

part way to welcome us both. In the good fellowship of that cordial neighborhood we had two such days as the aging sun no longer shines on in his round." . . . And then follow tales of subsequent visits, of Clemens' never-failing tenderness to his wife, of his joyous merrymaking, and the habit he had of jumping up from the dining-table when interested, and striding up and down the floor, "flying his napkin and talking." "No other humorist," says the writer, "was his equal in humanity," and, again, "He was always reading some vital book—some book which gave him life at first-hand." He was not fond of fiction, it appears, but had a passion for Browning, liked William Morris, and enjoyed, particularly, biography and autobiography.

Then there were return visits, in which Clemens' appearance in other, more conventional homes was sometimes of the nature of a hurricane. Upon one occasion he came to Mr. Howells' house, after a lecture, in evening dress, and stayed over in that guise for a day or two. Always he was accompanied by innumerable cigars, so that when he left, "the whole house had to be aired, for he smoked all over it from breakfast to bed-time." He was a great smoker, as well as a great walker and a great talker.

As the years went on, he found many interests, as well as many joys and many sorrows. He found time, while continuing his writing, to dabble in invention, somewhat disastrously, it is true, although he made more than one would-be inventor happy through financing him. He found time, also, to lend the helping hand to others of struggling humanity; for instance, paid the way of a clever negro through college, and supported a poor artist for three years in Paris. These, among his more flagrant acts of beneficence, give some suspicion of the numberless lesser kindnesses done by the man who on one occasion was found "sick" over the sufferings of a wounded bird brought down by a thoughtless gunner. He also undertook various speculations, in which, like the majority of literary men, he was notoriously unfortunate. In earlier life he had lost again and again through mining stocks. Upon one occasion he sunk over \$30,000 in a profitless milk-food product company; then, in his old age, the great crash, which brought him to the verge of financial ruin, came in the failure of the Webster Publishing Company, in which he was interested. It was then that the indomitable will and sterling honor of the man were revealed to all the world. He was not satisfied that creditors should be put off with a percentage; he would make up every cent—and he did. Although then sixty-five years of age, he set off on his famous lecturing tour around the world, and earned enough not only to pay off his entire indebtedness, but to have a considerable surplus left—a heroism all the more striking because he had come to loathe lecturing with all his heart. Sir Walter Scott, it will be remembered, distinguished himself in the same way in a somewhat similar predicament.

This tour, however, brought Mark Twain into personal touch with countries in all parts of the world. Everywhere he was honored and feted; he dined with the Emperor of Germany; on his return to the United States, he truly entered into his kingdom. There were dinners, and receptions, and speeches aplenty; all America strove to do honor to him.

After leaving Hartford, the Clemens family lived in New York, at Riverdale, on the Hudson, and at "Stormfield," the beautiful country home near Redding, Conn., where the humorist owned an estate of two hundred acres of land, whose crops, as he said, were chiefly "scenery and sunsets." A great blow, however, had come in the death of Mrs. Clemens, at Riverdale, and in his later years Mr. Clemens more and more courted seclusion, so that reporters were given to complaining that he

was almost impossible to reach; although, such as were successful were not likely to forget their interviews with the grand old man—his twinkling eyes, his dry, humorous speech, his shock of now snow-white hair; his slight figure, clad entirely in the cream-white serge which it suited his whim to wear of late years on almost all occasions. On public occasions he wore, quite often, the doctor's gown of Oxford University, in which he took a boyish delight, pleased, as he had been, to receive a degree from that great center of learning.

In 1907, his unmarried daughter, who lived with him at Stormfield, died suddenly. Three years later he

This quality is evident in most of his writings, but more aggressively, perhaps, in "The Innocents Abroad," and the "New Pilgrim's Progress," "A Yankee in the Court of King Arthur," and his book on Christian Science. Through these he has made, and is likely to make, enemies. In the first-named, for example, he ruthlessly tramples upon the adulation paid to the "old masters" and saints, and certain religious ceremonial. He could not see beauty in the "old masters," and he got tired of looking at endless saints and martyrs; he preferred "Renaissance" art, even the work of the copyists who sat before faded and

—must surely miss the true spirit of his writings.

One might go on talking of Mark Twain. One might use reams of pages in making a record of his jokes, by the way, as, for instance, when he telegraphed to a newspaper that had inserted, upon rumor of his demise, "Report of my death grossly exaggerated!"—but the short article proscribes further reference. What more fitting, then, than that we close with the words of that close and steady friend, already quoted so often, William Deans Howells: "It is in vain that I try to give a notion of the intensity with which he pierced to the heart of life, and the breadth of vision with which he compassed the whole world, and tried for the reason of things, and then left trying. . . . Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes—I knew them all, and all the rest of our sages, poets, seers, critics, humorists; they were like one another, and like other literary men; but Clemens was sole, incomparable, the Lincoln of our literature."

The Windrow.

Miss Grace Mackenzie, daughter of Sir William Mackenzie, president of the C. N. R., was married last week to the French aviator, Count Jacques de Lesseps, a son of the builder of the Suez Canal.

A Dublin correspondent of the New York Evening Post states that, under the able direction of Sir Horace Plunkett, Ireland is becoming very much alive to the value of energetic and organized agriculture as a solution for domestic ills. Under the Irish Agricultural Organization, which, up to date, has spent half a million dollars in promoting the work, societies have been formed for the advancement of dairying, cereal-raising, bacon-curing, beekeeping, poultry-keeping and flax-raising, and rapid progress in each of these industries is the result. A sister organization, known as the United Irishwomen, has also been formed, devoted especially to the making of lace, embroidery, crochet, and rugs.

A recent number of the Chatham Planet gives an account of a mass-meeting, held Jan. 24th, in a Presbyterian church of that city, for the purpose of educating the public in a campaign against tuberculosis. The audience was addressed by two of the leading medical men of Chatham, and many important points were emphasized, especially the necessity of prompt attention to a cold, fresh air, good food, and plenty of rest, as preventives of serious developments. The great importance of destroying the sputum of consumptives was also pointed out. It is to be hoped that the example set by Chatham may be followed in other places of the Dominion. Every town, yes, practically every village, has its physician or physicians, and there is no need to wait until some outside speaker comes along before undertaking the fight against this dread disease, to which everyone is at some time exposed, yet which, as experts now agree, can practically be stamped out, if the public will only unite in combating it. It is high time that this should be done. Last year, as Dr. Hastings stated recently in Toronto, 6,000 people died of tuberculosis in the Province of Ontario alone.

A Song of Content.

Above an emerald sea of sod,
Blow linen sails like snow;
The floors are sanded, and the hearth
Gleams with an Altar's glow.

A wholesome smell of bread, new-baked,
The spinning-wheel's low hum;
These, with a hundred homely tasks,
Make of her day, the sum.

Yet search the whole world thro' and thro',
Her happiness to match—
Her drowsy babe upon her breast,
His hand upon the latch!
—Edith Vaughan Michaux, in the Craftsman

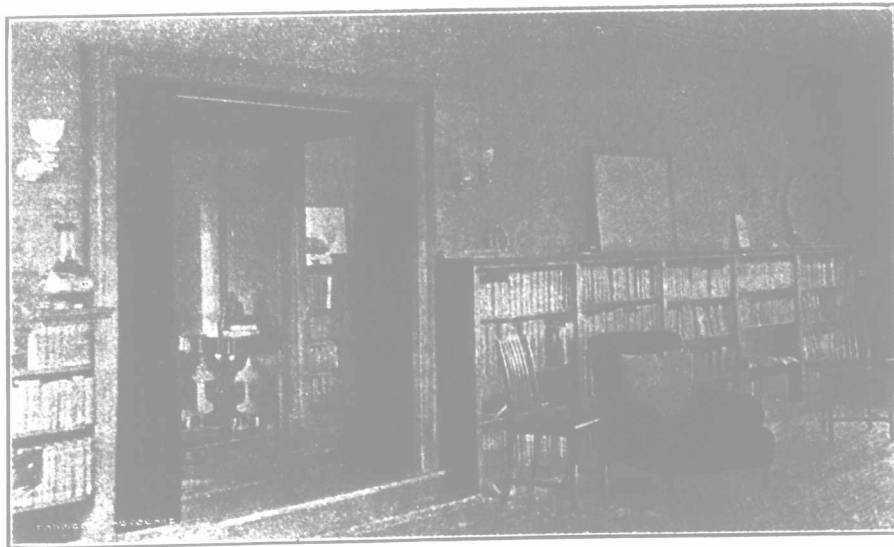


Mark Twain's House at Hartford.

followed her, peacefully, as he would have wished, in his beautiful country home.

In addition to the works already mentioned, he had also published, "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," "The American Claimant," "The £1,000,000 Bank Note," "Pudd'nhead Wilson," "Tom Sawyer Abroad," "Joan of Arc," "More Tramps Abroad," "Following the Equator," and a critical work on Christian Science. Of his writings, probably "A Tramp Abroad" will appeal to the greatest number, although many consider, as he did himself, that "Huckleberry Finn" is his best book. Others, again, prefer "Tom Sawyer," others "Life on

scaled Da Vincis, reproducing in their own way the half-lost outlines; he looked upon the ravings of the ordinary tourist over "originals" as pretence—and said so. . . . Again, in coming to the Holy Land, he disposes in short order of most of our ideas or ideals. He considered that most of the travellers who had written about it had romanced—and he said so. Occasionally, as a critic has said, he "shows a tendency to cake-walk in a cathedral"; yet who, on reading his descriptions, can fail to see his sincerity, or to recognize his tenderness wherever suffering appears? He is troubled when he sees sick beggars in such numbers that he cannot alleviate; the sore lumps on



Library of Mark Twain's Home, "Stormfield," Redding, Conn.

the Mississippi," while "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court" appeals especially to the democratic republican.

Mark Twain, as has been noted, was always "aggressively truthful," according to his lights. In earlier life he was disposed to be scathing in his satire, but, as he grew older, he became more gentle, although always firm against all that appeared to him sham or insincerity. His own perfect sincerity, his hatred of all that did not present to his understanding a lucid honesty, was always almost bumpiously to the fore.

the filthy-kept horses of the East distress him; he notes the flies clustering about the eyes of the little Palestine babe so that it appeared to wear "goggles."

Mark Twain was undoubtedly the most noted humorist of modern times; yet he who reads his books for their descriptions and their humor, without seeing beneath them the lover of truth and of humanity, the man who satirized because he wished to make the world more robustly honest, more sanely sweet and wholesome—according as he conceived sweetness and wholesomeness