SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FRESH FINDINGS FROM MARK TWAIN BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE Author of Mark Twain A Biography Illustrations by HORACE TAYLOR

permission of Harper and Brothers, the Buttorized biographer of Mark Twain contrib-utes to the SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE the following personal reminiscences and anecdotes gathered during his long and intimate association with the great humorist, selected from the recently published life of Mark Twain.



ARK for long had succeeded in con-cealing his pro-fanity from his wife. But he sometimes 10 Dfided under a pledge of secrecy, how one morning, when he thought the door was shut between their bedroom and the COW bathroom, he was

in there dressing and shaving, accompanying these trying things with language intended only for the strictest privacy; how presently, when he discovered a button off the shirt he intended to put on, he hurled it through the window into the yard with appropriate re-marks, followed it with another shirt in the same condition, and added cer-tain collars and neckties, decorating the shrubbery outside, where the people were going by to church; how in this extreme moment he heard a in this extreme moment he heard a slight cough, and turned to find that the door was open! There was only one door, and he knew he had to pass her. He felt pale and sick, and sat down a few moments to consider. He decided to assume that she was asleep, and to walk out and through the room, head up, as if he had noth-

the room, head up, as if he had noth-ing on his conscience. He attempted it, but without success. Half-way across the room he heard a voice suddenly repeat his last ter-rific remark. He turned to see her sitting up in bed, regarding him with a look as withering as she could find in her gentle soul. The humor of it struck him. "Livy," he said, "did it sound like that?"

that

that?" "Of course it did," she said, "only worse. I wanted to hear just how it sounded." "Livy," he said, "it would pain me to think that when I swear it sounds like that. You got the words right, Livy, but you don't know the tune."

"I WAS never consciously and pur-"I was never consciously and pur-posely irreverent in my life, yet-one person or another is always charging me with a lack of rever-ence. Reverence for what — for whom? Who is to decide what ought to command my reverence — my neighbor or 1? I think I ought to do the electing myself. The Moham-medan and the Christian — each says that the other is irreverent, and both that the other is inteverent, and don't are mistaken, for manifestly you can't have reverence for a thing that does n't command it. If you could do that you could digest what you have n't eaten, and do other miracles and get a reputation."

MARK TWAIN once received a let-ter from an author who had written a book calculated to assist inventors and patentees, asking for his indorsement. He replied: Dear Sir: I have, as you say been interested in patents and patentees. If your book tells how to exterminate inventors send me nine editions. Send them by express. Very truly yours, S. L. CLEMENS.

"I DON T see any use in spelling a word right — and never did. I mean I don't see any use in having a uniform and arbitrary way of spell-ing words. We might as well make all clobes all does not done ing words. We might as well make all clothes alike and cook all dishes alike. Sameness is tiresome; variety

is pleasing. I have a correspondent whose letters are always a refresh-ment to me; there is such a breezy unfettered originality about his or-thography. He always spells kow with a large K. Now that is just as with a large K. Now that is just as good as to spell it with a small one. It is better. It gives the imagina-tion a broader field, a wider scope. It suggests to the mind a grand, vague, impressive new kind of a conv."

THE following original dedication 1 to Roughing It was suppressed by Mrs. Clemens, though not without a spirited protest from the author: To the Late Cain This Book is Dedicated.

Not on account of respect his memory, for it merits little respect; not on account of sym-pathy for him, for his bloody deed places him without the pale of sympathy, strictly speaking, but out of a mere humane com-miseration for him, in that it was his misfortune to live in a dark age that knew not the beneficent insanity plea.



HAVE been re-HAVE been in ceived in a sort of tremendous way tonight by the brains of London, assem-bled at the an-nual dinner of the sheriffs of London; mine being (between you and me) a name which was received with a

received with a thundering outburst of spontane-ous applause when the long list of guests was called. I might have perished on the spot, but for the friendly support and as sistance of my excellent friend, Sir John Bennett,

Sir John Bennett. This letter from Twaln to a friend does not tell all of the incident or the real reason why he might have perished on the spot. During the long roll-call of guests he had lost interest a little, and was conversing in whispers with Sir John Bennett, stopping to applaud now and then when the applause of the others in dicated that some distinguished name had been pronounced. All at once, the applause broke out with great vehemence. This must be some the applause broke out with vehemence. This must be some great vehemence. This must be some very distinguished person indeed. He joined in It with great enthusiasm. When to Sir John: When it was over he whispered

"Whose name was that they were just applauding?"

'Mark Twain's."

Whereupon the. support was meeded.

"T IS more trouble to make an original maxim than it is to do right.

Aerial Analysis

I F the late Wilbur Wright ever had a I romance he managed to keep the secret, and no one seemed to know. However, he was not without views on the subject. A reporter once asked him why he had never married. It's the casiest thing in the world to drive an aeroplane," he answered, "and it's just as easy to get married." Then he added: "Women and aeroplanes are so much alike that you can't analyze either until you get them going."





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