

**FRESH FINDINGS FROM MARK TWAIN**

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE  
Author of Mark Twain: A Biography  
Illustrations by HORACE TAYLOR



BY permission of Harper and Brothers, the authorized biographer of Mark Twain contributes to THE SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE SECTION 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.



**S**HORTLY before Christmas at the Players' Club in New York, a member named Scott said one day:

"Mr. Clemens, you have an extra overcoat hanging in the coatroom. I've got to attend my uncle's funeral, and it's raining very hard. I'd

like to wear it."

The coat was an old one, in the pockets of which Clemens kept a melancholy assortment of pipes, soiled handkerchiefs, neckties, letters and what not.

"Scott," he said, "if you won't lose anything out of the pockets of that coat you may wear it."

An hour or two later, Clemens found a notice in his mail-box that a package for him was in the office. He called for it and found a neat bundle, which somehow had a Christmas look. He carried it up to the reading-room with a showy air.

"Now, boys," he said, "you may make all the fun of Christmas you like, but it's pretty nice, after all, to be remembered."

They gathered around and he undid the package. It was filled with the pipes, soiled handkerchiefs and other articles from the old overcoat. Scott had taken extra precautions against losing them.

Mark Twain regarded them a moment in silence, then he drawled:

"Well, d—n Scott. I hope his uncle's funeral will be a failure!"



**G**OING down in the hotel elevator, on his last visit to Chicago, a man stepped in from one of the floors swearing violently. Twain, leaning over to a friend who accompanied him, with his hand to his mouth and in a whisper audible to every one, said:

"Bishop of Chicago."

**O**NE day in Hartford a drop-letter came to the Clemens home asking the humorist to lecture for a church debt. He began to rage over the exceedingly cool wording of the request, when Mrs. Clemens said:

"I think I know that church, and, if so, this preacher is a colored man; he doesn't know how to write a polished letter. How should he?"

Twain's manner changed so suddenly and so radically that Mrs. Clemens said:

"I will give you a motto, and it will be useful to you if you will adopt it: 'Consider every man colored till he is proved white.'"

Recounting the incident, Mark commented laconically: "It is dern good, I think."

**P**ATRICK came to us thirty-six years ago. He was our coachman from the day that I drove my young bride to our new home. He was a young Irishman, slender, tall, lithe, honest, truthful, and he never changed in all his life. He really was with us but twenty-five years, for he did not go with us to Europe; but he never regarded that as a separation. He was with us in New Hampshire last summer, and his hair was just as black, his eyes were just as blue, his form just as straight and his heart just as good as on the day we first met. In all the long years, Patrick never made a mistake. He

never needed an order; he never received a command. He knew. I have been asked for my idea of an ideal gentleman, and I give it to you—Patrick McAleer."

**T**WAIN once wrote a friend apropos of some adverse expression with regard to a high protective tariff: "Thank you for any hard word you can say about the tariff. I guess the government that robs its own people earns the future it is preparing for itself."



**A**MONG the many books Mark Twain projected, but never carried to conclusion, was a burlesque manual of etiquette, of which are these unpublished fragments:

*At Billiards.*

If your ball glides along in the intense and immediate vicinity of the object ball, and a count seems exquisitely imminent, lift one leg; then one shoulder; then squirm your body around in sympathy with the direction of the moving ball; and at the instant when the balls seem on the point of colliding throw up both your arms violently. Your cue will probably break a chandelier, but no matter; you have done what you could to help the count.

*At the Dog-Fight.*

If it occurs in your block, courteously give way to strangers desiring a view, particularly ladies.

Avoid showing partiality toward one dog.

However, let your secret sympathies and your compassion be always with the under dog in the fight—this is magnanimity; but bet on the other one—this is business.

*At Poker.*

If you draw to a flush and fail to fill, do not continue the conflict. If you hold a pair of trays, and your opponent is blind, and it costs you fifty to see him, let him remain unperceived.

If you hold nothing but one ace high, and by some means you know that the other man holds the rest of the aces, and he calls, excuse yourself. Let him call again another time.

*Wall Street.*

If you live in the country, buy at 80, sell at 40. Avoid all forms of eccentricity.

*In the Restaurant.*

When you wish to get the waiter's attention, do not sing out "Say!" Simply say "Szt!"

**O**NCE when conundrums were being asked at a party Mark was urged to make one.

"Well," he said, "Why am I like the Pacific Ocean?"

Several guesses were made, but none satisfied him. Finally all gave it up.

"Tell us, Mark, why are you like the Pacific Ocean?"

"I do n't know," he drawled. "I was just asking for information."

**"W**HEN angry count four, and when very angry swear."

**"M**AN was made at the end of the week's work when the Creator was getting tired."

He loses both his business and advertising appropriation, who fails to make good.

**Are You Interested in Yourself?**

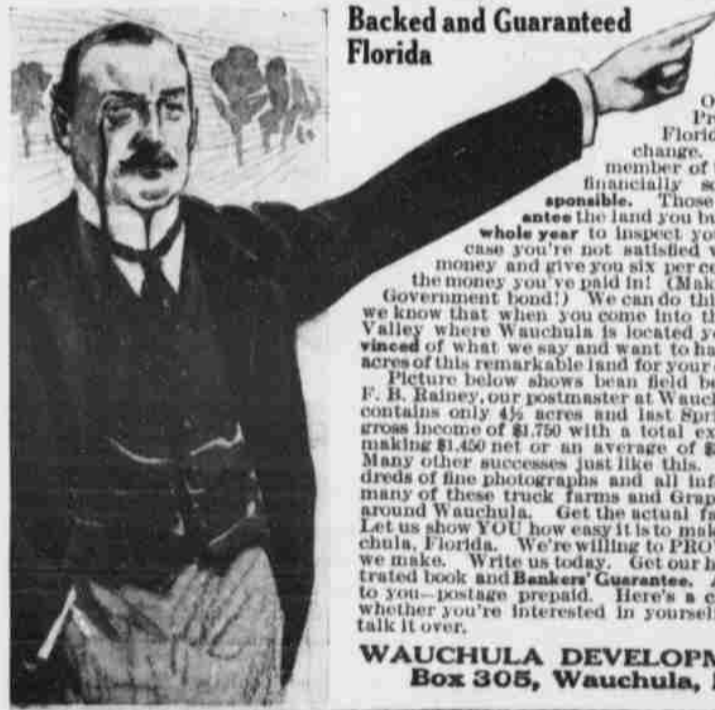
Where's the man who won't say that he is? Where's the man who is free to admit that perhaps after all he's his own worst enemy and millstone? Few will, it is true. Yet there are thousands of them! And, usually, these men are the hardest to convince that they're on the wrong track.

If you are on the wrong track, there's a switch open to you right now that'll actually guide you into the right way. If you are ambitious to earn an income of \$3,000 to \$8,000 a year and be absolutely free and your own boss you owe it to yourself to at least investigate this Wauchula, Florida, offer we are now making.

Wauchula, Florida, is God's country! It's a place where your present effort and capital will actually bring in ten times as many dollars. It is a spot in this wonderful, semi-tropical country where men just like you have come to and made good! It is a country where you are not crowded out, pushed aside or hampered for the lack of opportunity. Wauchula, Florida, is an ideal spot in an ideal money-making state; a place where the combination soil, the climate and the yield of garden truck and citrus fruits are all above criticism; gigantic crops of vegetables keep you the first four years, then bountiful yields of golden Grape Fruit and Famous Florida Oranges come—and you're independent!

Wauchula, Florida, is a live little town of 1,500. Four banks, with nearly \$500,000.00 deposits indicate the prosperity of these grove owners. Churches, an up-to-date school system, lodges, well-equipped and modern stores, all these make it easily possible to live and enjoy one's self in Wauchula. There are first-class transportation facilities, a live cash market, ready to take all your vegetables and citrus fruits and congenial people at Wauchula. Good water, good drainage, a healthful climate (no malaria here, remember!) and the best of Florida soil (we can prove it) make this spot the safest land investment you can go in to.

**Wauchula, Florida**



**Backed and Guaranteed By Bankers**

Our Treasurer is President of the Florida Citrus Exchange. Every other member of the company is financially sound—and responsible. Those bankers guarantee the land you buy. You have a whole year to inspect your land and in case you're not satisfied we return your money and give you six per cent interest on the money you've paid in! (Making it safe as a Government bond!) We can do this only because we know that when you come into the Peace River Valley where Wauchula is located you will be convinced of what we say and want to have at least ten acres of this remarkable land for your own.

Picture below shows bean field belonging to Mr. F. B. Rainey, our postmaster at Wauchula. This field contains only 4 1/2 acres and last Spring produced a gross income of \$1,750 with a total expense of \$300—making \$1,450 net or an average of \$322.22 per acre. Many other successes just like this. We have hundreds of fine photographs and all information about many of these truck farms and Grape Fruit Groves around Wauchula. Get the actual facts and figures. Let us show YOU how easy it is to make good at Wauchula, Florida. We're willing to PROVE every claim we make. Write us today. Get our handsome, illustrated book and Bankers' Guarantee. All mailed Free to you—postage prepaid. Here's a chance to prove whether you're interested in yourself or not. Let's talk it over.

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Box 305, Wauchula, Florida

