PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, LONDON

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MARK TWAIN

THE ANECDOTAL SIDE OF MARK TWAIN

Told in Stories and Anecdotes Contributed to the Journal by the Closest Friends of the Great Humorist, and Now Published for the First Time

The Funniest Man in America is Here Treated in the Fourth Article of the Series of The Ladies' Home Journal's New Form of Biography. Fully Equal in Interest is this Article to Those Published of Thomas A. Edison, in the April Issue; of Mrs. Cleveland, in June, and of President McKinley, in July.

MARK TWAIN'S DISLIKE FOR CLOTHES

MARK TWAIN has an intense dislike for clothes, and if it were possible would remain in his pajamas day in and day out. And whenever he can do so he eats breakfast in them, receives his friends and works in them. His favorite mode of writing is to lie flat on the floor on his stomach in his pajamas, with a pipe in his mouth. When on lecture tours he never gets out of his sleeping clothes until it is time to go to hall or opera house. When the fit strikes him he likes to exercise, and then with his customary shamble will shuffle along for miles and exhaust his most athletic companion. But he feels far more at home in his pajamas than in a street suit or evening clothes, and in them he remains as great a part of the day as Mrs. Clemens will allow him.

THE HOUSE AT HANNIBAL, MISSOURI, IN WHICH MARK TWAIN WAS BORN

HE COULD SHAVE IN CHURCH

AMONG the passengers who found excuses for addressing Mark one morning on board the steamer on which he was traveling on Lake Huron there was a young man who asked him if he had ever seen or used a shaving stone, at the same time handing him one. It was a small, fine-grained sandstone, the shape of a miniature grindstone and about the size of an ordinary watch, or perhaps a trifle larger. The young man explained to Mark that all one had to do was to rub the face with this stone and the rough beard would disappear, and that the shaver could, with the greatest ease, shave anywhere.

Mark looked at it doubtfully, rubbed it on his unshaven cheek and expressed great wonder at the result; then putting it in his vest pocket he remarked with a quiet, sort of reminiscent smile: "Well, the Madam (he generally spoke of Mrs. Clemens as 'the Madam') will have no cause to complain again of my never being ready for church because it takes me so long to shave. I will just put this in my vest pocket on Sunday. Then when I get in church I'll just pull the thing out and enjoy a quiet shave in my pew during the long prayer."

HIS FIRST TWO MEETINGS WITH GENERAL GRANT

WHEN Mark was first introduced to General Grant the latter shook hands in a perfunctory manner and immediately relapsed into his customary attitude of reticence. There was an awkward pause; it grew longer and longer as the humorist tried to think of something bright to say. Finally, as if in sheer desperation, Twain looked up, with an assumed air of great timidity, and said, "Mr. President, I—I feel a little bit embarrassed. Do you?" The President could not help smiling, and Mark took advantage of the chance the incident presented to give place to others.

Ten years later, when statesman and humorist met again, General Grant, with a twinkle in his eye, said, before Twain had the chance to utter a word: "Mr. Clemens, I don't feel at all embarrassed. Do you?"

HIS APPEAL TO BABY RUTH CLEVELAND

SOME years ago Mark Twain appeared at the Consulate of the United States at Frankfort, Germany, and found Captain Mason, the Consul-General, packing up his books and papers, and all of his personal belongings.

"What's up?" he asked.

"My time is up," returned Mason cheerfully. "We have a Democratic President, and as I am a Republican I have to get out and give my place to a good Democrat, soon to be appointed to this post."

"That's a blessed shame!" exclaimed Mr. Clemens, and he started for the hotel, where he wrote this letter to Ruth Cleveland, then only about a year old:

"*My Dear Ruth:* I belong to the Mugwumps, and one of the most sacred rules of our order prevents us from asking favors of officials or recommending men to office, but there is no harm in writing a friendly letter to you and telling you that an infernal outrage is about to be committed by your father in turning out of office the best Consul I know (and I know a great many) just because he is a Republican, and a Democrat wants his place."

And then Mr. Clemens related what he knew of Captain Mason and his official record, and continued:

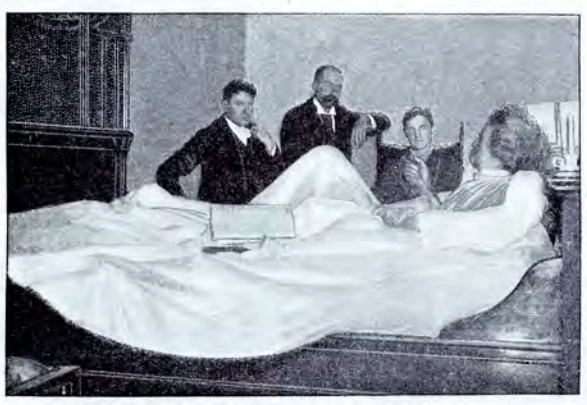
"I can't send any message to the President, but the next time you have a talk with him concerning such matters I wish you would tell him about Captain Mason and what I think of a Government that so treats its efficient officials."

Three or four weeks later Mr. Clemens received a little envelope postmarked Washington in which was a note, written in President Cleveland's own hand, that read:

"Miss Ruth Cleveland begs to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Twain's letter, and to say that she took the liberty of reading it to the President, who desires her to thank Mr. Twain for his information and to say to him that Captain Mason will not be disturbed in the Frankfort Consulate. The President also desires Miss Cleveland to say that if Mr. Twain knows of any other cases of this kind he will be greatly obliged if he will write him concerning them at his earliest convenience."

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER G. CHASE

MARK TWAIN WITH HIS WIFE, AND DAUGHTER, MISS CLARA CLEMENS

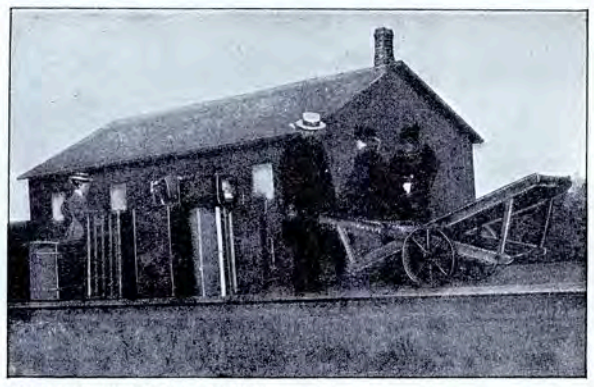


PHOTOGRAPH BY MAJOR JAMES B. POND

MARK TWAIN TALKING TO REPORTERS IN BED

COMPELS HIS MANAGER TO KEEP HIS CONTRACT

IN ORDER to keep a lecture engagement in the Northwest it was necessary for Mark to arrive one chilly morning in season to take the four o'clock overland train. There were five in the party, but no one grumbled. All reached the station five minutes before the time for the train, only to read on the bulletin, "Pacific Mail one hour and twenty minutes late." Mark began to grumble, saying that he had contracted to travel and give entertainments, and not to stand shivering around railroad stations. He kept this up for some time. Finally Mrs. Clemens asked him if he were not a little unreasonable. He was standing by the baggage wheelbarrow, and answered: "No, I am not. I insist on the Major's keeping his contract by keeping me traveling in this wheelbarrow." So Major Pond wheeled him up and down the platform just as the sun was coming up, when Miss Clara got the snap shot that is given above.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS CLARA CLEMENS

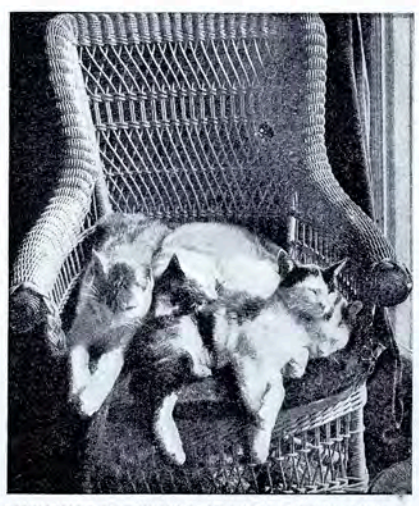
MARK INSISTED ON TRAVELING

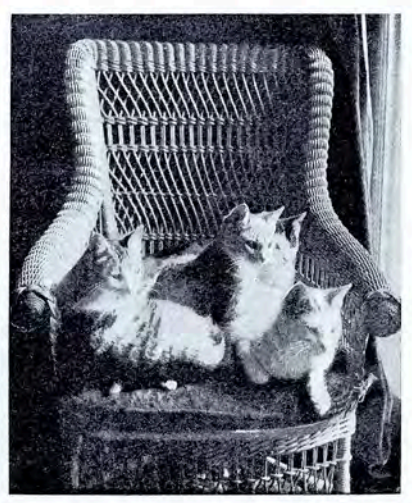
PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, LONDON

AS HE OFTEN STROLLS OUT

MARK TWAIN'S FONDNESS FOR CATS

MARK TWAIN'S American summer home for a number of years was at Quarry Farm, on the hill north of and overlooking Elmira, New York. Here he was invariably accompanied by a drove of cats—the cat being Mark's pet domestic animal. They followed him





PHOTOGRAPH BY PERMISSION OF MAJOR JAMES B. POND

MARK TWAIN'S FOUR FAVORITE CATS: BEELZEBUB, BLATHERSKITE, APOLLINARIS AND BUFFALO BILL

wherever he strolled about the place, and slept in a big chair beside the desk in his bower-study when he went there. He had for a long time four handsome cats—Beelzebub, Blatherskite, Apollinaris and Buffalo Bill—all under complete control. He would call them to "come up" on the chair, and they would all jump on the seat. He would tell them to "go to sleep," and instantly the group were all apparently fast asleep, remaining so until he called "Wide awake!" when in a twinkling up would go their ears and wide open would be their eyes.

HIS WAY TO GET RID OF BORES

MARK had an easy way, in the old days, of getting rid of bores. He delighted to smoke a pipe that he never cleaned, and when any caller wearied him he would, while seeming to be interested in what was said, puff like a locomotive, filling the room with such poisonous stuff as to make the unwelcome talker glad to go.

SHE WOULD RAISE MELONS: HE WOULD DO THE REST

AS EVERYBODY knows, the Secretary of Agriculture is authorized by Congress to distribute seeds among the farmers of the country for the ostensible purpose of introducing new vegetables and other crops from foreign countries. While he was Secretary of Agriculture the Hon. J. Sterling Morton received this communication:

"*Dear Sir:* Your petitioner, Mark Twain, a poor farmer of Connecticut—indeed, the poorest one there in the opinion of envy—desires a few choice breeds of seed corn (maize), and in return will zealously support the Administration in all ways, honorable and otherwise.

"To speak by the card, I want these things to carry to Italy to an English lady. She is a neighbor of mine outside of Florence, and has a great garden and thinks she could raise corn for her table if she had the right ammunition. I myself feel a warm interest in this enterprise, both on patriotic grounds and because I have a key to that garden, which I got made from a wax impression. It is not very good soil, still I think she can raise enough for one table, and I am in a position to select the table.

"If you are willing to aid and abet a countryman (and Gilder thinks you are), please find the signature and address of your petitioner below. Respectfully and truly yours,

"MARK TWAIN."

"P. S. A handful of choice (Southern) watermelon seeds would pleasantly add to that lady's employment and give my table a corresponding lift."

Secretary Morton sent the seeds.

ONCE HE WAS GUILTY OF PUNNING

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Clemens were on their wedding tour he wrote to a Buffalo friend to secure board for them. This friend met them at the station on their return, and assured them that they would find their boarding-house satisfactory. On reaching there they were welcomed by the bride's parents, who asked them to accept the house as a wedding gift. Almost overcome by the surprise, Mark took his wife's hand, and stepping up to her parents simply said, "Happy twain."

ONE OF HIS DRY QUERIES

SEVERAL years ago Mr. Clemens met an Englishman traveling through this country with the unseeing eyes of the British tourist. The humorist told him, with much zest, one of his inimitable stories, which was received with a puzzled stare and no comment. Six months later Twain was in a London hotel when an Englishman rushed up to him and burst into a roar of laughter as he grasped both Mark's hands, exclaiming, "I see the joke now!"

He proceeded to explain that the point of the story had suddenly struck him some time before, and when he heard of Mr. Clemens' presence in London he took the fastest train up to see him. The great joker looked at him gravely a moment and then queried, "You say you took the express? Why didn't you take the freight?"

AN EXAMPLE OF HIS DEVICES TO GET A GOOD STORY

IN BERLIN when one pays his fare to the conductor of a street car he receives a ticket, which is soon afterward collected by an inspector, who boards the car at a fixed point. One day, just as a joke, Mark Twain paid his fare fifteen times on one trip, each time throwing the ticket out of the window or under his seat as soon as he had deposited the regular fare with the conductor. A few minutes later the inspector would get on the car and demand tickets all around. Of course Twain had none to show and had to buy another, apparently with reluctance. The performance amused the American, dumfounded the conductor, who had never met so reckless a passenger, and tickled the native passengers, who thought the foreigner well punished for his negligence. By this modest investment material was obtained for a capital story which netted Mark Twain just five hundred dollars.

NOT SO BRIGHT AS HE THOUGHT HE WAS

IT WAS a busy morning in the Clemens household. Mrs. Clemens had had some etchings removed from their frames in order to clean them, and they were scattered about the floor of the library; upstairs Mark was digging away on some article that was absorbing all his attention; and just at this time an Englishman who had shown the family many courtesies and entertained them on his houseboat, rang the bell. Mrs. Clemens retreated to her chamber, and when the visitor's card was brought up told the maid to take it to Mr. Clemens and say that the gentleman was waiting and must be seen at once, as she herself was not prepared to meet him. Down came Mark, smothering the rage that was arising on account of the interruption. He had merely glanced at the card and had not recognized the name. Entering the library, and seeing the stranger bending over the array of etchings, he surmised that their caller was a dealer in pictures. "Well," he said rather brusquely, "I don't see that we need anything in your line." Then, glancing at the pictures, which he supposed had just been brought to the house, he added. "We already have this one, and this, and that one, too. At any rate, we don't need any more."

The Englishman was dumfounded. He politely offered an excuse for intruding, asked where Mr. Warner lived, and departed, while Mark returned to his writing. On the way past his wife's room he remarked triumphantly that he "got rid of that agent easily." Mrs. Clemens stared at him in horror, and then explained who the gentleman was. Mark instantly dashed across the back yard—a short cut to Warner's—with profuse apologies.

HIS DISCOVERY IN THE NEW TESTAMENT

MARK TWAIN sat in his little library at Chelsea, London, one afternoon, when a friend who happened to be calling noticed an open Bible upon his table and inquired if he had taken to the study of the Holy Word.

"That's a good Book," Twain answered with his odd drawl. "That's about the most interesting Book I ever read. Joe Twitchell, a parson over in Connecticut, recommended it to me, and I have been more interested in it than in any other book I have read for a long time. You better read it yourself. It beats any novel or history or work of science that I ever tackled. It is full of good stories and philosophy. It suggests lots of ideas, and there's news in it. I find things that I never heard of before. Did you ever know that the English people were mentioned in the Bible?"

"Why, yes, there is a theory that the lost tribes of Israel migrated over this way and settled the British Islands."

"Oh! I don't mean that. I discovered to-day that Christ spoke of the British people in the 'Sermon on the Mount.'" And, reaching over for the Book, he read:

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

WAS ONCE A PERFUMER

PROBABLY few folk know that Mark Twain was once engaged in the perfumery business in Cleveland, Ohio, hanging out a sign: "Carl Faust, Late Perfumer to the King of Holland." He afterward told a friend that he bought all his supplies in New York, except his "pure bears' grease," which was a mixture of olive oil, wax and scent, made on the spot, and advertised by means of a bearskin hung now and then at the door. The venture was not a brilliant success, and Mark soon retired.

HIS EARLY PROCLIVITY TO GET INTO TROUBLE

ONE of the incidents of his boyhood in Hannibal, which does not figure in "Tom Sawyer," occurred while his sister Pamela was teaching music there. Frequently she used to entertain her pupils at her home. One night Mark was sent to bed early, while Miss Pamela and her young friends indulged in a candy-pull. At the proper moment the sweet mixture was set on the back porch to cool. Just about that time Mark was awakened by a cat fight. Here was a treat not to be missed. He crawled out of his window upon a trellis over the porch in order to get a good view, but missing his footing fell down into the pan of candy, making an alarming clatter. When the folks rushed out to see what had happened it appeared that Mark and the candy were inseparable.

SOME OF THE THINGS HE LIKES

MARK TWAIN is a good billiard player and will drop almost any occupation for the sake of having a game. He likes to take long walks, and he also is fond of base-ball. Once, while at a ball game, he became so excited that he dropped his umbrella from the grandstand. Too lazy to go down under the seats for it at the time, he found, when looking for it at the end of the game, that it was missing. The next day he published this striking advertisement: Five Dollars Reward for the umbrella, and several hundred for "the body of the boy who stole it—dead or alive."

SAYING A GOOD WORD FOR GENERAL HAWLEY

ONCE in a while Mark has taken a hand in politics. On one occasion, being invited to speak in the interest of his fellow-townsman, Gen. Joseph Hawley, who was a candidate for reëlection to the United States Senate, he said, in the course of a droll address: "General Hawley deserves your support, although he has about as much influence in purifying the Senate as a bunch of flowers would have in sweetening a glue factory. But he's all right; he never would turn any poor beggar away from his door empty-handed. He always gives them something—almost without exception a letter of introduction to me, urging me to help them."

WHY COLONEL SELLERS WAS NAMED "MULBERRY"

ONE day while Mark and Charles Dudley Warner were walking together in Hartford they happened to begin a discussion of the modern novel, and one or the other suggested that it might be a good plan to burlesque it. Later, while journeying together to Boston, this suggestion took definite shape, and on their return the work was begun, one author writing a chapter, the other taking up the threads of the story the next day, and both critically examining the result each evening and asking the opinions of their wives as to the success of each stage of the undertaking. Finally they collected all the manuscript, of which there was too great a quantity, and jointly condensed it. It was owing to a suggestion by Mr. Warner that the chief character in the tale was called Colonel Eschol Sellers, and it is a fact that the man whose name was taken—a man supposed to be long dead—made a fiery demand for satisfaction, visiting Hartford for that purpose. In later editions of the story the name "Eschol" was changed to "Mulberry."

AFRAID HE WOULD RUN OUT OF "SMOKES"

MARK TWAIN is an inveterate smoker and never lets a moment go by when possible without smoking his pipe or a cigar. When going on a long journey he has a mortal dread of running out of tobacco. When at Victoria, British Columbia, he was to sail next day for Honolulu. During a walk he espied a wholesale dealer in cheroots (small cigars) and bought three thousand of them, together with fifteen pounds of pipe tobacco. In the afternoon he went back to the store and bought three thousand more cheroots. That evening shortly after beginning his lecture he surprised his manager, who was in the audience, by beckoning him to come to the stage. The summons was obeyed with alacrity, much to the curiosity of the audience. The manager mounted the platform, and when at the lecturer's side Mark Twain stopped in his talk, and turning to his manager said:

"Pond, I fear that cigar place may close before I get through here. Go there now and get fifteen hundred more of those cheroots."

And turning to his audience Mark went on with his lecture as if nothing had happened. Next day he sailed with the seventy-five hundred cheroots and fifteen pounds of tobacco, perfectly happy and with his mind easy.

HOW HE MADE WILLIAM II LAUGH THE WHOLE EVENING

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 the gravity becoming an apostle of well-bred boredom, and in that case the Kaiser would have done all the talking throughout the evening. Not so 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 ready on which somebody stepped, thereby alarming all the reds and whites for several hundred miles around. He led His Majesty 'in the track of a cannon ball across the plain 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 up 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 MAN IN WHOSE LAP I SAT

By Carl Herrick

IT WAS a belated wedding trip. Our journey to my new home in Muskaloosa had been so disagreeable that we agreed to forget it as speedily as possible, and when Judge Elwyn (of course he wasn't the Judge then) had to go to New York three months later to attend to an important railroad case, I declared I wanted to see an old man again (there was not a man over forty in Muskaloosa) and some houses not built yesterday, so Wayne (my husband) said we would call it our wedding journey.

The last stage of it found us on board the steamboat, "The Swallow," which ran between Albany and New York City. We were both sound asleep in the stuffy little stateroom when a sudden shock awoke us. We were hurled from our berths, and jumped up to find ourselves grasping each other as we tried to stand upright on the slanting floor.

There were sounds of hurrying feet and a voice crying, "Come on deck, everybody," and as my husband struggled into his boots I tried to find my gown. Some one called, as they beat a hasty tattoo on the doors, "Don't wait to dress," and Wayne wrapped me in my long green cloth cloak with its many capes, and grasped his own coat, while I caught up my new tan-colored beaver bonnet, and hurriedly we made our way on deck.

IT WAS a very dark night, and the sloping boat rose high in the air over what seemed a bottomless abyss. A few children whimpered at being snatched from their warm beds into the chill night, but the women all behaved very well. They felt that we were stuck fast on something which was probably dry land, and after the first scare many wanted to return to their staterooms to dress. That, however, was forbidden, as there was a possibility of the boat parting amidships and going down at almost any moment.

My husband was a man to whom people instinctively turned to consult, and the Captain and he were soon attending to the transfer of the passengers to the shore. Deckhands built bonfires on the sandy beach, and by their weird light women and children were lifted over the railings and lowered into the arms of men standing below. When my turn came, as the two burly men held me on the outer side, I caught hold of the edge with a grip of steel. I heard Wayne say, "Let go, Felice," but I simply couldn't. Then I heard a rough voice say, "Hit her over the hands with a bit o' wood, mate," and at the sharp pain my fingers relaxed, and as I dropped into the waiting arms away flew my lovely bonnet, which I never saw again. Mr. Elwyn tied his handkerchief over my mop of curls, and my long coat which was buttoned from neck to heels covered me completely.

AT EARLY dawn a steamboat came along and was hailed, and all except the Captain and boatmen were put aboard it. Wayne found a seat for me on its crowded decks, and put me in charge of a gentleman who had shaken hands with him and made room for me beside him. I did not catch his name before my husband left me and went to look after the passengers who were less fortunate than ourselves.

I was only sixteen, and it was my first long journey, so when the boat ran across the seine nets spread by the Long Island fishermen, and it danced up and down, swaying and bobbing in a way that made me imagine we were to repeat the experience of the night before with variations, each time I started wildly to my feet. The old gentleman, who was a noble-looking man, with the most wonderful dark, compelling eyes, that seemed soft, stern and sad all at once, tried to calm me. But the experience I had been through did not make it easy to soothe me, and at last in desperation the dignified old gentleman drew me down upon his knees, folded me tenderly in his arms, and as my excitement continued talked soothingly to me until my husband returned. When he put us into our carriage to drive to our hotel he kissed my hand at parting with the most charming grace in the world, and when Wayne told me it was Daniel Webster, who was worshiped by my father and brothers as one of the immortals returned to earth, I kissed that hand myself, and my husband always declared that I treated it far better than I did the other hand ever afterward.