

MARK TWAIN IN MOVING PICTURES

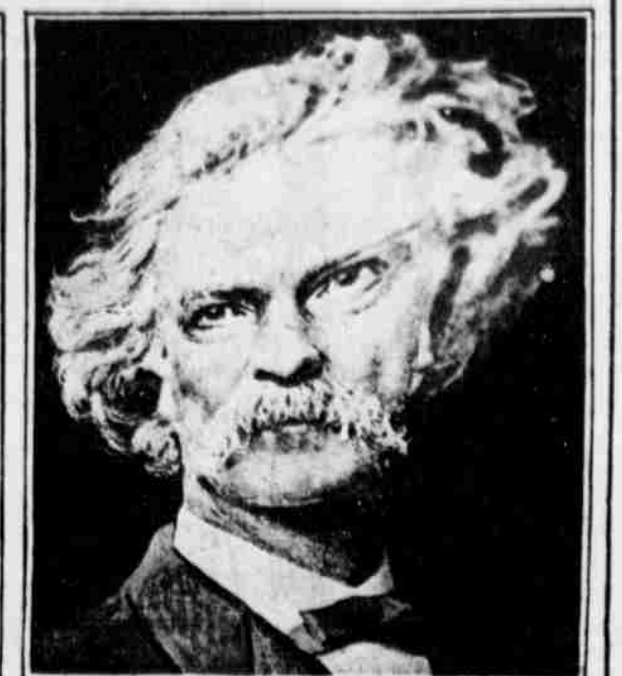
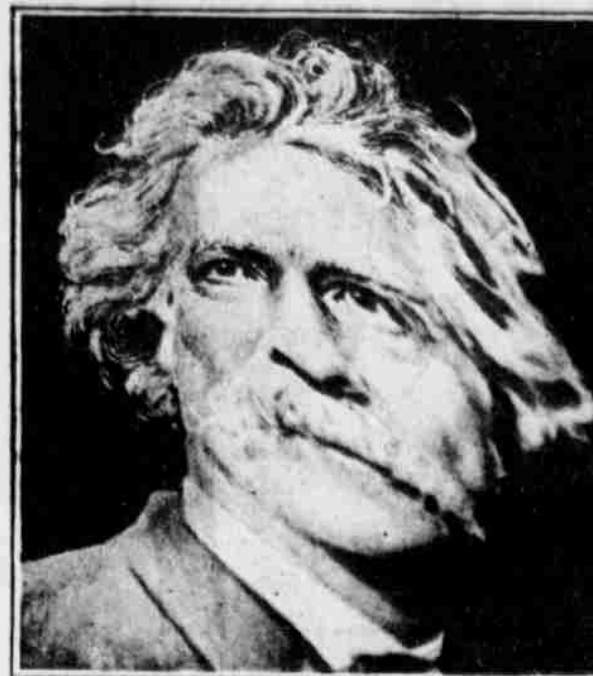
The distinguished humorist says that these photographs are the best he ever had taken as they really express his various moods

THE CAMERA FUNNIER THAN THE CARICATURIST

WHY I LOVE INTERVIEWERS

LISTENING TO ONE OF H. H. ROGERS' STORIES

READY FOR A HARD DAY'S WORK



KRIECHOFF

PHOTOS BY STEFANO



"I NEVER SAID PHOTOGRAPHY LIES, ON THE CONTRARY IT IS ABSOLUTELY CORRECT AND ALWAYS SCIENTIFIC AND TRUTHFUL - THIS IS A CARICATURE"

however, and he has played it, that the above idea of his catchinary antic loss his consequence and supplant by a splitting guffaws, Indian war whoops, internal convulsions and intense outside wringing—a sort of St. Vitus aggregation of all human emotion, wherein the humorist, were he photographed at these times, might present the picture of two whirling cats in an unsettled equilibrium, and it is undoubtedly born with this laugh, for he had it with him when a youngster in the early days of Nevada, and it seems never to have left him, though he is old enough now to know better.

We were youngsters together, Twain and I, in the Far West, and were quite friendly for several decades until I drank up one of his books and did it so badly that he gave me the cold glove ever after. However, before this "calamity" he met me on Broadway one day and asked if I would accompany him to a banquet to be given in his honor that evening by the Fellowship Club, as being the guest, it would not look well to see him sitting in a coupe all alone and meeting so large a company of first class people single handed.

"That's all right, but all the same I would hate to be seen among a lot of fashionables in this rig as your guest and in a freshly pressed dress suit."

"No fashion about it," he drawled in reply. "Only the newspaper boys will be there, and you know 'em all."

"Well, I'll take your word for it, though I know how you used to chatter that."

When the joke came, he threw his composite laugh at me and let, but promptly at half-past nine in the evening he called for me in a coupe. It was a cold night and he was hermetically wrapped in a huge ulster, and I could only see that he had on a clean collar, an unusual decoration for him. I was still clad in my hand-me-down everyday suit, brushed to a point of passable neatness. We soon arrived at the clubroom, and judge of my surprise when we found ourselves in the midst of an immaculate attired assemblage of gentlemen, every one in evening dress! After the humorist had been cordially greeted and we were shown our positions at the table I began to feel equanimity at my appearance and was giving vent to a little alien sympathy for Mark, believing him to be similarly clothed, when, to my unutterable disgust, when the colored attendant relieved him of his ulster, Twain stood at my side in a highly polished evening suit, with an amplitude of shirt front that would have done credit to a laundry show window. I was the only sackhead in the room. The situation was painful enough, but was intensified when, pointing to me, he loudly requested "somebody" to remove this tramp from the room!" Then came that breaking laugh of his, which infected the whole company and turned the sandwiches over in their plates. He had played his joke at my expense, but for what reason I never could learn. He just wanted to do it, and a loud was off his mind. He often has these spells. If I could but have these rolled Twain down the stairs in a barrel filled with bonnets I would have experienced ineffable pleasure.

But few men have a more retentive memory than the renowned humorist. He will listen to a story, joke or quip and store it in one corner of his porous mind and years after spring it on an unsuspecting company of genial spirits, embellishing it in his own inimitable style, giving it a polished air of originality and accentuating its humor by his peculiar drawing method of expression. This drawl is not especially oily or mellifluous, but seems like a series of sounds trying to force their way through an adult polypos and having a hard time of it. It is said he contracted the habit when a boy by repeatedly lying to his father, who usually wore a whiplash behind him in his interviews, with his son.

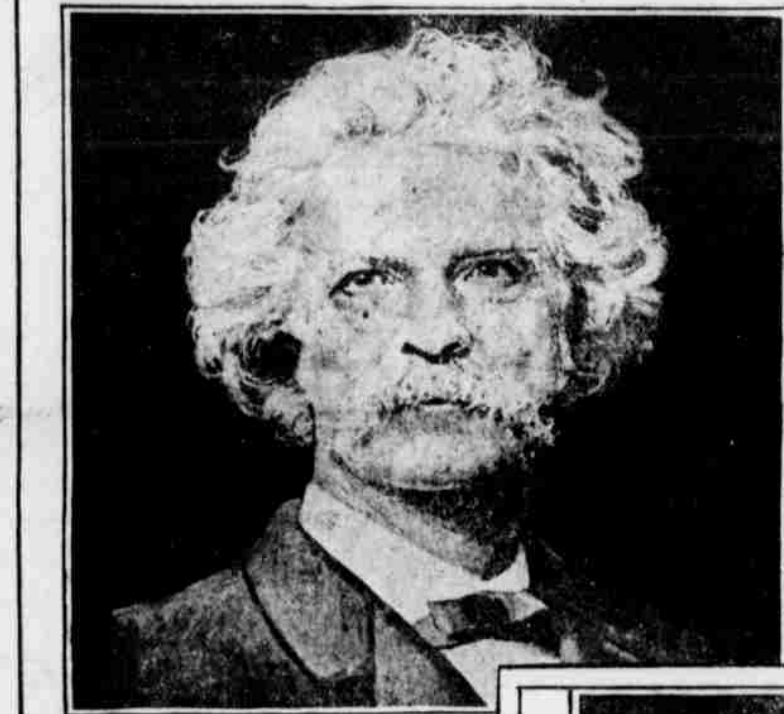
His Marvellous Memory. As a sample of Twain's wonderful powers of memorizing, I remember the same banquet, after eight or ten of the guests had ventilated themselves on various curious and desultory questions, Twain was called upon to say something real cunning. The company settled behind cigars and tipped themselves back in their chairs, hoping that when the humorist opened something funny would jump out. Twain rose with a fork in one hand and some emotion in the other and with a borrowed air of profundity proceeded to quote, almost literally, many of the lengthy sentences used by the preceding speakers (which had been quite forgotten by the others), and backed the very life out of them with his little hatchet of satire. The authors of these sentences fairly squirmed in their trousers while the humorist attacked the weak points of their remarks and laid bare the uncultivated territory in their domes of thought.

very intelligent critics speak of Mark's "Immaculate Conception" now in the museum at Seville within the last few days. One said:—"Oh, the Virgin's face is full of the ecstasy of a joy that is complete, that leaves nothing more to be desired on earth!" The other said:—"Ah, that wonderful face is so humble, so pleading, it says as plainly as words could say: 'I fear, I tremble; I am unworthy. But Thy will be done, O Lord, Thou Thy servant!'"

The reader may see the picture in any drawing room; it can easily be recognized. The Virgin (the only young and beautiful Virgin that was ever painted by one of the old masters, some of us think) stands in the crescent of the moon, with a multitude of cherubs hovering about her and her breast and upon her crossed countenance falls a glory out of the heavens. The reader may amuse himself to choose in trying to determine which of these gentlemen read the Virgin's "expression" right or if either of them did.

"Any one who is acquainted with the old masters will comprehend how much 'The Last Supper' is damaged when I say that the spectator cannot really tell whether the disciples are Hebrews or Italians. These ancient painters never succeeded in denationalizing themselves. The Italian artist painted Italian virgins, the Dutch painted Dutch virgins and the virgins of the French painters were French women. None of them ever put into the face of the Madonna that indescribable something that proclaims the Jewess, whether you find her in New York or in Constantinople, in Paris, Jerusalem or in the empire of Morocco."

MARK TWAIN AS ONE OF THE BOYS. By Howard P. Taylor. No one better enjoys a joke on himself than Mark Twain, especially when under the influence of a banquet. On such occasions, when something real rich and juicy has been sprung on him, he will contort, double up, and almost bobble off his chair in jubilant spasms. He has an infectious laugh, some of those laughs that is motion, and jars the wardens of those around him. His face is a picture at these times—a being more the corrugated roof of a warehouse than a human visage. It is not a pretty picture and could be greatly improved if they presented to interpret the hieroglyphics on the obelisk of Luxor; yet they are fully as competent to do it as one thing as the other. I have heard two. It is when the joke is on some one else,



"MY FAVORITE PICTURE"

THAT the camera never lies is a maxim as old as the camera. Mark Twain upholds the truth of this theory. Some recent photographic perpetrations showing the humorist at the main, is only serve to confirm the fact so far as he is concerned.

These feats of the camera are not only approved by Mr. Clemens, but he greatly admires them, as, according to him, they clearly express the various moods from which he suffers.

"I like the full length drawing," said the humorist, "and the photographs are most interesting. In fact, I should like a set of the pictures for my private collection."

All the world knows that Mark Twain is a critic by nature. Even in his Missouri days, when a boy playing with Huckleberry Finn and the others, he had dreams of foreign travel and a tolerably clear vision of the great masterpiece which he had seen as reproduced in books of foreign travels. But little did he imagine that the time would so soon come when he would actually see those great masterpieces of the Old World, describe them in a book of his own—a book to become famous enough to almost reincarnate and immortalize the pictures themselves.

"This is what he said in 'Innocents Abroad' of art during his visit to Italy:—"Here in Milan, in an ancient, tumble-down ruin of a church, is the most wonderful wreck of the most celebrated painting in the world, 'The Last Supper,' by Leonardo da Vinci. We are not infallible judges of pictures, but of course we went there to see this wonderful painting, once so beautiful, always so worshipped by the masters of art, and forever to be famous in song and story."

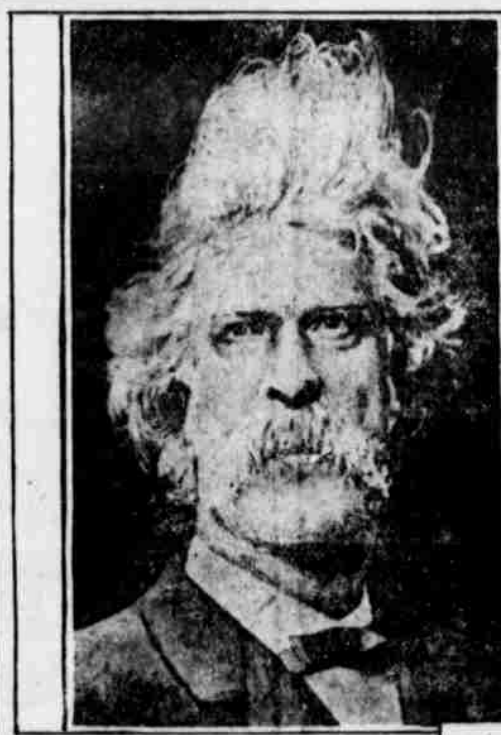
Battered by Time. "The Last Supper" is painted on the disappaid wall of what was a little chapel attached to the main church in ancient times, I suppose. It is battered and scarred in every direction and stained and discolored by time, and Napoleon's horses kicked the legs off most of the disciples when they (the horses, not the disciples) were stabled there more than a century ago.

He recognized the old picture in a moment—the Saviour with bowed head, seated at the center of a long, rough table, with scattering fruit and dishes upon it, and six disciples on either side in their long robes, talking to each other—the picture from which all engravings and all copies have been made for three centuries. "Perhaps no living man has ever known an attempt to paint the Lord's supper differently. The world seems to have become settled in the belief long ago that it is not possible for human genius to outdo itself in the creation of 'The Last Supper.' I suppose any painter will go on copying it as long as any of the original is left visible to the eye. There were a dozen copies in the world, and as many artists transferring the great picture to their canvases. Fifty proofs of steel engravings and lithographs were scattered around, too, and as usual, I could not help noticing how superior the copies were to the original—that is, to my inexperienced eye. Whenever you find a Raphael, a Rubens, a Michael Angelo, a Caracci or a Da Vinci, we see them every day; you find

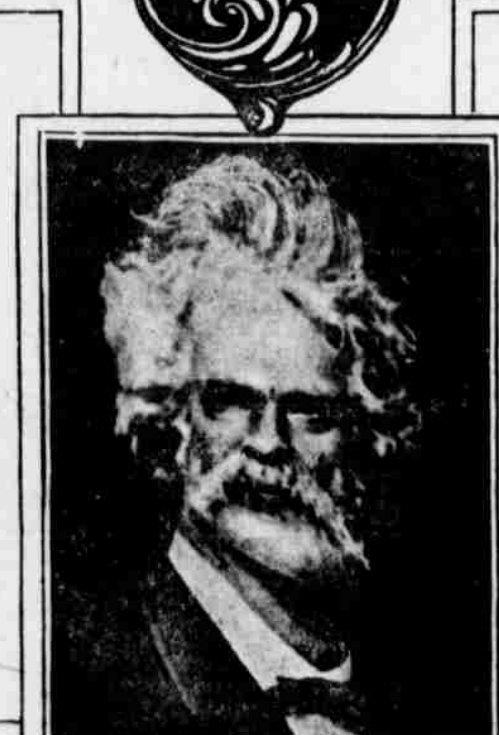
artists copying them, and the copies are always the handsomest. Maybe the originals were handsomer when they were new, but they are not now.

"This picture is about thirty feet long and ten or twelve feet high. I should think, and the pictures are at least life size. It is one of the largest paintings in Europe. The colors are dimmed with age; the countenances are scaled and marred and nearly all expression has gone from them; the hair is a dead blur upon the wall, and there is no life in them. Only the attitudes are certain.

"People come here from all parts of the world and glorify this masterpiece. They stand entranced before it, with bated breath and parted lips, and when they speak it is only in the catchey ejaculation of rapture.



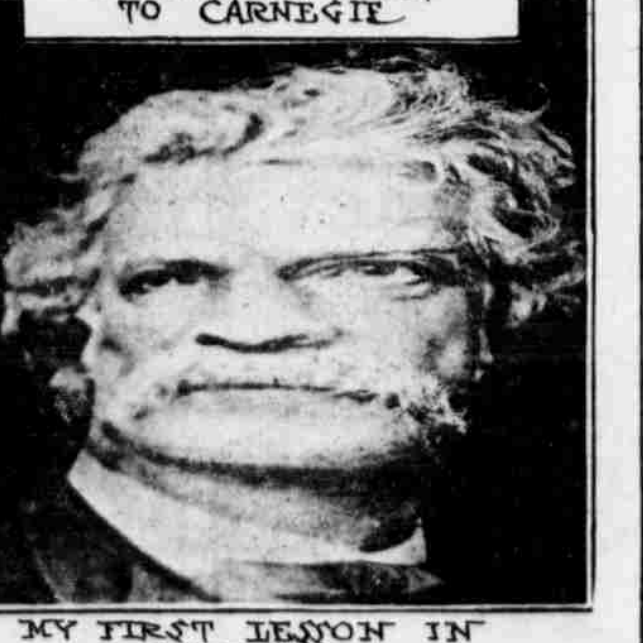
AT CHURCH -



DURING MY VISIT TO CARNEGIE



TRANSLATING FRENCH -



MY FIRST LESSON IN GERMAN -

where only a hint of it is left, supply a man that had already passed away. It is what I thought when I stood before 'The Last Supper' and used to apostrophizing the dull life until at last its figure shall stand before him aglow with the life, the feeling, the freshness, yes, with all the noble beauty that was there when they came from the hand of the master. But I cannot work this miracle. (Note by the translator:—Since that time Mark Twain has become an artist himself and is working 'The Last Supper' every day. For particulars, ask one of the practiced artists can rest upon 'The Last Supper' and renew the lustre, Pauper.)