

jurisdiction of a court of justice. The planter is the law of his own plantation and settles all disputes. The justice of the peace, like the genii in the bottle, is easy enough to let out, but difficult to coax back.

George Washington Johnson dearly loves a lawsuit; he hankers after wordy contention; he revels in the hurling of portentous phrases. It tickles Wash Johnson under the fifth rib to sit on a bench in the justice court and to hear the lured slysters wrangle. When he and his neighbor litigate the proprietorship of a two-bit pup, the planter finds his gin stopped, his fields deserted, while cotton pickers and gin hands crowd the court room. Lawyers' fees and court costs tax these negroes ten or fifteen dollars each. A hundred other hands lose precious time in getting the cotton to market, which makes litigation a luxury that the planter, who must pay these fees and stand the loss, can not afford. That is why the planter dishes out extemporaneous justice, adjusting all minor controversies without cost or delay. Where property rights become involved, he goes with his tenant and employs reputable counsel.

In the towns, we sometimes find a situation like this: Here's a white landlord who owns a row of houses which he rents to negroes at, say, five dollars a month each. These tenants understand that they are not to quarrel among themselves and hate one another before the justice of the peace. Suppose negro woman No. 1 has her neighbor arrested for "abusive language" and fined five dollars with the costs. The neighbor immediately retaliates by going to another constable

and charging No. 1 with "malicious mischief," for pulling a picket off her fence. Five dollars and costs. The constable gets 'em going and coming, plays both ends against the middle. That puts the two women square with each other; but the landlord gets his rent from neither. So, the landlord tells them flatfootedly: "When you have a quarrel, I



"Mink Jones, stand up!"

must be your judge. If you can't get along as neighbors, I will find out who is wrong, and make that one move away."

Southern courts are presided over by white men; and, as a rule, white men constitute the juries. It is asserted that these juries convict negroes, and fail to convict white men—which is partly, and deplorably, true. But it is also true, in every court

everywhere, that the man of influence who retains shrewd attorneys is apt to fare better than the friendless pauper. The hobo stealing junk from a railroad scrap-heap will be convicted, while the looter who "absorbs" the railroad itself may become a famous financier. The southern sin is not one of commission, but omission; it is not that innocent negroes are "sent up" because of prejudice, but that too many guilty whites go free. This failure of judicial methods is broadly national, and not confined to the south.

On the other hand, it is paradoxical that for certain offenses these same white jurors will convict white men and refuse to punish negroes.

Let a white man desert his own home, and supplant some other white man; white man No. 2 would make prompt trouble. But negro No. 2 rambles amiably around until he finds negro No. 3 whom he pushes away from fireside No. 3, out into the cold, cold world. Negro No. 3 may be glad enough to get shoved out, for he plays even on negro No. 4. Variety is the spice of this matrimonial merry-go-round. None of them lose social prestige; the women, perhaps, sing in the choir, while the men are fellow-deacons in the same church. There was the cheerful case of Pomp who came late to his work, and the foreman inquired: "What's the matter, Pomp? Sick?"

"No suh, boss; please suh, do n't fuss at me. I got married las' night, an' dem niggers kep' me dancin' till after daylight."

"Look here, Pomp, ain't you getting married kind o' rapid and regular nowadays?"

"No suh, boss. I ain't married nary time sence I tuk Lily dis las' gone summer."

"Is Lily dead?"

"No suh, she's well; Lily's mighty well."

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## FRESH FINDINGS FROM MARK TWAIN

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Author of *Mark Twain: A Biography*

Illustrations by HORACE TAYLOR

**B**y 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*.



**G**ROVER CLEVELAND had been elected Governor of New York when Mark Twain and George W. Cable, on a lecture tour, arrived at Albany. They decided to call on him, and drove to the capitol. The Governor made them welcome and, after a hearty greeting, said:

"Mr. Clemens, I was a fellow-citizen of yours in Buffalo for a good many months some years ago, but you never called on me then. How do you explain it?"

"Oh, that's very simple, your Excellency! In Buffalo you were a sheriff. I kept away from the sheriff as much as possible; but you're Governor now, and on your way to the Presidency."

**O**NCE in the course of a conversation I had with him in Bermuda, not long before the end, Mark forgot a word and denounced his poor memory: "I'll forget the Lord's middle name some time," he drolly declared, "right in the midst of a storm, when I need all the help I can get."

**W**HEN I was young I could remember anything, whether it happened or not; but I am getting old, and soon I shall remember only the latter."

**I** HAVE tried to do good in this world, and it is marvelous in how many different ways I have done good, and it is comforting to reflect—now, there's H. H. Rogers—just out of the affection I bear that man, many a time I have given him points in finance that he never thought of—

and if he could lay aside envy, prejudice and superstition, and utilize those ideas in his business, it would make a difference in his bank account."

**W**HEN the Czar of Russia proposed the disarmament of the nations, the late William T. Stead wrote for Mark Twain's opinion. He replied: "The Czar is ready to disarm. I am ready to disarm. Collect the others; it should not be much of a task now."



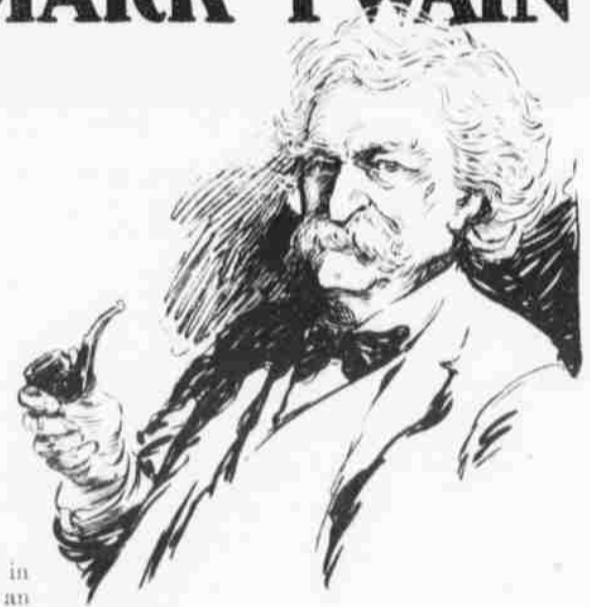
**D**URING A VISIT to Vienna in exciting political times, an American correspondent wrote, asking Twain for an interview. Clemens replied, giving him permission to call. When the reporter arrived, Clemens was at work writing in bed, as was so much his habit. At the doorway the reporter paused, waiting for a summons to enter. The door was ajar and he heard Mrs. Clemens say:

"Youth, don't you think it will be a little embarrassing for him, your being in bed?" And he heard Twain's easy, gentle, deliberate voice reply:

"Why, Livy, if you think so, we might have the other bed made up for him."

**L**ET us endeavor so to live that when we die even the undertaker will be sorry," was a bit of his semi-serious counsel.

**I**T was about the end of 1907 that the new St. Louis Harbor boat was completed. A St. Louis editor reported that it had been christened *Mark Twain*, and asked for a word of comment. Clemens answered: "May my namesake follow in my righteous footsteps, then neither of us will need any fire insurance."



**I** LIKE *Jean of Arc* best of all my books; and it is the best; I know it perfectly well. And besides, it furnished me seven times the pleasure afforded me by any of the others; twelve years of preparation and two years of writing. The others needed no preparation, and got none."

**N**OTHING so needs reforming as other people's habits.

**F**EW things are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a good example."



**O**NCE IN NEVADA I dropped into a billiard room casually, and picked up a cue and began to knock the balls around. The proprietor, who was a red-haired man, with such hair as I have never seen anywhere except on a torch, asked me if I would like to play.

"I said, 'Yes.'"

"He said, 'Knock the balls

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