, he's dead."

"Yes, I understand."

"Oh, you do? Well, I thought maybe you might be getting tangled once more. Yes, you see he's dead again—"

"Again! Why, has he ever been dead before?"

"Dead before? No. Do you reckon a man has got as many lives as a cat? But, you bet, he's awful dead just now, poor old boy, and I wish I'd never seen this day. I don't know no better friend than Buck Fanshaw. I know'd him by the back; and when I know a man like him I freeze to him—you hear me. Take him all around, pard, there never was a bullier man in the mines. No man ever new Buck Fanshaw to go back on a friend. It ain't no use. They've scooped him!"

"Scooped him?"

"Yea—death has. Well, well, well, we've got to give him up. Yes, indeed? But, pard, he was a rustler. A You ought to see him get started once. He was a bully boy with a glass eye! Just spit in his face and give him room according to his strength, and it was just beautiful to see him peel and go in. He was the worst son of a thief that ever draw'd breath. Pard, he was on it. He was on it bigger than an Injud!"

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"On it? On what?"
"On the shoot. On the shoulder. On the fight. Understand? He didn't give a continental—for any-body. Beg your pardon, friend for coming so near saying a cuss word—but you see I'm on an awful strain in this palaver, on account of having to cram down and draw everything so mild. But we've got to give him up. There ain't any getting around that, I don't reckon. Now if we can't get you to help plant him—"

"Preach the funeral discourse? Assist at the obsequies?"

"Obsequies is good. Yes. That's it; that's our little game. We are going to get up the thing regardless, you know. He was always nifty himself, and so you bet you his funeral ain't going to be no slouch; solid silver door plate on his coffin, six plumes on the hearse, and a nigger on the box with a biled shirt and a plug hat—how's that for high? And we'll take care of you, pard? We'll fix you all right. There will be a kerridge for you; and whatever you want you just 'scape out and we'll tend to it. We've got a shebang fixed up for you to stand behind in No. 1's house, and don't you be afraid. Just go in and 'toot your horn, if you don't sell a clam. Put Buck through as bully as you can, pard, for anybody that know'd him will tell you that he was one of the whitest men that was ever in the mines. You can't draw it too strong. He never could stand it to see things going wrong. He's done more to make this town peaceable than any man in it. I've seen him lick four Greasers in eleven minutes, myself. If a thing wanted regulating, he wasn't a man to go browsing around after somebody to do it, but he would prance in and regulate it himself. He warn't a Catholic; but it didn't make no difference about that when it came down to what a man's right was—and so, when some roughs jumped the Catholic boneyard and started in to stake out town lots in it, he went for 'em! And he cleaned 'em, too! I was there, and seen it myself."

"That was very well, indeed—at least the impulse was—whether the act was strictly defensible or not. Had deceased any religious convictions? That is to say, did he feel a dependence upon or acknowledge allegiance to a higher power?"

More reflection.

"I reckon you have stumped me again, pard. Could you say it over once more, and say it slowly?" "Well, to simplify it somewhat, was he, or rather had he been, connected with any organization sequestered from secular concerns and devoted to self sacrifice in the interests of morality?"

"All down but nine—set 'em up on the other alley, pard."

"What did I understand you to say?"

"Why, you're most too many for me, you know. When you get in with your left, I hunt grass every time. Every time you draw you fill; but I don't seem to have any luck. Let's have a new deal."

"How? Begin again?"

"That's it."

"Very well. Was he a good man, and—"

"There—I see that; don't put up another chip till I look at my hand. A good man, says you? Pard, it ain't no name for it. He was the best man that ever—pard, you would have doted on that man. He could lay any galoot of his inches in America. It was him that put down the riot last election before it got a start, and everybody said that he was the only man that could have done it. He waltzed in with a trumpet in one hand and a spanner with the other. He sent fourteen men home on a shutter in less than three minutes. He had

that not all broke up and prevented nice before any body ever got a chance to strike a blow. He was always for peace, and he would have peace—he could not stand disturbances. Pard, he was a great loss to the town. It would please the boys if you could chip in something that would do him justice. Here once, like when the Micks got to throwing stones through the Methodist's Sunday-school windows, Buck Fanshaw, all of his own notion, shut up his saloon and took a couple of six-shooters and mounted guard over the Sunday-school. Says he, "No Irish need apply!" And they didn't. He was the bullicest man in the mountains, pard; he could run faster, jump higher, hit harder, and hold more tangle-foot whiskey without spilling than any man in seventeen counties. Put that in, pard; it'll please the boys more than anything you could say. And you can say, pard, that he never shook his mother."

"Never shook his mother?"
 "That's it—any of the boys will tell you so."
 "Well, but why should he shake her?"
 "That's what I say—but some people does."

"Not people of any reput?"
 "Well, some that average so-so."
 "In my opinion, a man that would offer personal violence to his mother ought to—"

"Cheese it pard; you've banked your ball clean outside the string. What I was drivin' at that he never throwed off on his mother—don't you see? No, indeed, he gave her a house to live in, and town lots and plenty of money; and he looked after her and took care of her all the time; and when she was down with the small-pox, I'm damned if he didn't sit up nights and nurse her himself! Beg your pardon for saying it, but it hopped out too quick for yours truly. You've treated me like a gentleman, and I aint the man to hurt your feelings intentional. I think you're white. I think you're a square man, pard. I like you, an' I'll lick any man that don't. I'll lick him till he can't tell himself from a last year corpse! Put there!" Another fraternal handshake—and exit.

The obsequies were all that "the boys" could desire. Such a marvel of funeral pomp had never been seen in Virginia. The plumed hearse, the dirge-breathing brassbands, the closed marts of business, the flags drooping at half-mast, the long plodding procession of uninformed secret societies, military battalions and fire companies, draped engines, carriages of officials, and citizens in vehicles and on foot, attracted multitudes of spectators to the sidewalks, roof and windows; and for years afterward the degree of grandeur attained by any civic display in Virginia was determined by comparison with Buck Fanshaw's funeral.

The Daily Constitution.
 — SEPTEMBER 30, 1887. —
MARK TWAIN'S YOUTH.
 HOW HE CAME TO BE A PILOT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.
 A Chat with the Veteran Under Whom Clemens Learned the Crooks and Shallows of the Great River—First Literary Work.

Capt. Horace Bixby, of the magnificent steamer City of Baton Rouge, is the most popular man on southern waters. Capt. Bixby is a well preserved relic of the golden age of the river, and has been a constant student of currents and chutes for forty years. Horace Bixby is the man who taught Mark Twain how to steer a steamboat, and the success of his whilom cub has reflected considerable glory on the tutor. That was away back in the '50s, when Bixby was a pilot, and after all these years he is now of the opinion that a pilot is a bigger man than a captain any day, and especially on a dark night in a tight place. Capt. Bixby is now 61 years of age, and he says: "I am just nine and a half years older than Sam Clemens." When in a reminiscent mood the other day he said: "It was quite remarkable how Sam Clemens happened to become a pilot. He has written a great deal about it himself, but I don't believe he ever told it all. It was in the spring of '57. I was then running regularly between St. Louis and New Orleans and occasionally doing an outside job on the Ohio river from Cincinnati to New Orleans. It was on one of these outside trips that I first met Clemens. I was taking the Paul Jones down from Cincinnati, and he was a passenger on board. In those times the pilot house was a great loafing place for passengers and pilots out of work. They came in, spit all over the wheel, swapped lies, and then left the pilot on duty to slosh around in the debris. I didn't like it a bit, and I was mighty short with all passengers who attempted to talk with me. One morning when the boat reached Island No. 35 in the Mississippi river, and we were booming along at a good gait, a young man walked into the pilot house, and after watching me for a few minutes, said 'G-o-o-d m-o-r-n-i-n-g,' in a drawing manner."

"I said 'good morning' mighty sharp, thinking it would freeze him out. But it didn't. He said:
 "D-o-n't y-o-u w-a-n-t a b-o-y t-o l-e-a-r-n t-h-e r-i-v-e-r?"

"No; don't want any boy to learn the river. What are you pulling your words that way for?"

"I d-o-n't k-n-o-w, y-o-u w-i-l-l h-a-v-e t-o a-s-k m-y m-o-t-h-e-r. S-h-e d-o-e-s t-h-e s-a-m-e t-h-i-n-g."

"I thought he was chaffing me when he said that and I looked up, but his face was just as sober as a preacher's. He then asked me if I knew the BOWENS who were on the river. I told him that I did and worked with one of them in 1853. He told me that the BOWENS lived next door to his father, Judge Clemens, of Hannibal, Mo. In his drawing way he told me of his plans. He had learned printing at Hannibal on his brother's paper, but it did not agree with him, and he was going to South America for his health. He liked the river, however, and would abandon his projected invasion of South America for an opportunity to become a pilot.

"There is only one thing that would induce me to teach you the river," said I.

"W-h-a-t's t-h-a-t?" he asked.

"Money," said I.

"Mone-y?" he echoed.

"That's just it," I answered.

"H-o-w m-u-c-h?" he gasped.

"Five hundred dollars," I said.

"We-ll, I a-i-n't g-o-t that mu-ch," said he.

"Then you better get it if you want to be on the river," I replied.

"I've g-o-t e-i-g-h-t l-o-t-s up in K-e-o-k-u-k, Iowa, but I d-o-n't know w-h-a-t they w-o-u-l-d bring, an' I've g-o-t 2,000 acres of l-a-n-d in Ten-ness-ee that I can get twenty-five cents an acre for," said he summing up his assets. We talked for some time and he impressed me very favorably. It was finally agreed that he was to pay me \$100 down and \$75 very six months until the debt was paid. I told him that he would have to provide

his own clothes and board while in port. On the river he would receive his board and lodging free. He started in as a cub on the Aleck Scott and he learned rapidly. He was then just past 21, and rather eccentric. He always had writing paper and pencil around the pilot house, and was eternally scribbling away at something. I seldom ever tried to investigate the mysteries of his manuscript, but I soon turned his talent to good account. In those days pilots made out reports of the condition of the channel, and Clemens at once developed into a brilliant and picturesque river reporter. His reports were humorous and contained all the information, and were frequently copied into the papers just as he wrote them. This, I think, was the first public writing that he did, except, perhaps, some squibs for the Hannibal paper. He was a good boy, not addicted to dissipation, and obeyed orders. He hated suspenders, and used to enjoy himself in very loose clothes, with his hair roached back. We steered together on many trips, and then he changed around and in two years received a license that made him a full fledged pilot. His first boat was the Alonzo Child, under Capt. De Haven, and he kept turning the wheel until the war broke out. His boat was then in the south, and he piloted three months for the Confederacy. Then he got through the lines and went home, but after a short stay at Hannibal he went as a volunteer for three months in the army of Gen. Sterling Price, the Missouri Confederate. He fought for the Confederacy three more months on land and then retreated in good order, with his right resting on St. Louis. His brother, Orrin Clemens, was at that time nominated secretary of the territory of Nevada, and Sam accompanied him west. Everybody knows the rest."

Three years ago Clemens accompanied Capt. Bixby down the river, and the old stories and glories were revived. The result of the trip was the book "Old Times on the Mississippi."—St. Louis Cor. Chicago Tribune.

THE GATE CITY:
 THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 15

On Mark Twain's New Book.

There are several reasons why a book of this kind is difficult to criticise. For one thing, there is little in modern literature with which it can be compared outside of the previous works of Mark Twain himself. He is the greatest writer living of travels containing an odd mixture of sober truth, droil exaggeration and occasional buffonery, all mixed up together in the most incongruous way imaginable. There are few books better worth reading than his "Innocents at Home," with its vivid pictures of life among the Nevada miners or on the west coast of America. And next to that book we may place the "Innocents Abroad," although it lacks the vividness and freshness of the first. Both are full of entertainment, and the first named has not a dull page in it from the beginning to the end. Compared with these two books, "A Tramp Abroad," seems to us in nearly every respect inferior. At all events we began early to quarrel with it, and by the time we reached the second volume found it often very hard reading indeed. Here and there the traces of Mark Twain's early skill and lightness of hand were visible enough, but as a rule the process of manufacturing the jocularity was so obvious that it spoiled the reader's enjoyment.—*The Spectator.*

THE GATE CITY:

FRIDAY MORNING, JAN. 9, 1880.

Mark Twain and the P. O. D.
(Western Postal Review.)

The inimitable Mark Twain recently furnished a letter for the *Hartford Courant*, commenting in a manner not altogether commendatory upon the recent order of the postmaster general, requiring that letters having no state mentioned in the address must be considered as unmailable. Whereupon Mr. Kirby, private secretary of Postmaster General Key, wrote a letter to Mark, defending the law, and enclosing some printed slips relating to the matter; also sending him a copy of the Postal Laws and Regulations, requesting him to study them carefully. A few days later Mr. Kirby received a letter, of which the following is a portion, and he is now entirely satisfied that Mr. Clemens has been studying the matter most too carefully:

"My callow friend, when you shall have outgrown the effervescence of youth and acquired a bit of worldly experience you will cease to make mistakes like that. That is, you will recognize the simple wisdom of minding your own business. You seem to think you have been called to account. This is a great error. It is the postoffice department of the United States that has been called to account. There is a difference here which you seem to have overlooked. I will point it out. You are not the postoffice department, but only an expensive and unnecessary appendage to it. Grave elderly public instructors like me do not call private secretaries to account. The mistake you have made is simple: you have imagined yourself the dog, whereas you are only the tail. You endeavored to wag the dog. This was injudicious. You should have hung quiescent until the dog wagged you. You seem to have gathered the impression, somehow, that you are a member of the cabinet. This is an error. Your chief is one of the guns of that battery; you are not. You are not gun, or a load, or even a ramrod; neither do you supply ammunition, you only serve as a stick to fire it off. You are not a barrel of molasses, but only the faucet through which the molasses is discharged. You are not a boot, but only a bootjack. Do you perceive. The thing I am trying to convey to you is that it does not become you to assume functions that do not belong to you. The newspaper slip which you inclosed to me I will return by one of my private secretaries. I keep eleven of these things, not for use, but for display."

Speaking of the envelope in which Mr. Kirby's letter was enclosed, Mark says: "You, an unofficial private citizen, have written me an entirely personal letter enclosed in an envelope bearing upon its surface in plain print, the warning: 'A penalty of \$300 is fixed by law for using this envelope for other than official business.' The servants of the government ought to be, for decency's sake, among the last to break its laws. You have committed an offense with no elements of a joke about it, and if your superior does his duty he will impose the penalty involved. As far as I am concerned you are safe, but if you intrude upon me again I may be tempted to bring you before the courts for violation of law. There, now, receive my bless-

ings. Go, and do not mix in other people's business any more; otherwise you may pick up somebody who will feed you disagreeable words instead of sugar.

MARK TWAIN, etc.

Mark Twain is nothing unless American. The postoffice department is decidedly un-American, and poor Kirby is only a useless ornamental nothing. How glad we are that our name is not Kirby. He has our sympathy. He also has the consciousness of being right, though measuring swords with the satirist is evidently not his fort. If the old way was American here it is: It is well known that Mark sometimes goes on a boom and one of them winds up by landing him in the penitentiary at Jackson, Mich. Having "the bulge" on the governor, who was also on the same boom, he applied for a pardon which is, of course, promptly granted and mailed by the great ruler, ordering his immediate release; but one of these "ornamental" secretaries carelessly addressed it to Jackson, omitting the name of the state. The postmaster kindly marked it "Try Tennessee." Finding no owner for it there the Tennessee postmaster marks it "Try Jackson, Ark.," and chucks it into the mail bag. The same process in Arkansas marks it try Alabama, and so on to the end, until all the Jacksons have been exhausted, it is marked try California, Colorado, Georgia, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Wisconsin, West Virginia, and finally, after traversing the continent, reaches Jackson, Michigan, four months after Mark has become a confirmed lunatic, and is henceforth fit only to tramp over the country venting his madness on private secretaries. Had the letter been sent promptly to the dead letter office, Mark would have been a sane man today, Kirby would have been spared, two families made correspondingly happier and the stigma of four months in prison reduced to as many days. But that would not have been American. Probably it is best as it is.

THE GATE CITY: SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 18.

Mark Twain's Humor.

"Thieves from over the wall" have got the seed of a certain drollery, which sprouts and flourishes plentifully in every newspaper, until the thought of American humor is becoming terrible; and sober-minded people are beginning to have serious question whether we are not in danger of degenerating into a nation of wits. But we ought to take courage from observing, as we may, that this plentiful crop of humor is not racy of the original soil; that in short the thieves from over the wall were not also able to steal Mr. Clemens's garden-plot. His humor springs from a certain intensity of common sense, a passionate love of justice, and a generous scorn of what is petty and mean; and it is these qualities which his "school" have not been able to convey. It may be claiming more than a humorist could wish to assert that he is always in earnest; but this strikes us as the paradoxical charm of Mr. Clemens' best humor. Its wildest extravagance is the break and fling from a deep feeling, a wrath with some folly which disquiets him worse than

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other men, a personal hatred for some humbug or pretension that embitters him beyond anything but laughter. It must be because he is intolerably weary of the twaddle of pedestrianizing that he conceives the notion of a tramp through Europe, which he operates by means of express trains, steamboats and private carriages, with the help of an agent and a courier; it is because he has a real loathing, otherwise inexpressible, for Alp-climbing, that he imagines an ascent of the Riffelberg, with "half a mile of men and mules" tied together by rope. One sees that affectations do not first strike him as ludicrous, merely, but as detestable. He laughs, certainly, at an abuse, at ill manners, at conceit, at cruelty, and you must laugh with him; but if you enter into the very spirit of his humor, you feel that if he could set these things right there would be very little laughing. At the bottom of his heart he has often the grimness of a reformer; his wit is turned by preference upon human nature, not upon droll situations and things abstractly ludicrous, but upon matters that are out of joint, that are unfair or unnecessarily ignoble, and cry out to his love of justice for discipline. Much of the fun is at his own cost where he boldly attempts to grapple with some hoary abuse, and gets worsted by it, as in his verbal contest with the girl at the medicinal springs in Baden, who returns "that beggar's answer" of half Europe, "What you please," to his ten-times repeated demand of "How much?" and gets the last word. But it is plain that if he had his way there would be a fixed price for those waters very suddenly, and without regard to the public amusement, or regret for lost opportunities of humorous writing.—*May Atlantic.*

The Gate City.

JANUARY 3, 1895.

THE FUNNIEST COUNTRY.

Mark Twain Draws Some Conclusions from the Experiences of His Wedding Trip.

Mark Twain tells the Boston Herald the following story of his wedding journey: "When I was married we decided to live in Buffalo. I had been a husband twenty-four hours when we reached there and were met by a large party of friends. I had asked my father-in-law, John Slee, to find a cheap boarding house for us, and the friends said he had done his duty like a brave man. They put us into a covered sleigh and said they would drive us to it, and then they began to drive up and down, back and forth through all the back streets of Buffalo. By and by, after about every cheap locality in Buffalo had been traveled I began to feel ashamed and said, 'I asked Mr. Slee to get me a cheap boarding house, but I had no idea that I had put him to the trouble of being so economical that he would have to go out of the state to do it.'

"Then they all laughed. There was a practical joke to the fore which I knew nothing about and all this driving was to gain time to put the finish-

ing touches to it. My father-in-law, the late Jarvis Langdon, had been clandestinely spending a small fortune upon a house and furniture on Delaware avenue for us, and had kept his secret so well that I was the only person this side of Niagara falls who hadn't found it out. We reached the house at last and I was introduced to Mrs. Johnson, the ostensible landlady. I took a glance around at the more or less elegant things, and my opinion of Mr. Slee as a provider of cheap boarding houses fell to zero at once. I told Mrs. Johnson that there had been an unfortunate mistake. Mr. Slee had evidently supposed that I had money, whereas I really had only talent; and so, by her leave, we would abide with her a week and then she could keep my trunk and I would look up another boarding house. The ambushed friends burst in upon us from closets, from behind curtains, from behind doors, and the property was delivered over to us. I consider that was a capital joke, for the house was completely equipped in every detail; all we had to do was just to sit down and live in it. If American humor will only develop along the lines as laid down by my father-in-law, I believe we will very rapidly become the funniest country in the world."

Daily Constitution.

FEBRUARY 22 1886.

GARTH'S CHAT WITH MARK TWAIN.

Grant's Book—Success in the Publishing Business—Autobiographical.

The day the copyright people came to Washington to talk before one of the committees I sat down for a few minutes at a table with Mark Twain, and I asked him if it was true that Mrs. Grant had received \$250,000 from the memoirs of her husband. Said he: "It is not due her for about a month, but she will get more than that."

"Good," said Senator Hawley. Said I: "Mr. Clemens, you are as great a publisher as you were an author. Sir Walter Scott failed as a publisher, but you make money."

"Yes," said Mark Twain, "I own nine-tenths of the capital in the publishing-house which has issued Grant's book. It has a remarkable sale. But I received not long ago \$52,000 for my profits on one of my own books, 'Huckleberry Finn,' the last book I produced."

Said I: "I understood you to say that there was no money in books except the pleasure of writing them."

Oh, no," said Clemens: "I did not say that. I said that the only way to make a successful book was to write it with no other avarice than the pleasure of doing it, and then it might be a great success; whereas, if written for money it generally fails."

I looked at Mark Twain with a mild interest. Eighteen years ago I first met him in this city, before he was married, when he was writing a few letters to the newspapers for \$25 apiece. He had just returned from his trip to Europe and foreign lands, and boarded in a plain house in Washington, and was embarrassed to get possession of the letters which he had published, which his newspaper

employers had copyrighted and were indisposed to give him. He got the letters at last and issued his book, and he met about the same time his wife. He is now gray, but hale-looking, but can be quite entertaining when he desires.

While we were talking John P. Jones passed through the room, the Nevada senator. "I must see Jones," said Clemens, "for he and I were old chums out in Nevada when he was superintendent of a mine there, and had not come to greatness."

Something was said about the monument to Gen. Grant, and a statue of him. Mark Twain remarked: "There could have been no statue made of Gen. Grant except within the last five or six years of his life. His face had not assumed the lines and the fullness of expression until after 1880. Then you began to see a portrait there, signs of experience, tones of expression and the effects of the world and great events upon a man."—Washington Letter in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Keokuk Constitution.

AUGUST 6, 1886.

Mail 0.00

MARK TWAIN'S GIRLS.

THE NOTED HUMORIST KILLS TIME BY AMUSING THE CHILDREN.

Personal Appearance of S. L. Clemens. His Remarks Concerning the Upper Mississippi River—The Pilot at the Wheel—Three Little Girls.

Mark Twain, traveling incog. under the name of "S. L. Clemens, one wife, three children, one maid," was at the Richelieu hotel. He leaned on the stone steps in front of the hotel, smoking a putative cigar. Mark Twain's literary fame is so great that it has somewhat cast into the shade his abilities as a smoker. He smokes like an artist. He holds the cigar between his finger and thumb, and contemplates it in a dreamy fashion. Then he raises it slowly to his lips, draws gently, and closes his eyes. After a judicious interval he removes the cigar, and the smoke rolls out under his long mustache with all the grace of a first dancer drifting on the stage. Then he opens his eyes. Mark Twain looks as little like himself as it is possible for a man to look. He wore a gray suit, a tall white hat, and a wide white tie such as New York brokers affect. His long, drooping mustache, his well curled hair, and somewhat profuse jewelry made one think of a successful horseman or the manager of a popular burlesque.

But no one ever had such a satisfactory drawl. It established the fact that he was Mark Twain beyond all possibility of quibbling. A woman could "do up" her hair twice while he is pronouncing the word Mississippi. He lingers over it, plays with it, handles it as a young mother does her first baby.

"We came in last night," he said, pulling at the left side of his mustache. "Mrs. Clemens is not very well, neither am I. I have been amusing the children. I have taken them to a panorama. I understand there are three others near here. I will take them there too. I want to satiate them with battles—it may amuse them." Three little girls composed of three red gowns, three red parasols and six blue stockings stood on the steps and grinned.

THREE LITTLE GIRLS.

When the three little girls had disappeared Mr. Clemens sighed. "Did you ever try to amuse three little girls at the same time?" he

asked, after a pause: "it requires genius. I wonder whether they would like to bathe in the lake?" he continued, with sudden animation, hardly pausing five minutes between each word, "it might amuse them."

"Are you on your vacation trip, Mr. Clemens?"

"No: I have just returned from a visit to my mother in Keokuk, Iowa. She is 83 years old and I had not been home for over a year. We came from Buffalo to Duluth by a lake steamer and then from St. Paul down the river to Keokuk. Neither in this country nor in any other have I seen such interesting scenery as that along the upper Mississippi. One finds all that the Hudson affords—bluffs and wooded highlands—and a great deal in addition. Between St. Paul and the mouth of the Illinois river there are over four hundred islands, strung out in every possible shape. A river without islands is like a woman without hair. She may be good and pure, but one doesn't fall in love with her very often. Did you ever fall in love with a bald-headed woman?" The reporter admitted that he had drawn the line there.

"I never did, either," continued Mr. Clemens, meditatively; "at least I think I never did. There is no place for loafing more satisfactory than the pilot house of a Mississippi steamboat. It amuses the children to see the pilot monkey with the wheel. Traveling by boat is the best way to travel unless one can stay at home. On a lake or river boat one is as thoroughly cut off from letters and papers and the tax collector as though he were amid sea. Moreover, one doesn't have the discomforts of seafaring. It is very unpleasant to look at sea sick people—at least so my friends said the last time I crossed."

"It might amuse the children, though," suggested the reporter.

AMUSING THE CHILDREN.

I hadn't thought of that," replied Mr. Clemens: "but perhaps it might. The lake seems rather rough to-day—I wonder whether one could get a boat, a little boat that would bob considerably. Yes, it might amuse the children."

"But at such a sacrifice." "You are not a parent?" replied Mr. Clemens. The reporter admitted his guilt.

"It is strange," continued Mr. Clemens, in momentary forgetfulness of the children, "how little has been written about the upper Mississippi. The river below St. Louis has been described time and again, and it is the least interesting part. One can sit in the pilot house for a few hours and watch the low shores, the ungainly trees and the democratic buzzards, and then one might as well go to bed. One has seen everything there is to see. Along the upper Mississippi every hour brings something new. There are crowds of odd islands, bluffs, prairies, hills, woods and villages—everything one could desire to amuse the children. Few people ever think of going there, however. Dickens, Corbett, Mother Troloope and the other discriminating English people who 'wrote up' the country before 1842 had hardly any idea that such a stretch of river scenery existed. Their successors have followed in their footsteps, and as we form our opinions of our country from what other people say of us, of course we ignore the finest part of the Mississippi."

It might be incidentally remarked that it were worth going fifty miles on foot, if one couldn't get a pass, to hear Mr. Clemens unravel the word Mississippi.

At this moment the three little girls in the three red gowns and six blue stockings appeared, and Mr. Clemens assumed the shape of an amusement bureau.—Chicago Tribune Interview.

The Daily Gate City.

SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 29, 1879.

HOW I ESCAPED BEING KILLED IN A DUEL.

BY MARK TWAIN.

The only merit I claim for the following narrative is that it is a true story. It has a moral at the end of it, but I claim nothing on that, as it is merely thrown in to curry favor with the religious element.

After I had reported a couple of years on the Virginia City (Nevada) *Daily Enterprise*, they promoted me to be editor-in-chief—and I lasted just a week, by the watch. But I made an uncommonly lively newspaper while I *did* last, and when I retired I had a duel on my hands, and three horse-whippings promised me. The latter I made no attempt to collect; however, this history concerns only the former. It was the old "rush times" of the silver excitement, when the population was wonderfully wild and mixed; everybody went armed to the teeth, and all slights and insults had to be atoned for with the best article of blood your system could furnish. In the course of my editing I made trouble with a Mr. Lord, editor of a rival paper. He flew up at some little trifle or other that I had said about him—I do not remember now what it was, I suppose I called him a thief, body-snatcher, or an idiot, or something like that. I was obliged to make the paper readable, and I could not fail in my duty to a whole community of subscribers merely to save the exaggerated sensitiveness of an individual. Mr. Lord was offended, and replied vigorously in his paper. Vigorously means a great deal when it refers to a personal editorial in a frontier newspaper. Duelling was all the fashion among the upper classes in that country, and very few gentlemen would throw away an opportunity of fighting one. To kill a person in a duel caused a man to be even more looked up to than to kill two men in the ordinary way. Well, out there, if you abused a man, and that man did not like it, you had to call him out and kill him; otherwise you would be disgraced. So I challenged Mr. Lord, and I did hope he would not accept; but I knew perfectly well that he did not want to fight, and so I challenged him in the most violent and implacable manner. And then I sat down and suffered and suffered till the answer came. All our boys—the editors—were in our office, "helping" me in the dismal business, and telling about duels, and discussing the code with a lot of aged ruffians who had had experience in such things, and altogether there was a loving interest taken in the matter, which made me unspeakably uncomfortable. The answer came—Mr. Lord declined. Our boys were furious, and so was I—on the surface.

I sent him another challenge, and another and another; and the more he did not want to fight, the blood thirstier I became. But at last the man's tone changed. He appeared to be waking up. It was becoming apparent that he was going to fight me, after all. I ought to have known how it would be—he was a man who never could be depended upon. Our boys were exultant; I was not, though I tried to be.

It was now time to go out and practice. It was the custom there to fight duels with

navy six shooters at fifteen paces—load and empty till the game for the funeral was secured. We went to a little ravine just outside of town, and borrowed a barn-door for a target—borrowed of a gentleman who was absent—and we stood this barn-door up, and stood a rail on end against the middle of it to represent Lord, and put a squash on top of the rail to represent his head. He was a very tall, lean creature, the poorest sort of material for a duel—nothing but a line shot could "fetch" him, and even then he might split your bullet. Exaggeration aside, the rail was, of course, a little too thin to represent his body accurately, but the squash was all right. If there was any intellectual difference between the squash and his head, it was in favor of the squash.

Well, I practiced and practiced at the barn door, and could not hit it; and I practiced at the rail, and could not hit that; and I tried hard for the squash, and could not hit the squash. I would have been entirely disheartened, but that occasionally I crippled one of the boys, and that encouraged me to hope.

At last we began to hear shots near by in the next ravine. We knew what that meant! The other party were out practicing, too. Then I was in the last degree distressed; for, of course those people would hear our shots, and they would send spies over the ridge, and the spies would find my barn door without a wound or a scratch, and that would simply be the end of me—for of course the other man would immediately become as blood thirsty as I was. Just at this moment a little bird, no larger than a sparrow, flew by, and lit on a sage-bush, about thirty paces away; and my little second, Steve Gillis, who was a matchless marksman with a pistol—much better than I was—snatched out his revolver, and shot the bird's head off! We all ran to pick up the game, and sure enough, just at this moment, some of the other duellists came reconnoitering over the little ridge. They ran to our group to see what the matter was; and when they saw the bird, Lord's second said:

"That was a splendid shot. How far was it off?"

Steve said with some indifference:

"Oh, no great distance. About thirty paces."

"Thirty paces! Heavens alive, who did it?"

"My man—Twain."

"The mischief he did! Can he do that often?"

"Well—yes. He can do it about—well—about four times out of five."

I knew the little rascal was lying, but I never said anything. I never told him so. He was not of a disposition to invite confidences of that kind, so I let the matter rest. But it was a comfort to see those people look sick, and see their under-jaws drop, when Steve made these statements. They went off and got Lord, and took him home; and when we got home, half an hour late, there was a note saying that Mr. Lord peremptorily declined to fight.

It was a narrow escape. We found out afterwards that Lord hit his mark thirteen times in eighteen shots. If he had put those thirteen bullets through me, it would have narrowed my sphere of usefulness a good deal—would have well nigh closed it, in fact. True, they could have put pegs in the holes, and used me for a hat-rack; but what is a hat-rack to a man who feels he has intellectual powers? I would scorn such a position.

I have written this true incident of my personal history for one purpose, and one purpose only—to warn the youth of the day against the pernicious practice of duelling, and to plead with them to war against it. If the remarks and suggestions I'm making can be of any service to Sunday School teachers and newspapers interested in the moral progress of society, they are at liberty to use them, and I shall even be grateful to have them widely disseminated, so that they may do as much good as possible. I was young and foolish when I challenged that gentleman, and I thought it was very fine and very grand to be a duelist, and stand upon the "field of honor." But I am older and more experienced now, and am inflexibly opposed to the dreadful custom. I am glad, indeed, to be enabled to lift up my voice against it. I think it is a bad, immoral thing. I think it is every man's duty to do everything he can to discourage duelling. I always do now; I discourage it upon every occasion.

If a man were to challenge me now—now that I can fully appreciate the iniquity of that practice—I would go to that man, and take him by the hand, and lead him to a quiet, retired room—and kill him.

THE WEEKLY GATE CITY.

Entered at Keokuk postoffice as second class matter

OCTOBER 30, 1879.

Mark Twain in Politics.

Dispatch to New York Times.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Oct. 18.—The largest political meeting of the campaign was held in this city by the Republicans last evening. The Opera House was densely packed to hear General Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut. Gen. Hawley was introduced by Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens), who said: "I see I am advertised to introduce the speaker of the evening, General Hawley, of Connecticut, and I see that it is the report that I am to make a political speech. Now, I guess this is an error. I wasn't constructed to make stump speeches, and on that head (politics) I have only this to say: First, see that you vote. Second, see that your neighbor votes. Lastly, see that yourself or neighbor don't scratch the ticket. Gen. Hawley was president of the centennial commission. He was a gallant soldier in the war. He has been governor of Connecticut, member of congress, and was president of the convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln."

Gen. Hawley—That nominated Grant.

Twain—He says it was Grant, but I know better. He is a member of my church at Hartford and the author of "Beautiful Snow." May be he will deny that. But I am only here to give him a character from his last place. As a pure citizen, I respect him; as a personal friend of years, I have the warmest regard for him; as a neighbor whose vegetable garden adjoins mine, why—why, I watch him. That's nothing, we all do that with any neighbor. Gen. Hawley keeps his promises, not only in private but in public. He is an editor who believes what he writes in his own paper. As the author of "Beautiful Snow" he has added a new pang to winter. He is broad-souled, generous, noble, liberal, alive to his moral and religious responsibilities. Whenever the contribution-

box was passed I never knew him to take out a cent. He is a square, true, honest man in politics, and I must say he occupies a mighty lonesome position. He has never squired a duty or backed down from any position taken in public life. He has been right every time and stood there. As governor, as congressman, as a soldier, as the head of the centennial commission, which increased our trade in every port, and pushed American productions into all the known world, he has conferred honor and credit upon the United States. He is an American of Americans. Would we had more such men! So broad, so bountiful his character that he never turned a tramp empty-handed from his door, but always gave him a letter of introduction to me. His public trusts have been many, and never in the slightest did he prove unfaithful. Pure, honest, incorruptible, that is Joe Hawley. Such a man in politics is like a bottle of perfumery in a glue factory—it may modify the stench if it doesn't destroy it. And now, in speaking thus highly of the speaker of the evening, I haven't said any more of him than I would of myself. Ladies and gentlemen, this is General Hawley."

Mr. Clemens was frequently interrupted by applause and laughter. At the close of his remarks, General Hawley stepped forward and, for an hour and a half, spoke on the issues of the day.

The Gate City.

NOVEMBER 7, 1895.
MARK TWAIN'S SUCCESS.

He is Greeted With Great Enthusiasm in the Antipodes.

All Keokukians feel a lively interest in the lecture tour of their former townsman, Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), who is encircling the globe with a wave of laughter in his laudable ambition to pay the debts of the publishing house with which he was connected, for the making of which debts he was not legally responsible. He is now at the antipodes and is making a great success, as this from the Melbourne (Australia) Punch of Sept. 26 indicates. "The much-traveled Smythe says that Mark Twain is the biggest thing on the roads at present. His first lecture packed the Sydney Protestant hall to suffocation."

Sydney is the capital of New South Wales. It is a seaport at the southeast corner of Australia. It is in about latitude 34 degrees south, while Keokuk is about in latitude 41 degrees north. Sydney is on about the 151st degree of east longitude, while Keokuk is on about the 21st degree of west longitude. So that a well-sunk here with sufficient perseverance and capital would come out not so very far from Sydney—if it were well to try the experiment.

Concerning the enthusiastic welcome accorded Mark Twain the Sydney Herald of Sept. 20 said:

"When an author comes before the public to bow his acknowledgments that his fame has won him, he must feel as no other kind of public favor-

ite. The politician is used to acting conspicuously in the face of the world, and he knows what a changeable face it is—how the shallowest devices may wreath it in smiles, the most consistent merit incapable of making it unheard. Far different is the case of the man of letters. The hoarse roar of fame, when it comes to him, has had to pierce first numberless barriers—detractors, the dawdling applause of the multitude, the thousand indifferences of a busy world. And, moreover, skillful as he may be in facing an audience, there must always remain a feeling, one would think, that he has been translated, if only by a shade, from his rightful sphere. The pen, not the platform, is his rightful metier, and while he comes into view of those who have read and taken to heart his labors, small wonder that the feeling overwhelms. Especially if a packed house roars the welcome at him that was given to Mark Twain last night in the Protestant hall. Few remember anything more spontaneous, heartier, or more prolonged. Hyperbole may drop back ashamed in attempting a description, for we are not a demonstrative race. A picturesque little figure stole out from the draping of the Stars and Stripes at the corner of the platform a minute or two after 8 o'clock and a shout went up that rattled the windows in their sockets. Then, breath being an extremely known quantity, it subsided only to break out again and again as the figure steps towards the footlights. It was a reception that anyone might be proud of, and few have ever had accorded.

"The only thing that is conventional about Mark Twain is his evening dress of custom. But even that agonizing costume which is capable of making a duke look like a butler and the reverse, can't obliterate the personality of the famous humorist. But his ego beats through it all. * * * It is difficult to describe Mark Twain's style, chiefly because he hasn't one. He possesses many. One moment he is telling you an anecdote in the manner that a comedian of a burnt cork combination might envy in vain, and the next he gives you a little story with that peculiarly sly and visionated flavor of wit that is all his own. * * * What can be better, in proof, than the story of the corpse in his father's house on the Mississippi. He is a boy of 13, his father is coroner, a man has been shot and laid in a little outhouse. The details are supplied of young Mark, a truant, and sneaking home at night into the outhouse to avoid the parental wrath. He lies down, all unconscious by the side of the corpse. The position half dawns on him and the actuality is described with some capital touches of humorous contrast. But the humor of the thing pales in a sudden and intensely dramatic description that held the audience breathless to the end, and

the moral, that it is as well to find out what you are capable of as early as possible, was not lost because it came in flanked by jesting attendants. * * * He branched a little away, too, at times from the story, and in passages of real eloquence, albeit simple and natural, went back to the slavery days, which still have power to move him. And so the varied leaves from a life were tossed across the footlights, and, with an illustration of what the German language is when it meets a foreigner, the address came to an end.

"Mark Twain's voice, though of no particular strength, has an unusual note of distinctness in it, and raising it ever so little, he can make it heard at the very edge of the hall. He was received throughout in the most appreciative manner, and his large audience cheered again and again at the close. The next lecture will be tomorrow."

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

Entered in Keokuk postoffice as second class matter.

JULY 27, 1886.
Mark Twain as a Reporter.

Mr. Steve Gillis, printer and journalist, was the friend and room-mate of Mark Twain in the old days when the latter was a reporter on the *Call* of this city. They had likewise suffered and triumphed together in the sage brush, the dusty green foliage of which they frequently succeeded in turning to a bright red. Mark was, and is, a very nervous man. Small annoyances robbed the nerves, and it gave him malignant pleasure to experiment upon those of Mr. Clemens.

"Steve," cried Mark, in an agonized voice, shaking his bedfellow out of an apparently profound slumber, "do you hear that mouse—that infernal gnawing mouse? It's driving me wild."

"Oh, hang the mouse," growled Gillis, turning over and snoring ostentatiously.

It wasn't a mouse, but a little machine which Stephen was privately working with a string for the benevolent purpose of terrorizing his friend.

Mark lay and writhed, and cursed, and gnashed his teeth. He cried so, and beat upon the headboard. He got up and threw things under the bed, and walked around the room, and wrung his hands and moistened his profanity with tears of impotent exasperation. The mouse still gnawed, and Twain put on his clothes and went forth and paced the streets till morning, leaving his tormentor to revel in bed.

"Hello, Sam; what in God's name have you been doing?" asked Gillis another night, starting out of real sleep this time, and sitting up in bed. And no wonder he was startled. Mark, undressed, had just entered the room. In his hand he held a Japanese sword, as sharp as a razor, a prized gift from Bayard Taylor. This weapon was dripping with blood. The clock struck midnight.

"Blank him, he'll never crow again," exulted the assassin, but even as he

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(Twain as Reporter)

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THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED "HARDY"
J. J. BICKEL KEOKUK IOWA

crawled into bed the offending rooster sent forth a cock-a-doodle-do that caused Mark to give a howl of foiled vengeance and bury his head under the blankets. In the morning it was discovered that his one furious stroke in the chicken-house had bereft eight hens of their heads, but the rooster had escaped. He owed his life to the fortunate circumstance that he slept—or, rather, crowded—at the end of the perch farthest from the door of the coop.

"Steve! Steve, I say! Curse you, wake up," come in a hoarse and furious whisper at 2 a. m.

Mr. Gillis awoke and beheld Mr. Clemens, clad only in his shirt, standing by the open window. The night was cold, and Mr. Clemens was shivering violently. In his shaking hand was a revolver.

"Steve," he pleaded, "you're warm and your nerve is good. For God's sake, get up and shoot this cat for me. I've been out in the yard for an hour, trying to get a bead on the brute, and now that he's there on the fence I can't kill him—oh, I know that I can't kill him, blank him! Get up, Steve, do."

"Oh, let the cat alone."

"What? You won't get up? Then, by the Creator that made me, Steve Gillis, I'll shoot you. I'm shaky, but I can do that, if I can't hit the cat!"

And Mr. Gillis arose and slew the cat in self-defense, and Mark Twain went out and brought in a bottle and sat up till sunrise to celebrate the execution.—*San Francisco Post.*

THE DAILY GATE CITY.
AUGUST 22, 1886.
A GOOD STORY OF MARK TWAIN.

The San Francisco Post tells the following yarn: When Mark Twain arrived in this city from the Sagebrush State he was in his, at that time, chronic state of impecuniosity. He had furnished some correspondence to the Call, and at once made a raid on that office for funds for immediate use and for a position on the local staff. He wore a ragged felt hat, a blue soldier's overcoat, pants which had formed a passing acquaintance with the tops of his boots, and the latter were guiltless of a knowledge of even the name of a blacking brush. George Barnes, who was at that time city editor of the Call, told him to come to work the next day, and gave him an order on the business office for money enough to make himself look respectable. The next day Twain took possession of his chair, and for six weary months Barnes tried to get some work out of him.

At the end of that time, in his good natured way, he tried to let Mark down and out easily and politely, by saying to him: "Mark, don't you think you are wasting your time and talents by doing local work?"

"What do you mean?" said Mark.

"Why, I think with your style and talent you could make more money writing for first-class magazines than in such work as you are doing now."

"That means that you don't want me any more, I suppose," and he put his feet on the desk and smiled blandly at Barnes.

"Well, I think you are better fitted for that class of work."

"The fact is, you have come to the conclusion that I am not the kind of a man you want."

"Well, if you will have it," said Barnes. "You are not. You are the laziest, most shiftless, good-for-nothing specimen I ever saw around a newspaper office. I have tried for six months to get some work out of you and failed, and I have come to the conclusion that it is useless to keep you any longer."

"Barnes," replied Twain, in his most placid manner, "you are not so smart a man as I thought you were. You have been six months in finding that out and I knew it the day I came to work. Give us an order on the office for three days' pay and I git."

The Gate City.
DECEMBER 11, 1892.
Entered in Keokuk Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

MARK TWAIN'S SENTENCE

The Full story of that Great Trial on Shipboard Last Summer.

How Judge Dittenhoefer of New York Condemned Him to a Horrible Fate.

He was Accused of "Unscientific Lying" in His Stories, and Tried Before a Jury of His Peers.

It was in the month of July last that Mark Twain, (better known in Keokuk, his old home, as Samuel L. Clemens, brother of Orion Clemens, our fellow townsman) was put in irons and brought before an admiralty court upon serious charges, says a writer in the New York Advertiser. The story of that experience in the life of the famous humorist has just been brought back to this country by some of those who witnessed the trial and saw Mark Twain in chains, and nothing he has ever written contains more humorous suggestions than does this story.

Among Mark Twain's fellow passengers upon the steamship Lahn were ex-Judge Dittenhoefer, Sydney Webster of Boston, an eminent lawyer; James T. Wallack, a prominent merchant of New York, and a party of twelve Yale students, among them being the famous football champion of Yale, Mr. McClung.

Mark Twain had made merry with the passengers. He told some of his most extraordinary stories, which, while they had the appearance of having occurred to him at the moment, he insisted were veritable chronicles, and, as incredulity pre-

vailed among the passengers, it was at last publicly declared that Mark Twain was "in his capacity as a story teller an inordinate and unscientific liar." The humorist resented these accusations, insisting that if in any of his published narrations there appeared to be anything which justified such accusations, he had written it in moments of irresponsibility or insanity, and he declared that he was willing to stand trial upon these charges.

Captain Dampfer, who has the power of an autocrat upon his ship, authorized a court of admiralty to be organized, of which Mr. Dittenhoefer was appointed judge. Mr. Wallach was chosen by the court counsel for prosecution, and Mark Twain selected the eminent lawyer, Mr. Webster, counsel for the defense. The Yale students were impaneled as jurors, and Mr. Clung was made foreman.

The court was held on the evening of July 14, in the great saloon of the steamship. Judge Dittenhoefer took his seat on the bench, and he never looked more stern when he was serving as judge in a New York city court.

The jury were seated in a box to the right of the judge and the counsel were gathered at a table, and near them were the witnesses for the prosecution and the defense. After the court was opened Judge Dittenhoefer instructed the sheriff to bring the prisoner in. The clanking of chains was heard, and a moment later Mark Twain, with disheveled hair, with shuffling step because the ship's irons hung heavy on his legs, and with his wrists inclosed in handcuffs, was brought in and placed in the prisoner's dock.

At a command from the judge the irons were removed, and the trial began with a speech from the prosecuting officer, in which he declared that he should prove that Mark Twain had been guilty of inordinate and unscientific lying. Here the prisoner bent his head to conceal his emotion, apparently, and seemed to be sobbing. Miss B. R. Dittenhoefer was called as the first witness. She read extracts from Mark Twain's description of the jumping frog. The jury looked very solemn when this evidence was introduced, and Mr. Webster, the counsel for the defense, on cross-examination, demanded of the witness what there was unscientific in this lie, if it was a lie, and she replied that although it caused people to laugh they smiled at the improbability of the story, and added that there was nothing funny in the suggestion of filling the stomach of a frog with shot to prevent its making a jump, and thereby causing its owner to lose a bet.

Mr. K. D. Cheney, being summoned as a witness, produced one of Mark Twain's books and read from it his assertion that he dropped a tear upon the tomb of Adam. When asked by Mr. Webster what there was unscientific about that lie, if it

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was a lie, Mr. Cheney replied that the world knew that Mark Twain never wept, and never made any one else weep. If he had written that he had searched the vicinity for the tomb of Eve, or he exhumed Adam's remains, that he might discover which rib was taken for the creation of Eve, that would have been an entirely scientific and rational undertaking at Adam's tomb.

Other witnesses read extracts from "Huckleberry Finn" and quoted from the exploits of Colonel Mulberry Sellers, as narrated by Mark Twain to prove that the accusation that the various humorous lies there narrated were unscientific, and therefore improbable, and then the prosecution rested.

The defense was insanity or irresponsibility, and the two ship's physicians were put upon the stand, each of whom testified that in all their experience they had never met a man who talked so irrationally as Mark Twain did. They declared that the stories he told them had not one grain of probability, and they indicated an abnormally diseased condition of the mind.

Mark Twain himself was put upon the stand. He testified that he had no recollection of ever having written anything about a jumping frog, and that he felt like smiting the men and women who came to him and told him, as thousands of them did, that the jumping frog was the funniest story they ever had read. He testified that if he ever said that he wept at the tomb of Adam it must have been in moments of hallucination, since his emotions at the discovery of that tomb would certainly have been those of joy.

He attacked the testimony of Mr. Cheney, declaring that he was unworthy of belief as a witness. "Why," said he, "I met Cheney's father a few days before I sailed and he told me that his son was being sent to Europe to cure him of a mania for prevarication. Not long ago that young man disappeared from his home for several days. When he came back in a shamefaced manner his father said:

"Where have you been?"
"I have been hunting bear."
"Well, if you killed any bear I shall not punish you; but if you did not kill any, then I shall banish you to Europe for a while. How many did you kill?"
"I shot 1892 bears, father."
"You are a falsifier. You have mixed up the year of our Lord with your bear shooting exploits. You will have to go to Carlsbad to be cured."

When Mark Twain finished this anecdote, the prosecuting attorney declared that he had been convicted out of his own mouth for the anecdote itself was an unscientific lie, inasmuch that Mark Twain had mentioned bear as the game, whereas he should have said fish. Everybody expects that a fisherman will exaggerate the number of fish caught, but nobody ever knew a bear hunter to do it. The jury convicted the culprit without leaving their seats, and Judge Dittenhoefer was called upon to impose sentence. He commanded Mark Twain to stand up, and he declared that for the first time a jury of his peers had formally and very properly on the evidence found him guilty of unscientific lying. He should therefore sentence him to read for three hours every day from his own works until the steamer reached port.

As sentence was pronounced Mark Twain groaned, and then, falling on his knees, implored the judge in these words: "Anything but that. Hang me if you will, but do not compel me to read my own works. That is a slow and horrible death."

Without heeding the appeal Judge Dittenhoefer added that as Mark Twain was going to Germany to live for a while, he should also condemn him to abandon the American form of his name, which means two marks, and use instead the German word "Bismarck." "There cannot be two Bismarcks in Germany," said the judge, "and it will be a part of your punishment to carry on battle with the prince of that name for your right to use it."

Mark Twain served his sentence faithfully. He read three hours every day from his own works but most of the passengers wished that he had not.

Of course all these proceedings were sportive but they secured for the seamen's fund something handsome. They were pronounced by the captain to be the most interesting of all the entertainments enjoyed at sea upon any of the vessels since he had been connected with that line.

THE DAILY GATE CITY.
APRIL 16, 1885.
HUCK FINN.

ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN. By Mark Twain. The book is written now, but it has been hatching in the author's brain since his boyhood we have no doubt. Mr. Clemens lived on the Mississippi river in his young days. What would a boy—a boy who lived at Hannibal for instance, and was a sort of amphibious creature—one of these boys that early in the spring are out with no shoes, and their pants rolled up—who are swimming in the river when the ice is fairly out of it—who when not in the water are on it with a rackety oared skiff and with a keen hunting instinct for bass and cat-fish—what would such a boy see and do if he could get on a raft of his own and go sailing off down the great river to New Orleans! Every boy along shore has thought of it over and over again. And girls are not free from the fancy either. We know a bright lady, now away

among the New England hills, who used to sit on a back porch that overlooked the river, and in dreamy afternoons that were as long as a child's holiday watch the rafts go floating by and long to be on them and go idling off forever and ever. So Mr. Clemens spoke to a great audience when he wrote out this book into a thing of life and speech. For it is a Hannibal boy—wharf rats they call them—of forty or fifty years ago in the old slave days who ran away with a darkey comrade whose mistress had talked of selling him south. They made a raft and went down the river, traveling by night and laying hid in the woods along shore by day. In a foolish boy-way they thought they could go down to Cairo and up the Ohio river, and when they got up that river Jim, the colored boy, would be free. Mr. Clemens knows the great river. He has travelled it, steambated on it, knows its scenery, its moods and phases by day and night, in storm and calm. He has made good use of his knowledge here. He always was a master of description, and he never surpassed the descriptive pages of Huckleberry Finn. At first we did not rate this book as a story, and in its wit and humor and literary qualities as up to his best mark. But with the book before us entire it has grown upon our interest and estimate wonderfully. We do not know how it may appear to others, but to us it seems a great production. It has nothing so vivid or rollicking in its humor as some scenes in "The Innocents Abroad," and yet as a great and sustained creation he has done nothing equal to it. He is now fifty or more and 'tis odd that his imagination and invention should be so intense and rich. He is a modern Scheherazade. His fancy is as fertile as the bred in the sun of the Orient. His imagination is as prodigal and his wit almost as monumental as Cervantes. Of course the boys missed the Ohio and went sailing southwards. An up-river steamboat ran down their small raft and that gives opportunity to make a vivid picture of Kentucky country life and its old time family feuds. At one landing they were joined by two tramps who found they had struck a good thing in finding the boys and stayed with them. On these two scamps, the "Duke" and the "Dauphin," the author lavishes the wealth of his invention. He lets his imagination play fantastic tricks until you almost weary with the new turns and devices of a fancy so tireless and prodigal. It was well for Mark Twain to stop writing as he did until the fountain of his mind got full with this new story and overflowed with it. Mrs. Cannon is the agent for the book in Keokuk. It is sold by subscription.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK IOWA

DOUBLE ATTRACTION!

A NEW BOOK

BY

Mark Twain.

THE
Companion Stories.

THE TRAGEDY OF

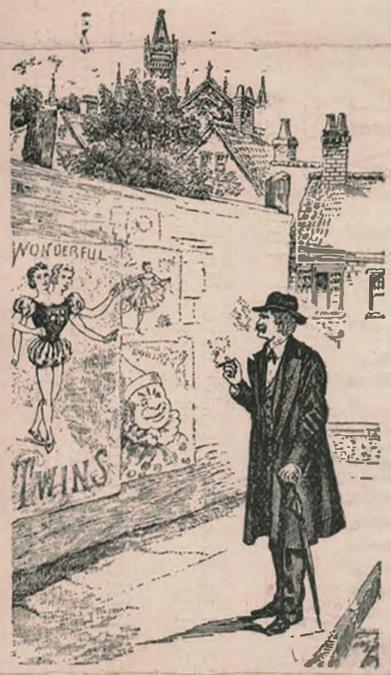
Pudd'nhead Wilson.

AND THE COMEDY

Those Extraordinary Twins.

With Marginal Illustrations.

"We came into the world, like
brother and brother;
And now, let's go hand in hand,
not one before another."



THE GREAT BOOK OF THE YEAR.

A NOVELTY in both text and illustration, possessing the selling qualities of the author's earlier works — "Innocents Abroad," "A Tramp Abroad," etc. Artistic marginal sketches,

vividly portraying each character and scene.

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Octavo volume — size, 6 x 9 inches; nearly 500 pages, over 400 illustrations, and will be delivered at the following prices:

- In Finest Quality Cloth with Gold Designs, . . . \$2.50
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AGENTS WANTED  AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.

"Tragedy, Pathos, and Humor."

PUDD'NHEAD WILSON IS A DRAMATIC NOVEL. Southern life of fifty years or more furnishes the material for the narrative, which is told in Mark Twain's peculiar characteristic way. Nothing for years has so clearly depicted the character of that period in such a realistic manner; the reader lives with the people, absorbing their joys and sorrows, and receives impressions of life in an old-time Mississippi River town that will never be forgotten.

THOSE EXTRAORDINARY TWINS FURNISHES most of the humor; the pent-up fun that was intended for the other story the author had to extract and make another tale of. "There is a time to laugh," and those who read this story will clearly see that the time has arrived.

"And make all laugh who never laughed before,
And those who always laugh, make laugh the more."

. . . **The Author** had a difficult time writing this book, planning at first to produce a short, fantastic sketch for magazine use, but once started he could not end it until it assumed its present complete shape. His own characteristic explanation of the matter is as follows:

"I HAD a sufficiently hard time with the tale; because it changed itself from a farce to a tragedy while I was going along with it,—a most embarrassing circumstance. But what was a great deal worse, was that it was not one story, but two stories tangled together; and they obstructed and interrupted each other at every turn and created no end of confusion and annoyance. I could not offer the book for publication, for I was afraid it would unseat the reader's reason. I did not know what was the matter with it, for I had not noticed as yet, that it was two stories in one. It took me months to make that discovery. I carried the manuscript back and forth across the Atlantic two or three times, and read it and studied over it on shipboard; and at last I saw where the difficulty lay. I had no further trouble. I pulled one of the stories out by the roots, and left the other one—a kind of literary Cæsarean operation. . . . Originally the story was called "Those Extraordinary Twins." I meant to make it very short. . . . But the tale kept spreading along and spreading along, and other people got to intruding themselves and taking up more and more room with their talk and their affairs. . . . When the book was finished and I came to look around to see what had become of the team I had originally started out with . . . they were nowhere to be seen; they had disappeared from the story some time or other. I hunted about and found them—found them stranded, idle, forgotten, and permanently useless. It was very awkward. It was awkward all around. . . . The story was unsatisfactory. . . . There was a radical defect somewhere, and I must search it out and cure it. . . . The defect turned out to be the one already spoken of—two stories in one, a farce and a tragedy. So I pulled out the farce and left the tragedy. This left the original team in, but only as mere names, not as characters. Their prominence was wholly gone; they were not even worth drowning, so I removed them."

Thus the tragedy was completed and was given a new name—**"Pudd'nhead Wilson."** The story which was pulled out—the farce—retained the original title—"Those Extraordinary Twins."

"So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition."

Gazette.—"One of his very best stories."

Ideas.—"Marked not alone by wit but by dramatic promise."

Examiner.—"Promises to rank among the Author's best work."

Presbyterian Banner.—"The Author's humorous vein at its best."

Christian Advocate.—"Bids fair to be one of Mark Twain's best."

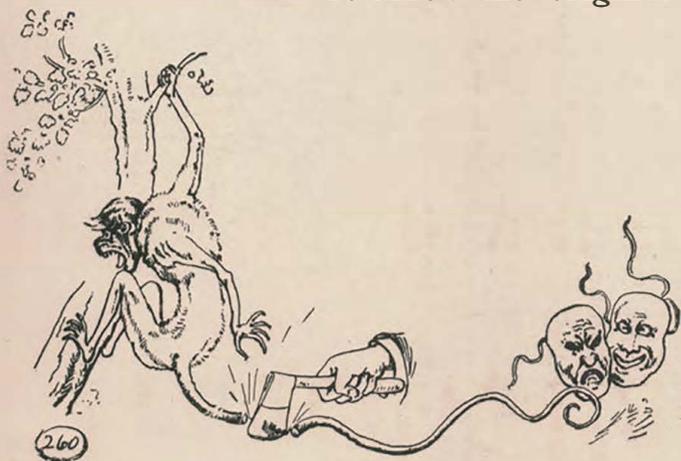
Spirit of the Times.—"Mark Twain is a philosopher and great humorist."

Churchman.—"The reader will begin to smile at the very first paragraph."

Ladies' Home Journal.—"How could Mark Twain avoid making his novel humorous."

Am. Woman's Ill. World.—"The irresistible nonsense of P. W. satisfies ones cravings."

EVERY PAGE ILLUSTRATED.



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WAS SISTER IN LAW OF MARK TWAIN

Constitution Democrat.

α, JANUARY 19, 1904.

Friday morning at 10:30 o'clock occurred the death of Mrs. Mary E. Clemens, death coming after an illness of about a year, the past three months of which she spent in bed. Her death was caused from heart trouble and occurred at her home in this city, No. 310 North Seventh street. She was a patient sufferer and her death came peacefully after lapsing into unconsciousness a few days ago.

After a residence in Keokuk of nearly thirty years continuously, she was well known here and had many friends. She was a good woman, kind and gentle, and was esteemed and loved by all who knew here. Before the death of her husband she had traveled twice across the country, going by the sea from New York to the west, and was a well informed woman on all topics.

She was a member of the Congregational church a God fearing woman, and one who knew her duty to all. Many a heart is saddened in Keokuk today over the death of Mrs. Clemens, who was the friend of many and loved by all.

Her remains will be taken to Hannibal for burial, her husband's body lying in the cemetery there.

The deceased was born in Sangamon county, Ill., April 4, 1835, making her at the time of her death, 69 years, ten months and eleven days of age.

She was the daughter of William and Mary Stotts and was one of the nine children which were born to them.

In the early forties when she was about five years of age, the family removed from Sangamon county to West Point, Iowa.

At this place Mrs. Clemens received her education and early training.

After some years spent in West Point, the family again moved, this time to Keokuk where Mr. Stotts conducted a mill on the river bank near where the middle lock is now. Here in Keokuk she was married and spent the last years of her life.

Those who are left to mourn the loss of Mrs. Clemens are two brothers, John E. K. Stotts of St. Louis, William T. Stotts of Monroe, Iowa, and one sister, Mrs. T. B. Bohon of Roseville, Ill. Mrs. John R. Carpenter of this city is a niece of the deceased woman. Both of her brothers and her sister arrived in the city several days ago to be

present at her bedside and were with her when death at last came to relieve her sufferings forever.

Mrs. Clemens was the widow of the late Orion Clemens, the brother of Mark Twain. Her husband was a prominent attorney of Keokuk and it has been said that much of Mark Twain's brilliancy was furnished by his brother Orion.

She was Miss Mary Elinore Stotts and was married in Keokuk to Orion Clemens on Dec. 19, 1854 her husband at that time being in the printing and newspaper business, conducting the Muscatine Journal after going from Hannibal where he operated the Journal together with his brother, Mark Twain. The marriage ceremony was conducted by the Rev. J. F. Umsted of the O. S. Presbyterian church of this city.

Orion Clemens died at the age of 72 on the morning of Saturday, Dec. 11, 1897, being found sitting at the kitchen table with his arms hanging by his sides and dead. He had been writing before breakfast and was found dead by his wife. His death occurred in the two story brick on the corner of Seventh and High streets which was the family home up until a few years ago and standing next to the present home of Mrs. Clemens, in which she died.

But one child was born to Mr. and Mrs. Clemens, a daughter who was christened Jennie and who was born Sept. 14, 1855. She died on Feb. 1, 1864, in Carson City, Nevada, where the family resided at that time.

From Keokuk, after the wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Clemens went to Tennessee where the husband was looking after some land. Then they came west to Memphis, Mo., and then to Keokuk. Orion Clemens was then appointed secretary and treasurer of the territory of Nevada and went there by wagon route. His wife and daughter followed later taking the sea voyage and crossing the isthmus of Panama with a party of gold seekers who were going to California.

From 1861 to 1866 they resided in Carson City where the husband often acted as governor of the territory during the absence of the chief executive. They returned to New York city by the ocean route and went to St. Louis, later going to Hartford, Conn., and finally coming back again to Keokuk in 1872, which city was their home up until the death of Mr. Clemens in 1897.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Clemens remained in Keokuk for some time, but finally sold her home and spent most of her time visiting relatives. She recently returned to

Keokuk and took up her residence in her house at No. 310 North Seventh street. where she expected to live out the remainder of her days.

THE DAILY GATE CITY.
MAY 25, 1887.

Mark Twain's Scholarly Attainments.

People who know Samuel L. Clemens only as Mark Twain, the humorist, have no idea of the scholarly attainments of the man. Reading his books of travel, one gets only the impression of a newspaper man. A brilliant and witty one, it is true, but with the shallow flippancy, the irreverence that is the characteristic of many journalists who hold few things sacred and would sacrifice most things to point a funny paragraph.

Dora Wheeler, who has painted the portraits of most of the literary men and women of to-day, painted Twain's not long ago, and said of him that she had never had among all her literary sitters one more thoughtful, learned and scholarly. He would pass like a flash from the maddest and most irreverent waggery to a grave discussion of abstruse thought, and his favorite poet was—mirabile dictu—Robert Browning. If one can picture anything apparently more at the antipodes of thought than Twain's trenchant, obvious, aggressive humor and the subtle, introspective, involved processes of Browning's mind, they may be able to comprehend how far one is from knowing "man solely by his published works."

DAILY GATE CITY.

FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 16, 1874.

Mark Twain on Woman.

[Cosmopolitan, London.]

On the 209th anniversary of St. Andrew's Day, on Monday evening last, at the banquet given in Freemasons' Hall, Mark Twain, who responded for "the ladies," made the speech of the evening. We can give his words, but not the infinite drollery of his utterances. He said: I am proud, indeed, of the distinction of being chosen to respond to this especial toast, to "the ladies," or to woman, if you please, for that is the preferable term, perhaps; it is certainly the older, and therefore more entitled to reverence. [Laughter.] I have noticed that the Bible, with that plain, blunt honesty which is such a conspicuous characteristic of the Scriptures, is always particular to never refer to even the illustrious mother of all mankind herself as a "lady," but speaks of her as a woman. [Laughter.] It is odd, but you will find it so. I am peculiarly proud of this honor, because I think that the toast to woman is one which, by right and by every rule of gallantry, should take precedence of all others—of the army, of the navy, of even royalty itself, perhaps, though the latter is not necessary in this day and in this land, for the reason that, tacitly, you do drink a broad, general health to all good women when you drink the health of the Queen of England and the Princess of Wales. [Loud cheers.] I have in mind a poem just now which is familiar to you all, familiar to everybody. And what an inspiration that was (and how instantly the present toast recalls the verses to our minds) when the most noble, the most gracious, the purest and sweetest of all poets, says:

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Jan 16, 1874 - page #1
(Mark Twain on Woman)

"THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY"
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

MARK TWAIN

"Woman! O woman!—er—
Wom—"

[laughter]—however, you remember the lines; and you remember how feelingly, how daintily, how almost imperceptibly the verses rise up before you, feature by feature, the ideal of a perfect woman; and how, as you contemplate the finished marvel, your homage grows into worship of the intellect that could create so fair a thing out of mere breath, mere words. And you call to mind now, as I speak, how the pret, with stern fidelity to the history of all humanity, delivers this beautiful child of his heart and his brain over to the trials and sorrows that must come to all, sooner or later, to abide in the earth; and how the pathetic story culminates in that apostrophe—so wild, so regretful, so full of mournful retrospection. The lines run thus:

Alas!—alas!—a—alas!
—alas!—alas!

and so on. [laughter.] I do not recollect the rest, but taken altogether, it seems to me that that poem is the noblest tribute to woman that human genius has ever brought forth—[great laughter]—and I feel that if I were to talk for hours I could not do my great theme completer or more graceful justice than I have now done in simply quoting that poet's matchless words. [Renewed laughter.]

The phases of the womanly nature are infinite in their variety. Take any type of woman and you shall find in it something to respect, something to admire, something to love. And you shall find the whole joining you heart and hand. Who was more patriotic than Joan of Arc? Who was braver? Who has given us a grander instance of self-sacrificing devotion? Ah, you remember, you remember well, what a throb of pain, what a tidal wave of grief swept over us all when Joan of Arc fell at Waterloo! [Much laughter.] Who does not sorrow for the loss of Sappho, the sweet singer of Israel. (Laughter.) Who among us does not miss the gentle ministrations, the softening influences, the humble piety of Lucretia Borgia? (Laughter.) Who can join in the heartless libel that says woman is extravagant in dress, when he can look back and call to mind our simple and lowly mother Eve arrayed in her modification of the Highland costume? (Roars of laughter.) Sir, women have been soldiers, women have been painters, women have been poets. As long as language lives the name of Cleopatra will live. And, not because she conquered George III.—(laughter)—but because she wrote those divine lines—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so."

[More laughter.] The story of the world is adorned with the names of illustrious ones of our own sex—some of them sons of St. Andrew too—Scott, Bruce, Burns, the warrior Wallace, Ben. Nevis—[laughter]—the gifted Ben. Lomond, and the great new Scotchman, Ben. Disraeli. [Great laughter.] Out of the great plains of history tower whole mountain ranges of sublime women—the Queen of Sheba, Semiramis, Josephine, Bairey Gamp; the list is endless—[laughter]—but I will not call the mighty roll; the names rise up in your own memories at the mere suggestion, luminous with the glory of deeds that cannot die, hallowed by the loving worship of the good and the true of all epochs and of all climes. [Cheers.] Suffice it for our pride and our honor that we in our day have added to it such names as those of Grace Darling and Florence Nightingale. [Cheers.] Woman is all that she should be—gentle,

patient, long-suffering, trustful, unselfish, full of generous impulses. It is her blessed mission to comfort the suffering, plead for the erring, encourage the faint of purpose, succor the distressed, uplift the fallen, befriend the friendless—in a word, afford a healing of her sympathies and a home in her heart for all the bruised and persecuted children of misfortune that knock at its hospitable door. [Cheers.] And when I say, God bless her, there is none among us who has known the ennobling affection of a wife or the steadfast devotion of a mother, but in his heart will say, Amen! [Loud and prolonged cheering.]

THE CONSTITUTION.

By THOS. W. CLAGETT.

KEOKUK, TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1876.

MARK TWAIN'S REFER- ENCES.

His Courtship and How he Com- plied With his Father-in-Law's Request.

New York Sun.

And Mark Twain made up his mind that he must marry, and that no one else but that particular girl could be Mrs. Twain. He set about that courtship in his usual slow, deliberate, drawing fashion, because Mark Twain, in the conception and execution of every piece rates far above the mere literary adventurer. He is a man of inscrutable depth. He goes for his game in the most extraordinary fashion. He drops on it and makes his points as he does his stories in a manner and from a direction least expected by the looker on.

Well, there was a father-in-law to be won as well as the girl, and the father-in-law had to be carried first. The father-in-law was immersed in business. He hadn't much time to think of family matters, but at last it occurred to him that Mark had become very frequent at the house and that his objective point seemed to be the daughter.

So he called Mark aside one day and said: "Mr. Twain, you seem to be paying attention to my daughter. Now, we all like you pretty well, you know, and we are of course acquainted with your reputation as a literary man. Still, in other respects, you are a stranger to us, and some references as to your character and standing are desirable."

"That's very reasonable," said Mark. "That's very natural and paternal. It's just what I should do, were I in your position. I guess I can give you some names that will satisfy you. Now, there's Mr. Goodman, of the *Territorial Enterprise*. And there's Mr. Frederick McCrellish of the *Atta California*. You write to them. I guess they'll give me a good character. I guess they'll lie for me. I've done the same for them whenever a requisition has been made upon me."

But Mark married the girl notwithstanding.

The Daily Gate City.

SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 24 1876.

Mark Twain's Nevada Horse.

Everybody rode horseback in that town I never saw such magnificent horsemanship as that displayed in Carson streets every day, and I did envy them, though I wasn't much of a horseman. But I had soon learned to tell a horse from a cow, and was burning with impatience to learn more. I was determined to have a horse and ride myself. Whilst this thought was rankling in my mind, the auctioneer came scouting through the plaza on a black beast, that was humped, and—like a dromedary, and fearfully homely. He was going at "twenty, twenty-two, two dollars, for horse, saddle and bridle."

A man standing near me—whom I didn't know,—but who turned out to be the auctioneer's brother, noticed the wistful look in my eye, and observed that that was a remarkable horse to be going at such a price, let alone the saddle and bridle. I said I had half a notion to bid. "Now," he says, "I know that horse. I know him well. You are a stranger, I take it. You might think he is an American horse, but he is not anything of the kind. He is a Mexican plug—that's what he is—a genuine Mexican plug," but there was something else about that man's way of saying it, that made me just determine that I would own a genuine Mexican plug—if it took every cent I had. And I said, "Has he any other advantages?" He hooked his forefinger in the pocket of his army shirt, and led me to one side, and uttered, "Sh! don't say a word! He can outbuck any horse in America; he can outbuck any horse in the world." Just then the auctioneer came along. "Twenty-four, twenty-four dollars, for the horse, saddle, and bridle." I said "Twenty-seven?" "Sold!"

I took the genuine Mexican plug, paid for him, put him in a livery stable, let him get something to eat, and get rested, and then in the afternoon I brought him out in the plaza, and some of the citizens held him by the head, and others held him down to the earth by the tail, and I got on him. And as soon as those people let go he put all his feet in a bunch together, let his back sag down, and then he arched it up suddenly and shot me one hundred and eighty yards; and I came down again, straight down, and lighted in the saddle, and went up again. And when I came down the next time I lit on his neck, and seized him, and slid back into the saddle, and held on. Then he raised himself straight up in the air on his hind feet, and just stepped around like a member of Congress, and then he came down and went up the other way, and just walked around on his hands, just as a schoolboy would. Then he came down on all fours again with the same old process of shooting me up in the air, and the third time I went up I heard a man say "O, don't be buck!" So that was "bucking." I was very glad to know it. Not that I was enjoying it, but then I had been taking a general sort of interest in it, and had naturally desired to know what the name of it was. And whilst I was up somebody hit the horse a whack with a strap, and when I got down again the genuine buckner was gone.

At this point of the interesting scene, a kind-hearted stranger came to the rider,

Jan. 16, 1874, page # 2
(Mark Twain on Woman)

MARK TWAIN'S REFER-
ENCES

told him that he had been taken in, explained the mysterious terms, and gave him the comforting information that anybody in town could have told him all about the horse if he had inquired.

THE GATE CITY.

KEOKUK, IOWA

SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 21.

How Mark Twain was sold in Newark.

The Newark Press contains the following exposition of what Mark Twain terms "A Wicked Fraud," perpetrated on him during his recent lecturing visit to that city:

It is seldom pleasant to tell on one's self, but sometimes it is a sort of a relief to a man to make a sad confession. I wish to unburden my mind now, and yet I almost believe I am moved to do it more because I long to bring censure upon another man than because I desire to pour balm upon my wounded heart. (I don't know what balm is, but I believe it is the correct expression to use in this connection—never have seen any balm.) You may remember that I lectured in Newark lately for the young gentleman of the Clayonian society? I did, at any rate. During the afternoon of that day I was talking with one of the young gentlemen just referred to, and he said he had an uncle who, from some cause or other, seemed to have grown permanently bereft of all emotion. And with tears in his eyes this young man said:

'Oh, if I could only see him laugh once more! Oh, if I could only see him weep!' I was touched. I could never withstand distress. I said:

'Bring him to my lecture. I'll start him for you.'

'Oh, if I could do it! If you could but do it! If you could but do it, all my family would bless you forevermore—for he is very dear to us. Oh, my benefactor, can you make him laugh? Can you bring soothing tears to those parched orbs?'

I was profoundly moved. I said: 'My son, bring the old party around. I have got some jokes in the lecture that will make him laugh if there is any laugh in him—and if they miss fire I have got some others that'll make him cry or kill him, one or the other.'

Then the young man blessed me, and wept on my neck, and blew his nose on my coat tail, and went after his uncle. He placed him in full view, in the second row of benches that night, and I began on him. I tried him with mild jokes; then with severe ones; I dosed him with bad jokes and riddled him with good ones; I fired old stale jokes into him, and peppered him fore and aft with red-hot new ones; I warmed up to my work, and assaulted him on the right and left, in front and behind; I fumed and sweated, and charged and ranted, till I was hoarse and sick, and frantic, and furious—but I never moved him once—I never started a smile or a tear! Never a ghost of a smile, and never a suspicion of moisture! I was astounded. I closed the lecture at last with one despairing shriek—with one wild burst of humor—and hurled a joke of supernatural atrocity full at him. I never phased him! Then I sat down bewildered and exhausted.

The President of the society came up and bathed my head with cold water, and said:

'What made you carry on so toward the last?' I said; 'I was trying to make that confounded old fool laugh, in the second row?'

And he said: 'Well, you were wasting your time—because he is deaf and dumb, and as blind as a badger.'

Now, was that any way for that old man's nephew to impose on a stranger and an orphan like me? I simply ask you as a man and a brother, if that was any way for him to do?

DAILY GATE CITY.

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 27, 1875

Mark Twain's Boyhood Home.

A Hannibal, Mo., correspondent writes to the Terre Haute Gazette: "On Third street, a short distance from a cross street—it is Bird street, Dock street, or Collier street, no one seemed to be certain which was the correct name—stands the building in which little Sammy Clemens lived twenty years ago. It is a square two-story frame house, of the plainest possible architecture. The half decayed weather boarding is deeply streaked with age, and the roof is green with moss. It has a stone foundation, large brick chimney outside the building, and fronts eastward, being faced by four sprawling locust trees. Otherwise there is not a single distinguishing mark. It has no front yard, and the fences in the immediate vicinity are ancient and frail. The upper part of the house is given to old boxes and the spiders, while the lower floor is used as a cabinet shop by some desecrator of regard for button-bursting and side-splitting genius. Many of the town remember the boy, but with different opinions. One old lady, Mrs. Martin, says he 'used to come up and play with her girls, and that he weren't such an awful smart fellow until he got away, and then folks began to see lots in him.' Another person, however, of the masculine persuasion, says he 'knew the boy well, and that he was smart as a steel trap.' A third says that 'old man Clemens married a second cousin of his (citizen's) sister, so that he came near being in the family.' Still another avers that an emissary of the Harper's came once to sketch the scenes and write an account, and had been wrongfully informed that the house where the future Mark Twain was born, in Florida, Monroe county, had been torn down; but that he (citizen) knew it to be in good preservation, and that the Harper man had gone away from the State without seeing it. Host of the Hannibal people, on being asked about Mark Twain, reflectively exclaim, 'Twain? Twain? You don't mean the man that bosses Smith's stone quarry and used to work at the T., W. and W. shops, do you?'

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION

KEOKUK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1875

A New Joke of Twains.

The following story is taken from the Peoria Journal, but for its truthfulness we would not vouch: An old settler came into the office this morning with a joke on Mark Twain, which has never been in print before. At one time in his life Mark essayed journalism in Keokuk, and he bought an old hand-press, and went to work to enlighten the natives. The late Judge Claggett, of the CONSTITUTION, came along a tramp, sour-looking for work. He stopped at Mark's shop, and looking in, found Mark under the press with

The Gate City.

JANUARY 8, 1898.

THE GATE CITY COMPANY
KEOKUK, IOWA.



THURSDAY, JANUARY 13.

That Universal Success,
MARK TWAIN'S
Dramatic Comedy,

PUDD'NHEAD WILSON

Dramatized by Frank Mayo.
The original supporting company of high-class players with

MR. EDWIN MAYO
IN THE TITLE ROLE.

A play that has taken its place among the classics.
Beautiful stage settings.
A story of love, comedy and pathos, enlivened with

Mark Twain's Witticisms.

PRICES:

Box Seats	\$1.50
First Floor Seats	1.00
First Three Rows of Balcony75
Last Three Rows of Balcony50
Gallery25

Sale of seats opens at Laubach's Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock.

a wrench, all covered with oil and printer's ink, struggling with the impression. He asked Mark where the proprietor was, and Mark, looking at him from around the legs of the press, answered that he was out. Then Mark wanted to know why he asked. Claggett said that he was a printer and wanted a job. Mark looked him all over and asked him where he got his good clothes. Claggett replied that he was just out of his apprenticeship and his old boss made him a present of them. Mark shook his head sadly and replied: "You take proper good care of them, young man, for as long as you stay at the business you will never have another so good." Claggett settled down by Mark, and eventually bought the CONSTITUTION and ran it until the day of his death, but he always remembered what Mark told him, for it was true. That pair of garments was the best he ever had.

THE GATE CITY.

KEOKUK, IOWA:

WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEB. 9, 1870

CITY NEWS.

MARK TWAIN—Sam Clemens—is soon to be married. Miss Olivia Langdon, of Elmira, New York, is the lady, and she is reputed very wealthy.

30

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION.

KEOKUK, TUESDAY, JANUARY 24

SAGEBRUSH SKETCHES. 1887

HOW MARK TWAIN'S BRIGHTEST EFFORT
FAILED OF PUBLICATION.
[From the San Francisco Call.]

When Mark Twain was doing local work on the Virginia City (Nevada) *Enterprise*, Dennis McCarthy was managing editor and part owner of the paper. One night a new saloon was opened—one of the gorgeous affairs of polished woods, mirrors, fine cut glass, silver ware and wines and liquor that would do for the sideboard of a fashionable metropolitan club—one of those surprises that cause wonder and delight to strange travelers in sagebrush lands. It was an important occasion, as its elegance and two faro games were evidences of prosperous times, which every investor in mining-camp property had already learned to believe. It was an event, the knowledge of which in San Francisco was worth more as an advertisement to this young camp than a strike of \$500 rock. It reflected dignity and stability on the camp, and in more ways than one gave its merchants courage in asking credit in San Francisco.

Thus it was that McCarthy said to Mark Twain: "Sam, we must notice this opening to-night, and as I had rather do an editorial on the 'precision of the Equinoxes' than write a business notice, you will have to do it."

The ethics of journalism sometimes so lapse in mining camps that the managing and city editors do, upon times, talk in this friendly, easy way with each other.

"There is a box of assorted wines and liquors in the other room," McCarthy added, "and perhaps you may get some inspiration from that."

In those days Clemens never wrote anything that was not funny, or alleged to be so, and he determined after viewing the box of assorted inspirations, to write a funny business notice. The idea in itself struck him as something funny, and he lit his pipe in just the right mood to do good work.

HIS PREPARATIONS.

He took out of the box all the bottles and arranged them in a long row, with the wines of simple names first, and the more difficult ones following in order to the last bottle, which contained a wine of complicated, mixed and impossible to be pronounced name. Sam thought he would do a rather neat thing by describing each bottle as though he were sampling from each, and in such a way, that the reader would be vividly impressed with the belief that the writer had started in sober and continued writing and sampling and describing until he was in a state of diagonal inebriety. The progressing complexity of names would assist the effect very much, and with the work planned out in advance Clemens sat down smoking industriously, and only referring to the labels of the bottles. He wrote well, in peculiar conceit with the idea, and in order to keep strictly to his work until through, never uncorked a single bottle. McCarthy, who went into the local room just as Clemens had finished, and heard the article, read, told me only a short time ago that Mark Twain never before or since did a more artistically grotesque

piece of work than that same "star notice." The copy was passed in, and about 1 o'clock in the morning Clemens returned to read a proof of the article.

He had only read a little while before his eyes began to bulge out, and next he clutched his hair in desperate rage. His pet idea, his quaint conceit, read straight and matter-of-fact like any other ordinary business notice. He gasped and called for the copy. The foreman brought it, and to him the now speechless and livid humorist pointed out what had been done. The foreman took both copy and proof into the composing room, and yelled out, "What inspired idiot set this saloon notice of Mr. Clemens?"

AN ASTUTE COMPOSITOR.

The man who had set the article (the *Enterprise* locals were not read by copy then) advanced to the foreman, took him to one side, and, with a knowing smile, said: "I set that thing, but as soon as I got through a few pages I saw plainly enough that Clemens was drunk—awful drunk—when he wrote it, so I straightened the whole thing out. I wouldn't have taken the trouble, only I heard McCarthy swear the other day that the next time Clemens got drunk he would let him out."

When this was told to Clemens he took his blue pencil and crossed the proof, remarking in a strained voice: "When a printer does set out to be a humorist he beats h—."

Denis McCarthy, Joe Goodman, Mark Twain, Dan de Quille, Judge "Charlie" Goodwin and R. M. Daggett, all more or less widely known, have at times given each their distinctive features to the pages of the *Enterprise*, and at one time the first four. I think worked on the paper together. Then they would adjourn in the cool of a summer's evening to the old brewery down in the Six mile Canyon, where McCarthy would order beer. Goodman makes sweltzer kase sandwiches, Clemens softly climbs the fence of a neighboring garden in search of sprout onions, and Dan de Quille tells startling lies to the landlord until that worthy was in such a confused state of mind that keeping anything like a correct score of beers and sandwiches was out of the question. After that they would return up town, as Clemens would say, "to circulate among our constituents, gentlemen, with breaths smelling like buzzards, sir."

Judge Goodwin and Congressman Daggett went to the *Enterprise* afterward, and although McCarthy and Dan de Quille are the only ones of the six who have stuck to the Comstock, they have all said and written, and still do say and write, many things about the sagebrush land.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

And this reminds me of an incident I was witness to in the *Enterprise* editorial rooms only a few years ago. A kid glove mining expert from this city happened to be in the rooms, and looking out of the east window, at the great sweep of hills away over to the Humboldt Mountains, the Carson Sink, the twenty six mile desert—but all colored with the prevailing sombre sage brush hills, turned away with a shudder and said: "what a dreadful thing it would be to die here and be buried in those hills." Goodwin dearly loves these hills and as Sam Davis had been playing the fiddle at his house the night before, he felt particularly savage that afternoon. He fixed

his cold gray eyes upon the expert, and in a voice he fetched from the lowest levels of his chest, said: "Dreadful for you to die and be buried in those hills, for your littleness would irritate them until they spewed you out, to mock the breath of heaven. Sir, what right have you to look at those hills? You cannot see the stern nobility of their lines and color and very bleakness. They prompt no thought of

you, sir, of mailed sentinels out watching death in silent faithfulness. What right have you to speak of those hills, whose majestic grandeur ever beckons mortals to nobler, purer, higher ambitions, to—damn you, sir. Good day. I'm busy."

I spoke of Sam Davis' fiddling, and I reminded myself that a sketch of sagebrush newspaper men, with no mention of Sam's fiddle, would be indeed incomplete. Not that Sam's fiddle is a newspaper man, or anything like that, but if I could manage to say a few kind things about that fiddle I feel that I would gain the deep regard of every one of the fraternity, who ever met Sam's fiddle and Sam at the same time. The fraternity would feel that even at this late day the first pleasant word about Sam and his fiddle would be acceptable, as a novelty.

Take 'em apart and neither was bad; though how Sam would look taken apart I don't know, and as for the fiddle, when not in use it was kept securely locked in a sheet iron case, so none of his friends ever had an opportunity to take it apart. That iron case was the only evidence of an appreciation of his friends' feelings toward the fiddle I ever knew Sam to display. But, as I said, taken separately, neither the fiddle nor Sam was objectionable. Together, however, they effected a combination calculated to convince a listener of the total depravity of inanimate things, for Sam's total depravity, unaided by the fiddle's, could never have produced such unhappy and painful results. No amount of moral suasion ever did any good with Sam or the fiddle when they got together. Peaceful neighborhoods have been devastated, and children's confidence in the justness of Providence totally destroyed through one short season of Sam and his fiddle. His seasons always were short, for shocked and disappointed landladies kept him moving from place to place when they found there was no way of stealing the fiddle. I hear Sam has removed to Salt Lake, and if he has his fiddle with him I can suggest a way of solving the Mormon problem, if any one will suggest a way of protecting Sam from the Mormons while he plays the fiddle at 'em.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, '10

THE GENEROSITY
OF MARK TWAIN

Tale Told of Late Humorist Who
Gave Certain Sum Every Month
to Old Woman.

Mr. Brownell of this city tells another little incident in the life of the great American novelist and humorist who has lately died.

While on one of his visits to this city Twain was visited by an old woman who had been a schoolmate of his at one time and who lived in Greensburg, Missouri. She said she

was a widow and had no way of supporting herself. The destitute one pleaded for a small sum of money and Mark Twain deposited in the bank here \$120 to be given her at intervals of once a month every month. He also told the bank authorities not on any account to give the old lady his address if she wrote to them for it as he did not want to be bothered by letters from her all the time.

Mr. Brownell says the bank received various letters at irregular intervals from her asking for Twain's address but she never secured it and the money was paid out to her until it was exhausted.

AUGUST 8, 1900. MARK TWAIN'S FIRST LECTURE LONG AGO

"On Tuesday evening, Sept. 29, 1866, Samuel Langhorne Clemens made his first appearance in public, at the Academy of Music in Pine street, San Francisco. He had just returned from the Sandwich islands, from where he had been writing letters on the islands and the islanders to the Sacramento Union. The appearance of Artemus Ward some months previous in San Francisco had aroused an ambition in Mark Twain to 'go and do likewise,' not for the fame that might come to him, not from the money to be earned, but from a spirit of pure mischievousness. Twain was one of a coterie of bohemians which included Bret Harte, Prentice Mulford and Charles Warren Stoddard, and I can imagine how he chuckled to himself when he concluded to 'learn a new trick and surprise the boys.' He secured a hall and published a sort of Artemus Ward announcement that he would deliver a lecture about his trip to the Sandwich Islands.

"Commenting upon the announcement, the San Francisco correspondent of a neighboring newspaper wrote: 'We may expect either gay or grave remarks, for, by recently published letters he very fully exhibited the resources of the islands to the great satisfaction of our business community. His lecture at this time will have a peculiar interest, independent of his own rapid augmenting popularity, from the fact that the queen (Emma) of said country is now in our midst. Everybody is going, and consequently a crowded audience will greet the maiden—I believe—lecture of the sage brusher. He is not at all an eloquent orator, and I fear, as he himself announces it, "doors open at 7, the trouble will commence at 8 o'clock.'"

"The 'trouble' is over" wrote this same correspondent under date of Oct. 3, 1866, 'the inimitable Mark Twain delivered himself last night of his first lecture on the Sandwich islands or anything else. Some time before the hour appointed to open his head the Academy of Music (on Pine street) was densely crowded with one of the most

fashionable audiences it was ever my privilege to witness during my long residence in this city. The elite of the town was there, and so was the governor of the state—occupying one of the boxes—whose rotund face was suffused with a halo of mirth during the whole entertainment. The audience promptly noticed Mark by the usual sign—stamping—that the auspicious hour had arrived and presently the lecturer came sidling and swinging out from the left of the stage. His very manner produced a generally vociferous laugh from the assemblage. He opened with an apology by saying that he had partly succeeded in obtaining a band, but, at the last moment the party engaged backed out. He explained that he had hired a man to play a trombone, but he, on learning that he was the only person engaged, came at the last moment and informed him that he could not play. This placed Mark in a bad predicament, and wishing to know his reasons for deserting him at that critical moment, he replied "that he wasn't going to make a fool of himself by sitting up there on the stage and blowing his horn all by himself." After the applause subsided, he assumed a very grave countenance and commenced his remarks proper with the following well known sentence: "When, in the course of human events," etc. He lectured fully an hour and a quarter, and his humorous sayings were interspersed with geographical, agricultural and statistical remarks, sometimes branching off and reaching beyond—soaring, in the very choicest language, up to the very pinnacle of descriptive power."

MONDAY, APRIL 25, 1910.

Mark Twain in Keokuk.

Springfield (Ill.) Register: "Mark Twain" had literary aspirations, however, before he became a pilot. As a boy he learned to "set type," and when he was about twenty years old he came to Keokuk, Iowa, where his brother Orion Clemens, was engaged in the job printing business. This was in 1855-6. At that time the father and oldest brother of Ex-Senator Thomas Rees, manager of the State Register, were publishing a paper in that Iowa city, and Mr. Rees has heard his brother George, now living in St. Joseph, Mo., often speak of the young man and his aspirations.

In biographies of Mr. Clemens the date of his first literary production is given as 1867 when "The Jumping Frog" was printed in pamphlet form. But more than ten years before that he contributed to the Daily Keokuk Post, published by Rees & Son. Mr. Rees, in his "Sixty Days in Europe," makes the following brief reference to the fact:

"I have always felt considerable interest in Mark Twain—who was being entertained in London by King Edward, Whitelaw Reid and others at the time Mr. and Mrs. Rees were there)—because it so happened that

my father and my oldest brother had something to do with starting him on a career that has brought him to his high and enviable position."

This was in 1856, fifty-four years ago, when Mr. Clemens was in his twenty-first year. Mr. Rees continues:

"The firm of Rees & Son arranged with the young man to write some articles for publication in the Keokuk Post, which they mutually agreed would be worth five dollars each. Mr. Clemens started out and took a trip to Quincy, St. Louis, Chicago and Cincinnati. After writing the first, he concluded that he ought to have seven dollars and a half a piece for his articles, so he wrote the second article, which was published, after which he thought his talent was worth ten dollars per article."

The proceeds of the articles published in the Post, Mr. Rees is certain, was the first money ever paid Mr. Clemens for writing. The negotiations were broken off, as the proprietors of the Post decided they could not afford to pay ten dollars per article. At the present time, Mr. Rees has locked up in the safe of the State Register office type-written copies of two articles taken from the files of his father's paper, now in possession of his brother, Robert Rees of Keokuk. Each article has an affidavit attached showing the genuineness of the publication and the copy, and the circumstances under which it was written by Mr. Clemens.

The articles were written under the nom de plume of "Jonathan Snodgrass," for this was ten or fifteen years before Mr. Clemens knew his real name would be "Mark Twain."

The State Register introduces this early history of Samuel L. Clemens' efforts in literary work to show that from small beginnings a young man with brains and an ambition to succeed may reach the zenith of literary fame. There were the seeds in these first articles of "Jonathan Snodgrass" that grew to flower and fruit in the more than half century intervening between that time and the great humorist's death.

The literary world and the cultured public will miss the genial, gentle humor that made Mr. Clemens' books and lectures exquisite. His passing over to the majority will be sincerely mourned. We ne'er shall look upon his like again. Peace to his ashes.

The Daily Constitution.

CONSTITUTION CO.

DECEMBER 1, 1887.

A Big Royalty.

Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), of the firm of Ohas. L. Webster & Co., has had framed and hung in his study a collection of the receipts of Mrs. Grant for \$400,000, her copyright for the sale of the "Grant Memoirs," the largest copyright ever received by a publisher.

CREDITS

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY.
R. J. BICKEL
KEOKUK, IOWA

Mark Twain Aggrieved.

Mark Twain was asked to contribute to the album of artists' sketches and autograph letters, to be raffled for at the Bartholdi Pedestal Fund Art Loan Exhibition in New York, and this is his response, which accompanied his contribution:

You know my weakness for Adam, and you know how I have struggled to get him a monument and failed. Now, it seems to me, here is my chance. What do we care for a statue of liberty when we've got the thing itself in its wildest sublimity? What you want of a monument is to keep you in mind of something you haven't got—something you lost. Very well; we haven't lost liberty; we've lost Adam.

Another thing: What has liberty done for us? Nothing in particular that I know of. What have we done for her? Everything. We've given her a home, and a good home, too. And if she knows anything, she knows its the first time she ever struck that novelty. She knows that when we took her in she had been a mere tramp for 6,000 years, biblical measure. Yes, and we not only ended her troubles and made things soft for her permanently, but we made her respectable—and that she hadn't ever been before. And now, after we've poured out these Atlantics of benefits upon this aged outcast, lo! and behold you, we are asked to come forward and set up a monument to her! Go to. Let her set up a monument to us if she wants to do the clean thing.

But suppose your statue represented her old, bent, clothed in rags, downcast, shame-facod, with the insults and humiliation of 6,000 years, imploring a crust and an hour's rest, for God's sake, at our back door?—come, now you're shouting! That's the aspect of her which we need to be reminded of, lest we forget it—not this proposed one, where she's hearty and well fed, and holds up her head and flourishes her hospitable schooner of flame, and appears to be inviting all the rest of the tramps to come over. O, go to—that is the very insolence of prosperity.

But, on the other hand—look at Adam. What have we done for Adam? Nothing. What has Adam done for us? Everything. He gave us life, he gave us death, he gave us heaven, he gave us hell. These are inestimable privileges—and remember, not one of them should we have had without Adam. Well, then, he ought to have a monument—for Evolution is steadily and surely abolishing him; and we must get up a monument, and be quick about it, or our children's children will grow up ignorant that there ever was an Adam. With trifling alterations, this present statue will answer very well for Adam. You can turn that blanket into an ulster without any trouble; part the hair on the side, or conceal the sex of his head with a fire helmet, and at once he's a man; put a harp and a halo and a palm branch in the left hand to symbolize a part of what Adam did for us, and leave the fire-basket just where it is, to symbol-

ize the rest. My friend, the father of life and death and taxes, has been neglected long enough. Shall this infamy be allowed to go on or shall it stop right here?

Is it but a question of finance? Behold the inclosed (paid bank) checks. Use them freely as they are freely contriouted. Heaven knows I would there were a ton of them; I would send them all to you, for my heart is in this sublime work!

THE GATE CITY:

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 19, '76.

WHITEWASH.

Tom Sawyer's Discovery in Human Nature.

[From Mark Twain's New Book.]

Tom Sawyer, having offended his sole guardian, Aunt Polly, is, by that sternly affectionate dame, punished by being set to whitewash the fence in front of the garden. The world seemed a hollow mockery to Tom, who had planned fun for that day, and who knew he would be the laughing-stock of all the boys as they came past and saw him set to work like a "nigger." But a great inspiration burst in upon him, and he went tranquilly to work. What that inspiration was will appear from what follows. One of the boys, Ben Rogers, comes by and pauses, eating a particularly fine apple. Tom does not see him. Ben stared a moment and then said:—

"Hi-yi! you're up a stump ain't you?" No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist, then he gave another gentle sweep, and surveyed the result as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Tom said:—

"Hello, old chap. you've got to work, hey!"

"Why, it's you, Ben. I wasn't noticing."

"Say, I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But, of course, you'drutherwork, wouldn't you? 'Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit and said:—

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't that work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly:—

"Well, may-be it is, and may-be it isn't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh come now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?"

The brush continued to move.

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth; stepped back to note the effect; added the touch, here and there; criticised the effect again, Ben watching every move, and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said:—

"Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little."

Tom considered; was about to consent, but he altered his mind.

"No, no. I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben you see, Aunt Polly's awful par-

ticular about this fence—right here the street, you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind, and she wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence. It's got to be done very careful. I reckon there ain't a boy in a thousand, may-be two thousand, that can do it in the way it's got to be done."

"No—is that so? Oh, come now; lemme just try, only just a little. I'd let you, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest injun; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it but she wouldn't let him. Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let Sid. Now, don't you see how I am fixed? If you was to tackle this fence, and anything was to happen to it"—

"Oh, shucks: I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here. No, Ben; now don't! I'm afeared"—

"I'll give you all of it!"

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while Ben worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangling his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair; and when he played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with; and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had, besides, the things I have mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jewsharp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass-stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog-collar—but no dog—the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange-peel, and a dilapidated old window-sash. He had a nice, good, idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash, he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

Tom said to himself that it was not such a hollow world after all. He had discovered a great law of human nature without knowing it, namely, that, in order to make a manor boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to attain. If he had been a great and wise philosopher, like the writer of this book, he would now have comprehended that work consists of whatever a body is not obliged to do. And this would help him to understand why constructing artificial flowers or performing on a tread-mill is work, while rolling nine-pins or climbing Mont Blanc is only amusement. There are wealthy gentlemen in England who drive four-horse passenger coaches twenty or thirty miles on a daily line in the summer, because the privilege cost them considerable money, but, if they were offered wages for the service, that would turn it into work, and then they would resign.

1876

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

JULY 16, 1886. One year \$8.50 One year \$1.50

What He Said to the Chicago Reporters—The Mississippi—A River Without Islands Unattractive as a Woman Without Hair. Mark Twain and family left Keokuk Wednesday evening, and when he reached the city by the lake was besieged by reporters. The following is one of the interviews:

Mark Twain, traveling incog. under the name of "S. L. Clemens, one wife, three children, one maid," was at the Richelieu hotel yesterday. He leaned on the stone steps in front of the hotel, smoking a putative cigar. Mark Twain's literary fame is so great that it has somewhat cast into the shade his abilities as a smoker. He smokes like an artist. He holds the cigar between the finger and thumb and contemplates it in a dreamy fashion. Then he raises it slowly to his lips, draws gently and closes his eyes. After a judicious interval he removes the cigar, and the smoke rolls out under his long moustache with all the grace of a first dancer drifting on the stage. Then he opens his eyes. Mark Twain looks as little like himself as it is possible for a man to look. He wore a gray suit, a tall white hat, and a wide white tie, such as New York brokers affect. His long, drooping moustache, his well curled hair, and somewhat profuse jewelry made one think of a successful horseman, or the manager of popular burlesque.

But no one ever had such a satisfactory drawl. It established the fact that he was Mark Twain beyond all possibility of quibbling. A woman could "do up" her hair twice while he is pronouncing the word Mississippi. He lingers over it, plays with it, handles it as a young mother does her first babe.

"We came in last night," he said, pulling at the left side of his moustache. "Mrs. Clemens is not very well; neither am I. I have been amusing the children. I have taken them to a panorama. I understand there are three others near here. I will take them too, I want to satiate them with battles—it may amuse them." Three little girls, composed of three red gowns, three red parasols, and six blue stockings stood on the steps and grinned.

"Run up and tell mamma what a jolly time you've had and I'll think of something else to amuse you."

When the three little girls had disappeared Mr. Clemens sighed. "Did you ever try to amuse three little girls at the same time?" he asked, after a pause; "it requires genius. I wonder whether they would like to bathe in the lake?" he continued, with sudden animation, hardly pausing five minutes between each word; "it might amuse them."

"Are you on your vacation trip, Mr. Clemens?"

"No; I have just returned from a visit to my mother in Keokuk, Ia. She is 83 years old and I had not been home for over a year. We came from Buffalo to Duluth by a lake steamer and then

from St. Paul down the river to Keokuk. Neither in this country nor in any other have I seen such interesting scenery as that along the Upper Mississippi. One finds all that the Hudson affords—bluffs and wooded highlands—and a great deal in addition. Between St. Paul and the mouth of the Illinois river there are over 400 islands, strung out in every possible shape. A river without islands is like a woman without hair. She may be good and pure, but one doesn't fall in love with her very often. Did you ever fall in love with a bald-headed woman?" The reporter admitted that he had drawn the line there.

"I never did either," continued Mr. Clemens meditatively. "at least I think I never did. There is no place for loafing more satisfactory than the pilot house of a Mississippi steamboat. It amuses the children to see the pilot monkey with the wheel. Traveling by boat is the best way to travel unless one can stay at home. On a lake or river boat one is as thoroughly cut off from letters and papers and the tax-collector as though he were amid sea. Moreover one doesn't have the discomforts of seafaring. It is very unpleasant to look at sea-sick people—at least so my friends said the last time I crossed."

"It might amuse the children though" suggested the reporter.

"I hadn't thought of that," replied Mr. Clemens, "but perhaps it might. The lake seems quite rough to-day—I wonder whether one could get a boat, a little boat that would bob considerable. Yes, it might amuse the children."

"But at such a sacrifice."

"You are not a parent?" replied Mr. Clemens. The reporter admitted his guilt.

"It is strange," continued Mr. Clemens, in momentary forgetfulness of the children, "how little has been written about the Upper Mississippi. The river below St. Louis has been described time and again, and it is the least interesting part. One can sit in the pilot house for a few hours and watch the low shores, the ungainly trees, and the democratic buzzards, and then one might as well go to bed. One has seen everything there is to see. Along the upper Mississippi every hour brings something new. There are crowds of odd islands, bluffs, prairies, hills, woods, and villages—everything that one could desire to amuse the children. Few people ever think of going there, however. Dick

ens, Corbett, Mother Trollope, and the other discriminating English people who wrote up the country before 1842 had hardly an idea that such a stretch of river scenery existed. Their successors have followed in their footsteps, and as we form our opinions of our country from what other people say of us, of course we ignore the finest part of the Mississippi."

It might be incidentally remarked that it were worth going fifty miles on foot, if one couldn't get a pass, to hear Mr. Clemens unravel the word Mississippi.

"I suppose we will go east to-morrow," he added, "but I don't know. Mrs. Clemens makes all the plans. Women enjoy that, you know. Of course we never carry any of them out, but that doesn't alter the fact that the

plans are thoroughly enjoyable ones. We will pass the summer at Elmira."

"Will you do any work this summer?"

"Yes, I shall probably amuse the children."

"But write—"

"O, yes, I see. Well, I am a private citizen now, and have no immediate intention of turning author. I shall probably set to work on something or other, however. Most of my work is done in the summer."

At this moment the three little girls in the three red gowns and six blue stockings appeared, and Mr. Clemens resumed the shape of an amusement bureau.

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

JANUARY 8, 1886.

"Mark Twain's" Luck.

"Mark Twain" is the literary Midas of the United States. Everything he touches turns straight into gold. He is now worth a million, and his income varies, running high into thousands of dollars yearly. He made \$30,000 as his share of the profits of the "Twain-Cable" readings last year, and "Huckleberry Finn" has brought in somewhere in the neighborhood of \$75,000. He expects to make a great pile off the Grant memoirs, and in order to get them for publication he made terms with the Grants which other publishers did not dare to make.

"Mark Twain" is now fifty years old, or he will be in November. When he wrote "Innocents Abroad" here at Washington less than twenty years ago, he was living in a second-class boarding-house, in a little back-room, which was heated with a sheet-iron stove. Now he has an elegant residence at Hartford, Conn., filled with treasures of furniture and pictures he has gathered in his tours over the world. In his home at Hartford, "Mark Twain's" workshop is in his billiard-room at the top of the house, and when he gets tired of pushing the pen he rises and eases his muscles by doing some scientific strokes with the cue. A Hartford man told me the other day he was calling on "Twain" in this room at one time during the past year, when the fire in the grate threw some sparks out upon the floor. These caught some loose paper, and the room for a moment promised to break out in flames. "'Twain' was playing billiards at the time," says the man, "and he did not stop his game. He immediately rung for the servants, and lazily told them they had better extinguish the fire; and with that he leaned over the table and made a stroke with his billiard cue which would have done honor to the world's champion. 'Twain,' said this man, "never gets excited. He walks slowly, talks lazily and drawingly, and acts as though he did not care much for life or anything in it. He looks sleepy, but he is the most wide-awake man I know. He understands making a bargain, and he is one of the best advertisers in the United States." (EN)

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THE DAILY GATE CITY.

JULY 6, 1886.

MARK TWAIN IS IN KEOKUK.

Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, the foremost of American humorists is spending with his family a week in Keokuk. Before he was known to fame he was for some time a resident here and worked in a printing office. That was in "the fifties." It was from the Mississippi river or rather boating on it that he found the nom de plume he has made famous. We recall an idling trip when we lay musing in a steamboat berth, looking vacantly at a great flood of spring moonlight as it put a yellow crown upon the river and the low dense woods near Cairo when all at once a boatman throwing and pulling the lead began a monotonous chant of "mark twain" kept up at intervals hour after hour. It may have been somewhere thereabouts that the humorist first heard the call with keen enough notice to make it personal. One of the pleasantest things in the experience of any of us is when we first find an author. We shall not forget how, when a country boy, at a neighbor's house, stranded there in the odd and wide drifts that happen to books we first found "Pickwick." Long afterwards we saw a preacher have much the same delight when he found John Hay and Little Breeches. We came across Mark Twain all at once years ago in the New York Herald. We didn't know what to make of him. He had been writing in the west but this was the first or among the first of his letters to the Herald. He took hold of one with the glamor and insistence of genius. There was no other article for you in that number of the Herald. You came to it again and again. He had as uncanny a hold on you as the ancient mariner on the wedding guest. You knew without the lantern of Diogenes you had found a man, but you needed more than a lantern—a full prophetic electric light to tell what manner of man it was. That unlooked for propinquity—we hate large words but once in a while nothing but one will accurately say what you mean—that unlooked for propinquity of the most serious sentence and the most grotesque and extravagant one piqued your interest and puzzled your skill in interpretation. Nothing could be more unsettling to average dullness like ours than just one letter of the new humorist: turning over a slab of Connecticut lime-stone and finding one of the tracks of "Mark Twain" upon it. But pretty soon he revealed himself fully in *The Innocents Abroad* and then one knew that the great American humorist was fully come.

We don't know anything that can fully do justice to that book except to make into seriousness the outburst of extravagant badinage with which Madame de Sevigne announced to M. de Coulanges the espousal of M. de Lauzun and the Princess of Montpensier. It is "la plus etouante, la plus surprenante, la plus merveilleuse, la plus triomphante, la plus singuliere, la plus extraordinaire" of books of travel. There is nothing like it for delightsomeness: for making graphic to your imagination every phase and mood of travel from the deepest sensibility to the most farcical fun. From Addison to Charles Lamb and Thackeray the English humorists are Urban. They are dominated by the capital. They speak the speech and laugh the decorous laugh of London and have its limitations. To these our own Holmes and Lowell are mates. Dickens and Charles Lever took on a broader key, but it was still London—only lower London. Our Artemus Ward and Mark Twain lack the trained self-containment of the capital, but they also escape its limitations. When Charles Lamb writes of anything outside of London he puts it in China. London is his fact and China is his imagination and he knows nothing between the two. From the South Sea House to Christ's hospital, from the Tombs in the Abbey to Drury Lane theater—with one outing so far as Oxford—that is Lamb's world—the experience and the materials with which his imagination works. One can easily see how much larger is Mr. Clemens' world. A boy on the Mississippi river, a youth from Keokuk to New Orleans, a young manhood on the Pacific and in the mines, a little later a Washington correspondent, a traveller about the world, a man of letters, a citizen of one of the pleasantest and most cultivated of eastern capitals. Lamb may strike the finer, the more delicate note, but the stronger hand of our humorist strikes the wider chords of a world-wide experience. We presume Mr. Clemens will scarcely add any material work to that he has done. It is not necessary he should. It is said that after forty-five of fifty the imagination with which he works does not help one to new creations. All those sayings are the subtleties of idleness. Milton wrote *Paradise Lost* when sixty and Mr. Clemens' last book, "Huckleberry Finn," is precisely the one in which his imagination most runs joyous and vigorous riot. In fact it has not yet been fully recognized by readers what a great and distinctive work from that standpoint this last book of Mr. Clemens is. To us it seems a marvel of great performance. When one gets elderly and prosperous it is notable in literary biography that

men seldom write, not because they can't, but because they won't. Doctor Johnson would have published nothing, he would have sat down by the fire and had his talk out through eternal evenings had not the pressure of want whipped him into servitude to Mr. Miller, his publisher. Mr. Clemens has been his own Maccenas. He has helped himself to ample fortune and luxurious leisure. He will doubtless be as idle henceforth as a Lotus Eater, and leave those dig and toil in the field of letters who must be perforce what Junius Henri Brown calls manuscript-makers. Mr. Clemens and all of us here for him may well be proud of the performance lying in the years that make the unknown job-printer of 1856 one of the wealthiest and most eminent of American men of letters in 1886.

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

APRIL 9, 1887.

MARK TWAIN IN THE WAR.

A Battle in Which the Opposing Force Was Exterminated.

At a banquet of Union Veterans in Baltimore Friday night Mark Twain gave his war history, as follows:

When your secretary invited me to this reunion of the Union Veterans of Maryland he requested me to come prepared to clear up a matter which he said had long been a subject of dispute and bad blood in war circles in this country, to-wit: The true dimensions of my military services in the civil war, and the effect which they had upon the general result. I recognize the importance of this thing to history, and I have come prepared. Here are the details. I was in the civil war two weeks. In that brief time I rose from private to second lieutenant. The monumental feature of my campaign was the one battle which my command fought—it was in the summer of '61. If I do say it, it was the bloodiest battle ever fought in human history; there is nothing approaching it for destruction of human life in the field, if you take in consideration the forces engaged and the proportion of death to survival. And yet you do not even know the name of that battle. Neither do I. It had a name, but I have forgotten it. It is no use to keep private information which you can't show off. Now look at the way history does. It takes the battle of Booneville, fought near by, about the date of our slaughter, and shouts its teeth loose over it, and yet never mentions ours; doesn't even call it an "affair;" doesn't call it anything at all; never even heard of it. Whereas, what are the facts? Why, these: In the battle of Booneville there were 2,000 men engaged on the union side, and about as many on the other—supposed to be. The casualties, all told, were two men killed; and not all of these were killed outright, but only half of them, for the other man, died in the hospital next

day. I know that, because his great-uncle was second cousin to my grandfather, who spoke three languages, and was perfectly honorable and upright, though he had warts all over him, and used to—but never mind about that, the facts are just as I say, and I can prove it. Two men killed in that battle of Boonville, that's the whole result. All the others got away—on both sides. Now, then, in our battle there were just fifteen men engaged, on our side—all brigadier-generals but me, and I was a second lieutenant. On the other side there was one man. He was a stranger. We killed him. It was night, and we thought he was an army of observation; he looked like an army of observation—in fact, he looked bigger than an army of observation would in the day time; and some of us believed he was trying to surround us, and some thought he was going to turn our position, and so we shot him. Poor fellow, he probably wasn't an army of observation, after all, but that wasn't our fault; as I say, he had all the look of it in that dim light. It was a sorrowful circumstance, but he took the chances of war, and he drew the wrong card; he overestimated his fighting strength, and he suffered the likely result; but he fell as the brave should fall—with his face to the front and feet to the field—so we buried him with the honors of war, and took his things. So began and ended the only battle in the history of the world where the opposing force was utterly exterminated, swept from the face of the earth—to the last man. And yet, you don't know the name of that battle; you don't even know the name of that man. Now then, for the argument. Suppose I had continued in the war, and gone on as I began, and exterminated the opposing force every time—every two weeks—where would your war have been? Why, you see yourself, the conflict would have been too one-sided. There was but one honorable course for me to pursue, and I pursued it. I withdrew to private life, and gave the union cause a chance. There, now, you have the whole thing in a nutshell; it was not my presence in the civil war that determined that tremendous contest—it was my retirement from it that brought the crash. It left the confederate side too weak.

THE DAILY GATE CITY.
NOVEMBER 27, 1879.

MARK TWAIN.
 How He was Caught by Not Attending to What the Master of Ceremonies was Doing.
 (Chicago Times.)

That quaint and original genius, Samuel L. Clemens—Mark Twain—told a story at his own expense while breakfasting with a journalistic friend on Thursday morning, which is too good to be lost, and which by his consent is now published for the first time. There had been some talk at the table about the Grant banquet, when Mr. Clemens remarked with a smile and his peculiar drawl:

"Speaking of banquets reminds me of a rather amusing incident that occurred to me during my stop in smoky, dirty,

grand old London. I received an invitation to attend a banquet there, and I went. It was one of those tremendous dinners where there are from eight hundred to nine hundred invited guests. I hadn't been used to that sort of thing, and I didn't feel quite at home. When we took our seats at the tables I noticed that at each plate was a little placard of the hall, with the position of each guest numbered, so that one could see at a glance where a friend was seated by learning his number. Just before we fell to, some one—the lord mayor, or whoever was bossing the occasion—arose and begged to read a list of those present—No. 1 Lord so-and-so; No. 2, the Duke of something-or-other, and so on. When this individual read the name, of some prominent political character or literary celebrity, it would be greeted with more or less applause. The individual who was reading the names did so in so monotonous a manner that I became somewhat tired, and began looking about for something to engage my attention. I found the gentleman next to me, on the right, a well-informed personage, and I entered into conversation with him. I had never seen him before, but he was a good talker and I enjoyed it. Suddenly, just as he was giving his views upon the future religious aspect of Great Britain, our ears were assailed by a deafening storm of applause. Such a clapping of hands I had never heard before. It sent the blood to my head with a rush, and I got terribly excited. I straightened up and commenced clapping my hands with all my might. I moved about excitedly in my chair, and clapped harder and harder. 'Who is it?' I asked the gentleman on my right. 'Whose name did he read?'

'Samuel L. Clemens,' he answered. 'I stopped applauding I didn't clap any more. It kind of took the life out of me and I sat there like a mummy and didn't get up and bow. It was one of the most distressing fixes I ever got into and it will be many a day before I forget it.'

THE WEEKLY GATE CITY.
APRIL 22, 1880

Mark Twain's Humor.

"Thieves from over the wall" have got the seed of a certain drollery, which sprouts and flourishes plentifully in every newspaper, until the thought of American humor is becoming terrible; and sober-minded people are beginning to have serious question whether we are not in danger of degenerating into a nation of wits. But we ought to take courage from observing, as we may, that this plentiful crop of humor is not racy of the original soil; that in short the thieves from over the wall were not also able to steal Mr. Clemens's garden-plot. His humor springs from a certain intensity of common sense, a passionate love of justice, and a generous scorn of what is petty and mean; and it is these qualities which his "school" have not been able to convey. It may be claiming more than a humorist could wish to assert that he is always in earnest; but this strikes us as the paradoxical charm of Mr. Clemens' best humor. Its wildest extravagance is the break and fling from a deep feeling, a wrath with some

folly which disquiets him worse than other men, a personal hatred for some humbug or pretension that embitters him beyond anything but laughter. It must be because he is intolerably weary of the twaddle of pedestrianizing that he conceives the notion of a tramp through Europe, which he operates by means of express trains, steamboats and private carriages, with the help of an agent and a courier; it is because he has a real loathing, otherwise inexpressible, for Alp-climbing, that he imagines an ascent of the Riffelberg, with "half a mile of men and mules" tied together by rope. One sees that affectations do not first strike him as ludicrous, merely, but as detestable. He laughs, certainly, at an abuse, at ill manners, at conceit, at cruelty, and you must laugh with him; but if you enter into the very spirit of his humor, you feel that if he could set these things right there would be very little laughing. At the bottom of his heart he has often the grimness of a reformer; his wit is turned by preference upon human nature, not upon droll situations and things abstractly ludicrous, but upon matters that are out of joint, that are unfair or unnecessarily ignoble, and cry out to his love of justice for discipline. Much of the fun is at his own cost where he boldly attempts to grapple with some hoary abuse, and gets worsted by it, as in his verbal contest with the girl at the medicinal springs in Baden, who returns "that beggar's answer" of half Europe, "What you please," to his ten-times repeated demand of "How much?" and gets the last word. But it is plain that if he had his way there would be a fixed price for those waters very suddenly, and without regard to the public amusement, or regret for lost opportunities of humorous writing.—*May Atlantic.*

Constitution Democrat.
DECEMBER 14, 1903.

MARK TWAIN AS PRESIDENT

Humorist Says if Elected, He Would Make All Things Jolly.

In a recent interview at Rome with an Italian journalist Mark Twain said this to say, says the New York World:

"The principal reason I came to Italy is that next year I intend to be a candidate for election as president of the United States. Now, as you know, the Italian vote in my country is very large, and I desire to be able to address your countrymen in their melodious language on my return home in order to persuade them to vote for me.

"Besides, here in Italy everything and everybody is so jolly and happy. I want fun and jollity even in politics. I desire to see a congress brimming over with fun and jokes. I wish that even bankers and banks would instill a sense of fun into their employees and dependents. This brought me to Italy, where I can learn how to be jolly, and I have no doubt that under the circumstances my candidacy will be very acceptable."

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
 R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

JULY 8, 1886

MARK TWAIN IS IN KEOKUK.

Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, the foremost of American humorists is spending with his family a week in Keokuk. Before he was known to fame he was for some time a resident here and worked in a printing office. That was in "the fifties." It was from the Mississippi river or rather boating on it that he found the *nom de plume* he has made famous. We recall an idling trip when we lay musing in a steambath berth, looking vacantly at a great flood of spring moonlight as it put a yellow crown upon the river and the low dense woods near Cairo when all at once a boatman throwing and pulling the lead began a monotonous chant of "mark twain" kept up at intervals hour after hour. It may have been somewhere thereabouts that the humorist first heard the call with keen enough notice to make it personal. One of the pleasantest things in the experience of any of us is when we first find an author. We shall not forget how, when a country boy, at a neighbor's house, stranded there in the odd and wide drifts that happen to books we first found "Pickwick." Long afterwards we saw a preacher have much the same delight when he found John Hay and Little Breeches. We came across Mark Twain all at once years ago in the New York Herald. We didn't know what to make of him. He had been writing in the west but this was the first or among the first of his letters to the Herald. He took hold of one with the glamor and insistence of genius. There was no other article for you in that number of the Herald. You came to it again and again. He had as uncanny a hold on you as the ancient mariner on the wedding guest. You knew without the lantern of Diogenes you had found a man, but you needed more than a lantern—a full prophetic electric light to tell what manner of man it was. That unlooked for propinquity—we hate large words but once in a while nothing but one will accurately say what you mean—that unlooked for propinquity of the most serious sentence and the most grotesque and extravagant one piqued your interest and puzzled your skill in interpretation. Nothing could be more unsettling to average dullness like ours than just one letter of the new humorist: turning over a slab of Connecticut lime-stone and finding one of the tracks of "Mark Twain" upon it. But pretty soon he revealed himself fully in *The Innocents Abroad* and then one knew that the great American humorist was fully come. We don't know anything that can fully

do justice to that book except to make into seriousness the outburst of extravagant badinage with which Madame de Sevigne announced to M. de Coulanges the espousal of M. de Lauzun and the Princess of Montpensier. It is "la plus etouante, la plus surprenante, la plus merveilleuse, la plus triomphante, la plus singuliere, la plus extraordinaire" of books of travel. There is nothing like it for delightsomeness: for making graphic to your imagination every phase and mood of travel from the deepest sensibility to the most farcical fun. From Addison to Charles Lamb and Thackeray the English humorists are Urban. They are dominated by the capital. They speak the speech and laugh the decorous laugh of London and have its limitations. To these our own Holmes and Lowell are mates. Dickens and Charles Lever took on a broader key, but it was still London—only lower London. Our Artemus Ward and Mark Twain lack the trained self-containment of the capital, but they also escape its limitations. When Charles Lamb writes of anything outside of London he puts it in China. London is his fact and China is his imagination and he knows nothing between the two. From the South Sea House to Christ's hospital, from the Toombs in the Abbey to Drury Lane theater—with one outing so far as Oxford—that is Lamb's world—the experience and the materials with which his imagination works. One can easily see how much larger is Mr. Clemens' world. A boy on the Mississippi river, a youth from Keokuk to New Orleans, a young manhood on the Pacific and in the mines, a little later a Washington correspondent, a traveller about the world, a man of letters, a citizen of one of the pleasantest and most cultivated of eastern capitals. Lamb may strike the finer, the more delicate note, but the stronger hand of our humorist strikes the wider chords of a world-wide experience. We presume Mr. Clemens will scarcely add any material work to that he has done. It is not necessary he should. It is said that after forty-five of fifty the imagination with which he works does not help one to new creations. All those sayings are the subterfuges of idleness. Milton wrote *Paradise Lost* when sixty and Mr. Clemens' last book, "Huckleberry Finn," is precisely the one in which his imagination most runs joyous and vigorous riot. In fact it has not yet been fully recognized by readers what a great and distinctive work from that standpoint this last book of Mr. Clemens is. To us it seems a marvel of great performance. When one gets elderly and prosperous it is notable in literary biography that men seldom write, not because they can't, but because they won't. Doctor

Johnson would have published nothing, he would have sat down by the fire and had his talk out through eternal evenings had not the pressure of want whipped him into servitude to Mr. Miller, his publisher. Mr. Clemens has been his own Maecenas. He has helped himself to ample fortune and luxurious leisure. He will doubtless be as idle henceforth as a Lotus Eater, and leave those dig and toil in the field of letters who must be perforce what Junius Henri Brown calls manuscript-makers. Mr. Clemens and all of us here for him may well be proud of the performance lying in the years that make the unknown job-printer of 1856 one of the wealthiest and most eminent of American men of letters in 1886.

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

DECEMBER 18, 1881.

Subscription Rates:
"MARK TWAIN."

The Canadian Authorities Refuse to Grant Him a Copyright for His New Book.

[Special Dispatch to the Chicago Tribune.]

OTTAWA, Dec. 16.—The application of Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) for a Canadian copyright of his new book has been refused by the department of agriculture and arts. Clemens has therefore no Canadian copyright, and cannot get one. The claim for copyright was made on the strength of Clemens' visit and domicile for two weeks in Montreal. The authorities decide that such residence is not "domicile." All attempts to come within the letter of the law will be dealt with similarly. The authorities here, it is understood, also decide that if Clemens obtains a copyright in Great Britain by first publishing there that that copyright extends to Canada. Doubt is, however, expressed as to what the supreme court would decide in case the matter came up before them. The decision in the case of *S. Miles vs. Belford*, given in Toronto, was based upon English decisions, and the question as to whether Canada by the passage of the British America act could exercise independent judgment through her legislature was not discussed.

Daily Constitution.

JUNE 8, 1885.

What Mark Twain is Worth.

The Quincy Herald says: Mark Twain is said to be worth about \$425,000 made up thus: From publication of his books, which he published himself and so got the profits, \$200,000; from lecturing, \$100,000; scrap book, \$50,000; wife's fortune, \$75,000; total, \$425,000. That is about the sum he now possesses. But there ought to be added to this the interest on the fun he has had, which would be no small item.

Susy and Mark Twain

Family Dialogues

BIOGRAPHY BY EDITH COLGATE SALSBURY

Reviewed by Edward Wagenknecht

SUSY CLEMENS DIED at 24, in Hartford, in 1896, of spinal meningitis, while her parents were on the last lap of the round-the-world lecture tour undertaken to pay off Mark Twain's debts.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that her death broke both her parents' hearts. When they tried to comfort Mrs. Clemens by reminding her that other women had lost children, she replied that nobody else had lost Susy. She was quite right. Susy was an enchanting girl.

What she might have accomplished if she had lived is speculative. Her voice was pronounced of operatic caliber by no less an authority than Blanche Marchesi, and she also inherited a good deal of her father's gift of expression. But her delicate health had not made possible the development of the voice, and it is hard to believe that with her temperament she could ever have managed an operatic career, for she was so dependent upon her family that she could not even get thru her freshman year at Bryn Mawr without them. After her death, her father mourned for himself but not for her. By 24, he said, such a girl had had the best that life holds. Like never was required to submit to the indignity of growing old. In the hearts of the world, she is a young girl forever.

EVERYBODY WHO LOVES Mark Twain has loved her too, chuckled over the childish biography she wrote of her father, and marveled over her quaint observations and, at times, almost classical turns of expression. It is good to see her coming as close at last to having a book of her own as the material available will allow.

This does not mean that "Susy and Mark Twain" is essentially a book about her. Indeed it is not quite so much that as the title might suggest. In dialog form, it tells the story of the whole Clemens family during the years she was a part of it. The material is drawn from the letters and writings of all of them, and many others besides, and includes a reasonable amount that has not previously appeared in print. We have all gone thru the Hartford idyll before, in many books, but never, perhaps, quite so fully as here or in quite this way.

It should be understood, however, that the people we meet in this book are real people and that they have all the problems of real people. For that matter, they always have had. Clara Clemens, who died only a few years ago, was one of the most honest and reasonable of women, and unlike many children of great men, she never sought to suppress truth in any aspect. Her own book, "My Father Mark Twain," loving as it is, makes no attempt to present either him or his family as so many designs for a stained-glass window. Neither did Caroline Thomas Harnsberger, in her excellent "Mark Twain, Family Man," which was published in 1960 and which derived its fresh material from Clara.

BUT WE HAVE SOMETHING here that we have not had

before [some of it, interestingly enough, from Mrs. Harnsberger's collection] and a new and ingenious arrangement. We have, for example, the story of the agony at Bryn Mawr, where Susy had begged her father not to include the "Ghost Story" in his program. He promised he wouldn't, then, at the last minute, added it, excusing himself lamely on the ground that he couldn't think of anything else, and Susy very nearly had a fit. It is difficult to understand either why she should have thought the matter so important or how Mark could have been so careless.

Yet this is not the dominant note. We have always known that Mark Twain could not have been the easiest man in the world to live with, and as his adoring children grew older, they must inevitably sometimes have been embarrassed by his idiosyncrasies. On the whole, however, these pages leave the impression not only that this family was exceptionally, perhaps in some aspects even abnormally, devoted, which we have always known, but that Mark himself was generally, even in little things, far more consistently kind and thoughtful than one would have expected so mercurial and absent-minded a man to be able to be.

THIRTEEN YEARS AGO, when Harpers sent me a copy of "Report from Paradise," they said they supposed this was the last time they would have a chance to publish fresh Mark Twain material. It was a dreadful thought, and I replied that I hoped and believed they were wrong. We have had a good deal of important Mark Twain material since 1952, and there is more to come. I believe Mark will last out our time. Meanwhile I doubt that you will find quite such delightful reading in kind in any other 1965 volume as awaits you in "Susy and Mark Twain." [Harper & Row, 442 pages, \$7.95]

Chicago Tribune BOOKS TODAY

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1965

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

APRIL 20, 1887.

Entered at Keokuk Postoffice as second class ... 1887

Mark Twain and the Conductor.

A good story that has not yet been printed is told of Mark Twain by a friend. It appears that last winter, having to fill a lecturing engagement in a western city, the humorist boarded a train that is noted for its slowness and is always avoided by regular travelers. But the lecturing committee had written to the humorist agreeing to meet him at the depot upon the arrival of this train, and so he had no alternative. Two hours' traveling, however, served to put Mark out of patience. Stopping the conductor as he passed through the car Mark asked as civilly as he could: "Why don't you people run this train faster?" The conductor, ignorant of who his questioner was, rejoined: "It runs fast enough to suit us. If you don't like the rate of speed why don't you get out and walk?" "Well, I would," returned Mark, setting back in his seat, "but that some friends won't come to meet me until this train arrives, and I don't want to be waiting around the depot for two or three hours."—*Washington Capital*.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL, KEOKUK, IOWA

Keokuk Printers Invited Mark Twain

THE KEOKUK DAILY GATE CITY—TUESDAY, DEC. 3, 1935

Famous Humorist However Had to Decline This Opportunity to Re-Visit Keokuk Although He Was Here on Several Other Occasions.

Printers of Keokuk invited Mark Twain to be their guest at the first annual ball of the organization which was arranged for February 1, 1887. In connection with this event there was to be a type setting contest between the printers of Burlington and Keokuk. Eugene Field, Bob Burdette and Mark Twain were the nationally known triumvirate whom the printers asked to their celebration. Although Mark Twain was unable to be present he sent a letter of regret which was printed in a small four paged leaflet called the proof sheet and circulated as a souvenir of the event.

This calls to mind other trips which the famous humorist made to Keokuk. In 1882 he made a trip on the Mississippi hoping to complete his book on the river. On May 17, the Minneapolis, on which he was traveling, docked at Keokuk. Judge Davis, Ed. F. Brownell, Al Patterson and Dr. J. M. Shaffer were the reception committee and visited with the humorist. This was Mark Twain's first visit to Keokuk since 1867 when he lectured on the "Sandwich Islands." He expressed regret at not seeing the city or being able to stop. In his book, "Life on the Mississippi," he wrote of this short visit, "It was night and we could not see details, for which we were sorry, for Keokuk has the reputation of being a beautiful city. It was a pleasant one to live in years ago."

Lectured in 1885.

January 15, 1885, Mark Twain and George W. Cable arrived in Keokuk on a lecture tour, which had been in progress since November. This pair and a blizzard arrived simultaneously leading Mark to remark that he was sorry they had brought a storm, but in other cities they had appeared a famine usually followed them. For this lecture Mark Twain's mother occupied a box in the old theater, and after the lecture her son came to greet her. To her remark, "Why Sam, I didn't know you," he replied, "That is because I'm getting so good looking." This led to the comment in the Gate City following the lecture that "Twain would never capture a

premium at a beauty show." Following the lecture Mark Twain went to his brother Orion's home at 628 High and spent the following day with his mother.

Family Reunion in 1886.

In 1886 Mark returned to Keokuk for a family reunion. Accompanying him were his wife, three children and their governess. The children were delighted with the boat trip which extended from St. Paul to Keokuk. One day when the boat was entering a shoal crossing, the bell boomed out the call for leads. Then came the leadsmen's long drawn out chant and the familiar "Mark Twain" which designated the depth. Enjoying all this hugely and lost in reveries of earlier years when he as a pilot heard such calls, Mark was aroused by flying feet, and his daughter Clara reprovingly remarked, "Papa, I've hunted all over the boat for you. Don't you know they are calling for you?"

July 2, the War Eagle bearing its distinguished family reached Keokuk and the group went at once to the Clemons home. It was on the morning of July 4 that the incident reported in "Annals of the Clemons Neighborhood" in last Friday's Gate City took place. That afternoon Mark Twain dressed in white ducks appeared in Rand Park where the program was held. Thomas Hedge of Burlington was the orator, and Dr. McIlwain of the Episcopal church had offered prayer. Gibson Browne was presiding. After Hedge's talk, Mark was called on, and said that he little thought after the boys had awakened him at four o'clock with their noise that he would be called on to add to the noise of the day. His talk was brief and pointed and well received. He said, "I stand here face to face with men and women whom I knew thirty years ago. Keokuk was then a city of 3,000 inhabitants, and they drank 3,000 barrels of whiskey per year. They drank it in public then, now the don't. * * * Although I can't say the last word I will do the next best thing I can and that is

to sit down."

Reception For Mark

Tuesday evening July 6, there was a reception for Mark and his family with Chinese lanterns on the lawn and all the trimmings of the elite gatherings of that era. While Mark entertained guests indoors, Ed. Brownell in a comfortable chair outside, was telling of the early days of Mark Twain in Keokuk. Later as the crowd thinned, Mark Twain came out and sat with Brownell and they "chewed the fat" for a long time.

Mark Twain's last visit to Iowa came in 1890, when his mother's health broke completely and he was called to come to her bedside. He arrived on August 19, and left the next day, when it was reported that Mrs. Clemens was better. Two months later, however, she suffered a relapse and died. As burial was to be in Hannibal, Mark Twain did not come to Keokuk, but met the funeral party there. Orion's sudden death was conveyed to him in a cable when he was in Vienna and he wrote a letter to "Molly," Orion's wife, ending with this sentence of comfort, "I and all of us offer you what little we have—our love and our compassion."

Fred Lorch in writing in the Iowa Journal of History and Politics says that the family ties which served to relate Mark Twain to the state of Iowa were experiences and influences that came to him during his residence at Muscatine and Keokuk. It was at Keokuk that he made his first after dinner speech, as result of which he was induced to join a debating class. "It was there, urged on by the hopelessness of prospects with Orion and by the stirring of ambition resulting from his feeling for Annie Taylor, his sweetheart at Iowa Wesleyan College, that he first conceived and planned the Snodgrass letters. These humorous travel sketches, despite their crudeness, definitely indicate the type of literary effort upon which Twain's fame so largely rests."

- 1868—July 28. Arrived New York.
- 1868—Season of. Lecture tour in eastern cities.
- 1868—Feb. 4. Engagement with Olivia Langdon.
- 1869—July 20. Published Innocents Abroad.
- 1869—Aug. 14. Editor Buffalo Express.
- 1870—Feb. 2. Married Olivia Langdon.
- 1870—Nov. 7. Langdon Clemens born.
- 1871—Left Buffalo for Hartford connection; sold out Express.
- 1871—Published Roughing It.
- 1872—March 19. Olivia Susan (Susie) Clemens born.
- 1872—June 2. Langdon Clemens died.
- 1872—August-November. First visit to England.
- 1873—Published The Gilded Age; built a house in England.
- 1873—May-1874, January. Second visit to England.

Chronology of the Life and Work of Mark Twain

(Compiled by the Keokuk History Project Group.)

DAILY GATE CITY THURSDAY, DEC. 5, 1935

- 1864—Moved to San Francisco.
- 1864-65—Fled to the mountains; a miner again.
- 1865—Back in San Francisco.
- 1866—March-June. Sandwich Islands trip.
- 1866—Oct. 2. San Francisco lecture on the Sandwich Islands.
- 1866—Dec. 15. Sailed from San Francisco for New York via the Isthmus.

- 1867—May 6. Lectured in Cooper Union building, New York.
- 1867—May. Published the celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County and other sketches.
- 1867—June-November. The Quaker City excursion of the Innocents Abroad.
- 1867—Dec. 23. Met Olivia Langdon; went with her to hear Charles Dickens lecture.
- 1868—To California and back via Aspinwall to adjust rights of publishing Quaker City letters.
- 1868—July 2. Farewell address in San Francisco.

1873—Oct. 13. LECTURED in London.
 1874—Summer at Quarry Farm, Elmira. Clara Clemens born (June).
 1874-75—First articles in Atlantic: A True Story; Old Times on the Mississippi.
 1876—Summer at Quarry Farm.
 1876—Play of Ah Sin, with Bret Harte.
 1876—Tom Sawyer.
 1877—To Bermuda with Rev. Joe Twitchell.
 1877—Dec. 17. The Whittier birthday speech.
 1878—April-1879, September. European tour: Germany, Switzerland, Italy, France, England.
 1879—Nov. 13. Speech at the Grant banquet at Chicago.
 1880—Published A Tramp Abroad and The Prince and the Pauper.
 1880—July. Jane Lampton (Jean) Clemens born.
 1880 and 1883—Trips to Canada. Banquet at Montreal (1880). Guest at Rideau Hall (1883).
 1883—Life on the Mississippi.
 1884—Went into publishing business.
 1884—Lecture tour with George W. Cable.
 1884—Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.
 1885—Contract with General Grant.
 1888—Master of Arts of Yale.
 1889—Connecticut Yankee.
 1891—June. Went with family to Europe for protracted residence; in Berlin winter of 1891-1892; travelled France, Germany, Italy.
 1891—The American Claimant.
 1892—June. Back to America for two weeks, returned to Europe.
 1892-93—In Italy, chiefly at Florence.
 1893—March-May. To America and back to Europe.
 1893—August. Back to New York.
 1894—Went back to France and then home again to America.
 1894—April 18. Publishing firm, Charles L. Webster and Co., failed.
 1894—May. Returned to France, then back to America.
 1894—Summer at Etretat, France; winter in Paris.
 1895—May. Returned to America.
 1895—April-December. Joan of Arc (Harper's).
 1895—July-1896, July. Round-the-world lecture trip; United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, South Africa.
 1896—July 14. Landed at Southampton.
 1896—August. Susie Clemens died.
 1896-1900—October. London, Switzerland, Vienna, Sweden.
 1897—Following the Equator.
 1900—Oct. 15. Return of Mark Twain to America; lived at 14 West Tenth street, New York.
 1901—Summer. At Saranac Lake.
 1901—Doctor of letters of Yale.
 1901-2—Winter. At Riverdale on the Hudson.
 1902—Summer. At York Harbor, Maine.
 1901—Nov. 27. New York banquet for sixty-seventh birthday.
 1902-3—Winter. Riverdale.
 1903—Summer. Elmira.
 1903-4—Travelled in Europe; Florence.
 1904—June 5. Mrs. Clemens died.
 1904—Returned to America; rest of summer at Tyringham.
 1904—First portions of Autobiography.
 1904—Lived at 21 Fifth avenue, New York.
 1905—Summer at Dublin, New Hampshire.
 1906—April 19. Farewell lecture in New York.

1906—What is Man? (book privately printed).
 1906—Second summer at Dublin.
 1906-7—Trip to Bermuda.
 1907—To England; Oxford degree. June 26, 1907.
 1908—Jan. 11. Lotos club banquet.
 1908—To Bermuda.
 1908—Summer. New House (Stormfield) at Redding, Conn.
 1909—Is Shakespeare Dead? (book).
 1909—November. To Bermuda.
 1909—December. Back to Stormfield. Jean Clemens died, December 24.
 1910—Back to Bermuda.
 1910—April. Returned to Stormfield. Died, April 21.

DAILY GATE CITY

MARK TWAIN'S NAME DEFENDED AFTER ATTACK

FEB. 3 — 1940

Keokuk people who read the Missouri congressman's blast at Mark Twain's war record will agree with defenders of the humorist, at Hannibal, that the attack was more than anything else one for publicity.

Dr. C. J. Armstrong, of Hannibal, pastor of the First Christian church, noted authority on the life of Mark Twain and his works, whose assistance has been sought often by biographers, said:

"Congressman Shannon's statements reveal an ignorance of Mark Twain's whole attitude toward war and also of the entire incident of which he speaks."

Shannon had claimed Mark Twain "kept on running until he reached Virginia City, Nev."

Dr. Armstrong said Mark Twain was elected lieutenant in a volunteer company during the Civil war but the group was never sworn into the regular confederate forces and did not take part in any engagements with the enemy.

The company 'disbanded' after a short time and the members returned home, Dr. Armstrong said, although many of them later enlisted in the confederate forces and some lost their lives in action.

Sam joined his brother, Orion Clemens, at Keokuk, who had just been appointed secretary to the governor of the Territory of Nevada. Orion appointed Mark Twain as his secretary and they went to Nevada to take up their duties.

Asked for comment on Shannon's remarks, Ray E. Hoffman, president of the Mark Twain Commission, local organization formed to perpetuate the memory of Mark Twain, said:

"I would say to anyone 'if something compels you to determine the authenticity of Rep. Shannon's statements, I wish you success.' Curiosity is all that a statement of this kind would possibly enliven."

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION

KEOKUK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11.

SAM CLEMENS' PARD.

A Missouri Pilot's Reminiscences of Mark Twain.

The following correspondence of the St. Paul Pioneer Press will be of local interest to Keokuk as "Mark Twain" was once one of the "boys" of this city:

YANKTON, D. T., Dec. 2.—"Oh, yes, I knew Sam Clemens. I was on the boat E. A. Chambers with him the winter I was married, in '59 and '60. Sam was pilot and I was mate. He was not a great pilot but he was a brave fellow. He didn't know what fear was. He never smiled, but was joking whenever he got a good chance. I believe he once saved my life, his own and six others. Our steamer was lying above Cairo on a sandbar. We were out of wood and the captain ordered Sam, me and the six roustabouts to get in the yawl and row up the river and bring down a flatboat loaded with wood. The river was full of floating ice. We rowed up on the opposite bank from the flatboat. The ice was running almost solid, with an occasional opening by the ice blocking up. We took advantage of these openings to shoot across the river. When we got into the channel a short distance I saw the danger we were encountering. The ice was liable to close in on us and drown the whole outfit. I appealed to Sam to row back. There was an opening in the rear. Sam resolutely said: 'No.' In another minute the ice broke with terrific force. Had we turned back when I suggested it, we would have been 'goners,' every mother's son of us. Sam's judgment was not questioned again on that trip."

Capt. Grant Marsh, the father of Yellowstone navigation and the man who brought the Custer wounded on the steamer Far West, from the mouth of the Little Big Horn to Bismarck, remembers Mark Twain after the foregoing fashion. Marsh is a good pilot. He is said to be the best on the Upper Missouri, and to be the best there is compliment enough. He is captain and part owner of the steamer Batchelor, running from Bismarck. He is also proprietor of the Yankton steam ferry, and will enjoy that exclusive privilege for some thirteen years to come. While he says that Sam has grown rich, I can say that Grant is not poor. He has a nice brick house and an income from his two steamboats that few merchants in Dakota can cover. While "Sam" is happy, Grant is not miserable. He has earned his \$1,500 a month as a pilot. He has won the warmest encomiums from Gen. Terry, Gen. Miles and other army officers for the masterly manner he has handled his steamer on the Yellowstone in perilous times. He is surrounded at home by a bevy of sweet girls, and is not at all behind Sam in that essential. He can't write funny sketches, but he can run a steamboat down the rapid Yellowstone faster than any other man living, and never hit a rock. Marsh was asked the last summer if he would captain a steamer on the Saskatchewan river for the Canadians. His reply was that he would if they would pay him enough.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK

Keokuk Turned Out to Hear Mark Twain and Geo. Cable at Opera House 50 yrs. Ago

MONDAY, DEC. 9, 1935

A half century ago, Keokuk people enjoyed a real treat at the opera house here, when Mark Twain and George W. Cable combined to entertain the residents of this community.

Mrs. G. P. Wilkinson, of 518 North Fourth street, kept the program of that red letter event, and recalls with pleasure that eventful evening of Wednesday, Jan. 14, 1885.

At that time, Mark Twain, whose centennial was observed here last Thursday, had just published his "latest and best book," entitled, "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and he read from advance sheets of that book at the Keokuk gathering, 50 years ago.

George W. Cable, a popular American author of stories having a background of Louisiana and Mississippi river life, was especially noted for his sketches of Creole life and his dextrous use of Creole dialect. He and Mark Twain made an ideal pair to appear together on stage and lecture platforms.

The appearance of the two here was under the management of J.

B. Pond, manager, Everett House, New York. It is also noteworthy that at the bottom of the program, there appeared this footnote: "Carriages at 10."

The complete programme is printed here below:

1. From Dr. Sevier—Narcisse and John and Mary Richling. "Mistoo 'Ichlin,' in fact I can baw that fifty dolla' f'om you myself."
GEO. W. CABLE
2. Advance Sheets from "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn."—"King Sollerman."
MARK TWAIN
3. From Dr. Sevier.—Kate Riley, Rishling and Ristofalo.
GEO. W. CABLE
4. Tragic Tale of the Fishwife.
MARK TWAIN
5. From Dr. Sevier.—Narcisse puts on mourning for "Lady Byron."
GEO. W. CABLE
6. A Trying Situation.
MARK TWAIN
7. From Dr. Sevier.—Mary's Night Ride.
GEO. W. CABLE
8. Selection.
MARK TWAIN

THE DAILY GATE CITY. — JANUARY 13, 1885. — AMUSEMENTS.

TWAIN-CABLE.

There was a large sale of seats yesterday for the Twain-Cable entertainment of to-morrow night. The indication are that the audience will be the finest of the season and those intending to be present will be wise if they secure seats without delay. Applications are being received from parties in all the surrounding towns. The Buffalo Express said of their appearance in that city:

"Mark Twain," as an old resident of Buffalo, felt it necessary to renew former acquaintances. He scanned the audience from beneath those heavy brows and said that he missed many faces he knew so well here fourteen or fifteen years ago. They had gone, gone to the tomb, to the gallows—or to the White House. All of us must at last go to one or another of these destinations, and he advised his audience to be wise and prepare for them all.

Had a search been made for two men of letters more unlike in appearance than "Twain" and Cable the result would have been a total failure. The southern novelist is the precise, alert, brisk man of style, keenly alive to his part in the entertainment, his voice full of quavers and graceful turns of enunciation, his rendering as dramatic as he could make it, which came near the tragic in his rendering of "Mary's Night Ride." On the other hand, "Mark Twain" is the man from way back who has sat down by the stove at

the corner grocery, gathered his cronies about him, and is telling a story as only he can tell it. Grim, slow, solemn, not a smile or an apparent attempt to dress up his lines, yet doubtless as keenly alive to the effect as the other. The one is of the upper sort, as polite as a dancing master, and the other is ponderous and heavy, who for an obeisance merely works his head to a certain noticeable angle.

The two in this way form a splendid contrast and relieve each other very acceptably. If the applause and amused smiles aroused by Mr. Cable and the hearty laughter given in response to "Mark Twain's" humor measure the enjoyment of the audience, that enjoyment was very great.

Seats may be secured at Ayres Bros'.

Constitution-Democrat.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1904.

MARK TWAIN'S DAUGHTER.

Miss Jane Clemens Has Remarkable Escape From Death.

Lenox, Mass., Aug. 2.—It developed this afternoon that the "Miss Julia Langdon of New York," who was hurled from her horse and injured by a trolley car in South Lee last Saturday night, was Miss Jane Clemens, daughter of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain). Her companion, reported as being "Joseph Drake of New York," was Rodmon Gilder, elder son of Mr. Richard Rodmon Gilder, the well-known editor.

The Daily Constitution
KEOKUK CONSTITUTION CO.

W. JANUARY 13, 1885. No.

KEOKUK OPERA HOUSE

Wednesday Ev'ng, Jan. 14

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY.

MARK TWAIN,

(MR. S. J. CLEMENS, ESQ.)

As a Reader of his own superb fun; and

MR. GEORGE W. CABLE

The distinguished Southern Novelist, presenting his own matchless scenes;

TO APPEAR TOGETHER!

Mark Twain's World Famous Wit
Mr. Cable's Exquisite Humor and Pathos.

A combination of genius and versatility that appeals freshly to the intelligent public.

PRICES—Parquette \$1, balcony 75c, gallery 50c. Seats may be reserved without extra charge at Ayres Bros. commencing Monday, January 12

Miss Clemens had a remarkable escape from death. The horse she was riding became frightened at the headlight on the car, and bolted directly in front of the trolley which was going at a slow rate of speed. She was thrown off and suffered a sprain of the right ankle, besides several bruises on her right side.

The horse was so severely injured that later he had to be shot. The couple gave as reason for giving fictitious names that they did not want to alarm relatives, who might read the newspaper reports.

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

— APRIL 16, 1892. —

Entered in Keokuk Postoffice as 2d class matter

CITY NEWS.

German papers say that Mark Twain was greatly distinguished by the emperor at a recent dinner given by General Von Versen in Berlin. The emperor sat next to the humorist and was much interested in his conversation. He is said to have told Mr. Clemens that he was familiar with all his writings and had read them with pleasure. Almost all the Berlin papers have contained long interviews recently with the American. The papers have also expressed the hope that Mr. Clemens would publish a book, giving his impressions of Berlin and its people. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Tells About Banquet Wit But Not Word of Mark

DAILY GATE CITY

Keokuk Post Tells of Printers' Banquet on Franklin Day Sixty-nine Years Ago.

DEC. 27, '24

Edgar White has written the following account of a Ben Franklin banquet, from a clipping from a Keokuk paper:

Mark Twain, then a printer lad of 21, was among those present at a "printers' banquet," given at Keokuk, Iowa, January 17, 1856, in honor of Ben Franklin's birthday, and while it is stated that he "brought down the house," when called upon for a talk, his name doesn't appear in the newspaper report written by his brother, Orion Clemens, who was secretary of the Keokuk printers' organization. Dr. G. Walter Barr, of Keokuk, long a friend and neighbor of Orion Clemens, says here were many in Keokuk who saw, at that day, greater promise in Orion than in Sam Clemens. Orion ran a printing establishment on Main street and Sam worked for him in 1856-7. It was during this service the printers' banquet was held and Orion was the reporter for the occasion.

Days of "Real Cheer."

Dr. Barr dug up this report from an ancient file of the Keokuk Daily Post and sent it to a Macon friend. It is interesting as showing a comparison between Orion's work and that of his gifted brother, and also what sometimes happens to good fellows when the contents of "original packages" flowed generously.

Following are some extracts from Orion's report of what seemed to him one of the great events of that distant year.

"Night before last the anniversary of the illustrious Franklin was celebrated at this place by the printers at the house of Charles G. Bunnell.

"There were about fifty present, and a better looking set of typos and attaches never graced a festal board.

"The affair was a grand one, nothing of the kind could surpass it. As will be seen by the proceedings, which will be found in another column, the occasion was one of sentiment.

"The supper, prepared by Mr. Bunnell, was just the thing for the occasion. Every person felt well. There was not a straggling splinter to mar the burnished hilarity, not a motion to raise a ripple on the smooth surface of the sea of joy, but the current passed on, and on, with a

unsurpassed mirth until the cock told the hour for retiring.

"The festival will long be remembered by all present as one of the best treats of his happy life.

"After an excellent supper had been discussed, the 'original packages' were brought forward, and those who did not prefer cold water, found inspiration therein."

Many Toasts on Many Subjects.

Then followed a list of those who responded to the toasts. "Volunteers were called for.

"Mr. Wilkins then sang a comic song entitled, 'Shakespeare's Seven Ages of Man.'

"Mr. Belding was then called upon for a song, but stated that he had been speaking from a certain inspiration which had pretty much given out. More of the 'original packages' being immediately forthcoming, he was enabled to proceed, though obliged to confess that 'his feelings were numerous.' In a half hour's speech this gentleman's wit and humor kept the company in roars of laughter and applause.

"Many other toasts were given but the secretary was unable to catch them, as they fell from the lips of the speakers.

"On motion of Mr. Hawes, an adjournment was affected at 4 o'clock a. m., after complimenting the committee on arrangements, the president and the host.

"Altogether it was a glorious affair and gloriously enjoyed."

And Mark Twain was there, but not a word about him in the report which told so completely of the "wit and humor" of other speakers.

THE WEEKLY GATE CITY. JUNE 21, 1900.

Entered at Keokuk Postoffice as second class matter

About Mark Twain.

London, June 18.—"I have postponed sailing for home until October," said Mark Twain Saturday.

"Then you have abandoned your presidential candidacy?"

"Well, you see, it's so discouraging. I had a letter from a friend in America the other day, saying there were all kinds of candidates for the presidency in the field, and every sort of crank except myself seemed to have some following; but he could not discover any one who followed me. He suggested that I withdraw, but my candidacy will withdraw itself at the proper moment."

"What plans have you formed as to your future movements?"

"I am going home for good this time. I don't anticipate leaving America again.

I should have gone back this month, but my younger daughter's health has been benefitted so much by our stay here that we have postponed our departure on that account. But unless some such reason should arrive I won't leave home any more."

The world-famous humorist is himself in excellent health. He has been steadily working on his new book during this stay in London, living quietly, and keeping away from society so as not to be interrupted in his writing. Seeing the reverence and affection in which Mark Twain is held in this country this self-denial is typical of his quiet determination.

Constitution-Democrat.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1899

MARK TWAIN ON THE JEWS.

The Jew is not a disturber of the peace of any country. Even his enemies will concede that. He is not a loafer, he is not a sot, he is not noisy, he is not a brawler nor a rioter, he is not quarrelsome. In the statistics of crime his presence is conspicuously rare—in all countries. With murder and other crimes of violence he has but little to do; he is a stranger to the hangman. In the police court's daily long roll of "assaults" and "drunk and disorderlies" his name seldom appears. That the Jewish home is a home in the truest sense is a fact which no one will dispute. The family is knitted together by the strongest affections; its members show each other every due respect; and reverence for the elders is an inviolate law of the house. The Jew is not a burden on the charities of the state nor of the city; these could cease from their functions without affecting him. When he is well enough, he works; when he is incapacitated, his own people take care of him. And not in a poor and stingy way, but with a fine and large benevolence. His race is entitled to be called the most benevolent of all the races of men. A Jewish beggar is not impossible, perhaps, such a thing may exist, but there are few men that can say they have seen that spectacle. The Jew has been staged in many uncomplimentary forms, but so far as I know, no dramatist has done him the injustice to stage him as a beggar. Whenever a Jew has real need to beg, his people save him from the necessity of doing it. The charitable institutions of the Jews are supported by Jewish money, and amply. The Jews make no noise about it; it is done quietly; they do not nag and pester and harass us for contributions; they give us peace, and set us an example—an example which we have not found ourselves able to follow.—September Harper's Magazine.

THE GREAT BUST HEAR CALLED BY THE
R. J. BAKER - KEOKUK IOWA



MARK TWAIN. GEO. W. CABLE.

Mark Twain, the foremost humorous writer of the age, and Geo. W. Cable, the distinguished southern novelist, will read selections from their own writings at the Keokuk Opera House to-night. Mark Twain (S. L. Clemens) was once a resident of Keokuk **JANUARY 14, 1885.**

**AMUSEMENTS.
JANUARY 13, 1885.**

TWAIN-CABLE.

There was a large sale of seats yesterday for the Twain-Cable entertainment of to-morrow night. The indications are that the audience will be the finest of the season and those intending to be present will be wise if they secure seats without delay. Applications are being received from parties in all the surrounding towns. The Buffalo Express said of their appearance in that city:

"Mark Twain," as an old resident of Buffalo, felt it necessary to renew former acquaintances. He scanned the audience from beneath those heavy brows and said that he missed many faces he knew so well here fourteen or fifteen years ago. They had gone, gone to the tomb, to the gallows—or to the White House. All of us must at last go to one or another of these destinations, and he advised his audience to be wise and prepare for them all.

Had a search been made for two men of letters more unlike in appearance than "Twain" and Cable the result would have been a total failure. The southern novelist is the precise, alert,

brisk man of style, keenly alive to his part in the entertainment, his voice full of quavers and graceful turns of enunciation, his rendering as dramatic as he could make it, which came near the tragic in his rendering of "Mary's Night Ride." On the other hand, "Mark Twain" is the man from way back who has sat down by the stove at the corner grocery, gathered his cronies about him, and is telling a story as only he can tell it. Grim, slow, solemn, not a smile or an apparent attempt to dress up his lines, yet doubtless as keenly alive to the effect as the other. The one is of the upper sort, as polite as a dancing master, and the other is ponderous and heavy, who for an obeisance merely works his head to a certain noticeable angle.

The two in this way form a splendid contrast and relieve each other very acceptably. If the applause and amused smiles aroused by Mr. Cable and the hearty laughter given in response to "Mark Twain's" humor measure the enjoyment of the audience, that enjoyment was very great.

Seats may be secured at Ayres Bros'.

THE HUMORIST.

JANUARY 16, 1885.

America's Greatest Funny Man Spends a Day With Keokuk Relatives—Mark Twain and His Mother—Some Reminiscences of Sam Clemens' Early Life in This City.

Following the Twain-Cable entertainment Wednesday evening there was a bit of recitation of which only a few who were straggling in the rear of the out-surging crowds were the auditors. As he had arrived in the city on the evening train from Hannibal only a few moments before the hour of going upon the stage Mark Twain had not met his kinsfolks living in the city. At the conclusion of the entertainment and after the usual hand-shaking with his old friends the great humorist began stretching his neck toward the box his mother had occupied during the evening, but she had withdrawn and his eyes caught sight of the silver-haired old lady in the rear of the opera house sitting among a circle of relatives and friends awaiting his coming. He came; and quickly.

"Why, Sam, I didn't know you," was the mother's greeting as he gave her a kiss and a hug.

"That's because I'm getting so good looking," was the reply as he re-performed the bear act.

Following this there was an attempt at an interchange of family talk but Mark crowded it all out. He is an incessant talker and as he lead his mother toward the carriage awaiting them kept the old lady busy with listening and recovering herself from his hugs.

Mrs. Clemens is now in her eighty-second year, and was yesterday one of the happiest women in Keokuk. "Sam," who is now forty-nine was also in his happiest mood and met many of his friends of his early days in Keokuk at his brother's home at No. 628 High street. There were any number of callers and all were entertained by the humorist in his most jolly way.

Mark Twain is claimed as a "former resident" by innumerable cities, especially by those along the banks of the Mississippi, on whose waters he for years guided many a steamboat as its pilot. The Mississippi is associated with his earliest recollections, as those who have read Tom Sawyer have learned. Hannibal was the town of his boyhood, and Hannibal has received great recognition at his hands as an artist of funny things in book making. But during the days when he was feeling his oats Sam Clemens was a resident of Keokuk as many were well aware at the time. An old printer yesterday produced a Keokuk city directory of 1856. It was published and printed by Orion Clemens, the humorist's older brother, who had his office in the third story of the building on Main next west

of the State National Bank. The younger brother was an employe in the establishment and this is how his name, business and address appear in this directory:

Clemens, Samuel L., Antiquarian. 52 Main street. bds at Ivins House.

Mark was a joker from his youth up. Numerous were the anecdotes told of him yesterday. At one time he made a speech on Main street in which he "took off" all the lawyers in Keokuk.

The Ivins House where Sam Clemens boarded is now the Eagle Hotel, corner of First and Johnson. The printers in those days observed Ben Franklin's birthday. One year they got up a feast and toasted their patron saint at the boards of this hostelry. Sam Clemens was sitting in the room and was called upon toward the close. It is said by old printers to have been his first speech, and the way the boys laughed may be known to those who almost fell from their seats at the opera house Wednesday night.

Mark Twain has not been in Keokuk, with the exception of a few hours one day almost three years ago, since 1866. He "roughed it" out west, told about it, and has since been a man that people delight to hear of and honor, hence the reminiscences.

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION

KEOKUK, THURSDAY, MAY 18. 1882

THE PRINCE OF HUMORISTS.

Mark Twain spends a few hours in Keokuk, and is entertained by some of his old friends here.

Last evening the Minneapolis arrived from St. Louis, having on board Samuel L. Clemens, the celebrated American humorist, who is so widely known under the nom de plume of "Mark Twain." Upon the arrival of the boat here Judge Davis, Ed. F. Brownell, Al. Patterson and Dr. J. M. Shaffer went on board and bore the distinguished passenger off for an hour or two to talk over the old times when Mr. Clemens resided here in comparative obscurity. Upon their return to the boat a CONSTITUTION reporter was in waiting, and the whole party drew their chairs up on deck, under the brilliant rays of the electric light, and enjoyed a brief conversation. Mr. Clemens is a medium-sized, pleasant-looking gentleman, an easy conversationalist, and impregnating many of his remarks with a spice of the dry humor which has made him famous. He is on his way to St. Paul, his object being to gather material for a new book, upon the Mississippi, and he is accompanied by his private stenographer. Mr. Clemens stated that the last time he visited Keokuk was in 1867, and that,

although often intending to do so, he had never come as far west since until now. A number of his eastern friends had promised at one time or another to take a trip with him, "but," said Mr. Clemens, "all men are liars, you know." This season, however, Mr. James Osgood, the Boston publisher, had made an agreement with him by which they were to take a western journey together. They went direct to St. Louis, thence by rail to New Orleans and then made the trip up the river again to St. Louis, where Mr. Osgood left him and went to Chicago, with the purpose of joining him again at Davenport to-night upon the arrival of the Minneapolis there. Mr. Clemens said that it was not his intention to take such an extended river trip, although he disliked traveling by rail and always preferred to go by water, but that as Mr. Osgood had kept faith with him as far as his plans were concerned, he should do the same, and would therefore go on through. Mr. Clemens was very sorry not to be able to stop here and spend a few days with his old friends, but said that it was impossible. He made a short stop in Hannibal but would now go on through. When told that the Burlington papers had stated that he would probably spend a day or two there, he remarked in substance that they were very much mistaken as he did not intend to stop there any longer than the boat did.

On the occasion of Mark Twain's previous visit to Keokuk in May, 1867, when he delivered his lecture on the Sandwich Islands, our esteemed fellow-townsmen, Robert F. Bower was president of "The Keokuk Library Association," and introduced the speaker to the audience assembled in Chatham Square church.

In his preliminary remarks Mr. Clemens said, "If I were as grand a specimen of manhood as the gentleman who has just introduced me, you might expect a magnificent lecture."

The Minneapolis left the wharf shortly after 11 o'clock, and Mr. Clemens' friends bid him good bye, with the hope of having an opportunity to converse with him again in Keokuk in the near future.

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION

KEOKUK, TUESDAY, MAY 16. 1882

—The steamer Minneapolis which will be here to-night or to-morrow morning, numbers among its passengers the celebrated humorist, Samuel Clemens, ("Mark Twain") who is on his way to St. Paul. Accompanying him is a Boston publisher and a special sketch artist. Mr. Clemens is gathering material for a new Mississippi book, it is said. 1882

NOVEMBER 14, 1900.

TWAIN'S DAUGHTER TO BE A SINGER

Miss Clara Clemens, daughter of "Mark Twain," has decided to become a professional singer. She will be heard in concerts and recitals in New York City during the present season. Samuel L. Clemens is very proud of his talented daughter, and readily consented to her choice of a profession. She is a thorough musician, being a finished pianist, as well as a singer.

Miss Clemens has a rich mezzo-soprano voice. She accompanied her father during his travels through Europe and studied under some of the best instructors in instrumental and vocal music abroad.

In London Miss Clemens was a pupil of Miss Helen Hope Kirk, pianist, and took vocal instructions from Blanche Marchesi. In Berlin Moszkowski was her piano instructor.

During her father's stay in Vienna, Miss Clemens was under the tuition of Leszchetizst for the piano and Marlane Brandt for vocal culture. It was after her rapid progress in Vienna that she decided to become a professional singer. She has inherited a ready wit from her father and is popular in society wherever she is known.

In addition to her musical studies, Miss Clemens has learned the languages of the countries in which she traveled and gives such of her songs as are in her repertoire as they were written.

THE GATE CITY:

SATURDAY MORNING, OCT. 7, 1876.

—Mark Twain presided at a great Republican rally in Hartford, Connecticut, last Saturday evening, and made a speech. He made a sharp and trenchant review of our civil service system, which fills offices with men who know nothing about the duties of the place. He said:

"Some one asked me the other day why it was that nearly all the people who write books and magazines had lately come to the front and proclaimed their political preference, since such a thing had probably never occurred before in America; and why it was that almost all of this strange, new band of volunteers marched under the banner of Hayes and Wheeler. I think these people have come to the front mainly because they think they see at last a chance to make this Government a good government; because they think they see a chance to institute an honest and sensible system of civil service, which shall so amply prove its worth and worthiness that no succeeding President can ever venture to put his foot upon it. Our present civil system, born of General Jackson and the Democratic party, is so idiotic, so contemptible, so grotesque, that it would make the very savages of Dahomey jeer and the very gods of solemnity laugh."

THE GREAT JUST HEAR CALLED HISTORY
BURNEL KEOKUK, IOWA

MAY 4 1885.
A NARROW ESCAPE.

MARK TWAIN'S EXPERIENCE AS A
POCKET-MINER IN CALIFORNIA.

A Blue Nose and Chilled Spinal Column
Lead to the Discovery of the
"Jumping Frog"—What
Might Have Been.

[Alta California.]

Mark Twain's narrow escape from becoming a pocket miner has never been told. It is worth recording, as it gave him the story of the "Jumping Frog," and sent him off along the line of the literary lane and set him to scratching therein for pockets of fun.

In 1865 Mark wearied of Bohemian life in San Francisco and went up into the mining regions of Calaveras county to rusticate with some old friends—Steve, Jim, and Billy Gillis. Jim Gillis was, and still is, one of the most expert pocket miners in California. Although educated with a view eventually to fight the battle of life as a physician, and though still finding solace in his leisure moments in the works of Greek and Latin authors reposing on a shelf in his cabin, Jim Gillis is booked for life as a pocket miner. The business has charms for him that he can not break away from—he is bound to it in chains of gold. Show him a particle of quartz gold on the side of a mountain, and if it came to where it was found through the process or accidents of nature undisturbed in any way by the interference of man, he will as unerringly trace it to its source as the bee hunter will follow the bee to its hoard of sweets.

Mark Twain found the Bohemian style of mining practiced by the "Gillis boys" much more attractive than those more regular kinds which call for a large outlay of muscle. He and Jim Gillis took to the hills in search of golden pockets and spent some days in working up the undisturbed trail of an undiscovered deposit. They were on the golden "bee line" and stuck to it faithfully, though it was necessary to carry each sample of dirt to a small stream in the bed of a canyon in order to pan it out. Each step made sure by golden grains, they at last came upon the pocket which had thrown these grains off. It was a cold, dreary, drizzling day when the "home deposit" was found. The first sample carried to the stream and washed out yielded but a few cents. Although the right vein had been discovered, they had as yet found but the "tail end" of the pocket. Returning to the vein they dug a sample from a new place, and were about to carry it down to the ravine and test it when the rain began to pour down heavily. With chattering teeth Mark declared he would remain no longer. He said there was no sense in freezing to death, as in a day or two, when it was bright and warm, they could return and pursue their investigations in comfort.

Yielding to Mark's entreaties, backed as they were by his blue nose, humped back and generally miserable and dejected appearance, Jim emptied the sacks of dirt upon the ground, first having hastily written and posted up a notice of their claim to a certain number of feet on the vein, which notice would hold good for thirty days. Angels, camp being at no great distance from the spot, while their cabin was some miles away, Mark and Jim struck out for that place.

The only hotel in the little mining camp was kept by one Coon Drayton, an old Mississippi river pilot, and at his house the half-drunken pocket miners found shelter. Mark Twain having formerly the business of pilot on the Mississippi river, he and Coon were soon great friends, and swapped scores of yarns. It continued to rain for three days, and until the weather cleared up Mark and Jim remained at Coon's hotel.

The story of the "Jumping Frog" was one of the yarns told Mark by Coon during the three days' session, and it struck him as being so comical that he determined to write it up. When he returned to the Gillis cabin, Mark set to work upon the frog story. He also wrote some sketches of life in the mountains and mines for some of the San Francisco papers. Mark did not think much of the frog story, even after it had received the finishing touches. He gave the preference to some other sketches and sent them to the papers for which he was writing. Steve Gillis, however, declared that the frog story was the best thing Mark had written, and advised him to save it for a book of sketches he was talking of publishing. A literary turn having been given to the thoughts of the inmates of the Gillis cabin, a month passed without a return to the business of pocket mining.

While the days were passed by Mark and his friends in discussing the merits of the "Jumping Frog" and other literary matters, other prospectors were not idle. A trio of Austrian miners who were out in search of gold-bearing quartz happened upon the spot where Mark and Jim had dug into their ledge. It was but a few days after Twain and Gillis had retreated from the place in the pouring rain. The Austrians were not a little astonished at seeing the ground glittering with gold.

Where the dirt emptied from the sacks had been dissolved and washed away by the rain, lay some three ounces of bright quartz gold. The foreigners were not long in gathering this, but the speedy discovery of the notice forbade their delving into the deposit whence it came. They could only wait and "watch and pray." This hope was that the parties who had posted up the notice would not return while it held good. The sun that rose on the day after the Twain-Gillis notice expired saw the Austrians in possession of the ground, with a notice of their own conspicuously and defiantly posted. The new owners cleaned out the pocket, obtaining from it, in a few days, a little over \$7,500.

Had Mark Twain's backbone held out a little longer the sacks of dirt would have been washed and the grand discovery made. He would not have then gone to Angels' camp and would probably never have heard or written the story of the "Jumping Frog," the story that gave him his first "boost" in the literary world, as the "Heathen Chinese" gave Bret Harte his first lift up the ladder. Had Mark found the gold that was captured by the Austrians, he would have settled down as a pocket miner. He would never have given up the chase, and till this day, gray as a badger, he would have been pounding quartz with Jim Gillis for his "pard" in a cabin somewhere in the Sierra Nevada mountains.

CONSTITUTION - DEMOCRAT.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1890.

MARK TWAIN'S LATEST.

Samuel L. Clemens has written a large number of books, and has clearly demonstrated that he possesses greater versatility than any other American

author living or dead. His genius covers a very wide scope in the literary field. The fountain of imagination appears in him to be well nigh inexhaustible. To write a story like Twain's last, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" would give the liveliest and most accomplished imagination in the world the toughest kind of a tussle. But the result obtained by Mark Twain charms the reader even to a greater degree than those earlier efforts which made him famous. The "Yankee in King Arthur's Court" is a most remarkable book. Read it upon the surface, and you are carried along through one of the most interesting and romantic tales you will ever remember of having read. Read it again, and get into some of the author's delicious humor and fine-edged sarcasm. Read it once more and follow some of the points which will raise in your mind, bringing forward incidents in the history of civilization, and stirring events in early English life. Take up one of the threads which he deftly throws out, and let it guide you into a field of literature which you have probably never explored. Keep on reading it and every time you will find new food for thought, and cause for research. The acme of wit, humor, sarcasm, and imagination has been reached in this work by Mark Twain, and if even he can give us anything beyond it, so much the better for the reading and thinking world. Judging from a hint given in the preface we are led to believe that another book of kindred nature will be written. Let it come as soon as may be.

"Mark Twain's new book, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," is creating a stir in literary circles and adds greatly to the reputation of the great humorist. It is a keen and powerful satire on English nobility and royalty and will be greatly relished by every American. It is replete with rich humor and ludicrous situations enforced by 800 characteristic drawings by Dan Beard. The book is sold only by subscription, and agents are wanted by the publishers, R. S. Peale & Co., Chicago, Ill.

—A young lady is engaged in canvassing the city for orders for Mark Twain's latest book, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," which is creating so great a sensation throughout the country. At present the work is sold only by subscription, and advantage should be taken of this opportunity by those who desire the work.

MARK TWAIN WANTS MONEY.

An Important Case in Which the Famous Humorist is Interested.

A case of considerable magnitude, which has been referred to in these columns as it progressed in the United States court, is that of Chas. L. Webster and Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain) of the city of Hartford, Conn., copartners under the firm style of Chas. L. Webster & Co., vs. R. T. Root, of Burlington, Iowa, growing out of the sale of books furnished by the firm.

The plaintiffs in a petition growing out of this first action against Henry Nau et al., securities of Root, say that on the 16th day of January, 1889, judgment was duly rendered in the United States circuit court of Iowa in their favor and against R. T. Root, and respondent Henry Nau, and George W. Dee in a certain action at law then pending for the sum of \$31,433.33 and costs taxed at \$230.20. Execution issued on the 19th day of January, 1889, from the office of the clerk of the court, directed to the marshal of the district in which the respondent, Henry Nau, resides, and the said execution has been returned wholly unsatisfied, and no property of said judgment defendants or either of them subject to execution found in said southern district or in the state of Iowa, on which to levy, and said judgment remains wholly unsatisfied. The petition further states that said action in which said judgment was rendered as aforesaid was duly commenced and instituted in December, 1886, and was pending until said judgment was rendered as aforesaid, January 16, 1889. That said respondent, Henry Nau, on the 15th of May, 1838, before said judgment was rendered, was the owner of certain lots in Mt. Pleasant, and that said respondent, Henry Nau, made a pretended conveyance or deed of same to Elizabeth Nau, respondent. That the respondent, Henry Nau, owned real estate prior to said judgment, in Des Moines county, Iowa, to which he made a pretended conveyance of said property to respondent, John Nau. Other property in Des Moines county, it is claimed, was conveyed by deed by Henry Rau and wife to respondent, Frederic Williams. Assignments and mortgages made by Henry Rau are also cited. It is claimed that these transfers of property were

made by Henry Nau for the purpose of defrauding the plaintiffs in the collection of their judgment and that the said respondents and each of them took such assignments with the like intent and without any consideration paid therefor, and pray that said respondents and each of them may be perpetually enjoined and restrained from in any manner collecting, receiving payment of, transferring, disposing of, pledging or encumbering the said notes and mortgages, or either of them, or any part thereof. That a receiver be appointed to take charge of said notes and mortgages and to hold and collect the same, subject to the orders of the court. A restraining order was issued in this case against the several respondents, on the 23d day of January, 1889, which was returned and filed on the 29th day of January.

A similar petition was filed February 2d by Chas. L. Webster & Co., against George W. Dee et al., growing out of this same case, which was heard before Judge Love yesterday, a restraining order obtained and the writ issued.

The Gate City.

MARCH 8, 1895.
Entered in Keokuk Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

AND THAT'S NO JOKE.

Mark Twain, Formerly of Keokuk, and Max O'Rell May Fight a Duel.

Keokuk people will be interested to learn that a duel between M. Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell) of Paris, France, European humorist, and Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain,) at one time a Keokuk man now of Hartford, Conn. and temporarily in France, American humorist, is not an impossibility. A dispatch in yesterday's Chicago Inter Ocean states that M. Paul Bourget, a countryman of the great Max, has recently, after a six months' visit to America, attempted a serious book on Americans. This book has received translation in a New York newspaper, which Max O'Rell characterizes as inadequate. From ideas gained from this translation Mark Twain wrote a most uncomplimentary notice on the French people, which was published in the North American Review of January. Max O'Rell laughed at Bourget in the March number of the same magazine, but he at the same time excoriated Mark Twain in such biting language as will not fall to draw a reply from Mark. O'Rell will be ready then, he says, to give any sort of satisfaction.

Max O'Rell was at the Everett house today. "Mark Twain has offered a gratuitous insult," he said,

"to the women of the French nation. It is no excuse for him that 'Outremer' is pretentious, ridiculous and foolish. Now, what I take particular exception to is this: Bourget had written jokingly. 'I suppose life can never get entirely dull to an American, because whenever he can't strike up any other way to put in his time he can always get away with a few years trying to find out who his grandfather was. 'See how Twain answers this: 'I reckon a Frenchman's got his little standby for a dull time, too, because when all other interests fail he can turn in and see if he can't find out who his father was.' Now, I call that answer an unwarranted, gratuitous, vile insult, while the first remark was nothing more than good-natured chaffing at best. Americans are curious, but that's a failing, not a vice. Twain might have abused the book if he chose; that was his privilege. I don't abuse America because of that beastly article of his."

"Suppose Mark Twain takes sufficient exception to your remarks above his lack of politeness and good manners to go a little further, what will you do?"

"Reply, reply," he said.

"And if more than words is demanded?"

"Oh, two humorists," he replied; "weapons, two quills, in France, you know"—and then he stopped.

Max O'Rell is thoroughly angry at Mark Twain's article. He doesn't conceal his feeling, either. O'Rell does not believe that the object of humor is to arouse hard feelings or bring about international recriminations.

The Gate City

7, DEC. 26, 1928

DEATH CLAIMS
OLD SWEETHEART
OF MARK TWAIN

HANNIBAL, Mo., Dec. 26.—(AP)—Mrs. Laura Frazer, 91, Mark Twain's boyhood sweetheart and the "Becky Thatcher" of "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer" died last night at the home of a son, Judge L. E. Frazer. She was one of the last of a small group of local persons who attended school with the famous humorist when he was a barefoot boy roaming through the hills about Hannibal.

Mrs. Frazer was the daughter of Elijah and Sophia Hawkins, who were among the earliest residents of this city. She lived in this locality nearly all her life, having come here at an early age from Kentucky. Her husband, Dr. James W. Frazer died many years ago. Judge Frazer, president of the Hannibal Trust company, is her only surviving child.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

NOVEMBER 13, 1888.

Mark Twain's Precocious Daughter.

A correspondent, writing from New York, says:

Mark Twain, if he is in the mood, will tell the story of his own courtship in a manner worthy of the greatest of living humorists. When he met the lady who afterwards became his wife he was not so distinguished as now, his origin was humble, and for some years of his life he had been a pilot on the Mississippi river. The future Mrs. Clemens was a woman of position and fortune; her father was a judge and doubtless expected "family" and social importance in his son-in-law. Clemens, however, became interested in his daughter and after awhile proposed, but was rejected.

"Well," he said to the lady, "I didn't much believe you'd have me, but I thought I'd try."

After a while he "tried" again, with the same result, and then remarked, with his celebrated drawl, "I think a great deal more of you than if you'd said 'Yes,' but it's hard to bear." A third time he met with better fortune, and then came to the most difficult part of his task, to address the old gentleman.

"Judge," he said to the dignified millionaire, "have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzie and me?"

"What? What?" exclaimed the Judge, rather sharply, apparently not understanding the situation, yet doubtless getting a glimpse of it from the inquiry.

"Have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzie and me?"

"No—no, indeed!" replied the magistrate sternly. "No, sir, I have not."

"Well! Look sharp and you will," said the author of "Innocents Abroad" and that's the way he asked the judicial luminary for his daughter's hand.

Mark has a child who inherits some of her father's brightness. She kept a diary at one time, in which she noted the occurrences in the family and, among other things, the sayings of her parents. On one page she wrote that father sometimes used stronger words when mother wasn't by and he thought "we" didn't hear. Mrs. Clemens found the diary and showed it to her husbands, probably thinking the particular page worth his notice. After this Clemens did and said several things that were intended to attract the child's attention, and found them duly noted afterward. But one day the following entry occurred:

"I don't think I'll put down anything more about father, for I think he does things to have me notice him, and I believe he reads this diary." She was Mark's own child.

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

DECEMBER 16, 1888.

TWAIN'S LATEST.

Autobiography of Sir Robert Smith, of Camelot.

Mark Twain's latest book, which has not been entirely completed, is the autobiography of Sir Robert Smith, of Camelot, one of King Arthur's Knights, Robert Smith says of himself:

"I am a Yankee of the Yankees, a practical man, nearly barren of sentiment or poetry—in other words, my father was a blacksmith, my uncle was a horse-doctor, and I was both. Then went over to the great arms factory and learned my real trade—learned to make everything, guns, revolvers, cannon, boilers, engines, electric machines, any thing, in short, that anybody wanted anywhere in the world. * * * I became a head boss and had 1,000 men under me. Well, a man like that is full of fight—that goes without saying. With a thousand rough men under one, one has plenty of that sort of amusement.

"Well, at last I met my match; I got my dose. It was during a misunderstanding conducted with iron crowbars with a fellow we used to call Hercules. He laid me out with a crusher alongside the head that made every joint of my skull lap over on its neighbor, and then the world went out in darkness and I felt nothing more, knew nothing more for a while, and when I came to again I was standing under an oak tree and the factory was gone.

"Standing under an oak tree on the grass with a beautiful broad country, a landscape spread out before me—all to myself. No, not quite, not entirely to myself. There was a fellow on a horse looking at me—a fellow fresh out of a picture book. He was in old-time armor from his head to his heel. He had a helmet on like a cheese-box, with slits in it, and he carried a shield and a sword and a prodigious spear. And his horse had armor on, too, and gorgeous silk trappings, red and green, that hung around him like a bed-gown to the ground. And the apparition said to me:

"Fair sir! Will you joust?"

"Said I: 'Will I which?'"

"'Will you joust? Will you break a lance for land or lady?'"

"Said I: 'What are you giving me? You go along back to your circus or I'll report you.'"

"Now what does this fellow do but fall back a couple of hundred of yards and then come titling at me as hard as he could drive, his cheese-box down close and his long spear pointed at me. I saw he meant business, so I was up a tree when he arrived. Well, he allowed I was his property—the captive of his spear. Well, there was argument on his side and the bulk of the advantage, so I judged it best to humor him, and we fixed up an agreement. I was to go along with him, and he wasn't to hurt me, so I came down and we started away. I walking by the side of his horse, and we marched comfortably along through glades and over brooks that I could not remember to have seen before. It puzzled me ever so

much, and yet we didn't come to any circus, or any sign of a circus, so I gave up the idea of a circus and concluded he was from an asylum, so I was up a stump, as you may say."

And so the two wander on together, and amid scenes of human life that afford the author many opportunities for quaint philosophical contrasts and dry humor until they came to Camelot, to the court of King Arthur. Fanciful and curious are the reflections of the transposed Yankee about that place—which he at first thinks must be the asylum—in its country of soft, reposeful summer landscape, as lovely as a dream, and lonesome as Sunday; where the air was full of the smell of flowers and the buzzing of insects and the twittering of birds, and there were no people or wagons or life or anything going on.

CONSTITUTION - DEMOCRAT.

OCTOBER 29, 1890.

MARK TWAIN'S MOTHER DEAD.

Mrs. Jane Clemens Passes Away at a Ripe Old Age.

Mrs. Jane Clemens died Monday evening at 8:30 o'clock. Her maiden name was Jane Lampton. Her grandfather on her mother's side was Colonel Casey, distinguished in the early annals of Kentucky, and grandfather of our district judge, J. M. Casey. She was born in Columbia, Kentucky, June 18, 1803. When young she was noted for her beauty and vivacity, characteristics that remained with her. Her sparkling wit attracted attention to the last year of her life.

In 1823 she was married in Columbia to John Marshall Clemens. Shortly afterward they removed to Tennessee, and, in 1835, to Florida, Mo., about thirty-five miles back of Hannibal. In 1839 they changed their residence to Hannibal, where her husband died in 1847. Since then she has lived with her children, of whom three survive her Orion Clemens, Keokuk; Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), Hartford, Conn., and Mrs. P. A. Moffett, Oakland, Cal. There are five grand children and three great grandchildren, the latter being descendants of Mrs. Moffett. Among the grandchildren is Samuel E. Moffett, of San Francisco, editor of the San Francisco Examiner.

The funeral services will be held at the residence of Orion Clemens, No. 306 North Seventh street, at 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. The interment will be at Hannibal, Thursday.

Daily Constitution.

DECEMBER 14, 1887.

Chas. L. Webster Knighted.

The first American to be knighted by a pope is Charles L. Webster, of New York, partner of Samuel L. Clemens, ("Mark Twain") in the book publishing business. He was made a Knight of the Order of Pius a few days ago by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

THE CONSTITUTION.

KEOKUK, FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1875.

Advice from Mark Twain.

Having reflected deeply for half an hour on the subject of domestic discipline, I feel like sparing a few suggestions relative to the best method of bringing up children; my suggestions are likely to be disinterested, as I had never seen a child.

According to my observation, the most difficult time to bring up a child is in the morning. You can sometimes, though seldom, bring them up in the morning by yelling at them; but the effectiveness of the process diminishes with its repetition, even when not entirely neutralized by the children's trick of stopping their ears with the bed clothes. The only prompt, effective and absolute method is to bring them up by the hair. If your child has a good, healthy scalp without any tendency to premature baldness, this method will work with the most gratifying efficiency. Try it about once a week, and you will be surprised to observe how its influence will extend thro' the six days inspiring your child with the liveliest possible interest in the resplendent pageantry of sunrise. The flogging up of a darling child by the hair requires the exercise of some energy and firmness but no affectionate parent will hesitate at the little sacrifice of this kind for the welfare of his offspring.

Nothing can be more fatal to your discipline than to allow your children to contradict you. If you happen to be betrayed into any mis-statement or exaggeration in their presence, don't permit them to correct you. Right or wrong you must obstinately insist on your own infallibility and promptly suppress with force if need be. The moment you permit them to doubt your unerring wisdom you will begin to forfeit their respect and pander to their conceit. There can be no sadder spectacle than a parent surrounded by olive branches who think that they know more than he does. I vividly remember how my father—who was one of the most rigid and successful disciplinarians—quelled the aspiring egotism that prompted me to correct his careless remark (when he was reckoning a problem in shillings) that five times twelve was sixty-two and a half. "So," said he, climbing over his spectacles, and surveying me grimly, "ye think ye know more'n yer father, hey? Come 'ere to me!" His invitation was to oppress to be declined, and for a few excruciating moments I reposed in bitter humiliation across his left knee, with my neck in the embrace of his left arm.

I didn't see him demonstrate his mathematical accuracy with the palm of his right hand on the largest patch on my trousers, but I felt that the old man was right; and when after completely eradicating my faith in the multiplication table, he asked me how much five times twelve was, I insisted with tears in my eyes that it was sixty-two and a half. "That's right," said he, "I'll learn ye to respect your father, if I have to thrash ye twelve times a day. Now, go'n water them hosses, 'n be lively too!" The old gentleman didn't permit my respect for him to wane much until the inflammatory rheumatism disabled him, and even then he continued to inspire me with awe, until I was thoroughly convinced that his disability was permanent.

Unquestioning obedience is the crowning grace of childhood. When you tell your children to do anything, and he stops to inquire why, it is advisable to kindly but firmly fetch him a rap across the ear, and inform him "that's why!" He will soon get in the way of starting with charming alacrity at the word of command.

One of the most inveterate and annoying traits of children is inquisitiveness. If you are inconsiderate enough to attempt to satisfy their omnivorous curiosity, you may as well prepare to abdicate, for you will be nonplussed by their questions a dozen times a day, and in your weak sagacity will be hopelessly compromised. An average child is a magazine of unconquerable and disconcerted conundrums. You cannot expect children to have much reverence for parents whose ignorance they can expose twice out of three times trying. It is well enough to answer an easy question now and then, just to convince them that you can when you choose; but when they come at you with a poser, tell them, "O never mind!" or "shut up," and then they will grow up independent and self-reliant and restrained only by veneration, from splitting your head open—to find out how it holds so much information without letting more of it out.

It would be difficult—very difficult to estimate the beneficial effect that would be entailed upon their children, if parents generally would adopt the method here vaguely indicated.

The Daily Constitution

KEOKUK, IOWA:

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 20 1875

MARK TWAIN'S EMOTION.

How the Presentation of His Play Affected Him.

Mark Twain's play, "The Gilded Age," was presented at Hartford last week. On the opening night, at the end of the fourth act, there were loud calls for Mr. Clemens, some of the audience believing that he was witnessing the play from one of the boxes. Mr. Raymond responded to the call and said Mr. Clemens was not in the building, but he had received a letter from him. This he read, as follows:

HARTFORD, Jan. 11.—MY DEAR RAYMOND: I am aware that you are going to be welcomed to our town by great audiences, on both nights of your stay here, and I beg to add my hearty welcome also, through this note. I cannot come to the theatre on either evening, Raymond, because there is something so touching about your acting that I can't stand it. [I do not mention a couple of colds in my head, because I hardly mind them as much as I would the erysipelas, but between you and me I would prefer it if they were rights and lefts.]

And then there is another thing: I have always taken a pride in earning my living in outside places and spending it in Hartford; I have said that no good citizen would live on his own people, but would go forth and make it

sultry for other communities and fetch home the result; and now at this late day I find myself in the crushed and bleeding position of fattening myself upon the spoils of my brethren! Can I support such grief as this? [This is the literary emotion, you understand. Take the money at the door just the same.]

Once more I welcome you to Hartford, Raymond, but as for me, let me stay at home and blush. Yours truly,
MARK.

THE GATE CITY:

THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 15

On Mark Twain's New Book.

There are several reasons why a book of this kind is difficult to criticize. For one thing, there is little in modern literature with which it can be compared outside of the previous works of Mark Twain himself. He is the greatest writer living of travels containing an odd mixture of sober truth, droil exaggeration and occasional buffonery, all mixed up together in the most incongruous way imaginable. There are few books better worth reading than his "Innocents at Home," with its vivid pictures of life among the Nevada miners or on the west coast of America. And next to that book we may place the "Innocents Abroad," although it lacks the vividness and freshness of the first. Both are full of entertainment, and the first named has not a dull page in it from the beginning to the end. Compared with these two books, "A Tramp Abroad," seems to us in nearly every respect inferior. At all events we began early to quarrel with it, and by the time we reached the second volume found it often very hard reading indeed. Here and there the traces of Mark Twain's early skill and lightness of hand were visible enough, but as a rule the process of manufacturing the jocularity was so obvious that it spoilt the reader's enjoyment.—*The Spectator*.

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1886.

The Peoria Journal: Mark Twain has one thing to his credit. When he was a youth he was a wild mischievous boy, but he loved his mother and in her old age he now takes care of her, paying her a regular annual stipend. He visits her at Keokuk at regular intervals. And Mrs. Clemens thinks as much of Sam as he does of her, and it is a refreshing sight to see the pair together. The mother never refers to him as "Mark Twain." It is as it always was, "Samuel," and when she speaks of him Mrs. Clemens will add: "He was always a good boy, Samuel was, though prone to be mischievous. He's always the same to me—the best son a mother ever had."

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. I. BICKEL, KEOKUK, IOWA

ly DAILY GATE CITY, and
 got JANUARY 17, 1885.

A REMINISCENCE.

To the Editor.

On the evening of January 17th, 1856, the printers of Keokuk indulged in a banquet in honor of the 150th anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin. The Ivins House, then our best hotel, now the Eagle House, was the scene of the gathering. The banquet hall was elaborately decorated and around the tables were seated not only the employes of the various printing offices, but a large company of invited guests. The writer was then an apprentice in the office of the Evening Times, conducted by Walling & Hussey. It was in the days when the daily papers of Keokuk were worked off by hand and several years before the steam press was introduced here. After the banqueters had done ample justice to the elaborate bill of fare the "feast of reason and flow of soul" then began, speeches were made by Hon. J. B. Howell, founder of the GATE CITY, A. T. Walling, of the Evening Times, Belding, Leighton, Lynch, Edwards, Reddington, Orion Clemens and others. The speeches were all notably good, interesting and spirited. Towards the close or wind-up of the affair some one suggested a speech from a young man, whose well-known bashfulness and timidity should have shielded him from having the attention of the whole company thus directed toward him. Seated next to him I detected his embarrassment as his tormentors still kept up their clamor for a speech. Blushing and slowly getting upon his feet, stammering in the start, he finally rallied his powers, and when he sat down, his speech was pronounced by all present a remarkable production of pathos and wit, the latter, however, predominating, oft convulsing his hearers with round upon round of applause. That he acknowledged to me the other day was the first speech of his life. Seated in the opera house Wednesday evening last that same slow, drawling, dragging voice was heard and with it came flocking back to memory that scene at the Ivins House—in the time when Keokuk was riding high up on the wave of prosperity and when even the printers of the place could seat themselves down to an occasional first-class "spread." That timid, bashful speech-maker of 1856 has since risen to fame and fortune. His name is known the world over. He stands in the very front rank of the noted men of our day. In this city that now noted character made his first effort and Keokuk conferred upon itself as high an honor as it conferred upon him when it seated before him on that inclement Wednesday evening one of its best and choicest audiences. Very few—possibly not more than two or three—were present at the opera house who heard the young man's first speech and to these few, his fun-making Wednesday night came with greater zest

and pleasure than to any others in that vast audience, however much they enjoyed the wit and merrymaking of the world's greatest humorist—Mark Twain—then known simply to us of the printing offices as Sam. Clemens.
 J. C. Fry.

CHARGES

A Joke Which Mark Twain Enjoyed.
 MARCH 14, 1885.

"I remember one circumstance of by-gone times with great vividness," said Mark Twain recently to a Buffalo audience. "I arrived here after dark on a February evening in 1870, with my wife and a large company of friends, when I had been a husband twenty-four hours; and they put us two in a covered sleigh and drove us up and down and every which way through all the back streets in Buffalo, until at last I got ashamed, and said: 'I asked Mr. Slec to get me a cheap boarding house, but I didn't mean that he should stretch economy to the going outside the state to find it.' The fact was, there was a practical joke to the fore which I didn't know anything about, and all this fooling around was to give it time to mature. My father-in-law, the late Jervis Langdon, whom many of you will remember, had been clandestinely spending a fair fortune upon a house and furniture in Delaware, for us, and had kept his secret so well that I was the only person this side of Niagara Falls who hadn't found it out. We reached the house at last, about 10 o'clock, and were introduced to a Mrs. Johnson, the ostensible landlady. I took a glance around, and then my opinion of Mr. Slec's judgment as a provider of cheap boarding houses for men who had to work for their living dropped to zero. I told Mrs. Johnson that there had been an unfortunate mistake. Mr. Slec had evidently supposed I had money, whereas I only had talent; and so, by her leave, we would abide with her a week, and then she could keep my trunk and we would hunt another place. Then a battalion of ambushed friends and relatives burst in on us, out of closets and from behind curtains; the property was delivered over to us, and the joke revealed, accompanied with much hilarity. Such jokes as these are all too scarce in a person's life. That was a really admirable joke, for that house was so completely equipped in every detail—even to the house servants and coachman—that there was nothing to do but just sit down and live in it. Well, the house isn't ours now, but we've got the coachman yet. All these fifteen years he has been a living and constant reminder of that pleasant jest. He was a spruce young stripling then, with his future all before him. He showed himself worthy of high good fortune, and it has fallen richly to his lot—beyond his most distempered dreams; he's got a wife and nine children now. I would not discriminate; I would not show partiality; I wish you all the same luck."

where. , FEB. 3, 1907.

ANOTHER CLEMENS STORY.

In the February North American Review Mark Twain recurs to his brother, Orion Clemens, to say that the latter was a dreamer from birth and that this characteristic got him into trouble now and then. When he was about twenty-three or twenty-four years old and had become a journeyman, Orion conceived the romantic idea of visiting Hannibal without giving the home folks notice, in order that he might furnish to the family a pleasant surprise. If he had given notice, he would have been informed that the Clemens family had changed their residence and that the gruff old bass-voiced sailorman, Dr. G., the family physician, was living in the house which they formerly occupied and that Orion's former room in that house was now occupied by Dr. G.'s two middle-aged maiden sisters. Orion arrived in Hannibal per steamboat in the middle of the night, and started with his customary eagerness on his excursion, his mind on all on fire with his romantic project and building and enjoying his surprise in advance. Mark says that Orion "was always enjoying things in advance; it was the make of him. He could never wait for the event but must build it out of dream stuff and enjoy it beforehand—consequently sometimes when the event happened he saw that it was not as good as the one he had dreamed of and that he had lost profit by not keeping the imaginary one and letting the reality go." What happened in this particular instance is thus related:

When he arrived at the house he went around to the back door and slipped off his boots and crept upstairs, and arrived at the room of those elderly ladies without having wakened any sleepers. He undressed in the dark and got into bed and snuggled up against somebody. He was a little surprised, but not much—for he thought it was our brother Ben. It was winter, and the bed was comfortable, and the supposed Ben added to the comfort—and so he was dropping off to sleep, very well satisfied with his progress so far and full of happy dreams of what was going to happen in the morning. But something else was going to happen sooner than that, and it happened now. The maid that was being crowded fumed and fretted and struggled, and presently came to a half waking condition and protested against the crowding. The voice paralyzed Orion. He couldn't move a limb; he couldn't get his breath; and the crowded one discovered his new whiskers and began to scream. This removed the paralysis, and Orion was out of bed and clothes in a fraction of a second. Both maids began to scream, so Orion did not wait to get his whole wardrobe. He started with such parts of it as he could grab. He flew to the head of the stairs and started down, and was paralyzed again at that point, because he saw the faint yellow flame of a candle soaring up the stairs from below, and he judged that Dr. G. was

behind it, and he was. He had no clothes on to speak of, but no matter, he was well fixed for an occasion like this, because he had a butcher knife in his hand. Orion shouted to him, and this saved his life, for the doctor recognized his voice. Then, in those deep, seagoing bass tones of his, that I used to admire so much when I was a little boy, he explained to Orion the change that had been made, told him where to find the Clemens family, and closed with some quite unnecessary advice about posting himself before he undertook another adventure, like that—advice which Orion probably never needed again, as long as he lived.

keep wa, FEB. 17, 1907

Orion Clemens' Chicken Farming.
From Mark Twain's Autobiography in The North American Review for February 15th; Orion and his wife migrated to Keokuk once more. He wrote from there that he was not resuming the law; that he thought that what his health needed was the open air, in some sort of outdoor occupation: that his father-in-law had a strip of ground on the river border a mile above Keokuk with some sort of a house on it, and his idea was to buy that place and start a chicken-farm and provide Keokuk with chickens and eggs and perhaps butter—but I don't know whether you can raise butter on a chicken farm or not. He said the place could be had for three thousand dollars cash, and I sent the money. He began to raise chickens, and he made a detailed monthly report to me, whereby it appeared that he was able to work off his chickens on the Keokuk people at a dollar and a quarter a pair. But it also appeared that it cost a dollar and sixty cents to raise a pair. This did not seem to discourage Orion, and so I let it go. Meantime he was borrowing a hundred dollars a month of me regularly month by month. Now to show Orion's stern and rigid business ways—and he really prided himself on his large business capacities—the moment he received the advance of a hundred dollars at the beginning of each month, he always sent me his note for the amount, and with it he always sent three months' interest on the hundred dollars at six per cent per annum, these notes being always for three months.

As I say, he always sent a detailed statement of the month's profit and loss on the chickens—at least the month's loss on the chickens—and this detailed statement included the various items of expense—corn for the chickens, boots for himself, and so on; even car fares, and the weekly contribution of ten cents to help out the missionaries who were trying to damn the Chinese after a plan not satisfactory to those people.

I think the poultry experiment lasted about a year, possibly two years. It had then cost me six thousand dollars.

MARK TWAIN'S CLOSE CALL.
How a Fortunate Shot From Another Man's Gun Prevented a Fierce Encounter.
FEB. 13, 1907

Mark Twain tells in the North American Review the story of his dueling experience in Nevada back in 1864. He was at that time an editor of the Virginia City Enterprise. He roasted a man named Laird, the editor of a rival journal, who replied in kind, and Mark was prevailed upon by his friends to send him a challenge. It was accepted.

"Then they took me home. I didn't sleep any—didn't want to sleep, I had plenty of things to think about, and less than four hours to do it in—because 5 o'clock was the hour appointed for the tragedy, and I should have to use up one hour—beginning at 4—in practicing with the revolver and finding out which end of it to level at the adversary. At 4 we went down into a little gorge, about a mile from town, and borrowed a barn door for a mark—borrowed it of a man who was over in California on a visit—and we set the barn door up and stood a fence rail up against the middle of it to represent Mr. Laird. But the rail was no proper representative of him, for he was longer than a rail and thinner. Nothing would ever fetch him but a line shot, and then as like as not he would split the bullet—the worst material for dueling purposes that could be imagined. I began on the rail. I couldn't hit the rail; then I tried the barn door: but I couldn't hit the barn door. There was nobody in danger except stragglers around on the flanks of that mark. I was thoroughly discouraged, and I didn't cheer up any when we presently heard pistol shots over in the next little ravine. I knew what that was—that was Laird's gang out practicing him. They heard my shots and of course they would come up over the ridge to see what kind of a record I was making—see what their chances were against me. Well, I hadn't any record, and I knew that if Laird came over that ridge and saw my barn door without a scratch on it he would be as anxious to fight as I was—or as I had been at midnight, before the disastrous acceptance came.

"Now just as this moment a little bird, no bigger than a sparrow, flew along by and lit in a sage bush about thirty yards away. Steve whipped out his revolver and shot its head off. Oh, he was a marksman—much better than I was. We ran down there to pick up the bird, and just then, sure enough, Mr. Laird and his people came over the ridge, and they joined us. And when Laird's second saw that bird with its head shot off he lost color, he faded, and you could see that he was interested. He said:

"Who did that?"
"Before I could answer Steve poked up and said quite calmly and in a matter-of-fact way:

"Clemens did it."
"The second said, 'Why that is wonderful. How far off was that bird?'"
"Steve said, 'Oh, not far—about thirty yards.'"
"The second said, 'Well, that is astonishing shooting. How often can he do that?'"

"Steve said languidly, 'Oh, about four times out of five.'"
"I knew the little rascal was lying, but I didn't say anything. The second said, 'Why, that is amazing shooting; I supposed he couldn't hit a church.'"

"He was supposing very sagaciously, but I didn't say anything. Well, they said good morning. The second took Mr. Laird home, a little tottery on his legs, and Laird sent back a note in his own hand declining to fight a duel with me on any terms whatever.

"Well, my life was saved—saved by that accident. I don't know what the bird thought about interposition of providence, but I felt very, very comfortable over it—satisfied and content. Now, we found out later that Laird had hit his mark four times out of six, right along. If the duel had come off he would have so filled my skin with bullet holes that it wouldn't have held my principles."

MAY 28, 1907 Times.

Mark Twain's "Nuss."

The Hannibal Journal contains the following interesting story concerning Mark Twain:

Another relic along the line of Mark Twain's history—a subject that never grows old in Hannibal—has, in the last few days, developed into something new in regard to the illustrious Hannibalian's early days. Aunt Mary Riggs, aged seventy-eight years, who has been a roomkeeper for Cobb & Co., on North Main street, happened to tell M. W. Cobb, that she and Mark Twain were kids together only she was "nuss and little Sam Clemens wah de baby." "Yo' see," said Aunt Mary, "I belonged to Mrs. Quarles, she was a sistah of Mark Twain's mutha and eveah once in a while and sometimes twice in a while Mrs. Quarles would visit her sistah and take me along to take keer ob little Sam. I was not much bigger'n him but I was his nuss all de same. And while he was a pevaricatin chile an' had to be spanked reglar, me and him got along pooty well. I took de scolden an' he got the refreshments."

The Gate City.

Entered in Keokuk Postoffice as Second-Class
DECEMBER 2, 1897.

Mark Twain Assaulted.

Berlin, Nov. 27.—A private dispatch from Vienna says Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) while being forcibly ejected from the lower house of the reichsrath yesterday was struck a severe blow by a czech delegate.

MAY WEDNESDAY POOL LEAP

CREDITS

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

Some Interesting Facts Bearing on the Life of Mark Twain.

A writer in a Chicago paper has an interesting article concerning Mark Twain. It says that when young Clemens was twelve years old, the upright and manly father died, leaving the household without means, as he had lost all by endorsing for friends. He was one of a fine Virginia family, several of whom had been in congress, and he was also a man of brain and force of character. The mother was a warm-hearted woman, kind to every living creature, with great emotional depths, and unusual felicity in her choice of words, either in speaking or writing. Left with four children, they must needs do their part in the struggle for support. Samuel went to school ostensibly, where, he says, he "excelled only in spelling," but loved to spend much of his time upon the river, and so successful was he in getting into its turbid waters that he was dragged out nine times before he was fifteen. Evidently it was not his fate to die by drowning.

In these early years he tried various methods of earning a livelihood, and finally learned printing in the office of the Hannibal Courier, of which he says in his book of Sketches, that it had "500 subscribers, and they paid in cordwood, cabbages and unmarketable turnips." With a desire to see himself in print his first articles appeared during a week's absence of the editor. So personal were they that the town was stirred, and the paper was in jeopardy. However, it resulted in thirty-nine new subscribers, all of whom wished to read what was written about their neighbors, and the journal "had the vegetables to show for it, cordwood, cabbage, beans, and unsalable turnips enough to run a family for two years."

After he had been nearly three years on the paper he made up his mind to run away and see the exposition in New York. He had been earning fifty cents a week, and had saved the necessary funds. Arriving in New York he had \$12 in his pockets, a \$10 bill of which he had sewed in his coat-sleeve. When the exposition had been duly examined he found work in John A. Green's printing office, but after two or three months, he met a man from his town, Hannibal, and, fearing that his whereabouts would be reported, he suddenly took his departure for Philadelphia, working on the Ledger and elsewhere.

Finally he made up his mind that he had experienced enough of the eastern world, and, with his \$10 still sewed into his coat-sleeve, went back to his Missouri home.

All these years he and his boyfriends had cherished, as he says in Old Times on the Mississippi, published in the Atlantic Monthly for 1875, an ambition to be steamboat men. He obtained a position.

The work proved hard and discouraging for the youth, but he finally reached the desired position of pilot, and had the proud satisfaction of receiving \$250 per month. Here he remained for seven years, till he was twenty-four, when the growth of railroads and the civil war made piloting unprofitable.

For a few weeks he served in the confederate army, but soon went with his brother, who had been appointed lieutenant governor of Nevada territory, as his private secretary. The details of this exciting trip overland have been read by thousands in that fascinating book, "Roughing It."

Clemens finally decided to try his hand in silver mining. He had always considered himself lucky. He had passed through cholera, yellow fever and small-pox epidemics, had seen thousands die around him, but with neither fear nor disquietude he had come out unscathed. "I never expected things, and never borrowed trouble," he says. A wise philosophy to be learned early in life if one would succeed. Why should he not be lucky in mining? The great silver mines in Nevada were being opened. A poverty-stricken Mexican traded a stream of water for 100 feet of a mine, and four years later was worth \$1,500,000. Teamsters became millionaires. The whole territory was wild with excitement. "I would have been more or less than human if I had not gone mad like the rest," says Mr. Clemens.

At last Clemens and his friend Higgins found their mine. By the laws of the districts, claimants must do a reasonable amount of work on the ledge within ten days from the date of location. Clemens went away to care for a sick friend, supposing Higgins would attend to their fortune. Unfortunately the latter went to other work, supposing that another person would do the necessary labor. Both men returned ten days later to find that other parties had secured their claim, and held millions of dollars in their hands, while Clemens was as poor as ever. He certainly had not been lucky in mining. He was "blue" indeed, not sky blue, he says, but indigo. Possibly if he could have looked forward to the present time and have seen himself a millionaire in an elegant home, and famous the world over, the skies would have been gold and crimson in hue.

About this time an offer came from the Virginia City Enterprise, for which paper he had already written some articles, signing himself here, for the first time, "Mark Twain," taken from the speech of the leadmen on the Mississippi river in making soundings. The paper offered him \$25 a week as city editor. He was indeed thankful. He would have gladly taken \$3 a week even.

For two years he held this position, and then, desiring a change, moved to San Francisco. For a time all went well, but soon the large amount of mining stocks in his trunk proved worthless. Writing for the newspapers and receiving a small amount of money, irregular, is not conducive to peace

of mind or health of body. The struggles of these days, as given in "Roughing It," are, alas, too true. For a time he was on the staff of the Morning Call, and then went to the Sandwich

islands to study the sugar business and write letters for the Sacramento Union. He showed much journalistic enterprise, and his work was greatly enjoyed.

On his return, the old question of self-support presented itself. What should he do next? He decided to give a lecture. He had never stood before an audience. His friends, with one exception, enthusiastically said "no" to his suggestion. But he hired the new opera house at half price, and on credit, for sufficient reasons.

To Mr. Clemens' amazement the house was packed, and he cleared \$600. Then he dared to try New York. He judiciously gave free tickets to all the public schools, and was delighted to find that Cooper Union was full. Evidently, the skies were growing brighter. Courage and persistence had won their way.

In 1867, when Mr. Clemens was 32, he joined a pleasure party going abroad in the Quaker City. The party visited France, Italy and Palestine. On their return, the humorist wrote "The Innocents' Abroad; or, The New Pilgrim's Progress," and it was sold by subscription. The book was eagerly purchased and read from one side of America to the other, and in Europe as well.

In 1870 Mr. Clemens was married to Miss Langdon, whose brother he had met on the Quaker City. She was beautiful, as well as lovely in character, and now luck had come indeed. Her father, a man of large wealth, purchased a home for them in Buffalo, and Mr. Clemens a third interest in the Buffalo Express.

Fortunately, he did not remain in journalism else probably we should have missed his delightful books. He soon removed to Hartford, Connecticut and built one of the most attractive homes in the city, on Farmington avenue. It is of red brick, with light trimmings, gothic in architecture, surrounded by porches, trees, a river and charming landscapes. Within, as you enter, the broad hall, with its grand piano and Persian rugs on the floor, is a spacious room in itself. Out of the parlor, with its exquisite furnishing in blue and olive, its statues and paintings, handsome wood mantel and grate, with the motto, "The ornament of a house is the friends who visit it," is a beautiful conservatory full, even in winter, of the choicest plants. Above the parlor are the elegant sleeping rooms, with their wonderfully carved furniture from Venice; the school-room with pretty chintz sofas, and full of sunlight, where his three beautiful children study from 9 till 1, Susie, a blonde; Clara, with dark hair and eyes, and little Jean, herself a sunbeam, named after her mother; Susie's lovely room is blue, and the room of Clara and Jean, with the great rocking horse of the latter

The Gate City.

JANUARY 25, 1900.

THE GATE CITY COMPANY,
KEOKUK, IOWA.

MRS. ORION CLEMENS TALKS

Of the Home Side of the Life of Mark Twain, While Visiting in Louisville.

A recent dispatch from Louisville says: The widow of Orion Clemens, the brother of Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens), is visiting in this city. Mrs. Clemens is always in close touch with the movements and doings of the great humorist-philosopher, and speaks delightfully of the home side of his life.

"The people," she said, "do not really know Brother Sam. They know him as the author who prefers a laugh to a tear. But we value him infinitely higher for his home life. Self never seems to enter into his mind. The wants of others are always uppermost. On one occasion, I heard him say:

"My best thoughts always come to me when I am in bed."

"Why don't you then write them down?"

"What? Disturb Livie (his wife). No, indeed. She is worth all thoughts and more besides."

"This will give you some faint inkling of his real value.

"Even in the midst of his great financial troubles and when his health aroused our fears, he was the same. He only thought of how to shed sunshine on those about him. The recent death of his daughter, to whom he was peculiarly devoted, was a great blow to him, but he only sought through it all to ease the burden of others' grief.

"He has never disposed of his Hartford home," she said, "and will doubtless live there again when he and his family return."

up to the best advantage. The straw that bore on Mark's shoulders the heaviest was the presence of Rabbi Beecher on a trieycie next morning. "Can it be possible," said the humorist, "that Tom Beecher is 'roughing it' on a wheelmagig?"

But the fact was too apparent, and when Mr. Beecher mounted his three-wheeled steed next morning to ride down-town to the club, where he intended to exhibit his speed in a "healthy" game of billiards, Mark could stand it no longer. He felt the weight of years, and as time was uncertain he would act at once and alone and carry out one of the grandest schemes that he was placed on this rough earth to perform—the erection of a monument to his great forefather, Adam. This project was conceived several years ago by Mr. Clemens and Mr. Beecher. Several models were examined, but none seemed to answer all the requirements and were rejected, and thus the matter rested. It seems that Mr. Clemens had the monument bee in his bonnet when he came here this summer and expected to enlist Mr. Beecher in the cause, but since Mr. Beecher has become so modern by the riding of a "wheelmagig," Twain doesn't think it would be appropriate for Beecher to meddle with anything so ancient.

THE WEEKLY GATE CITY.

Entered at Keokuk postoffice as second class matter

MAY 7, 1887.

MARK TWAIN IN THE WAR.

A Battle in Which the Opposing Force Was Exterminated.

At a banquet of Union Veterans in Baltimore Friday night Mark Twain gave his war history, as follows:

When your secretary invited me to this reunion of the Union Veterans of Maryland he requested me to come prepared to clear up a matter which he said had long been a subject of dispute and had blood in war circles in this country, to-wit: The true dimensions of my military services in the civil war, and the effect which they had upon the general result. I recognize the importance of this thing to history, and I have come prepared. Here are the details. I was in the civil war two weeks. In that brief time I rose from private to second lieutenant. The monumental feature of my campaign was the one battle which my command fought—it was in the summer of '61. If I do say it, it was the bloodiest battle ever fought in human history; there is nothing approaching it for destruction of human life in the field, if you take in consideration the forces engaged and the proportion of death to survival. And yet you do not even know the name of that battle. Neither do I. It had a name, but I have forgotten it. It is no use to keep private information which you can't show off. Now look at the way history does. It takes the battle of Booneville, fought near by, about the date of our slaughter, and shouts its teeth loose over it, and yet never mentions ours; doesn't even call it an "affair;" doesn't call it

anything at all; never even heard of it. Whereas, what are the facts? Why, these: In the battle of Booneville there were 2,000 men engaged on the union side, and about as many on the other—supposed to be. The casualties, all told, were two men killed; and not all of these were killed outright, but only half of them, for the other man died in the hospital next day. I know that, because his great-uncle was second cousin to my grandfather, who spoke three languages, and was perfectly honorable and upright, though he had warts all over him, and used to—but never mind about that, the facts are just as I say, and I can prove it. Two men killed in that battle of Booneville, that's the whole result. All the others got away—on both sides. Now, then, in our battle there were just fifteen men engaged, on our side—all brigadier-generals but me, and I was a second lieutenant. On the other side there was one man. He was a stranger. We killed him. It was night, and we thought he was an army of observation; he looked like an army of observation—in fact, he looked bigger than an army of observation would in the day time; and some of us believed he was trying to surround us, and some thought he was going to turn our position, and so we shot him. Poor fellow, he probably wasn't an army of observation, after all, but that wasn't our fault; as I say, he had all the look of it in that dim light. It was a sorrowful circumstance, but he took the chances of war, and he drew the wrong card; he overestimated his fighting strength, and he suffered the likely result; but he fell as the brave should fall—with his face to the front and feet to the field—so we buried him with the honors of war, and took his things. So began and ended the only battle in the history of the world where the opposing force was utterly exterminated, swept from the face of the earth—to the last man. And yet, you don't know the name of that battle; you don't even know the name of that man. Now then, for the argument. Suppose I had continued in the war, and gone on as I began, and exterminated the opposing force every time—every two weeks—where would your war have been? Why, you see yourself, the conflict would have been too one-sided. There was but one honorable course for me to pursue, and I pursued it. I withdrew to private life, and gave the union cause a chance. There, now, you have the whole thing in a nutshell; it was not my presence in the civil war that determined that tremendous contest—it was my retirement from it that brought the crash. It left the confederate side too weak.

Keokuk Constitution.

OCTOBER 2, 1883.

Subscribers per year, in advance

Mark Twain's Roughing It.

LEADVILLE, Col.—The Chronicle says: Of all the hardships and privations endured by the Argonauts of '49 while "roughing it," none was greater than the absence of St. Jacobs Oil, the great cure for pain.

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KEOKUK DEMOCRAT.

WARWICK & RANSON,
PUBLISHERS.

KEOKUK, IOWA, AUGUST 21, 1886.

Mark Twain's Monument to Adam.

Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), whose summer home is on Easthill, overlooking the city, arrived here with his family several weeks ago and became the immediate neighbor of Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, writes an Elmira, N. Y., correspondent of the New York Tribune. The worst thing that has gone against the grain with Mr. Clemens is the fact that he feels the years stealing on him and is not as spry as formerly, while his neighbors who years ago were in the background as far as boyishness was concerned are showing

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

The Hannibal Cave.

It does not seem to be generally known that there is, within seventy miles of this city, a cave which, from its extensive labyrinths and innumerable apartments, may well be considered a formidable rival of the celebrated "Mammoth," of Kentucky. This cave has been explored for two weeks at a time without developing its exact dimensions, or finding an end to its many intricate passages. On one occasion the explorers penetrated under the bed of the Mississippi river, and could hear distinctly above them the noise made by passing boats. This must have been considerably below the level of the place where the entrance is found, which is on the side of a large hill or small mountain—just as the visitor is pleased to term it—and is about a half mile from the river. The explorers say, also, that they found several large chambers, one of which is completely filled with *bats*. These troublesome birds of darkness immediately commenced an attack, putting out the candles, and making themselves so exceedingly familiar that a speedy retreat was not only desirable, but absolutely necessary. In another chamber they found a large table of rock, and visitors have very appropriately termed this apartment the "dining hall."

The ambition of travelers is thoroughly manifested in the large number of names which can be seen all over the principal passages, dug in the sides, marked with a lead pencil or burned on the top with a candle, the latter article being an indispensable one to the explorer. Cool and damp as the inside air is in summer, it seems *vice versa* in winter, so that the good people in the vicinity can at any time experience the extremes of weather.

On the whole, we think a visit to this wonderful place well repays one for the time lost and the expense incurred in accomplishing it.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
W. I. SICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

By OLIVER F. FINK of the PICTURES Staff

REFRESHED BY SPRING RAINS, the Missouri countryside has been unusually lush and green this season, in striking contrast to its dusty, drouth-seared look of last fall. A weekend motorist could start out in almost any direction from St. Louis and find the going attractive. For one who likes to plan his route, a pleasant one-day round-trip tour lies through the eastern half of state, north of the Missouri River.

The tour, a westward and northward swing of some 270 miles over-all, has both its scenic and its historic attractions. The varied terrain of the route insures against monotony—gentle, wooded hills, broad pastures where livestock grazes, vistas of many miles, the rolling prairie of north Missouri.

A half-way point is the Mark Twain State Park, a memorial to Missouri's great author. In the park is the house in which Mark Twain, as Samuel Langhorne Clemens is best known, was born. The house, preserved as a museum and holding personal effects of the writer, is open to the public. With picnic facilities, the park is a good stop for lunch.

Just north of the park is the town of Florida, Mark Twain's birthplace—the house was moved to the park in 1930. In Florida is the Mark Twain monument erected in 1913.

At the apex of the swing, in New London, is the charming, old Ralls County courthouse, erected in 1857-58 and an example of Classic-Revival influence on Missouri architecture.

The tour follows Highways 40, 19, 154 and 107 to Mark Twain Park, then doubles back to 19 again to reach New London. Return journey is over Highways 61, 54, and 79, with a short stretch on Bypass Highway 40. And on the outward trip those to whom short side jaunts appeal may turn south from Highway 40, four miles west of Jonesburg, for a sylvan drive through Daniel Boone State Forest and perhaps a view from the fire observation tower in the forest.

Photos by ARTHUR WITMAN of the PICTURES Staff

PICTURES—St. Louis Post-Dispatch—Sunday, June 5, 1955



Map of the tour route. The total distance varies according to the route taken out of the St. Louis area. First leg may be by way of Bypass 40, through St. Charles and west to Wentzville, or over Daniel Boone Highway 40.

The Gate City.

MARCH 30, 1899.

THE GATE CITY COMPANY,
KEOKUK, IOWA.

MARK TWAIN'S SPEECH.

All Hungary Laughing at the Great
Humorist's Sallies.

Keokuk people are always interested in Mark Twain's sayings and doings, for they feel that they have a proprietary interest in him. The latest speech of the great American humorist has set the Austrians laughing and his American friends will be delighted with the manner in which he twists his tongue around a word of fifty-one letters. The following special to the Post-Dispatch from Buda Pesth gives some of his sallies:

Mark Twain was the principal guest at the grand banquet here in celebration of the jubilee of the emancipation of the Hugarian press, and, in proposing the toast of the evening his humorous sallies were keenly appreciated. The Hungarian liberal ministry and many liberal members of parliament were present and the occasion altogether was a brilliant one.

Twain's chaff about the Ausgleich was especially effective, and his manipulation of the German tongue provoked roars of laughter. He said, "Now that we are all here together I think it will be a good idea to arrange the Ausgleich. If you will act for Hungary I shall be quite willing to act for Austria, and this is the very time for it. There couldn't be a better time, for we are all feeling friendly, fair-minded and hospitable now, and full of admiration for each other, full of confidence in each other, full of the spirit of welcome, full of the grace of forgiveness and the disposition to let bygones be bygones.

"Let us not waste this golden, this benedict, this providential opportunity. I am willing to make any concession you want, just so we get it settled. I am not only willing to let grain come in free, I am willing to pay the freight on it and you may send delegates to the reichsrath if you like. All I require is that they shall be quiet, peaceable people like your own deputies, and not disturb our proceedings.

"If you want the Gegenseitigengeldbeitragendenverhältnismassigkeiten rearranged and readjusted I am ready for that.

"I will let you off at 28 per cent—27, even 25, if you insist, for there is nothing illiberal about me when I'm out on a diplomatic debauch.

"Now in return for these concessions I am willing to take anything in reason, and I think we may consider the business settled and the Ausgleich Ausgegloschen at last for ten solid years, and we will sign the papers in blank, and do it here and now.

"Well, I am unspeakably glad to have that Ausgleich off my hands. It has kept me awake nights for anderthaab jahr.

"But I never could settle it before, because always when I called at the foreign office in Vienna to talk about it there was not anybody at home and that is not a place where you can go in and see for yourself whether it is a mistake or not, because the person who takes care of the front door there is of a size that discourages liberty of action and the free spirit of investigation. To think the Ausgleich is abgemacht at last it is a grand and beautiful consummation and I am glad I came.

"The way I feel now I do honestly believe I would rather be just my own humble self at this moment than paragraph 14."

Paragraph 14 of the Ausgleich fixes the proportion each country must pay to the support of the army. It is the paragraph which caused the trouble and prevented its renewal.

The Gate City.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1899.

MARK TWAIN'S BEGINNING.

The Circumstance That Led to His First Story Never Told Before.

New York Herald: Just how Samuel L. Clemens—Mark Twain—began his literary career has never been told. In one of his books he tells how from the "soundings" on Mississippi river boats he selected his nom de plume, but as to the very important preliminary episode in his life leading up to it he is as reticent as in his lecture on the argonauts, in which he makes no mention of those who went in quest of the golden fleece. Of his first published article and the incidents connected with its writing and publication he has always been as mum as a church mouse.

There is one man who knows these details—General B. B. Bunker, of Candia, N. H. I had the good fortune to meet General Bunker the other day in Lakewood, N. J.

General Bunker told of playing a game of cards with Clemens, in which the latter lost even his coat, trousers and boots. From the frequent terse and pithy observations interjected into the game by Mr. Clemens the general saw there was something in him above the ordinary steamboat pilot, and when, a few days later, official business called him to Aurora, a hundred miles from Carson City, he asked Clemens to go with him and the invitation was accepted.

On the day following their return Mr. Clemens asked the general if he would like to hear his written description of the trip, and he said he would.

"Well," said General Bunker to me, "Mr. Clemens read me his description. I put it very mildly when I say I was utterly dumbfounded. I had been dazzled before by his occasional flashes of wit. They were firefly flashes. This was the full, resplendent light of the midday sun. We had a talk about that article—short, sharp and decisive.

"Sam, what are you going to do with that sketch?" I asked.

"Do nothing with it."

"Sam, you have a fortune in that brain of yours if you only know how to use it. Send that sketch to the San Francisco Union and they will pay you \$100 for it."

"You are talking wild. They wouldn't publish such nonsensical trash."

Clemens was finally induced to send the story to the San Francisco paper, but on one point the general said, Clemens was firm. He would not consent to sign the sketch with his own name. He did not care to have anyone know, and particularly his mother, that he could be guilty of writing such trash. Of course another name had to be signed, and "Mark Twain" was selected.

A few days later the San Francisco paper came with the sketch, and close on its heels came by express a check for \$100.

"The check," said General Bunker, "was drawn, of course, to the order of Mark Twain. There was great curiosity to know who Mark Twain was. The agent of the express company could find no such person, and a letter to the same address in the postoffice from the editor of the paper soliciting further contributions from Mr. Twain was uncalled for. However, the secret had to come out and 'Sam' got his money, and an opening for himself in a new career in the field of literary work just suited to his talents, and in the pursuit of which his genius has given him supremacy, fame and riches."

The Gate City.

DATE, JUNE 17, 1891. CLASS

WHEN MARK TWAIN WAS NOT FUNNY. In one of the first copies of the Keokuk city directosy among the Cs in this line:

"Samuel L. Clemens, antiquarian."

He lived there before he was known as Mark Twain. With his brother he was proprietor of a job-printing office. Why he was slated in the city directory as an antiquarian was not explained at the time and no one has cared to solve the mystery since. When he went out of Keokuk into the world he left behind him his mother and his brother. The former died less than two years ago and was buried here. Her son Samuel came from the east to pay the last respects of a dutiful son. The other son has remained in Keokuk ever since he and Mark were partners in the job-printing business. He is an attorney, but does not actively engage in the duties of his profession because he does not have to. The old Clemens homestead is occupied by him and his family. The writer asked one of the old citizens of Keokuk for some early stories about Mark

Twain's humor. He replied: "Keokuk was as much surprised when Mark Twain flashed upon the horizon as a humorist as it would have been had he been summoned by the trumpet of Gabriel to appear before the judgment seat. If Clemens had any humor in him when he lived in Keokuk he kept it under a paper weight or in his inside pocket. He was always lazy and matter of fact, and, whilst companionable, he took no pains to make new friends or retain his old ones."

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

Registered in Keokuk postoffice as 2d class matter
JANUARY 21, 1890

MARK TWAIN'S CHUM.

DEATH OF A MAN WHO "ROUGHED IT" WITH CLEMENS IN NEVADA.

AUBURN, N. Y., Jan. 20.—Word has been received here of the death of a former resident of this city, Robert M. Howland, of San Francisco. He died of typhoid fever on Tuesday, while sojourning in New Mexico, where he had mining interests. Thirty years ago Bob Howland was in the employ of Hayden & Letchworth, of this city. He was a member of the first organized fire company, and in recognition of his bravery at the burning of what was then known as the American hotel he was presented by the citizens with a beautiful silver trumpet. As a business man young Howland was a total failure. One day he entered the store and astonished them by saying he was going west. Some of his friends, he said, loaned him sums of money and he desired \$10 to swell the amount to \$100. In the west Howland began a career which was one round of adventure, and in which his bravery was often tested to its utmost. His energies were principally devoted to mining. This led him to travel extensively throughout the Pacific slope, even as far north as Alaska. During his travels he fell in with Sam'l Clemens, better known as "Mark Twain," and Howland and Clemens "roughed it" together in the wilds of Nevada, living in the same cabin. A strong friendship sprang up between them, which continued throughout their later lives. Mr. Howland occasionally returning eastward and visiting his old friend. "Mark Twain" told a prominent citizen of this place that he considered Robert Howland one of the bravest men he ever knew. While visiting "Mark Twain" not long ago, Howland presented the humorist with a gold-headed cane, the stick of which was carved from wood taken from the flagstaff which had supported the colors over their cabin in the wilds of Nevada. Howland was at one time warden of the Nevada state prison in Carson City. In mining matters he was an expert, and became widely known on the Pacific slope. His wealth, though not fabulous, was comfortably large, all of which he leaves to his wife and two daughters, who live in San Francisco.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

How He Talked to the Emperor of Germany and How an Austrian Sculptor Got a Sitting.

Some new stories of Mark Twain are coming out. According to the Ladies Home Journal, Hon. William Walter Phelps, who was the American minister to Germany when Mark Twain first met William II, said that the incident was a striking one. "The kaiser," said Mr. Phelps, "was then on speaking terms with but one American author, Fenimore Cooper. Now, royal personages usually have a series of set speeches ready for emergencies. But William opened the conversation with a reference to 'The Last of the Mohicans,' or its author. A thoroughly well-drilled man of the world would have listened to his majesty's remarks with a gravity becoming an apostle of well-bred boredom, and in that case the kaiser would have done all the talking throughout the evening. But not so with Mark Twain. He told his majesty that he had come across a copy of 'The Pathfinder' quite recently, and that it had struck him as the funniest thing out.

"And then he went on to speak of the moccasined person treading into the tracks of the moccasined enemy and thus hiding his own trail, and the master of woodcraft who had always a profusion of dry twigs on which somebody stepped, thereby alarming all the reds and whites for some hundreds of miles around. He led his majesty 'in the track of a cannon ball across the plains through a dense fog,' and invited him to try and steer his yacht Hohenzollern in a gale for a particular spot on shore, where he knew of an undertow that would hold her back against the gale and save her, as one of Cooper's skippers professed to have done. Then his majesty forgot all about his fine set phrases and his desire to impress Mr. Clemens, and gave himself to the enjoyment of American humor, its extravagance, its daring. Kaiser and humorist talked together the whole evening," concluded Mr. Phelps, "and the rest of the company received very little attention from either of them."

The St. Louis Republic says that Mark Twain, during his year's residence in Vienna, has become almost as great a popular favorite in the Austrian metropolis as he is in his own country, especially since, upon a special occasion not long ago, he delivered a humorous address in German, which was the first knowledge of American humor that the majority of his hearers had ever received. There is a rising young sculptor named Arthur Lowenthal in Vienna, and he conceived a great ambition to model a bust of the new celebrity, but Mr. Clemens' well known modesty stood in the way, and by no influence that Mr. Lowenthal could bring to

bear could he induce him to come to his studio.

About three weeks ago Mr. Lowenthal heard that the object of his ambition was to appear at a performance in the Burg theater, and he was fortunate enough to secure the adjoining box. There he ensconced himself with his tools, and while the unsuspecting American was enjoying the play Lowenthal modeled a bas-relief of his features, which is now on public exhibition in Vienna.

The Gate City.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1871.

Mark Twain on his Travels.

I got into the cars and took a seat in juxtaposition to a female. That female's face was a perfect insurance company for her—it insured her against ever getting married to anybody except a blind man. Her mouth looked like a crack in a dried lemon, and there was no more expression in her face than there is in the spinal column of a cold custard. She appeared as if she had been through one famine and had got about two-thirds through another. She was old enough to be great-grandmother to Mary that had the little lamb. She was chewing prize popcorn, and carried in her hand a yellow rose, while a baud box and a cotton umbrella nestled sweetly by her side. I couldn't guess whether she was on a mission of charity, or going west to start a saw-mill. I was full of curiosity to hear her speak, so I said:

"The exigencies of the times require great circumspection in a person who is traveling."

Said she, "What?"

Says I, "The orb of day shines resplendent in the blue vault above."

She hitched around uneasy like, then she raised her umbrella and said, "I don't want any of your sass—git out," and I got out. Then I took a seat alongside of a male fellow who looked like the ghost of Hamlet lengthened out. He was a stately cuss, and he was reading.

Said I, "Mister did you ever see a camel leopard? I said camel leopard because it is a pious animal, and never eats any grass without getting down on his knees. He said hadn't seen a camel leopard. Then I said, "Do you chow?"

He said "No sir?"

Then I said, "How sweet is nature?"

He took this for a canundrum, and said "he didn't know." Then he said he was deeply interested in the history of a great man. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "we are but few."

I told him I knew one; "the man that made my cooking stove was a grate man."

Then he asked me "would I read?"

Says I "what you got?"

He replied, "Watts Hymns," Reveries by Moonlight," and "How to spend the Sabbath."

I said, "None of them for Haunab," but if he had got an unabridged Business Directory of New York City, I would take a little read.

Then he said, "Young man, look at these gray hairs."

I told him I saw them, and when a man got as old as he was he ought to dye. Said I, "You needn't think these hairs are any sign of wisdom; it's only a sign that your

system lacks iron; and I advise you to go home and swallow a crowbar."

He took this for irony, and what little *entente cordiale* there was between us was spilled. It turned out that he was chairman of a base ball club.

When we got to Rochester I called for a bowl of bean soup. It ought to be called lean soup. I send you the receipt for making it: "Take a lot of water, wash it well, and boil it until it is brown on both sides; then very carefully pour one bean into it and let it simmer. When the bean begins to get restless sweeten it with salt, then put it up in airtight cans, hitch each can to a brick, and chuck them overboard, and the soup is done."

The above receipt originated with a man in Iowa, who gets up suppers on odd occasions for Odd Fellows. He has a receipt for oystersoup of the same kind, only using twice as much water to the oyster, and leaving out the salt.

Speaking of Iowa reminds me of the way I got the money to pay for my ticket to pay for that Odd Fellow's supper. I bet a fellow a dollar that I could tell him how much water to a quart went under the railroad bridge over the Mississippi at Dubuque in a year. He bet, and I said two pints to a quart. I won the bet, but after all, that supper was an awful swindle. If the city didn't settle faster than its coffee did, its old settler's club would be a failure, and the city too.

Dubuque is celebrated for its fine turn-outs. There was a very fine turnout on the streets while I was there; a wagon upset and spilled a lot of women. I didn't see it; I looked the other way. No cards.

DAILY GATE CITY:

SUNDAY MORNING, FEB 27, 1876.

A LITERARY NIGHTMARE.

Horrible Effects of Horse-Car Poetry.

Mark Twain in the Atlantic.

Will the reader please to cast his eye over the following verses, and see if he can discover anything harmful in them?

Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenger!
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenger!

CHORUS.

Punch, brothers, punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenger!

I came across these jingling rhymes in a newspaper a little while ago, and read them a couple of times. They took instant and entire possession of me. All through breakfast they went waltzing through my brain; and when, at last, I rolled up my napkin, I could not tell whether I had eaten anything or not. I had carefully laid out my day's work the day before—a thrilling tragedy in the novel which I am writing. I went to my den to begin my deed of blood. I took up my pen, but all I could get it to say was, "Punch in the presence of the passenger," I fought hard for an hour, but it was useless. My head kept humming, "A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare; a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare;" and so on and so on, without peace or respite. The day's work was ruined—I could see that plainly enough. I gave up and drifted down town and presently discovered that my feet were keeping time to that relentless jingle. When I could stand it no longer, I altered my step. But it did no good; these rhymes

accommodated themselves to the new step and went on harassing me just as before. I returned home and suffered all the afternoon; suffered all through an unconscious and unrefreshing dinner; suffered, and cried, and jingled all through the evening; went to bed and rolled, tossed and jingled right along the same as ever; got up at midnight frantic, and tried to read; but there was nothing visible on the whirling page except "Punch! punch in the presence of the passenger." By sunrise I was out of my mind, and everybody marveled and was distressed at the idiotic burden of my ravings,—"Punch! oh, punch! punch in the presence of the passenger!"

Two days later, on Saturday morning, I arose, a tottering wreck, and went forth to fulfill an engagement with a valued friend, the Rev. Mr. —, to walk to the Talcott Tower, ten miles distant. He stared at me, but asked no questions. We started. Mr. — talked, talked, talked—as is his wont. I said nothing; I heard nothing. At the end of a mile, Mr. — said: "Mark are you sick? I never saw a man look so haggard and worn and absent minded. Say something; do!"

Drearly, without enthusiasm, I said: "Punch, brothers, punch with care! Punch in the presence of the passenger!"

My friend eyed me blankly, looked perplexed, then said:

"I do not think I get your drift, Mark. There does not seem to be any relevancy in what you have said, certainly nothing sad; and yet—maybe it was the way you said the words—I never heard anything that sounded so pathetic. What is?"

But I heard no more. I was already far away with my pitiless, heart-breaking, "blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a three-cent fare; punch in the presence of the passenger." I do not know what occurred during the other nine miles. However, all of a sudden Mr. — laid his hand on my shoulder and shouted:

"Oh, wake up! wake up! wake up! Don't sleep all day! Here we are at the Tower, man! I have talked myself deaf and dumb and blind, and never got a response. Just look at this magnificent autumn landscape! Look at it! look at it! Feast your eyes on it! You have traveled; you have seen boasted landscapes elsewhere. Come, now, deliver an honest opinion. What do you say to this?"

I sighed wearily, and murmured: "A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, punch in the presence of the passenger!"

Rev. Mr. — stood there, very grave, full of concern, apparently, and looked long at me, then he said:

"Mark, there is something about this that I cannot understand. Those are about the same words you said before; there does not seem to be anything in them, and yet they nearly break my heart when you say them. Punch in the—how is it they go?"

I began at the beginning and repeated all the lines. My friend's face lighted with interest. He said:

"Why, what a captivating jingle it is! It is almost music. It flows along so nicely. I have nearly caught the rhymes myself. Say them over just once more, and then I'll have them, sure."

I said them over. Then Mr. — said them. He made one little mistake, which I corrected. The next time and the next he got them right. Now a great burden seemed to tumble from my shoulders. That torturing jingle departed out of my brain, and a grateful sense of rest and peace descended

upon me. I was light-hearted enough to sing; and I did sing for half an hour, straight along, as we went jogging homeward. Then my freed tongue found blessed speech again, and the pent talk of many a weary hour began to gush and flow. It flowed on and on, joyously, jubilantly, until the fountain was empty and dry. As I wrung my friends' hand at parting, I said: "Haven't we had a royal good time! But now I remember, you haven't said a word for two hours. Come, come, out with something!"

The Rev. Mr. — turned a lack-lustre eye upon me, drew a deep sigh, and said, without animation, without apparent consciousness:

"Punch, brothers, punch with care! Punch in the presence of the passenger!"

A pang shot through me as I said to myself, "Poor fellow, poor fellow! he has got it, now."

I did not see Mr. — for two or three days after that. Then, on Tuesday evening, he staggered into my presence and sank dejectedly into a seat. He was pale, worn; he was a wreck. He lifted his faded eyes to my face and said:

"Ah, Mark, it was a ruinous investment that I made in those heartless rhymes. They have ridden me like a nightmare, day and night, hour after hour, to this very moment. Since I saw you I have suffered the torments of the lost. Saturday evening I had a sudden call, by telegraph, and took the night train for Boston. The occasion was the death of a valued old friend who had requested that I should preach his funeral sermon. I took my seat in the cars and set myself to framing the discourse. But I never got beyond the opening paragraph; for then the train started and the car-wheels began their 'clack-clack-clack-clack! clack-clack-clack-clack!' and right away those odious rhymes fitted themselves to that accompaniment. For an hour I set there set a syllable of those rhymes to every separate and distinct clack the car wheels made. Why, I was as fagged out, then, as if I had been chopping wood all day. My skull was splitting with headache. It seemed to me that I must go mad if I sat there any longer; so I undressed and went to bed. I stretched myself out in my berth, and—well you know what the result was. The thing went right along, just the same. 'Clack-clack-clack, a blue trip slip, clack-clack-clack, for an eight-cent fare; clack-clack-clack, a buff trip slip, clack-clack-clack, for a six-cent fare, and so on, and so on, and so on—Punch, in the presence of the passenger!' Sleep? Not a single wink! I was almost a lunatic when I got to Boston. Don't ask me about the funeral. I did the best I could, but every solemn individual sentence was messed and tangled and woven in and out with, 'Punch, brothers, punch with care, punch in the presence of the passenger.' And the most distressing thing was that my delivery dropped into the undulating rhythm of those pulsing rhymes, and I could actually catch absent-minded people nodding time to the swing of it with their stupid heads. And, Mark, you may believe it or not, but before I got through, the entire assemblage were placidly bobbing their heads in solemn unison, mourners, undertaker, and all. The moment I had finished, I fled to the ante room in a state bordering on frenzy. Of course it would be my luck to find a sorrowing and aged maiden aunt of the deceased there, who had arrived from Springfield too late to get into the church. She began to sob, and said:

"Oh, oh, he is gone, and I didn't see him, before he died!"

"Yes! I said, 'he is gone, he is gone, he is gone—oh, will this suffering never cease!'"

"You loved him, then! Oh, you too loved him!"

"Loved him! loved who?"

"Why, my poor George, my poor nephew!"

"Oh—him! Yes—oh, yes, yes. Certainly—certainly. Punch—punch—oh, this misery will kill me!"

"Bless you! bless you, sir, for these sweet words! I, too, suffer in this dear loss. Were you present during his last moments?"

"Yes! I—whose last moments?"

"His. The dear departed's."

"Yes! Oh, yes—yes—yes! I suppose so, I think so, I don't know! Oh, certainly—I was there—I was there!"

"Oh, what a privilege! what a precious privilege! And his last words—oh, tell me, tell me his last words! What did he say?"

"He said—he said—oh, my head, my head, my head! He said—he said he never said anything but Punch, punch, punch in the presence of the passenger! Oh, leave me, madam! In the name of all that is generous, leave me to my madness, my misery, my despair!—a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a three-cent fare—endurance can no further go!—PUNCH in the presence of the passenger!"

My friend's hopeless eyes rested upon mine a pregnant minute, and then he said impressively:

"Mark, you do not say anything. You do not offer me any hope. But, ah me, it is just as well—it is just as well. You could not do me any good. The time has long gone by when words could comfort me. Something tells me that my tongue is doomed to wag forever the jigger of that remorseless jingle. There—there it is coming on me again, a buff trip slip for a—"

Thus murmuring faint and fainter, my friend sank into a peaceful trance and forgot his sufferings in a blessed respite.

How did I finally save him from the asylum? I took him to a neighboring university and made him discharge the burden of his persecuting rhymes into the eager ears of the poor, unthinking students. How is it with them now? The result is too sad to tell. Why did I write this article? It was for a worthy, even a noble, purpose. It was to warn you, reader, if you should come across those merciless rhymes, to avoid them—avoid them as you would a pestilence!

THE CONSTITUTION.

KEOKUK, FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1875.

Mark Twain went to the great base ball match at Hartford, Tuesday, and lost his umbrella, for which he advertised in the city papers, as follows: "Two hundred and five dollars reward—At the great base ball match on Tuesday, while I was engaged in hurrahing, a small boy walked off with an English made brown silk umbrella, belonging to me, and forget to bring it back. I will pay \$5 for the return of that umbrella in good condition to my house on Farmington avenue. I do not want the boy (in an active state), but will pay two hundred dollars for his remains. Samuel L. Clemens." XXX

SEPTEMBER 6, 1899

MARK TWAIN WRITES
OF THE JEWS

Now why was the Jewish race re-named? I have been told that in Prussia it was given to using fictitious names, and often changing them, so as to beat the tax-gatherer, escape military service, and so on; and that finally the idea was hit upon for furnishing all the inmates of a house with one and the same surname, and then holding the house responsible right along for those inmates, and accountable for any disappearances that might occur; it made the Jews keep track of each other, for self-interest's sake and saved the government the trouble.

If that explanation of how the Jews of Prussia came to be renamed is correct, if it is true that they fictitiously registered themselves to gain certain advantages, it may possibly be true that in America they refrain from registering themselves as Jews to fend off the damaging prejudices of the Christian customer. I have no way of knowing whether this notion is well founded or not. There may be other and better ways of explaining why only that poor little 250,000 of our Jews got into the cyclopaedia. I may, of course, be mistaken, but I am strongly of the opinion that we have an immense Jewish population in America.

In Berlin, a few years ago, I read a speech which frankly urged the expulsion of the Jews from Germany; and the agitator's reason was as frank as his proposition. It was this: that 85 per cent of the successful lawyers of Berlin were Jews, and that about the same percentage of the great and lucrative business of all sorts in Germany were in the hands of the Jewish race! Isn't it an amazing confession? It was but another way of saying that in a population of 18,000,000, of whom only 500,000 were registered as Jews, 85 per cent of the brains and honesty of the whole was lodged in the Jews. I must insist upon the honesty—it is an essential of successful business, taken by and large. Of course it does not rule out rascals entirely, even among Christians, but it is a good working rule, nevertheless. The speaker's figures may have been inexact, but the motive of persecution stands out as clear as day.

The man claimed that in Berlin the banks, the newspapers, the theaters, the great mercantile, shipping, mining, and manufacturing interests, the big army and city contracts, the tramways, and pretty much all other properties of high value, and also the small businesses—were in the hands of the Jews. He said the Jew was pushing the Christian to the wall all along the line; that it was as a Christian could do to scrape together a living; and that the Jew must be banished, and soon—there was

no other way of saving the Christian. Here in Vienna, last autumn, an agitator said that all these disastrous details were true of Austria-Hungary also; and in fierce language he demanded the expulsion of the Jews. When politicians come out without a blush and read the baby act in this frank way, unrebuked, it is a very good indication that they have a market back of them, and know where to fish for votes.

Geokuk Constitution.

MARCH 25, 1887

ENGLISH AS SHE IS TAUGHT.

Mark Twain contributes to the April Century under the above title some examples of the curious answers made by pupils in our public schools. We quote a few as follows:

- "*Aborigines*, a system of mountains.
- Alias*, a good man in the Bible.
- Amenable*, anything that is mean.
- Assiduity*, state of being an acid.
- Auriferous*, pertaining to an orifice.
- Ammonia*, the food of the gods.
- Capillary*, a little caterpillar.
- Corniferous*, rocks in which fossil corn is found.
- Emolument*, a headstone to a grave.
- Equestrian*, one who asks questions.
- Eucharist*, one who plays euchre.
- Franchise*, anything belonging to the French.
- Idolator*, a very idol person.
- Ipecac*, a man who likes a good dinner.
- Irrigate*, to make fun of.
- Mendacious*, what can be mended.
- Mercenary*, one who feels for another.
- Parasite*, a kind of umbrella.
- Parasite*, the murder of an infant.
- Publican*, a man who does his prayers in public.
- Tenacious*, ten acres of land."

Here is one where the phrase "publicans and sinners" has got mixed up in the child's mind with politics, and the result is a definition which takes one in a sudden and unexpected way:

"*Republican*, a sinner mentioned in the Bible."

Also in democratic newspapers now and then.

Here are two where the mistake has resulted from sound assisted by remote fact:

"*Plagiarist*, a writer of plays.
"*Demagogue*, a vessel containing beer and other liquids."

Here is one which—well, now, how often we do slam right into the truth without ever suspecting it:

"The men employed by the Gas company to go round and speculate the meter."

And here—with "zoological" and "geological" in his mind, but not ready to his tongue—the small pupil has innocently gone and let out a couple of secrets which ought never to have been divulged in any circumstances:

"There are a good many donkeys in theological gardens.

"Some of the best fossils are found in theological cabinets."

Geokuk Constitution.

JANUARY 9, 1885.

AMUSEMENTS.

TWAIN AND CABLE.

Mark Twain, America's greatest humorist, and George W. Cable, the great novelist and depicter of Southern life, will give selections from their works at the opera house next Wednesday evening. The Boston Daily Globe of Nov. 4th, 1884, says of the entertainment: "George W. Cable, the novelist, and Samuel L. Clemens, known to the world as Mark Twain, entertained a very large audience last evening at Music Hall. Mr. Cable gave selections from his own writings. He was in admirable voice, and some of the touches reminded one of some of the best passages of Dickens. To see Mark Twain is to laugh, and to hear him is to laugh still more. His drollery is perennial, always fresh and always entertaining. His struggle with the German language and his trying conversation with the young American lady in the hotel dining-room at Lucerne were especially funny, while the ghost story had a startling conclusion."

Geokuk Constitution.

JANUARY 12, 1885.

AMUSEMENTS.

TWAIN AND CABLE.

One of the attractions of the winter at the opera house will be the appearance of Mark Twain, the humorist, and George W. Cable, the novelist, next Wednesday evening in selections from their own works. The Springfield, Ill., Register of Friday, January 9th, speaks of their appearance in that city the evening before as follows: "Mark Twain and George W. Cable gave one of their delightful reading entertainments last night, to one of the largest and most cultivated audiences that has assembled at the opera house this season. The programme of the evening was made up of selections from their own writings, Mr. Cable taking his from Dr. Sevier, and closing with "Mary's Night Ride," which he gave with such fine effect as to fairly start his audience from their seats, as they followed the heroine in her mad gallop. He also sang a number of songs in the peculiar patois of the French Creoles. Mark Twain, in his shambling, awkward and quaint way, which must be seen to be appreciated, related the Adventures of Huckelberry Finn, the Tragic Tale of the Fish Wife; his experience with the pretty girl at Lucerne; the story of the golden arm, and in addition related a couple of anecdotes in response to encores. He was inimitable in look, walk and manner of speech, and kept the audience convulsed in laughter. The entertainment as a whole was a thoroughly delightful one."

Keokuk Constitution.

JANUARY 10, 1885.

AMUSEMENTS.

HILDEBRAND.

Hildebrand gave his cryptogram of prison life for the third time to a crowded house last night. He exhibited his entire collection of views and the audience were highly pleased with the entertainment.

THE TWAIN-CABLE READINGS.

The people of Keokuk will have quite a literary treat next Wednesday evening, when the great humorist, Mark Twain, and George W. Cable, the great southern novelist, will give selections from their works. Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) is the brother of Orion Clemens, of this city, and was at one time resident here and should be given an ovation by our people. The New York World of Nov. 19th, 1884, gives the following account of their debut before an audience in the metropolis of America. It says:

Mark Twain and George W. Cable made their first bow as literary Siamese Twins before a New York audience in Chickering hall last evening. The house was filled to its utmost seating capacity, and a few moments only sufficed to put the entire audience in sympathy with the two interpreters of their own works upon the platform. The selections alternated and made a varied play of light and shade throughout the evening, Cable's pathos preceding Twain's humor. Cable led off with the scene between "Narcisse and John and Mary Richling," from "Dr. Sevier;" Twain followed with selections from the advance sheets of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Cable's remaining selections were all from "Dr. Sevier," while Twain's in turn were "Tragic Tale of the Fishwife," "A Trying Situation," and "A Ghost Story."

It would be difficult to say which effort of either was the most appreciated by the audience. The applause was unbounded throughout the evening. Twain's "Trying Situation" and Cable's "Mary's Night Ride" were received with particularly loud demonstrations of approval. The readings will be repeated this afternoon and evening at Chickering hall.

THE GATE CITY.

KEOKUK, IOWA

THURSDAY MORNING, AUG. 19.

A Sober Meditation by Mark Twain.

In Mark Twain's new volume of reminiscences of foreign travels, he for once abandons his persistent habit of making fun of everything, and thus discourses of the Egyptian Sphynx:

After years of waiting, it was before me at last. The great face was so sad, so earnest, so longing, so patient. There was a dignity not of earth in its mien, and in its countenance a benignity such as never anything human wore. It was stone, but it seemed sentient. If every image of stone thought, it was

thinking. It was looking toward the verge of landscape, yet looking at nothing—nothing but distance and vacancy. It was looking over and beyond everything of the present, and far into the past. It was gazing out over the ocean of time—over lines of century waves which, further and further receding, closed nearer, and nearer together, and blended at last into one unbroken tide, away toward the horizon of remote antiquity. It was thinking of the wars of departed ages; of the empires it had created and destroyed; of the nations whose birth it had witnessed, whose progress it had watched, whose annihilation it had noted; of the joy and sorrow, the life and death, the grandeur and decay, of five thousand slow revolving years. It was the type of an attribute of man—of a faculty of his heart and brain. It was Memory—Retrospection—wrought into visible, tangible form. All who know what pathos is in memories of days that are accomplished, and faces that have vanished—albeit only a trifling score of years gone by—will have some appreciation of the pathos that dwells in these grave eyes that look so steadfastly back upon the things they knew before history was born—before tradition had being—things that were, and forms that moved, in a vague area, which, even poetry and romance scarce known of—and passed one by one away and left the stony dreamer solitary in the midst of a strange new age, and uncomprehended scenes.

The sphynx is grand in its loneliness; it is imposing in its magnitude; it is impressive in the mystery that hangs over its story. And there is that in the overshadowing majesty of this eternal figure of stone, with its accusing memory of the deeds of ages, which reveals to one something of what he shall feel when he shall stand at last in the awful presence of God.

THE WEEKLY GATE CITY.

DECEMBER 2, 1880.

MARK TWAIN'S LAST.

A Practical Joke on a Connecticut Audience.

[Hartford Correspondent New York Sun.]

The Hon. Demshame Hornet had a very unpleasant experience lately. Mark Twain was advertised to lecture in the town of Colchester, but for some reason failed to get around. In the emergency the lecture committee decided to employ Mr. Hornet to deliver his celebrated lecture on Temperance, but so late in the day was this arrangement that no bills announcing it could be circulated, and the audience assembled expecting the celebrated innocent. Nobody in the town knew Mark, or had ever heard him lecture, and they had got the notion that he was funny, and went to the lecture prepared to laugh. Even those on the platform, except the chairman, did not know Mr. Hornet from Mark Twain, and so when he was introduced thought nothing of the name, as they knew Mark Twain was a *nom de plume*, and suppose his real name was Hornet. The denoument is thus told: Mr. Hornet first remarked: "Intemperance is the curse of the country." The audience burst into a merry laugh. He knew it could not be at his remark, and thought his clothes must be awry and he asked the chairman in a whisper if he was all right and got "yes" for an answer. Then he said: "Rum slays more than disease!" a louder laugh. He couldn't understand it, but went on. "It breaks up

happy homes!"—still louder mirth. "It is carrying young men down to death and hell!"—a perfect roar and applause. Mr. Hornet began to get excited. He thought they were guying, but he proceeded—"we must crush the serpent!"—a tremendous howl of laughter. The men on the platform, except the chairman squirmed as they laughed. Hornet couldn't stand it. "What I'm saying is gospel truth!" he cried. The audience fairly bellowed with mirth. Hornet turned to a man on the stage and said: "Do you see anything very ridiculous in my remarks or behavior?" "Yes, ha ha—it's intensely funny—ha ha ha! Go on!" replied the roaring man. "This is an insult!" cried Hornet, wildly dancing about. More laughter and cries of "Go on, Twain!" And then the chairman got the idea of the thing, and rose and explained the situation, and the men on the stage suddenly quit laughing and blushed very red, and the folks in the audience looked at each other in a mighty sheepish way, and they quit laughing, too. And then Mr. Hornet, being thoroughly mad, told them he had never before got into a town so entirely populated by asses and idiots, and having said that, he left the hall. And the assemblage then voted to censure Twain and the chairman, and dispersed amidst deep gloom.

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

JULY 8, 1883.

DAILY, BY MAIL, WEEKLY.

Life on the Mississippi. By Mark Twain 1 octavo volume: 625 pages: 300 illustrations. Published by James R. Osgood & Co. Boston. Sold by subscription only. C. B. Beach & Co. Chicago. western agents. The London Athenaeum intimates that this book may be regarded as Mr. Twain's best work; and a distinguished English critic and well-known London publisher says that "the author is to be congratulated on the production of his best book."

Another critic says: "Mark Twain" is both literally and literarily in his element in his new work. "Life on the Mississippi." Mr. Clemens is peculiarly the child of the "Fathers of Waters." is with a sense of filial duty that Mr. Clemens returns to his river after many years, in the course of which he has won fame and fortune, and devotes his ripest and best work to a collection of pictures of its characteristic and remarkable features. Life on the Mississippi affords a most congenial field for the characteristic elements which make up the literary individuality of "Mark Twain," and these elements have never been brought together more happily or presented in such a symmetrical, coherent and artistic shape as in the present volume. Having let us know what the Mississippi was a generation ago, Mr. Clemens gives us an opportunity of contrasting the present with the past, by taking us on a trip in a modern steamer from New Orleans to St. Paul. Altogether, he has given us in "Life on the Mississippi" a book that is worthy of his genius and reputation.

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

Printed in Keokuk Postoffice as 2d class matter
FEBRUARY 16 1890

MARK TWAIN'S BOOK.
A YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT. By Mark Twain. For sale in Keokuk by Clark-Johnson Co.

There has been a good deal said about when the imagination as a creative power exhausts itself. Some have fixed the limit early tho wholly without warrant as Milton, Goethe, Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson, Gladstone, and many poets and orators have shown. Samuel L. Clemens must now be well past fifty and he is another who has proved what nonsense they talk—those do who have said very positively that after forty or forty five at the most the imagination will do no work worth while. We do not know that the mind is conscious of sharing in the making-over that physiologists fix for us all in about seven year periods but it does share in it all the same. The second part of Faust was wholly different from the first and the critics find several Goethes under the one name and in the same great man. All we can see in the pleasure with which we made our own discovery of Mark Twain in the New York Herald—every one makes his own discovery of writers however well known to others, as Columbus and Cabot and the rest each felt as keen a rapture in the first seeing of American shores as tho ships of the Norsemen had never sailed westward. All, we say, that we can see in that Mark Twain of the New York Herald and this older Mark Twain, of "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court," ripe in his fame and known the world over, is merely such a new mind as the seven year cycles make, but the new Mark Twain is just as delightful in his way as the earlier one. He had a riper, maturer purpose in this last book than he did in his first writings. Those bubbled out of him as a mountain brook pours out the gladness of its wealth in the spring. The last book is written with more deliberation. Mr. Clemens has never been merely a humorist, a fun-maker. Always he had a vigorous good sense that made itself heard amid the laughter his humor set going. He was always an intelligent and well-informed traveller. Apart from the fun in it the Innocents Abroad is in other ways and every way about the best book of travel ever written. But all those earlier books did not give him chance to utter certain judgments he had formed that go deeper into the core of things. There may be, too, a tinge of resentment in somewhat of the motive back of his judgment. He has made more than one visit to England and was very successful as a lecturer and received

much attention socially, but some of that social experience vexed him. He saw in a few cases noble folks marshaling their hospitality with as craven a fear of and devotion to rank as the fetich-worshiper has for his fetich. It seemed very absurd to Mr. Clemens for so great a people as the English people who had done so much as the English people and altogether, to be abasing themselves simply to the fetich of rank because its "ignoble blood had run in scoundrels ever since the flood." We think he made up his mind then and there to pay off the score that rankled in him. He began the work with "The Prince and the Pauper." Now he has followed it up with a rounder in "A Yankee in King Arthur's court." The plan of the story is one of the best ever devised, it is in itself a supreme performance of witty imagination. Nothing could be happier or more exquisitely grotesque than this conception of a Connecticut Yankee, born and reared in Hartford, or "anyway, just over the river in the country," with his head full of machinery, and his fancy calling "Hello, Central!" because he was in love with the girl, to find himself back in King Arthur's court in the year 513. A mournful sinking at the heart followed: I shall never see my dear girl again, never, never again. They were born for more than thirteen years yet." The plan involves the arts of Merlin the wizard shall be overmatched by what a modern Yankee knows and can do. There's great genius in merely conceiving that as the plan of an adventure. It may be granted that there is not the exuberant rollicking fun in this book there is in Innocents Abroad and Roughing It. Fun is not imagination and Mr. Clemens never was greater in this latter quality than in this book. And there are bits and scenes of the most exquisite humor, happy as any in literature but as we have said he had a purpose in this book beyond all this. He has chosen in this book to give his opinion as an American democrat. In some things it is such a fervid pouring out of the American soul against England as an American whig might have done in 1776. Again it has sparks of the passion that was in the fight for a free kirk against Episcopacy and the Stuarts. and yet again there is some of the tumultuous rage against Roman Catholicism that Luther had. We don't know what put Mr. Clemens going in this fashion. Maybe he thought these times too yielding and complaisant and agreeable; growing molluscous for lack of earnest conviction and fighting temper. Any way he made this book a polemic and you will not have the key to it unless you see that in it. First

and above all the book is not meant to be funny or witty or humorous, tho it is rich in all these, but the book of an American democrat having his fight out with the Roman Catholic church and with England.

Mr. Clemens has now, we presume, quite fully accomplished his work and fame in American literature so that his place can be fixed in it. But criticism and its judgment is not worth much and has small warrant save when it can speak historically and gives the consensus of established public opinion. In that view no one can say now what place can be with certainty assigned to him tho the material for judgment has been furnished by him. Time must assimilate and sift the material. America has produced as yet no writer of the first rank. Probably the future will say that our best work so far has been in humor. And will find in what Washington Irving, Lowell, Holmes, Bret Harte, Artemus Ward, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Samuel L. Clemens have done in that vein America's chief distinctive share in literature in the first century of the republic. There are writers sui generis like Nathaniel Hawthorne and Ralph Waldo Emerson that keep their place and their fame but their work and their field is always of the select and the few. If future opinion gives the chief place so far to our humorists then Lowell, Bret Harte and Mr. Clemens will hold the chief rank. Mr. Lowell is the better scholar and essayist, Mr. Harte has the finer, subtler genius, but Mr. Clemens is the strongest and most creative of the three.

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

Subscription Rates:
NOVEMBER 25, 1886.
TWIN'S YANKEE KNIGHT.

A Highly Amusing Lecture by Keokuk's Humorist at New York.

The New York Herald contains the following account of Mark Twain's new lecture:

All Governor's Island laughed last night. A bristle-haired Connecticut Yankee lectured in King Arthur's court and sketched the knights of the round table with a master hand. Mark Twain was the speaker. His theme was technically worded "The War Experience of a Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court." It was given before the Military Service Institution. There was a brilliant audience of military men, their wives and friends. General Sherman sat grim and stately under the tattered flags of Gettysburg and Spottsylvania. His brother, the silent, thinking senator, sat near him as if posing for a sculptor, but Mark Twain soon softened the hard military lines in the face of the hero and made the cold financier beside him double up like a jackknife. Laughter and applause rolled over the convulsed

audience. Ex-President Fry forgot the terrors of his office. General Schofield and General Stone gave themselves up to the magic of the hour, ladies hid their beauty behind their handkerchiefs, while the officers from Fort Hamilton joined their friends from the city in the general merriment over the dilemma of a nineteenth century Yankee at King Arthur's court looking forward 1,200 years to the time when his parents should be born.

The officers were in full uniform, with swords and shoulder straps. Beauty smiled on the scene, and a hundred bright eyes sparkled as the lecturer began to paint the glories of Sir Launcelot and his brave knights of old.

INTRODUCING THE LECTURER.

The lecture was a succession of pictures interspersed with epigrams, jokes and witticisms, alternately drawled and fired as if from a gatling gun. General Fry introduced the lecturer by saying that there were different forms of military literature, but the most powerful form was truth. General Fry said he did not know who King Arthur was, he had never met him, but he was sure the lecturer of the evening would make him well known to every one in the audience before the close of the entertainment.

Mark Twain (whose nom de plume is Samuel L. Clemens) was dressed in the height of fashion, which made him tremble as he arose and bowed before the expectant faces. A mournful, Calvary Cemetery look shadowed his Platte River countenance. It was evident that sorrow had but recently haunted his literary fireside. There was a skeleton in every joke, and his lecture soon resolved itself into a gorgeous charnal house, bursting with humor. His marvellous faculty of mingling six sentences of a funeral oration with a side-splitting epigram warmed up the old generals as if they had won all the pots at a California card party. In plaintive, pathetic, mournful voice which embraced everything from the sixth century to Hackettstown, N. J., Mark Twain explained that his lecture was a story which he had begun to write some time ago, but had only finished the first chapter. "But," said he (his distress growing deeper and more genuine), "I will read the first chapter and give you the rest in bulk. As the dying cowboy said to his spiritual adviser, 'Never mind the details, just heave in the bottom facts.'" Here an illustrious general, a distinguished financier, a score of officers and several hundred ladies surrendered for the night, and the funereal gloom on the orator's face resumed its natural pallor.

SOME HUMOROUS PORTRAITS.

The descriptions of the feasting of King Arthur and his knights, and the great oaken round table as big as a circus ring, and of the king, Sir Launcelot, Sir Galahad, Queen Guinevere and the rest was an effective one and full of humorous hits. He told how Sir Launcelot flirted with the queen, and how she flung furtive glances at him "that would have got him shot in Arkansas." of the awful lies the knights told as to their prowess when recounting their adventures to the king, and how Sir Hay embroidered the story of his capture of Smith. There was a very amusing description of Mealia,

the magician, who gets up and puts the company to sleep telling an old story for the thousandth time, but which everybody must submit to because of his magical powers.

WANTED TO SUBLET A CONTRACT.

The lecturer gave an extract from Smith's journal, describing how he was sent by King Arthur to capture a castle, kill the ogre and set at liberty sixty princesses in regular knightly style. Sir Bob comments upon this—

"Well of all the damn contracts this is the boss. Why, I offered to sublet it to Sir Launcelot at ninety days and no magin. But no, he'd got a better thing to do—a whole menagerie of giants and a Vassar college full of jugged princesses. Lots of princesses this year, and all of 'em in trouble. Go and lick the ogre and set loose his summer boarders, hey? Not if I can compromise with him. Never saw such a bullheaded lot as these Round Table Knights. They never think of doing anything by strategy. All they know is to fight. They haven't any brains. I asked Sir Galahad to lend me a map, so as I could locate the ogre's castle. He thought it was something to eat. Those Round Table duffers are nothing but grown-up children."

Sir Bob Smith dons his armor—his "boiler iron strait jacket"—and sallies forth. The sun warmed it up like any other stove, and presently he felt that if he couldn't get out he would drown in his own sweat, and as he jolted along on his horse it sounded like a heavy tray of dishes falling down cellar. "It may not be delicate to say it, said Sir Bob, "but the Lord has so made us that when we perspire we want to scratch, and the more we can't scratch the more we want to." He suffers untold torture because he wants to scratch his back, his leg, his arm, his foot, and he can't move in his iron suit. He'd give a million—or his note for it—if he could only scratch. A thunder storm comes up and he is scared because he thinks that he is nothing but a perambulating lightning rod. The rain comes in through the joints of his boiler iron and he wants to trade his lance for an umbrella.

BLOWS BEST OF ALL.

He finally comes to the conclusion that a hardware suit is N. G. and that without it he can dodge around and tucker out any duffer in armor, lasso him and yank him in. So he arms himself with a lasso. He doesn't tackle the ogre, but goes back and tells a majestic lie about it like the rest of the Knights, and the king thinks its all right and that he has sent to their homes the released princesses, C. O. D. He easily discounts the simple Knights of the Round Table in lying about his achievements, showing what an educated nineteenth century man can do in the lofty realms of that art, and becomes a favorite of the king and finally boss of the kingdom.

The Gate City.

NOVEMBER 28, 1894.

Entered in Keokuk Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

MARK TWAIN'S CO-WORKER

Captain John N. Hamilton, the River Pilot
Once Mr. Clemens' Partner.

Few steamboatmen are aware of the fact that Captain John N. Hamilton, now pilot on the New Idlewild, was at one time a partner of Sam Clemens (Mark Twain) in the newspaper business in the capacity of compositor on a weekly newspaper, edited by Sam's father, called the Hannibal Journal, in Hannibal, Mo., way back in the 50's. Sam, his two brothers, Orian and Henry, and Captain Hamilton were the compositors. After the elder Clemens' death Orian took the editorship of the Journal, which later on went defunct. Orian then drifted to Utah, where he made his mark as a politician and was made lieutenant governor of that territory in 1862. Henry came to St. Louis where he shipped as third clerk on the steamer Pennsylvania, a St. Louis and New Orleans packet, and lost his life by being blown up with the boat. Mark also came to St. Louis and learnt the river with Bart and Bill Bowen, after which he finished his course on the river with Captain Horace Bixbee, now pilot on the Olyde, which is mentioned in Mark's book of the Mississippi river. He then drifted into journalism and at last accounts, we are sorry to say, the publishers of his books made an assignment. But Captain John Hamilton, after tiring of sticking type, came to St. Louis and fell into the hands of Captain Scott Matson, who made a thorough, competent and reliable pilot out of him and is still following that vocation, and is now pilot on the Idlewild. Captain Scott Matson is the father of Captain Harry Matson, the genial commander of the government boat, General Gilmore.—St. Louis Waterways Journal.

The Gate City.

JUNE 17, 1897.

Entered in Keokuk Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

MARK TWAIN'S HOME.

Birthplace of the Humorist in Missouri is Demolished.

Mexico, Mo., June 11.—Florida, which is near this city, has recently lost a very significant relic—the birthplace of "Mark Twain."

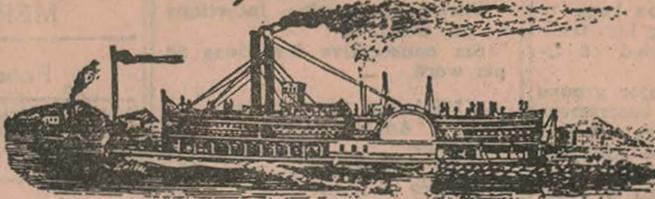
The old structure is being removed preparatory to building a new house. Numerous calls have been made upon Mrs. Roney, the owner of the house, by admirers of the humorist, for sufficient timber to make a cane, or even a shingle or a brick.

Tourists who visit Florida in the future will see only the ground where once stood the birthplace of the man who has made millions smile.

62

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
W. J. BITKEL
KEOKUK, IOWA

MARK TWAIN'S PILOT'S LICENSE

In accordance with the Act of Congress, approved Aug. 30, 1852.
The Original Document
 No.  376

PILOT'S CERTIFICATE.

The undersigned, Inspectors for the District of St. Louis,
 Certify that Samuel Clemens
 having been by them this day duly examined, touching his qualifica-
 tions as a Pilot of a Steam Boat, is a suitable and safe person to be
 intrusted with the power and duties of Pilot of Steam Boats, and do
 license him to act as such for one year from this date, on the following
 rivers, to wit: *On the Mississippi River*
to and from St. Louis and New Orleans

Given under our hands, this *9th* day of *April* 185*9*.

James H. McCord
McSampton

The river pilot's license issued here in 1859 to Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain), to which was appended this proof of oath: "I, James H. McCord, inspector of the district of St. Louis, certify that the above-named Samuel Clemens this day before me solemnly swore that he would faithfully and honestly, according to his best skill and judgment, without concealment or reservation, perform all the duties required of him as a pilot, under act of congress, 'to provide for the better security and the lives of passengers on board of vessels propelled, in whole or in part, by steam.'" That law was passed as late as 1852, but the document issued to the future Mark Twain seven years later, shows that the letters "s" and "f" were yet used alternately on official papers.

-By Permission St. Louis Star-Times.

-Mat from Hannibal Courier-Post.

When Mark Twain Was a Poet

THE KEOKUK DAILY GATE CITY — TUESDAY, DEC. 3, 1935

To Jennie.

Good-bye! a kind good-bye
I bid you now, my friend,
And though 'tis sad to speak the word,
To destiny I bend.

And though it be decreed by Fate
That we ne'er meet again,
Your image, graven on my heart,
Forever shall remain.

Oh yes, in my heart I should have a place,
Among the friends held dear,
Nor shall the hand of Time efface
The memories written there.

Good-bye,
S. L. C.

Keokuk, Iowa, May 7, 1856.

The above is a photographic copy of one of the youthful Sam Clemens' attempts at poetry, written in 1856, while he was in Keokuk, to Jennie Ruffner, of daughter, Mrs. M. W. Spencer.— (Photo by Frazer.) Courtesy Hannibal Courier-Post.

DAILY GATE CITY
DISPLAY MARK
TWIN CRADLE
IN ST. LOUIS

NOV. 11, 1935
ST. LOUIS, Nov. 11—(AP)—The cradle in which Sammy Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, the Missouri humorist, slept as a baby

has been placed on display here by the Missouri Historical Society. In 1841, when the Clemens family moved from Florida, Mo., to Hannibal, ammy was a boy of six and needed no cradle. It and other odds and ends of furniture were given to neighbors. Two other families used the cradle before it came into possession of the family of Mrs. Edna Grigsby McCann in 1867. In that year, Sammy Clemens was already famous under the pen name of Mark Twain. He had already published his story, "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," the first of his literary works that brought him world prominence. With the centennial celebration this year of Twain's birth, Mrs. McCann, who resides at Farber, Mo., lent the cradle to the society to form part of its current exhibition in honor of the humorist-philosopher. In addition to Sammy, dozens of babies must have used it, but it seems no worse for wear. Now shorn of its wooden rockers, it is otherwise in excellent shape.

THE GREAT JUST BEAP CALLED
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

He was good — all good, and
sound; there was nothing bad in
him, nothing base, nor any un-
kindness. It was my just that
such a man, a man whom no offence could
be charged, should have been
sentenced to live 72 years. It
was beautiful, the patience with
which he bore it.

The bitterness of death — that
is for the survivors, ~~is~~ ^{is} beyond
all words, it is. We
hunger for Snow, we suffer &
pine for her; & if by any means I could
bring her back, I could stoop to
that treachery, so weak am I, &
so selfish are we all. But she &
Orion are at peace, & so loyal
friends should wish to disturb them
in their high fortune.

I & all of us offer to you what
little we have — our love & our compassion.

Sine

Hotel Metropole

Vienna, Dec. 11/47.

Dear Mally:

It is 10 in the evening. We
sent you our cablegram of
sympathy half an hour ago
& it is in your hands by this
time, in the wintery mid-afternoon
of the heaviest day you have
known since we saw Jenny
escape from this life thirty-
three years ago, & were then
too ignorant to rejoice at it.

We all grieve for you; our
sympathy goes out to you from
experienced hearts, & with it our
love; & with Orion, & for Orion,
I rejoice. He has received life's
best gift.

TWAIN THE VICTIM.

HUMORIST IS MISTAKEN FOR DIFFERENT PEOPLE.

WAS HAVING HIS PANAMA CLEANED AND BARE HEADED.

Ludicrous Incidents Which Caused Mark to Cancel His Profanity Swear-off.

New York, Aug. 8.—Mark Twain began to get ready for the yacht races by having his panama straw hat of the vintage of '98 brushed up at a hat cleaning booth in the arcade of the Empire building, at 71 Broadway. It took a long time to clean the hat and while waiting for the job to be finished the author was the victim of a dozen or more cases of mistaken identity. He was mistaken for everything from a banker to a florist within twenty minutes.

The cloud of dust that flew from the panama as it made about 1,000 revolutions a minute on the cleaner's electric wheel checked Clemens' and the ill wind from the wheel made his cigar burn sideways, like a "three for five," which it wasn't, for he said so.

To get out of the draft Mark Twain moved along the corridor to wait in front of the next stall, which happened to be occupied by a florist. One woman thought he was the proprietor.

"If you are sure those daffodils were cut fresh this morning," said the woman. "I would like a dozen."

"Madam, I am not sure," replied Mark. "Your question has taken all tuck out of me. I am not allowed to sell blossoms myself. I merely am the door attendant."

AS TICKET SELLER.

Thereupon Mark opened the door of the florists' place and bowed the woman in. Then he moved along to the next place, where they sell elevated road tickets. A fat woman hurrying through the arcade stopped in front of him and asked breathlessly:

"Do you transfer to Huckleberry?"

Mark replied politely:

"I thank you madam. I have a sort of sneaking liking for Huck Finn myself."

AT CIGAR STAND.

The author of "Huckleberry Finn" then sidestepped over in front of the cigar stand where he held his ground till a shirt waist sort of a young man, wearing open work socks, came along

and exclaimed:

"Say, if you've got any cigars different from what you're smoking yourself, I'll buy some."

Remarking that he couldn't sell to minors, Mark Twain crossed the arcade and stood in front of the barber shop where a bald-headed man stopped in front of him and remarked:

"I'll take a dozen bottles if it will give me a head of hair like yours. Hold on, though. Is yours real?"

Mark didn't open his mouth or move so much as an eyewinker.

"Well, I'm d—d," said the bald-headed man, "it's the most perfect piece of wax figure work I ever saw. It beats the crowned heads of Europe in Twenty-third street."

TAKEN FOR BANKER.

Before halting again Mark Twain looked carefully at the signs and quickened his pace to get a manicure parlor, ran by a book stall, dodged away from the soda fountain, and finally stopped in front of the arcade entrance to the bank. It was about closing time and the bank doors being locked, a belated, excited man with his hands full of checks and drafts rushed up and demanded to be let in.

"Listen," the author whispered coarsely in the other man's ear. "I'm waiting to get in myself. I've just sent a boy up for a jimmy and some dynamite and he'll be here most any minute."

The other man dodged out to the Broadway entrance to get into the front door and warn the bank.

Mark Twain got his hat, then stopped long enough in the Western Union booth to telegraph his pastor, the Rev. Joe Twitchell, that his resolution against cussing was off, and then boarded an uptown car.

Mark Tells of His Legal Troubles Over a Contract.

SAYS HE'S TOO PURE, TOO INNOCENT

Humorist Confesses He Cannot Fool Anybody and Tells of His Experience in Buying an Umbrella From a Stranger Whom He Appealed to For Advice.

Mark Twain, the great humorist, has had the good fortune to be able to bring all his books under the control of one publishing firm. The contract was concluded just before he recently sailed for Italy for the benefit of his wife's health. In a farewell interview he said, in speaking of the new arrangement:

"For three or four weeks now I have been bothering over this contract, full of strange things about the party of the first part and the party of the

second part, and I have never yet been able to make out whether I was the party of the first part, the party of the second part or any party at all. Throughout all these four weeks' work my respect for the Divine Creator has grown week by week, because, while it took us a month to create a contract, he created the world in only six days.

"I have found this dealing with lawyers an expensive undertaking. It has cost me four umbrellas already, to say nothing of the onslaught upon my morals. I have done nothing but buy umbrellas and leave them in my lawyer's office. The other day I stopped at one of the umbrella counters in a big downtown office building, where there were three piles of umbrellas. One pile was marked \$1, the second pile \$2, and the third pile was marked \$3. I did not look beyond the third pile, because this contract was not yet signed, and I was not certain how much money I could afford to spend. I said to the man in charge of the umbrellas: 'I am a stranger from west of the Mississippi, all unused to the effete ways of the east. I came from the wild and hoping west, and I appeal to you as a man whether, in your judgment, you being an eastern man and I a stranger on his first visit to your great city, you would advise me to buy this \$1 umbrella for \$1, the \$2 umbrella for \$2 or the \$3 umbrella for \$3? I ask you this as a pilgrim and a stranger.' And the man, looking me straight in the eye, said, 'As man to man and speaking heart to heart to you, a stranger, I would advise you to buy the \$3 umbrella—Mr. Mark Twain.'

"Which shows that a man with a past can't get away from it, even if he has become honest enough to buy his own umbrellas. That is the trouble with me. I can't fool anybody. I am too pure, too innocent. Everybody takes advantage of my innocence. It is a mighty good thing I was not born a girl.

"I am going abroad and may never see my fellow Americans again in this life and I hope for their sakes not in the next." DEC 22 1903

KEOKUK, IA., GATE CITY

Report Mark Twain Left River Because He Sank His Boat

Although Mark Twain generally has been regarded as an experienced river pilot, an article in the 40 years ago column of the Waterways Journal would discount that opinion.

At that time Capt. James M. Thompson of Memphis, Tenn. said the real reason Mark Twain quit the river and became a great novelist was that shortly after receiving his license he ran his boat into a Cairo wharf and sank her.

Hot tempered during the subsequent investigation he was not hired again.

Captain Thompson said he was third clerk on various steamers on which Samuel L. Clemens was cub-pilot.

MAY 28, 1953

THE GREAT EAST MAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

AUGUST 25, 1894.
Entered in Keokuk postoffice as 2d class matter

CITY NEWS.

Mark Twain sailed for Europe a few days ago, leaving the financial affairs of his publishing house, the O. L. Webster Company, in much better condition than when the firm failed a few months ago. It was thought at one time that the humorist would lose a large part of his goodly fortune through this failure, but his business ability is almost as marked as his bump of humor, and there is now no danger that he will have to cut down on the prodigious amount of tobacco he consumes daily. The humorist's daughter, Miss Clara Clemens, is said to be of the opinion that her father's books are a bore. "Papa is the nicest thing in the world, as papa," she recently told a girl friend, but, oh dear, I wish he wasn't famous."

DAILY GATE CITY

FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1924

MARK TWAIN DAY AT QUINCY NEXT SUNDAY

QUINCY, Ill., July 11.—Committees of the Chamber of Commerce and Quincy Motor club have arranged an attractive program for Quincy day at Mark Twain Memorial park, next Sunday. The Eagles band will accompany the excursionists from this city and county and will play concert selections during the afternoon. There will also be short, snappy addresses by Quincy and Missouri speakers, group singing, picnic dinners and other features to be arranged later in the week.

The park is located forty-five miles southwest of Quincy and fourteen miles southwest of Monroe City and the roads are in good condition. Visitors from here will follow the M-Q trail to a point ten miles from Monroe City where a large sign will direct them south into Florida. Special signs will be placed along the route to enable motorists to follow it readily.

Quincy cars will start from the headquarters of the Motor club at the Hotel Newcomb at 8 o'clock Sunday morning. Badges and pennants will be provided.

Committees in charge of the local features of the trip and celebration include John W. Hart, Henry C. Sterling and Aug. J. Hermsdorfer for the Chamber of Commerce; W. L. Wade, L. A. Morest and W. F. Gibbs for the Motor club.

THE GATE CITY:

THURSDAY MORNING, FEB. 18, 1893

A Jester Joked.

We—Mark Twain, Joe Goodman, Dan De Quille, Frank Mayo, Louis Aldrich, Dennis McCarthy, your narrator and other choice spirits—had organized a club appropriately named the "Visigoths." Mark Twain was then laying the foundation of his future wondrous fame by filling the columns of the Virginia City *Enterprise* with the toughest though richest kind of humor. It often took the form of the most merciless practical jokes. None of us escaped his keen tongue or trenchant pen. So, when one day Mark announced his intention of leaving us for the Ray to seek his fortune in a larger field, the "boys" resolved to give him a good send-off. Mark was mysteriously informed that the visitors were going to do something handsome. Twain, not to be outdone, bought a box of champagne and prepared himself with a most pathetic speech. We got ourselves ready for the presentation by buying an elegant morocco case, properly inscribed, and then quietly and insidiously placed in it a nice clay pipe costing just fifty cents. The case was locked and we threw away the key. I happened to be the Viking for that week and it devolved on me to make the presentation speech. It was done in the most dignified and solemn manner. Mark's many noble qualities were enlarged upon. His brilliant genius, his bright future, how sorrowfully we parted with the merry, genial spirit who was wont to set "the table in a roar." Then the meerscham case was handed over to him. His response was so eloquent and pathetic that it moved him to tears, and us too—but no matter. The champagne flowed freely and the fun was fast and furious. But the great humorist and champion seller did not become aware of his treasure till he got home and had procured the services of a locksmith. They say the air was filled with sulphurous gases when Mark realized the sell! He did not speak to us for a week.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

THE GATE CITY:

SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 16, 1892

WIT AND WISDOM.

Mark Twain's Speech at the Army of the Tennessee Reunion in Response to the Regular Toast on "The Babies."

The fifteenth and last regular toast was "The Babies. As they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivities," and to this Samuel L. Clemens responded. He said:

I like that. We have not all had the good fortune to be ladies. We have not all been generals, or poets, or statesmen but when the toast works down to the babies we stand on common ground [laughter], for we have all been babies. [Renewed laughter.] It is a shame that, for a thousand years, the world's banquets have utterly ignored the baby [laughter], as if he didn't amount to any-

thing. [Laughter.] If you will stop and think a minute—if you will go back fifty or one hundred years to your early married life, [laughter,] and recon-temple your first baby,—you will remember that he amounted to a good deal, and even something over. [Roars.] You soldiers all know that when that little fellow arrived at family headquarters you had to hand in your resignation. [Laughter.] He took entire command. You became his lackey—his mere body servant [laughter], and you had to stand around, too. [Renewed laughter.] He was not a commander who made allowance for time, distance, weather, or anything else. [Convulsive screams.] You had to execute his orders whether it was possible or not. [Roars.] And there was only one form of machinery in his manual of tactics, and that was the double-quick. [Shouts.] He treated you to every sort of insolence and disrespect [laughter], and

YOU DIDN'T DARE TO SAY A WORD.

[Great laughter.] You could face the death storm of Donnellson and Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow, but when he clawed your whiskers and pulled your hair and twisted your nose you had to take it. [Roars.] When the thunders of war were sounding in your ears you set your faces toward the batteries and advanced with steady tread; but when he turned on the terrors of his war-whoop [laughter,] you advanced in the other direction and mighty glad of the chance, too. [Renewed laughter.] When he called for soothing syrup, did you venture to throw out any side remarks about certain services being unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? [Boisterous laughter.] No. You got up and got it. [Great laughter.] When he ordered his pap bottle and it was not warm, did you talk back? [Laughter.] No you. [Renewed laughter.] You went to work and warmed it. [Shouts.] You even descended so far in your mental office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff [laughter], just to see if it was right—three parts of water to one of milk—[tumultuous laughter]—a touch of sugar to modify the colic [laughter], and a drop of peppermint to cure those immortal hiccoughs. [Roars.]

I CAN TASTE THAT STUFF.

[Laughter.] And how many things you learned as you went along! Sentimental young folks still take stock in that beautiful old saying that when a baby smiles it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but too thin—simply wind on the stomach, my friends. [Shouts.] If the baby proposes to take a walk at his usual hour, two o'clock in the morning, [laughter], didn't you rise up promptly and remark with a mental addition which would not improve a Sunday school book much [laughter] that it was the very thing you were about to propose yourself? [Great roars.] Oh! you were under good discipline [laughter] and, as you went faltering up and down the room in your undress uniform [laughter], you not only prattle undignified baby talk, but even tuned up your martial voice and tried to sing, "Rock-a-by-baby in a tree top," for instance. [Great laughter.] What a spectacle for an army of the Tennessee. [Laughter.] And what an affliction for the neighbors, too, for it is not everybody within a mile around that likes military music at three in the

morning. [Laughter.] And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet head intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise, [laughter, "Go on,"] what did you do? You simply went on until you dropped in the last ditch. [Laughter.] The idea that a baby don't amount to anything! Why, one baby is just a house and a front yard full by itself. [Laughter.] One baby can furnish more business than you and your whole interior department can attend to. [Laughter.] He is enterprising, irrepressible, brimful of lawless activities. [Laughter.] Do what you please, YOU CAN'T MAKE HIM STAY ON THE RESERVATION.

[Great shouts.] Sufficient unto the day is one baby. [Laughter.] As long as you are in your right mind don't you ever pray for twins. [Laughter. Mr. Clemens is the father of a pair.] Twins amount to a permanent riot. [Laughter.] And there ain't any real difference between triplets and an insurrection. [Up- roarious shouts.]

Yes, it was high time for a toast to the masses to recognize the importance of the babies. [Laughter.] Think what is in store for the present crop! Fifty years from now we shall all be dead, I trust; [laughter,] and then this flag, if it shall survive, (and let us hope it may,) will be floating over a republic numbering 200,000,000 souls, according to the settled laws of our increase. Our present schooner of state [laughter] will have grown into a political leviathan—a Great Eastern. The cradled babies of to-day will be on deck. Let them be well trained, for we are going to leave a big contract on their hands. [Laughter.] Among the three or four millions of cradles now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things, if we could know which ones they are. In one of these cradles the unconscious Farragut of the future is at this moment teething [laughter]: think of it, and putting in a word of dead earnest, inarticulated, but perfectly justifiable profanity over it too. [Laughter.] In another the future renowned astronomer is blinking at the shining milky way with but a liquid interest, poor little chap! and wondering what has become of the other one they call the wet nurse. [Laughter.] In another

THE FUTURE GREAT HISTORIAN IS LYING, and doubtless will continue to lie [laughter] until his earthly mission is ended. In another, the future president is busy-ing himself with no profounder problem of state than what the mischief has become of his hair so early [laughter], and in a mighty array of other cradles there are now some sixty thousand future office-seekers, getting ready to furnish him occasion to grapple with the same old problem a second time. And in still one more cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little hurried with his approaching grandeurs and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind at this moment to trying to find out some way to get his big toe into his mouth—[laughter]—an achievement which, meaning no disrespect, the illustrious guest of the evening turned his attention to fifty-six years ago; and if the child is but a prophecy of the man, there are mighty few who will doubt that he succeeded. [Laughter and applause.]

THE WEEKLY GATE CITY.

Entered at Keokuk postoffice as second class matter

MAY 25, 1882

CITY AND VICINITY.

—The New Orleans Times-Democrat says: "A misguided but enthusiastic young man who managed, after some difficulty, to secure an introduction to Mark Twain on the steamer, just before the latter's departure for St. Louis last evening, said, 'I have read all of your writings, Mr. Twain, but I think I like the Heathen Chinee the best of them all.' Mr. Clemens shook the young man's hand with tremendous enthusiasm, 'My dear sir,' he remarked, 'I am pretty well used to compliments, but I must say I never yet received one which gave me equal satisfaction, and showed so kindly an appreciation of my efforts to please the public. A thousand thanks.' And the young man replied, 'You are perfectly welcome, Mr. Twain, I am sure you deserve it.'—Tableau."

THE GATE CITY:

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JAN. 1, '79.

The San Francisco *Call* writes of Mark Twain: "The turning point in Mr. Clemens' life was made in 1868, when he went to the Holy Land with the excursionists on the steamer Quaker City. He had been in New York but a short time, acting as correspondent for the *Alta*, when the opportunity occurred to make this trip, which proved eventually to be the most fortunate one for our Bohemian. The proprietors had been paying so much per letter, in which Mr. Clemens served up New York in a serio-comic way, when they were astonished to receive an urgent request to advance \$1,200 to enable him to go abroad with the "Innocent"—the consideration for this to be correspondence from points of interest visited. He wrote five or six letters to the New York *Tribune* during the same voyage. After a little hesitation, natural under such circumstances, Mr. Clemens' request was granted, and he joined the excursionists. To the moral and religious people who made up the party, his presence was undesirable, for he still carried his mining manners with him, and spoke the Washoe vernacular. It happened that among the passengers there was an old gentleman from Elmira, N. Y., named Langdon, who was accompanied by his son, a mere boy, and daughter. This boy conceived a sort of friendship for Mr. Clemens, and associated with him almost constantly. He introduced his friend to his sister, Miss Olivia B. Langdon, and we may add, to his fate. The old gentleman fought rather shy of the Washoe Bohemian's society, but the young lady looked on him kindly, and the light of her eyes purified his life. It was a case of love at first sight so far as Mr. Clemens was concerned, and the influence of the feeling was most beneficial. He began to live cleanly in a moral sense, abandoned cards, and gambling and drink, and gave up scoffing at the religious opinions of his fellow passengers. He wanted to find grace with the

lady of his love and her father. Before the voyage was over he asked Mr. Langdon for Olivia, and the refusal he received chilled but did not dishearten him. He simply told the somewhat indignant parent that he could wait, but he was determined to marry his daughter. It was said of John Foster, the English writer, and at one time editor of the London *Examiner*, that his love letters were the most remarkable ever penned, because they were written at the instigation of a young lady whom he wished to make his wife but who, knowing his habitual indolence, and at the same time his great talent, refused to listen to his addresses till he had distinguished himself. He did so, and won a bride that was proud of him. Mr. Clemens' case is hardly parallel to this, but is similar in some respects. We think his "Innocents Abroad" was a labor of love in a degree. It made him fame as a humorous writer, and while all the world was talking about him and his book he came to Elmira, accompanied by an editorial friend from Cleveland, and again renewed his suit for Miss Langdon's hand. This time the old gentleman listened with more complacency. The young lady's brother pleaded for Clemens, and his Cleveland friend, who knew Mr. Langdon very well, also advocated his claims. But more powerful pleaders than all of these was the young lady's heart, and for her father, the evidences of capacity Mr. Clemens had given, and also of reformation of life. A family meeting was held, and into its charmed circle the expectant bridegroom gladly stepped.

THE GATE CITY:

SATURDAY MORNING, FEB. 23, 1878.

NEWS AND OPINIONS.

Mark Twain has a telephone story in the *Atlantic Monthly*. A young man in Maine falls in love with a girl in California, and they say sweet nothings and finally quarrel through the telephone. Then:

Did Alonzo give her up? Not he. He said to himself, "She will sing that sweet song when she is sad; I shall find her." So he took his carpetsack and a portable telephone and shook the snow of his native city from his arctic, and went forth into the world. He wandered far and wide and in many States. Time and again strangers were astounded to see a wasted, pale, and woe-worn man laboriously climb a telegraph-pole in wintry and lonely places, perch sadly there an hour with his ear at a little box, then come sighing down and wander wearily away. Sometimes they shot at him, as peasants do at aeronauts, thanking him mad and dangerous. Thus his clothes were much shredded by bullets and his person grievously lacerated. But he bore it all patiently.

In the beginning of his pilgrimage he used often to say: "Ah, if I could but hear the sweet By and By!" But toward the end of it he used to shed tears of anguish and say: "Ah, if I could but hear something else!"

At last when confined in a New York lunatic asylum he heard the beloved tones. She is in Honolulu, but of course they get married by telephone, and all ends happily.

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THE GREAT DUST HEAR CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

THE EVENING PRESS.

JUNE 7, 1898.

THE EVENING PRESS COMPANY.

Mark Twain In Battle.

It is related that Mark Twain served two weeks as a soldier in the civil war. He was attached to Jeff Thompson's command in the Confederate army in Missouri. His own account of his military experiences, told in one of his private letters, is as follows: "We never won any victories to speak of. We never could get the enemy to stay still when we wanted to fight, and when the enemy felt like fighting we were generally on the move."

CONSTITUTION - DEMOCRAT.

CONV. MAY 10, 1890

AMONG THE PROPHETS.

MARK TWAIN'S LATEST BOOK AN INSULT TO CATHOLICS.

It Is Also a Credit to His Ignorance—He Ridicules Religion and Gets Muddled in History—Mr. Stead Recommends the Book—An Amusing Comparison.

Nobody expects to find the author of the "Jumping Frog" proposed as an authority in any ecclesiastical docens. His allusion to weighty topics had never been notably instructive or edifying. He had helped out many a dull page by unseemly handling of themes whose sublimity and sanctity were enough to give piquancy to even the silliest comicalities. As it grows older, his humor seems more than ever in need of strong cordials to keep it alive. He falls back upon the old jokes about the length of German words, which were amusing thirty years ago, and upon the eclipse prediction business, which was used up even before it figured in "Solomon's Mines." But all this is not enough to make up a big book—a selling book, a sensational book; so he exerts himself to fill up the chasms with philanthropy in the newest style, and very old fashioned bigotry. The result is called "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur."

In this work the chivalry and feudal institutions of the Eleventh and Twelfth centuries are mixed up with the despotism of Louis XIV and Louis XV, and with the barbarism of Cassibelan and Boadicea; and the uses and abuses of all are presented combined at the court of the mythical Arthur. Everything which is un-American in Christian society since its first beginning is ridiculed and reviled; but the Catholic church is the chief object of fervent vituperation. Every abuse she was in the habit of anathemizing, from slave driving to magic, is flung in her face; and the absence of telephones and sewing machines in A. D.

528 is attributed to her incorrigible retrogressiveness. The narrative tells how, with the aid of gunpowder and other products of advanced civilization, the visitor from the Nineteenth century secures boundless authority in Arthur's realms. He remodels Arthurian society on the plan of Maine or Massachusetts; so that in a few years every one is almost as free, virtuous and happy as if he had been born in a Boston flat.

The knights of the Round Table are employed about the country as agents for sewing machines, or melodeons, or wire fences; or they arm themselves with the advertisement boards of leading soap and candle firms. The church is undermined by the gradual spread of cleanliness and education. "Sunday schools," however, are established, concerning whose theological basis we are given no particulars. A free press, modeled upon the New York dailies, gradually works up early British public life to the elevated tone characteristic of American "politics." In the end the beneficent "Boss" exterminates, by means of electric batteries, a host of conservative rebels numbering 25,000 men, and thus sets the seal on his triumphs.

In imperial Rome the Neros and Domitians and their train of degraded nobles were often the absolute owners of millions of human beings. Nor had any historian conjectured, until Mark Twain came forward to enlighten us, that these creatures "held up their heads and had a man's pride and spirit and independence." To their owners they were not men but merely chattels. We had understood that they could be, and were, sold, scourged, racked or crucified at the caprice of their masters, or reserved to slaughter each other for the amusement of a holiday mob; that they could claim no reward for their labors—no compensation in their infirmity or old age; that philosophers, poets and priests never dreamt of rescuing them from their degradation, and rarely of bestowing upon them a thought of pity. We had fancied that before the day of the church's supremacy no one had said to these millions, "Come to me all ye that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you;" that nobody had warned their masters to be merciful, if they would themselves obtain mercy, or bidden them, under threat of eternal punishment, to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, to do good, and not evil, to all men.

We had thought that the church was the first to found whole orders of charitable men to rescue captives from Saracen and Moorish slavery—very often at the price of the liberator's own freedom or life. Was it not she who first declared all men equal before God's altar, and before the throne of his last judgment? Was it not the church who set before the eyes of all men the picture of the home at Nazareth, where the noblest of God's creatures—nay, the eternal Son himself—became the friend and brother of the poor, and a sharer in their humblest toils? And what wreath of laurel from Grecian hills—what medal of bronze or gold in a modern world fair could shed over labor and poverty a glory like that? Mr. Clemens, however, not having made himself acquainted with the history of Christianity, finds himself at liberty to

pen the remarks above quoted.

And such is the book which Mr. Stead (with apologies, it is true) presents to his public among his chief specimens of "the highest and ripest thought," conspicuous among "the wisest" of his agencies for the quickening of spiritual life, the diffusing of the radiance of great ideals, and all the rest of it. He admits with astonishing candor that "profanity," "dullness," "irreverent audacity" and "strange misreading of history" may all be found within its covers, and adds the singular comment that "nothing can be sacred to a descendant of the men of the Mayflower." But he finds that Mark Twain's book is "passionately sympathetic with the common man;" and this, it appears, is sufficient to outweigh all its shortcomings.

Some of the disquisitions on church matters, however, have recalled to us a certain phrase in a school exercise which he once upon a time rescued from oblivion. "There are many donkeys in theological gardens," wrote a little innocent in her essay "On Donkeys." It is but too true. Donkeys are peculiarly fond of forcing their way into these sacred preserves. And strangely enough, nowhere do they play their unseemly pranks with such sans gene as on this unsuitable arena; nowhere else do they fling their unmelodious notes upon the breezes with such cheerful and reckless audacity. Strangest of all, we are sometimes expected to identify the performance with the music of the spheres!

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

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SEPTEMBER 7, 1888
PRINCE OF HUMORISTS.

Some Interesting Facts Bearing on the Life of Mark Twain.

A writer in a Chicago paper has an interesting article concerning Mark Twain. It says that when young Clemens was twelve years old, the upright and manly father died, leaving the household without means, as he had lost all by endorsing for friends. He was one of a fine Virginia family, several of whom had been in congress, and he was also a man of brain and force of character. The mother was a warm-hearted woman, kind to every living creature, with great emotional depths, and unusual felicity in her choice of words, either in speaking or writing. Left with four children, they must needs do their part in the struggle for support. Samuel went to school ostensibly, where, he says, he "excelled only in spelling," but loved to spend much of his time upon the river, and so successful was he in getting in 'o its turbid waters that he was dragged out nine times before he was fifteen. Evidently it was not his fate to die by drowning.

In these early years he tried various methods of earning a livelihood, and finally learned printing in the office of the Hannibal Courier, of which he says in his book of Sketches, that it had "500

subscribers, and they paid in cordwood, cabbages and unmarketable turnips." With a desire to see himself in print his first articles appeared during a week's absence of the editor. So personal were they that the town was stirred, and the paper was in jeopardy. However, it resulted in thirty-nine new subscribers, all of whom wished to read what was written about their neighbors, and the journal "had the vegetables to show for it, cordwood, cabbage, beans, and unsalable turnips enough to run a family for two years!"

After he had been nearly three years on the paper he made up his mind to run away and see the exposition in New York. He had been earning fifty cents a week, and had saved the necessary funds. Arriving in New York he had \$12 in his pockets, a \$10 bill of which he had sewed in his coat-sleeve. When the exposition had been duly examined he found work in John A. Green's printing office, but after two or three months, he met a man from his town, Hannibal, and, fearing that his whereabouts would be reported, he suddenly took his departure for Philadelphia, working on the Ledger and elsewhere.

Finally he made up his mind that he had experienced enough of the eastern world, and, with his \$10 still sewed into his coat-sleeve, went back to his Missouri home.

All these years he and his boy friends had cherished, as he says in Old Times on the Mississippi, published in the Atlantic Monthly for 1875, an ambition to be steamboat man. He obtained a position.

The work proved hard and discouraging for the youth, but he finally reached the desired position of pilot, and had the proud satisfaction of receiving \$250 per month. Here he remained for seven years, till he was twenty-four, when the growth of railroads and the civil war made piloting unprofitable.

For a few weeks he served in the confederate army, but soon went with his brother, who had been appointed lieutenant governor of Nevada territory, as his private secretary. The details of this exciting trip overland have been read by thousands in that fascinating book, "Roughing It."

Clemens finally decided to try his hand in silver mining. He had always considered himself lucky. He had passed through cholera, yellow fever and small-pox epidemics, had seen thousands die around him, but with neither fear nor disquietude he had come out unscathed. "I never expected things, and never borrowed trouble," he says. A wise philosophy to be learned early in life if one would succeed. Why should he not be lucky in mining? The great silver mines in Nevada were being opened. A poverty-stricken Mexican traded a stream of water for 100 feet of a mine, and four years later was worth \$1,500,000. Teamsters became millionaires. The whole territory was wild with excitement. "I would have been more or less than human if I had not gone mad like the rest," says Mr. Clemens.

At last Clemens and his friend Higgins found their mine. By the laws of the districts, claimants must do a reasonable amount of work on the ledge within ten days from the date of loca-

tion. Clemens went away to care for a sick friend, supposing Higgins would attend to their fortune. Unfortunately the latter went to other work, supposing that another person would do the necessary labor. Both men returned ten days later to find that other parties had secured their claim, and held millions of dollars in their hands, while Clemens was as poor as ever. He certainly had not been lucky in mining. He was "blue" indeed, not sky blue, he says, but indigo. Possibly if he could have looked forward to the present time and have seen himself a millionaire in an elegant home, and famous the world over, the skies would have been gold and crimson in hue.

About this time an offer came from the Virginia City Enterprise, for which paper he had already written some articles, signing himself here, for the first time, "Mark Twain," taken from the speech of the leadmen on the Mississippi river in making soundings. The paper offered him \$25 a week as city editor. He was indeed thankful. He would have gladly taken \$3 a week even.

For two years he held this position, and then, desiring a change, moved to San Francisco. For a time all went well, but soon the large amount of mining stocks in his trunk proved worthless. Writing for the newspapers and receiving a small amount of money, irregularly, is not conducive to peace

of mind or health of body. The struggles of these days, as given in "Roughing It," are, alas, too true. For a time he was on the staff of the Morning Call, and then went to the Sandwich Islands to study the sugar business and write letters for the Sacramento Union. He showed much journalistic enterprise, and his work was greatly enjoyed.

On his return, the old question of self-support presented itself. What should he do next? He decided to give a lecture. He had never stood before an audience. His friends, with one exception, enthusiastically said "no" to his suggestion. But he hired the new opera house at half price, and on credit, for sufficient reasons.

To Mr. Clemens' amazement the house was packed, and he cleared \$600. Then he dared to try New York. He judiciously gave free tickets to all the public schools, and was delighted to find that Cooper Union was full. Evidently, the skies were growing brighter. Courage and persistence had won their way.

In 1867, when Mr. Clemens was 32, he joined a pleasure party going abroad in the Quaker City. The party visited France, Italy and Palestine. On their return, the humorist wrote "The Innocents' Abroad; or, The New Pilgrim's Progress," and it was sold by subscription. The book was eagerly purchased and read from one side of America to the other, and in Europe as well.

In 1870 Mr. Clemens was married to Miss Langdon, whose brother he had met on the Quaker City. She was beautiful, as well as lovely in character; and now luck had come indeed. Her father, a man of large wealth, purchased a home for them in Buffalo, and Mr. Clemens a third interest in the Buffalo Express.

Fortunately, he did not remain in

journalism else probably we should have missed his delightful books. He soon removed to Hartford, Connecticut and built one of the most attractive homes in the city, on Farmington avenue. It is of red brick, with light trimmings, gothic in architecture, surrounded by porches, trees, a river and charming landscapes. Within, as you enter, the broad hall, with its grand piano and Persian rugs on the floor, is a spacious room in itself. Out of the parlor, with its exquisite furnishing in blue and olive, its statues and paintings, handsome wood mantel and grate, with the motto, "The ornament of a house is the friends who visit it," is a beautiful conservatory full, even in winter, of the choicest plants. Above the parlor are the elegant sleeping rooms, with their wonderfully carved furniture from Venice; the school-room with pretty chintz sofas, and full of sunlight, where his three beautiful children study from 9 till 1. Susie, a blonde; Clara, with dark hair and eyes, and little Jean, herself a sunbeam, named after her mother; Susie's lovely room is blue, and the room of Clara and Jean, with the great rocking horse of the latter

The Gate City,

AUGUST 23, 1890. -
Entered in Keokuk Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

Rudyard Kipling Visits Mark Twain.

On his journey to England from India some months ago Rudyard Kipling, who now holds a place in the foremost rank of short story writers, crossed the American continent and stopped a few hours at Elmira, N. Y., to visit Mark Twain. In The New York Herald of recent date Mr. Kipling tells with charming detail the story of his reception by Mr. Clemens. His admiration of the famous humorist finds expression in the following paragraph:

"He spoke always through his eyes, a light under the heavy eyebrows, anon crossing the room with a step as light as a girl's to show me some book or other, then resuming his walk up and down the room puffing at the cob pipe. I would have given much for nerve enough to demand the gift of that pipe, value five cents when new. I understood why certain savage tribes ardently desire the liver of brave men slain in combat. That pipe would have given me perhaps a hint of his keen insight into the souls of men. But he never laid it aside within stealing reach of my arms. Once indeed he put his hand on my shoulder. It was an investiture of the star of India, blue silk, trumpets and diamond studded jewel, all complete. If hereafter among the changes and chances of this mortal life I fall to careless ruin I will tell the superintendent of the workhouse that Mark Twain once put his hand on my shoulder, and he shall give me a room to myself and a double allowance of paupers' tobacco."

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

The Gate City.

NOVEMBER 28, 1895.
IN AUSTRALIA.

How Mark Twain Is Coining Success In the Antipodes.

What THE GATE CITY has been saying about Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) is not the product of a press agent. There is no probability that he will be heard in Keokuk for years. Two purposes are in view in reproducing comments from the antipodal press. One is that Keokuk people may know of the grandly earned success of a former Keokuk man. The other is that GATE CITY readers may examine some of the refreshing characteristics of antipodal journalism. The Australian papers handle the English language in a manner perceptibly different from western American papers, yet the difference is not definable. The following was taken from the Melbourne (Australia) Argus of Sept. 28:

The author of the "Innocents Abroad" was "at home" at the Bijou theatre last night. The celebrated humorist was at home in more senses than one. He strolled onto the stage in a manner that showed he felt himself among friends, and was met with such a greeting from a crowded audience as must have made him glad he did not in reality stay at home. To say that the audience represented even more in good feeling and enthusiasm than in "dollars" is to say a great deal, and yet preserve that close adherence to actual fact which has always distinguished Mark Twain himself and imparted to his books their most endearing element—trustworthiness. One touch of humor makes the whole world kin, and this was illustrated in the audience last night. That gentleman in the higher stage box, who laughed till his face was scarlet and banged the end of his walking stick on the floor, was an archdeacon, and close to him was a rural dean, backed by a number of the minor clergy, all cackling like schoolboys. Beneath them sat an aged senator leaning over the rail of the dress circle, and swaying to and fro in most painful enjoyment. Down below a book-maker led the laughter with an increasing metallic roll. He was always in time for the good points, for he never stopped. The clergy was the most notable element in the assembly. The Church of England assembly had evidently adjourned to the theatre in a body, and the Catholic priests had come to take the first steps towards this union of which so much is heard. There were several Presbyterians laughing really hard—they were evidently not of the subjects requiring surgical operations. One burly Wesleyan exploded at regular intervals in the gallery—in fact, white cravats and black coats

were dotted all over the building. It is suspected that there were even some particular Baptists present—but on such a point one must speak with reserve. Everybody in Melbourne who could get into the building seemed to be there, and there never was an audience that seemed more convinced that it had got the worth of its money. For two hours there was a continuous roar of laughter, with the exception of a seven minutes interval, and one or two places where the humorous and the pathetic met, and people did not quite know whether to laugh or cry.

For nearly two hours the humorist went lazily onward, telling over again many of his best stories as only he can tell them. What a mixture of the terrible and the grotesque, the tale of the boy who discovered that the weather was too bad for school—; use the sort of weather for fishing; who went fishing and returned to sleep in his father's office along with the corpse of a man killed in a street row; how he went away from there—not hurriedly but still he went—through the window taking the sash with him. What unutterable pathos in the voice of the man in the jumping frog who said, "I ain't got no frog." What real pathos in the struggle of the better nature of the loyal Huck Finn with the conscience which told him he would go to perdition if he did not betray the escaping nigger, "Jim." It was Mark Twain, interpreted by Mark Twain.

Daily Constitution.

APRIL 17, 1885.

MARK TWAIN'S BOYHOOD.

An Interview With Mrs. Jane Clemens, Mother of the Famous Humorist.

Chicago *Inter-Ocean*; In an unpretentious two-story brick dwelling, at the intersection of High and Seventh streets, Keokuk, Iowa, lives Orion Clemens and his wife. The former is the eldest brother of the famous "Mark Twain," and is a lawyer by profession. He is the personage who was the "Governor's Secretary" at Carson, Nev., and who gave Mark the subordinate position which resulted, with its attendant experiences, in the production of probably the most thrilling realistic portrayal of frontier life ever given to the world—the book "Roughing It." Mr. Orion Clemens now lives a very quiet and secluded life, being much given to literary pursuits, in which he is assisted by his graceful and accomplished wife. They have no children.

With them resides Mr. Clemens' mother, who will be 82 years of age next

June. The writer, being stranded in Keokuk for a few hours, improved the opportunity to make a call upon the venerable lady, and in the course of an hour's pleasant conversation, which followed, received from her lips many anecdotes concerning her most noted son, which will be new to the generality of readers.

"Sam was always a good-hearted boy," said Mrs. Clemens, "but he was a wild and mischievous one, and do what we would, we could never make him go to school. This used to trouble his father and me dreadfully, and we were convinced that he would never amount to as much in the world as his brothers, because he was not near so steady and sober minded as they were."

"I suppose, Mrs. Clemens, that your son in his boyhood days somewhat resembled his own 'Tom Sawyer,' and that a fellow feeling is what made him so kind to the many hair-breadth escapades of that celebrated youth?"

"Ah, no," replied the old lady with a merry twinkle in her eye, "he was more like 'Huckleberry Finn' than 'Tom Sawyer.' Often his father would start him off to school and in a little while would follow to ascertain his whereabouts. There was a large stump on the way to the school house, and Sam would take his position behind that and as his father went past would gradually circle around it in such a way as to keep out of sight. Finally his father and the teacher both said it was of no use to try to teach Sam anyhow, because he was determined not to learn. But I never gave up. He was always a great boy for history and could never get tired of that kind of reading." "It must have been a great trial to you."

"Indeed it was," rejoined the mother, "and when Sam's father died, which occurred when Sam was 11 years of age, I thought then, if ever, was the proper time to make lasting a impression on the boy, and work a change in him, so I took him by the hand and went with him to the room where the coffin was and in which his father lay, and with it between Sam and me, said to him in this presence I had some serious requests to make of him, for I knew his word once given was never broken. For Sam never told a falsehood. He turned his streaming eyes upon me and cried, 'O, mother, I will do anything you ask of me except to go to school; I can't do that.' That was the very request I was going to make. Well, we afterward had a sober talk and I concluded to let him go into a printing office to learn the trade, as I couldn't have him running wild.

He did so, and has gradually picked up enough education to enable him to do about as well as those who were more studious in early life. He was about 20 years old when he went on the Mississippi as a pilot. I gave him up then, for I always thought steamboating was a wicked business and was sure he would meet bad associations. I asked him if he would promise me on the Bible not to touch intoxicating liquors nor swear, and he said, "Yes, mother, I will." He repeated the words after me, with my hand and his clasped on the holy book, and I believe he always kept that promise. But Sam has a good wife now who would soon bring him back if he was inclined to stray away from the right. He obtained a place for Henry on the same boat as clerk, and soon after Sam left the river, Henry was blown up with the boat and killed."

The dear old lady gave me the last reminiscences in a trembling voice and with eyes filled with tears, but in a moment recovered her wonted serenity and told many more incidents and entertaining stories of the then embryo humorist, of which my memory is not sufficiently accurate to enable me to reliably reproduce, though the general idea will always remain in my mind as an indelible photograph of Mark Twain, not as the world knows him, but as he was and is to the mother whose idol he evidently is, and whose strong good sense and wise counsel in his youth undoubtedly has contributed largely to his success. Mrs. Clemens, aside from a deafness, which necessitates the use of an ear trumpet, is well preserved and sprightly for her years.

"Mark Twain inherited the humor and talents which have made him famous, from his mother," stated the younger Mrs. Clemens. "He is all 'Lampton,'" and resembles her as strongly in person as in mind. Tom Sawyer's Aunt Polly and Mrs. Hawkins, in 'Gilded Age,' are direct portraits of his mother."

Mrs. Clemens was Miss Jane Lampton before her marriage, and was a native of Kentucky. Mr. Clemens was of the F. F. V.'s of Virginia. They did not accumulate property, and the father left the family at his death nothing but, in Mark's own words, "a sumptuous stock of pride and a good old name," which, it will be allowed has proved, in this case at least, a sufficient inheritance.

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

JANUARY 9, 1885.

Entered at Keokuk Postoffice as second class matter

KEOKUK OPERA HOUSE

Wednesday Evening Jan. 14.

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY.

MARK TWAIN,

(MR. S. L. CLEMENS.)

As a Reader of his own superb fun; and

MR. GEORGE W. CABLE,

The distinguished Southern novelist; presenting his own matchless scenes.

To Appear Together!

Mark Twain's world-famous wit.
Mr. Cable's exquisite humor and pathos.
A combination of genius and versatility that appeals freshly to the intelligent public.

PRICES—Parquette \$1.00; Balcony 75c. Gallery, 50c. Seats may be reserved without extra charge at Ayres Bros.' commencing Monday January 12

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

JANUARY 11, 1885.

TWAIN-CABLE.

The entertainment that these gentlemen will appear in is in effect a condensation of dramatic efforts in readings, where the author presents his own characters to an audience, illustrating his subject with various side lights, such as a song or a dialect, and thus vividly picturing the scenes he projects with local color. This is the form of entertainment that Mr. Clemens and Mr. Cable are engaged in presenting, and it must be confessed that they have leaped into favor at a bound. It was originally intended, we believe, that the party should be larger, but experiment has shown that two such gentlemen as the humorous Mark Twain and the southern novelist are as much as the untutored public can stand at present. We present below the program that they will offer next Wednesday night embracing choice selections from their popular works:

From Dr. Sevier—Narcisse and John and Mary Richling—"Mistoo Ichlin", in fact, I can baw that fifty dolla' fom you myself.....George W. Cable
Advance sheets from "The adventures of Huckleberry Finn."—"King Sollermunn."

Mark Twain
From Dr. Sevier—Kate Riley, Richling and Ristofalo.....George W. Cable
Tragic tale of the Fishwife.....Mark Twain
From Dr. Sevier—Narcisse Puts on Mourning for "Lady Byron".....George W. Cable
A Trying Situation.....Mark Twain
From Dr. Sevier—Mary's Night Ride

George W. Cable
A Ghost Story.....Mark Twain
Already numerous applications from abroad have been received for seats and everything indicates a crowded house to hear the talented authors. Sale opens at Ayres Bros' to-morrow morning.

The Gate City.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1894.

Entered in Keokuk Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

MARK TWAIN GOES ABROAD.

He Saw His Name on the Paris' List and Decided to Take That Boat.

Probably the most inconspicuous passenger on the American line steamship Paris the other day was a languid man with fluffy gray hair, who looked as if he had made a mistake in taking passage in the cabin. He carried an old umbrella in one hand and a crush hat done up in a newspaper in the other. A few persons recognized him as Samuel L. Clemens. He apparently was traveling as Mark Twain, professional humorist. He was somewhat late—in fact, if he had been a few minutes later he might have had to walk to Europe or take the next steamship. Somebody suggested to him that the Paris was ready to sail. He answered with his familiar drawl:

"Well, if the boat's ready to go, I guess I am. I am going over to see my wife and family at Etretat, where they are supporting a couple of doctors. You see, over there when a doctor gets hold of a good patient he keeps him. They generally take you to a small place and keep you there. Then they pass you along to a friend in another place, and they keep you moving like the Wandering Jew. My wife has been doing this for three years.

"I don't dare to have even a headache after I land on the other side. But I guess I'll bring her back when I come in October.

"This is my tenth voyage in the past three years. I'm getting real fond of sailing now. After the first five or six days I rather enjoy the trip."

Mr. Clemens started up the gangplank. A deckhand, who thought the gingham umbrella hardly in keeping with a first class ticket, stopped the humorist and asked:

"Aro you a passenger?"

Mr. Clemens stammered: "I—I—don't—know, but I rather think—so. Wait a minute, and I'll see."

Then Mr. Clemens looked over his passenger list and exclaimed triumphantly:

"Yes, I'm a passenger. Here's my name on the list."

The deckhand said something about Bloomingdale as Mark waved him a stately farewell.—New York Sun.

The Daily Gate City.

TUESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 14, 1871.

—Mark Twain threatens to cease writing periodically. He says trying to think how he shall be funny at a certain date is very melancholy; keeps him awake at night; prompts him to commit suicide, run for Congress, or describe in print his reminiscences of distinguished men whose funerals he has had the pleasure of attending.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
BY J. BICKEL KEOKUK IOWA

"OCTOBER 17, 1900.

THE ORIGIN OF MARK TWAIN'S NAME

MADE BY BAKER-VAN

DATE
19__

A London dispatch explains the origin of Samuel M. Clemens's literary name as follows:

"Every printer knows that the old-time journeyman printer had a 'slug number' in whatever shop he worked. Once in a while the public has caught sight of these numbers when some careless corrector of proofs has allowed them to go through, and then the reader of the daily paper has wondered what that black mark with the words 'slug one,' 'slug two' or slug so forth meant. That is the way the printers had of keeping track of the amount of work, for all worked by the piece and there was a slug at the head of each man's 'take.' The slug number of Samuel M. Clemens when he worked in the Keokuk shop was two. But he could not say 'slug two' like the common individual. Instead of 'slug' he used 'mark,' and instead of two he used 'twain,' thus making himself known to the proof reader and the business office as 'mark twain' instead of humdrum 'slug two.' Later, when nerred to the name and by the employment of capitals made it appear respectable as Mark Twain.

"M. Quad' is another name with a print shop derivation, but the use is less obvious than in the case of Twain. An M quad is used for the purpose of indenting the line, and is also employed between sentences to mark the proper space for a division after a period. As 'M. Quad' was a he began to write and lecture, he ad-paragrapher he deemed the abbreviation appropriate, but there will be a question as to the good taste of the humorist in making use of such tactics. The people will shortly know nothing at all of the true names of Mark Twain and M. Quad and the great work that they have done will be left as a legacy to print shop terms and not to the family name, where it might have been a source of just pride."

best tha JUNE 21, 1907

How Mark's Books Were "Expergated"

From Mark Twain's Autobiography in The North American Review: "Ever since papa and mamma were married, papa has written his books and then taken them to mamma in manuscript and she has expergated them. Papa read 'Huckleberry Finn' to us in manuscript just before it came out, and then he would leave parts of it with mamma to expergate, while he went off up to the study to work, and sometimes Clara and I would be sitting with mamma while she was looking the manuscript over, and I remember so well, with what pangs of regret we used to see her

turn down the leaves of the pages, which meant that some delightfully dreadful part must be scratched out. And I remember, one part particularly which was perfectly fascinating it was dreadful, that Clara and I used to delight in, and oh with what despair we saw mamma turn down the leaf on which it was written, we thought the book would be almost ruined without it. But we gradually came to feel as mamma did."

It would be a pity to replace the vivacity and quaintness and felicity of Susy's innocent free spelling with the dull and petrified uniformities of the spelling-book. Nearly all the grimness is taken out of the "expergating" of my books by the subtle mollification accidentally infused into the word by Susy's modification of spelling of it.

I remember the special case mentioned by Susy, and can see the group yet—two-thirds of it pleading for the life of the culprit sentence that was so fascinatingly dreadful and the other third of it patiently explaining why the court could not grant the prayer of the pleaders; but I do not remember what the condemned phrase was. It had much company, and they all went to the gallows; but it is possible that that specially dreadful one which gave those little people so much delight was cunningly devised and put into the book for just that function, and not with any hope or expectation that it would get by the "expergator" alive. It is possible, for I had that custom.

THE GATE CITY:

HOWELL & CLARK, Publishers.

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Six months	4.25	Six months75
Three months	2.15	Three months60
One month75	One copy5

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SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 9, 1882

The Stolen White Elephant.

THE STOLEN WHITE ELEPHANT, etc.. By Mark Twain. James R. Osgood & Co. Boston.

This is the first book Mr. Clemens has published not to be sold by subscription.

It is made up of eighteen short stories and sketches and that which gives the title to the book is not the best although there is rollicking fun in its extravagant burlesque of the detective service.

Some familiar pieces are here, as the speech on Babies at the army reunion in Chicago, Punch, brothers, punch, and the speech on New England weather. He never said or wrote anything happier than those things. And here is a half page of An Idle Excursion which is in his vein at his best. "Once when I was a callow, bashful cub, I took a plain unsentimental country girl to a comedy one night. I had known her a day. She seemed divine. I wore my new boots. At the end of the first half hour she said, "Why do you fidget so with your feet?" I said "Did I?" Then I put my attention there and kept still. At the end of another half hour she said, "Why do you say yes, Yes, oh yes, and Ha, ha, oh certainly! very true! to everything I say when half the time those are entirely irrelevant answers?" I blushed and explained that I had been a little absent minded. At the end of another half hour she said, "Please, why do you grin so steadfastly at vacancy and yet look so sad?" I explained that I always did that when I was reflecting. An hour passed and then she turned and contemplated me with her earnest eyes, and said: "Why do you cry all the time?" I explained that very funny comedies always made me cry. At last human nature surrendered and I secretly slipped my boots off. This was a mistake. I was not able to get them on any more. It was a rainy night; there were no omnibusses going our way, and as I walked home burning up with shame, with the girl on one arm and my boots under the other I was an object worthy of some compassion—especially in those moments of martyrdom when I had to pass through the glare that fell upon the pavement from street lamps. Finally this child of the forest said, "Where are your boots?" and being taken unprepared, I put a fitting finish to the follies of the evening with the stupid remark: "The higher classes do not wear them to the theater."

JULY 9, 1882.

slush. APRIL 19, 1907

Saved Mark Twain's Life.

In the autobiography with which Mark Twain is enlivening the North American Review the public has just been introduced to a hitherto unknown benefactor. His name is—or was—Meredith, and he was a country doctor in the Missouri village of Florida, where Mark Twain was a boy.

According to the autobiography, medical attendance then cost next to

nothing, for the doctor worked by the year—\$25 for the whole family.

"I remember two of the doctors," says Twain, "Chowning and Meredith. They not only tended the entire family for \$25 a year, but furnished the medicines themselves. Good measure, too. Only the largest persons could hold a whole dose. Castor oil was the principal beverage. The dose was half a dipperful, with half a dipperful of New Orleans molasses added to help it down and make it taste good, which it never did.

"The next standby was calomel: the next, rhubarb, and the next, jalap. Then they bled the patient and put mustard plasters on him. It was a dreadful system, and yet the death rate was not heavy. The calomel was nearly sure to salivate the patient and cost him some of his teeth.

"There were no dentists. When teeth became touched with decay or were otherwise ailing the doctor knew of but one thing to do: he fetched his tongs and dragged them out. If the jaw remained it was not his fault.

"Doctors were not called in cases of ordinary illness; the family's grandmother attended to those. Every old woman was a doctor and gathered her own medicines in the woods and knew how to compound doses that would stir the vitals of a cast-iron dog.

"And then there was the Indian doctor, a grave savage, remnant of his tribe, deeply read in the mysteries of nature and the secret properties of herbs, and most backwoodsmen had high faith in his powers and could tell of wonderful cures achieved by him.

"In Mauritius, away off yonder in the solitudes of the Indian ocean, there is a person who answers to our Indian doctor of the old times. He is a negro, and has had no teaching as a doctor, yet there is one disease which he is master of and can cure, and the doctors can't. They send for him when they have a case.

"It is a child's disease of a strange and deadly sort, and the negro cures it with herb medicine which he makes himself from a prescription which has come down to him from his father and grandfather. He will not let anyone see it. He keeps the secret of its components to himself, and it is feared that he will die without divulging it; then there will be consternation in Mauritius. I was told these things by the people there in 1896.

"We had the faith doctor, too, in those early days—a woman. Her specialty was toothache. She was a farmer's old wife, and lived five miles from Hannibal. She would lay her hand on the patient's jaw and say 'Believe,' and the cure was prompt. Mrs. Utterback. I remember her very well. Twice I rode out there behind my mother, horseback, and saw the cure performed. My mother was the patient.

"Dr. Meredith removed to Hannibal by and by and was our family physician there, and saved my life several times. Still, he was a good man and meant well. Let it go."

citizen. APRIL 20, 1907

Mark Twain on Southern Cooking.

From Mark Twain's Reminiscences in North America Review: It was a heavenly place for a boy, that farm of my Uncle John's. The house was a double log one, with spacious floor (roofed in) connecting it with the kitchen. In the summer the table was set in the middle of that shady and breezy floor, and the sumptions meals—well, it makes me cry to think of them. Fried chicken, roast pig, wild and tame turkeys, ducks and geese; venison just killed; squirrels, rabbits, pheasants, partridges prairie chickens; biscuits, hot batter cakes, hot buckwheat cakes, hot "white bread," hot rolls, hot corn pone; fresh corn boiled on the ear, succotash, butter beans, string beans, tomatoes, peas, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes; buttermilk, sweet milk, "clabber;" water-melons, muskmelons, cantaloups—all fresh from the garden—apple pie, peach pie, pumpkin pie, apple dumplings, peach cobbler—I can't remember the rest. The way that the things were cooked was perhaps the main splendor—particularly a certain few of the dishes. For instance the corn bread, the hot biscuits and wheat bread, and the fried chicken. These things have never been properly cooked in the north—in fact, no one there is able to learn the art, so far as my experience goes. The north thinks it knows how to make corn bread, but this is gross superstition. Perhaps no bread in the world is quite as good as southern corn bread, and perhaps no bread in the world is quite so bad as the northern imitation of it. The north seldom tries to fry chicken, and this is well; the art cannot be learned north of the line of Mason and Dixon, nor anywhere in Europe. This is not hearsay; it is experience that is speaking.

FEB. 5, 1907

How Mark Twain Became a Pilot.

From Mark Twain's Autobiography in The North American Review for February 1st: One day in the midwinter of 1856 or 1857—I think it was 1856—I was coming along the main street of Keokuk in the middle of the forenoon. It was bitter weather—so bitter that that street was deserted almost. A light dry snow was blowing there on the ground and on the pavement, swirling this way and that way and making all sorts of beautiful figures, but very chilly to look at. The wind blew a piece of paper past me and it lodged against a wall of a house. Something about the look of it attracted my attention and I gathered it in. It was a fifty-dollar bill, the only one I had ever seen, and the largest

assemblage* of money I had ever countered in one spot. I advertise in the papers and suffered more than a thousand dollars' worth of solicitude and fear and distress during the next few days lest the owner should see the advertisement and come and take my fortune away. As many as four days went by without an applicant; then I could endure this kind of misery no longer. I felt sure that another four could not go by in this safe and secure way. I felt that I must take that money out of danger. So I bought a ticket for Cincinnati and went to that city. I worked there several months in the printing-office of Wrightson and Company. I had been reading Lieutenant Herndon's account of his explorations of the Amazon and had been mightily attracted by what he said of coca. I made up my mind that I would go to the head waters of the Amazon and collect coca and trade in it and make a fortune. I left for New Orleans in the steamer "Paul Jones" with this great idea filling my mind. One of the pilots of that boat was Horace Bixby. Little by little I got acquainted with him, and pretty soon I was doing a lot of steering for him in his daylight watches. When I got to New Orleans I inquired about ships leaving for Para and discovered that there weren't any, and learned that there probably wouldn't be any during that century. It had not occurred to me to inquire about these particulars before leaving Cincinnati, so there I was. I couldn't get to the Amazon. I had no friends in New Orleans and no money to speak of. I went to Horace Bixby and asked him to make a pilot out of me. He said he would do it for a hundred dollars cash in advance. So I steered for him up to St. Louis, borrowed money from my brother-in-law and closed the bargain. I had acquired my brother-in-law several years before. This was Mr. William A. Moffett, a merchant, a Virginian—a fine man in every way. He had married my sister, Pamela, and the Samuel E. Moffett of whom I have been speaking was their son. Within eighteen months I became a competent pilot and I served that office until the Mississippi River traffic was brought a standstill by the breaking out of the civil war.

CRIMPED LEAF
EDITS

Notice.
The office of ORION CLEMENS, Attorney at Law, will be at the "Daily Gate City" office, for a few weeks.
febl4dtf MAR 8, 1860

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. RICKEL
KEOKUK, IOWA

TWAIN IS AFTER ROBBER CABBIES NOVEMBER 28, 1900.

Humorist is Tired of After- Dinner Size of Fares.

Made Complaint to the Mayor and Intends to Do His Duty Against the Extortioners.

New York, Nov. 24.—Mark Twain is a busy man. He is going to be a buster man. Dinners and speechmaking do not let off enough of his energy and he now proposes entering into a catch-as-catch-can contest, with the New York cabman.

"I tell you what I'm going to do," he said with a touch of sharpness in his usually good-natured drawl.

"It ought to be of interest to the community. I'm going to prosecute a cabman for overcharging."

The Sun reporter to whom the announcement was made grinned cheerfully, under the impression that this was a joke. The smile was a miscue. Mr. Clemens was, apparently, very much in earnest.

"It is outrageous that such abuses should be allowed," he went on, with lazy vehemence, "and I'm going to protest in the courts."

"Do you think you will win?" asked the reporter dubiously.

"It doesn't make any difference whether I win or lose. If I win, it will be a credit to the law and justice of the municipality. If I lose, it will be a shame to the city. In either case, I will have relieved my feelings."

The storm cloud has been gathering ever since Mr. Clemens came back to his native land and began traveling in New York cabs. The cabby who has whirled the distinguished guest from one banquet to another hasn't treated him as a man and a brother. The New York cabman's idea of humor is unique and it jars upon the professional humorist, who is used to perpetrating the jokes himself.

One cabby carried his little joke too far. When Mr. Clemens left the Nineteenth Century club for his home in West Tenth street on Tuesday night he took a cab. At home, he said "how much?" What the cabman will undoubtedly swear was a just and rea-

sonable one he had no wish to buy. He merely wanted to know what the fare was. The cabman said that he wasn't standing there at that hour of the night for no kiddin' or words to that effect. Mr. Clemens asked for the cabman's number. He says the cabman gave him the wrong number, but he got the right one from the cab. Then he decided that he would do as they do in England when they feel that they

have been imposed upon—kick.

Mr. Clemens went to the mayor's office to kick. The mayor has general supervision over the bureau of licenses. Secretary Downes sent for David Roche, chief of the bureau and it was arranged that the cabman whose number the humorist had brought along with him should be summoned to the mayor's office. The cabman's correct number is said to be 101. The license in that number was issued to M. J. Byrne.

Mr. Clemens says that his giddy round of banqueting and speechmaking is almost ended. Then he adds, with hasty compunction for the note of relief in his voice:

"It has all been pleasant, very pleasant. It is good to find a warm welcome when one comes home, but I take uncommonly good care never to let social pleasures go so far that I can not turn it off when necessary. One has to work occasionally. I haven't accepted a public invitation in three weeks and I do not intend to accept one in months to come. I've done here as I did in London. When I first arrived I made about a dozen engagements for public dinners and receptions. Half of those I have crowded in in rapid succession. The rest will be distributed along through the winter at intervals that will allow me plenty of time for work and rest in between. Of course private dinners are a different thing. There's no speechmaking about those. I don't like to talk about myself. I've had to do a certain amount of it, but now I'm going to let the other fellows do all the talking."

"They say very flattering things about you," suggested the reporter.

"Just don't they." The lion twinkled under his mane. "That's why I hand the responsibility over to them. I could not do half as well by myself. I lack imagination and I have a sense of humor."

BY SIX 1, JAN. 13, 1906

Mark Twain says in his autobiography that like all other nations we worship money and the possessors of it. They are our aristocracy, and we have to have one. In proof of this he cites facts as follows:

"We like to read about rich people in the papers: the papers know it; and they do their best to keep this appetite liberally fed. They even leave out a football ball fight now and then to get room for all the particulars of how—according to the display heading—'Rich Woman Fell Down Cellar—Not Hurt' The falling down the cellar is of no interest to us when the woman is not rich, but no rich woman can fall down cellar and we not know all about it and wish it was us."

It will have to be admitted that the indictment is true, uncomplimentary as it is to the sense and character of the American people. They are money mad and are interested only in the doings of the rich.

The Daily Gate City.

SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 17, 1870.

Mark Twain on Benjamin Franklin.

His maxims were full of animosity toward boys. Now-a-days a boy cannot follow out a single natural instinct without tumbling over some of these everlasting aphorisms, and hearing from Franklin on the spot. If he buys two cents' worth of peanuts, his father says, "Remember what Frankling said, my son: 'a groat a day is a penny a year,'" and the comfort is all gone out of these peanuts. If he wants to spin his top when he is done work, his father quotes: "Procrastipation is the thief of time." If he does a virtuous action, he never gets anything for it, for "Virtue is its own reward." And that boy is honed to death, and deprived of his natural rest, because Franklin said once, in one of his inspired flights of malignity:

"Early to bed and early to rise

Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise"

as if it were any object to a boy to be healthy and wealthy and wise on such terms. The sorrow that maxim has cost me, through my parents' experimenting on me with it; tongue cannot tell. The legitimate result is my present state of general debility, indigence and mental aberration. My parents used to have me up before nine o'clock in the morning, sometimes, when I was a boy. If they had let me take my natural rest, where would I have been now? Keeping store, no doubt, and respected by all.

And what an adroit old adventurer the subject of this memoir was! In order to get a chance to fly his kite on Sunday, he used to hang a key on the string and let out to be fishing for lightning. And a guileless public would go home chirping about the "wisdom" and the "genius" of the heary Sabbath-breaker. If any one caught him playing "mumble-peg" by himself after the age of sixty, he would immediately appear to be ciphering out how the grass grew—as if it was any of his business. My grandfather knew him well, and he says Franklin was always fixed—always ready. If a body, during his old age, happened on him unexpectedly when he was catching flies, or making mud pies, or sliding on a cellar door, he would immediately look wise, rip out a maxim, and walk off with his nose in the air and his cap turned wrong side before, trying to appear absent-minded and eccentric. He was a hard lot.

He was always proud of telling how he entered Philadelphia, for the first time, with nothing in the world but two shillings in his pocket, and four rolls of bread under his arm. But really, when you come to examine it critically, it was nothing. Anybody could have done it.

The Daily Gate City.

SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 11, 1870.

Mark Twain's Advice to Little Girls.

Good little girls ought not to make mouths at their teachers for every trifling offense. This retaliation should only be resorted to under peculiar aggravated circumstances.

If you have nothing but a rag doll stuffed with sawdust, while one of your more fortunate little playmates has a costly china one, you should treat her with a show of kindness nevertheless. And you ought not to attempt to make a forcible swap with her unless your conscience would justify you in it and you know you are able to do it.

You ought never to take your little brother's "chewing gum" away from him by main force; it is better to rope him in with the promise of the first two dollars and a half you find floating down the river on a grindstone. In the artless simplicity natural to his time of life he will regard it as a perfectly fair transaction. In all ages of the world this eminently plausible fiction has lured the obtuse infant to financial ruin and disaster.

If at any time you find it necessary to correct your brother, do not correct him with mud—never on any account throw mud at him, because it will soil his clothes. It is better to scold him a little; for then you attain desirable results—you secure his immediate attention to the lessons you are inculcating, and at the same time your hot water will have a tendency to remove impurities from his person—and possibly the skin also in spots.

If your mother tells you to do a thing, it is wrong to reply that you won't. It is better and more becoming to intimate that you will do as she bids you, and then afterwards act quietly in the matter according to the dictates of your better judgment.

You should ever bear in mind that it is to your kind parents that you are indebted for your food and your nice bed, and for your beautiful clothes, and for the privilege of staying home from school when you let on that you are sick. Therefore you ought to respect their little prejudices and humor their little whims, and put up with their foibles until they get to crowding you too much.

Good little girls always show marked deference for the aged. You ought never to "sass" old people, unless they "sass" you first.

WEEKLY CONSTITUTION,
farmers JULY 14, 1886.

Reception to Samuel L. Clemens.

A very pleasant reception occurred last Tuesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Orion Clemens, 626 High street, in honor of Mr. Clemens' brother, Samuel L. Clemens, of Hartford, Conn., and family. Over four hundred invitations were issued, and a large number of the friends and admirers of the great humorist took advantage of the occasion thus presented, and were present. The evening was passed in a delightful manner, the guests being very hospitably enter-

tained. The reception was held from 8 to 10 o'clock, and during the entire time the house was filled with guests. Light refreshments were served during the evening. Mr. Orion Clemens, mother, and sister, Mrs. P. A. Moffett, of San Francisco, received in the front parlor, while Mr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Clemens, and Mrs. Orion Clemens received in the library. Mrs. Clemens had all of her children with her for the first time in fifteen years, or over, and all of her grand children, except Mrs. Charles L. Webster, who, with her husband, is spending the summer in Rome, Italy, and Samuel E. Moffett, one of the editors of the San Francisco Post. Mr. Webster is the head of the firm of Charles L. Webster & Co., of New York, publishers, who have the publishing of the biographies of General Grant and Gen. McClellan, and who have just secured the contract to publish the biography of Pope Leo XIII, written by one of the bishops of the Roman Catholic church. They are also the publishers of Mark Twain's works, he being a member of the firm.

THE GATE CITY:

SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 23.

MARK TWAIN. 1879

How He was Caught by Not Attending to What the Master of Ceremonies was Doing.

(Chicago Times.)

That quaint and original genius, Samuel L. Clemens—Mark Twain—told a story at his own expense while breakfasting with a journalistic friend on Thursday morning, which is too good to be lost, and which by his consent is now published for the first time. There had been some talk at the table about the Grant banquet, when Mr. Clemens remarked with a smile and his peculiar drawl:

"Speaking of banquets reminds me of a rather amusing incident that occurred to me during my stop in smoky, dirty, grand old London. I received an invitation to attend a banquet there, and I went. It was one of those tremendous dinners where there are from eight hundred to nine hundred invited guests. I hadn't been used to that sort of thing, and I didn't feel quite at home. When we took our seats at the tables I noticed that at each plate was a little plan of the hall, with the position of each guest numbered, so that one could see at a glance where a friend was seated by learning his number. Just before we fell to, some one—the lord mayor, or whoever was bossing the occasion—arose and begaa to read a list of those present—No. 1 Lord so-and-so; No. 2, the Duke of something-or-other, and so on. When this individual read the name, of some prominent political character or literary celebrity, it would be greeted with more or less applause. The individual who was reading the names did so in so monotonous a manner that I became

somewhat tired, and began looking about for something to engage my attention. I found the gentleman next to me, on the right, a well-informed personage, and I entered into conversation with him. I had never seen him before, but he was a good talker and I enjoyed it. Suddenly, just as he was giving his views upon the future religious aspect of Great Britain, our ears were assailed by a deafening storm of applause. Such a clapping of hands I had never heard before. It sent the blood to my head with a rush, and I got terribly excited. I straightened up and commenced clapping my hands with all my might. I moved about excitedly in my chair, and clapped harder and harder. 'Who is it?' I asked the gentleman on my right. 'Whose name did he read?'

'Samuel L. Clemens,' he answered.

'I stopped applauding I didn't clap any more. It kind of took the life out of me and I sat there like a mummy and didn't get up and bow. It was one of the most distressing fixes I ever got into and it will be many a day before I forget it.'

THE GATE CITY:

FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 19, 1879

Why Murat Halstead Didn't Wear Mark Twain's Shirt.

It was about three bells from the noon when I took that garment to the door of Murat's state room. 'Here,' says I, 'clothe yourself like a prince of the realm.' At eight bells Mr. Halstead came out of his apartment with his coat buttoned up to his chin and his face as red as a red, red rose. He wore his coat buttoned up to his chin all the rest of the voyage, and I never so much as got a glimpse of my shirt. There was a kind of rumor on the ship that Murat never wore that shirt or any other shirt. I don't know how true it was but when I came to study the thing it did look to me as if I'd put a rather tough problem to the editor of the Cincinnati Commercial, for his neck measures 18 inches, while mine never footed up more than 15, even when I had the mumps.

1879

THE GATE CITY:

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 17.

CITY NEWS. 1882

—Mark Twain was on the Gem City Sunday, and got off at Hannibal. He is making a trip from New Orleans up the river, concocting a scheme to make the people laugh at what he will say in a book about the scarcity of water in the Mississippi, mud turtles sunning themselves on Jefferson street in Burlington and the tender memories of boyhood days that struck him just inside of the pericardium when he landed in Hannibal, where he used to sling type at 20 cents per thousand ems and find himself.

THE GREAT DUST HEAT CALLED HISTORY
R. L. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

The Gate City.

MARCH 8, 1896.
Entered in Keokuk Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

MARK TWAIN IN INDIA.

A great blanket sheet of a newspaper The Gazette, comes all the way from Bombay to bring the message that Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) is repeating in British India the successes of his native land and the antipodes. The paper bears date of Jan. 25, and the temperature is given as hovering in the vicinity of 80 degrees. Mr. Clemens was announced for a series of lectures, one of them to begin at 9:30 p. m.—fashion's hour. He had already given one lecture and the Gazette contained a lengthy reference to his success. It begins thus:

"The plaudits which greet a speaker before he has opened his lips are sometimes more significant than the rounds of applause that mark his crowning efforts. This remark fully applies to the reception accorded by a crowded house at the Novelty theatre yesterday afternoon to Samuel Clemens. The front seats were filled by a fashionable audience, which included a party of ladies and gentlemen from Government House. The theatre was mainly occupied by Europeans, but the large number of Parsees present—to say nothing of Mahomedans and Hindoos—was a noteworthy evidence of the cosmopolitan character of Mark Twain's popularity. The burst of applause which hailed him as he stepped out on the platform, although half suppressed by reason of the curiosity of the audience, was instinct with an affectionate recollection. It showed that Mark Twain was there not as a stranger in a strange land, but as an old friend to well nigh everyone in the audience—a friend who has accompanied them in many a journey and been with them in many hours of joy and suffering, brightness and despair, health and sickness, to make their life the happier with his humorous philosophy and wholesome wit. The audience recognized in Mr. Clemens a personal friend, who for the last generation has been sending his messages across the sea, in a delightful series of books, which for the sake of the world's gaiety we may hope to see further augmented in years to come."

Then follows a minute estimate of Mr. Clemens' personality and his characteristic mannerisms. The writer indulged at length in an analysis of Mr. Clemens' works, concluding that the secret of his success lies in his happy blending of humor and pathos. This is followed by a running comment on the lecture—or, "at home," as Mr. Clemens terms it. It seems in India that "Huck Finn" is the most popular

of his creations. When he had concluded, the audience roundly cheered him.

Americans are so familiar with the peculiar Indian names of this country that they do not seem not English. Possibly half the names of towns, states, rivers and mountains in this country are derived from the American Indian languages. Yet the queer sounding names of the real India, when seen in an English daily paper, seem grotesque. The Gazette's reviewer talks in the most unconcerned manner imaginable about the "Boojum Ballads, by Raffi Bux." A letter is quoted addressed to Ghellabhai Haridas, sheriff of Bombay. There is an account of the presentation of an address from the Bombay Khojas to Nanjibhai Ebrahim by Haji Rahimtulla Haji Allarakhia in the Vallee hall, and among those present were Nagarsett Mondas Trimbak, Gordia Wandrawandas, Dulabdas Walji and others. Among the advertisers are Dr. N. H. Gheesta, "American dentist," Sorabjee Cowasjee & Co., auctioneers—but that's enough. There are some familiar advertisements, among them those of Pear's Soap, the Cuticura remedies, Epps' Cocoa and Liebig's extract, and these make one feel somewhat at home. The Gazette is a big paper, yet this is the only American telegram appearing in that issue: "Mr. Olney, secretary of state, has advised Venezuela to reopen negotiations with Great Britain."

lished a name among the immortals of American literature. Though humor was his stock in trade, it was a humor which, often at least, was imbued with that seriousness of purpose characteristic of the best in humor. At other times, it should be said, however, that he offended good taste by being flippant and irreverent at the wrong times and places. But his humor was typically American and if it sometimes has a coarser side, it is a true portrayal of the age in which he lived.

Life on Mississippi.

It is from his steamboating days on the Mississippi river that Samuel Langhorne Clemens took the pen name of Mark Twain, the words being the call of the sounder to indicate two fathoms of water. It was from those experiences also that he wrote "Life on the Mississippi," among the best portrayals of river life written by an American. But steamboating was only one phase of Twain's varied career, which included being a printer, editor, mining prospector, lecturer and globe-trotter.

Twain was born in a humble two-room cottage in the village of Florida, Mo., which has honored his memory with a 106-acre memorial park, containing the cottage, and which is a Mecca for thousands of his admirers. He had little schooling, but an insatiable thirst for knowledge prompted him to read widely. At 13 he became an apprentice printer, an experience that resulted in many years of association with journalistic work and later to the editorship of the Buffalo Express for two years.

His Humor.

It was while he was a reporter in San Francisco that his humor attracted attention to his writings. His treatment of gross exaggerations with apparent absolute seriousness stamped him as a real humorist. This was after the civil war, in which he was a volunteer but saw no active service. His first books to attract wide fame were "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" and "Innocents Abroad," the latter exquisitely funny at times.

But of all his voluminous writings, "Huckleberry Finn" and the "Adventures of Tom Sawyer" are perhaps the best known. What live American boy does not treasure these delightful stories? And how many grownups remember with keen pleasure their humor and pathos? No other writer has pictured so vividly the irrepressible American boy and his adventures. These two volumes alone are enough to win the heart of youth and the esteem of the elders.

THE WEST POINT BEE

J. M. POHLMAYER.

Per Year. . \$1.00 Six Months. . 50

Entered as second class matter at the post office at West Point, Iowa, November 17, 1893, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1935

Beacon Light For Mark Twain Burns At Hannibal, Mo.

Among the many tributes planned this year to honor the centenary of the birth of Mark Twain one of the most interesting took place in Washington, when President Roosevelt pressed a button turning on a beacon in a Mississippi river lighthouse near Hannibal, Mo., made famous by the writing of America's most noted humorist. The beacon will burn day and night until and including next November 30, the date of the author's birth, 100 years ago. The year's observances will be held in various parts of the country, with Hannibal as the central point.

Life of Twain.

It is fitting to recall something of the life of the man who "cheered and comforted a tired world" and estab-

THE GATE CITY
PUBLISHED BY
THE GATE CITY COMPANY
Keokuk, Iowa Sept. 20, 1910

HE LOST THE RACE

Mark Twain's Futile Chase After a Tallyho Coach.

MISSED A BIG CELEBRATION.

The Way the Famous Humorist In Company With W. D. Howells Did Not Attend the Centennial of the Battle of the Minutemen at Concord.

In his reminiscences of Mark Twain in Harper's Magazine W. D. Howells tells amusingly of the time when he and Mr. Clemens missed the anniversary of the battle of Concord:

"Mark Twain came on to Cambridge in April, 1875, to go with me to the centennial ceremonies at Concord in celebration of the battle of the minutemen with the British troops a hundred years before. We both had special invitations, including passage from Boston, but I said why bother to go to Boston when we could just as well take the train for Concord at the Cambridge station. He equally decided that it would be absurd, so we breakfasted deliberately and then walked to the station, reasoning of many things, as usual.

"When the train stopped we found it packed inside and out. People stood dense on the platforms of the cars. To our startled eyes they seemed to project from the windows, and unless memory betrays me they lay strewn upon the roofs like brakemen slain at the post of duty. We remounted the fame worn steps of Porter's station and began exploring North Cambridge for some means of transportation overland to Concord, for we were that far on the road by which the British went and came on the day of the battle. The liverymen whom we appealed to received us, some with compassion, some with derision, but in either mood convinced us that we could not have hired a cat to attempt our conveyance, much less a horse or vehicle of any description.

"It was a raw, windy day, very unlike the exceptionally hot April day when the routed redcoats, pursued by the Colonials, fled panting back to Boston, with their tongues hanging out like dogs, but we could not take due comfort in the vision of their discomfiture. We could almost envy them, for they had at least got to Concord. A swift procession of coaches, carriages and buggies, all going to Concord, passed us, inert and helpless, on the sidewalk in the peculiarly cold mud of North Cambridge. We began to wonder if we might not stop one of them and bribe it to take us.

"I felt keenly the shame of defeat and the guilt of responsibility for our failure, and when a gay party of students came toward us on the top of a tallyho, luxuriantly empty inside, we felt that our chance had come and our last chance. He said that if I would stop them and tell them who I was they would gladly, perhaps proudly, give us passage. I contended that if with his far vaster renown he would

approach them our success would be assured.

"While we stood, lost in this 'contest of civilities,' the coach passed us, with gay notes blown from the horns of the students, and then Clemens started in pursuit, encouraged with shouts from the merry party, who could not imagine who was trying to run them down, to a rivalry of speed. The unequal match could end only in one way, and I am glad I cannot recall what he said when he came back to me. Since then I have often wondered at the grief which would have wrung those blithe young hearts if they could have known that they might have had the company of Mark Twain to Concord that day and did not.

"We hung about unavailingly in the bitter wind awhile longer and then slowly, very slowly, made our way home. We wished to pass as much time as possible in order to give probability to the deceit we intended to practice, for we could not bear to own ourselves baffled in our boasted wisdom of taking the train at Porter's station and had agreed to say that we had been to Concord and got back. Even after coming home to my house we felt that our statement would be wanting in verisimilitude without further delay, and we crept quietly into my library and made up a roaring fire on the hearth and thawed ourselves out in the heat of it before we regained our courage for the undertaking. With all these precautions we failed, for when our statement was imparted to the proposed victim she instantly pronounced it unreliable, and we were left with it on our hands intact. I think the humor of this situation was finally a greater pleasure to Clemens than an actual visit to Concord would have been. Only a few weeks before his death he laughed our defeat over with one of my family in Bermuda and exulted in our prompt detection."

The Gate City.

= OCTOBER 13, 1896. =
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In a letter from London to his brother in this city Mark Twain says: "When I reached here from South Africa on the first of August I was expecting to lecture a while in London, then in other cities of England, Ireland and Scotland, then lecture a year in America, for I had grown used to the work and no longer minded it, but the unspeakable bereavement which has befallen me in Susie's death has necessarily quenched all desire to continue on the platform. I shall not lecture anywhere this fall or winter."

The Gate City.

= JULY 4, 1896. =

MARK TWAIN'S SCHEME.

The Natal (South Africa) Mercury, published at Durban May 14, is at hand with an account of Mark Twain's visit

to that out-of-the-way place in the southern hemisphere and of his second "at home." "It is very rarely," says the Mercury, "that for two consecutive nights the Theater Royal is crowded in every part; and the fact is a tribute to the genius of the man—as has been the case this week in connection with the visit of Mark Twain. All the seats in the house were occupied—booked up long before hand, and many more could have been sold had they been available. The audiences were of an excellent character, appreciative to a degree."

The Mercury then proceeds to unfold the humorist's scheme for the regeneration of mankind. The scheme "contemplated the sudden and complete moral regeneration of the whole human race. He thought it was simple and practicable, and he knew it was built on scientific lines. Going on in the most amusing style to describe this scheme, he suggested that it was possible to exterminate—to vaccinate—all diseases out of the world. Then when they were all disposed of the next child would be a spectacle to look at. His idea was to try for truth and morals and to vaccinate against sin. For instance, every time they committed a trespass or a crime, do not merely repent it, but store it up in the memory and keep it there forever, a perpetual danger signal against ever committing that same sin any more. Thus that sin was done with, and all they had to do was to lay up all their sins, each one a nugget in their moral treasure house. The logical deduction was that the more sins they committed, the morally richer they became. So the moral regeneration of the race would not be difficult if everybody would go to work and commit all the sins there are right off. There were only 254 sins, and they couldn't invent any more."

The Mercury gives quite an extended review of the lecture and is unstinted in its praise and tells with what unanimous enthusiasm the audience received him. The paper also tells of Mr. Clemens' having been banquipped by the Durban Savage club.

The Gate City.

DECEMBER 16, 1891.
Entered in Keokuk Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

CITY NEWS.

Mark Twain, the great humorist, was reared in Keokuk and at one time worked for Mr. Tewksbury, of this city, on a newspaper. Mr. Tewksbury recalls him as a jolly fun-making fellow who gave little promise of his future. It is rather odd that two of the three greatest humorists of the day, Mark Twain and Bob Burdette, were reared only a few miles apart. Bill Nye was born in Wisconsin so they all belong to the west—Fort Madison Plain Dealer.

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THE GREAT EAST HEAD CALLED HISTORIC
S. PICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

Constitution Democrat.

CONSTITUTION, JUNE 17, 1904.

MARK TWAIN WRITES

HUMOROUS LETTER TO PRESIDENT OF WORLD'S FAIR.

REGRET THAT HE CANNOT ACCEPT INVITATION.

Speaks of Exposition as Most Prodigious and Would Like to Take a Prize.

St. Louis, June 14.—Bubbling with characteristic wit, a letter written by Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) addressed to President Francis arrived in yesterday morning's mail at the world's fair grounds.

The missive is dated May 26, prior to the death of Mrs. Clemens. It came as an answer to an invitation sent by President Francis, in which Mr. Clemens was cordially invited to attend the fair and to share in the glory of his native state.

Naturally, the letter of President Francis suggested a funny theme to write upon, and despite the fact that Mark Twain was attending a sick wife at the time not once did he refer to his trouble.

The letter to President Francis follows:

"Villa di Quarto, Firenze (Florence), Italy, May 26, 1904.—Dear Governor Francis: It has been a dear wish of mine to exhibit myself at the great fair and get a prize, but circumstances beyond my control have interfered and I must remain in Florence. Although I have never taken prizes anywhere else, I used to take them at school in Missouri half a century ago, and I ought to be able to repeat now, if I could have a chance. I used to get the medal for good spelling every week and I could have had the medal for good conduct if there hadn't been so much corruption in Missouri in those days; still, I got it several times by trading medals and giving boot. I am willing to give boot now, if—however those days are forever gone by, in Missouri, and perhaps it is better so. Nothing ever stays the way it was in this changeable world.

"Although I cannot be at the fair I am going to be represented there, anyway, by a portrait by Professor Gelli. You will find it excellent. Good judges here say it is better than the original. They say it has all the merits of the original, and keeps still, besides. It sounds like flattery, but it is just true.

"I suppose you will get a prize, because you have created the most prodigious and in all ways most wonderful fair the planet has ever seen. Very well you have, indeed, earned it: and with it the gratitude of the state and the nation. Sincerely yours.

(Signed) "MARK TWAIN."

Constitution Democrat.

CONSTITUTION, MAY 9, 1900.

THE LIFE OF MARK TWAIN

New Work of Local Interest
Appears.

Gives a New History of the Distinguished Humorist—Lives of Prominent Missourians.

Keokuk folk have for many years eagerly read everything pertaining to Mark Twain that has appeared in print. Therefore, they will be glad to know of the volume, "Five Famous Missourians," written by Wilfred R. Hollister and Harry Norman, that has just been issued by Hudson-Kimberly, Kansas City. The volume comprises about 400 pages, is printed on fine paper, is handsomely bound in cloth and well illustrated. It includes biographies of Mark Twain, Richard P. Bland, Champ Clark, James M. Greenwood, LL. D., and General Joseph O. Shelby. The biography of Mark Twain is authentic and complete. It takes up his ancestors of Virginia and Kentucky and tells of the vicissitudinous experiences they encountered in the pioneer days of those states. Then follows the story of the family's removal to Florida, Monroe county, and later their removal to Hannibal. All his boyish escapades and the scenes of his youth are treated exhaustively. The story of Sam Clemens and his companions' experience the time they were lost in the Hannibal cave, and a dozen other fully as interesting stories, which it is impossible to give in synopsis, are included.

The second part of the Clemens biography tells of his river life and western life and their relation to his literary success. All his experiences as a cub-pilot and steamboat man are told. His life in the west during the picturesque days of mining and other border accompaniments, are given. His unique experiences as a newspaper man in Nevada and California are told, which, of course, include the many stories and anecdotes as only Mark Twain as an interesting subject can afford.

The third part deals with his life from 1870 to 1900—thirty years of mingled

successes and misfortunes—his life in the east and abroad; his career as a writer, author and tourist; the story of how he came to write certain of his books, among them "Gilded Age," the character, Mulberry sellers being drawn from William M. Muldrow, the great "promoter," who founded "Marion City," between Hannibal and Quincy. How he came to choose Muldrow as his subject is related. His unfortunate investments and many other generally—unknown interesting incidents in the life of Clemens are told.

Part four tells of Mark Twain's personality and life work, many stories of his eccentricity and humor. Much actual data and biography are included, but the authors have principally aimed to be more reminiscent and anecdotal than otherwise. By way of interpolation it might be said that the large frontispiece in the book is a half-tone portrait of Mark Twain from a photograph recently taken in London, and underneath it is the humorist's autograph with both his real and pen name.

The life of Bland, Clark, Greenwood and Shelby are just as complete as the life of Mark Twain, and are just as interesting. About two years were spent by the authors in gathering the material in the book and they were assisted in their research by the living subjects, families of both deceased and living subjects, the subject's friends, well known eastern and western newspaper men and writers, members of congress and the Missouri legislature, prominent educators, prominent veterans of the civil war, well known men of affairs, and others.

Preceding each biography there is an introductory sketch, containing an estimate of the subject's character and personality by Walter Williams, Congressmen Champ Clark, Joseph W. Bailey, and Mrs. T. J. Henry, the latter a close friend of the Shelby family.

THE WEEKLY GATE CITY

HOWELL & CLARK, Publishers.

NOVEMBER 20, 1879.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Mark Twain's Speech at the Army of the Tennessee Reunion in Response to the Regular Toast on "The Babies."

The fifteenth and last regular toast was "The Babies. As they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivities," and to this Samuel L. Clemens responded. He said:

I like that. We have not all had the good fortune to be ladies. We have not all been generals, or poets, or statesmen but when the toast works down to the babies we stand on common ground [laughter], for we have all been babies. [Renewed laughter.] It is a shame that, for a thousand years, the world's banquets have utterly ignored the baby [laughter], as if he didn't amount to anything. [Laughter.] If you will stop and think a minute—if you will go back fifty or one hundred years to your early married life, [laughter,] and recontemplate your first baby,—you will

remember that ne amounted to a good deal, and even something over. [Roars.] You soldiers all know that when that little fellow arrived at family headquarters you had to hand in your resignation. [Laughter.] He took entire command. You became his lackey—his mere body servant [laughter], and you had to stand around, too. [Renewed laughter.] He was not a commander who made allowance for time, distance, weather, or anything else. [Convulsive screams.] You had to execute his orders whether it was possible or not. [Roars.] And there was only one form of machinery in his manual of tactics, and that was the double-quick. [Shouts.] He treated you to every sort of insolence and disrespect [laughter], and

YOU DIDN'T DARE TO SAY A WORD.

[Great laughter.] You could face the death storm of Donnellson and Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow, but when he clawed your whiskers and pulled your hair and twisted your nose you had to take it. [Roars.] When the thunders of war were sounding in your ears you set your faces toward the batteries and advanced with steady tread; but when he turned on the terrors of his war-whoop [laughter], you advanced in the other direction and mighty glad of the chance, too. [Renewed laughter.] When he called for soothing syrup, did you venture to throw out any side remarks about certain services being unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? [Boisterous laughter.] No. You got up and got it. [Great laughter.] When he ordered his pap bottle and it was not warm, did you talk back? [Laughter.] No you. [Renewed laughter.] You went to work and warmed it. [Shouts.] You even descended so far in your mental office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff [laughter], just to see if it was right—three parts of water to one of milk—[tumultuous laughter]—a touch of sugar to modify the colic [laughter], and a drop of peppermint to cure those immortal hiccoughs. [Roars.]

I CAN TASTE THAT STUFF.

[Laughter.] And how many things you learned as you went along! Sentimental young folks still take stock in that beautiful old saying that when a baby smiles it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but too thin—simply wind on the stomach, my friends. [Shouts.] If the baby proposes to take a walk at his usual hour, two o'clock in the morning, [laughter], didn't you rise up promptly and remark with a mental addition which would not improve a Sunday school book much [laughter] that it was the very thing you were about to propose yourself? [Great roars.] Oh! you were under good discipline [laughter] and, as you went faltering up and down the room in your undress uniform [laughter], you not only prattle undignified baby talk, but even tuned up your martial voice and tried to sing, "Rock-a-bye-baby in a tree top," for instance. [Great laughter.] What a spectacle for an army of the Tennessee. [Laughter.] And what an affliction for the neighbors, too, for it is not everybody within a mile around that likes military music at three in the morning. [Laughter.] And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet head intimated that nothing suited him

like exercise and noise, [laughter, "Go on,"] what did you do? You simply went on until you dropped in the last ditch. [Laughter.] The idea that a baby don't amount to anything! Why, one baby is just a house and a front yard full by itself. [Laughter.] One baby can furnish more business than you and your whole interior department can attend to. [Laughter.] He is enterprising, irrepresible, brimful of lawless activities. [Laughter.] Do what you please,

YOU CAN'T MAKE HIM STAY ON THE RESERVATION.

[Great shouts.] Sufficient unto the day is one baby. [Laughter.] As long as you are in your right mind don't you ever pray for twins. [Laughter.] Mr. Clemens is the father of a pair. [Laughter.] And there ain't any real difference between triplets and an insurrection. [Up-roarious shouts.]

Yes, it was high time for a toast to the masses to recognize the importance of the babies. [Laughter.] Think what is in store for the present crop! Fifty years from now we shall all be dead, I trust; [laughter], and then this flag, if it shall survive, (and let us hope it may,) will be floating over a republic numbering 200,000,000 souls, according to the settled laws of our increase. Our present schooner of state [laughter] will have grown into a political leviathan—a Great Eastern. The cradled babies of to-day will be on deck. Let them be well trained, for we are going to leave a big contract on their hands. [Laughter.] Among the three or four millions of cradles now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things, if we could know which ones they are. In one of these cradles the unconscious Farragut of the future is at this moment teething [laughter]: think of it, and putting in a word of dead earnest, inarticulated, but perfectly justifiable profanity over it too. [Laughter.] In another the future renowned astronomer is blinking at the shining milky way with but a liquid interest, poor little chap! and wondering what has become of the other one they call the wet nurse. [Laughter.] "Another" THE FUTURE GREAT HISTORIAN IS LYING, and doubtless will continue to lie [laughter] until his earthly mission is ended. In another, the future president is busying himself with no profounder problem of state than what the mischief has become of his hair so early [laughter], and in a mighty array of other cradles there are now some sixty thousand future office-seekers, getting ready to furnish him occasion to grapple with the same old problem a second time. And in still one more cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeurs and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind at this moment to trying to find out some way to get his big toe into his mouth—[laughter]—an achievement which, meaning no disrespect, the illustrious guest of the evening turned his attention to fifty-six years ago; and if the child is but a prophecy of the man, there are mighty few who will doubt that he succeeded. [Laughter and applause.]

Daily Constitution.

APRIL 10, 1885.

Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn."

This book is a supplement to "Tom Sawyer." Huck Finn was a ragamuffin, who was a playmate of Tom Sawyer. To escape from a father who was dangerous when drunk, young Finn ran away under circumstances which created the impression that he had been murdered.

He secreted himself on an island, where he discovered a runaway negro, an old acquaintance. Together they embarked on a raft, and floated aimlessly down the Mississippi river, meeting with numerous adventures on the way. The methods by which Jim evaded arrest while passing by the borders of slave states, were always ingenious, and often comical.

In Arkansas the travelers encountered two tramps, who were perfect photographs of the genus "tramp." They resorted to many expedients by which they shared the earnings of people who worked for their living. All the time they preyed on the provisions supplied by the runaways, and usurped their beds.

At length the "King" and the "Duke" concocted a scheme by which they imposed themselves on total strangers as relatives, and proceeded boldly to sell at auction and appropriate all the money and effects of a dead man's estate. The amount of invention and plausibility which the author has thrown into this part of the book is admirable and surprising.

The book has evidently been no hasty or ill-considered production, but bears the marks of careful working out.

The seven dialects are sustained throughout, an extremely difficult thing to accomplish.

The book enters a new field of American life, and portrays low life all along the Mississippi. Low life is, as much as high life, a part of American life.

It was a merit in Charles Dickens that he showed us phases of English life denominated "low." It is a merit in Mark Twain that he has given us views of dialects and peculiarities of thought and action growing out of the institution of slavery, in part, and prevailing among people who are not low in any sense, but that of plain, inexperienced, uneducated people, liable to be imposed upon by tramps.

The book is sold only by subscription. Mrs. E. F. Cannon, residence 505 Fulton street, is the agent for Keokuk.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. I. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

MARCH 20, 1901.

HUMORIST TWAIN GIVES HIS VIEWS

Declares There Are No Private Citizens in Republic.

Wants to Write Books For Libraries Until He Can Build a Few of His Own.

New York, March 18.—The regular monthly supper of the Male Teachers' association of the city of New York was held at the Hotel Albert, East Eleventh street and University Place, Saturday evening.

The president of the association was toastmaster and the principal speakers were State Superintendent of Schools Charles H. Skinner and Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain).

Doctor Skinner spoke on "Patriotism for the Young." He told of the patriotic exercises used in all the public schools at least once a week. He said:

"Our schools must make our citizens, and our richest assets are our children. In these times, under present conditions, citizenship means a great responsibility. We have told the world that we care not for contest, but that barbarism cannot be practiced in the western hemisphere. Today we do not care to own Cuba, Porto Rico or the Philippines, but we do want to keep them from the dark rule of a barbarian people."

Mr. Clemens' subject was, "Training that Pays." He said:

NO PRIVATE CITIZENS.

"We cannot all agree. That is most fortunate. If we could, life would be too dull. I believe if we did all agree I would take my departure before my appointed time; that is, if I had the courage to do so.

"I do agree in part with what Mr. Skinner said; in fact, more than I usually agree with other people. I believe that there are no private citizens in a republic. Every man is an official. Above all, he is a policeman. He does not need to wear a helmet and brass buttons, but his duty is to look after the enforcement of the laws.

"If patriotism had been taught in the schools years ago the country would not be in the position it is in today. Mr. Skinner is better satisfied with the present conditions than I am. I would teach patriotism in the schools and

teach it in this way:

"I would throw out the old maxim, 'My country, right or wrong,' etc., and instead I would say, 'My country when she is right.'

TOM SAWYER'S FENCE.

"I would not take my patriotism from my neighbor or from congress. I would teach the children in the schools that there are certain ideals, and one of them is that all men are created free and equal. Another, that proper government is that which exists by the consent of the governed.

"If Mr. Skinner and I had to take care of the public schools, I would raise up a lot of patriots who would get into trouble with his.

"I should also teach the rising patriot that if he ever became the government of the United States and made a promise, that he should keep it.

"I shall not go any further into politics, as I should get excited, and I don't like to get excited. I prefer to remain calm. I have been a teacher all my life, and never got a cent for teaching."

The speaker cited some incidents from his boyhood life, which he said he had later incorporated in his books.

The feeble whitewashing incident in "Tom Sawyer," he said, brought him \$4,000 in the end, and he never expected to get anything for teaching the other boys how to whitewash 'way back in 1849.

PROPOSITION TO CARNEGIE.

"I have a benevolent faculty," continued the speaker. "It does not always show, but it is there. We have had some millionaires who gave money to colleges. Now we have Mr. Carnegie building sixty-five new libraries. There is an educator for you on a large scale. I was going to do it myself, but when I found it would cost \$25,000,000 I changed my mind, as I was afraid it would bankrupt me.

"When I found out Mr. Carnegie was going to do it I told him he could have my ideas gratis. I said to him: 'Are the books that are going to be put into the new libraries on a high moral plane? If they are not, I told him he had better build the libraries and I would write the books. With the wealth I could get out of writing the books I could build libraries. And then he could write books.

"I am glad Mr. Carnegie has done his magnificent thing, and, as the newspapers have suggested, I hope that other rich men will follow his example and continue to do so until it becomes a habit they cannot break."

The Gate City.

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APRIL, 4 1901.

MARK TWAIN AND ADAM

Extracts from the Dairy of the Father of the Human Race

In Harper's for April Mark Twain gives us a bit of his old-time humor in his "Extracts from Adam's Dairy." Here are the first extracts:

"Monday—This new creature with the long hair is a good deal in the way. It is always hanging around and following me about. I don't like this; I am not used to company. I wish it would stay with the other animals. * * * Cloudy today, wind in the east; think we shall have rain. * * * We? Where did I get that word? * * * I remember now—the creature uses it.

"Tuesday—Been examining the great waterfall. It is the finest thing on the estate, I think. The new creature calls it Niagara falls—why, I am sure I do not know. Says it looks like Niagara Falls. That is not a reason. It is mere waywardness and imbecility. I get no chance to name anything myself. The new creature names everything that comes along, before I can get in a protest. And always that same pretext is offered—it looks like the thing. There is the dodo, for instance. Says the moment one looks at it one sees at a glance that it "looks like a dodo." It will have to keep that name, no doubt. It wears me to fret about it, and it does no good, anyway. Dodo! It looks no more like a dodo than I do.

"Wednesday—Built me a shelter against the rain, but could not have it to myself in peace. The new creature intruded. When I tried to put it out it shed water out of the holes it looks with, and wiped it away with the back of its paws, and made a noise such as some of the other animals make when they are in distress. I wish it would not talk; it is always talking. That sounds like a cheap fling at the poor creature, a slur; but I do not mean it so. I have never heard the human voice before, and any new and strange sound intruding itself here upon the solemn hush of these dreaming solitudes offends my ears and seems a false note."

JULY 13, 1899

MARK TWAIN'S EXHIBIT OF 4TH OF JULY ORATORY

Mark Twain's speech at the Independence Day banquet in London was the event of the evening. The veteran humorist was in capital form. In responding to the toast, "The Day We Celebrate," he said:

"I noticed in Ambassador Choate's speech that he said:

"You may be Americans or Englishmen, but you cannot be both at the same time."

"You responded by applause.

"Consider the effect of a short residence here. I find the Ambassador rises first to speak to a toast, followed by a senator, and I come third. What a subtle tribute that to monarchical influence of the country when you place rank above respectability!

"I was born modest, and if I had not been things like this would force it

upon me. I understand it quite well. I am here to see that between them they do justice to the day we celebrate, and in case they do not I must do it myself.

"But I notice they have considered this day merely from one side. It has a commercial, a business side that needs reforming. It has a historical side.

"I do not say 'an' historical side because I am speaking the American language. I do not see why our cousins should continue to say 'an' hospital, 'an' historical fact, 'an' horse. It seems to me, the Congress of Women now in session should look to it. I think 'an' is having a little too much to do with it. It comes of habit, which accounts for many things.

"Yesterday, for example, I was at a luncheon party. At the end of that party a great dignitary of the English Established church went away half an hour before anybody else and carried off my hat. Now, that was an innocent act on his part. He went out first and, of course, had the choice of hats. As a rule I try to get out first myself.

"But I hold that it was an innocent unconscious act, due, perhaps, to heredity. He was thinking about ecclesiastical matters and when a man is in that condition of mind he will take anybody's hat.

"The result was that the whole afternoon I was under the influence of his clerical hat and could not tell a lie. Of course, he was hard at it.

"It is compliment to both of us. His hat fitted me exactly; my hat fitted him exactly. So I judge I was born to rise to high dignity in the church some how or other, but I do not know what he was born for.

"That is an illustration of the influence of habit, and it is perceptible here when they say 'an' hospital, 'an' European, 'an' historical.

"The business aspect of the Fourth of July is not perfect as it stands. See what it costs us every year with loss of life, the crippling of thousands with its fireworks and the burning down of property. It is not only a sacred to patriotism and universal freedom, but to the surgeon, the undertaker, the insurance offices—and they are working it for all it is worth.

"I am pleased to see that we have a cessation of war for the time. This coming from me, a soldier, you will appreciate. I was a soldier in the southern war for two weeks, and when gentlemen get up to speak of the great deeds our army and navy have recently done, why, it goes all through me and fires up the old war spirit.

"I had in my first engagement three horses shot under me. The next ones went over my head, the next hit me in the back. Then I retired to meet an engagement.

"I thank you, gentlemen, for making even a slight reference to the war profession, in which I distinguished myself, short as my career was."

Constitution Democrat.

AUGUST 29, 1899

MARK TWAIN'S FIRST LITERARY EFFORT

Just how Samuel L. Clemens—Mark Twain—began his literary career has never been told. In one of his books he tells how from the "soundings" on the Mississippi river boats he selected his nom de plume, but as to the very important preliminary episode in his life leading up to it he is as reticent as in his lecture on the Argonauts, in which he makes no mention of those who went in quest of the golden fleece. Of his first published article and the incidents connected with its writing and publication he has always been as mum as a church mouse. There is one man who knows these details—General B. B. Bunker of Cardia, N. H.

General Bunker told of playing a game of cards with Clemens, in which the latter lost even his coat, trousers and boots. From the frequent terse and pithy observations interjected into the game by Mr. Clemens the general now thought there was something in him above the ordinary steamboat pilot, and when, a few days later, official business called him to Aurora, a hundred miles from Carson City, he asked Clemens to go with him, and the invitation was accepted.

On the day following their return Mr. Clemens asked the general if he would like to hear his written description of the trip, and he said he would.

"Well," said General Bunker to me. "Mr. Clemens read me his description. I put it very mildly when I say I was utterly dumbfounded. I had been dazzled before by his occasional flashes of wit. They were firefly flashes. This was the full, resplendent light of the midday sun. We had a talk about that article—short, sharp and decisive.

"Sam, what are you going to do with that sketch?" I asked.

"Do nothing with it."

"Sam, you have a fortune in that brain of yours if you only know how to use it. Send that sketch to the San Francisco Union and they will pay you \$100 for it."

"You are talking wild. They wouldn't publish such nonsensical trash."

Clemens was finally induced to send the story to the San Francisco paper, but on one point the general said Clemens was firm. He would not consent to sign the sketch with his own name. He did not care to have anyone know, and particularly his mother, that he could be guilty of writing such trash. Of course another name had to be signed, and "Mark Twain" was selected.

A few days later the San Francisco paper came with the sketch, and close on its heels came a check for \$100.

"The check," said General Bunker, "was drawn, of course, to the order of Mark Twain. There was great curiosity to know who Mark Twain was. The agent of the express company could find

no such person, and a letter to the same address in the postoffice from the editor of the paper soliciting further contributions from Mr. Twain was uncalled for. However, the secret had to come out and 'Sam' got his money, and an opening for himself in a new career in the field of literary work just suited to his talents, and in the pursuit of which his genius has given him supremacy, fame and riches."

Constitution Democrat.

MARK TWAIN DID NOT TEACH IN TULLY

La Grange, Mo., Indicator: The Canton Press of last week says:

"Hannibal people take pride in referring to that city being the home of Mark Twain, but Canton, or rather Tully, has a prior claim to the distinguished author and traveler. In 1851 he taught school in Tully, what is now a suburb of Canton, and several of his old pupils are still living within speaking distance of town, so we learn from an old resident. At that time Mark was a rollicksome young man, and by the staid citizens was considered a rather b-a-d boy."

The "oldest inhabitant's" memory is often treacherous, and it seems that this particular instance verifies the statement. Samuel L. Clemens, the "Mark Twain" of later years, did not teach a term of school in Tully, or anywhere else, for that matter, during his lifetime. In 1851 Samuel Clemens was scarcely sixteen years of age, having been born November 30, 1835, in Florida, Monroe county, Mo. B. C. M. Farthing of Paris, many years a playmate of Samuel in Hannibal, writing to the Indicator relative to the matter, says: "The statement that Sam Clemens taught school in Tully, or anywhere else, is a great mistake. In 1851 he was scarcely sixteen years of age, and moreover, in 1851-2, Sam, Tom Pitts, a brother of State Treasurer Pitts, and myself were attending a school taught by Thomas Gore in the basement of the Baptist church, Hannibal, his boyhood home. Tom Pitts, who was associated with him up to 1856, said to me: 'He did not teach school at Tully, or anywhere else.' Perhaps Orion Clemens, who died recently in Keokuk, taught school in Tully, as he was older than Samuel, but it is certain that the latter did not do so."

When Mr. Clemens left Hannibal he immediately sought employment on the Mississippi river, becoming a "cub" pilot, and later a pilot, in which capacity he served until the civil war came on. His subsequent career is familiar to most Missourians.

Even had Mark Twain taught school in Tully that defunct town could not have the "prior claim," as everyone knows who is familiar with the life of the great humorist Hannibal has the "prior claim," for Judge Clemens, Samuel's father, moved from Florida there, purchasing a lot November 13, 1839, when Samuel was four years old. Samuel Clemens remained in Hannibal until he went on the river.

Conit. Ind.

THE EVENING PRESS:
SEPTEMBER 24, 1898.

A FAMOUS PILOT.

A Riverman Tells a Story of How
"Mark Twain" Piloted in a
Steamboat Race.

IT IS GOOD ENOUGH TO BE TRUE.

A Man for Whom Keokuk Will Always
Have a Tender Feeling—The Story
as Told by One Who Knew Him.

Now that business along the river is not so brisk as it was during the summer months, there is more time for the steamboatmen to enjoy life and swap stories. It isn't anything like it will be this winter when navigation is entirely closed, but still the busy season for this year is now over and the river agents and employes in Keokuk are already beginning to tell stories of the season and spring jokes on one another.

Somebody told a good story about Mark Twain the other day. Keokuk always will have a tender spot for this famous and genial writer and humorist. There are some men along the river, though, who would rather think of him as the old time pilot and appreciate steamboat stories more than anything else. It was one of these who told the following story. He said he had read it some place, but it was good enough to be true. Anyway, this was the way he remembered it.

"About the only man I ever knew to leave the river and go to writing books was Sam Clemens. They say he's pretty rich now, but I understand he never runs across an old chum without swapping a few lines with him and paying for the drinks. Sam never got to be much of a pilot himself, but he used to know all of them, and write them up in the papers better than anybody could. He was about as green a looking creature as ever came from Pike county, when he was on the old Blue Bird way back in the 50's, and to look at him you would have thought he wasn't worth sweeping up, but he could write then till you couldn't rest, and some of the funniest things that ever was printed about the river was gotten up by Sam. The first thing I remember of his that set everybody a talking and wondering who that boss yarn teller, Mark Twain, was, was that account about the great flood in the Mississippi in early times, when the water was over everything and Vicksburg and Natchez were the only dry spots between Cairo and the gulf. At Orleans the boats landed alongside the top story of the

St. Charles Hotel. Well, of course, that was the boss flood, and nobody could talk of old-time boating like that; and so, Clemens got to be too big a man to stay on the river, and as I said, he quit and went to writing books. But he wasn't much of a pilot, anyhow. His mind didn't run that way, and when he was at the wheel he was always running over something and getting the boat into trouble. He would just as like as not go sound asleep on watch, and run the boat into the bank head on, if you didn't keep a watch on him, and if there was a snag to be found he would go miles out of his way just to get a whack at it, and he was never happy unless he was bouncing something. Why, you would think he was getting the biggest kind of wages from the government just to clear the river of snags, if you'd see how he hustled them out of the way. But that wasn't the worst of it, for sometimes he would lose his bearings and get lost in side streams and it would cost the captain half he would make on the trip to get back to the Mississippi.

"One day the old Blue Bird—that was the last boat he steered on, got to racing with the Yellow Hammer, a Wabash packet, and as the water was pretty high, Sam thought he would show off by running a chute and coming out two or three miles ahead. Well, in he goes, full tilt, picking his way through the timber and keeping his eyes on the limbs that reached near to the chimneys, so as not to get them knocked overboard. The Bird was just flying through the woods, and Sam, he was sweating like a bound boy at a husking. And the wheel! You just ought to have seen it spin; you'd have thought to look at Sam that he was at last doing some diamond breast pin piloting. And I reckon for a spell he thought he was. But in about two hours the mate, he comes on deck, for as it was the second watch the captain was asleep, and says to Sam as how he thought the Bird was going to Memphis that trip.

"That's where we're going," says Sam, as soon as he could gather wind enough to speak.

"Making a side run to Jacksonport, eh?" says the mate.

"Haven't heard of it," says Sam.

"Haven't eh?" said the mate looking at him curious like.

"No," says Sam, pulling the wheel hard down, so as to bring the boat around a short turn.

"Then what on earth are you doing in the White River?" says the mate.

"In White River?" says Sam, turning white about the gills, and shaking as though he had a chill.

"That's where we are," says the mate, "and you are twenty miles from the mouth at that."

"Oh, my," says Sam, "I thought I was in a chute."

"Well," says the mate, "you'd better turn this boat around and shoot out of here before the old man gets up, or you'll be looking for a skiff to get back

to the Mississippi. Do you hear me?"

"Then Sam, he turns the Bird around and hollers down to the engineer, 'Jack, if you love me, give her steam.'

"Well, the mate kind of liked Sam for his funny yarns, so he kept it all from the old man till the boat got back to New Orleans, when Sam quit, and that was the last of his piloting.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, '10

MARK TWAIN ON RELIGION.

It has developed that the late Samuel L. Clemens turned once from the path of humor to write a book of serious philosophical thought on the subject of the machine-like character of mortal mind, particularly with regard to religious beliefs. The title is "What is Man?" Only 250 copies were printed and these were distributed among the great humorists personal friends. The book was written twelve years ago and published in 1906. In a prefatory note the author says the studies for the papers were begun twenty-five or more years previously and that he had examined the papers once or twice a year since and had found them satisfactory. He was satisfied that they spoke the truth. In the same note he goes on to say:

"Every thought in them has been thought (and accepted as unassailable truth) by millions upon millions of men—and concealed, kept private. Why did they not speak out? Because they dreaded (and could not bear) the disapproval of the people around them. Why have I not published? The same reason has restrained me, I think. I can find no other."

The book sets forth in the form of a dialogue between a young man and an old man its author's notions. The old man is represented at saying:

"That list of sects is not a record of studies, searchings, seekings after light; it mainly and (sarcastically) indicates what association can do. If you know a man's nationality you can come within a split hair of guessing the complexion of his religion—English, Protestant; American, ditto; Spanish, Frenchman, Irishman, Italian, South American, Austrian, Roman Catholic; Russian, Greek Catholic; Turk, Mohammedan, and so on.

And when you know the man's religious complexion you know what sort of religious books he reads when he wants some more light and what sort of books he avoids, lest by accident he get more light than he wants.

In America if you know which party collar a voter wears you know what his associations are and how he came by his politics and which breed of newspapers he reads to get light and which breed he diligently avoids, and which breed of mass meetings he attends in order to broaden his political knowledge, and which breed of mass meetings he does not attend, except to refute its doctrines with brickbats.

We are always hearing of people who are around seeking after truth. I have never seen a permanent specimen. I think he has never lived. But I have seen several entirely sincere people who thought they were permanent seekers after truth. They sought diligently, persistently, carefully, cau-

tiously, profoundly, with perfect honesty and nicely adjusted judgment—until they believed that without doubt or question they had found the truth. That was the end of the search. The man spent the rest of his life hunting up shingles wherewith to protect his truth from the weather.

If he was seeking after political truth he found it in one or another of the hundred political gospels which govern men in the earth: if he was seeking after the only true religion he found it in one or another of the three thousand that are in the market.

In any case, when he found the truth he sought no further, but from that day forth, with his soldering iron in one hand and his bludgeon in the other, he tinkered its leaks and reasoned with objectors.

There have been innumerable temporary seekers after truth—have you ever heard of a permanent one? In the very nature of man such a person is impossible. However, to drop back to the text—training. All training is one form or another of outside influence, and association is the largest part of it. A man is never anything but what his outside influences have made him. They train him downward or they train him upward—but they train him; they are at work upon him all the time.

At the close of the discussion the old man says:

Beliefs are acquisitions, temperaments are born. Beliefs are subject to change; nothing whatever can change temperament.

FRIDAY, FEB. 8 1907
PRACTICAL JOKERS AND JOKES.

Practical jokers of adult age will find their measure taken pretty accurately by Mark Twain in the latest installment of his Autobiography. He declares when grown-up persons indulge in practical jokes, the fact gauges them. They have lived narrow, obscure and ignorant lives, and at full manhood they still retain and cherish a job-lot of left-over standards and ideals that would have been discarded with their boyhood if they had then moved out into the world and a broader life. There are localities in the west not yet wholly free from individuals of the kind referred to by Twain, who regrets that a proper regard for the truth will not let him say a kindlier thing about them instead—"that they were burglars, or hat-rack thieves, or something like that, that wouldn't be utterly uncomplimentary."

But practical jokers are practical jokers, and he does not try to disguise the fact.

They had plenty of them in Nevada at an early day, when Mark was there as assistant to his brother, the late Orion Clemens of this city, who was secretary of state there at the time. The governor of the Territory was an old and seasoned politician from New York named Nye. "He had white hair; he was in fine physical condition; he had a winning friendly face and deep lustrous brown eyes that could talk as a native language the tongue of every feeling, every passion, every

emotion. His eyes could outtalk his tongue, and this is saying a good deal, for he was a remarkable talker, both in private and on the stump. He was a shrewd man; he generally saw through surfaces and perceived what was going on inside without being suspected of having an eye on the matter." Mark tells of a practical joke once attempted at his expense. The jokers had played practical jokes upon each other with success, and had won the admiration and applause and also the envy of the rest of the community. Naturally they were eager to try their arts on big game, and that was what the governor was. But they were not able to score. They made several efforts, but the governor defeated these efforts without any trouble and went on smiling his pleasant smile as if nothing had happened. Finally:

The joker chiefs of Carson City and Virginia City conspired together to see if their combined talent couldn't win a victory, for the jokers were getting into a very uncomfortable place: the people were laughing at them, instead of at their proposed victim. They banded themselves together to the number of ten and invited the governor to what was a most extraordinary attention in those days—pickled oyster stew and champagne—luxuries very seldom seen in that region, and existing rather as fabrics of the imagination than as facts.

The governor took me with him. He said disparagingly:

"It's a poor invention. It doesn't deceive. Their idea is to get me drunk and leave me under the table, and from their standpoint this will be very funny. But they don't know me. I am familiar with champagne and have no prejudices against it."

The fate of the joke was not decided until two o'clock in the morning. At that hour the governor was serene, genial, comfortable, contented, happy and sober, although he was so full that he couldn't laugh without shedding champagne tears. Also, at that hour, the last joker joined his comrades under the table, drunk to the last perfection. The governor remarked:

"This is a dry place, Sam, let's go and get something to drink and go to bed."

Twain's story of the practical joke attempted to be played on the governor of Nevada and its result calls to mind a like incident that occurred in Omaha in the 70's. On the occasion of the visit of King Kalakaui of Hawaii to this country he stopped off one day and a night in Omaha while enroute across the continent. He was entertained by the leading men of the city, some of whom, after the formalities of the day were concluded, undertook to put him under the table. He was enticed—it didn't take any coaxing—into a game of billiards which was interrupted every few minutes with drinks of every conceivable kind and degree of seductiveness. If the king suspected anything he made no sign. He entered enthusiastically into the spirit of the oc-

casional, and the spirits of the occasion flowed no less freely into him. At 2 o'clock in the morning he was the only one present able to make his way unassisted to his room. All the others were sprawled about the room in blissful unconsciousness of the royal presence.

TUESDAY, JUNE 14, 1910

TWAIN AS A REPORTER.

The first thing a cub reporter is taught is to tell the whole story in the opening paragraph, and give the details in the rest of the article. He is also instructed to stick closely to the facts in the case and avoid all extraneous subjects. As a horrible example of how an event should not be reported Mark Twain thus described what he called "A Distressing Accident:"

"Last evening about 6 o'clock, as Mr. William Schuyler, an old and respectable citizen of South Park, was leaving his residence to go downtown, as has been his usual custom for many years, with the exception only of a short interval in the spring of 1850, during which he was confined to his bed by injuries received in attempting to stop a runaway horse by thoughtlessly placing himself directly in its wake and throwing up his hands and shouting, which if he had done so even a single moment sooner, must inevitably have frightened the animal still more instead of checking its speed, although disastrous enough to himself as it was, and rendered more melancholy and distressing by reason of the presence of his wife's mother, who was there and saw the sad occurrence, notwithstanding it is at least likely, though not necessarily so, that she should be reconnoitering in another direction when incidents occur, not being vivacious and on the lookout, as a general thing, but even the reverse, as her own mother is said to have stated, who is no more, but died in the full hope of a glorious resurrection, upwards of three years ago, aged eighty-six, being a christian woman and without guile, as it were, or property, in consequence of the fire of 1849 which destroyed every single thing she had in the world. But such is life. Let us all endeavor so to conduct ourselves that when we come to die we can do it. Let us place our hands upon our hearts and say with earnestness and sincerity that from

this day we will beware of the intoxicating bowl."

Keokuk, Iowa April 26, 1910

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY.

Mark Twain. "Pudd'n Head Wilson's Calendar.": Adam was but human—this explains it all. He did not want the apple for the apple's sake; he wanted it only because it was forbidden. The mistake was in not forbidding the serpent; then he would have eaten the serpent.

WATER CRI RED LEAP

CREDITS

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. I. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

JAN. 27, 1907

CLEMENS REMINISCENCES.

The late Orion Clemens of this city was notoriously absent-minded, as many Keokuk readers of The Gate City well know. This characteristic furnishes Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) material for a readable paragraph in the latest installment of his autobiography now appearing in the North American Review. The incident is best related in Mark's own words:

"One bitter December night Orion (Mark Twain's brother) sat up reading until 3 o'clock in the morning, and then, without looking at a clock, sallied forth to call on a young lady. He hammered and hammered at the door; couldn't get any response; didn't understand it. Anybody else would have regarded that as an indication of some kind or other and would have drawn inferences and gone home. But Orion didn't draw inferences, he merely hammered and hammered, and finally the father of the girl appeared at the door in a dressing gown. He had a candle in his hand, and the dressing gown was all the clothing he had on—except an expression of welcome which was so thick and so large that it extended all down his front to his instep and nearly obliterated the dressing gown. But Orion didn't notice that this was an unpleasant expression. He merely walked in. The old gentleman took him into the parlor, set the candle on a table and stood. Orion made the usual remarks about the weather, and sat down—sat down and talked and talked and went on talking—that old man looking at him vindictively and waiting for his chance—waiting treacherously and malignantly for his chance. Orion had not asked for the young lady. It was not customary. It was understood that a young fellow came to see the girl of the house, not the founder. At last Orion got up and made some remark to the effect that probably the young lady was busy, and he would go now and call again. That was the old man's chance, and he said with fervency: 'Why, good land, aren't you going to stop for breakfast?'"

When he realized the mistake he had made Orion must have enjoyed the humor of the situation immensely, for his capabilities in that line were second only to those of his world-famous brother. Orion was a lawyer by profession and once about a dozen or more years ago asked permission of the city council of Keokuk to assist the city attorney in defending a damage suit against the city. He explained that he was animated by the loftiest motives and would serve without pay. On this condition he was permitted to serve as assistant counsel. After the case had been disposed of Orion appeared before the council and suggested that he be rewarded financially for his connection with the case. He was promptly reminded that it was expressly stipulated he was to receive no monetary return. He admitted that such was the agreement, but said that was the very rea-

son he thought he ought to be paid something. With the council's permission he stated his case, and it may be doubted if a more ingenious or humorous argument was ever advanced in the council chamber before or since.

It is impossible to convey any idea of Orion's droll manner or to give the text of his remarks. Only the merest outline can be recalled. He said that when he entered into the agreement to serve as assistant counsel without pay he entertained expectations that had failed sadly of fulfillment. He had pictured to himself a scene in the court room, of which he was the central figure. The room was filled with an eager, expectant, admiring crowd of neighbors and friends, who had jostled each other to gain entrance into the building and striven one with another to secure advantageous seats. In his mind's eye he had seen them crane forward as he arose to speak. He had noted the hush that fell upon the vast assemblage coincident with the utterance of his first words. Later he noted with a feeling of gratification—of exaltation, even,—how he swayed his auditors, including judge and jury, at will. It was the triumph of his life. If he never spoke another word, if he never again appeared in public, his fame was secure. He had had his opportunity at last and had improved it as he had felt all along he could and would, if it ever came to him. Like the prophet of old he was ready to say, "Now let thy servant depart in peace." He had achieved his life's ambition and was supremely happy and content.

That was the expectation—what was the reality? Ah, how different! It was enough to break the stoutest heart. Instead of the expectant throng there were only four persons present in the court room in addition to the judge and the lawyers interested in the case. Two of the spectators got up and went out. Orion said, when he arose to speak. The other two were bailiffs and had to stay. Instead of being allowed to deliver the speech he had prepared for the occasion he had to content himself with reading to the court a list of citations he had looked up in odd moments. Everything was so different from what he had pictured it would be. Instead of a realization of his day dreams of years it was the bitterest disappointment and greatest humiliation of his life. He had gathered apples of Sodom and they had turned to ashes on his lips.

In view of the disappointment of his long-cherished hopes Orion suggested that the city should pay him something—not in return for his services, as the agreement estopped that, but as compensation for what he had suffered. He felt that his lacerated feelings needed a balm, and under the circumstances he would consent to accept a financial one, inasmuch as no other kind appeared to be available or in prospect. It was with extreme re-

luctance, he said, that he had brought himself into a state of willingness in this particular. He had hoped up to the last moment that reward of a different kind would be forthcoming. Once he thought he was about to realize, in part at least, on his expectations. He said that one day soon after the trial of the case he was walking up the street. There were two men behind him and he could not avoid overhearing part of their conversation. One of them declared, "He is the finest in this country! Everybody is talking about him." Orion said he realized at once they were speaking of him. He turned partially around to get a glimpse of his admirer. As he did so the same voice said: "There he is now!" The man had his right arm extended and was pointing across the street. Orion looked in the direction indicated—and saw a magnificent jackass!

MAY 3, 1907

Mark Twain's Stogey Story.

From Mark Twain's Autobiography in the North American Review: Well, that night at the club (the Hartford Monday Evening club) meeting—as I was saying—George, our colored butler, came to me when the supper was nearly over, and I noticed that he was pale. Normally his complexion was a clear black, and very handsome, but now it had modified to old amber. He said:

"Mr. Clemens, what are we going to do? There is not a cigar in the house but those old Wheeling long nines. Can't nobody smoke them but you. They kill at thirty yards. It is too late to telephone—we couldn't get any cigars out from town—what can we do? Ain't it best to say something, and let on that we didn't think?"

"No," I said, "that would not be honest. Fetch out the long nines"—which he did.

I had just come across those "long nines" a few days or a week before. I hadn't seen a long nine for years. When I was a cub pilot on the Mississippi in the late '50's, I had had a great affection for them, because they were not only—to my mind—perfect, but you could get a basketful of them for a cent—or a dime, they didn't use cents out there in those days. So when I saw them advertised in Hartford I sent for a thousand at once. They came out to me in badly battered and disreputable looking old square pasteboard boxes, two hundred in a box. George brought a box, which was caved in on all sides, looking the worst it could, and began to pass them around. The conversation had been brilliantly animated up to that moment—but now a frost fell upon the company. That is to say, not all of a sudden, but the frost fell upon each man as he took up a cigar and held it poised in the air—and there, in the middle, his sentence broke off. That kind of thing went on all around the table, until when

George had completed his crime the whole place was full of a thick solemnity and silence.

Those men began to light the cigars. Rev. Dr. Parker was the first man to light. He took three or four heroic whiffs—then gave it up. He got up with the remark that he had to go to the bedside of a sick parishioner. He started out. Rev. Dr. Burton was the next man. He only took one whiff, and followed Parker. He furnished a pretext, and you could see by the sound of his voice that he didn't think much of the pretext, and was vexed with Parker for getting in ahead with a fictitious ailing client. Rev. Dr. Twitchell followed, and said he had to go now because he must make a midnight train for Boston. Boston was the first place that occurred to him, I suppose.

It was only a quarter to eleven when they began to distribute pretexts. At ten minutes to eleven all those people were out of the house. When nobody was left but George and me I was cheerful—I had no compunctions of conscience, no griefs of any kind. But George was beyond speech, because he held the honor and credit of the family above his own, and he was ashamed that this smirch had been put upon it. I told him to go to bed and try to sleep it off. I went to bed myself. At breakfast in the morning when George was passing a cup of coffee, I saw it tremble in his hand. I knew by that sign that there was something on his mind. He brought the cup to me and asked impressively:

"Mr. Clemens, how far is it from the front door to the upper gate?"

I said: "It is a hundred and twenty-five steps."

He said: "Mr. Clemens, you can start at the front door and you can go plumb to the upper gate and tread on one of them cigars every time."

It wasn't true in detail, but in essentials it was.

entri MARCH 20, 1907

Mark Twain's Acquaintances. From Mark Twain's Autobiography in the North American Review: We had recently arrived in Berlin, and had begun housekeeping in a furnished apartment. One morning at breakfast a vast card arrived—an invitation. To be precise, it was a command from the Emperor of Germany to come to dinner. During several months I had encountered socially, on the continent, men bearing lofty titles; and all this while Jean was becoming more and more impressed and awed, and subdued, by these imposing events, for she had not been abroad before, and they were new to her—wonders out of dreamland turned into realities. The imperial card was passed from hand to hand, around the table, and examined with interest; when it reached Jean she exhibited excitement and emotion, but for a time

was quite speechless; then she said: "Why, papa, if it keeps going on like this, pretty soon there won't be anybody left for you to get acquainted with but God."

It was not complimentary to think I was not acquainted in that quarter, but she was young, and the young jump to conclusions without reflection.

I did myself the honor to obey the command of the Emperor Wilhelm III (to come to dinner). Prince Heinrich, and six or eight other guests were present. The Emperor did most of the talking, and he talked well, and in faultless English. In both of these conspicuousnesses I was gratified to recognize a resemblance to myself—a very exact resemblance; no, almost exact, but not quite that—a modified exactness, with the advantage in favor of the Emperor. My English, like his, is nearly faultless; like him I talk well; and when I have guests at dinner I prefer to do all the talking myself. It is the best way, and the pleasantest. Also the most profitable for the others.

I was greatly pleased to perceive that his majesty was familiar with my books, and that his attitude toward them was not uncomplimentary. In the course of his talk he said that my best and most valuable book was "Old Times on the Mississippi."

A couple of days ago a gentleman called upon me with a message (from the German Emperor) * * * The wording of the message to me was:

"Convey to Mr. Clemens my kindest regards. Ask him if he remembers that dinner, and ask him why he didn't do any talking."

Why, how could I talk when he was talking? He "held the age," as the poker-clergy say, and two can't talk at the same time with good effect. It reminds me of the man who was reproached by a friend, who said:

"I think it a shame that you have not spoken to your wife for fifteen years. How do you explain it? How do you justify it?"

"I didn't want to interrupt her." If the Emperor had been at my table, he would not have suffered from my silence, he would only have suffered from the sorrows of his own solitude. If I were not too old to travel I would go to Berlin and introduce the etiquette of my own table, which tallies with the etiquette observable at other royal tables. I would say, "Invite me again, your majesty, and give me a chance;" then I would courteously waive rank and do all the talking myself. I thank his majesty for his kind message, and am proud to have it and glad to express my sincere reciprocation of its sentiments.

Bul JANUARY 17 1885.

Mark Twain a Soldier.

To the Editor,

While the Sherman-Davis controversy is before the people raking up old war issues, and while anecdotes of Mark Twain are pat in this locality, I think it proper that his war record should be known and I am surprised that he has not given it himself as it is a funny chapter in his history. I gathered the following from an old schoolmate and friend and can vouch for it all:

At the opening of the war Mark Twain was piloting a steamboat on the lower Mississippi, but on one of his trips was stopped by a blockade and he returned to his boyhood home in Florida, Mo., and there joined a company of rebel soldiers. This company remained at this point until rumors of approaching Yankees induced them to go farther south. Mark was mounted on a mule and the company moved off, making a slight detour and finally bringing up at Louisiana, Mo., where Mark, tiring of the army, after a continuous service of fully three weeks, sold his mule for \$15 and resigned his position as a private. On being interrogated as to the cause of so soon leaving the army he replied that the mule was too rough and he couldn't stand it any longer and that it hurt his feet to walk.

Thus because of a mule did the south lose a valiant soldier and the world gain an author, and should the house of Twain ever have an escutcheon, what better emblem could be emblazoned upon it than a mule.

The DECEMBER 18, 1881.

"MARK TWAIN."

The Canadian Authorities Refuse to Grant Him a Copyright for His New Book.

[Special Dispatch to the Chicago Tribune.] OTTAWA, Dec. 16.—The application of Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) for a Canadian copyright of his new book has been refused by the department of agriculture and arts. Clemens has therefore no Canadian copyright, and cannot get one. The claim for copyright was made on the strength of Clemens' visit and domicile for two weeks in Montreal. The authorities decide that such residence is not "domicile." All attempts to come within the letter of the law will be dealt with similarly. The authorities here, it is understood, also decide that if Clemens obtains a copyright in Great Britain by first publishing there that that copyright extends to Canada. Doubt is, however, expressed as to what the supreme court would decide in case the matter came up before them. The decision in the case of S. Miles vs. Belford, given in Toronto, was based upon English decisions, and the question as to whether Canada by the passage of the British America act could exercise independent judgment through her legislature was not discussed.

WATER CRIMPED LEAF CREDITS

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY R. J. DICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

MARK TWAIN GROWS WEAKER

MADE BY BAKER-WHITE

DATE

19

APRIL 21, 1910

His Condition Today Shows That He
is Sinking Rapidly But That
He is Yet in Good
Spirits

LIVED THROUGH NIGHT

It Was Feared That He Would Pass
Away Before Morning, But
He Lived to See the
Dawn.

REDDING, Conn., April 21.—Mark Twain was much weaker at 8 o'clock this morning than at midnight. The doctors say he will grow weaker still before the day is over.

Despite increased weakness Mr. Clemens is brighter today than in a week. According to his own statement, he is "sinking as well as ever." Stimulants were used to keep up the heart action. Oxygen has been abandoned. Mr. Clemens announced today that his greatest trouble was that he could not see his friends.

It was feared last night that he would not live until morning. Restoratives and stimulants which had been of some benefit before seemed to have no effect on him.

At 9 o'clock last night Dr. Halsey said that Mr. Clemens was still sinking and that there had been no evidence of any rally. Hope was still felt at that hour, however, that the patient would gain sufficient strength under treatment to carry him over the crisis.

At 11 o'clock Dr. Halsey was again in communication with Dr. Quintard. At that time the report from the sick-room was even more discouraging and it was evident that little hope was left. Late at night Mr. Clemens lost consciousness.

At the bedside were only Mr. Clemens' daughter, Clara, and the latter's husband, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the pianist, besides Dr. Halsey and the nurses.

MONDAY, APRIL 18, 1910.

TWAIN'S DAUGHTER IS WITH HIM

Invalid is Cheered by the Arrival of
Mrs. Gabrilowitsch from
Europe.

DANBURY, Conn., April 18.—Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), who is suffering from heart trouble that made him an invalid while he was traveling from Bermuda to New York city last week, was cheered greatly Sunday by the arrival of his daughter, Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, at Stormfield, the Clemens country place at Redding.

Mrs. Gabrilowitsch, who before her marriage to the musician was Clara Clemens, went to Europe last fall shortly after the death of her sister, Miss Jean Clemens. There was no change in Mr. Clemens condition today.

MARK TWAIN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

Hannibal Citizens to Hold Mass Meeting on Thursday Evening to Talk Over the Subject.

HANNIBAL, Mo., April 28.—A Mark Twain Memorial association is to be formed in Hannibal. Enthusiastic personally over the project, and in response to the requests of numerous citizens, Mayor Dreyer has issued a proclamation calling a mass meeting of citizens at the court house Thursday evening to perfect an organization.

The Commercial club will lend every assistance to the citizens in any plan they formulate for the association. President Richards has already announced his intention of appointing a committee to take up the matter of a memorial and it will co-operate with the organization to be formed at the mass meeting.

THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1910
was OCTOBER 27, 1913.

ERECT SHAFT TO HONOR MARK TWAIN

Hannibal Plans Memorial to Famous
Author and Former Keokuk
Citizen.

The home of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn has erected a shaft to Mark Twain, their immortalizer and Missouri's first citizen.

It stands in Riverview Park, Hannibal, Mo., and the dedicatory ceremonies will be an event of the very near future, according to the announcement of Judge F. L. Schofield, who is chairman of the monument committee. Frederick Hibbard of Chi-

cago, the sculptor who designed the statue, has virtually finished his work and expects to turn it over to the city of Hannibal within a very short time.

This pretty city, which sits on the bank of the Mississippi river, played an important part in the life of Mark Twain. While he was not born in Hannibal, he spent his boyhood there, and from its environs he drew characters which will live as long as the name of Twain endures. Twain spent some time in Keokuk, being employed in a printing office located in a building on lower Main street.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1913.

HAVE OIL PAINTING OF MARK TWAIN

Hannibal May Buy It for Commercial Clubroom.

An oil painting of Mark Twain, the work of A. Zylinski, the well-known painter, is now on exhibition at the Commercial club in Hannibal. It was brought there yesterday by C. H. Meinard of St. Louis, who hopes to place it in Hannibal, as he believes that it is there, the boyhood home of the dean of humor, that the picture rightfully belongs.

The painting was in Hannibal some time ago, having been taken there by Mr. Young, who is associated with Mr. Meinhard. Since that time it has been changed in several respects to assume the more natural attitude of Twain. It is pronounced a splendid work by men who knew Mark Twain practically his entire life.

Mr. Meinhard hopes to interest the Commercial club or some Hannibal organization in the picture so that it may be placed in Hannibal.

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1887.

Mark Twain's successful reading tour two years ago, in company with Mr. George W. Cable, was his own business venture, and by it he netted, clear of all expenses, \$16,000, from the first week of November to the first week of March following. He paid Mr. Cable \$500 a week and his expenses. It was he who first introduced Mr. Cable to the business of public reading, having started him in Hartford the year before the joint tour. His idea was that two authors on a platform reading from their own works, would be less monotonous, and therefore more attractive, than one.

DAILY GATE CITY.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 5, 1874.

Mark Twain as a Pioneer.

[From the Keosauqua Republican.]

An impression has got abroad among our pioneers that Mark Twain once vegetated in the classic shades of Keosauqua. We are not aware how the belief originated, but it seems to have been credited by so eminent an authority as Senator Wright. Yet it is an error. Mrs. Lydia Starr Hunter sends us the following in relation to the matter, with a characteristic letter from Mark himself:

"I had frequently been told that Mark Twain was a pioneer printer in this county, and had in fact read the same in a published address, delivered by Geo. G. Wright, in the year 1872. Having some business of my own with the first of the three American Graces, and not doubting the report, I mentioned the re-union of the Pioneer Association in Keosauqua, and asked him to write something for the occasion, if it were only a few lines, hoping thereby to add something to the pleasure of the meeting. I received the following reply:

FARMINGTON AVENUE,
HARTFORD, July 28 }

DEAR MADAM: It was an error. I was in Keokuk during 1856, and in Muscatine a month or two in 1854, but have never wrought on an Iowa journal. I have never been in Keosauqua, so it must have been some other person of the same name. If it be the individual who personated me in Dubuque last April, and swindled the people there, and cost me a hundred dollars in Sheriff fees and telegraph bills (for the idiots in office there let him go, and I, another idiot,) tried to capture him again, he began to circulate in Iowa earlier than I had imagined. Sorrow to him!—and a career briefer than his own wit, be his portion, is my prayer.

Although not a pioneer myself, I hope I may without offense wish a pleasant re-union to those who are. Yours truly,

SAM'L L. CLEMENS.

There was another impressive silence, and finally Mark Twain crossed his legs, blew a puff of smoke into the air, and in his lazy drawl remarked: "I suppose you're a little surprised to see me over here so early. Fact is, I haven't been so neighborly, perhaps, as I ought to be. We must mend that state of things. But this morning I came over because I thought you might be interested in knowing that your roof is on fire. It struck me that it would be a good idea if—"

But at the mention of fire the whole family dusted up stairs, trailing language all the way up. When we had put the fire out and had returned to the veranda Mark wasn't there.

The Daily Gate City.

FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 14, 1871.

From the April Galaxy.

MY FIRST LITERARY VENTURE.

BY MARK TWAIN.

I was a very smart child at the age of thirteen—an unusually smart child, I thought at the time. It was then I did my first newspaper scribbling, and most unexpectedly to me it stirred up a fine sensation in the community. It did indeed, and I was very proud of it, too.

I was a printer's "devil," and a progressive and aspiring one. My uncle John had me on his paper (the *Weekly Hannibal Journal*, two dollars a year in advance—500 subscribers, and they paid in cord-wood, cabbages and unmarketable turnips), and on a lucky summer's day he left town to be gone a week, and asked me if I thought I could edit one issue of the paper judiciously. Ah, didn't I want to try! Hinton was the editor of the rival paper. He had lately been jilted, and one night a friend found an open note on the poor fellows bed, in which he stated that he could no longer endure life and had drowned himself in Bear Creek. The friend ran down there and discovered Hinton wading back to shore! He had concluded he wouldn't. The village was full of it for several days, but Hinton did not suspect it. I thought this was a fine opportunity. I wrote an elaborately wretched account of the whole matter, and then illustrated it with villaneous cuts engraved on the bottoms of wooden type with a jack-knife—one of them a picture of Hinton wading out into the creek in his shirt, with a lattern, sounding the depth of the water with a walking stick. I thought it was desperately funny, and was densely unconscious that there was any moral obliquity about such a publication. Being satisfied with this effort, I looked around for other worlds to conquer, and it struck me that it would make good, interesting matter to charge the editor of a neighboring country paper with a piece of gratuitous rascality and "see him squirm!" I did it, putting the article into the form of a parody on the burial of "Sir John Moore"—and a pretty crude parody it was, too. Then I lampooned two prominent citizens outrageously—not because they had done anything to deserve it, but merely because I thought it was my duty to make the paper lively. Next I gently touched up the newest stranger—the lion of the day, the gorgeous journeyman tailor from Quincy. He was a simpering coxcomb of the first water and the "loudest" dressed man in the State. He was an inveterate woman-killer. Every week he wrote lusher "poetry" for the *Journal* about his newest conquest. His rhymes for my week were headed "To Mary

in H—l," meaning to Mary in Hannibal of course. But while setting up the piece I was suddenly riven from head to heel by what I regarded as a perfect thunder-bolt of humor, and I compressed it into a snappy foot-note at the bottom, thus: "We will let this thing pass, just this once; but we wish Mr. J. Gordon Runnells to understand distinctly that we have a character to sustain and from this time forth when he wants to commune with his friends in h—l he must select some other medium than the columns of this journal!"

The paper came out, and I never knew any little thing to attract so much attention as those playful trifles of mine. For once the *Hannibal Journal* was in demand—a novelty it had not experienced before. The whole town was stirred. Hinton dropped in with a double-barreled shotgun early in the forenoon. When he found that it was an infant (as he called me) that had done the damage, he simply pulled my ears and went away; but he threw up his situation that night and left town for good. The tailor came with his goose and a pair of shears; but he despised me, too, and departed for the South that night. The two lampooned citizens came with threats of libel, and went away incensed at my insignificance. The country editor pranced in with a war-hoop next day, suffering for blood to drink; but he ended by forgiving me cordially and invited me down to the drug store to wash away all animosity in a friendly bumper of "Fahnestock's Vermifuge." It was a little joke.

My uncle was very angry when he got back—unreasonably so, I thought, considering what an impetus I had given the paper, and considering also that gratitude for his preservation ought to have been uppermost in his mind, inasmuch as by his delay he had so wonderfully escaped dissection, tomahawking, libel, and getting his head shot off. But he softened when he looked at the accounts and saw that I had actually booked the unparalleled number of thirty-three new subscribers, and had the vegetables to show for it, cord-wood, cabbage, beans and unsalable turnips enough to run the family for two years!

The Gate City.

Ed., JUNE 17, 1897. 1-CLASS

MARK TWAIN'S HOME.

Birthplace of the Humorist in Missouri is Demolished.

Mexico, Mo., June 11.—Florida, which is near this city, has recently lost a very significant relic—the birthplace of "Mark Twain."

The old structure is being removed preparatory to building a new house. Numerous calls have been made upon Mrs. Roney, the owner of the house, by admirers of the humorist, for sufficient timber to make a cane, or even a shingle or a brick.

Tourists who visit Florida in the future will see only the ground where once stood the birthplace of the man who has made millions smile.

"THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY"
R. I. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

KEOKUK DAILY CONSTITUTION

AUGUST 24, 1885.

A New One on Mark Twain.

[Kansas City Times.]

The Rev. J. Hyatt Smith knows more stories about more people than ten average citizens. Among them he relates this: "When I was living with my brother in Buffalo Mark Twain occupied a cottage across the street. We didn't see very much of him, but one morning, as we were enjoying our cigars on the veranda after breakfast, we saw Mark come to his door in his dressing-gown and slippers and look over to us. He stood at his door and smoked for a minute, as if making up his mind about something, and at last opened his gate and came lounging across the street. There was an unoccupied rocking chair on the veranda, and when my brother offered it to him he dropped into it with a sigh of relief. He smoked for a few moments and said:

"Nice morning."

"Yes, very pleasant."

"Shouldn't wonder if we had rain by and by."

"Well, we could stand a little."

"This is a nice house you have here?"

"Yes, we rather like it."

"How's your family?"

"Quite well—and yours?"

"Oh, we're all comfortable."

DEATH OF SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, WHO, AS MARK TWAIN, WAS GREATEST HUMORIST

Passed Away Last Evening at 6:30 O'clock at His Home in Connecticut of Angina Pectoris, Falling Asleep Without Pain.

WAS AT ONE TIME RESIDENT OF KEOKUK

Man Who Has Made the World Laugh By His Writings, Now Makes the World Sob at His Death From Broken Heart.

REDDING, Conn., April 22.—Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) died at his home near Redding at 6:30 o'clock last night of angina pectoris. He became unconscious at about 3 o'clock and sank gradually until his death. He did not again recover consciousness.

His spirits kept up to the last and he tried to joke a little with those about him. The physicians scarcely expected that he would live through the night, but early Thursday morning he dropped off to sleep. The early morning hours gave him the best sleep he had had in some days and he woke early, much refreshed.

Because of the benefit he had derived from the night's few hours rest, hope revived that, after all, he might rally sufficiently to prolong his life by a few days at any rate, even though ultimate recovery seemed impossible. His condition remained improved until early in the afternoon. Throughout the forenoon he was partly conscious, now and then realizing his surroundings and occasionally speaking a few words to express some wish or to ask a question as to his own condition or matters about his place. He recognized those at his bedside during these periods. Then he again would lapse into unconsciousness.

Early in the afternoon it was plain that he again was sinking. The final unconsciousness came gradually, and those about him thought it might be merely one of the periods which he had experienced before in this illness. He did not rally, however. At no time during his last hours did he appear to be in great pain and the end came easily.

With Mr. Clemens during the night and day were his daughter, Clara, her

husband, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Albert Bielow Paine, his secretary; Dr. Robert H. Halsey, and the nurses. Late in the afternoon his personal physician, Dr. Edward Quintard, arrived from New York and joined the group at the bedside.

Death claimed the distinguished author and humorist just one week from the day that he was brought to New York weak and helpless from his last sojourn in Bermuda. On the way up from Bermuda he said to Robert Bigelow Paine, his secretary; Dr. stant companion in illness:

"This is a bad job; we'll never pull through with it."

On shore once more and longing for the serenity of the New England hills, he took heart and said to those who noted his enfeeblement in sorrow: "Give me a breath of Redding air once more and this will pass."

The death of H. H. Rogers, a close friend, was a severe blow. The death of his daughter, Jeane, who was seized with an attack of epilepsy last fall while in her bath, was an added blow from which he never recovered.

It was then that the stabbing pains in the heart began. Mark Twain died as truly as it can be said of any man of a broken heart.

Still Greatest Humorist.

WASHINGTON, April 22.—Samuel G. Blythe, probably the best known American humorist of the present day, had the following to say of Mark Twain. "Twain was the greatest American humorist when he was alive and is the greatest American humorist who is dead."

From Roosevelt.

(Special Cable to the United Press from Theodore Roosevelt.)

PARIS, April 22.—It is with deep

and sincere regrets that I hear of the death of Mark Twain. He was unique not only among the men of American letters but throughout the whole world. He was not only a great humorist but a great philosopher. We as a nation have a right to be proud of his literature.

James Whitcomb Riley.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., April 22.—

"It is hard to imagine Mark Twain a dead man. He was so keenly alive and human" said James Whitcomb Riley. "His humor was based in a great degree upon his honor, for he was thoroughly honest, brave and

SUNDAY, APRIL 17, 1910.

Mark Twain's Condition.

[Gate City Leased Wire Service.]

REDDING, Conn., April 16.—A. B.



Mark Twain

Payne, secretary to Mark Twain, said tonight that Mr. Clemens' condition is much improved, but admitted that the humorist's heart is vitally affected.

stera. He was peculiar. While a zealous scholar it was told of him that he could not learn in school. I first met Twain when I was with Mr. Nye about 20 years ago in Boston."

Burial at Elmira.

REDDING, Conn., April 22.—Tomorrow morning the body of the master of Stormfield, Samuel L. Clemens, will be placed aboard an express train, which will go to New York, where a short memorial service will be held. This was the plan of the family, when A. Bigelow Payne, his secretary, left for New York to complete the funeral arrangements. Arrangements for the funeral at Elmira will be completed this afternoon. The burial will be in the family plot in, which already lie his wife, daughter Susan, daughter Jean and infant son.

Roosevelt Grieved.

PARIS, April 22.—Colonel Roose-

velt was greatly moved when he learned of Mark Twain's death. The little library the colonel carried through Africa contained copies of Tom Sawyer and Huckelberry Finn.

State Memorial.

ST. LOUIS, April 22.—State Senator McAllister from the Hannibal district says he will introduce a bill in the legislature to buy Mark Twain's boyhood home as a state memorial.

Originator of Humor.

Mark Twain's death removes from the international field of letters the creator of American literary humor, and one of its most distinguished literateurs.

With his passing the people of the world—the militant and persuasive doers of things alike—have lost a gentle, sympathizing friend and fearless champion. For almost 75 years he lived, and for two-score he numbered his admirers by figures that rival the census of the enlightened world.

He drew his personal friends from every condition of life and held them steadfastly by his engaging, wholesome personality and earnest understanding.

Snatched from the obscurity of his gentle birth by fickle fortune and reared in the university of the world to become the master of wholesome humor, Mark Twain retained to the last his delicate distinctions of light and shade, giving to the world its dearest smiles and drawing from it its most willing sympathetic tears. For withal his humor the public eye has seen no happy life punctuated with deeper sorrows. He had known every travail of the soul, and few there are whose spirit of sound humor would have survived so many onslaughts of a whimsical and cruel fate.

It was the same man who gave this message to an anxious world: "Rumors of my death are largely exaggerated"; who subsequently described his health as "not ruggedly well but not ill enough to excite an undertaker," and who on return from Bermuda, two days prior to the sudden death of his favorite daughter, Jean, the day before last Christmas, confirmed the belief of the newspaper reporters who met him at the gangplank, with this discouraging statement:

"My active work in this life and for the world is done. I shall write no more books nor attempt new work."

The accompanying smile was one of amiable sadness. His cheeks were hollow and furrowed, and his gait was shuffling and uncertain, as if tired almost unto death.

The next day, twelve hours before her untimely death, his daughter, Jean, made public this statement at the instance of her father:

"I hear the newspapers say I am dying. The charge is not true. I

would do no such thing at my time of life. I am behaving as well as I can. Merry Christmas to everybody."

How merry was his Christmas is known throughout a sympathizing universe. The hand of fate, always inscrutable, dealt its cruelest blow to the kindest, gentlest of men.

The hour hand had traveled but once around the clock before the daughter—his confidant, companion and amanuensis—was found dead in her bath at their country home, "Stormfield," Redding, Conn. Her last act had been the preparation of a mammoth Christmas tree.

The shock which transformed the Christmas symbols into a bier—the shrine of his last earthly idol—almost completed the wreck made possible by the ravages of time.

Recalling the statement of the previous evening which mocked the rumors of his death, the author ventured, pitifully, that "the punishment is more than the act merited," and settled back into a silent, stoic conflict with his latest grief. That his health declined gradually from this cause no one doubts, and Mark Twain himself did not deny it.

Born in Missouri Cabin.

In 1835 while there were less than a million white inhabitants in the great empire west of the Mississippi, Samuel Langhorne Clemens was born. It was November 30, and the scene of his nativity was a humble cabin at Florida, Mo., which at that time marked the extreme fringe of frontier settlement. His parents were John Marshall Clemens of Virginia and his good wife, who was Jane Lambton of Kentucky.

The father was a lienal descendant of Gregory Clement, one of the three judges who condemned to death Charles I. Clement, excepted from the general amnesty following the restoration, lost his head in consequence.

Jane Lambton's forbears strove with Daniel Boone on the "dark and bloody ground"—the scene of her birth twenty-nine years after the building of the first log cabin within the present confines of that commonwealth. Even in the state famous as a hot-house of feminine beauty Jane Lambton became known as one of the most beautiful and brilliant belles of her time in the Bluegrass state.

Clemens' parents, victims of the wanderlust, left their small property in Lexington on the Cumberland river in Tennessee. Next they traveled to Missouri, passing St. Louis, then a city of 10,000 souls, for what seemed to them a land of brighter promise. They settled at Florida, a hamlet, described by the author in later years as "the settlement that just divides the desert from the sown."

It was there that the future Mark Twain was born, and here it was also that he first encountered that ca-

pricious Fate, which at the age of three years foretold the anomalies of his career.

His father, an absent-minded soul—wary of the scant opportunities afforded by his surroundings—migrated from Florida without thought of the little human baggage who laughed and cooed in the delightful occupation of mud-pie baking in the sun-bathed garden, oblivious to the disappearance of the household cavalcade across the sky line. Two or three hours later a native found the complacent youngster, overtook the parents on the wagon road to Hannibal, and reminded them in no uncertain terms of the consequences of such carelessness. Who knows but this incident was the turning point in little Samuel's life—the influence that set in motion that remorseless pendulum of Fate?

The father served for some years as magistrate in Hannibal, was elected county judge, but died in 1847, without assuming office. His death marked the end of the youth's systematic education which had previously been indifferent owing to his uncertain health.

A brother's print shop became his high school. At intervals, shortly after he was twelve years old, he edited the little newspaper to the amazement of the subscribers and the discomfort of the elder brother whose responsibility as publisher bore the brunt of hostile complaints against the "personal journalism" of the juvenile.

Refused to be Drowned.

Time and again in leisure hours the boy was fished out of the river almost drowned, but the fond mother, out of her utter confidence in his future, would remark each time, "It is no matter. One who is born to be hanged is surely safe in the water."

Stricken with a sudden fit of inherited wanderlust, young Clemens disappeared from Hannibal in 1853. By this time he was accounted a fit itinerant typesetter. By dint of hard work and the saving of money for traveling expenses he saw the world's fair at New York and visited all the eastern cities, but was finally compelled by financial stress, to seek cover near home.

At Keokuk he apprenticed himself to Captain Bixby to learn the infinite mysteries of steamboat piloting. Those were the days when the wheelmen of Mississippi river packets were accounted princes. Their dress was at once the joy and perplexity of the river towns. They carried guns and fought their way by a singular code of honor up and down the mystic river, famed for its capricious habit of changing beds over night. In "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," "Puddin' Head Wilson," and "Life on the Mississippi," which came from his pen in later years, every incident of this vanishing estate is dwelt upon lovingly.

AWATER GRIMPEO ISAF

CREDITS

"THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY"
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

THE DEATH OF SAMUEL CLEMENS

(Continued from page 1.)

MADE BY BAKER-VANT

DATE _____

19 _____

In the midst of this phase of his career the civil war was declared, and born of slave-holding parents, the youth piloted his boat through the blockades to the north and joined the confederate army. This army experience lasted two weeks, when he resigned, assigning the cause to "incapacity by fatigue through persistent retreating."

Returning to Hannibal he joined his brother, Orion, who had accepted the appointment as first secretary of the new territory of Nevada. Samuel accepted the private secretaryship, which his brother explained was "a good job, with nothing to do and no salary."

At Virginia City young Clemens amused himself by writing letters to the Virginia City Territorial Enterprise, and was finally engaged as legislative correspondent at Carson City. To these letters he first signed the name "Mark Twain," which he adopted from the old Mississippi river term for a two-fathom sounding.

One of his barbed literary shafts struck a vital spot in the emotions of Editor Laird of the Virginia Union. The latter proposed a duel as a salve to his honor. Colt's revolvers being the only available weapons, Twain sought out the proposed dueling grounds for practice, expending an enormous amount of ammunition and hitting everything but the mark. At the appointed hour of the meeting Mark was taking a last practice shot when a luckless bird collided with a random bullet. Laird, from afar off, saw the decapitated bird in its fall to the ground, and lost no time making the apologies necessary to the abandonment of the duel.

The authorities, however, were not satisfied, and determined to make an example of those who broke the law forbidding the acceptance of a duel challenge. As a result, Mark Twain and the conspirators were hustled across the border into California.

Tiring of his berth as city editor of the San Francisco Call, Mark Twain penetrated the Sierras in search of gold, but being inapt as a prospector, he sailed for Hawaii as correspondent of the Sacramento Union, arriving just in time to report the sensational burning of the clipper Hornet, which was his first real "scoop."

Innocents Abroad.

After a six-month stay he returned to California and joined the Quaker City Excursion to the Holy Land as representative of Alta California. On this, one of the first personally conducted world tours, Mark Twain obtained the material which found its

way into "Innocents Abroad"—his first real introduction to the world of literature. Another fateful influence upon his life was furnished by the Quaker City excursion through his meeting Miss Olivia L. Langdon of Elmira, N. Y. In 1870 they were married, and throughout one of the most ideal marital relationships recorded in history four children were born to them. Langdon, a son, came in 1870 and died in 1872. Susan Olivia born in the latter year lived to be twenty-four—long enough to develop extraordinary mental powers and strength of character. Two other daughters, Clara and Jean, were born in 1874 and 1880 respectively. Jean died of epilepsy in her bath, Dec. 24, 1909. Clara is the wife of Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist.

At the outset of his career as a man of family Mark Twain acquired an interest in the Buffalo Express, but soon retired to the more remunerative field of freelance literary efforts.

Henceforth Mark Twain added steadily to his international literary fame. His important works and their date of appearance follow:

"Roughing It," in 1871; "Gilded Age," in 1873; "Tom Sawyer," in 1876; "Sketches," in 1877; "Tramp Abroad," in 1880; "Prince and Pauper," in 1883; "Huckleberry Finn," in 1885; "Library of Humor," in 1888; "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court," in 1889.

He founded the publishing firm of Chas. L. Webster & Co. in 1884 which was a disastrous undertaking. Through the business depression of 1894 the firm failed, and Mark Twain, at the time rated as a wealthy man, assumed its debts though it swept away his fortune and left an indebtedness of \$100,000 which he paid in full.

In the midst of his struggle to recoup his fortunes came the death of his wife in 1905. This loss was perhaps the most serious blow of his life. He was heartbroken and almost prostrated, but laid aside his brief long enough to pay her this tribute.

"Her character and disposition were of the sort that not only invites worship but commands it."

Since the death of his wife and the marriage of his daughter Clara, Mark Twain had shown the remarkable mental poise and fortitude that seldom comes to man as a sustaining force.

His daughter Jean became his sole companion and assistant. Until the time of her death they lived in the beautiful country home "Stormfield," near Redding, Conn., named after Capt. Stormfield, whom Mark Twain sent on a visit to heaven.

This home, whose architecture bears the impress of its owner's personality, grew to be the mecca of literary idols from the four quarters of the globe, as well as the shrine of every striving student. Here came also the wealthy and the poor, the actor and the artisan, the hunter and the artist. The hospitality was infinite and the neighbors found a welcome always.

It was in the library of his home on his seventieth birthday that Samuel L. Clemens interviewed Mark Twain for the enlightenment of his friends throughout the world. That the process was unique detracted not a whit from the revelation of his private nature. He admitted that it had been his desire to be handsome. "I am as I was made," said he. "This is a disaster which I cannot help.

"Many people think I am a happy man, but I am not; it is because my portraits do me justice. I have a highly organized and sensitive constitution and an educated taste in esthetics and I cannot abide a portrait which is too particular. I do the artist no harm. I have never done him any harm, yet he always exercises this wanton and malicious rankness upon my portrait. I should like to be drawn once before I reach seventy again, as I should look if I had been made right instead of carelessly."

A little more than a year ago Mark Twain was criticised for smoking a cigar while waiting the final ceremony conferring upon him the doctor's degree at Oxford, Eng. One, more radical than the rest, referred to this incident as proof of Mark Twain's deteriorating character. "The doctor has the best of me this time," was the author's amiable reply. "But he can not attribute all my crimes to the excessive use of tobacco. There are about forty other causes, and tobacco will have to bear only one-fortieth part of the blame."

As a Physician.

Last year Mark Twain appeared as guest of honor of the New York post-graduate medical school, of which he was elected an honorary director. He was clad in his "angel clothes," as he termed them—a dress suit of spotless white—a matchless setting for the luxuriant silvery hair. He was at his best, although far past his allotted "three score years and ten."

"Redding was thinly settled when I went there, and since I have engaged in practice it has become more thinly settled still. This gratifies me as indicating that I am making some impression on the community.

"Of course the practice of medicine and surgery in a remote country has its disadvantages, but in my case I am happy in a division of responsibility. I practice in conjunction with a horse doctor, a sexton and an undertaker. The combination is airtight, and once a man is stricken in our district escape is impossible."

His humor seems to have been something apart from himself, for he was born inwardly serious. The humor was but the froth of his deeper thought. It bubbled out in quaint, irresistible phrases without effort.

The character of his philosophy has never changed. Whether he has fought in the buoyant certainty of victory or in the resigned expectation of defeat,

e has always been on the same side. He has been the consistent enemy of injustice and oppression.

The fighting spirit endured to the last. Although sadness dissolved the humorous note in his familiar drawl, the author lent his voice to the cause of woman's suffrage only two days before the death of his daughter Jean. In fact, is synchronized his message to the world that his work was done.

Lived in Keokuk.

There are quite a number of Keokuk people who knew "Mark Twain" personally, for he was at one time many-years-ago a citizen of Keokuk and had visited here after he became famous, calling upon his brother Orion, who was a long time residence.

Along about 1856, Orion Clemens published the first city directory of Keokuk, a copy of which is in the city library and few other copies are owned by citizens. In this book appears the name of Samuel L. Clemens with his occupation given as "anti-quarlan." At that time he was just about of voting age, a printer and writing humorous stories for the newspapers.

He entered the river trade from Keokuk and became a pilot. His brother remained in Keokuk and was an attorney, residing for many years at the corner of Seventh and High streets.

In the biographical sketch of Mark Twain, his father is mentioned as being very absent minded and citizens can remember this particular characteristic of Orion Clemens who was forgetful to a marked degree. Many reminiscences can be recalled of the peculiar actions of Orion Clemens in this regard, who, although a highly educated and smart man, was given to lapses of memory which created the most humorous situations.

Nearly every medium sized library in Keokuk, contains one or more of Mark Twain's books and Keokuk people have long considered him as one of her gifted sons. His illness and death are of extreme interest to Keokuk people who join with the world in mourning the passing away of one of the most distinguished writers of modern times.

ly
S. **AUGUST 21, 1896.**

MISS CLEMENS DEAD.

Gifted Daughter of Mark Twain Passes Away at Hartford.

Olivia Susan Clemens, eldest daughter of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) died at the residence of her father in Hartford, Conn. Her critical illness was alluded to in yesterday morning's issue. Miss Clemens was 24 years old and a very gifted young woman. She was graduated from Bryn Mawr college and afterward studied music in Paris under Mme. Marchesi, but ill health compelled her to return to America last year. After her parents and her sisters, Clara and Jean, started on Mr. Clemens' lectur-

ing tour around the world she visited Hartford friends, expecting to join them when they reached England. She was to sail Aug. 5, but the trip was postponed because of her ill health. Mrs. Clemens and her daughter, Clara, sailed Saturday on the City of Paris, and are expected at New York today. Deceased was a niece of Orion Clemens of Keokuk and had visited in this city.

THURSDAY, JAN. 6, 1910.

MARK TWAIN GOES BACK TO BERMUDA

Is in Pain Again and Seeks Milder Climate to Grieve Over Daughter's Death.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—In far from good health and grief-stricken at the recent sudden death of his daughter Jean, Samuel L. Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, the author, sailed for Bermuda.

Clemens said that the ailment of which he complained on his arrival from Bermuda two weeks had returned. He attributed the pain in his left breast, however, to indigestion, "and that is not the sort of ailment that causes people to die," he added, with a faint touch of his old-time levity.

He expects to stay at least a month, the time of his return depending upon the improvement in his health, which, he believes, a period on the island will benefit.

"Mark Twain."

Burlington Hawk-Eye: In the death last evening of Samuel L. Clemens the world lost one of its most noted humorists and writers. Probably no man in literary fields was better known than "Mark Twain." Certainly none was more beloved and enjoyed. Other humorists there have been, who have occasioned more hilarity and fun. Others have created a standard of humor that is classical today, while throughout the entire range of literature there is a strength in humor which gives zest to almost every class of reading. But Mark Twain's humor is a thing apart. It is of the grave, earnest, innocent kind, which impels deep enjoyment without hilarity, a humor which can be read and reread without weariness, and always with added pleasure. No man, unless it were Dickens, possessed so powerful a gift of living humor—the kind which creates the picture of character in the human mind, and lets it live on. It was tremendous at times, and went beyond the realm of common sense, but it never failed to satisfy. His description of Captain Stormfield's visit to heaven is a strain on the credulity of many earnest people, but it is the vehicle for a series of satires on human nature that are irresistible. His "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" will live as classics among books for boys, while his "Innocents Abroad" and "Tramp Aboard" are two of the best guide books to the old

92
world ever written, having the virtue of information without weariness and always with refreshment.

Mingled with his humor was a depth of philosophy which is really the secret of the durability of Twain's writing. His insight into human nature was as keen as that of Dickens, and his characterization will live simply because it touched the truth of our common lives. His power of pathos was great, and sometimes the smile impelled by one sentence is washed with tears by the next. In all his writings Mark Twain glorified childhood, and extolled decency and manliness. He hated cant, and pretense, and was a merciless slayer of fraud and deceptor. He was patriotic and loyal, and high minded. He wrote the true feelings of his heart, concealing nothing, and was only prevented from being one of the world's greatest critics by the love he possessed for humanity. He forgave faults of weakness and deified virtue and made the world of his fancy—which was that of his own boy and manhood idealized—well worth living in. No man in literature will be more missed than Mark Twain. And yet the world will not miss him, for he will ever live in the rare humor and philosophy with which he has enriched the literature of this generation.

SUNDAY, APRIL 24, 1910.

MARK TWAIN LEFT \$471,136

Tax Appraisal Report Puts This Value
on the Property Left by
the Dead Her-
mit.
JULY 14, 1911

SOME WORTHLESS STOCK

Among His Effects Were 929 Shares
of Stock Which Are Said to
Be of No
Value.

NEW YORK, July 14.—According to the tax appraisal report filed in the surrogates court today, Samuel M. Clemens, (Mark Twain) left an estate of \$471,136.

Of this \$296,746 is in this state and the remainder in Connecticut.

It all goes to his only surviving daughter.

Among his effects were 929 shares of stock in five different companies, all of which are declared to be worthless by the state appraisers.

SAWYER CRIMPE DESAF
CREDITS

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, '10

APPLE BARREL FOR MARK TWAIN

Mrs. W. A. Patterson, Formerly of
Keokuk, Tells of Her Acquaintance
With the Well Known
Humorist

IS A DISTANT RELATIVE

Recalls Olden Days When Samuel
Clemens Lived in Keokuk and
Worked in the Printing
Office.

Mrs. W. A. Patterson, formerly of this city, now living in Ottumwa, recalls very well when Mark Twain was a Keokuk citizen, as the following from the Ottumwa Courier will show:

It is with deep and sincere regret that Mrs. W. A. Patterson, mother of Mrs. W. T. Wilkinson, heard of the death of Mark Twain. Mrs. Patterson was intimately acquainted with the great writer, meeting him when he was a "devil" in a printing office at Keokuk and during his life she had entertained him many times. Samuel Langhorne Clemens was almost a relative of Mrs. Patterson, his brother, the late Orion Clemens, of Keokuk, having married a cousin of Mrs. Patterson's husband. In answer to the question, "Were you intimately acquainted with Mark Twain?" Mrs. Patterson, in her own peculiar, droll way replied: "Well, yes; I was well enough acquainted with Sam to go down into my cellar and open a barrel of apples. On this occasion he and a sister and a niece of ours, Miss Ella Patterson, and Miss Ella Creel, had come over to spend the evening. We were hospitable people in those days, you know, and I was regretting the fact that I had no refreshments to offer when I remembered the apples."

Was a Printer's Devil.

"I can distinctly remember my first meeting with Mark Twain, as if it was but yesterday," said Mrs. Patterson. "We were visiting in the printing office of Orion Clemens at Keokuk. This was late in the fifties. After remaining in Keokuk for a while Mark decided to go out to Nevada with his brother, who had been appointed first secretary of the new territory. While

crossing the prairies in a stage coach he wrote 'Roughing It,' one of his best known works. After being out in Nevada for a short time he journeyed to the Sandwich Islands, where he delivered a series of lectures.

Started Popular Phrase.

"After finishing his lecture tour in the Sandwich Islands he returned to San Francisco and commenced delivering lectures. On all of his bills, advertising his talks, he would have printed 'Lecture begins at 8 o'clock sharp,' and this was the beginning of this popular phrase. Then he came back to Keokuk and delivered a lecture in the old Chatham Square Methodist Episcopal church. The lecture was largely attended, but did not attract much attention, and did not please those who heard him, as he used too many personalities.

"After visiting in Keokuk for a few weeks Mark continued his trip to New York, where he joined the Quaker City excursion to the Holy Land. It was on this trip that he collected the material for his 'Innocents Abroad'—his first big literary work, or rather the book which introduced him to the literary world. He also made the acquaintance of Miss Olivia Langdon of Elmira, N. Y., to whom he was married in 1870.

"The last time I saw Mark Twain was in the eighties when he visited his mother and brother at Keokuk. He was accompanied by his wife and three daughters, Susie, Clara and Jean. He was the center of many social affairs, my husband and myself being among those who entertained in his honor.

Possessed of Humor.

"Mark was always possessed of natural humor, and I remember distinctly one of his early remarks. He had been to church and returning home one of his friends yelled at him. 'Mark, how did you like the sermon?' He always drawled, and his remark was, 'Well, it was so flowery I could not find the stems to it.'

"One incident in his life that always greatly impressed me, was something that his brother told me. He had always detested school and while standing at his father's bier promised his mother that he would do anything she wanted him to do but go to school. He would be obedient to her in all other things, but would draw the line at school.

"Sam was always a great cut up; never a bad boy, but just full of mischief. Even as a little boy his mother said he hated school. His father used to follow him to the school, but Sam would hide usually behind some old stump and outwit the elder Clemens.

"In his death it almost seemed to me like the loss of a near relative, as we were so intimately acquainted. When residing at Keokuk, Twain's brother, Orion Clemens, our family and other relatives lived in the same

block and visited each other frequently. The ancestors of the Patterson and Clemens families all came from Kentucky and there was a slight relationship. In those days distant relationship was thought more of than it is today and this was the cause of such intimate acquaintanceship among the various families.

Received Letter from Twain.

"When Mark Twain's favorite daughter, Jean, met such a sudden death last year by being drowned in a bath tub, I wrote him a letter of condolence. I received a letter from him in reply in which he stated that he appreciated and thanked me for my consoling words in his hour of sorrow. I prize the letter very highly."

FINAL SERVICE FOR MARK TWAIN

APRIL 25, 1910.

Body Laid at Rest in the Cemetery
at Elmira During Rain Storm
Sunday After-
noon

WAS SIMPLE CEREMONY

Funeral Was Held in the Parlor
Where He Had Been Married
Forty Years Be-
fore.

ELMIRA, N. Y., April 25.—While the rain was beating on the roof, the funeral of Samuel L. Clemens was held Sunday afternoon. The house was filled, but not uncomfortably. The body arrived at Elmira at 9:20 a. m. and was taken direct to the house of Gen. Langdon, whose sister was the late Mrs. Clemens.

Rev. Samuel E. Eastman, pastor of Park Church, and a close friend of the late humorist conducted a brief and simple service and Mark Twain's final pilgrimage was at an end. He lies sleeping under a grave piled high with flowers, the tributes of friends from far and near.

Services had previously been held at the residence of Gen. Charles B. Langdon, where forty years ago Mark Twain married the general's sister. In keeping with Mr. Clemens's wish, the ceremony was simple. There was no music no honorary pallbearers—just the brief address and prayer by Dr. Eastman.

The body lay in state in the very

Wanted Agents in every town
 TO SELL Mark Twain's
 New Book, "PUDD'NHEAD WILSON."
 Best thing for years. Sold only by Agents.
 Now is the opportunity for Ladies or Gentlemen
 out of employment to make money. Secure Ter-
 ritory at once. Send for Descriptive Circulars
 and Terms to Agents. Mention paper. Address
 The American Publishing Co., Hartford, Ct.

(Reading Notice.)

MARK TWAIN'S NEW BOOK.

MARK TWAIN'S most popular and successful books have been sold by subscription and the American Publishing Company of Hartford, Conn. announce for early publication his new book "The Tragedy of Pudd'nhead Wilson and the Comedy Those Extraordinary Twins." The Tragedy and Comedy were at first a dual story—two stories in one—and the author's account, as given in the preface, of the difficulty he had in writing the book, of the incompatibility of some of the characters and of his having to finally separate them by pulling one of the stories out by the roots and leaving the other—a kind of literary Cæsarean operation, is certainly one of the most original, breeziest and cleverest chapters—choice fun—that has been written for many a day. We are told that "There is a time to laugh" and *The Churchman* says, "The reader will begin to smile at the very first paragraph."

The book will be sold only by subscription and as it possesses, in a pronounced degree, the remarkable characteristics of the author's best works it is sure to have a large sale. Each page will be beautifully illustrated with marginal sketches, the work of one of our best artists, and the publishers have wisely decided to sell the volume at a popular price—bringing it within the reach of all.

An advertisement for agents appears in another column and applications for territory should be sent to the publishers at once.

Old Ivins House Menu Set By Mark Twain Given To Library

Judge F. M. Hunter of Ottumwa Sends Interesting "Bill of Fare" for Prominent Old Time Hostelry.

Judge F. M. Hunter, of Ottumwa, Iowa, recently sent to the Public Library of Keokuk a most interesting, and possibly quite valuable, little piece of white satin ribbon on which is printed a menu of the old "Ivins House," a hotel in existence here many years ago. Judge Hunter's letter to Miss Nannie P. Fulton, head librarian, explains the finding of this old menu:

August 6, 1926.

Miss Nannie Fulton, Keokuk, Iowa.

Dear Madam:—

Many years ago there was a hotel known as the "Ivins House" in your city, operated by one C. P. Moore and managed by P. G. Ballingall. I am inclosing for your public library, a menu of that hotel of date Nov. 20, 1856.

Mr. Ballingall came from Keokuk to Ottumwa about 1858, built and operated the Ballingall hotel until his death in 1891. A sister, Mrs. Van Holshier, took possession of the accumulations of Mr. Ballingall and retained them until her death some five years ago at which time her husband delivered to me the menu. I am sending it to you for the library as it may be of interest to the Keokuk people, and could be of but little interest to any other of the public.

I was specially interested in the immensity of the bill of fare, as well as the time tables appearing on it. Don't

you think some of those meats and game would look well on a table today? And is it not a little surprising that ice cream was in use at that time? It has occurred to me that it must have been some special occasion that called out such a bill, possibly a Thanksgiving affair.

If your board does not think it worthy to give this menu a place in the library, kindly return it to me.

Very respectfully,
JUDGE F. M. HUNTER.

Mark Twain Printer.

The menu is printed in blue ink and what makes it especially valuable to the library is the fact that at the lower edge are printed the words "Clemens, Printer." 1856 is the same year that the directory for the city of Keokuk was set up by Samuel Clemens, or "Mark Twain", and Miss Fulton believes that this may also be his work. The type used was very tiny and an elaborate border decorates the edge and three small cuts—one of a stage coach, one of a packet and one of an eagle with an American flag in his beak—makes almost a picture of the menu. The ribbon is in perfect condition and the blue ink is still quite bright. The menu itself is nothing short of marvelous in this day and age.

This particular menu is for Thanksgiving day in 1856, as it was not until 1864 that President Lincoln proclaimed the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving day. Before that time Thanksgiving fell on earlier Thursdays of the month, or by proclamation of the executives of each state.

At First and Johnson.

The old Ivins house was situated at First and Johnson streets. The menu which was sent the library is the following:

Keokuk, Iowa, 1856

IVINS HOUSE

C. P. Moore, Proprietor.

P. G. Ballingall, Manager.

DINNER BILL OF FARE, THURSDAY, NOV. 20.

SOUPS

Lohster Chicken Broth with Rice

FISH

Mackinac Trout, Boiled Parsley Sauce

White Fish, Breaded and Fried

Fresh Perch and Carp, Stuffed and Baked

BOILED

Turkey, Oyster Sauce

Middling with Cabbage

Tame Chickens with Parsley

Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce

Beeves' Tongues

Pressed Corn Beef

ROAST

Sirloin of Beef

Turkey, Cranberry Sauce

Tame Chicken, Stuffed

Shoulder of Mutton, Stuffed

Pork with Apple Sauce

Sirloin of Mutton

Spare-Rib of Pork

Rib of Beef, with Horse Radish

ROUND OF BEEF, a-la-mode.

GAME

Wild Goose, with Sage and Onion Stuffing

Frairie Chickens, Stuffed and Baked, Wine Sauce

Entrees.

Porter House Steak, broiled with Oysters
 Lamb Chops, Garnished with Green Peas
 Asparagus with Toast, Gibletts curried with Rice
 Frogged Chickens, with Tomato Toast
OYSTER CHOWDER BAKED—NEW ENGLAND
COLD and ORNAMENTAL DISHES
 Lobster Salad, garnished with Border of Transparent Jelly
 Round of Beef a-la-mode in form of Jelly
 Chicken Salad on Pedestal French

VEGETABLES

Potatoes Mashed.	Sweet Potatoes Baked.	Green Peas
Potatoes Browned.	Asparagus.	Squash
Boiled Cabbage.	Turnips Mashed	Carrots, Stewed
Onions Boiled	Beets Boiled	Hominy
Beans	Rice	Tomatoes

RELISHES

Pickled Cucumbers	Pickled Beets	Horseradish
Pickled Tomatoes	Olives	Cold Slaugh
Celery	Sardines garnished with Lemons	

PASTRY

Pies	Tarts	Puddings
Mince	Cranberry	English Plum, Brandy Sauce
Peach	Green Apple	Tapioca, White Sauce
Pumpkin		Cake, Wine Sauce

ORNAMENTALS

Representation of the Washington Monument, with Pound Cake, trimmed with Icing, and beautifully decorated with banners. Chinese Pagoda, with Plain Cake, trimmed with Banners, and surmounted with the Goddess of Liberty. Chinese Pagoda, with Sponge Cake, surmounted with an emblematic Goddess of Peace and Plenty, and decorated with Banners. Pyramids of Apples, trimmed with Mottoes. Fruit, Pound, and Sponge Cakes, ornamented with various designs.

DESSERT

Lemon Ice Cream	Variegated Blanc Mange	Transparent Jelly
Sherry Wine Jelly	Port Wine Jelly	Rose Blanc Mange
Florentines	Sponge Cake	Rum Jelly
Cranberry Jelly	Fruit Cake	Jelly Cake
Pound Cake	Citron Cake	Madeira Wine Jelly
Vanilla Chantalotte	Russe Italian Cream	Brandy Jelly
Current Cake	Strawberries with Cream	

FRUITS

Apples, Filberts, Almonds, Pecans, Cream Nuts, Prunes, Raisins, Hickory-nuts, Figs.

CLEMENS

STAGES

Leave For
BURLINGTON
 at 4:00 a. m.
KEOSAUQUA
 at 4:00 a. m.
HANNIBAL and PALMYRA
 at 7:00 a. m.
WESTERN
 at 10 p. m.

Boarders coming after hours will be charged extra.

N. B.—Guests or boarders wishing meals sent to rooms, or coming after hours will please leave their orders at the office to insure prompt attention.

MEALS

Breakfast
 7 to 8 1-2
 Dinner
 1 o'clock
 Tea
 6 to 7 o'clock

PRINTER

PACKETS

QUINCY
 and
KEOKUK
 Leave every morning at 7 o'clock, connecting with N. C. R. R. for Chicago and the East. Also for ST. LOUIS. Baggage wagon ready at all hours for transient boats up or down.

In addition to the above line, Hacks leave this house on the arrival of all boats or packets, for Montrose and the West.

N. B.—Guests intending to leave by any of the above lines will please notify the Clerk the previous evening. Boarders or guests having friends to dine, will please notify the Steward, in order that seats may be reserved for them.

THE GATE CITY
WEDNESDAY, MAR. 31, '20.
THE GATE CITY COMPANY

E. F. Skirvin Manager

HOW TWAIN GOT BONUS ON BOOK

Minneapolis Tribune Tells How the Humorist Did It Once—Got Book For Nothing and Money, Too.

There are some singular discounts allowed in the book trade, remarks the Minneapolis Tribune. They were happily illustrated on one occasion by Mark Twain. One day while the humorist was connected with a publishing house he went to a book store and, picking up a volume, asked the price. He then suggested that, as a publisher, he was entitled to 50 per cent discount. To this the clerk assented.

"As I am also the author of the book," said Mark Twain, "it would appear that I am again entitled to 50 per cent discount." And the clerk bowed.

"And as I am a personal friend of the proprietor," he modestly continued, "I presume you will allow me the usual 25 per cent discount?"

"Well," drawled the unblushing humorist, "under these conditions I think I may as well take the book. What's the tax?"

The clerk took out his pencil and figured industriously. The he said with great obsequiousness:

"As near as I can calculate, we owe you the book and about 37½ cents."

DAILY GATE CITY
THURSDAY, OCT. 23, '24
MARK TWAIN'S CABIN TO BE PUT IN PARK

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
RENO, Nev., Oct. 23.—The cabin in which Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens) lived for a short time at Aurora, Nev., is to be brought to Reno and placed in one of the parks. The cabin is situated on the property of George Wingfield, mining magnate, who is preparing to transfer title to it and its furnishings.

The abode is much as Mark Twain left it when he deserted the west for the east. The stove on which he cooked, though a trife antiquated, is still in its place, and the wooden bunk on which he thought out some of his western tales in intact.

It was in this cabin that he wrote "Roughing It," and many other stories that carried the tang of Nevada.

DAILY GATE CITY
JULY 28, 1924

A Good Mark Twain Story.
 Davenport Democrat: Mark Twain as a humorist is known to millions of people in all lands; but Mark Twain as prophet introduces him in another role. Yet how less than prophetic can the story he told about Henry Ward Beecher's farming, as it is recounted in another column of this paper, under the heading "News-

paper Prosperity for Farmers." Twain's description of the Beecher farm, on which the clergyman fed \$40 worth of corn to a \$9 hog, and then congratulated himself that he made money on the hog if he did lose on the corn, is not experiences that farmers have had in recent years, and that they may repeat as corn mounts in price. No wonder that in the end Mr. Beecher was "now fast rising from affluence to poverty."

"THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY"
 R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

THE MARK TWAIN LIBRARY

MARCH 2, 1935' FREDERIC J. HASKIN

WASHINGTON, March 2.—An American friend of Rudyard Kipling's once sent him a package of American magazines. Thinking it thrifty to save the postage on the extra weight, he stripped off the advertising sections in the front and back of the magazines, sending only the text of the stories and special articles. In acknowledging the receipts of the matter, Mr. Kipling said: "Next time send me the advertisement. I write stories myself."

Most writers like to receive the tales of others, even if they do write themselves. Mark Twain was such a man and the Library of Congress now is the repository of the collection of the International Mark Twain Society. In the collection are books which Mark Twain read, volumes he loved to handle, especially as in case of many, they were the special gifts of the authors.

But the Mark Twain Library is a living thing and already has far outgrown the books now in it which Mark Twain himself owned. For it has developed that authors the world over, as a tribute to the green memory of the great Missourian, continue to send to this library copies of their best works, usually specially autographed. So it is a combination of books that Mark Twain owned and books which he unquestionably would have been glad to own had he survived longer in this vale.

In spite of the splendid calm dignity of his Joan of Arc and other works, Mark Twain continues in the American mind largely as a humorist and it is not surprising that other humorists should regard themselves as of his totem. For example, one can be quite sure that Josh Billings took delight in sending to Mark Twain one of his story collections—published, by the way in 1865—and inscribing on the flyleaf: "Every man kan write poor sense but anny man kant write good nonsense." The book is somewhat faded now, a trifle dog-eared and the writing of Josh Billings has turned brown, but the book suggests that Mark Twain read it pleasurably and knew Josh Billings to be a fellow of his own special society.

The library contains so wide a range of material that it is difficult to select. Volumes drift in to Cyril Clemens, present head of the International Mark Twain Society, and they go on the shelves to join those of long past days. Against Josh Billings, one can see as contemporary a humorist as Irvin Cobb who, having hailed from Paducah, knows just about as much about the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers as Mr. Clemens himself.

Imposing Array of Names.

The Society is wholly justified in calling itself the International Mark Twain Society for writers of many countries have contributed and still are contributing to its shelves. There are volumes in several languages, some specially bound out of compliment to the memory of Mark Twain. One may see handsome editions in Italian, German, French, and

Spanish as well as the many English ones.

An autograph hunter would dance in excitement over these books. That quite rare one, George Bernard Shaw's, is in the collection, written on the flyleaf of his book on capitalism and socialism, the one he called his testament. Another which one does not see every day is that of Rabindranath Tagore, the great Indian writer who was a recipient of the Noble Prize for Literature.

Beside such grave tomes one comes upon a book of Holbrook Jackson's jolly work which he describes as a group of essays on "laughter and cathedrals, towns and profanity and gardens and bibliomania." W. W. Jacobs is well represented with volumes of his collections of tales or sea and harbor. From there one glances to Thomas Mann's somewhat dour novel called *Death in Venice*. Rafael Sabatini inscribes his *Scaramouche* to Mark Twain "In memory of a visit to St. Louis." And there is the delicate work of Walter de la Mare, a man who must have been keenly appreciated by Mark Twain for they had not a little in common. Nor did Lord Grey of Falloon who, in the midst of the cares of the Foreign Office in the World War, lack time to study and write beautifully about the birds and flowers of his own pleasant countryside.

Selma Lagerlof is represented with an inscribed volume and so is Sir Arthur Pinero and, coming back to the United States we find the novel, *Lummock*, inscribed to Mark Twain "In memory of a tranquil twilight afternoon." Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover sent their works, neatly autographed, to this catholic library and so did a Prime Minister of Great Britain, Stanley Baldwin. Beside Lord Dunsany one sees a book from a contemporary of Mark Twain, Hamlin Garland, whose tales of the middle border were closely attuned to Mr. Clemens' own heritage.

Association Inscriptions.

There is a handsome early edition—away back in 1903—of the *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* which has a curious inscription on its title page. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle sounds somewhat disillusioned in his holograph. "Not," he writes, "my own favorite but, I fear, the public's." That phrase "I fear" seems to indicate that Sir Arthur had a higher opinion of some of his other works. One may be sure, however, that Mark Twain would enjoy Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson to the utmost.

Among collectors, books have a heightened value if they have what are called association inscriptions. That means, inscriptions, autographs, written by distinguished persons associated in some manner with the recipient. This Mark Twain Library is a mine of such material. Here one finds George Santayana's *Soliloquies* in England and alongside it, the work of Herbert George Wells. Here are tales of the English writer, A. E. Coppard, and those of Philips Oppenheim. Indeed Oppenheim and Doyle appear to be the only representatives of that wide-spreading

field, the detective story.

General John Pershing inscribed the book he presented "In memory of a great Missourian" and Booth Tarkington wrote "From a lifelong devotee." John Galsworthy and Willa Cather have sent their contributions of books, all autographed, and one notices a modern disciple of Mark Twain in George Ade. Marjorie Bowen has sent her essays on *Sundry Great Gentlemen*, including Twain himself, and Edgar Rice Burroughs is there with one of his fabuloseities. Gilbert Chesterton, Walt Mason, Edgar Lee Masters, Lord Charnwood, Paul Claudel, Charles Wood's *Heavenly Discourse* and Irish fairy tales are all there.

And one can not refrain from wondering a bit just what Mark Twain would say about a little book which has been contributed to the library since his death. One may be sure it would be worth reading. For this gift is an autographed copy of one of the recondite and improbable works of Gertrude Stein.

THE WEEKLY GATE CITY.

Published by the Keokuk Postoffice as second class matter

APRIL 12, 1888

Mark Twain Raised the Debt.

"Did you ever hear how Mark Twain lifted a church debt?"

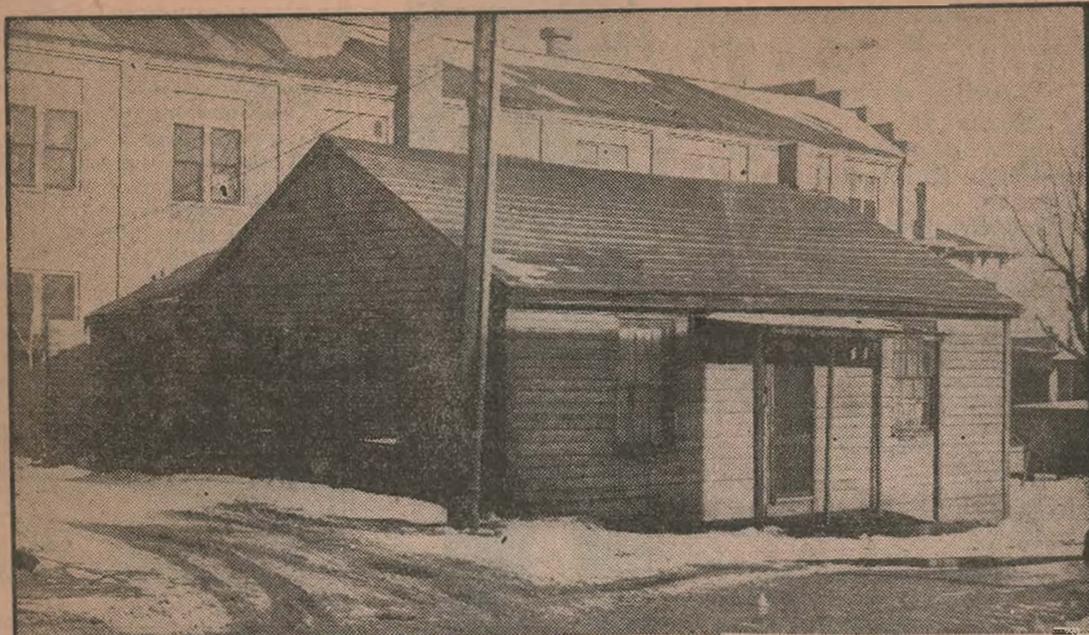
"No; I didn't know that that was in his line. When and how did he do it?"

"It was at the time the Rev. T. K. Beecher was building his large church at Elmira," says the New York Press, "where Mark was living at the time.

He wrote up the plan on which Beecher was doing it. A church in a town on the Hudson had a debt of \$18,000, and the treasurer happened to come across the account of Mark's. At the next meeting of the church board he told the brethren of it. He said there was no telling whether it was told for a fact or as a joke, for he always thought Mark was joking when he was telling the truth and serious when he was joking. At any rate he thought it was worth trying. So he sent out letters to every member of the church to send him by a certain date what he or she thought was his or her portion of the debt, giving as the Lord had prospered them, no matter how much or how little. They were asked not to give according as others might give but to leave the matter entirely with their own conscience and with God. They were not to communicate the amount they gave to anybody, except the pastor.

"The result was astonishing. Persons that never had given anything to the church responded promptly and generously. Parties that had always given grudgingly and meagerly gave astonishingly large sums. When the date fixed arrived, the whole amount asked for was in the hands of the treasurer, and no one, except the treasurer, pastor and donor, knew what anybody had given. The plan called the 'confidential subscription' plan was based on the true law of giving, and was a gratifying success. But it is not known to this day whether Mark Twain was in earnest or was joking when he wrote about debt raising.

Mark Twain Home to Be Preserved



THE KEOKUK DAILY GATE CITY FRIDAY, FEB. 16, 1940

-I. D. P. A. Photo

Plans for preservation of the drab one-story house pictured above, in which Samuel L. Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, lived while a resident of Muscatine in 1854, have been announced by Muscatine city officials.

An oil company contemplates erection of a filling station on the property occupied by the

house. Its president has consented to donate the house to the city, and plans call for removal to a site in Riverside park nearby, overlooking the Mississippi, of which the noted author wrote so effectively, and from experiences on which stream he derived his pen name.

Mark Twain lived in Muscatine briefly when a brother, Orion, owned a part interest in The Muscatine Journal.

Plans for rejuvenation and removal of the structure call for the placing of a tablet on or near it, noting its historical significance.

THE KEOKUK, IA., GATE CITY AND CONSTITUTION

House Mark Twain Purchased For Mother Is Being Razed

JULY 26, 1950

An old house whose chief claim to fame is "Mark Twain slept here" was falling today under the wrecker's axe at Seventh and High streets.

The old brick structure was actually owned by the nineteenth century humorist. He bought it for his mother and brother in the early 1880's.

Mother and Brother Died There.

Mrs. Samuel Younker had lived there in the early 1880's with her family, and when she moved to Des Moines she sold the house to Mark Twain. Twain's mother, Mrs. Jane Clemens, and his brother, Orion, continued to live there until their deaths.

Mrs. Clemens died at 87 on Oct. 27, 1890. Orion Clemens died at the age of 72, of apoplexy, on Dec. 11, 1897.

Both were removed to Hannibal Mo., for burial. Upon their deaths, the house changed hands several times.

Razing of the building becomes the second Mark Twain landmark to disappear from Keokuk within the last several years.

Museum Moved Away.

Several years ago, an insurance company purchased a building in which Twain worked as a printer here. That was at 52 Main street. Twain and his brother published the first Keokuk city director there. A Mark Twain museum in the building was taken to New York.

Orion is listed as having been the past secretary and treasurer of the territory of Nevada, 1861-66, with governing powers.

KEOKUK, IA., GATE CITY

JULY 27, 1950

Mrs. Sharick Traces History of Mark Twain "Landmark"

Mrs. Paul Sharick, owner of the Mark Twain landmark house being torn down on Seventh and High streets, today traced the ownership of the structure from the time it was built, explaining that it had been in her family longer than any other.

The house, she said, was built on part of the original half-breed tract of Lee county.

The land was drawn, she said, by

heirs of Nathaniel Knapp, and Henry Browse and house was built, by James A. Seaton, who purchased the land from W. M. G. Torrence, March 21, 1856.

Seaton came to Keokuk from Richmond, Ind. He later sold the house to his brother, George Seaton, in 1870.

She related that George Seaton and his wife sold the house to Antoinette Bruce in 1875, and that Antoinette Bruce sold it to Samuel Younker in 1878. Samuel Younker in turn sold it to Mary E. Clemens and her husband, Orion, in 1889, and Mrs. Clemens sold it to Elizabeth K. Wolff in 1899.

Elizabeth Wolff was an aunt of Mrs. Sharick and Mrs. Sharick is the owner of the house today.

There had been in the house, Mrs. Sharick said, a room called "Mark's room."

THE WEEKLY GATE CITY, MAY 18, 1882

—Mark Twain was on the Gem City Sunday, and got off at Hannibal. He is making a trip from New Orleans up the river, concocting a scheme to make the people laugh at what he will say in a book about the scarcity of water in the Mississippi, mud turtles sunning themselves on Jefferson street in Burlington and the tender memories of boyhood days that struck him just inside of the pericardium when he landed in Hannibal, where he used to sling type at 20 cents per thousand ems and find himself. XXX

THE GREAT DUSTY REEF CALLED HISTORY
W. P. SHARICK, KEOKUK, IOWA

Keokuk Friend Told Twain He Was Too Lazy to Write

The Gate City DEC. 13, 1940

Samuel Clemens and Edward Brownell, both former residents of Keokuk, figured in an amusing story which appeared in the Hartford, Conn., Times under the by-line of Billy S. Garvie recently.

As a young man, the anecdote goes, Clemens was once told by Brownell, "You're too lazy to write a book." Clemens had the last laugh, however, for as Mark Twain he became one of the country's most prolific authors as well as a world famous humorist.

While living in Keokuk where he was employed as a printer, Clemens enjoyed smoking in bed and had made himself a long-stemmed, large bowl pipe, similar to a Turkish hookah which he placed on the floor beside his bed.

As he was reading in this fashion one night his friend, Edward Brownell, passed the door of his room, and Clemens called, "Ed, come here!"

Brownell poked his head in the door. "What will you have, Sam?"

Replied Clemens, "Come in, Ed. Henry's asleep and I'm in trouble. I want somebody to light my pipe."

"Why don't you light it?" asked Brownell.

"I would, only I knew you would be along soon and would do it for me," said Clemens. Brownell lighted a match, stooped down and lighted the pipe.

"What are you reading, Sam?" asked Brownell.

"Oh, nothing much—a so-called funny book," said Clemens. "One of these days I will write a funnier one myself."

Brownell laughed and said, "No you won't, Sam. You're too lazy to write a book."

Years later while lecturing in Brownell's home town Clemens declared, "The most untruthful man in the world lives in Keokuk. His name is Edward Brownell."

You don't plan failure; and you seldom or never fail if you pick out a vocation that you like. It is only a totalitarian government that will prevent you from doing that.

is expected to be attended by lovers of Mark Twain's books from all over the country.

After the light in the tower has been turned on by President Roosevelt it will burn all year as a symbol of the enlightening spirit of Mark Twain. It will shine toward many places where he played when a boy. The famous statue of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn is just at the foot of the hill and a few blocks away is Mark Twain's home.

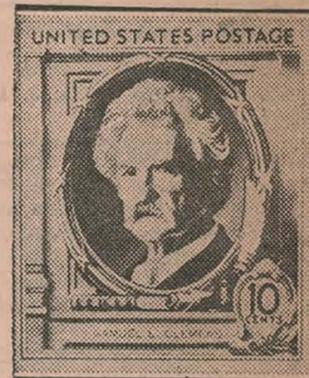
Many Special Days.

During the year there will be special features. Now proposed are Tom Sawyer Day, Old Fashioned Singing School, school children's literary contest and others which will be announced later.

Booklets describing the centennial and showing pictures of famous Mark Twain landmarks may be had free by writing to the Mark Twain Centennial Committee, Hannibal, Mo.

DAILY GATE CITY FEB. 14, 1940

MARK TWAIN STAMP IS ON SALE TODAY



The Mark Twain stamp, a ten cent issue of the famous author series, went on sale in the Keokuk postoffice this morning after a record-breaking first day sale at Hannibal, Mo., yesterday. The Keokuk office has 7,000 of these stamps available and it is expected that they will be much in demand since the humorist was almost as closely identified with Keokuk as with Hannibal.

Keokuk Is Interested in Centenary Of Mark Twain Planned at Hannibal JANUARY 7, 1935

Announcement that the city of Hannibal is planning to observe the centenary of the birth of Mark Twain is of local interest due to the fact that Keokuk claims an important place in the life of the American humorist. When Orion Clemens issued a city directory in 1856, his brother Mark was employed by him, and in that directory is the following entry:

"Clemens, Samuel L., Antiquarian, 52 Main street. Boards at the Ivins House."

It is also recalled that on one occasion when the printers of the city celebrated the birth of Benjamin Franklin, as was their custom, Mark Twain was the speaker and as the slang saying goes today "they were slain" by his humor. The Iowa State Insurance company's building is located on the site of the old printing office where Mark Twain worked, and there is a Mark Twain room in the building. The Public Library also has many Mark Twain relics in the way of pictures and books. Keokuk is tied up with Mark Twain history in many ways, local historian point out.

Starts Jan. 15.

Starting on January 15, when President Roosevelt will press a telegraph key in the White House to turn on the light in the Mark Twain memorial tower and lighthouse at Hannibal at 9 p. m. the

DAILY GATE CITY

celebration will continue until the writer's birthday, Nov. 30, when the celebrities from all over the nation will be present for a mammoth Mark Twain banquet.

The ceremonies led by the president in turning on the light will be broadcast over a nationwide hookup. Mme. Clara Clemens-Gabrilowitsch, Mark Twain's daughter, will speak from Detroit, where her husband, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, is conductor of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Governor Guy B. Park, Missouri chief executive, will have a leading part in the ceremonies dedicating the lighthouse.

Lighthouse on Hill.

Standing on Cardiff Hill, one of Mark Twain's famous playgrounds, the recently erected lighthouse overlooks the Mississippi river and the island where Tom Sawyer and Huckelberry Finn had their adventures that found their way into Mark Twain's books. The structure is 75 feet tall and is 20 feet in diameter.

Early in the Spring a Mark Twain Museum will be opened in Hannibal, displaying relics contemporary with the world-famous author. Many of the relics will be exhibited there publicly for the first time.

During the late summer or early fall there will be a Homecoming pageant and celebration which

DAILY GATE CITY AUG. 21, '24 CITY NEWS

—The Mark Twain Memorial park was dedicated yesterday at Paris, Mo., with some 6,000 people in attendance. The park contains 106 acres of land. The park was launched at a meeting held at Moberly, Mo., in 1923 and the dedication is the culmination of a period of hard work.

President Will Launch Mark Twain Centennial

THE KEOKUK DAILY GATE CITY

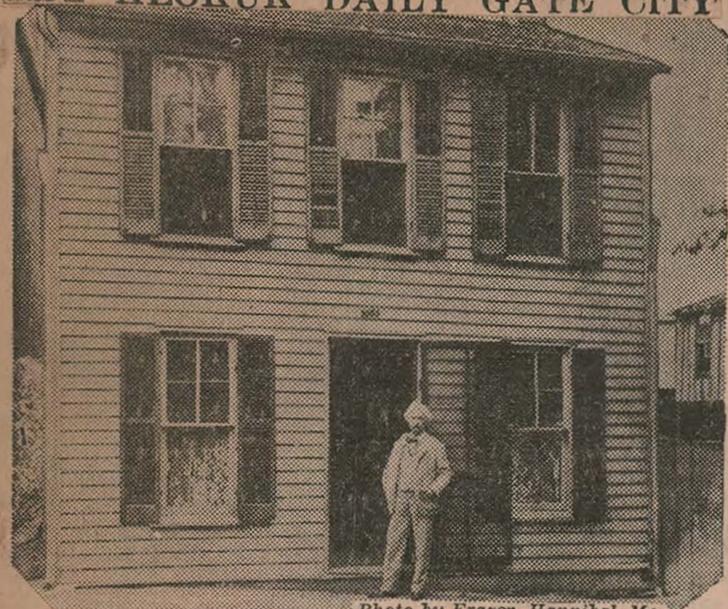
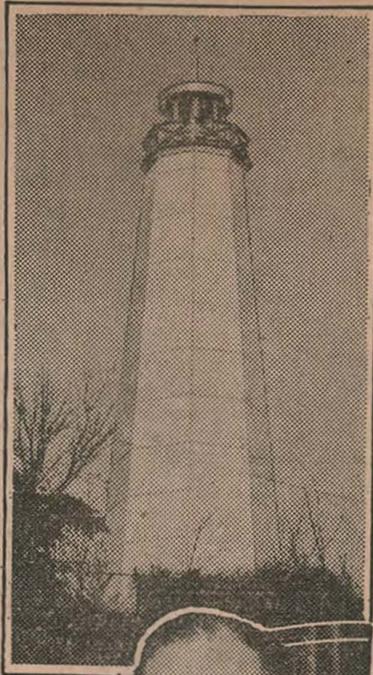


Photo by Frazer, Hannibal, Mo.

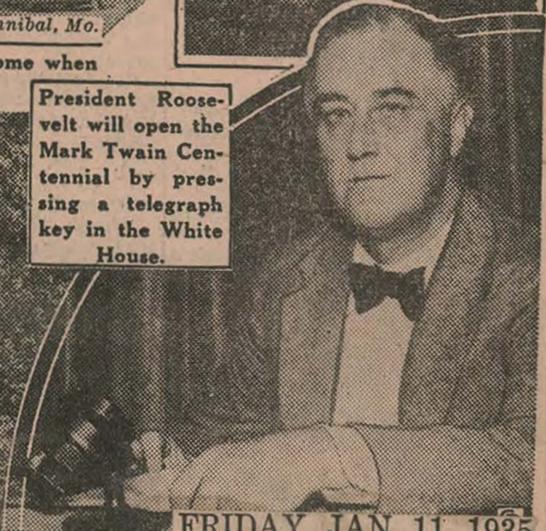


Mark Twain standing in front of his boyhood home when he visited Hannibal in 1902.



Entrance to Mark Twain cave. It was here that Tom and Becky were lost.

President Roosevelt will open the Mark Twain Centennial by pressing a telegraph key in the White House.



FRIDAY, JAN. 11, 1935

When President Roosevelt presses a telegraph key in the White House, January 15, he will turn on a light in the memorial light-

house, above, erected at Hannibal, Mo., that will burn continuously throughout 1935, in honor of the centennial of Samuel Clemens,

better known as Mark Twain, famous American author and humorist. Born in 1835, Clemens died in 1910.

GATE CITY AND CONSTITUTION - DEM

Hannibal Will Dedicate Law Office of Mark Twain's Father

HANNIBAL, Mo., Nov. 29—Redication of the original law office of Mark Twain's father will feature the observance of the 108th anniversary of the birth of Mark Twain here Tuesday, November 30.

The office where Twain's father, John Marshall Clemens, practiced law and was a Justice of the Peace, recently was condemned by the city as a fire hazard. Through the courtesy of a motion picture company, Warner Brothers, the structure was purchased and will be formally presented to the City of Hannibal at a ceremony Tuesday afternoon. The building later will be repaired and renovated and established as a permanent shrine.

Circuit Judge Roy Meriwether of Monroe City will deliver the dedicatory address, and Morris Anderson, chairman of the Mark Twain Municipal board will preside. Mayor W. J. Schneider will accept the deed to the property on behalf of the city of Hannibal.

Other events on the program during the day will include a screening in the old Mark Twain Cave of a motion picture made of Mark Twain in 1909 by Thomas Edison. School children attired as Tom Sawyers, Huck Finns and Becky Thatchers will be special guests at the screening and at a screening of the new motion picture "The Ad-

ventures of Mark Twain" to be held in a local theater. Members of the Mark Twain commission, the Municipal board and city and state officials also will attend the screening and will be guests at a luncheon. Floyd C. Shoemaker, secretary of the State Historical society of Missouri will be the principal speaker at the luncheon. The observance will end Tuesday night with a traditional birthday dinner in the old Mark Twain home.

MONDAY, NOV. 29, 1943

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
S. J. RICKEL - KEOKUK, IOWA

Mark Twain Museum Will Be Opened April 25 at Hannibal SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1935

As a part of the formal opening of the Mark Twain Museum, one of the features of the Mark Twain Centennial celebration this year, Mme. Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch, daughter of the beloved author, will speak in Hannibal Thursday, April 25, and will play a selection on Mark Twain's orchestrelle, one of the items displayed in the Museum. Walter Russell, noted New York sculptor, will present to the Museum his latest creation, a colossal bust of Mark Twain. Russell will make a short presentation speech and take part in other features of the Museum opening. The program will be broadcast at 3:30 to 4 p. m. Included in the event will be Mark Twain's favorite musical numbers and the Mark Twain Jubilee Singers will sing some of his favorite songs.

Opening of the Museum will be one of a series of events honoring the one-hundredth birthday of Mark Twain, who spent his boyhood in Hannibal and gathered here many of the incidents and characters which he later put into his books.

Instrument is Described.

The orchestrelle which will be played by Mme. Gabrilowitsch, wife of Ossip Gabrilowitsch, director of the Detroit Symphony orchestra, was one of the famous humorist-philosopher's favorite possessions.

He purchased it in 1904, shortly after the death of his wife, and in the music played by it he attempted to find partial consolation for her loss.

Resembling a player piano, except that it reproduces the music of orchestra instruments, the orchestrelle is in perfect condition and plays the music rolls, purchased by Mark Twain, with full, rich tone. The instrument and music rolls are part of the Mark Twain collection of the State Historical Society of Missouri, Columbia, Mo., and have been loaned to the museum by that society.

The Russell bust of Mark Twain, a magnificent specimen of the sculptor's art, will be a permanent part of the Mark Twain museum. It resembles the Mark Twain figure created by Russell in his group of the famous author and his fiction characters. The group is intended as a national memorial.

Included in the museum will be articles contemporary with

Mark Twain's boyhood days in Hannibal. There will also be manuscripts of his books and original manuscripts of poems he wrote in his youth. The display is housed in a downtown Hannibal bank building.

Lovers of Mark Twain from all over America are expected to visit the museum during the centennial celebration and pay visits to Hannibal scenes he made famous in his books.

Cave Mecca.

His boyhood home still stands in Hannibal just as it did in the days when the young Sam Clemens, who was later to gain world fame under the pen name of "Mark Twain," played there. The Mark Twain Cave which plays an important part in his books "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," is two miles south of here.

On Cardiff Hill, where Tom Sawyer and his gang roamed at will, stands the Mark Twain Memorial Lighthouse in which a light burns continuously in memory of the great author. The lighthouse was illuminated by President Roosevelt on January 15th as the opening ceremony of the Mark Twain Centennial here.

Mme. Gabrilowitsch was featured speaker on the nationally broadcast program in January. Speaking from Detroit as a part of the celebration emanating in Hannibal, her charming talk on "My Father, Mark Twain," attracted laudatory comment throughout the United States, Canada and several foreign countries.

Centennial Events.

The Mark Twain centennial celebration, will continue until November 30, the author's birthday, when a banquet featuring speakers of international renown will be held in Hannibal.

Centennial events during the summer will be:

"Tom Sawyer Days," May 25th, a day organized for pleasure for the Tom Sawyers of the world; Mark Twain Pageant "Mark Twain's First Hundred Years, a gigantic outdoor presentation, June 18-19-20 depicting scenes and incidents from the life of Mark Twain and the history of Hannibal; Mark Twain Homecoming, with parades and exhibitions, Mark Twain School Day, May 7th, when school children will unite in programs of tribute; and other events to be announced.

commemorative stamps. Some city is given the honor of selling them first, and philatelists value highly stamps and letters from the "first day" postoffices.

But philatelists discovered to their horror some of the Emerson stamps in the mails before the sale started in Boston.

They bore postmarks of Salt Lake City, Harrisburg, Pa., Rockville, Md., and Summerville, S. C. "Bootleg stamps," shouted one group of collectors.

"But valuable nevertheless," said another school.

While the postoffice department is investigating, the philatelists are trying to decide the value of the stamps that beat the gun.

Now the affair Twain:

Hannibal, Mo., was elected as the city for the first day sale of the Mark Twain 10-cent stamps. Then Rep. Miller (R-Conn.) suggested that Connecticut also share in the first day sales.

Rep. Shannon (D-Mo.) arose in wrath and suggested that Connecticut—not Hannibal—sell all the first day Twain stamps.

"The Missouri boys who enlisted with him (Mark Twain) in the confederate army," said Shannon, "could overlook him becoming a deserter. They could overlook his becoming a republican...."

"But it was too much to ask that they forget or forgive that Mark Twain, Missouri-born of a Virginia father and a Kentucky mother, consorted with those who laid the heavy and brutal hand of the oppressor upon the southern people in the days of reconstruction."

Hannibal, however, will sell the first stamps—on Feb. 13—and Farley will go there and speak about Mark Twain.

Farley will eulogize his literary career. He will not touch on his military life. The philatelists are fuming and loading more guns.

The Gate City.

MAY 30, 1895.

Entered in Keokuk Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

THE NEWS.

It was hoped that Mark Twain might visit Keokuk on his proposed reading tour, but unless times improve or his price falls that may not be. The great manager, Major Pond, says his offer of \$3,000 a night for Mark Twain, which has been standing for five years, still holds good. Twain has more calls to lecture than any other American citizen.

POSTMASTER FARLEY, MARK TWAIN AND EMERSON FIGURE IN LATEST STAMP WAR

DAILY GATE CITY
FEB. 8, 1940

By EDDY GILMORE

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8—(AP)—A new stamp war broke out today involving Ralph Waldo Emerson, Mark Twain, Postmaster General Farley, a couple of con-

gressmen and six cities.

Take the affair Emerson first: The three-cent Emerson stamps were sent to postoffices throughout the nation with instructions that they were not to go on sale until after Boston started selling them on Feb. 5.

That is the usual case with

Keokuk Welcomed Mark Twain At Opera House 70 Years Ago

Seventy years ago this week Mark Twain "came home" to Keokuk for a rousing welcome on the part of a large audience in the old Opera House and in what The Gate City called "the fiercest snow storm of the season", on the night of January 14, 1885.

As Samuel Clemens he had spent a year or more in Keokuk as a young man, working as a printer with his brother Orion who was of an absent-minded, dreamy nature and never able to make much of a go of things. Orion, his wife and his and Mark Twain's mother lived for a number of years at 306 North Seventh street and died here.

Appeared With Cable

Appearing on the lecture platform with Mark Twain here 70 years ago was the southern novelist, George W. Cable who was regarded as one of the country's most distinguished men of letters in those days but now has been generally forgotten.

Mark Twain, on the other hand, has gained literary stature with the passing of the years and is held by many competent critics to be the foremost author produced in the United States — a penetrating philosopher and sharp-eyed observer of life as well as the humorist which first brought him into the limelight.

Discusses Huckleberry

He returned to Keokuk shortly after publishing Huckleberry Finn, generally rated as his masterpiece, and it is ironic to note that The Gate City devoted an entire editorial column to a critical analysis of Cable and mentioned Mark Twain only in the post-lecture article. Like a number of famous American authors, Mark Twain's greatness was first recognized in Europe while Americans still thought of him as a funny man and writer of boys' books.

Mark Twain and Cable alternated on the platform of the Opera house, each making several appearances during the course of what must have been a long program but Keokuk was able to take its entertainment in large doses in those days. Scarcely a corporal's guard would turn out for a double-barreled lecture today, let alone in a blizzard.

No Beauty Candidate

Cable opened the program with a reading from Dr. Sevier but the greater part was lost to his audience because of the interruptions caused by late comers seeking seats.

The Gate City said that the appearance of Mark Twain with his

ungainly body and shaggy head of hair was the signal for loud applause. Twain remarked that he had grown handsomer of late but, said The Gate City writer: "If this is the fact, and it is generally understood that Twain is truthful, we feel grateful that he didn't appear before us in his previous condition."

"As far as looks are concerned, Twain would never capture a premium at a beauty show but when it come to story telling the best judges would pronounce him chief."

Addresses Friends

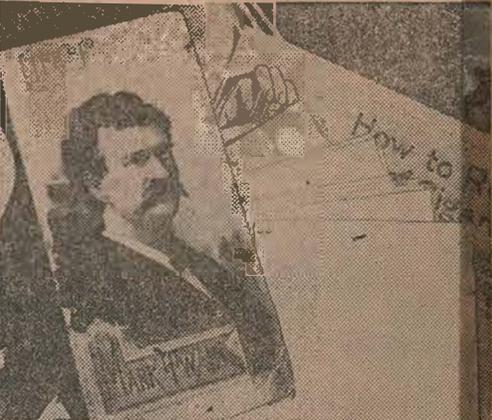
He called his audience friends and fellow townsmen and said he was glad to resume an intercourse that had been broken off years ago. He added, however, that he was sorry to have been the cause of bringing them out on such a night but that they were no worse off than the people of some 75 other cities already visited by them this season, explaining that a storm generally preceded their coming and, if they were feeling well, they always left a famine behind.

The Gate City says he first waded into an excerpt from his new book with its funny description of a discussion of King "Sollermunn" by the Negro, Jim, and Huckleberry Finn.

Later on he told a side-splitting story of his tussle with the German language and his lamentable failure to properly declare the adjectives or master the intricacies of the gender of nouns. In other appearances during the evening he told his famous stuttering story, a sailor yarn, "A Trying Situation" and as an encore his experience in a duello during his days of "Roughing It" out West.

FINDS FIRST TWAIN BIOGRAPHY

RIGHT — First published biography of Mark Twain which was discovered recently by Franklin J. Meine, Chicago. Given away with tobacco, it was printed in tiny type in 1887 and is exact size of cigarette paper.



LEFT — Auto-graphed picture of Mark Twain looks out from wall. Meine who is editor of American Peoples Encyclopedia, is one of foremost Twain authorities. Above is the statue of Mark Twain as it stands in Hannibal, Mo. On either side are original unused models by sculptor.



Reproduction of a full-color 1870 lithograph of the famous river boat, Robert E. Lee, in Meine collection, as are the other items pictured. The lithograph bears a record trip schedule for the Robert E. Lee: "New Orleans to St. Louis, 1,210 miles, 3 days, 18 hours, and 30 minutes, leaving June 30th, 1870. Best previous record 3 days, 21 hours, and 56 minutes by the steamboat Natchez." Twain rode the Robert E. Lee in gathering material for his book, "Life on the Mississippi," which was published just 70 years ago. —American Peoples Encyclopedia photos.

THE KEOKUK DAILY GATE CITY

Mark Twain Tradition Carried On In Christening of Train Friday OCT. 23, 1935

Hannibal Event Will be Witnessed by Many Officials of the Road Who are on Junket.

Burlington route officials and their guests are planning a strenuous trip this week, with the climax, the dedication of the Mark Twain-Zephyr at Hannibal on Friday. The officials are on an inspection trip of the Burlington route's new tracks in Nebraska, attending also the Republican Valley Jubilee, a three day festival at McCook, and then coming from there to Hannibal.

Commenting on the naming of the new train the Mark Twain, the company has prepared the following statement:

There is a singular appropriateness about all this.

The suitability of the name "Mark Twain" for the Burlington railroad's fourth streamline motor train was immediately evident because its route between St. Louis and Burlington lies through Hannibal, Mo., the home of his youth, the scene of his adventures, and the locale which furnished the inspiration for Mark Twain's immortal stories.

In Boyhood Home.

In Hannibal is his boyhood home, and Becky Thatcher's home; the frame building where he learned the printers' craft, the cave where

the buried treasure was found and where Injun Joe died.

The route of the new Mark Twain Zephyr alongside the Mississippi river between St. Louis and Burlington is the hallowed ground of the Mark Twain saga.

The Mark Twain tradition in general belongs to the world, but a certain intimate and imperishable part of it belongs only to the Burlington railroad.

Meeting in Clemens' Office.

In 1846 a public meeting to promote the building of a railroad westward from Hannibal, was held in the office of John M. Clemens, father of Mark Twain, and then and there was the beginning of the famed old "Hannibal & St. Joe" railroad that ran from Hannibal to St. Joseph—started at Hannibal in 1851 and completed in 1859—the first railroad to reach the Missouri river—the self-same road which is the Burlington's main line across Missouri today.

This was the railroad—and the only railroad—which carried the United States mail from the east for transfer to the Pony Express at St. Joseph. And on this road also was first put into practice in 1862, the principle of assorting mail on board trains while enroute—the starting point of today's vast railway postoffice service.

So began the Burlington's Mark Twain tradition which has continued throughout four-fifths of the railroad era.

Mark Twain Was Once Called on to Defend His Famous Boy Characters

NOV. 5, 1935 Brooklyn Librarians Thought Books Had No Place on Children's Library Shelves.

DAILY GATE CITY

Judging from the well worn condition of "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer" in the Keokuk Public Library's Mark Twain exhibit, Keokuk boys and girls have had no inhibitions against reading Mark Twain's famous books, such as apparently were held by Brooklyn librarians to judge from letters which recently were published by the New York Times.

The controversy was waged thirty years ago when Asa Don Dickinson, head librarian at Brooklyn college wrote a letter to Mark Twain urging him to defend his two beloved boy characters against the onslaughts of an official of the Brooklyn Public Library who had ordered the books banned from the children's room because of their "coarseness, deceitfulness, and mischievous practices." They were called "bad examples" by the Brooklyn librarian, and Prof. Dickinson was strongly perturbed by the action

and wrote Mark Twain acquainting him of it and asking him to defend his beloved characters.

Times' Story of Incident.

The New York Times story of the controversy will doubtless be of interest here, due to the popularity of the Mark Twain books, and is given herewith:

The creator of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn immediately sent back this reply (to Prof. Dickinson's letter):

21 5th Ave. Nov. 21, '05.

Dear Sir:

I am greatly troubled by what you say. I wrote Tom Sawyer & Huck Finn for adults exclusively, & it always distressed me when I find that boys and girls have been allowed access to them. The mind that becomes soiled in youth can never again be washed clean. I know this by my own experience, & to this day I cherish an unappeased bitterness against the unfaithful guardians of my young life, who not only permitted but compelled me to read an unexpurgated Bible through before I was 15 years old. None can do that and ever draw a clean sweet breath again on this side of the grave. Ask that young lady—she will tell you so.

Most honestly do I wish I could

say a softening word or two in defense of Huck's character, since you wish it, but really in my opinion it is no better than God's (in the Ahab & 97 others), & those of Solomon, & Satan, & the rest of the sacred brotherhood.

If there is an Unexpurgated in the Children's Department, won't you please help that young woman remove Tom & Huck from that questionable companionship?

Sincerely yours,

S. L. CLEMENS.

I shall not show your letter to any one—it is safe with me.

Reporters on the Trail.

When read to the young librarian the letter caused a bitter discussion, but the librarians decided to drop the affair. The books, however, were removed from the children's shelves put placed on shelves accessible to both children and adults.

But after several months one of those present at the meeting inadvertently mentioned the letter in the company of a reporter, and the news was flashed throughout the newspaper offices that the Brooklyn library had banned the two child heroes from the shelves. Rumors also spread of a choice Twain letter. Newspaper men eagerly sought out both Mr. Dickinson and Twain, but their efforts were unrewarded, but the two men maintained a complete silence. The newspaper men persisted, and Twain sent another letter to the librarian. The letter follows:

21 Fifth Avenue. March 26, '06.

Dear Mr. Dickinson:

Be wise as a serpent and wary as a dove! The newspaper boys want that letter—don't let them get hold of it. They say you refuse to allow them to see it without my consent. Keep on refusing, and I'll take care of this end of the line.

Was the January meeting held? You did not tell me.

Sincerely yours,

S. L. CLEMENS.

Newspapers Assail Prudery.

Newspapers throughout the nation rallied to the support of the two Twain children and the "literary prudery" of Brooklyn was assailed in editorials and newspaper articles.

The entire incident was dropped after several months and not mentioned again until 1924 when Albert Bigelow Paine published excerpts from the letters in his history of Twain. In this work, Paine also quoted Twain's remarks on similar incidents in Concord, Mass., after Huckleberry Finn had first made his appearance. Twain said that "When Huck appeared, the public library of Concord flung him out indignantly partly because he was a liar, and partly because after deep meditation and careful deliberation he decided that if he'd not to betray Jim or go to hell he would rather go to hell—which was profanity, and those Concord purists couldn't stand it."

Professor Dickinson is publishing these letters in the Wilson Journal.

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS

(MARK TWAIN)

Chronology of Life and Work as It Relates to Contacts with Keokuk.

(Compiled by the Keokuk History Project Group.)

County Record of Deeds, Book No. 54, Page 98. Same did not come to Keokuk for this transaction.

1890—August 19. Made brief visit to mother who was seriously ill in Keokuk.

Mother died in Keokuk October 27th. Sam did not stop off in Keokuk, although attending funeral and burial in Hannibal. 1896—Daughter, Susie Clemens, died.

1897—December 11. His brother, Orion, died. Sam was then in Vienna.

1904—Molly, wife of Orion, died. June 5. Mrs. Clemens died.

1909—December 24, Daughter, Jean Clemens, died.

1835—November 30. Born at Florida, Missouri.

1839—Family moved to Hannibal, Missouri.

1847—March 24. Father died.

1847 to 1853—Printer's apprentice in office of Hannibal Courier, and afterwards worked in Hannibal Journal office for brother Orion.

1853—June. Ran away from home and worked as printer (probably in St. Louis), New York and Philadelphia, after working way East.

October 26. Wrote Orion letter addressed to Hannibal.

November 28. Wrote Orion again from Philadelphia, addressed to Muscatine.

1854—"Late Summer." Returned from Philadelphia to St. Louis and went immediately to Muscatine where his mother was then living with Orion.

Probably worked for Orion on Muscatine Journal for short while.

Worked again in St. Louis until middle or latter part of 1855

1855—Worked for Evening News at St. Louis.

Came to Keokuk, and worked with Orion Clemens who had charge of Ben Franklin Book and Job Office, 56 Main St. (Now 202 Main.)

1856—Worker for Orion in Keokuk until latter part of October.

Made short trip to St. Louis where first letter (Oct. 18th) signed "Jonathan Snodgrass" was written to Keokuk Saturday Post.

Returned to Keokuk and made arrangements with Saturday Post for publication of Snodgrass letters.

Went to Cincinnati where he worked until March, 1857, from which two other Snodgrass letters were written (Nov. 14, 1856, and March 14, 1857).

1857—March. Abandoned printer's trade and went to New Orleans on steamboat Paul Jones. (Horace E. Bixby, Captain).

April. Persuaded Captain Bixby to take him on as pilot's apprentice.

1857 to 1861—Pilot's apprentice and pilot on Mississippi River steamboats.

1861—Enlisted in temporary Missouri-Confederate military organization. (Captured and paroled by "Grant's Army", re-captured and sent to prison in St. Louis tobacco warehouse, from which he escaped and returned to Hannibal? Claim has been made that he also came to Keokuk. This is extremely doubtful.)

July. Went to Carson City, Nevada, as unpaid secretary to his brother Orion.

October 26. Wrote his mother from Carson City.

1863—Adopted pen-name of "Mark Twain" while on Virginia City Enterprise.

1867—April 5. Registered at Tepfer House, Keokuk.

April 8. Delivered Sandwich Islands lecture before Library As-

sociation, at the Chatham Square Church, Monday night.

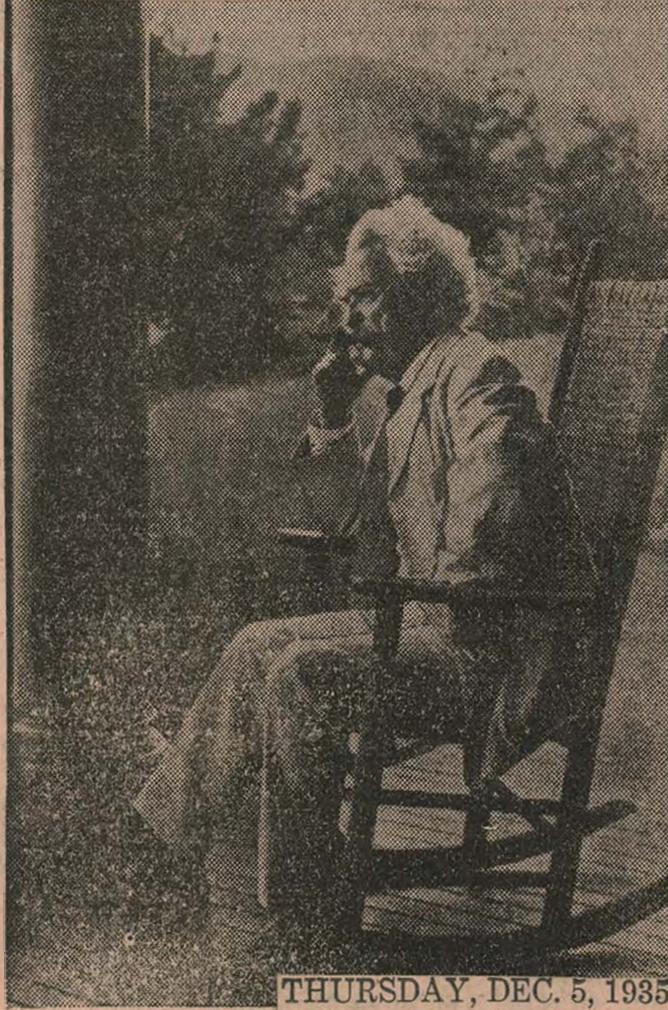
April 9. Left Keokuk to complete lecture tour at Quincy.

(Note: See Gate City, April 6 and 9, 1867.)

1882—May 17. Stopped at Keokuk for two or three hours while on way up Mississippi gathering

In a Contented Mood

KEOKUK DAILY GATE CITY



—Courtesy Hannibal Courier-Post

Here one sees Mark Twain in a reverie, seated on his porch in his home in the east. It is one of the pictures of the great writer taken as he faced the sunset of life.

material for completion of Life on the Mississippi.

1885—January 15. Came to Keokuk with George W. Cable on lecture tour.

1886—July 2. With family, arrived in Keokuk for family reunion.

July 3. Speaks at Fourth of July celebration in Rand Park.

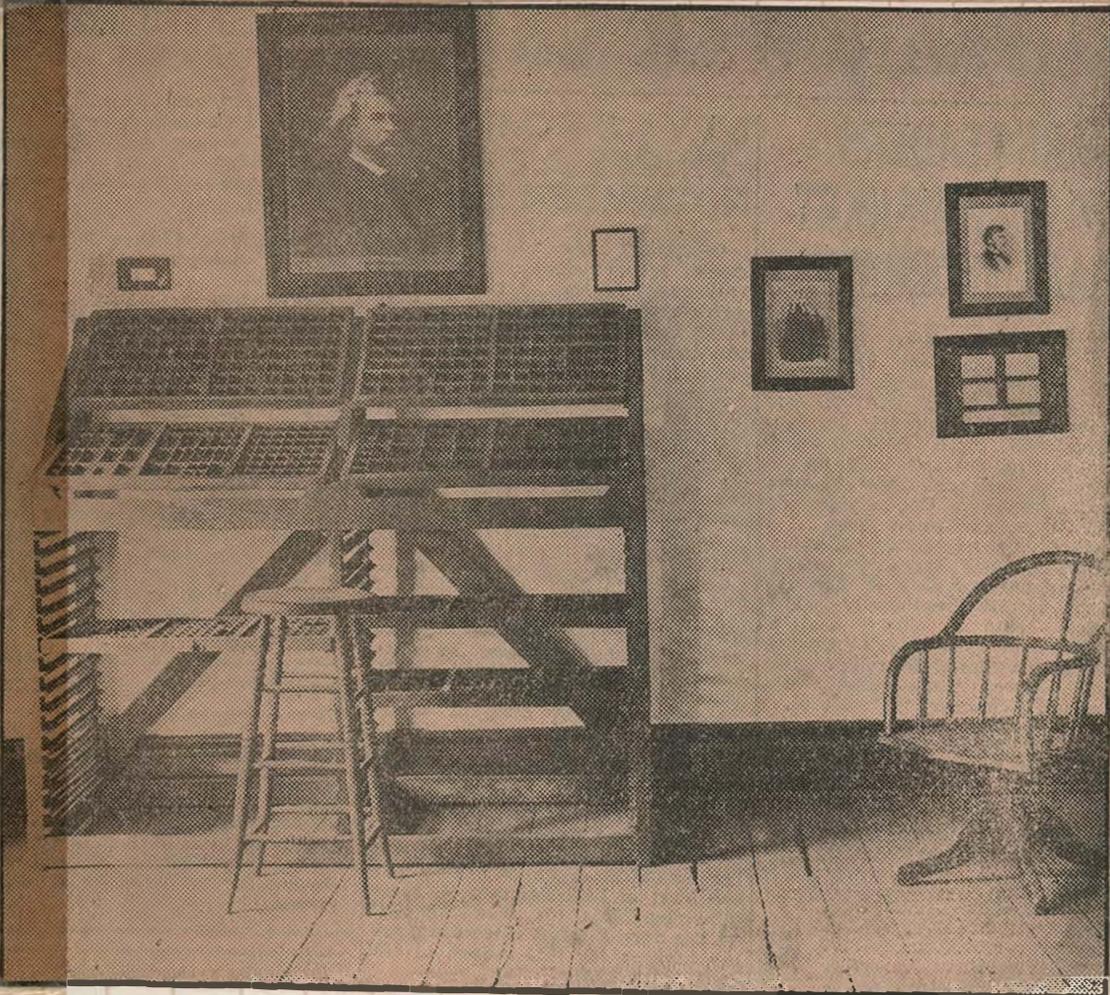
1889—January 7. Bought home for mother. Deed is recorded in Lee

1910—April 21. Samuel Langhorne Clemens, died.

Note: Clara Clemens Babrilowitsch, daughter, is the sole survivor.

THE FIRST PAPER CALLED HISTORY
R. J. HICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

Keokuk Prepares Tribute to Mark Twain, Once Printer Here



DAILY GATE CITY
DEC. 4, 1935

CLEMONS HOME FURNITURE IN HAWKES' NEST

When Mark Twain's mother came to Keokuk to make her home with her son Orion and his wife, it was found necessary to dispose of some of the furniture which would not be used here. A desk, a dining room table and chairs, were purchased by the Hawkes' family across the river and installed in Hawkes' Nest, just north of Hamilton. The furniture is there today, the property of Hyrell Hawkes. It was brought to Keokuk and ferried across to Hamilton, in the days before the bridge was built.

The desk has a number of compartments and drawers and on one of the drawers is scrawled in pencil the word "Sam." When the desk is closed it looks like a set of drawers. It is in birds-eye maple.

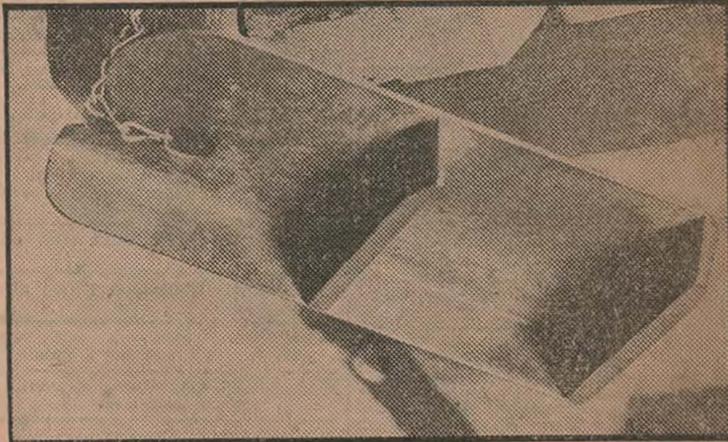
The oak dining room table and chairs, the other furniture purchased by the Hamilton people is of the period of the forties, with two center leaves which fold up, and hang in the center. An old Hannibal paper of the early forties was found in the desk when it was purchased, and there are other evidences of its having been the genuine article in the possession of the Clemens' family.

Keokuk is preparing to honor the memory of Mark Twain, who in 1856, working in his brother's printing shop, was a resident of this city, and who in later years returned to Keokuk to visit and to lecture. There are a few Mark Twain shrines in Keokuk, which on the eve of his centenary take on a more definite significance to those people who still remember the family.

In the upper left is the picture of the old building in which Mark Twain and his brother Orion Clemens had their printing shop. It was here that Mark helped set up the city directory of 1856, in which he is listed as "Samuel Clemens, Antiquarian." The building was located next to the old Iowa State Building, which when it was remodeled included the old building in which the Clemens brothers had their printing shop. This building was located one door from Second and Main streets.

The upper right picture shows the Mark Twain room restored by the Iowa State Insurance company. The type case, pictures and chairs are all reminiscent of the great humorist.

The lower right picture shows a page from the city directory of 1856, a copy of which is owned by



—Iowa Daily Press Association Photos.

the Keokuk Public Library, and kept under lock and key because of its value to collectors.

The lower left is the printer's stick which Mark Twain is said to have used.

The pictures of the building, old and new, and of the printer's stick were taken by H. M. Anschutz for the Iowa State Historical Society.

The directory page was photographed through courtesy of the Keokuk Public Library.

The local service clubs and the public generally are planning to honor the memory of Mark Twain at a centenary banquet on the evening of December 5, when Morris Anderson, of Hannibal, will be the speaker.

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DAILY GATE CITY KEOKUK HONORS MARK TWAIN IN FINE BANQUET FRIDAY, DEC. 6, 1935

Centenary of the World Famous Humorist Who Loved Keokuk and Its People Brings Whole Hearted Tribute.

The dream of fame, which Mark Twain wove about his hero Tom Sawyer, has come true in the case of the great humorist, who once lived in Keokuk, and who visited here many times, Morris Anderson of Hannibal, chairman of the Mark Twain centennial committee there, declared in his address before more than 250 Keokukians gathered in the gymnasium of Senior high school to pay their tribute to Sam Clemens. The lighthouse on Cardiff hill, whose light was turned on by the President of the United States, nations and countries uniting in observing his birth, the voice of his beloved daughter carried to millions over the radio, his songs and stories lived over again—what could be gaudier than these tributes, Mr. Anderson asked in closing his address on "Tom Sawyer Land." The banquet marked Keokuk's tribute to Mark Twain in his centenary year.

In the light of Mr. Anderson's appraisal of Mark Twain—little Sammie Clemens he called him several times—that personage would have loved the things his friends in Keokuk planned last night in his honor. One can imagine his nodding that white thatched head in approval as Edward F. Carter, toastmaster of the evening, was introduced as the one man in Keokuk who had the same dry wit and humor as Mark Twain. One may well imagine his delight and happiness as he saw his beloved characters parade across a spotlighted section of the balcony as the guests applauded the "Mark Twain Album" of living pictures arranged by Mrs. Frank J. Vennings and Mrs. Lewis W. Deerfield, with the assistance of Arthur Lumberg and a dozen or so characters. Mark Twain loved Keokuk, Mr. Anderson declared, he loved its people and he loved humor and fun, so that Mark Twain would have loved all that was done in his honor last night, by a most efficient committee from the four service clubs of the city, Treadors, Lions, Unity and Rotary.

Might Have Spoken.

Without the least meaning of disrespect, one might say that last night's tribute was Mark Twain's homecoming to the little city on the river he loved. All

that was needed was for him, clad in white ducks to have stood up and said as he did in the Fourth of July speech in Rand Park in 1886: "Although I can't say the last word, I'll do the next best thing and sit down."

Mark Twain has been dead twenty five years, but in that time his fame and approval of his writings have grown to the extent that he is the best known of any author in the world, Mr. Anderson said in his speech. In this centennial year thirty six states have honored him, and his fame and glory have become international in scope. Mark Twain, he pointed out, loved the old Mississippi river better than any place in the world. No one was ever truer to his friends than Mark Twain. He loved Keokuk and its people, and he loved the city because his mother lived here, and he came to visit her as often as he could. He pointed to the evidence of Mark Twain's writings that Keokuk counted much in the pattern of his entire life. He spoke of the careless appraisal of Sam Clemens, that he was lazy and that he was indifferent, and he defended him from these charges.

Winds of Chance.

Tracing the Clemens lineage Mr. Anderson said that when Sammy Clemens was born November 30, 1835, in Florida, Mo., he was born in an era that considered that any man who wore a necktie under his beard was extravagant. He said that as a lad Mark Twain hated school, and that he was apprenticed to newspaper publisher early. The winds of chance played a big part in Mark Twain's life he said, and their first influence was when they blew a page from a book containing the story of Joan of Arc under his feet. He picked it up and then and there made up his mind to write a vivid story of this heroine of France. Then and there he declared, ambition was born. Another time that the winds of chance blew across his life was in Keokuk when a fifty dollar bill was blown across his path, and after advertising it and no owner appearing, he took it and launched on his travels which were eventually to girdle the earth. It was "when the winds of chance blew this fragment of Joan of Arc at his feet that Sam Clemens of Hannibal became Mark Twain of the world," the speaker declared.

Mr. Anderson then went on to describe the background of the Clemens family and the "Hannibal boys' gang" which he said furnished the youth problem of that day, and whose name and fame are found in the books by Mark Twain. Mark's mother, he said, had been criticised by some as reading only the Bible, but this he said was a wrong impression, for she was given to reading more than the Bible in a day when it was considered that no woman was a good housekeeper who did not wash her dishes after each meal. So exciting were some of the chapters which she read, he declared, that she often just pushed the dishes aside to be done later—thereby creating a great scandal among Hannibal housewives.

The Parade Passes.

Describing Becky Thatcher Huck Finn, Injun Joe and others, Mr. Anderson breathed life into

the characters making them live again for his audience. He said that the original Injun Joe died many years ago, and that shortly after that occurred another half breed Indian came to town and he was adored and worshiped as the original Indian Joe until "some skunk who would just as lief tell a little child there is no Santa Claus" told him that he was only an imposter and thereby broke the old man's heart.

He illustrated Mark Twain's place in the hearts of his old cronies best by a delightful story of Sam on his way to the University of Missouri to get his honorary degree there. One of his best old cronies was asked if he had seen Mark, and when he said he had was asked what he thought of him, had he changed much? "No," he said, "he's got no more sense than he ever had," and he launched into the story of how Mark Twain suggested that he come to this man's house for an old time breakfast, and how the man and his wife thought it was all a joke until the next morning they came down stairs and found "Mark settin' on the porch just as he used to do." Breakfast was a royal meal for the trio, but the host apologized when he finally left, saying, "Why Sam, if you'd just told me you meant it, we'd have had a real meal."

"Joe," said Mark, "I can get a real meal in any hotel, but not in a thousand years could I get a breakfast like this."

He is Tom Sawyer.

Mark Twain, said Mr. Anderson, got his degree from the University of Missouri the same year he got his. "Mark's was honorary, I got mine for playing football," he added humorously. He said that he watched the great figure of the man adored by the world and by Missouri especially as he responded to the plaudits of the crowd, and he said the thought came to him, "You are Mark Twain—you are Tom Sawyer," and he thought of Tom's love for applause, his desire to become an Indian fighter, a pirate, a great personage, and he decided then that Tom Sawyer's dream had come true, so what "could be gaudier than to have a lighthouse built to shed its beams forever over the river he loved, to have that light turned on by a golden key in the hand of the president of the United States, to have millions listening to the ceremonies, to hear the voice of his beloved daughter pouring her tribute of love for her father—what could be gaudier than all of these things?"

Mr. Anderson himself said in introducing his talk that he had Keokuk connections, too, his grandmother having lived here for a time and they were neighbors of the Clemens family, so that he got many of the stories directly from her. He spoke of the fact, too, that he had come to Keokuk for three years as coach of the Hannibal high school football team.

Fine Banquet Served.

The banquet last night was served in excellent fashion by the women of the First Lutheran church. The tables were set in the gym facing the long table at which sat speakers and guests of honor. The Mark Twain menu was the following:

Joan of Arc Pie
 Connecticut Yankee Potatoes
 Mysterious Stranger Gravy
 Innocent Green Beans Abroad
 Tom Sawyer Salad
 Huck Finn Marshberries
 Becky Thatcher Rolls
 Aunt Polly Ice Cream
 Roughing It Wafers
 Injun Joe Coffee

Frame Presides.

Harold B. Frame, a member of the committee which sponsored the event, acted as chairman, and introduced the Rev. George H. Ramsey who asked the blessing, and Edward F. Carter who acted as toastmaster in a way that brought him new honors and laurels. He said among his flashes of humor that Mark Twain cast his first vote in Keokuk, that he made his first speech here, and that Keokuk had many claims on Mark Twain.

The Mark Twain album was opened by Mrs. Venning who with Mrs. Deerfield and A. C. Lumberg had arranged the living pictures, comparing the characters of Mark's books to some of the movie stars of today, with the final comparison of Mark Twain, humorist, friend and philosopher to the beloved Will Rogers.

Those in the Album.

As Mrs. Venning read an introductory paragraph the album opened and these pictures were shown:

- Tom Sawyer—Danny Kane.
- Aunt Polly — Mrs. Jewel L. Pickett.
- Huckleberry Finn — George Rogers.
- Widow Douglas—Rose Haggerty.
- Amy Lawrence — Martha Lee Venning.
- Becky Thatcher—Clarajoe Strate.
- Judge Thatcher—Frank D. Venning.
- Joe Harper—Harry Grimpe.
- Mrs. Harper — Mrs. Glendora Willoughby.
- Injun Joe—Dale Venning.
- Mark Twain—Clyde R. Joy, Jr.

Betty Ryan Essay Winner.

Miss Betty Ryan of St. Peter's high school was introduced as the winner of the Rotary club's essay contest on Mark Twain.

Presidents of the four clubs sponsoring the program were introduced, Thornton L. Hodge of the Toreadors, Dale E. Carrell of Unity, W. J. Baxter of the Lions and Al J. Weber of Rotary.

D. Clem Thomas, accompanied by Mrs. Thomas sang "Ol' Man River." The song-fest was led by Miss Flora Knight with Mrs. Burdette Dunn at the piano. This was featured by the appearance of the double quartet from the clubs. At the close of the program the audience sang "Auld Lang Syne."

Those in Charge.

The committee in charge was composed of:

- Harold A. Wyllie, Alexander J. Irwin, Carl Elgin, A. C. Ferguson, Dr. M. M. Carpenter, I. L. Younker, H. M. Phillips, Carl Schmidt, J. O. Boyd, Howard W. Wood, C. C. Carrell, H. B. Frame.

Sub-committees were:

- Banquet—J. O. Boyd, Dr. M. M. Carpenter, Carl Schmidt and Alexander Irwin.

Program—Howard W. Wood, A. C. Ferguson, H. M. Phillips, and Carl Elgin.

Publicity—C. C. Carrell, I. L. Younker, H. B. Frame and Harold Wyllie.

Museum Interesting.

When the idea of a program was proposed at Rotary club, the other clubs were asked to join and did so, and to make the affair a community one, invitations were sent to the surrounding communities. A group from Hamilton attended, and there were others present from Donnellson.

The Mark Twain museum which was arranged in the Senior High museum featured pictures and articles from Mrs. John R. Carpenter, the Iowa State Insurance company, the Keokuk Public Library, Dr. Frank M. Fuller and E. S. Patterson. The pictures included besides those of Mark Twain, those of Mrs. Gabrilowitsch, his daughter, Mark's mother, the family group which included Mark and Orion, a post card from Vienna, the menu of the Ivins House in 1856, when Mark was a printer here, facsimile of the 1856 city directory in which he lists himself as an "antiquarian," autographs of his visit to Keokuk, a shingle from the home at Florida, Mo., and other interesting articles. This museum was arranged by I. L. Younker and Harold Wyllie.

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION

KEOKUK, MONDAY, MARCH 7, 1935

MARK TWAIN, (Sam. Clemens) who used to be a Keokuk boy, has done pretty well as an author, financially as well as in the way of fame. He said the other day that he had made out of his books about \$125,000, and out of his last book, "A Tramp Abroad," \$40,000, and out of his lectures and plays, in addition to his books, enough to bring the whole aggregate up to \$250,000. He said further, that the sum ought to have been over \$400,000, and that he had just now discovered that he had printed his books on a false basis; that he ought to have published the book himself, and paid his publishers a percentage for selling them, instead of letting them pay him a percentage for writing them. Mark says he has written a novel and is preparing the plates himself, and means to put it out by hiring the publishers, instead of being hired; and that all writers ought to take that position—that the book publisher was the hiring

and not the author—and thus many of our young men, who have written well and hard, would have been in independent circumstances long ago. He said the American copyright laws were of little good to authors.

THE KEOKUK DAILY GATE CITY

Pilot on Mississippi Beat Mark Twain to Use of Author's Famous Pen Name

AUG. 14, 1935

BY J. G. WERKLEY.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 14.—(P)—As the world celebrates the Mark Twain centennial, the original "Mark Twain," a Mississippi river pilot who used that as a pen name long before Samuel Clemens made it famous, lies almost forgotten in a St. Louis cemetery.

He was Isaiah Sellers, foremost river pilot of the pre-Civil war days who wrote navigation items for the New Orleans Daily Picayune signed "Mark Twain." That was long before Clemens ever navigated the Mississippi, but the Hannibal, Mo., author later heard much of the river man, wrote to him, and placed the same nom de plume on the title pages of such immortal works as "Tom Sawyer."

Sellers died in 1864 after a 40-year career in which he was conceded greater knowledge of the meandering Mississippi than any other individual. He boasted of a record unblemished by accidents, although ship disasters were common on the river at the time.

His Tombstone.

He was buried in the Bellefontaine cemetery under an odd gravestone which still stands. He ordered it before he died of pneumonia in Memphis. Carved in a niche is the figure of a steamboat pilot bearing the simple inscription "I. Sellers." There are no dates, no further signs of identification.

Strangely enough it was Sellers who eliminated the phrase "Mark Twain" from the colorful river navigation commands. He devised

the bell tapping system which replaced the leadsman's call which meant two fathoms deep. Its use was adopted quickly.

Though Sellers' literary efforts could never compare with those of the distinguished author who used the same pen name, the river pilot's navigation career was one of the most enviable in the Mississippi's history.

He set a speed record in May, 1844, which survived 25 years, when he piloted the James M. White, 2nd, from New Orleans to St. Louis in three days, 23 hours and nine minutes. Not until cutoffs shortened the course of the stream and the system of loading fuel from barges in midstream came into effect did his new mark fall.

Ships Dipped Their Flags.

He brought the palatial steamboat "Prairie" on the hazardous trip from Pittsburgh to St. Louis in 1836, the first ship with staterooms to reach this river port.

Sellers was born in Iredell county, North Carolina, in 1802. No definite record of when he came west is known, but he was operating on the Mississippi in 1825. Clemens, in his "Life on the Mississippi," says Sellers' river career began in 1811, the first year steamboats were in use.

He died of pneumonia on a down-river trip at Memphis. His boat, the "Henry von Phul," returned the body to St. Louis as all ships docked along the levees dipped their flags to half-mast. Armanda Sellers, his wife, had died 21 years earlier.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
 BY J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

THE BEST LOVED HUMORIST

So Betty Rein, Winner of Mark Twain Essay Contest
Describes Former Keokukian in Prize Article
Read Before Rotary Club Today.

THURSDAY, DEC. 12, 1935
THE KEOKUK DAILY GATE CITY

Declaring Mark Twain to be the best loved humorist and likening his humor to that of Will Rogers, Miss Betty Rein, St. Peter's High, winner of the Mark Twain essay contest sponsored by Rotary in connection with Keokuk's centenary of the great humorist, read her prize winning article before members of the Rotary Club today.

Miss Rein, a pupil of St. Peter's high school presented Mark Twain in this picture:

THE BEST-LOVED HUMORIST

When we speak of humor, we mean something which suggests mirth, something that delights us by its directness, its freshness, and appeals to our sunnier natures. Wit must not be mistaken for humor. Wit is a keener functioning of the mind, a keener sagacity, and can sometimes be offensive, while humor, even the very sound of the word, implies a naturalness, a cleanness, an openness which cannot but inspire admiration for the person who is blessed with it, for humor is truly one of man's greatest blessings.

One of the best loved and most widely respected American humorists is Mark Twain. He is loved for his genuine humor and respected for his philosophy of life. He was an honest man regardless of his boastful statements about his reputation as a liar, and hated sham. When he set out to accomplish something, he never stopped until he had finished it. An example of his perseverance is best illustrated in his early life when, as a poor boy unskilled in the art of piloting, he learned everything there was to know about the Mississippi thus becoming one of the best pilots on the river.

Perhaps his ability to depict life on the Mississippi was due to his love of it, and for this reason the books which he later wrote will always be popular. He was healthy in mind and body, for this is necessary to be able to think clearly and have a deep insight into things. It was not until late in his life that he was very ill, and during his illness he complained that "man was made at the end of the week's work when God was tired," which shows how human Mark Twain was.

Demand As Speaker.

As a speaker he was very much in demand. On one occasion he was addressing an audience in a theatre when suddenly he stopped and asked how long he had been speaking. Somebody told him thirty minutes, and he pretended to leave the stage. Immediately there was a roar of protest, so he came back, not to be outdone and said, "I can stand more of my own talk than anyone I ever knew."

His favorite pastimes were billiards, smoking, traveling and speaking. He enjoyed compliments that were genuine, and I'm sure

he received many, many of them. He took a special interest in children, and respected them, and his gentleness and charming manner won him their immediate friendship.

He organized a girls' club, called the "Angel Fish Club," and selected one correspondent from each country to belong to it. He answered their letters personally, and his sincerity and interest in their little problems could not but find response in their hearts.

One evening the quiet of his home was disturbed when two burglars entered and generously helped themselves to the silverware. His butler discovered them and pursued them until they were caught. Mark Twain enjoyed this immensely and refused to regard it seriously. He tacked a ridiculous notice on the door for burglars telling them exactly where to find the silverware, and requesting that they should not make any noise or disturb the family. Later, at a dinner, he related the incident and in speaking of the burglars, said, "Now they are in jail, and if they keep on they will go to congress."

Likened to Rogers.

This statement reminds me of another great humorist, the late Will Rogers. The same quaint humor that exists in Mark Twain's speech is found in Will Rogers'. They were both great philosophers and excellent examples of the American pioneer. Both were interested in the advancement of their country, and were jokingly if not seriously, considered for the presidential candidacy. The only differences between them were that Will Rogers had no desire to write books, though perhaps if he had lived longer, he would have written something that would have added to his prestige; his was a dry humor and he was fond of leading a simple life, while Mark Twain was very particular about his clothes, was extravagant, and liked theatrical effects. Mark Twain's pet extravagance was cigars, while Will Rogers' was gum. I imagine they would have been great friends had they known each other.

Once when Mark Twain returned from a vacation, he was besieged by a reporter who clamored for an interview. Being weary after his trip, he declined to give an interview, but uttered a brief statement about his travels, and when it appeared in the paper it had reached the proportions of a column interview. The next day when he saw it in the paper he said that the reporter worded a miracle equal to the loaves and fishes.

Delighted in Jokes.

Many of his friends and admirers gave him gifts, and he showed a childish delight in them. One friend wrote him and told him that he would receive for

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a Christmas present, a baby elephant, so be prepared to receive it. He was much alarmed at this and timidly tried to convince the friend that he had no place to keep it, but when the friend insisted, he felt that it would be rude and his friend would be offended if he didn't accept it. The friend promised to send some bales of hay for the elephant to eat and reassured him that it was not playful. As Mark Twain looked on helplessly, the hay arrived and in due time it was followed by the elephant, but what an elephant! It was about two feet long, beautifully made of cloth and cotton. This was the kind of joke he loved—carefully prepared and harmless. He wrote back to the donor threatening to sue him for damages because the elephant was breaking the house to pieces and scaring all the servants away. They teased each other about this for many days after.

Mark Twain always gave his wife the credit for his success, and when she died he felt her loss terribly. After that, he always envied the dead their peace of soul, and more so as one by one, he lived to see the comrades of his youth leave him behind. His tendency to forget faces always irritated him, and caused him to say that the accuracy of his forgetfulness was absolute.

When his own turn came to die, he went bravely and never complained of the acute pain he suffered. But the beautiful thing about his death is that, although he is gone, his works remain and will continue to remain in the hearts of his fellow men. He went through life scattering sunshine, good cheer, and created a character that will ever remain the idol of the American boy.

DAILY GATE CITY
DEC. 4, 1935

WILL SPEAK AT
TWAIN BANQUET



—Courtesy Hannibal Courier-Post.

MORRIS ANDERSON

Considered one of the best informed Mark Twain historians, Morris Anderson of Hannibal, who will speak at the banquet here tomorrow night honoring the memory of the great humorist, has a background of considerable importance to a speaker.

Morris Anderson is a lecturer, and a lecturer must have a background. For some, the background is travel, science, art, music or perhaps adventure. Into the background of the Anderson lectures is woven his years as a prosecutor; juvenile court experiences; a letter won on the University of Missouri football team; thirteen years as a high school coach without pay; court room and legal experiences; seasons as a lecturer through the greater part of the United States and Canada; and three terms as mayor of that Mississippi river town, where Mark Twain spent his boyhood days, living much of the time next door to Mr. Anderson's grandmother. His topic will be "Tom Sawyer Land."

Comments of the press and public indicate that he makes good because he says worth while things in an interesting way; he makes good because he believes that an audience can think faster if it smiles now and then; he makes good because he leaves his audience uplifted and ready to "hit that line"; he makes good because he talks about the problems people are interested in, and he talks about them in the language that youth and old age can understand.

Into his talks he weaves his experiences and the experiences of those who have touched his life and home. It may be of those who lived in the days of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn; it may be of those he met through prison bars or across the white lines of the gridiron; of boys and girls crying for a chance, it may be of municipal problems, or youth problems, of sunshine and shadow, of tears and laughter, but that he has made them worthwhile and entertaining.

DAILY GATE CITY
DEC. 18, 1935

MARK TWAIN'S
PILOT HOUSE
TO BE BUILT

For those who remember the steamboats of former years, the gift of the class of 1935 of the State University of Iowa will hold considerable interest. Salvaged remnants of an old Mississippi river steamboat will be used in the construction of the Mark Twain pilot cabin and wheel house which will be built in Iowa Union overlooking the river.

It is the task of Prof. William H. Peterson of the historic department, who has done much important research on the old steamboat era, to assemble parts from an ancient craft.

Plans Being Drawn.

In order to make the room historically accurate, a considerable amount of research will be necessary. Plans are now being drawn

by George Horner, university architect.

The cabin will be on the west side of the Union, reached by two sets of iron stairs. On the outside of the new entrance will be the wheel house, with the porch level representing the bridge of the ship.

Twain's Description.

Mark Twain's own description will be closely followed in the construction of the replica. Here it is: "A sumptuous glass temple, room enough to have a dance in; shown red and gold window curtains; an imposing sofa; leather cushions and a back to a high bench; nice new oilcloth on the floor; a hospitable big stove; a wheel as high as my head, costly with inlaid work, a wire tiller rope, and bright brass knobs for the bells."

DAILY GATE CITY
AUG. 19, 1935

MARK TWAIN
CELEBRATION
AT HANNIBAL

HANNIBAL, Mo., Aug. 19.—(P)—With the historic boyhood haunts of Mark Twain as a glamorous background, this city will stage a mammoth six-day Mark Twain centennial homecoming here, September 9-14, as a feature of the observance of the 100th birth year of the great author-philosopher.

A committee headed by E. L. Sparks, publisher of the Hannibal Courier-Post, is completing arrangements for a program which will include 12 free street acts daily, an art exhibit, displays of sculptured groups by John Rogers, who began his career in the Burlington railroad shops here, a rare quilt exhibit, and a lawn and garden show.

An industrial exhibit will include displays by local manufacturers and a replica of America's first mail car, which was built in the Burlington shops here. There will also be an engine of the type used when the old Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad was organized here.

Lovers of Mark Twain throughout the country are expected to be here to visit Mark Twain's boyhood home on Hill street, maintained just as it was in his youth, and the Mark Twain museum which experts have declared the best collection of relics belonging to Mark Twain and his era ever assembled in America. All these attractions are free.

The Mark Twain cave, which the great Missourian immortalized in his books, is expected to attract large crowds also. A public wedding, with Hannibal merchants providing gifts for the bridal couple, will be another event of the homecoming.

The centennial celebration will close here with a banquet on November 30, Mark Twain's birthday, with celebrities of national fame as speakers.

KEOKUK, IA.. GATE CITY

Mark Twain Expert
Speaks on Humorist
At Rotary Meeting

MAR. 27, 1952

That Mark Twain, as the nation's greatest humorist was also a great benefactor to humanity, was the underlying theme of a fascinating address by Cyril Clemens, of Webster Groves, Mo., editor of the Mark Twain Quarterly, at the Rotary club luncheon in the Hotel Iowa this noon.

In a talk which sparkled with wit and humor, Clemens pointed out that Mark Twain always declared that the foundation for true humor called for an underlying sadness, remarking that a man who had four meals a day and slept 12 hours would have no need or appreciation of fun.

Clemens traced the life of the great novelist from his birth in Florida, Mo., to his world-wide fame and reputation as the most popular author in the United States and one who met with acclaim wherever he traveled throughout Europe. He devoted some time to Mark Twain's life in Keokuk, explaining that his brother, Orion, had come to Keokuk in 1855 and operated a job printing plant while living at 728 High. Made a Partner.

Young Samuel Clemens, then 20, undertook to work for his brother for \$5 a week and board but when Orion found that he couldn't pay the cash wage he made Sam a partner. This was in 1856 and part of 1857 and during the period Sam Clemens wrote to his mother in St. Louis and commented on the beauty of the women in Keokuk.

That alarmed Mrs. Clemens who feared that her son might be persuaded into marriage and advised him to leave at once. That he didn't marry for another 15 years may have been due to the fact that he took his mother's advice, the speaker said. He also related that one of the circumstances commonly associated with Mark Twain's departure from Keokuk was the finding of a \$50 bill on the street. An honest and God-fearing youth he advertised his find in the paper but wasn't feeling too good the next morning and left town at 9 o'clock.

He traced Mark Twain through his days as a river pilot in the 1860's when he earned more money at that trade than the vice president of the United States, through his mining and newspaper days in the west and into his career as an author, public speaker, humorist and world figure. Got Facts First

Although Mark Twain's first public speech was in Keokuk his major address was in San Francisco and from that time on he was in constant demand. Often questioned as to whether he had his facts straight in talks, Mark Twain remarked that he first made sure of getting the facts and then distorted them as required for his purposes.

Like his namesake, Cyril Clemens

has traveled widely in Europe and told of meeting Winston Churchill who was a great admirer and friend of Mark Twain. On Churchill's first visit to the United States, incidentally, he was introduced by Mark Twain. John Burrell was in charge of the interesting and entertaining program. (A)

THE GREAT MAN WHO CALLED HIMSELF MARK TWAIN
BY RICHARD KEOKUK, IOWA

The Daily Gate City

Editorials and Features

4 KEOKUK, IOWA THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1961

Mark Twain in Keokuk

It was by no reckoning another Gettysburg Address that Mark Twain delivered in Keokuk's Rand Park July 4, 1886, but the circumstances under which he made his brief and felicitous remarks were strikingly similar to those under which President Abraham Lincoln spoke his immortal words November 19, 1863.

At that time Lincoln's two-minute talk followed two hours of oratory by the most gifted speaker of the day, Edward Everett, whose name now is known only to historians.

On that Fourth of July in Rand Park 75 years ago, Mark Twain, who as Samuel Clemens, former Keokuk job printer as well as world famous humorist, was spending a week here with his family, was the last speaker on a program highlighted by a protracted oration on the glories and grandeurs of America by the Hon. Thomas Hedges of Burlington whose name now is recalled only by his descendants.

Also on the program was Sam Clemens brother, Orion, of Keokuk, who read the Declaration of Independence. The Gate City on July 6 devoted two columns of fine print to the high flown phrases of Hedges and only a few words to the comments of Mark Twain, who had just published his masterpiece, Huckleberry Finn, and was a world figure.

After his introduction Mark Twain said he had little thought when he was awakened by the boys at 4 a. m. he would be called upon to add to the noise. (Keokuk's Fourth of July celebration

started at that time with cannon, guns, rockets etc., and continued with a parade which brought in an estimated 8,000 to 10,000 strangers by rail and boat.)

Between 5,000 and 6,000 gathered in Rand Park for the afternoon ceremony.

Mark Twain continued by saying that the audience already had heard all that there was to be heard. The evidence, he said, was all in and all that remained for him was to deliver the verdict.

"I stand here to thank the committee for the opportunity of standing once more, face to face with men and women whom I knew 30 years ago. Keokuk was then a city of 3,000 inhabitants and they drank 3,000 barrels of whiskey per year. They drank it in public then, now they don't (Laughter).

"Vast strides have been made during the past 30 years. A poet has said 'Better 50 years of England than all the cycles of Cathay,' but I say better one decade of this period than the 900 years of Methusaleh. There is more done now in a year than he ever saw in all his life. Methusaleh lived 900 years but never saw a barbed wire fence. (Laughter).

"I know that the last man who makes a speech on an occasion like this has the best of the other speakers as he has the last word to say which falls like a balm on the audience — though this audience has not been bored today — and though I can't say the last word I will do the next best thing I can, and that is, to sit down."

He did amidst hearty applause.

today. It was unoccupied for many years after Mr. Clemens' death and was bought last December by Mrs. Margaret E. Givens, of New York.

DAILY GATE CITY

RUPERT HUGHES WRITES ARTICLE ON MARK TWAIN MONDAY, NOV. 18, 1935

Rupert Hughes, former Keokukian and chum of Ed Brownell, whose uncle, Edward Brownell, was a chum and contemporary of Mark Twain, has a story about the humorist in the current number of Good Housekeeping, which tells about Mark Twain's living in Keokuk, when he was working in his brother's printing shop.

The story tells about the humorist's love of ease and how Mr. Brownell prophesied that he was too indolent to write the book he had announced he was going to do, and how in after years when he became famous and visited in Keokuk he publicly twitted Mr. Brownell about this prophecy.

DAILY GATE CITY

MASONS UNVEIL TABLET IN HONOR OF MARK TWAIN NOV. 27.

HANNIBAL, Mo., Nov. 27.—(AP)—Missouri Masons have honored the memory of Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) by unveiling a bronze tablet to him at the Masonic Temple in Hannibal, the humorist's boyhood home.

A gavel made from cedar from the forest of Lebanon and presented by Mark Twain to the Polar Star Lodge of St. Louis of which he was a member, was used in the ceremony which was a part of the Mark Twain centennial celebration.

The tablet gives the date of the humorist's initiation as May 22, 1861.

"He was prompted to solicit the privileges of the Masonic fraternity while a Mississippi river steamboat pilot," the tablet says, "because of a favorable opinion conceived of the fraternity, a desire for knowledge and a sincere wish of being serviceable to his fellow creatres."

DAILY GATE CITY

MUSSOLINI PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE LATE MARK TWAIN

THE GATE CITY: DAILY GATE CITY

TUESDAY MORNING, JAN 9, 1935

MARK TWAIN LOSES.

CHICAGO, Jan. 8.—Some time since Samuel L. Clemens brought suit in the United States court against Belford, Clark & Co., publishers, to restrain them from republishing his works. It appears in the evidence the books republished were not copyrighted, but Clemens claimed his pseudonym of Mark Twain as a trade mark. The court in its decision today held that noms de plumes could not be construed as trade marks and that the failure to copyright left his works open to republication by any one.

Stormfield, Mark Twain Home, Burned

(Associated Press) (Associated Wire)
WED., JULY 25, 1923

REDDING, Conn., July 25.—Stormfield, the home of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) in the closing years of his life—a picturesque villa on a ridge in this town, was burned early

MUSSOLINI PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE LATE MARK TWAIN

(Continued from page 1.)

MONDAY, NOV. 18, 1935

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 18.—(P)—Benito Mussolini today paid tribute to the greatness of the late Mark Twain, American novelist-humorist, and "the dynamic spiritual life of the republic of the stars and stripes."

The International Mark Twain Society, making public a letter from the Italian premier, also announced receipt of his personal check for \$200 to be applied toward the cost of erecting a Mark Twain memorial in St. Louis.

DAILY GATE CITY

HUMOROUS ANECDOTES OF MARK TWAIN

APRIL 25, 1935

ST. LOUIS, April 25.—(P)—Humorous anecdotes of Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens), whose centennial is being observed this year, are related by his cousin, Cyril Clemens.

Mark Twain, his cousin said, was fond of stating his two rules about smoking.

"I never smoke while asleep and never smoke more than one cigar at a time."

This was almost as epigrammatic as his axion on whisky. "Too much of anything is bad, but too much whisky is just enough."

When a host asked Mark Twain if he would like a drink before breakfast, the humorist replied:

"Thanks, I do not care for a drink for three reasons. In the first place, I never drink anything before breakfast. In the second place, I am a prohibitionist, and, in the third place, I have already had three drinks this morning."

On a visit to Washington University art school here, Mark Twain blandly asked what a semester was, explaining he had finished his formal education at the age of 12. Later, when the degree of doctor of literature was conferred on him at the University of Missouri, he drawled, "I don't know why they gave me this. I never doctored any literature. I don't know how."

Informed that Henry M. Stanley, African explorer, had taken a Mark Twain book to Africa, the humorist said:

"I have no doubt it had noble and uplifting influence there in the wilds of Africa. On his previous journeys he never carried anything to read except Shakespeare and the Bible."

Clemens recalled Mark Twain's reply when somebody said Andrew Carnegie's money was tainted.

"Yes," replied the humorist, "There's a taint about that money. 'Tain't yours and 'tain't mine."

THE DAILY GATE CITY

and Constitution-Democrat PUBLISHED BY

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MARK TWAIN'S BIRTHDAY

Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) was born on Nov. 30, 1835. His is a name and fame to conjure with in this day, 104 years after his birth. The anniversary comes this year on Thanksgiving Day (one of them) and the popular writer and humorist would have contributed many witty sallies anent the double celebration of the day of Thanksgiving, if he were alive today.

Perhaps though it is very apropos that his birthday and a State holiday fall upon the same day. Not only Iowa but every State in the Union and people the world over are thankful that there was a Mark Twain to draw pictures from life so aptly, to make them laugh and even cry.

Mark Twain visited often in Keokuk, worked in a print shop here, and old timers like to tell of meetings he addressed in this city. Perhaps Hannibal, Mo., has done more any than other city to memorialize Samuel Clemens, but Keokuk has helped, too. Time, nor elements, will let us forget this fine, lovable character. Coming generations will admire him and keep alive his memory.

TUESDAY, NOV. 28, 1939

The Keokuk News.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

THE KEOKUK NEWS COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

HERBERT H. WINSLOW, Editor. E. O. TOWNSEND, Manager.

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1882

MARK TWAIN.

How He Became a Mississippi Pilot. [From the New Orleans Times.]

In order to obtain an account of how Mark Twain became a pilot, the reporter made inquiries among old steamboat men, and was rewarded by receiving information to the effect that the great humorist had first served as a pilot under Capt. H. E. Bixby, who is now the commander of the Anchor Line steamer City of Baton Rouge.

As soon as the reporter heard this he turned his footsteps in the direction of the levee, and, boarding the City of Baton Rouge, found Capt. Bixby seated on the boiler deck with his little blue-eyed daughter in his lap, and engaged in assisting her to arrange a number of picture blocks which were scattered over the bottom of a chair.

When the reporter approached and stated the object of his visit the old Captain's eyes brightened with the rec-

ollection of former days.

"Well, sir," he said, "the first time that I met Mark Twain, or knew that such a person existed, was in 1857. At that time I was the chief pilot on the Paul Jones, a boat that made occasional trips from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. One day, while we were coming down the Mississippi, a long, angular, Hoosier-like young fellow, whose limbs appeared to be fastened with leather hinges, entered the pilot-house, and, in a peculiar, drawling voice, said: 'Good-mornin', sir. Don't you want to take er-piert young fellow and teach 'im how to be er pilot?'"

"No, sir; there is more bother about it than it's worth."

"I wish you would, mister. I'm er printer by trade, but it don't 'pear to 'gree with me, and I'm on my way to Central America for my health. I believe I'll make er tolerable good pilot, 'cause I like the river."

"What makes you pull your words that way?"

"I don't know, mister; you'll have to ask my ma. She pulls hern, too. Ain't there some way that we can fix it so that you'll teach me how to be er pilot?"

"The only way is for money."

"How much are you going to charge?"

"Well, I'll teach you the river for \$500."

"Geewhilikens! he! he! I ain't got

"I told him that I did not care for his land, and after talking awhile he agreed to pay \$100 in cash, \$150 in twelve months, and the balance when he became a pilot. He was with me for a

\$500, but I've got five lots in Keokuk, Iowa, and 2,000 acres of land in Tennessee, and that is worth two bits an acre any time. You can have that if you want it."

Gen. Price. At the expiration of the time of his enlistment he went out to Nevada, where his brother, Orion Clemens, was filling the position of Secretary of the Territory. Out there he drifted into journalism, and gradually developed the humor which has since made him famous."

long time, but sometimes took occasional trips with other pilots. At the breaking out of the war he was a regular pilot on the Alonzo Childs, and remained on that boat until she was turned into a Confederate ram, when he got through the lines, and, going to Hannibal, Mo., his native town, enlisted as a three months' volunteer in the Confederate army under

R. L. BICKEL, KEOKUK, IOWA

Keokuk figures in new book on the mother of Mark Twain

By Ray E. Garrison

Just a year ago, in bright, crisp, autumn weather, the writer and his wife set forth from Columbus, Ind., old home of the Ruddicks, for the birthplace of Keokuk's John Carl Hubinger. First objective of the day, however, was a trim village in northeast Kentucky across the Ohio river a few miles from Cincinnati.

Anderson's little ferry chugged us across to the far shore, and an adequate, if winding and hilly motor road eventually had us at the comfortable, eye-catching home, in its woodland bower, of Rachel M. and Pinkney Varble, her husband.

Now on market

Rachel Varble was in the midst of completing final chores of writing a book that seems destined to become a best seller, though it has reached the market only within the last week. Its title: Jane Clemens — The Story of Mark Twain's Mother (Doubleday \$5.95).

The fascinating volume boils over with Keokuk incidents and stories in its 374 pages and is a real feast for Mark Twain buffs. Like all projects of kind and worth it has taken years of accumulation, discarding, pursuit and the customary jumping-through-the-hoop every time a publishing house snaps its dollar-sensitive fingers.

Mrs. Varble, old pro at the book-writing game, has authored several important works over the years — "A Time Will Come," and among her juveniles "Three Against London," "Beth and Seth," "Pepys' Boy," "Romance for Rosa," and "Julia Ann." The Jane Clemens book is dedicated to Doris Webb Webster of the Clemens family, and Ruth Paull Burdette of Adair county, Ky., "right lovingly."

Praises Garrison

Clemens descendant friendship and kinship were used to good account by Mrs. Var-

The Daily Gate City
KEOKUK, IOWA MONDAY, NOV. 9, 1964 — 3

ble throughout preparation, though she gives credit also to at least 70 sources and aids in the bibliography. (After the name of this writer she penned: Raymond E. Garrison, writings pertaining to Keokuk, Iowa including "Goodbye My Keokuk Lady," 1962 and inserting in long-hand: "And a thousand thanks.")

Within the last half dozen years or more, the Varbles visited Nauvoo, as well as Keokuk and other sections of Lee county to obtain confirmation of history clues of the Clemens, Casey and other pioneer families in the Mississippi valley.

Choice quotes from the new and quick-moving Varble book on Jane Clemens' life, and that of her family, give sharp evidence of the author's lively style, whether light or serious. As for the religious life of Jane Clemens:

"Actually Jane would never be a Bible reader, but she would complacently think of herself as one, having got its grandest passages at the altar of her grandmother or from the pews of frontier churches."

A river touch: "The saucy little packet, late out of Keokuk, blasted its whistle twice and came on." As for Mollie Clemens' feeling about communities and their relative worth to her: "There was a reshuffle when summer came. Mollie was expecting a baby. She hated the village of Muscatine, was homesick for Keokuk, her family and friends. At her instigation Orion sold his (Muscatine) newspaper and purchased the Ben Franklin Book & Job Printing office in Keokuk."

Stories rough

Later: "Orion held on gamely in Keokuk (1850's) and prepared to issue his second directory: Business Mirror, 1857." As for her brother, Sam's original writings "Be glad the Clemens name was not being used, Mollie advised, for Sam's stories were rather rough—almost as crude

as the two letters he had signed, 'Josh' for Keokuk's Gate City . . . Jane, too, had deplored these contributions, had told Sam she was ashamed of them."

On another page, the future Mark Twain "bade his mother goodbye and renewed his promise to Jane to abstain from liquor and cards for the duration of his absence."

Once Jane asked her sister, Pamela: "Did a woman ever have two such terrible sons as I've got?" This was after Sam had egged Orion toward praise for Ingersoll, the atheist.

The book brings out the fact that Orion Clemens owned a farm "two miles up the river from Keokuk. Here he became a chicken farmer, which caused Jane to comment: "Chickens! Dirty hen houses and wet feathers on rainy days, and roosters that crow before sunup."

Once in 1885, Jane wrote to Sam and his wife, Olivia: "Sam, you said you would send me money to do something with for the poor." It was in the same period that Jane Clemens wrote another letter to "Dear Children," "saying: "I hear you (Sam) are worth a million of dollars. If so, I want to call for a larger sum. I will not say how much. My health is very good, but I fear I am losing my best eye."

George Edward Marshall, early day principal of Keokuk High School, roomed at the Orion Clemens home and because of that fact, Mark Twain became attracted to white suits for summer wear, says Author Varble.

Avoids doctors

The years went on and Jane took "a determined stand against the medical profession. In her last years, she managed to avoid the combined efforts of Mollie and Orion "to call in Dr. (Walton) Bancroft or any of his cohorts."

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One closing paragraph has a sad tinge: "In 1889, Jane contributed to the town's (Keokuk) lore by appropriating a child's tricycle . . . and propelling herself cautiously about." She was 86 at the time. "I've always wanted one," she admitted.

The book closes with a semi-humorous note: "They moved to Mark Twain who was shaking hands, right and left. A man doesn't bury a mother every day, and the drama of it excited him. He reminisced warmly, tenderly, brilliantly."

The author concludes that "he was enjoying himself profoundly. Jane would not have had it otherwise."

'Mark Twain' Still Considered by Many Foremost Humorist

Popularity of Author, Born a Century Ago, November 30, Increases With Passing Years.

Nov 25, 1935

By CHARLES HONCE, Associated Press Staff Writer. NEW YORK, November 25, 1935.

Mark Twain, born a century ago, remains today one of America's best sellers.

Dead a quarter of a century, he still is the most discussed figure in American letters.

And as year succeeds year he looms ever larger as probably the greatest writer this country has produced.

November 30 will mark the centenary of Twain's birth. Nationwide celebration is planned under the direction of a Centennial Committee of which President Roosevelt is honorary chairman.

But no celebration is needed to make known the name of the author of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, whose books have sold probably 10,000,000 copies and continue to sell more than 50,000 a year. Huge royalties pour into his estate as tribute to his continuing popularity.

Year after year critical evaluations of his work and of his place in the American scene come from the press, for about this great white figure has centered one of the great literary controversies of recent times.

Book Record for Two.

Was he simply a humorist of the frontier or was he a major prophet; was he buffoon, a frustrated genius, or a bitter cynic penning acidity of the stupidities of the "damned human race?" Some critics have answered "yes" to each question. Others, dropping philosophical overtones, have been content to look at the record—Twain's record as a writer of books that appeal to readers of all ages and all generations.

Here is a bit of the book record. Henry Hoyns, chairman of the board of Harpers, Twain's official publishers, says Twain "probably is the highest paid American author of all time."

Harpers became sole publishers in 1896. Early figures are lacking, but since Twain's death in 1910 the publishers have paid into the estate more than \$1,250,000 in royalties. In one fiscal year, 1924-25, the figure was \$91,000; for each of three succeeding years, \$75,000; for each of eight years, more than \$50,000. These figures do not include huge royalties from stage and screen productions, nor do they account for enormous earnings of Mark Twain as his own publisher. 6,500,000 Volumes Sold.

Since 1896 Harpers have sold more than 6,500,000 volumes of the humorist's works. Prior to that time Twain published his own books, which sold by the scores of thousands. Pirated reprints of the early books appeared both in England and the United States. All in all, one might estimate that total sales have been in the neighborhood of 10,000,000 volumes.

As to be expected, "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," containing the record of his boyhood days in Hannibal, Mo., are the best sellers. Written nearly a lifetime ago, they continue to wear well, and that, say the critics, is the test.

These books, representing probably the greatest flowering of his genius, naturally, in first edition form, command premiums today. A copy of the first edition of "Tom Sawyer" fetched \$2500 in the balmy days before the depression. But, illustrating the staying value of the book, just last year a copy was auctioned for \$1800. A copy of Huck Finn brought \$150, which is the average contemporary price.

These were popular boys' books, widely read and reread; thus first editions in good condition are scarce.

Twain's first book, "The Jumping Frog" (1867), sells for about \$150 currently in first edition form. Twain's letters, depending on personal and anecdotal content, range from \$15 to \$200.

Twain once wrote a story, "A Dog's Tale," for Harper's Magazine. In 1903 it was reprinted by the Antivivisection Society of London and given away free. Today these pamphlets bring from \$100 to \$150 apiece, although the same story in book form is worth only a dollar or so.

One of the finest collections of Mark Twain material is owned by W. T. H. Howe of Cincinnati, president of the American Book Company. He is exhibiting his collection at Columbia University in connection with the Twain centennial.

Mark Twain was one of the most prolific of modern writers; he wrote, literally, almost all the time. A dozen posthumous volumes have appeared since 1910—three this fall alone—and his literary executor still possesses an appreciable amount of manuscript, including portions of his autobiography not published in the two-volume edition brought out some years back.

New Critics Also. As new Twain books appear, so do the books of Twain critics;

there is a whole library of them now. Current delving into the author's life has been concerned largely with the beginning and the end. It has sought to throw additional light on:

1. Twain's early life and environment and the tracing of his first literary work.

2. The determination of his stature as a literary man, particularly in relation to the extreme pessimism of his later life.

Minnie M. Brashear, in "Mark Twain, Son of Missouri," has unearthed much new information on the writer's early career and holds that no longer can Twain "be thought of in terms of the simple frontier town we once envisaged."

Born in Florida, Mo., with a boyhood spent in Hannibal, Miss Brashear points out that the territory of the time was not the wild frontier it often has been pictured. Twain came of a substantial family and was reared in cultured surroundings. The towns of his boyhood possessed schools and academies, newspaper, libraries, book stores, heard lectures, saw theatrical productions. Therefore the picture of Twain as a "wild man from the West" who was sandpapered by the effete East is held to be distorted.

For his later life there are to be considered those pessimistic productions, such as "What Is Man?" and "The Mysterious Stranger." "What Is Man?" was Mark Twain's "Testament;" in it he set down his thoughts on the "damned human race."

Mrs. Clemens hated it; in fact, she would not permit him to publish it. It was privately printed, unsigned in 1906 and was not added to his collected works until 1917. "The Mysterious Stranger" appeared in 1916, six years after his death.

In 1920 Van Wyck Brooks startled the literary world with "The Ideal of Mark Twain." Applying the new psychology, Brooks propounded the theory that Mark Twain was the victim of an environment that crushed out the artist. The censorship of his mother and his wife, in Brooks' opinion, had such weight that his larger self could not gain expression, causing the philosophical bitterness expressed in his later writings.

This theory has been widely attacked of late. Currently, Edward Wagenknecht, in his "Mark Twain the Man and His Work," has thoroughly gone over the ground. He acknowledges that Mrs. Clemens edited the works of her husband, but believes that no great damage was done and that it often was for the best.

What was Twain's pessimism? Here's a sample, an utterance of his later years:

"A myriad of men are born; they labor and sweat and struggle for bread; they squabble and scold and fight; they scramble for little mean advantages over each other; age creeps upon them; infirmities follow; shames and humiliations bring down their prides and their vanities; those they love are taken from them and the joy of life is turned to aching grief. The burden of pain, care, misery grows heavier year by year; at length ambition is dead; vanity is dead; longing for

deep a gratitude we owe to Adam, the first great benefactor of our race. He brought death into the world."

"Each person is born to one possession which outvalues all his others—his last breath." And again: "Whoever has lived long enough to find out what life is knows how

were a mistake and a failure and a foolishness; where they have left no sign that they have existed—a world which will lament them a day and forget them forever." Again:

release is in their place. It comes at last—the only unpoisoned gift earth ever had for them—and they vanish from the world where they were of no consequence, where they have achieved nothing, where they

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
S. L. BUCKEL
KEDUKU, IOWA

Mark Twain Characters Step Out of Books



SATURDAY DEC 14 1935

THE KEOKUK DAILY GATE CITY

When the Mark Twain centenary committee arranged the public program a week ago Thursday to honor Mark Twain, one of the fine features of that event was the Mark Twain album, arranged by Mrs. Frank J. Venning and Mrs. Lewis Deerfield, and staged with the assistance of Arthur Lumberg. Characters from the books of this

beloved author, stepped right out of the pages and into the album which was displayed during the banquet program.

Reading from left to right on the back row are Mrs. Deerfield, one of the compilers of the album; Harry Grimpe as "Joe Harper"; Mrs. Glendora Willoughby as "Mrs. Harper"; Mrs. Jewel L. Pickett as "Aunt Polly"; Miss Rose Haggerty as "The Widow Douglas"; Frank

D. Venning as "Judge Thatcher"; Mrs. Frank J. Venning, another compiler of the album who introduced the characters.

On the front row, seated, are Dale Venning as "Indian Jo"; Clarajo Strate as "Becky Thatcher"; Dan Kane as "Tom Sawyer"; Clyde R. Joy, Jr., as Mark Twain; George Rogers as "Huckleberry Finn"; and Martha Lee Venning as "Amy Lawrence."

ANNALS OF OLD CLEMENS NEIGHBORHOOD

Stories Are Told of When Mark Twain Frowned and of the Many Humorous Situations in Which His Brother Orion Figured. **DAILY GATE CITY** FRIDAY, NOV. 29, 1935

Probably most of the Gate City readers know that the home of Mr. and Mrs. Orion Clemens used to be on the corner of Seventh and High streets, and that at times Mr. Clemens' brother, Mark Twain, came to visit them.

The neighborhood teemed with small children, all girls but one, who knew little and cared less about Mark Twain, but "who were deeply devoted to his mother, a sweet, proud old lady, with bright dark eyes and white hair. She had been a brilliant woman, and witty, but that was before the neighborhood children knew her, for with advancing years her bright mind had become a bit confused, making her, perhaps, something of a child again.

But she was vigorous for her years and was entrusted to the children's care for early morning walks, during which they were richly entertained by stories of her own childhood, which remained clear in her mind. Grandma Clemens, as she was called, was generous almost to a fault.

Generosity is Proved.
At one time she was asked if she wished to make a contribution to a certain church enterprise, and she replied that she did. Orion was accordingly told to bring her checkbook.

"Well mother," he said, "how much do you want to give? Five dollars?"

"Yes," she said, "I guess so." But as Orion began to write the check she said, "Wait Orion, this is a good cause—I don't know but what I'll make it ten."

So her son began another check. "Orion," she said, "I guess I'll give twenty."

Here the solicitor intervened, but Mr. Clemens said, "No, she is to do exactly as she pleases with her money." And when the check finally reached the bank, it called for thirty dollars provided by her famous son of whom she always spoke as "Sam."

Had Enough of Sam.
One day her physician, Dr. Walton Bancroft, seeing a copy of one of Mark Twain's new books

upon her table asked her if she had read it.

"No," she replied, "and I'm not going to. I had enough of Sam when he was a boy."

Orion never became famous except locally, but many are the interesting stories which might be told of him, the majority of which center about his absent mindedness. Mrs. Clemens went one afternoon to a reception and not expecting to be home in time to prepare her husband's evening meal, she told him that he would find a bowl of salad in a certain place for his supper.

Not Salad But Yeast.
So, at supper time Orion ate his lunch and when his wife returned and asked him if he enjoyed it he said it was all right but admitted that he liked it better after beating an egg and mixing with it. A few minutes later Mrs. Clemens called him and said, "Orion, you didn't eat that salad at all, it is right here where I left it."

Orion assured her that he had eaten it all, but in proof of her

affirmation she showed him the bowl of salad. "Then Molly," Orion said, "what have I eaten?" Mrs. Clemens was sure she did not know and an investigation followed, which ended in the discovery that he had eaten a bowl of yeast.

Ammonia Not Good for Coughs.

At one time Orion Clemens was treasurer of the Congregational church, and in giving an annual report and being unable to account for some of the church money he said, "Don't know what became of it—guess I must have spent it."

One winter afternoon he and Mrs. Clemens were seen emerging from their home in great haste, Mrs. Clemens leading her husband by the arm. Both were bare-headed and without wraps. Making straight for a neighbor's horse and buggy, without a word to the owner, Mrs. Clemens unhitched the horse while Orion was getting into the buggy. She immediately followed and driving like Jehu, they disappeared from sight. Later developments proved that Mr. Clemens intending to take some cough medicine had taken a swallow of ammonia instead, necessitating the hurried trip to the doctor's office.

Brides are Important Adjuncts.

One of Mr. Clemens' favorite jokes on himself was his having forgotten his bride on their wedding trip. Getting into a carriage to go to a train, he closed the door and settled back in the seat when he heard the driver's voice saying, "Lady were you going too?" and the lady's reply, "Well, I thought I was." Orion Clemens had a great heart and a great mind, with a sweet and child like simplicity about him which endeared him to everyone. In appearance he much resembled his famous brother, having the same wonderful head of hair, and eyes much the same. He was always very proud of his wife and of what he called her management of him, though once in a great while he seemed to consider that she had encroached too far upon his preserves and needed, perhaps, a little lesson.

One day he was in the back yard using a switch to whip the dust out of a pair of trousers. In a few minutes from an open window came the call, "Orion, what are you doing?" No answer. The hail was repeated and still unanswered. The third time the emphasis changed, and Orion replied very humbly, "I am cleaning our pantaloons."

Orion's Life Ends.

But with all this amusing side their home life together was perfectly happy and their devotion to one another was marked. Each depended greatly upon the other in every way. It was Mr. Clemens' habit to rise early and study or write before breakfast. At a certain time he would waken Mrs. Clemens by rapping upon the ceiling of his study with a cane her sleeping room being overhead. One morning he failed to do this and Mrs. Clemens overslept a little but dressed and went down stairs as usual to see what had caused him to forget. She found him in his study, his arms upon his desk, his head buried in them, his spirit departed. It was a fearful blow from which she never fully rallied, but she met it bravely and lived out her days alone with his empty chair and the little one of the child

who had died years before, beside her during the long winter evenings which followed.

This Story About Mark.

One summer the entire neighborhood was interested in learning that Mr. Clemens' brother and all of his family were coming to spend the Fourth of July. By this time the children in the neighborhood had begun to learn something about Mark Twain, and were thrilled with pride over an invitation to go to see his three little daughters. But sometimes pride goes before a fall.

It was the hideous habit of these children to arise at 3 a. m. every Fourth of July and to torture the populace for blocks around with their matin celebrations. For this particular Fourth a little extra observance had been prepared and this was the reason.

Salute for New Boarder.

At the Clemens home a room had been rented to a very young man who had come to Keokuk to teach science in the high school. He had a brilliant mind, which the children did not know, and was always exquisitely dressed, which the children did know. They also knew that if they lived for years and years he would be their teacher, and so from afar they adored and feared him—he whom they later learned to love and respect—the late George Edward Marshall.

Because of their adoration and fear they took great delight in concocting some form of torment for him, and so for this especial Fourth he was to be the victim of a brilliant coup d'etat. A tin can filled with firecrackers, the lid of which was nailed to a pole, had been prepared. It was to become effective at Mr. Marshall's window. Everything worked perfectly—the firecrackers went off and the children scattered in all directions.

Out Looks—Mark Twain.

From behind trees in a neighboring yard they watched the window, to see the face of their future teacher when he would look out. The shutters were surely opening—they opened wide—and out looked —MARK TWAIN. His face and his wonderful tumbled hair seemed to fill the entire window. Apparently he saw nothing but little dresses could not hide very well behind tree trunks.

In "Life on the Mississippi" Mark Twain describes the sunsets along the upper river with the pen of a poet, but finishes the description by saying, "the sunrises are said to be exceedingly fine, I do not know," but that morning fate intervened and he was destined to find out.

A little suppressed, the children continued their celebration at the other end of the block, but in the afternoon the scorched and powder scented clothing was changed for their best dresses, Sunday hair ribbons and sashes, and they went as one man to call on the little Clemenses. They were presented to all three. The little Clemens girls were very polite and shook hands and asked them to sit down. The conversation was very strained until Susy, the eldest one, nearly rocked over backwards and said, "jimminy crickets."

Mark Twain Frowns.

After this, conditions were becoming more normal when the figure of Mark Twain appeared in the

doorway. He began to yawn but came in and shook hands with the guests. He could scarcely talk or do anything but yawn, sitting bent over, his fingers rambling through his marvelous hair. The yawning continued, until he straightened up and with a frown between his eyes said:

"You young ladies must excuse me, I don't mean to be rude, but the boys in the block woke me very early with their celebration and I have had no chance to make up my lost sleep."

Then with the frown gone from his dancing eyes, he looked all around the circle of flaming faces and left the room.

The little daughters of Mark Twain were liked very much. Susy, the children thought was very beautiful, and Jean, the younger one, they thought was pretty. It was agreed that Clara, was not so good looking but was the jolliest one and the one most like her father.

Clara as Motorman.

A few days after the Fourth a picnic was given in their honor. No electric cars were on the route to be taken, but there was a horse car which was pressed into service. Before very long Clara had disappeared, and the chaperone, a charming New Orleans woman, and a cousin of Dr. George F. Jenkins, hurried to look her up.

She found her on the car platform, driving the horses, the driver standing to one side highly entertained by her witty remarks, as she slapped the lines over the horses' backs.

It was a rich experience, and an unforgotten one, brought to mind by the centennial celebration of the world's greatest humorist.

DAILY GATE CITY
MAR. 3, 1938
CLARA CLEMENS
WEEPS AT NEW
"TOM SAWYER"

"Tom Sawyer," called the greatest of Mark Twain's books, brought to life on the motion picture screen, sent the only living daughter of the Clemenses away with tears streaming down her face.

She was Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch and according to a west coast newspaper which reported the incident, declared that the preview of the picture had brought back to her the afternoon when she had sat in her father's lap and heard him read the adventures of Tom.

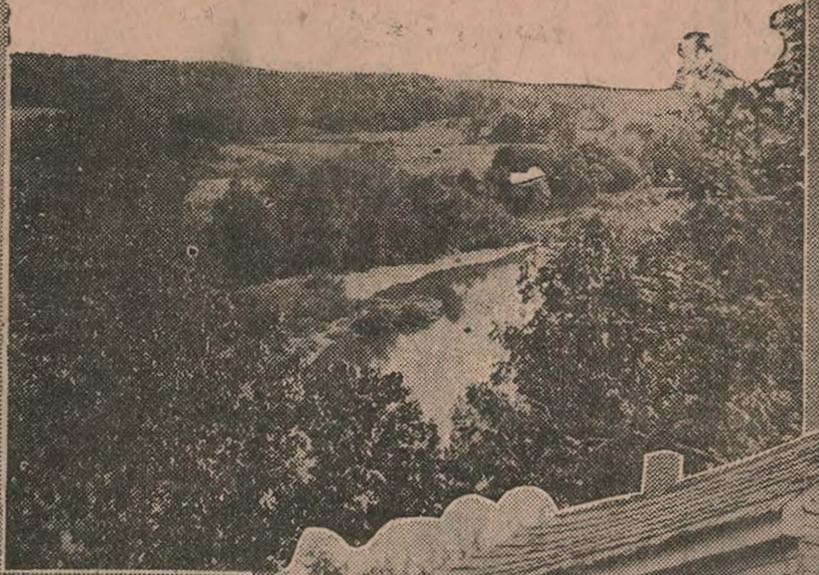
As Clara Clemens she remembers vividly the creation of Tom Sawyer. Now a woman of sixty she was able to live over again the adventures of her father's famous hero, as the screen re-created them.

She had nothing but praise for Tommy Kelly, twelve-year-old Bronx school boy chosen for the title role. She also declared that her father would have loved to write for the movies and that he would have liked Hollywood.

THE GREAT RUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

Where Brain Father of Huckleberry Finn Lived Now
Consecrated as Scenic State Park & Game Refuge.

THE DAILY GATE CITY



Mark Twain State Park overlooks beautiful Salt River and is the habitat of native small game and birds. Deer also may be observed here.

Samuel Clemens, Missouri's best loved author, was born in the two room cabin shown right. This cabin has been placed in Mark Twain State Park.



WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1930

PARIS, Mo.—(AP)—Mark Twain State Park, a few miles east of here, is one of the two historical parks maintained by the state, and commemorates the birthplace of Samuel Clemens, who under the nom-de-plume of Mark Twain became Missouri's most famous and best loved author. It comprises 120 acres and is located in Monroe County close to the village of Flor-

ida on a series of beautiful bluffs overlooking Salt River. This park receives patronage from people in every state, its register furnishing evidence of thousands of visitors annually. The boating on Salt River in conjunction with fishing and bathing facilities make it a desirable place for tourists and picnickers in particular.

The simple little two room cabin in which Mark Twain was born stands within the park where it was moved from the village adjacent. Here, in the park, it is being restored and preserved for future generations, out of respect to this loved Missouriian. This park is reached by State Highway No. 26 eighteen miles east from Paris.

DAILY GATE CITY
FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1930
TO MOVE MARK
TWIN HOME AT
FLORIDA, MO.

FLORIDA, Mo., Apr. 4.—(P)—A. L. Drumiller of the construction force of the Missouri State Fish and Game department, will be here soon to move the house in which Mark Twain was born, to the park grounds. The cabin stands on the main street where it has been preserved by M. A. Vollette, farmer

of this vicinity. Last year it was given to the state by Vollette. The cabin will be sheltered by a superstructure after it is moved into Mark Twain park, a half mile south of here. Dr. Burch, park custodian, is replacing the rustic benches and fences put in the park ten years ago by Horace F. Major, landscape architect of the University of Missouri.

DAILY GATE CITY
REENACT MARK
TWIN'S FOG
JUMPING STORY
MAY 18, 1931
ANGELS CAMP, Calif., May 18.

—(P)—Mark Twain's immortal story of the jumping frog has been re-enacted in this sun-baked mining village and today Budweiser, the greatest piece of frog flesh that ever swung a leg down Main street, was the toast of the mother lode country. The lead pellets of Twain's jumping contests were missing yesterday, just as were lead bullets in the six shooters flourished before 20,000 spectators. The mottled Budweiser, bearer of victory to his master, Louis Fisher of Stockton, Calif., leaped eleven feet five inches, to stage a comeback and defeat 150 other entries in the fourth annual calaveras frog jumping contest. Three years ago Budweiser also won the meet. Between lines of screaming women, shouting men and goad-

ing children, Budweiser stretched long lean legs to seize victory from Puddle Jumper who—or which—leaped eleven feet one inch.

Sally, the soulful-eyed amphibian entered by the Ladies Auxiliary of the Calaveras fire department, misunderstood regulations and jumped backwards.

For the benefit of those who may not have seen a first class frog jumping contest: A vigilante committee with side arms and side whiskers governs the jumps.

Angels Camp was jammed. The town's hotel was packed to the rafters. Them as had chairs kept 'em and a bed was a luxury.

KEOKUK IA., GATE CITY
TUESDAY, APR. 3, 1951

Twain's Daughter to Sell His Treasures

HOLLYWOOD, April 3 — (AP) — Mark Twain's daughter will sell a priceless collection of the famous author's books, manuscripts and possessions next week so she and her husband can "go gypsying."

Mrs. Clara Samossoud said she would spare from the auctioneer's hammer only an oil portrait of the mustachioed literary figure and "a few other things."

Twain's library of 3,000 books, his autographed papers, furniture and art objects will be sold in the sale lasting from Monday through Wednesday, she said.

Mrs. Samossoud, wife of Orchestra Conductor Jacques Samossoud, 60, explained she didn't want to wait until she died to dispose of her late father's treasures. And they want to be free to travel.

Elmira writer describes Mark Twain's old study

By Ray Garrison

Some new angle of the Mark Twain life story seems always to appear when the legend gives signs of dying out. Keokuk has known from time immemorial that Twain — or at the time Sam Clemens — lived here in the 1850's in his early 20's while a printer in his older brother Orion's shop at 200 Main.

The building burned down in a rash of seven incendiary fires in November, 1962. Fortunately, long before that in the 1940's the Clemens type cases and other antiques had been shipped to New York City by the Home Insurance Co. A few murmurs of complaint were heard at this type of appropriation but no one paid much attention.

At any rate, the latest on Twain comes from Elmira, N. Y., where he lived for 30 years or more, died and was buried there in 1910 at age 75. A former Keokuk resident, Frank S. Erhart of Rochester, N. Y. thumbed through his Sunday magazine recently and discovered an article, "Mark Twain's Octagonal Nest in Elmira."

Erhart's father, by the way, was superintendent of the old Huiskamp shoe factory at Second and Johnson and the family lived at the southwest corner of Sixth and High for many years.

Here, in part, is what the publication had to say about Twain, quoting him in the opening paragraph.

"It (his office) is the loveliest study you ever saw. It is octagonal in shape, with a peaked roof, each face filled with a spacious window, and it sits perched in complete isolation on the very top of an elevation that commands leagues of valley and city and retreating ranges of blue hills."

But the writer of the recent article said: "Mark Twain's

study. It's mentioned in the tour guides and noted on highway maps and sounds like a nostalgic place to visit. But it isn't, really. It's a sad, tiny, one-room structure with a gray board floor in need of paint. Even the view that Twain loved is gone. The study was moved from East Hill near Elmira to a clearing on the Elmira College campus 17 years ago.

"Inside are three straight-back chairs, a swivel chair, two rockers, a round table and an ancient typewriter, similar to the one Twain used. A table and maybe a chair or two are said to be original pieces, but no one seems to be quite sure.

"This is where, using a foot-pumped typewriter (!) Twain wrote among other things. The Adventure of Huckleberry Finn; The Prince and the Pauper; Life on the Mississippi; A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court, and most of Tom Sawyer. And where visitors, using a pocketknife, wrote, among other things, JH x DE, and TOM and WINSTON MOREHOUSE 1934.

"It's a bit dusty and not too impressive, but it's one of the few things left of Mark Twain's 30, maybe 35 summers in Elmira. There's also his simple gravestone in Woodlawn cemetery in the Langdon plot beside his wife, Olivia Langdon Clemens, and three of their four children."

The writer adds that "about a half mile toward the center of Elmira is the site of the old Langdon home where "the profane, unpredictable and boastful Twain courted Olivia, the refined daughter of the president of the LeHigh Valley Railroad."

The author of the piece, Talis Bergmanis, notes that commercialism uses the Twain name to a great extent in this region: Mark Twain Hotel, Mark Twain Community golf course, and

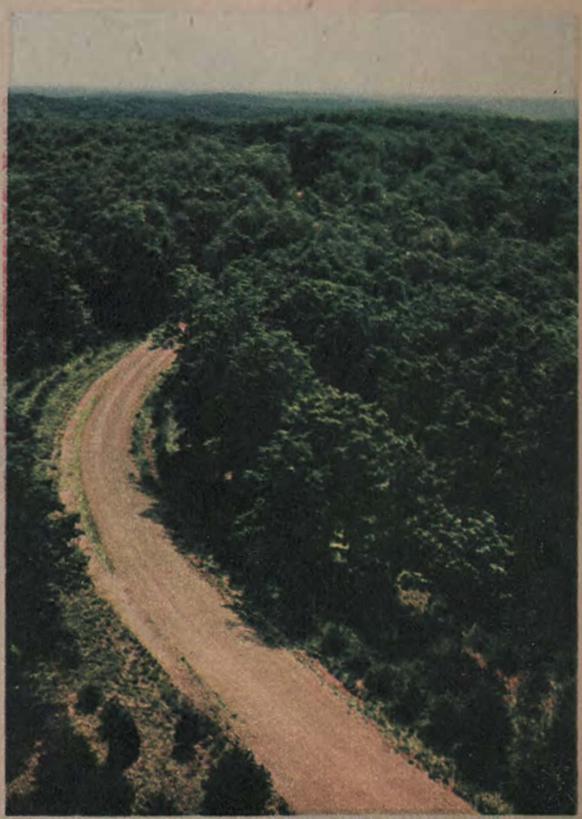
men's shop, travel agency, Tom Sawyer Motor Inn, and Little League. And so on.

"Elmira's gotten more mileage out of the crusty author than any city this side of Hannibal, Mo" said the writer of the intriguing piece.

THE GREAT DUST HEAR CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

ONE-DAY TOUR TO MARK TWAIN PARK

House in Which Author Was Born, Famous Missouri Courthouse Are on 270-Mile, Round-Trip Journey



1 & 2. Rising above the forest trees, the fire observation tower (above left) in Daniel Boone State Forest is a vantage point from which foresters can keep an eye on the park's 2200 acres of timber. Visitors who care to make this leg of the tour, and who have a taste for climbing, may mount the tower and get a magnificent view, like that at right

above. It shows the wooded reaches broken by the nine-mile, winding gravel road between the forest and Highway 40. Daniel Boone Forest, part of a block of more than 5000 acres of solid timberland, was acquired by the Missouri Conservation Commission in 1948. The commission manages it for timber production, wildlife propagation, general recreation.

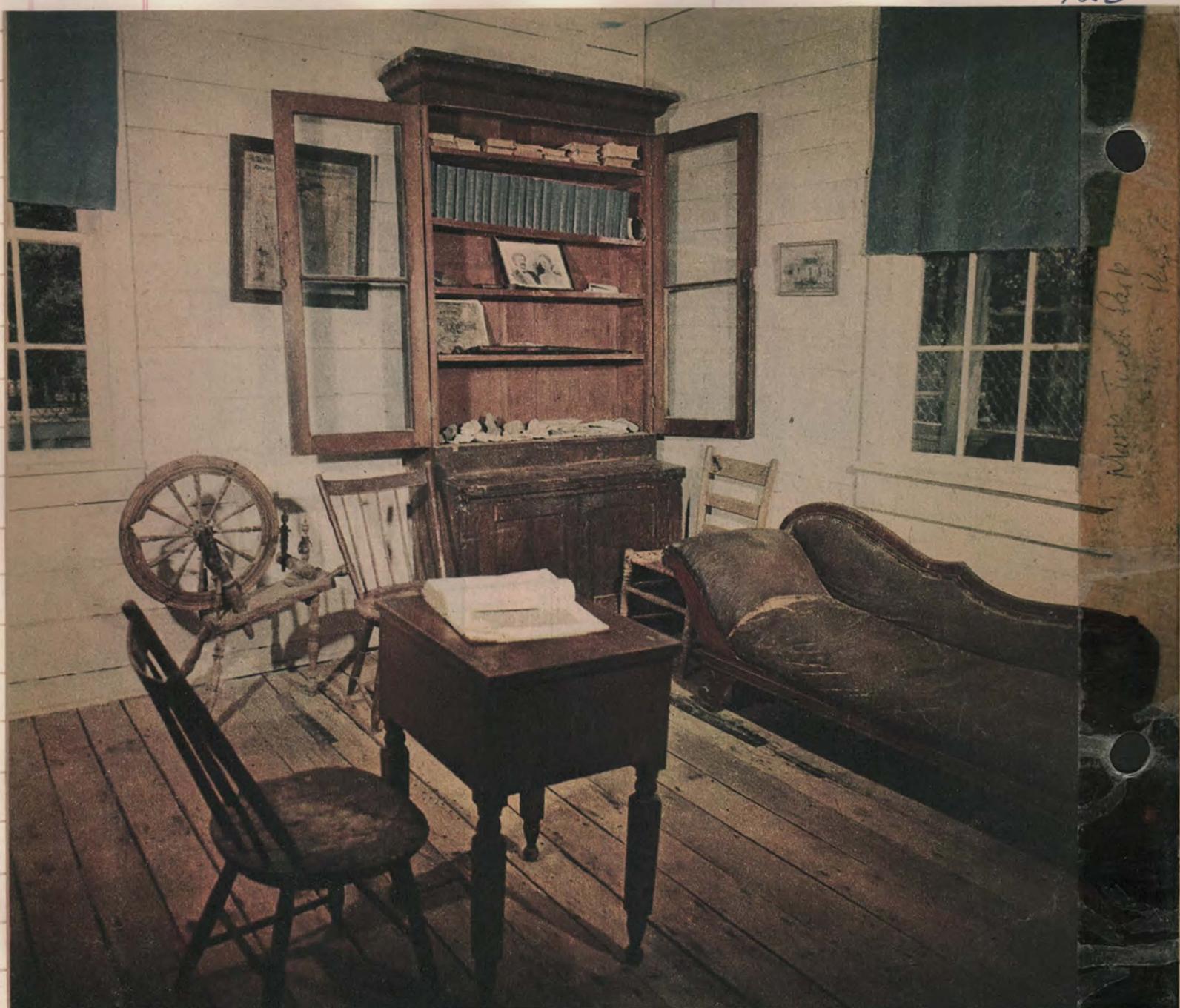
THE GATE CITY:

THURSDAY MORNING, JAN. 11, 1877.

Mark Twain in New England Weather.
If we hadn't our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature, which compensates for all its bullying vagaries—the ice storm—when a leafless tree is clothed with ice from the bottom to the top—ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is strung with ice beads, frozen dew-drops, and

the whole tree sparkles cold and white, like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume. Then the wind waves the branches, and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms, that glow and flash with all manner of colored fires, which change and change again with inconceivable rapidity—from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold—the ice becomes a spraying fountain, a very explosion, of dazzling jewels; and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility, in art or nature, of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence! One cannot make the words too strong. Month after month, I lay up

hate and grudge against the New England weather; but when the ice-storm comes at last, I say: "There—I forgive you now—the books are square between us, you don't owe me a cent; go, and sin no more; your little faults and foibles count for nothing—you are the most enchanting weather in the world!"



Mark Twain Park

3. In the living room of the Mark Twain house in Mark Twain State Park are furnishings characteristic of the period of the writer's birth—November 30, 1835. The bookcase contains photographs of Mark Twain and his sister. A carriage house in the park shelters a carriage used in later life by the humorist. Mark Twain Park, now an 1185-tract of rolling wood-

land, had its start in 1924 with 100 acres presented to the state by the Mark Twain Memorial Park Association. The former Clemens home was given to the association in 1924 by the owner at the time, M. A. Violette. By then, it had already been moved once from its original site, had been used as a printing office, a grain storage shed and a cow shelter.

THE GATE CITY:

THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 18.

MARK TWAIN.

The Distinguished Humorist was in Keokuk Last Night—A Short Chat with the Gentleman.

Samuel L. Clemens, better known as "Mark Twain," the distinguished humorist, now a resident of Hartford, Conn., and who at one time resided in Keokuk, arrived in the city last night, on the steamer Minneapolis, and during the few hours he was here was entertained by Judge Davis, Al. Patterson and Ed. F.

Brownell. A GATE CITY representative joined the party at the boat and had a pleasant chat with Mr. Clemens. The object of the humorist's river trip is to obtain material for articles which he is furnishing an eastern publishing house, and Mr. Clemens stated that he might, in time, complete his Mississippi book, upon which he has already done considerable work. Mr. Clemens still looks young and vigorous, and while he is not in the least demonstrative, his quaint, original sayings at once give evidence of the humorous bent of his mind. While at Hannibal he visited the Broadway Methodist Sunday School and made the children a neat address, in which he told them he formerly attended that school

and that he used to learn a certain number of verses which he repeated every Sunday for five years, the teacher forgetting from time to time that they were the same old verses. Mr. Clemens left Keokuk in 1856. He has been here once since—in May, 1867, and at that time lectured in Chatham Square church for the benefit of the library. He spoke of a number of the early settlers of Keokuk and referred to many points of interest in the city that were impressed upon his mind. He would have been pleased to remain in the city a day or so, but his business engagements were too urgent. Mr. Clemens departed last night, on the Minneapolis.

THE GREAT DUST
R. J. BICKEL

Mark Twain Park
Pictures - Page 3



4. Mark Twain, who adopted his literary name in 1859, is said to have been born in this carved four-poster bed and in this bedroom of the Mark Twain house, which originally stood in Florida, Missouri. Although the Clemens family lived in Florida for only a few years, young Samuel spent many summers with John Quarles of Florida, a relative of Samuel's mother, who had induced the Clemenses to move to Missouri from Tennessee. Twain drew on his boyhood around Florida for some of the material in his writings.

Sending for a plumber, of course the rival of the man who had put in the pipes, she asked him to make an examination. The good man was horror stricken at the condition in which he said he found things. He condemned the whole system, and was given the contract to tear out and replace the plumbing and make secure the safety of the inmates of the house. Of course the expense was enormous, but the doctor said it was justifiable, and the plumber righteously indignant at the man who originally did the job. About the time the change was completed Clemens arrived home, and the wife flew to his arms with an account of their narrow escape from illness and perhaps death. It was then that the funny man arose in his wrath, and the manner in which he cursed sewer-gas, doctor and plumber was said to have been an education in the comprehensive possibilities of the English language. The fact was, that in order to avoid possible danger, he had made his house to drain into the river that passes below his grounds. The pipes were not connected with any sewer, and the really fine work of the best plumber in town had been torn out and far poorer work put in, to ease the fond fears of a loving mother, carry out the whim of a too scientific physician and add some fifteen hundred dollars to the pile of a rapacious plumber. Mark Twain does not tell this on himself, though perhaps some future feeling reference to plumbers or learned family doctors may be better understood by the readers of this letter.—*Cor. Boston Saturday Gazette.*

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

Entered in Keokuk postoffice as second class matter.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1886.

Mark Twain and the Plumber.

By the way, I must tell you a story of a contretemps which proved a rather serious joke to that arch jester, Mark Twain. It has never been put into print, I think, but came from the best authority to me.

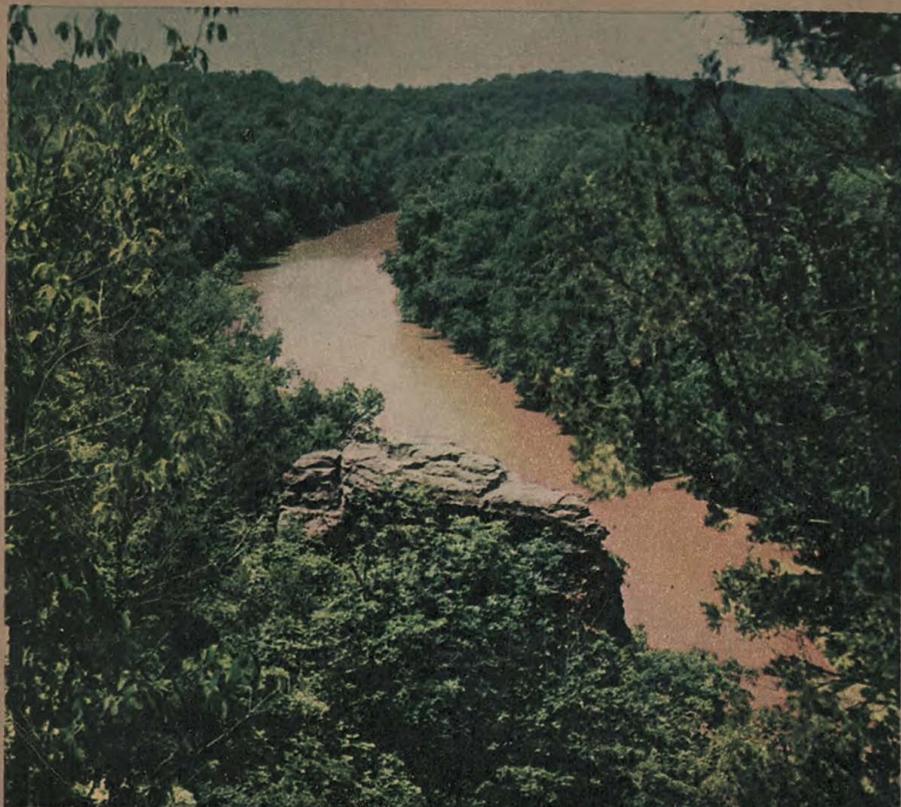
Every one has heard of that house on Farmington avenue, in Hartford, which is so peculiar and picturesque that tourists go to see it aside from the interest attaching to the home of an American author. It is called a combination of Mark Twain and Queen Anne architecture, and is a most attractive and comfortable domicile.

Some years ago, when Mr. Clemens was absent for several months from home, Mrs. Clemens, who is a lady of quiet tastes and a devoted mother, thought she perceived that her little girls were ailing.

Filled with quick alarm, she sent for the family physician, who, a prominent practitioner, had a large-sized bee in his bonnet which was named "sewer-gas." He told the lady that her darlings were doubtless suffering from malarial trouble induced by imperfect drainage, and that the plumbing of the house was probably defective or out of repair. She was much alarmed, and in a sad quandary in her husband's absence; the more so as she knew he had taken great pains to secure perfect sanitation in the household arrangements.



5. The Mark Twain house, a two-room clapboard house with lean-to kitchen, is just within the park gates. It is under a wide, white-painted shelter erected to protect the decaying structure from the weather. Mark Twain's parents, John M. and Jane Clemens, rented the house, then in nearby Florida, when they moved to the Missouri village from Tennessee in 1835. The next year the elder Clemens built a new house, since destroyed, in which the family lived until it moved again, to Hannibal.



6. The south fork of Salt River, as seen from Buzzard's Roost in Mark Twain State Park. The park lies along the bluffs of the river in Monroe County, is a picturesquely rugged, wooded area. It is on Highway 107, three miles north of Highway 154. The roads to the park are hard-surfaced, as are the highways for the entire trip except on the small optional stretch to Daniel Boone Forest.

flapping thing, and in less than ten minutes the skirt was caught upon the wheel and carried up into the Y of the machine, and instantly the author of "Innocents Abroad" lay upon his face in the dirt, the machine clattering about his ears. His companion alighted and ran to help him. The scope and volume of vituperation that smoked up through the spokes of that wheel are said to be unrepeatable by persons less gifted in the language than the victim. He was rescued from the machine, and crawling to his feet said, with stifled fury, "Wait a minute." Taking his knife from his pocket, the amateur wheelman opened it, and with fierce determination cut the superfluous length from the linen coat until it took on the semblance of a butcher's short frock, and then remounting his machine with the assistance of his trainer, he said: "Now, I'll buy a Norfolk jacket, as I should have done before." Which he did. But he has never entirely conquered the skitish wheel. —Boston Globe.

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION

KEOKUK, THURSDAY, OCT. 5, 1882.

THE CITY.

—Samuel L. Clemens of Hartford has brought suit in Chicago against Belford, Clark & Co. to restrain them from publishing a book entitled "Sketches of Mark Twain," and asks for an accounting to ascertain the profits.

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1886.

Mark Twain as a Wheelman.

Among the hundreds of enthusiastic wheelmen in Hartford, says a dispatch, are several clerical gentlemen, one of them the rector of the church of the Good Shepherd, the Rev. J. H. Watson, who does his marketing, visits his parishoners, and performs all his perambulatory duties as a man and a minister—except, perhaps, attending funerals—upon his bicycle. The Rev. Charles E. Stowe is an expert rider, and the Rev. J. H. Twitchell, pastor of the Asylum Hill Congregational church, bestrides a wheel. The latter does it with fear and trembling. His friend, Samuel L. Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, undertook to ride a bicycle at about the same time that his pastor began, and, like him, is not happy in the sport. The teacher of Mr. Clemens during the first weeks of his wheeling tells this story of him: Mr. Clemens objected to assuming a costume suitable to the exercise, and one day started out to ride wearing a long linen duster over his clothes. His teacher gently suggested that it might be inconvenient. Mr. Clemens thought not. The young man feared a fall, but Mark Twain said that he would risk it. They had not gone four rods from home, however, when he began to revile the



7. The limestone Ralls County courthouse, set on a broad, tree-studded lawn, is in the center of New London. Its Classic-Revival facade of four Tuscan columns supporting a pediment surmounted by a tall cupola has been described as representative of Missouri courthouses. The facade, for that reason, was reproduced on the Missouri buildings at both the San Francisco and New York world fairs in 1939.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
BY R. L. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

THE KEOKUK, IA., GATE CITY AND CONSTITUTION.

Great Grandmother of Mark Twain Buried in West Point

By CAROLYN MENKE FEB. 7, 1951

WEST POINT, Iowa, Feb. 7—A simple, grey stone marks the grave of Mark Twain's great-grandmother, Mrs. Jane Montgomery Casey, in the city cemetery here, it is recalled by Mrs. J. M. Casey of Fort Madison.

At the age of 76 years, Mark Twain's great-grandmother came to West Point where she died seven years later.

Judge Casey a Cousin.

The Casey home was on the edge of West Point and is believed to be the one now occupied by the Harmeyer family.

The late Judge J. M. Casey of West Point and Fort Madison came with his mother, grandmother and brothers from Kentucky and received all of his schooling here, attending the Des Moines Valley college, founded by the Presbyterian church in 1842. It was the first school offering higher education in the state.

Judge Casey was a first cousin of Jane Clemens, former Keokuk resident, and the mother of Sam (Mark Twain) and Orion Clemens, who also lived in Keokuk for a number of years.

Book on Jane Clemens.

The Madisonian column of the Fort Madison Evening Democrat recently explained that Mrs. Rachel McVarble of Covington, Ky., plans to visit Lee county in April to obtain more data on Mark Twain's mother in connection with a book she is writing.

Judge Casey's father, Greene Casey, was one of the earliest inhabitants of West Point. Early in life he married Jane Patterson and in 1836 left Kentucky for Illinois. He soon took out a claim on land adjoining West Point and returned to Illinois with the intention of returning with his family but became ill and died. The next year the mother and four children moved to the West Point claim. Here she reared her children and superintended the work on their farm where she remained until her death. Judge Casey's grandmother, the great-grandmother of Mark Twain, also died in the Casey home here at the age of 85.

Admitted to Bar at 20.

Judge Casey was only 11 years old when his mother came to West Point and, since he was a victim of asthma his brothers favored him with the lightest work. He also received a thorough education, in the common schools and in the

Academy where his tutor was the Rev. John M. Fulton, a Presbyterian minister.

At the age of 17 he commenced study of law in the office of Judge John Kinney, prominent West Point attorney during the period when the court of Lee county met here. Judge Kinney was later elevated to the Iowa supreme court bench.

At the age of 20, in 1847, Casey was admitted to the bar. During the Civil war when there was but little professional business to engage his attention, he became editor of the Plain Dealer, a Fort Madison newspaper. A Democrat he was twice elected mayor of Fort Madison and in 1870-71 was elected to the Iowa house in the 18th general assembly and later to the senate in the 21st.

Had Four Children.

In arguments he was not often excelled and as an advocate before the supreme court his efforts were styled by jurists as models of logical strength and literary merit. It was a common saying: "For safe council and honest advice, go to Judge Casey."

In 1854 he married Sarah Hollingsworth and they became parents of four children, Sabert, Belle, who became the wife of W. S. Hamilton, J. M. Casey, Jr., and Sarah.

In November of 1886 he was elected judge of the first judicial district, then embracing Lee and Des Moines counties. He died in 1895 and his wife in 1910.

When the Caseys came to West Point there were only two or three log houses in the town and not a house between West Point and Salem or the Skunk river timber. John A. Casey raised the first wheat crop in the township and, like his brother the judge was elected to the legislature.

Street names in West Point are not generally used but one of them is named for Greene Casey and runs past the home of the writer.

Twain's early home, the four-room house once was owned by his father, John M. Clemens.

Originally it was the property of Moses D. Bates, founder of Hannibal.

Newly repaired, the building, housing hundreds of mementoes of Twain and his area, was opened by 9-year-old Cora Sue Collins, the "Amy Lawrence" of the motion picture based on Twain's "Adventures of Tom Sawyer."

She and Victor Jory, the "Injun Jow" of the picture, came from Hollywood to participate in the dedication which followed a luncheon in the dining room of the Twain home.

KEOKUK, IA., GATE CITY

More Than 100,000 Visit Mark Twain's Home During Year

Many records were established in 1950 and among them was that of attendance at the Mark Twain Home and Museum in Hannibal which attracted more than 100,551 visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Howell, custodians, say that that many signed their names and gave their addresses in registry during the year.

It has been estimated by John A. Winkler, chairman of the Mark Twain municipal board, that some 30 per cent of those calling failed to register. All 48 states were represented on the register as well as Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the Panama Canal Zone. In addition there were 33 foreign countries—almost every one in fact except Russia.

The 100,000th registrant was from Copenhagen, Denmark. JAN. 11, 1951

The Gate City.
= JUNE 20, 1897. =
Entered in Keokuk Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

TWAIN'S FUNNIEST.

His Description of the Opening of a Saloon.

It was a Denver newspaper tradition that the funniest bit of journalistic work ever done by Mark Twain was strangled by a too friendly proof-reader. Mark was given the assignment to write up the opening of a saloon—quite a noteworthy event in those days in the Colorado town. He thought it would be funny to make his account of the festivities bear silent witness to the potency of the free refreshments dispensed. The article began soberly enough, but soon the diction became misty, then the spelling grew confused, and finally the whole thing degenerated into a maudlin, incoherent eulogy of the saloon keeper. It was funny. Mark read it over and laughed until he cried. But the next morning, when he eagerly scanned the paper, he could not find his work. In an obscure corner he saw a two-line item stating that "the Alcazar saloon was opened with ap-

THE KEOKUK DAILY GATE CITY

MARK TWAIN MEMORIAL MUSEUM

DEDICATED AT HANNIBAL TODAY

Nov. 30, 1939

HANNIBAL, Mo., Nov. 30—(AP)—A new Mark Twain memorial museum, next door to the home in which the humorist, Samuel L.

Clemens, lived as a boy, was dedicated today on the 102nd anniversary of his birth. Of the same construction as

appropriate festivities last night." That was all. He rushed down to the office and inquired about his article. The managing editor knew nothing about it. The city editor couldn't tell what had become of it. The foreman said he hadn't seen it. As Mark was snorting about the "outrage," and was running about the office trying to get track of his missing copy, a proof-reader slyly nudged him, and said confidentially, "You owe me a cigar." "How is that?" inquired the humorist. "I've earned it," was the reply; "I saved your job for you last night. Maybe you don't know how the old man here feels about such things, but he won't have it if he finds it out. He's fired three men since I've been here—just that way." "Just what way?" "Why, just as you were last night, you know. Your stuff wouldn't do at all; it was simply awful. I knew if the old man saw it you were gone, so I fixed it up myself."

THE WEEKLY GATE CITY.

Entered at Keokuk Postoffice as second class matter

JANUARY 12, 1888

A JOKE ON MARK TWAIN

How the Boys in Frisco Helped Him Catch a Rock Cod.

San Francisco Chronicle: Away back in the sixties, when Mark Twain resided in San Francisco and was the regular correspondent of the Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise, he was a character among the bohemians, and associated with many jolly souls who are now numbered among the missing, and many who are still well known in San Francisco.

Mark was an ardent angler, and was never happier than when sitting with his legs dangling over the side of a cosy yacht, and waiting for the slow and lazy nibbles of the denizens of the sea. In those days Alexander Badlam and Fult Berry owned the steam tug Fanny Ann, and to gratify Mark's piscatorial whim they fitted her up one day with a dozen or two bottles of bait and a fine lunch, and with a few choice friends steamed off for Angel Island. Mark had constantly expressed as the joy of his life that he might catch a mess of red rock-cod; those in the San Francisco markets being of a bright red, very attractive to look at and very choice food fish.

The party consisted of Mark Twain, G. P. Sutton, formerly secretary of the Pacific bank; Gen. Joan McComb, then editor of the Alta; a prominent San Francisco judge, now deceased; Alexander Badlam and Fulton Berry. The two latter, knowing fully well that there were no red-rock cod this side of the Farrollone islands, purchased a large, fine specimen in the market, and placing it in a gunny sack,

SMUGGLED IT ON BOARD

the steamer. After a pleasant sail across the bay the Fanny Ann was anchored across the stream at a point on Angel Island known as Ralston's Quarry, so called from the fact that the rock for the bank of California was taken from that place. The tide was ebbing strong, and after anchoring all the

party except Badlam and Berry dropped their lines on the lower side. These two gentlemen dropped theirs on the upper side of the steamer, with their lines drifting under the steamer, while those on the opposite side trailed toward the sea. When unnoticed Badlam attached the large red rock-cod to his line, and, apprising the others of the fact, pulled him to the surface amid great excitement. The fish was immediately placed in a barrel of water, which had been provided to keep alive what fish might be caught. It was suggested to Mark Twain and his friends that they had better fish on the upper side of the steamer, as they prefer shady places, which was concurred in. After the lines had trailed under the steamer, Berry removed the bait from his hook, and on the opposite side trailed and caught Mark Twain's line. The latter complaining that his line was foul, was assured that upon the swinging of the steamer it would soon loosen. In a few moments the red rock cod was taken from the barrel and hooked onto Mark Twain's line. A vigorous pull was given, and at the top of his voice Mark yelled out: "I have got a whale! I have got a whale! I have got a whale!" He landed him in fine shape, the two jokers taking him off the hook and placed him in the barrel. Mark immediately procured a piece of chalk and commenced to score the catch of each of the fishermen, and during the next two hours his same fish was hooked on in the same manner fifty or sixty times, on the lines of all the parties, and pulled up in the same manner and placed in the barrel of water, Twain, of course, having caught the largest number. When the fun became monotonous Berry hooked the fish in the tail, hoping that Mark would drop on the joke, but he did not, but simply said: "It takes an artist to catch a fish on the wrong end. I have often done so in trout fishing in Nevada." The fish having had its gills all torn out, scales most all torn off, and no place to hook on to him any more, the jokers in desperation fished up Twain's line and Sutton's line at the same time, and tied a monkey-wrench on the former and a hatchet on the latter. Screams were raised that they had a devil fish, and the hatchet and wrench were landed on the deck. Words cannot depict the faces of the fishermen. Twain pulled off his coat, looked at the score, looked at the monkey wrench, at the hatchet, and then at the barrel, rolled up his sleeves and fished out the poor, solitary, worn-out red rock-cod, and holding it aloft, said: "Boys, we have had lots of fun to day; let's go home." He was the only one who took it good-naturedly, the other gentlemen refusing to converse on the sport of red rock-cod fishing, and always looked on the transaction as a very mean joke. We have looked through all of Mark Twain's writings on his life in California, and we have failed to find any account of this fishing expedition that he went upon and had such rare sport.

The Gate City.

DECEMBER 2, 1897.

Entered in Keokuk Postoffice as second-Class Matter.

MARK TWAIN'S SPEECH.

Text of His Remarks in Favor of Reforming the German Language.

The fact has already been chronicled in these columns that Mark Twain was recently dined by the Vienna Press club and made an address in favor of reforming the German language in certain particulars. His remarks were in German, translation of which follows. The individuality of the humor, the delicious introductory, the painful and laborious elaboration, the hilarious climax—all testify to the genuineness of the translation. Amazement must have sat upon that press club:

"The German language speak I not good, but have numerous connoisseurs me assured that I her write like an angel. Maybe—maybe—I know not. That comes later—when it the dear God please—it has no hurry.

"Since long, my gentlemen, have I the passionate longing nursed a speech on German to hold, but one has me it not permitted. Men, who no feeling for the art, had laid me ever hindrances in the way and made naught my desire—sometimes by excuses, often by force. Always said these men to me: 'Keep you still, your highness! Silence! For God's sake seek another way and means yourself obnoxious to make!'

"I am indeed the truest friend of the German language—and not only now, but from long since—yes, before twenty years already. And never have I the desire had the noble language to hurt; to the contrary, only wished she to improve—I would her only reform. It is the dream of my life been. I have already visits by the various German governments paid and for contracts prayed. I am now to Austria in the same task come. I would only some changes effect. I would only the language method—the luxurious, elaborate construction suppress, do away with, annihilate; the introduction of more than thirteen subjects in one sentence forbid; the verb so far to the front pull that one it without a telescope discover can. With one word, my gentlemen, I would your beloved language simplify so that, my gentlemen, when you her for prayer need one her yonder-up understands.

"I beseech you, from me yourself, counsel to let, execute these mentioned reforms. Then will you an elegant language possess, and afterward, when you some thing say will, will you at least yourself understand what you said had. But often nowadays, when you a mile-long sentence from you given and you yourself somewhat have rested, then must you a touching inquisitiveness have yourself to determine what you actually spoken have.

"Since to you now, my gentlemen, the character of my mission known is, beseech I you so friendly to be and to me your valuable help grant. Mr. Poetzel has the public believed

purpose the bridges of the city long enough; when I but Poetzel's writings study will ride I out and use the glorious, endless imperial bridge."

I first member of a separable verb and the final member cleave I to the other end—then spread the body of the sentence between it out! Usually are for my

Yonder gives it the necessary space; yonder can one a noble, long German sentence elaborate, the bridge railing along, and his whole contents with one glance overlook. On the one

make would that I to Vienna come am in order to hinder, while I observations gather and note. Allow you yourself aberrant from him received. My frequent innocent ground.

THE GREAT DUST HEAR CALLED HISTORY
H. BICKEL KEOKUK IOWA

BILL IRVIN

Mark Twain Makes a Comeback Tonight

IMAGINE MARK TWAIN'S SURPRISE if he were able to read the TV listings. There in type so big it would make his jumping frog of Calaveras county jump right out of his skin because Tom Sawyer's creator would find the words, "Mark Twain Tonight!"

We're sure that Twain, if he had a TV set, would turn it on at 8:30 and switch to Channel 2 to see what sort of unmitigated effrontery had the undiluted effrontery to try to impersonate him.

And we're sure also that the moment he saw Hal Holbrook, a 41-year-old actor, shuffle on stage in makeup and attire that transformed into the image of Twain at 70, the sage of Hannibal, Mo., would swallow his cigar in sheer amazement.

HOLBROOK'S startling physical resemblance to Samuel Langhorne Clemens, whom the world knew as Mark Twain, the salty American humorist, is a masterpiece of makeup.

Holbrook's characterization of Twain in his 90-minute one-man show is the culmination of years of study of Twain's voice, mannerisms, and material used in lectures.

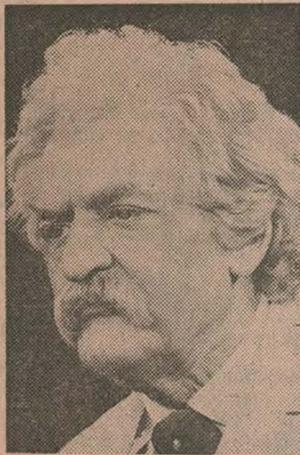
Holbrook talked with people who knew Twain personally or saw him on the lecture platform. He also studied reviews of Twain's lectures and even acquired a copy of a rare Edison film of Twain and a recording of his voice.

Holbrook's "reincarnation" of Twain has won him almost as much acclaim as Twain achieved just being Twain.

ON APRIL 6, 1959, Holbrook brought his "Mark Twain Tonight" show to Broadway where it became a smash hit.

Tonight's CBS special

N. Y. Times Starts
Weekly Paper
in Large Type



HAL HOLBROOK
Make-up masterpiece

should be one of the highspots of the TV season.

It was taped in January in the Little Theater on West 44th St., in New York, before an audience of TV editors. Another taping was scheduled the following night because Holbrook and David Susskind, the producer, were afraid the TV press might not be receptive enough.

"We were afraid they might be an unresponsive crowd," said Susskind, "but they were great and we didn't really need the second taping."

AFTER HOLBROOK removed his Twain makeup, which requires 5 hours to put on and an hour and a half to remove, Holbrook told the TV press how he transformed himself into Twain, because he WAS Twain, down to the last cigar puff and the last shuffling gait across the stage.

Holbrook glues 11 pieces of foam rubber to his cheeks, chin, nose, and hands to give him the appearance of age. After this comes a skull

piece, wig, face paint, and walrus mustache.

Then, attired in a panama suit with a string tie and puffing a cigar, Holbrook ambles onstage and starts telling Twain's stories interspersed with the salty comments on his life and times.

THE RESULT is a funny, hilarious, humorous, and convulsive 90 minutes of television. For instance, Twain's comments on:

Smoking: "I can give it up whenever I want to. I've done it a thousand times. I was already to reform if I could see any profit in it. But the only profit I could ever see in it was the heavenly pleasure of giving up the reform and going back to smoking again. I came into this world asking for a light. And I expect to go out of it blowing smoke rings."

Congress: "That grand old benevolent asylum for the helpless—I reported on the inmates there. They could talk for a week without getting rid of an idea. If one had been present when the Deity had said, 'Let there be light' we never would have had it."

Man: "It's a comical invention, the human race, any way you look at it. I wonder if God invented man because He was disappointed in the monkey. Man is the only animal that blushes—or needs to. But, then, you must remember, he was made at the end of the week's work."

Looking for work: "I was very particular about the kind of job. I didn't want to work so I became a newspaper reporter."

Holbrook says that 99.4 per cent of the material he uses is Twain.

"You could say," quips Holbrook, "that I've got the best writer in television producing my stuff."

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION

KEOKUK, FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1881

Length of the Mississippi.

Mark Twain mourns over the diminished length of the Mississippi in this strain: Therefore, the Mississippi between Cairo and New Orleans was 1,215 miles long 176 years ago. It was 1,180 after the cut off 1722. It was 1,040 after the American Bend cut off some years ago. It has lost 67 miles since. Consequently, its length is only 973 miles at present. Now, if I wanted to be one of those ponderous scientific people, and to prove what has occurred in the long past by what had occurred in a given time in the recent past, or what will occur in the far future by what has occurred in late years, what an opportunity is here. Geology never had such a chance, nor such exact data to argue from! Nor development of species, either. Glacial epochs are great things, but they are vague—vague. Please observe. In the space of 176 years the Lower Mississippi has shortened itself 343 miles. That is an average of a trifle over one mile and a third per year. Therefore any calm person, who is not blind or idiotic, can see in the old Oolitic Silurian period, just 1,000,000 years ago, next November, the Lower Mississippi River was upward of 1,300,000 miles long, and stuck out over the Gulf of Mexico like a fishing rod. And by the same token, any person can see that 742 years from now the Mississippi will be only a mile and a quarter long, and Cairo and New Orleans will have joined their streets together; and be plodding comfortably along under a single mayor and a mutual board of aldermen. There is something fascinating about science. One gets such wholesale returns of conjecture out of such a trifling investment of fact.—Ex.

CONSTITUTION - DEMOCRAT.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1889.

MARK TWAIN WANTS MONEY.

An Important Case in Which the Famous Humorist is Interested.

A case of considerable magnitude, which has been referred to in these columns as it progressed in the United States court, is that of Chas. L. Webster and Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain) of the city of Hartford, Conn., copartners under the firm style of Chas. L. Webster & Co., vs. R. T. Root, of Burlington, Iowa, growing out of the sale of books furnished by the firm.

The plaintiffs in a petition growing out of this first action against Henry Nau et al., securities of Root, say that on the 16th day of January, 1889, judgment was duly rendered in the United States circuit court of Iowa in their favor and against R. T. Root, and respondent Henry Nau, and George W. Dee in a certain action at law then pending for the sum of \$31,433.33 and

costs taxed at \$230.20. Execution issued on the 19th day of January, 1889, from the office of the clerk of the court, directed to the marshal of the district in which the respondent, Henry Nau, resides, and the said execution has been returned wholly unsatisfied, and no property of said judgment defendants or either of them subject to execution found in said southern district or in the state of Iowa, on which to levy, and said judgment remains wholly unsatisfied. The petition further states that said action in which said judgment was rendered as aforesaid was duly commenced and instituted in December, 1886, and was pending until said judgment was rendered as aforesaid, January 16, 1889. That said respondent, Henry Nau, on the 15th of May, 1888, before said judgment was rendered, was the owner of certain lots in Mt. Pleasant, and that said respondent, Henry Nau, made a pretended conveyance or deed of same to Elizabeth Nau, respondent. That the respondent, Henry Nau, owned real estate prior to said judgment, in Des Moines county, Iowa, to which he made a pretended conveyance of said property to respondent, John Nau. Other property in Des Moines county, it is claimed, was conveyed by deed by Henry Rau and wife to respondent, Frederic Williams. Assignments and mortgages made by Henry Rau are also cited. It is claimed that these transfers of property were made by Henry Nau for the purpose of defrauding the plaintiffs in the collection of their judgment and that the said respondents and each of them took such assignments with the like intent and without any consideration paid therefor, and pray that said respondents and each of them may be perpetually enjoined and restrained from in any manner collecting, receiving payment of, transferring, disposing of, pledging or encumbering the said notes and mortgages, or either of them, or any part thereof. That a receiver be appointed to take charge of said notes and mortgages and to hold and collect the same, subject to the orders of the court. A restraining order was issued in this case against the several respondents, on the 23d day of January, 1889, which was returned and filed on the 29th day of January.

A similar petition was filed February 2d by Chas. L. Webster & Co., against George W. Dee et al., growing out of this same case, which was heard before Judge Love yesterday, a restraining order obtained and the writ issued.

THE GATE CITY.

3. EOKUK, IOWA 869

THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 22.

THE RELIABLE CONTRABAND.

Mark Twain Makes a few touching Remarks on His Death,

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN.—It is my painful duty to mar these festivities with the announcement of one who was dear to us all—our tried and noble friend, the "Reliable Contraband." To the world at large this event will bring no sorrow, for the world never comprehended him, never knew him as we did, never had such cause to love him, but unto us the calamity brings unutterable anguish—for it heralds the loss of one whose great heart beats for us alone, whose tireless tongue vibrated in our interests only, whose fervent fancies wrought its miracles solely for our enrichment and renown.

In that time what did he not do for us? When marvels languished and sensation dispatches grew tame, who was it that laid down the shovel and the hoe and came with healing on his wings? The Reliable Contraband. When armies fled in panic and dismay, and the great cause seemed lost beyond all hope of succor, who was it that turned the tide of war and gave victory to the vanquished? The Reliable Contraband. When despair hung its shadows about the hearts of the people, and sorrow sat on every face, who was it that braved every danger to bring the cheering and incomprehensible news from the front? The Reliable Contraband. Who took Richmond the first time? The Reliable Contraband. Who took it the second time? The Reliable Contraband. Who took every time until the last, and then felt the bitterness of bearing the nation's applause? The Reliable Contraband. Who took it once more than that greater man who had taken it six times before? The Reliable Contraband. When we needed a bloodless victory, to whom did we look to win it? The Reliable Contraband. When we needed news to make the people's bowels yearn and their knotted and combined locks to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine, to whom did we look to fetch it? The Reliable Contraband. When we needed any sort of news upon any sort of description or subject, who was it that stood always ready to steal a horse and bring that news along? The Reliable Contraband.

My friends, he was the faithfullest vassal that ever fought, bled and died in the glorious ranks of journalism. Thunder and lightning never stopped him; annihilated railroads never delayed him; the telegraph never overtook him; military secrecy never crippled his knowledge; stragetic feints never confused his judgment; cannon balls couldn't kill him; clairvoyants couldn't find him; Satan himself couldn't catch him. His information comprited all knowledge, possible and impossible; his imagination was utterly boundless; his capacity to make mighty statements, and to back them up so as to make an inch of truth cover an acre of ground, without appearing to stretch or tear, was a thing that appalled even the most unimpressible with its awful grandeur.

The Reliable Contraband is no more! Born of the war and a necessity of the war, and of the war only, he watched its progress, took notes of its success and reverses, manufactured and recorded the most thrilling features of its daily history, and then, when it died his great mission was filled, his occupation was gone, and he died likewise.

No journalist here can lay his hand upon his heart and say that he had not a cause to love this faithful creature, over whose ungentle form we drop these unavailing tears—for no journalist among us all can lay his hand upon his heart and say he never lied with such pathos, such unctious, such exquisite symmetry, such sublimity of conception and such felicity of execution, as when he did it through and by the inspiration of this really gifted marvel of mendacity, the lamented Reliable Contraband. Peace to his ashes!

Respectfully,

MARK TWAIN.

CONSTITUTION - DEMOCRAT.

MARCH 28, 1889

TWAIN IN NEVADA.

Origin of Two Stories on Which His Reputation Was Founded.

"No man ever led a more peculiar career anywhere than Mark Twain did in Nevada," said Hon. T. C. Bates, of the Sagobrush State, to a San Francisco Examiner reporter.

"I remember well when, in 1861, he came to Carson with his brother, Orson Clemens, the new Secretary of the Territory. Mark came along, not as a secretary to him as is popularly supposed, but as a mere sight-seer. Mark was not disposed to work, and never did work to amount to any thing, except when he went to the Virginia Enterprise as a reporter. He put in the whole of his first winter looking around Carson, and the next winter he went over to Humboldt County and did some more of it there.

"I always held that circumstances made him. The two best stories he ever published, and upon which he made his reputation as a humorist, he was not the original author of at all. These, the 'Jumping Frog of Calaveras County,' and the 'Pie-Biter of Mariposa,' were published years and years before in a Stockton paper by Sam Scabough, the old California editor.

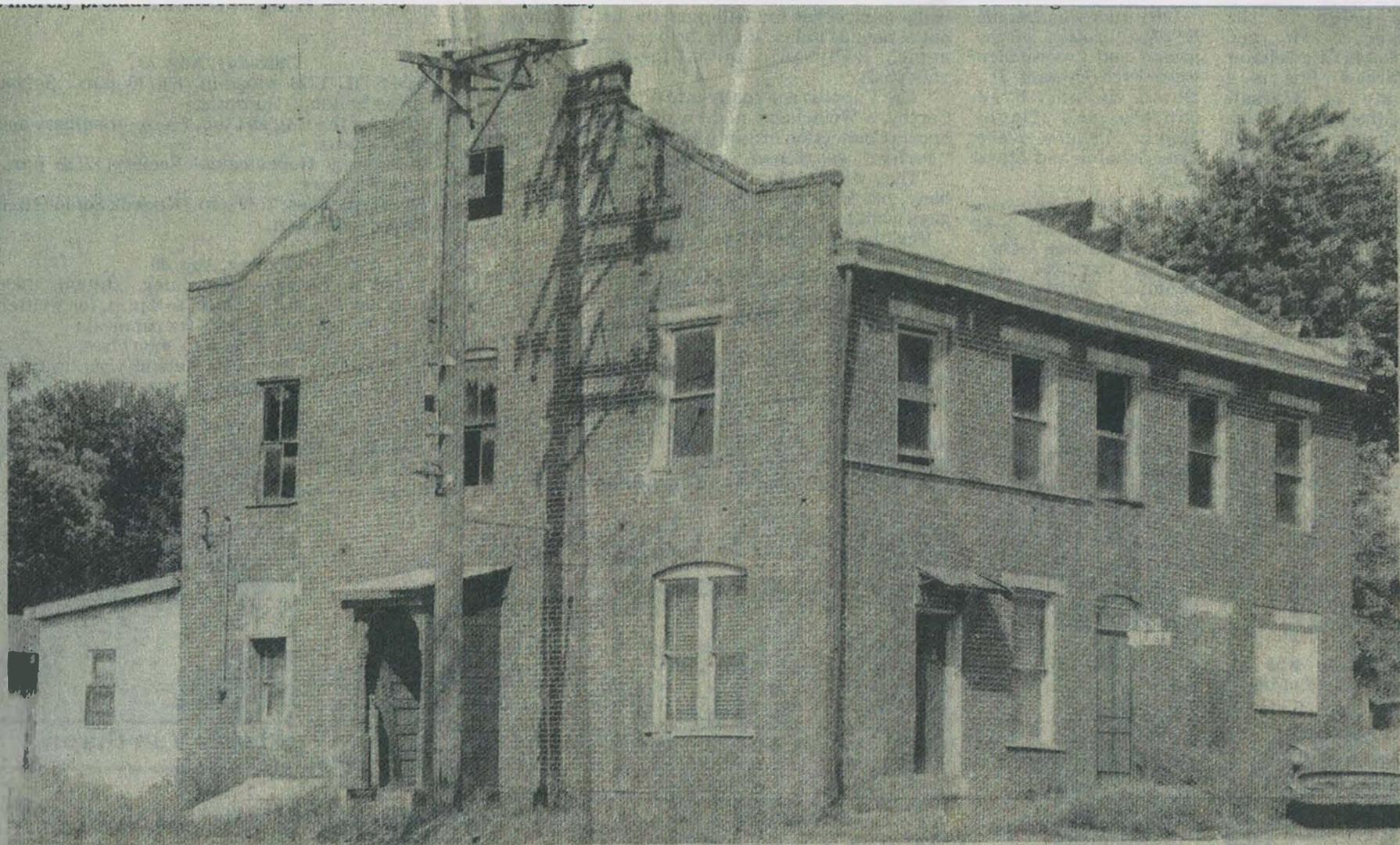
"Scabough was editor of the Stockton Independent, and some miners came down from Calaveras and told him about the miners there loading a frog up with shot. And it was a fact. In those days the men in those camps would bet about any thing, and one day they got to betting how far some frogs could jump that they had found. One miner conceived the idea of filling one of the rival frogs with shot, and he did it, and the frog couldn't jump.

"Scabough printed this as news, which it was, and it was copied all around, and long afterward it came out in Mark Twain's book.

"In like manner the story of the 'Pie-Biter of Mariposa' was printed by Scabough. A gang of men had gathered one night in the saloon below Scabough's office. There was among them a man with the awfulest mouth you ever saw. It was very big and curious-looking, and out of his ponderous lower jaw two teeth were missing. Somebody came in and asked Scabough to go down and take a look at him. Scabough did so, and somebody then asked the man what had happened to his teeth. He said he was a pie-biter from Mariposa, and had bitten through as many as thirteen pies at one time, on several occasions, but that the last time somebody rung in a plate on him, and that was what did it.

"It struck Scabough as an unusually funny thing, and he fixed it up and published it. Years after, as I have said, after the 'Pie-Biter of Mariposa' had gone the rounds of the press, it turned up in Mark Twain's book."

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"THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLS"
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK



Ivins House

Our Visual Heritage

By William L. Talbott

This photograph, taken by the late Lloyd Henry, if of the Hawkeye Hotel at First and Johnson streets just prior to its removal for the construction of Mississippi Terrace. This old Keokuk landmark, built about 1849, was first known as the Emery House, however, in May 1850 it was taken over by William S. Ivins and renamed the Ivins House in July that year. It was Keokuk's most popular hostelry in those days and a favorite meeting and eating place during the next decade. After passing through the hands of

several owners it became known as the Eagle Hotel and much later the Hawkeye Hotel. In its final days it became a local brothel and was the scene of an unsolved murder shortly before it was removed. In spite of this infamous background it had an important part in Keokuk's early history. It was here in 1856 that young Sam Clemens lived and boarded while he worked in his brother Orion Clemens' Ben Franklin Print Shop at Second and Main streets. It was at the Ivins House, however, where Sam Clemens, later known world over as Mark Twain, gave his first after dinner speech to a group of Keokuk

printers on January 17, 1856, to celebrate the birthday of their patron saint, Ben Franklin. No copy has ever been found of this speech but it was reported as being very funny. This year marks the 150th anniversary of Mark Twain's birth; the 100 anniversary of the publication of his finest work, "Huckleberry Finn"; and the 75th anniversary of his death. Though the Ivins House and Mark Twain are both gone and the murder mystery still remains, it is most fitting that the Ivins House and its famous boarder be remembered at Puck-e-she-tuck with no less than a pie baking contest.

THE GATE CITY.

Model Letter from Nevada.

[It is hardly necessary to say how this letter fell into our hands. Let it suffice that we know it was intended for publication.—ED. GATE CITY.]

CARSON CITY, Jan. 30, '62.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
Far, far from the battle-field's dreadful array,
With cheerful ease and untroubled rest,
Nor ask the sun to lend his streaming ray."

Bully, isn't it? I mean the poetry, madam, of course. Doesn't it make you feel just a little "stuck up" to think that your son is a—Bard? And I have attained to this proud eminence without an effort, almost. You see, madam, my method is very simple and easy—thus: When I wish to write a great poem, I just take a few lines from Tom, Dick and Harry, Shakspeare, and other poets, and by patching them together so as to make them rhyme occasionally, I have accomplished my object. Never mind the *sense*—sense, madam, has but little to do with poetry. By this wonderful method, any body can be a poet—or a bard—which sounds better, you know.

But I have other things to talk about, now—so, if you please, we will drop the subject of poetry. You wish to know where I am, and where I have been? And, verily, you shall be satisfied. Behold, I am in the middle of the universe—at the centre of gravitation—even Carson City. And I have been to the land that floweth with gold and silver—Humboldt. (Now, do not make any ridiculous attempt, ma, to pronounce the "d," because you can't do it, you know.) I went to the Humboldt with Billy C., and Gus., and old Mr. Fillon. With a two-horse wagon, loaded with eighteen hundred pounds of provisions and blankets—necessaries of life—to which the following luxuries were added, viz: Tea pounds of Killikinick, two dogs, Watt's Hymns, fourteen decks of cards, "Dombey and Son," a cribbage board, one small keg of lager beer and the "*carminia sacrae*."

At first, Billy drove, and we pushed behind the wagon. Not because we were fond of it, ma—Oh, no—but on Bunker's account. Bunker was the "near" horse, on the larboard side. Named after the Attorney General of this Territory. My horse—you are acquainted with him, by reputation, already—and I am sorry you do not know him personally, ma, for I feel towards him, sometimes, as if he were a blood relation of our family—he is so infernally lazy, you know—my horse, I was going to say—was the "off" horse on the starboard side. But it was on

Bunker's account, principally, that we pushed behind the wagon. For whenever we came to a hard piece of road, that poor, lean, infatuated cuss would fall into a deep reverie about something or other, and stop perfectly still, and it would generally take a vast amount of black-snaking and shoving and profanity to get him started again; and as soon as he was fairly under way, he would take up the thread of his reflections where he left off, and go on thinking, and pondering, and getting himself more and more mixed up and tangled in his subject, until he would get regularly stuck again, and atop to review the question.

And always in the meanest piece of road he could find.

In fact, Ma, that horse had something on his mind, all the way from here to Humboldt; and he had not got rid of it when I left there—for when I departed, I saw him standing, solitary and alone, away up on the highest peak of a mountain, where no horse ever ventured before, with his pensive figure darkly defined against the sky—still thinking about it.

Our dog, Tom, which we borrowed at Chinatown without asking the owner's permission, was a beautiful hound pup, eight months old. He was a love of a dog, and much addicted to fleas. He always slept with Billy and me. Whenever we selected our camp, and began to cook supper, Tom, aided and abetted by us three boys, immediately commenced laying his plans to steal a portion of the latter; and with our assistance, he generally succeeded in inserting his long, handsome nose into every dish before anybody else. This was wrong, Ma, and we know it—so, to atone for it, we made Mr. Fillon's dog stand around whenever he attempted any such liberties. And when our jolly supper was swallowed, and the night was on the wane, and we had finished smoking our pipes, and singing songs, and spinning yarns, and telling lies, and quoting scripture, and all that sort of thing, and had begun to look for a soft place on the ground to spread our blankets on, Tom, with immense sagacity, always assisted in the search, and then with becoming modesty, rewarded himself by taking first choice between the blankets. No wonder we loved the dog.

But, Mr. Fillon's dog, "Curney," we utterly despised. He was not a long, slender, graceful dog like Tom, but a lit-

tle mean, white, curly, grinning whelp, no bigger than a cat—with a wretched, envious, snappish, selfish disposition, and a tail like an all-wool capital O, curled

immodestly over his back, and apparently wrenched and twisted, to its place so tightly that it seemed to lift his hind legs off the ground sometimes. And we made Tom pester him; and bite his tail; and his ears; and stumble over him; and we heaped trouble and humiliation upon the brute to that degree that his life became a burden to him. And Billy, hating the dog, and thirsting for his blood, prophesied that Curney would come to grief. And Gus and I said Amen. And it came to pass according to the words of the prophet. Thus.

On the fifth day out, we left the village of Ragtown, and entered upon the Forty-five mile Desert, where the sand is of unknown depth, and locomotion of every kind is very difficult; where the road is strewn thickly with the skeletons and carcasses of dead beasts of burden, and charred remains of wagons; and chains, and bolts and screws, and gun-barrels, and such things of a like heavy nature as weary, thirsty emigrants, grown desperate, have thrown away, in the grand hope of being able, when less encumbered, to reach water. We left Ragtown, Ma, at nine o'clock in the morning, and the moment we began to plow through that horrible sand, Bunker, true to his instincts, fell into a reverie so dense, so profound, that it required all the black-snaking and shoving and profanity at our disposal to keep him on the move five minutes at a time. But we did shove, and whip and blaspheme all day and all night, without stopping to rest or eat, scarcely, (and alas! we had nothing to drink, then.) And long before daylight we struck the Big Alkali Flat—and Curney came to grief; for the poor devil got *alkalied*—in the seat of honor. You see he got tired, traveling all day and all night, nearly—immensely tired—and sat himself down by the way-side to rest. And lo! the iron entered his soul (poetical figure, Ma.)—And when he rose from that fiery seat, he began to turn somersets, and roll over and over and kick up his heels in the most frantic manner, and shriek, and yelp and bark, and make desperate grabs at his tail, which he could not reach on account of his excitement and a tendency to roll over; and he would drag himself over the ground in a sitting posture, (which afforded him small relief, you know,) and then jump up and yelp, and scour away like the wind, and make a circuit of three hundred yards, for all the world as if he were on the Pony Express. And we three weary and worn and thirsty wretches forgot our troubles, and fell upon the ground and laughed until all life and sense passed out of us, and the colic came to our relief

and brought us to again, while old Mr. Fillon wiped his spectacles, and put them on, and looked over them, and under them, and around them, in a bewildered way, and "wondered," every now and then, "what in the h—ll was the matter with Curney."

We thought,—yea, we fondly hoped, ma,—that Curney's time had come. But it was otherwise ordained. Mr. Fillon was much exercised on account of his dog's misery, and, sharing his misery, we recommended a bullet as a speedy remedy, but the old gentleman put his trust in tallow, and Curney became himself again, except that he walked behind the wagon for many hours with humble mein, and tail transformed from a brave all-wool capital O to a limp and all-wool capital J, and gave no sign when Tom bit his ears or stumbled over him.

We took up our abode at Unionville, in Buena Vista Mining District, Humboldt county, after pushing that wagon nearly 200 miles, and taking eleven days to do it in. And we found that the "National" lead there was selling at \$50 per foot, and assayed \$2,496 per ton at the Mint in San Francisco. And the "Alba Nueva," "Peru," "Delirio," "Congress," "Independence," and others, were immensely rich leads. And moreover, having winning ways with us, we could get "feet" enough to make us all rich one of these days. And again that mills would be in operation there by the 1st of June. And in the Star District, O. B. O'Bannon, of Keokuk, was flourishing, and had plenty of "feet," and in the Santa Clara District, Harroun and Jo. Byers of Memphis, Mo., likewise and ditto. And Billy put up his shingle as Notary Public, and Gus put up his as Probate Judge, and I mounted my horse (in company with the Captain and the Colonel) and journeyed back to Carson, leaving them making preparations for a prospecting tour; and before I can go to Esmeralda and get back to Humboldt, they will have laid, with the certainty of fate, the foundation of their fortunes. It's a great country, ma.

Now, ma, I could tell you how, on our way back here, the Colonel and the Cap-

tain and I got fearfully and desperately lousy; and how I got used to it and didn't mind it, and slept with the Attorney General, who wasn't used to it, and *did* mind it; but I fear my letter is already too long. Therefore—*sic transit gloria mundi, e pluribus unum forever!* Amen. (Latin, madam—which you don't understand, you know). S. L. C.

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