

Summary of The Week's News of The World

Mark Twain is Dead

Famous Author and Humorist Succumbs in Redding, Conn. End Comes Quietly after Period of Unconsciousness

Mark Twain, beloved the world over because he made it laugh, died at Redding, Conn., April 21.

He passed away without pain at 6:22 o'clock that evening in his country home, "Stormfield," back in the wild Tamarac Hills. For five hours he had been unconscious and the end was almost unnoticeable. It was simply a cessation of pulse and respiration.

At his bedside were his only living child, Clara, who is the wife of Osip Gakrilowitch, the Russian pianist; Albert Bigelow Paine, his secretary and literary executor, who was almost a son to him; Doctors Edward Quintard and Robert Halsey, the heart specialists who had kept him alive by stimulants for nearly 24 hours, and his servants, headed by "Old Kate," who for thirty years had been his housekeeper.

Last Words to Daughter

His last words were spoken at one o'clock to his daughter. What they were she only heard, for they were faint and almost inarticulate. Unable then to speak, he grasped a pad and pencil, the instinct to write seeming dominant even in the face of approaching senselessness.

He traced the words "Give me my glasses," and with the spectacles adjusted he gazed at the paper, placed his pencil to it as though to put down some farewell message, then his strength waned and the writing materials slipped from his grip.

He smiled wearily at his daughter, then his head sank back to the pillow and he lapsed into the coma which death finally ended.

Angina pectoris, the doctors have it, ended the life which everyone who has ever read with Samuel Langhorne Clemens hoped might be spared longer. That malady was coupled to some extent with asthma of the heart, brought about by excessive smoking.

A Broken Heart

But what laymen call a broken heart was more responsible than the world in general knows. When his chum, Harry J. Rogers, died last year those close to Mr. Clemens saw that his grief was intense. The odd companionship—humorist and multimillionaire—was a nearer and dearer thing than any save they two alone realized. When his only unmarried daughter, Jean, was drowned in her bath during an attack of epilepsy just before Christmas, his nearest remaining tie was severed. He was alone, sorrow-stricken man. After the passing of his friends, William Laffan of The Sun, and Richard Watson Gilder, editor of The Century, he said sadly: "How fortunate they are. No good fortune of that kind comes to me."

Yet the fun he so loved on occasions overpowered his grief. He joked with friends and neighbors within the last few days. Since his return from Bermuda last week he said at least one thing that made the whole Redding countryside laugh. Dan Beard, the artist, called to pay his respects. Among mutual friends they discussed was Maxim Gorky, the Russian author. Beard regretted that Gorky had brought to America a woman not his wife, and therefore should be ostracized.

A Last Joke

"You are right, Dan," said Mark Twain. "Men and women may violate the written laws of land without injury, but if they ignore customs they do so at their peril. Now just suppose"—this with that familiar drawl—"that Gorky had come over here in his shirt-tail. Wouldn't that have been awful?" There was a bit of hope early on the day of his death that the veteran humorist might repeat his world-famous remark. "The report of my death is greatly exaggerated." Under the influence of the bright sunshine and the brisk hilltop air he rallied slightly and the doctors thought the end was postponed indefinitely. Mr. Clemens at ten o'clock called quite cheerfully for Mr. Paine, his secretary, and after writing hurriedly for several

minutes signed his manuscript and handed it over with the remark, "Put that away Albert, until it is time for it to be used." This presumably had to do with the Redding library which is to occupy a beautiful building made of rugged rocks from the Clemens estate, and is to be known as the Mark Twain memorial.

Rally Short-Lived

But the morning's rally did not last long. Towards noon Drs. Quintard and Halsey had to resort to heart stimulants as digitalis, strychnin and camphor. Then came the last flicker of consciousness when Mr. Clemens spoke to his daughter.

The beloved humorist was laid to rest in the family plot at Elmira, N. Y., where already have been buried his wife, his daughters Susan and Jeane, and his infant son Langhorne.

"Mark Twain died well off, though by no means a rich man," said Mr. Paine. "He left a great number of manuscripts, mostly unfinished, some recent and others begun years ago. But he put all his affairs, literary or otherwise in perfect order."

Sketch of Life

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, America's foremost humorist, and known the world over as Mark Twain, was born in the little town of Hannibal, Mo., on November 30, 1835.

His father, John Marshall Clemens, came from an old Virginia family, and with his young wife, Elizabeth Lampton, a descendant of the early settlers of Kentucky, joined the sturdy band of pioneers, who pushed west over the Alleghenies in the early part of the last century and settled along the banks of the Mississippi River.

In the uncouth environment of the then little frontier town, Hannibal, the famous author spent his boyhood days. Here he fished, hunted and lounged along the river banks with his sturdy companions, living a healthy outdoor existence, which undoubtedly accounted for his life, in the face of his many afflictions.

Was Not Very Studious

He attended the little school, but not being of a very studious disposition, he learned far more from contact with the rough companions whom he immortalized in later years as "Huckleberry Finn," and "Tom Sawyer," and others of their type.

At the age of twelve his meagre school education was brought to a sudden close by the death of his father.

His older brother, Orion S. Clemens, was the proprietor of a printing shop in the village, and young Sam Clemens began his journalistic career as a "printer's devil." In the course of a few years he learned the trade as a compositor, and in 1853, he left his native town and began a wandering existence. He journeyed from place to place, working at his trade in New York and the principle cities of the middle west.

But while he gained a vast amount of experience during his travels, which proved of the greatest value in the preparation of some of his works in later years, this period was rather unprofitable, from a financial standpoint, and he was finally compelled to return to his home along the banks of the great river, in rather straitened circumstances.

Life as Steamboat Pilot

The life as a steamboat pilot has always appealed to his youthful imagination and now that he had grown to manhood, he resolved to realize his ambition. He was fortunate enough to become a pupil of Horace Bixby, and he was soon guiding the awkward river craft along the tortuous channel of the muddy stream.

The idea of his becoming an author had never entered his mind at that time, but he absorbed enough of the pilot life to enable him to describe the difficulties encountered in guiding a boat along the great river in his "Life Along the Mississippi River," which he wrote many years ago.

At the outbreak of the Civil War steamboating came to a standstill, and young Clemens enlisted in the Confederate army. A soldier's life, however, was not to his liking and after a few weeks' service he joined his brother Orion, who had received an appointment as secretary of the territory of Nevada. He acted as secretary to his brother, but as his duties were almost nothing and his salary even less, he spent most of his time in the mining camps. His experiences in this section are depicted in his "Roughing It" and "The Jumping Frog."

Begins Literary Career

In 1862 he began his first regular literary work on the staff of the Virginia City Enterprise. He wrote a column daily, dealing with the political situation in the state, that attracted wide attention. These articles he signed with the nom de plume "Mark Twain," which he had heard sung out on the Mississippi steamers to let the pilot know that the sounding showed two fathoms of waters.

He resigned his position at Virginia City and went to California, where he worked on the Sacramento Union, but after a brief period he left his desk and went to Hawaii to write up the sugar interests. His work was very successful and on his return to California he delivered a number of lectures, which netted him considerable money.

In March of 1867 Twain published his first book, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." The book made quite a stir in that part of the country, but only four thousand copies were sold. It attracted the attention, however, of the editor of the Atla Californian, who sent the author out as a newspaper correspondent on a steamship excursion to southern Europe and the Orient.

Book Had Record Sale

His letters were published from time to time, and in 1869 the author revised them and published them in book form under the title of "Innocents Abroad." This work made Mark Twain famous, and compelled his recognition as America's foremost humorist. In the first sixteen months 85,000 copies were sold and many more subsequently. His was a record sale for those days.

It was on this trip in the Mediterranean that Mark Twain met Olivia L. Langdon of Elmira, N.Y. They fell in love with each other and in 1870 were married. Their married life was one of perfect harmony, and four children blessed their union.

Mr. Clemens resided in Buffalo for a year after his marriage and was nominally the editor of the Buffalo Express. In 1871 he joined the literary colony at Hartford, Conn., where he lived for a great many years and where he did the greater part of the work that has made his name immortal.

In 1872 "Roughing It" appeared, and in the same year "The Gilded Age," written in collaboration with Charles Dudley Warner, was published. "Tom Sawyer" came in 1876 and "Huckleberry Finn" nine years later. Of the stories with a historical setting, "The Prince and the Pauper," "A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," and "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" appeared in 1882, 1890 and 1894 respectively. In 1893 that curious philosopher, "Pudd'nhead Wilson," made his bow.

Was Unfortunate in Business

But while the great humorist was meeting with well-deserved success from a literary standpoint, the imps of misfortune seemed to dog his very footsteps.

In 1884 he conceived the idea of reaping the publisher's as well as the author's profits from some of his works. Accordingly, he organized a stock company known as C. L. Webster & Co., in which he was the largest stockholder, to publish his works. He had accumulated considerable wealth and was rated as a millionaire.

His financial ability, however, was none of the best, and in 1894 his entire fortune was swept away by the failure of the publishing house. Mr. Clemens was abroad at the time, and although sixty years of age, he started out on a

tour of the globe, delivering lectures and writing articles in order to pay the debts of the defunct firm.

He had scarcely begun his great task when fate struck him another hard blow. This was the death of his ablest and most accomplished daughter, Olivia S. Clemens, who died in August, 1896, at the age of 24. Broken in spirit, he continued his great task, and in two years he had paid off his debts.

Public Appeal for Aid

It was during this dark period that the veteran humorist was reported destitute and dying in London. A public appeal was sent out through a New York paper, and \$3,000 was raised for him. But although pressed for funds, he still retained his dignity and refused to accept the money.

As if in sympathy with her husband's misfortunes, his wife's health began to fail, and he moved to Florence, Italy, in the hope that the mild climate would restore her. But it proved of no avail, and on Nov. 6, 1904, she died in that far off land.

About this time the humorist met H. Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate, and the men became fast friends. Rogers gave his literary friend the aid of his financial experience, and Clemens was soon in the possession of a comfortable income.

Although the future took on a brighter aspect, his evil spirit was only slumbering, and one day, without asking the advice of his shrewd friend, Twain was lured into another disastrous investment. He placed \$32,500 in a pure food organization and was elected president. But the company went to the wall in 1907, and with it the \$32,500 disappeared.

Were Withheld from Youths

And now misfortune selected another weapon with which to attack the white-haired author. Heretofore his books had escaped harsh criticism, but in November, 1907, "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," his boy masterpieces, were withheld from youths by the Brooklyn public libraries as "unfit for young minds." Comptroller Joy, of Detroit, Mich., declared his work, "A Double Barrelled Detective Story," was "literary junk, unfit for a public library," and a Massachusetts public library refused to give shelf room to his "Eve's Diary," declaring that the book was shocking.

Worn out by his lectures, after dinner speeches and misfortunes, Twain purchased a farm in Redding, Conn., and erected a \$40,000 villa which he called "Stormfield." With his two daughters, Clara and Jean, he moved there in 1908 and settled down to a life of ease.

But a series of fresh misfortunes was in store for him. He had vigorously denounced the rule of the late King Leopold II. in the Congo Free State, and just when the reform movement was at its height, his ill-health compelled him to abandon his work.

The Chudren's Theatre, which was founded by Mark Twain in New York, and which represented one of his life-long ambitions, was forced to close through lack of funds.

Became Involved in Law Suit

Then the humorist and his daughter, Clara, became involved in a law suit over a farm which he had presented to his former secretary, Mrs. Ralph Ashcroft, on her wedding day, and which he later attached, on the advice of his daughter.

The facts regarding this disagreeable affair were aired in the press, much to the humiliation of the veteran humorist.

In the early part of 1909, his staunch friend and adviser, H. H. Rogers, died suddenly at his New York home. This great financier and the white-haired humorist had been inseparable companions for a number of years. They had made trips to Bermuda together, and when Rogers opened his railroad in Virginia, Twain was one of the guests of honor. The author was greatly affected by the financier's sudden death.

In the latter part of 1909, Twain made another trip to Bermuda, and on his return his feeble appearance attracted a great deal of attention. Then the last crushing blow came the day before Christmas when his youngest daughter, Jean, was found dead in the bathtub at his Redding home. The young woman