



Drawing by Otto J. Schneider (1875-1946) from photo by J. Gessford

Mark Twain Day by Day
An Annotated Chronology
Of the Life of Samuel L. Clemens
Volume Four (1905-1910)

David H. Fears

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Many other friends, scholars, readers and family have encouraged me in countless ways. If I've forgotten any, it doesn't mean they are forgetful.

Dedicated To

Thomas A. Tenny
(1931-2012)

*Scholar, editor, friend who made this work possible.
This volume completes his vision.*

What a wee little part of a person's life are his acts and his words! His real life is led in his head, and is known to none but himself. All day long, and every day, the mill of his brain is grinding, and his thoughts, not those other things, are his history. His acts and his words are merely the visible, thin crust of his world, with its scattered snow summits and its vacant wastes of water — and they are so trifling a part of his bulk! a mere skin enveloping it. The mass of him is hidden — it and its volcanic fires that toss and boil, and never rest, night nor day. These are his life, and they are not written, and cannot be written. Every day would make a whole book of eighty thousand words — three hundred and sixty-five books a year. Biographies are but the clothes and buttons of the man — the biography of the man himself cannot be written.

M.T.

Foreword/Testimonials

“David H. Fears’s log of Samuel Clemens’ life is often downright interesting in itself for Twainians. Furthermore, they will get a heightened sense of the whirligig he somehow shaped into an ongoing presence—his now well-known business activities, his tireless socializing, his dealings with plumbers, and his paying bills for groceries (including pilsener beer and cigars, of course). As for Mark Twain authors, Fears will help resolve some cruxes while setting up others unsuspected until now. I’m envious that my generation didn’t have this resource when we were starting out.” – LOUIS J. BUDD – Professor Emeritus at Duke University, author of *Mark Twain: Social Philosopher*

“More fascinating and far better documented than any existing biography of Mark Twain, this study provides a window into every waking—and for that matter, sleeping—moment of Twain’s hyperactive life. Many scholars before David Fears had contemplated undertaking this staggeringly daunting but incredibly useful project....All students of Mark Twain should give heartfelt thanks for this masterful accomplishment. Fears interweaves even Twain’s most quotidian activities into a textured fabric, threading helpful explanations where needed. This book now qualifies as the single most essential reference work in Mark Twain scholarship. We will be indebted to David Fears forever.” – ALAN GRIBBEN – Author of *Mark Twain’s Library: A Reconstruction*

“Mr. Fears must be fearless! To undertake such an immense project certainly requires courage. Going day-by-day in Twain’s life gives valuable information regarding Twain’s multi-faceted literary, business, and speculative career. Despite the short length of the quotations the flavor of Twain is there: his attention to household matters, his caring role as husband and father, his experience with publishers, the wide-ranging friendships and his biting wit. Fears’ volumes will be a major contribution to Mark Twain Studies.” – HOWARD G. BAETZOLD – Author of *Mark Twain & John Bull*

“In these pages there is a rich record of the life, works, and Twain’s family and friends.” – THOMAS A. TENNEY, author of *Mark Twain A Reference Guide*; editor of *The Mark Twain Journal*.

Introduction

When reaching the end of a long journey, there is opportunity to reflect upon the ground covered. I know the comprehensiveness and approach to this work has evolved since I began in 2005 (actually it began in 1971 with the discovery that Clemens came through my hometown, Portland, Oregon, in 1895). That's life—just when we get wise it's time to check out. When our great jobs are finished, we are the most capable of producing them.

This final volume is greatly informed by the generous use of Isabel V. Lyon's journal entries (variously called "journals," "daily reminders," and "datebooks" herein called simply "journal" entries), which have never been substantially published but which hold a wealth of detail and observation on Clemens' life. Hill used a few excerpts, as did Trombley and a few other historians, but nearly all of her entries from 1905-1908 are now in this volume. As a primary source Lyon's journals are rich in persons, places, episodes and details relating to Mark Twain, and they provide us with an indispensable peek into his daily life for these last years, years which were amazingly full. The MTP graciously allowed me copies of the newer transcriptions (page numbers are thus different than the excerpts which Gribben used in his seminal work), not to mention access to many letters, notes and sources. This volume alone should dispel the image of a bitter Twain sitting alone with little going on in his life during his last years. If anything, after the death of Livy, Twain's life became fuller, his circle of contacts broadened, and his interest in life expanded. Certainly his uncensored opinions flourished. Stormfield became his country sanctuary and also his "hotel" for numerous guests, gatherings ("Doe luncheons," etc.) and of course for his "Aquarium" of young ladies.

It should be noted that Lyon struck out many short passages and a few longer ones that now seem either excessive in their praise of Twain, or that reveal her personal struggles. There are also a few emendations with dates as late as 1938. These are the result of plans to publish some sort of work, plans that never reached fruition. When the strikeout reveals opinion or other important information, they are included; when a simple edit of word choice without connotation, they are omitted. It cannot be determined just when the edits were applied. She also wrote and later struck out passages such as that of June 28, 1906 about various persons (this referred to about Albert Bigelow Paine, which shows a definite change of opinion at a later time). Lyon also disposed of the 1909 journal, and may have also selectively removed others, clearly concerned about how she would be regarded. Today she remains a controversial figure in Clemens' life. The reader can find judgment coming down on either side of the saint/devil Lyon-Ashcroft-Clara Clemens-Twain dustups. In this regard, as in most others, it is not my purpose to take editorial position, but to present the primary and secondary opinions for researchers and others to use in formulating their understanding. In each case—Clemens included—we are dealing with human beings, fragile at times and strong at others. I will leave the judgments to biographers who glory in that sort of work. There is enough material for any biographer or scholar to pick and choose in arguing any case. Biographers, I might add, have the luxury of picking and choosing what material to include. This work has included the mundane, the trivial with the significant. Who knows, after all, just what details will prove significant to some researcher from the twenty-third century?

As this last volume goes to press, I am encouraged by the interest and purchase by top American Universities and scholars. I am content in knowing this reference work will stand at least as long as any other work on Twain, and hopefully, will be more helpful.

A second edition of Vol. I (1835-1885) is needed, since so much additional material has been found even beyond that of the addenda items online, and since the incoming letters were not examined for that volume. I quickly learned that incomings are critical to understanding Twain's replies (most of his letters are replies), and so did examine all available incomings for subsequent volumes. But if that edition is never completed then perhaps some young researcher will follow me and get the job done. I am young only in my driving habits and my smart mouth. The rest is eroding.

Much information lies beyond the scope of this work: most letters outside the immediate family, or further biographical information on hundreds of Twain's contacts. Each one has a story to tell, though many are hidden

and defy research efforts. There are literally hundreds of these letters in the MTP files. For example, many survive from Pamela Moffett to her son Samuel E. Moffett. There are also other letters from and to persons outside the immediate Clemens family that might shed light on some aspects of Twain's life.

Inevitably there are errors in these volumes. How could there not be? But every effort was made to lay down an accurate historical daily record, something I've only seen done for one other famous American, Herman Melville, and that a bit cryptic.

I hope to continue putting items up in addenda for all four volumes online:

<http://MarkTwainDayByDay.webs.com>

You may look there for additions, corrections and further comments.

David H Fears 2012-2013

Conventions Used

‡ – The double dagger was used in reprints of vol. I and II to designate additions or corrections in later print runs. These now may now be accessed online:

<http://marktwaindaybyday.webs.com>

Dates: I have followed the conventions used by the University of California Press on the volumes of *Mark Twain's Letters*, except I offer the day of the week, which in some cases is helpful. To wit:

October 5 Thursday – Sources indicate this is a confirmed date, or a deduced date from events or other evidence. Firm dates come before conjectured or *circa* dates and date ranges.

October 3? Tuesday –

The question mark indicates a conjecture of October 3. Conjecture dates are listed separately following firm dates.

June 24–29 Saturday –

A span of dates joined by a dash indicates a less specific conjecture: the date or dates of composition are thought to fall within this span. Day of the week is ascribed to the last date in the span. The last date in a period is noted by its day of the week. Such entries are listed separately.

June 24 to 29 Saturday – Not a conjecture, but an assertion that some event ran from June 24 through June 29. Such date ranges are listed separately.

May 2 and 3 Friday –

Not a conjecture, but an assertion that the event or activity occurred at least in part on both days. Such inclusive dates are listed separately.

May 1 Friday ca. –

A conjecture of circa a date, month, year or season. Similar to May 1st? but with less specificity. May also be specified as “on or before,” or “on or after.” Circa dates are listed separately.

February –

Items for which only a month is known, or for magazine-type publications issued for a given month.

1863 –

Items for which a year is known, but not a month or date.

Note: Dates are arranged in order; spans of dates and single dates are sorted by the first date in a span. Conjectured dates are usually separate from known or consensus dates. Thus there are separate entries for **May 1 Friday**, and **May 1? Friday**; **May 17 Thursday** would follow **May 12–20 Sunday**. Occasionally entries are labeled “Mid-month” or “End of Month” or “Early Spring,” etc. Confirmed dates are listed first.

Attribution/Names:

Where unsigned articles have been ascribed to Sam Clemens by major researchers, I have followed their lead but specified, “attributed.” “Sam” when shown without surname is used throughout to mean Mark Twain/ Samuel L. Clemens; likewise “Livy” designates Olivia Louise Clemens; “Susy” has been chosen for Olivia Susan Clemens over the spelling “Susie,” which is seen in earlier references to her. “Jane Clemens” is used for Sam’s mother, “Pamela” or “Pamela Moffett” for his sister, “Orion” for his brother. For certain dominant people in Sam’s life, or dominant within certain periods, last names only are given: Howells, Twichell, Cable, etc. Middle names are now given if known; if not, a middle initial; some middle initials are omitted, when reference is clearly to one person, such as Hjalmar Boyesen. “Frank” is often given for “Francis”; “Joe” for Joseph, when the person was a familiar figure in Sam’s life, such as Joe Twichell, Joe Goodman, Frank Bliss, etc. There are exceptions, as when H.H. Rogers is used for Henry Huttleston Rogers, etc.

Citations:

MLA formatting is followed for in-text and Works Cited, with exceptions made for MT “standard” abbreviations such as *MTBus* or *MTLTP* (see abbreviations), and follow the MT Project’s conventions when possible. Use of [brackets] for in-text citations, as well as editor’s inserts within quoted text. When the writer uses [brackets] these are replaced by parentheses or {curly brackets}.

Some exceptions are made to standard MT scholarly convention, such as *MTL* with volume numbers used for the MTP volumes, whereas this abbreviation in the past was used for Paine’s volumes of letters, which I cite as *MTLP*, if I use them at all. A few conventions are modified, such as *LM* instead of *LoM* for *Life on the Mississippi*. See Abbreviations for the full list.

Nearly every date given requires a citation, though some are *calculated* from sources. Because both primary and secondary sources are used, errors and omissions may have been introduced. Hopefully, more study of primary sources will amend such shortcomings.

☑ - This symbol is used for incoming letters not reviewed.

Editor’s opinions:

The few opinions on events or interpretation of an entry follow all citation designators as well as extra information following “*Note*”; These remarks are offered as simply one man’s view, and every effort has been made to keep them short and pithy, without obstacle to the meaning of the listing. Of course, I hold title to many more opinions than the few exposed here. Admittedly, a work of this scope carries errors and inconsistencies. That’s what future appendixes, supplements and editions are for. Ultimately, online status for the whole work may happen.

Misc: Bold Entries, Italics, Strike-outs, Quotations, use of sic:

All references to dates are bold, save for those within quotes. Also bold are first mentions of persons and places (including lecture halls, etc.) within *each* date entry. Subjects and titles are not in bold. Indented are letter, newspaper excerpts (boxed) and longer commentaries from biographers and scholars. This aids ease of reading, finding one’s place and appearance. Italics are used when the

primary source uses underlines, except for newspaper reports using underlines. They are also used for all inscriptions noted, especially those in books given as gifts. When Sam Clemens uses strikeouts to convey his real or additional meaning, those are usually retained — all other strikeouts, thought to be drafting strikeouts, are not included. Due to all the variant spellings of the day, use of vernacular, and the many misspellings by some writers, the use of *sic* has been limited to a few instances. Some surnames were spelled in more than one way. Choices were made to stick with one variant, trying to follow the MTP's examples, or sometimes to put the variant in parentheses.

Corrected sources and method used; the “not in” listings:

Inevitably, sources contain errors. When an error is perceived it is sometimes, but not always, reported. This is not to point any blame or to discredit any source or author, but merely to report findings. Prejudice is given to contemporary works, with Internet sources taking a much lower priority. Apologies to egos aside, the errors, omissions and oddities should be reported.

Also, some notable material is missing from standard works. Whenever possible these are pointed out, as in “Not in Gribben,” or “Not in Scharnhorst,” to save the reader/researcher effort in tracing back material. When errors were found in the MTP catalogue, such as letters to Livy or Whitmore that were catalogued as to SLC, these are left out or noted. The MTP catalogue misleads when it lists a letter from a person for a company — one particular listing found was a letter from a man FOR the U.S. Senate. Upon review it was discovered the man was a clerk in Washington using Senate letterhead to write asking for Sam's autograph — hardly a letter FOR the Senate. In every such case the language in this work has been changed to, for example, “John Doe wrote on US Senate letterhead asking for Sam's autograph for his daughter,” etc. Also, many listings from the Charles Webster & Co., which are nothing more than monthly financial reports of several types, often without corresponding letters, have been catalogued by the MTP under the month of the report. These have been placed in the following month here, as they could not have been sent until the month closed — thus, March 1889's monthly report is placed as being sent in April, 1889. In all such cases a strict chronology is attempted. Is this an error on the MTP's part? No, merely a different way to categorize these entries. Likewise, when a pack of Daily Reports was sent, the MTP dates these as a range of dates and places them at the first date. We place them at the last date and note the range within that entry, since they could not have been mailed earlier. Several such changes have been made. These do not reflect on the scholarship of the MTP or of any other source.

ABBREVIATIONS

A.D.	Autobiographical dictations, MTP.
AC	<i>The American Claimant</i>
ALR	<i>American Literary Review</i>
AMT 1: 2:	<i>Autobiography of Mark Twain</i> . Vol. 1 (2 & 3 forthcoming) Harriet Elinor Smith and Benjamin Griffin and Victor Fischer, eds. Berkeley: University of California Press, 2010. It should be noted that the MTP uses <i>Auto1</i> , <i>Auto2</i> , etc. for this, to differentiate from Neider's edition. The volume numbers, however, should be sufficient to differentiate between this work and Neider's.
BAMT	<i>The Bible According to Mark Twain</i> . Baetzhold, Howard G. and McCullough, Joseph B., eds. New York: Touchstone, 1995.
CS	<i>Christian Science</i>
CY	<i>Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court</i>
ET&S 1: 2:	<i>Early Tales & Sketches</i> . Vol. 1, 1851-1864. Vol. 2, 1864-1865. Edited by Edgar M. Branch and Robert H. Hirst. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1979-81.
FE	<i>Following the Equator</i>
GA	<i>The Gilded Age</i>
IA	<i>Innocents Abroad</i>
IVL	Isabel VanKleek Lyon
JA	<i>Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc</i>
L-A MS	<i>Lyon-Ashcroft Manuscript MTP</i>
LAL	<i>Library of American Literature</i>
LLMT	<i>The Love Letters of Mark Twain</i> . Edited by Dixon Wecter. New York: Harper & Bros 1949
LM	<i>Life on the Mississippi</i>
LWMT	<i>A Lifetime With Mark Twain</i> . Edited by Mary Lawton. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1925.
MMT	<i>My Mark Twain</i> , by William Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1910.
MTA	<i>Mark Twain's Autobiography</i> . Edited by Albert Paine. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1924.
MTAq	<i>Mark Twain's Aquarium</i> . Edited by John Cooley. Athens: University of Georgia Prss, 1991.
MTB	<i>Mark Twain A Biography</i> , by Albert Paine, 4 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1912.

<i>MTE</i>	<i>Mark Twain in Eruption</i> , Edited by Bernard DeVoto. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1922.
<i>MTFM</i>	<i>Mark Twain's Fables of Man</i> . Edited by John S Tuckey. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1972.
<i>MTFWE</i>	<i>Mark Twain's Four Weeks in England 1907</i> . Edited by Edward Connery Lathem. Hartford: The Mark Twain House & Museum, 2006.
<i>MTHHR</i>	<i>Mark Twain's Correspondence with Henry Huttleston Rogers 1893-1909</i> . Edited by Lewis Leary. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1969.
<i>MTHL 1: 2:</i>	<i>Mark Twain-Howells Letters: The Correspondence of Samuel L. Clemens and William Dean Howells</i> . Edited by Henry Nash Smith and William M. Gibson. 2 vols. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1960.
<i>MTJ</i>	<i>Mark Twain Journal</i> . Edited until 2012 by Thomas A. Tenney.
<i>MTL 1: – 6:</i>	<i>Mark Twain's Letters</i> . Volumes 1-6. 1853-1875. Edited by Edgar M. Branch, <i>et al.</i> Berkeley: University of California Press, 1988-2002.
<i>MTLE 1: – 5:</i>	<i>Mark Twain's Letters, Electronic</i> Volumes 1-5. 1876-1880. Mark Twain Project.
<i>MTLP 1: - 2:</i>	<i>Mark Twain's Letters</i> . 2 vols. Edited by Albert Bigelow Paine. New York: Harper & Bros, 1917.
<i>MTLTP</i>	<i>Mark Twain's Letters to His Publishers, 1867-1894</i> . Edited by Hamlin Hill. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1967.
<i>MTMF</i>	<i>Mark Twain to Mrs. Fairbanks</i> . Edited by Dixon Wecter. San Marino, Calif.: Huntington Library, 1949.
<i>MTOW</i>	<i>Mark Twain's Other Woman</i> , by Laura Skandera Trombley. New York: Knopf, 2010.
<i>MTP</i>	Mark Twain Papers, Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.
<i>MTPO</i>	Mark Twain Project Online (as of late 2007)
<i>MT & GWC</i>	<i>Mark Twain and George W. Cable</i> , by Alan Turner.
<i>MTNJ 1: - 3:</i>	<i>Mark Twain's Notebooks & Journals</i> . Volumes 1 – 3. 1855-1891. Edited by Frederick Anderson, <i>et al.</i> Berkeley: University of California Press, 1979.
<i>MTS&B</i>	<i>Mark Twain's Satires & Burlesques</i> . Franklin R. Rogers, ed. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1967.
<i>NB TS</i>	Sam's unpublished notebooks, given with a TS (transcription page #)
<i>PW</i>	<i>Pudd'nhead Wilson</i>
<i>P&P</i>	<i>The Prince and the Pauper</i>
<i>S&MT</i>	<i>Susy and Mark Twain</i> , by Edith Colgate Salsbury, Harper & Row, 1965.

TS	Transcription
TS	<i>The Adventures of Tom Sawyer</i>
TSA	<i>Tom Sawyer Abroad</i>
TSD	<i>Tom Sawyer, Detective</i>
ViU	Barrett Collection, University of Virginia

*Chronic Bronchitis – Touch of Livy’s Hand – Orchestrelle – Czar’s Soliloquy
 War Prayer – Bambino Lost & Found – Muriel Pears’ Visit – Dublin, N.H Idyll
 Dr. Kirch’s Lawsuit – Gout Again – Clara Recovers – Bile for Roosevelt
 Philanthropical Ruse – Save Lincoln’s House – Editorial Wild Oats – King Leopold
 A Horse’s Tale – Lyon Serves ‘The King’ – Plasmon Wars – Laid up in Norfolk
 Boston & Ponkapog – Gala 70th Celebration – Lunching with the President
 Bernhardt Charity – Joan of Arc Appears*

1905 – *Editor’s note*: 1905 proves to have the most pages in these volumes of any year to date; it is rich with activities, letters, writings, opinions, and Twain’s new status as American commentator, without the influence of his late wife, Olivia. Yet, if one surveys the major biographies, the singular event covered was the seventieth birthday gala. Paine does not include much for this year; nor does Kaplan. Powers seems to lose his enthusiasm for much of the last few years. Sheldon begins his work in 1906. Only Trombley offers much on 1905, and her study focuses on Isabel Lyon. Lystra writes a half-dozen or so pages with a similar focus. It is hoped that this treatment fills in many of the blanks ignored by biographers.

Sam wrote a sketch, “Jane Austen” that remained unpublished until 1999 [*Who Is Mark Twain?* xxvi, 47-50; Auerback 109-20].

Sam also wrote “A.B.C. Lesson,” a question-and-answer dialogue defending Standard Oil at the expense of the Republican party (not part of Clemens’s Autobiography) [Camfield’s Bibliog.]. *Note*: unpublished in Twain’s lifetime, the piece appeared first in *Mark Twain in Eruption*, 1940.

Budd puts as “probable,” Sam’s short allegory, “In the Animal’s Court” to this year [*Collected* 2: 1010]. *Note*: unpublished during Twain’s lifetime, it was collected in *Letters From The Earth* 1962.

Camfield’s Bibliography puts 1905 as the year Sam wrote “Eve Speaks.” Budd lists it with other 1905 items and writes “the date of composition has not been determined. It first appeared in 1923 in *Europe and Elsewhere*, Albert Bigelow Paine, ed.” [*Collected* 2: 1011].

Baender dates the composition, “The Intelligence of God,” to 1905. The essay restates ideas that appear in Twain’s later writings, some of which are collected in *Letters From the Earth* (1962) [*What Is Man? and Other Philosophical Writings* (1973)].

Sam’s essay, titled by Paine as “The Ten Commandments” was written in **1905 or 1906**. The idea here is that man requires commandments in order to “have the pleasure of breaking them” [*Fables of Man* 121].

“Zola’s *La Terre*” was written in 1905 and is one of five brief essays that Bernard DeVoto grouped and titled “The Damned Human Race” (1962). Victor Doyno writes: “Twain’s book report proceeds in a concrete, sequential mental style, leading to a generalization that Americans can be despised as much as the French. Twain pretends a grudging respect for Emile Zola’s realistic talents, believing that Zola’s ability to awaken a sleeping disgust should merit a grudge. In this involuted way, Twain comments on human nature” [*MT Encyc.* 202].

Listed by the MTP as “**after 1904**” is a one-sentence note from Sam to **C. & Co.**: “I have no doubt that Mr. Bliss’s bill is all right and should be paid and his receipt taken [MTP].

Also listed as possible for this year is a poem written to **Andrew Carnegie**:

I saw Esau kissing Kate
 In fact we all 3 saw—
 I saw Esau, he saw Kate,

And she saw I saw Esau.

† Mark

Telephone

3907 Gramercy

(not in the book.) [MTP]. *Note:* see also Sam's Dec. 2, 1905 to Carnegie, in which he makes a similar remark about this phone number not being in the book.

Another listed as possible for **1905** is a short note (likely a telegram) to **Harper & Brothers**: "Please Correct bad errors in the last two paragraphs and go ahead. Collect / Clemens" [MTP].

Another possible **1905 (until July 1)** is a letter by Sam (sent anonymously) to **John M. Hay**.

Sent to John Hay anonymously. / Dear & Honored Sir: / I never hear any one speak of you & your long role of illustrious services in other than terms of pride & praise—and out of the heart. I think I am right in believing you to be the only man in the civil service of the country the cleanness of whose motives is never questioned by any citizen, & whose acts proceed always upon a broad & high plane, never by accident or pressure of circumstance upon a narrow or low one. There are majorities that are proud of more than one of the nation's great servants; but I believe, & I think I know, that you are the only one of whom the entire nation is proud. Proud & thankful.

Name & address are lacking here, & for a purpose: to leave you no chance to make my words a burden to you and a reproach to me, who would lighten your burdens if I could, not add to them [MTP].

Note: **John Hay** had the good fortune to be personal secretary to Abraham Lincoln, and to serve as Secretary of State under Roosevelt. After a long disease, he died on July 1, 1905 with a high legacy of government service and influence. In 1904 he was voted to the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Sam was undoubtedly aware of Hay's illness and also his legacy, and this note was his tribute.

Another possible 1905: In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to **Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. Harry Rogers)**; only the envelope survives [MTP].

Isabel Lyon also wrote from **Dublin, N.H.** for Sam to **Mrs. Sag**:

Mr. Clemens wishes me to write for him explaining that he is so very very busy during these weeks that he does not write any letters himself. He wishes me to say that he will be very glad to see Dr. Henderson and Mr. Montgomery if they will call here. He is always at liberty by five o'clock, but if they come at half past four, he will see them with pleasure then. And will you kindly ask them to say that Mr. Clemens will see them, when they give their names to the maid. Sometimes if Mr. Clemens is tired he will say that he cannot see people—but he *will* see your friends—and if the maid says that Mr. Clemens is busy, then they are to say—"But he will see us."

Mr. Clemens wishes me to tell you that he does not go anywhere where there is jollity; he has no heart for it—and he is living very quietly here. You will be glad to know that Jean is very well, and enjoying this beautiful Dublin. And we have good news of Miss Clemens's continually improving condition [MTP]. *Note:* Professor **Archibald Henderson** (1877-1963) at this time studying at Cambridge; in 1908 became Professor of mathematics at the University of N. Carolina. **Stuart Montgomery**, Harvard student, cousin of **Maria C. Gay (Mrs. Julius Gay)**, and traveling companion to Henderson; see *ca.* June 29, 1905 entry.

Sam also wrote to **Sebastiano V. Cecchi**, his business advisor in Florence.

In the bearer of this note I introduce to you my friend and legal advisor Mr. John Larkin. I know he will find my law-squabbles over there very interesting, & I hope you will tell him about them; & if it comes handy I would like him to know Senator Luchini & Signor Traverso. I am still waiting for Dr. Kirch to sue. He seems a mighty slow man,—except when he is committing depredations on customers [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Harper & Brothers** [MTP].

Sam wrote to **George B. Harvey**: “If you & Howells cable Sir Henry’s friends, please include me” [MTP].

George B. Harvey wrote to Sam no date except “Thursday”:

Dear old Man: / I’ve got two rooms and a bath for you and me at the Laurel House Lakewood for a week, leaving here at 3.30 Saturday—It’s only an hour and a half and we can be as quiet and peaceful-like as we please. The change will do you good. Do go if you possibly can. You only need a bag or small trunk & I will pick you up on my way to the station. / Faithfully ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Miss Emma C. Thursby**.

“Of course you meant us a courtesy—of that there is no room for doubt—& for that impulse we sincerely thank you. We have nothing against Count Massiglia, whom we have never met; but a meeting with the Countess would be unpleasant to us & not gratifying to her” [MTP].

Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to an **unidentified person** seeking autographs.

Mr. Clemens directs me to write for him and say that he has received some sheets for auto-graphing from you. Mr. Clemens has been so often the victim of those who use other people’s letter heads that he has been obliged to ask for identification in the shape of a letter of introduction, when requests come to him from those who are unknown to him [MTP].

Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to an **unidentified “Dear Madam”** who sought “assistance...in the publication of Frau Hempel’s grammar...” Sam declined to write a word of appreciation [MTP].

Sam also inscribed his photograph to **Joseph E. Hinds**: “*Sincerely Yours / Mark Twain / Mr. Jos. E. Hinds.*” [MTP].

In late **1904 or 1905** Sam wrote, “The Fable of the Yellow Terror,” which was not published in his lifetime but included in *Fables of Man* p.426-9. Also in *Fables* is “Flies and Russians,” p. 421-4, written on the same type of paper as the former sketch and thought to have been written about the same time.

In **1905 or 1906** **Alice Minnie Herts** of **The Educational Alliance** wrote to Clemens. The letter is missing the first page. The second page: “...because I feel that Providence has given us your assistance and your interest, which we prize so highly” [MTP].

In **1905 or 1906** **Miss Margaret Heller** wrote asking help in her wager that Mark Twain was “the wittiest person of the age” [MTP].

Joseph Lindon Smith for the Dublin Lake Club wrote from “Loon Point,” Dublin, N.H. to invite Clemens to a 4 o’clock address by Mr. **Morimoto** of Boston, tea afterwards. He apologized for not sending the invite sooner [MTP].

Joseph Lindon Smith also sent Sam another invitation, dated only “Wednesday afternoon,” this to a play, *Ceatro Bambino* for Friday at 4:30. “If the players (mostly children) can tempt you to their little play house, you, and your daughter, they will be as pleased as we Smiths” [MTP].

Albert Bushnell Hart wrote for the **Emanuel Church of Dublin** to inform Sam that **Henry Copley Greene** (who rented Sam his Dublin house in 1905) was an “originator” of the church [MTP].

After Dinner Stories by **E.C. Lewis** was published. Tenney: “In some of the stories MT’s name is used, but this collection is quite worthless as a source. Equal weight is given old chestnuts, possibly correct, and the

apocryphal, such as MT's giving a neighbor permission to use his lawnmower so long as he didn't take it out of the yard" [*MTJ Bibliographic Issue Number Four* 42:1 (Spring 2004) 9].

Sigmund Freud's *Jokes and their Relation to the Unconscious*, p.230-1. Tenney: "cites 'an economy of piety' as a familiar humorous mechanism in MT's works, as when characters [in *RI*] are blown up or have a cow fall through the canvas roof of a cabin; furthermore, there is 'an economy of the feelings of piety' when we begin reading *Mark Twain's (Burlesque) Autobiography* and the fictional ancestors turn out to be scoundrels" [Tenney: "A Reference Guide First Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1977 p. 333-4].

Mary Ellen Wood, compiled *Laurence and Eleanor Hutton / Their Books of Association* (1905) privately printed, included on p. 66-7 Sam's letter to Hutton from Vienna for May 13, 1898; Twain related materials will also be found on p. 29, and 129 [Tenney: "A Reference Guide First Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1977 p. 334]. See Gribben p.342.

Talks in a Library with Laurence Hutton by **Laurence Hutton**: Tenney: "Contains silhouette of MT by Alice I. Bunner (facing p.6); MT a dinner guest (pp.22, 326); MT and Helen Keller's first meeting: 'He was peculiarly tender and lovely with her—even for Mr. Clemens—and she kissed him when he said good-by' (pp.390-91). On the night when the death of Bret Harte became known, 'he was discussed in a most feeling way in a monologue talk of an hour or two by Mark Twain,' who referred to him as 'Frank' Harte, thereby losing his audience, who did not realize he was talking about Bret Harte (p.470; also, tells of Harte's hearing about the "Jumping Frog" story and urging MT to publish it (p. 409). MT's introduction of Cable to a Hartford audience, anecdotes about Jean Clemens and Harriet Beecher Stowe, and two MT notes (pp. 419-21)" [Tenney 41].

January – In N.Y.C. Sam spent the last part of December and all of January in bed, recovering from another case of bronchitis, followed by attacks of gout in his feet [Jan. 8 Lyon to Whitmore; Jan. 25 to Crane].

Sam wrote to the **International Plasmon Co.**, London

The only needful thing is to get Plasmon into the stomach—dissolved, or in clods, or petrified or any way, so it gets there. I had an eight years' dispute with dyspepsia, but when visiting England years since my Doctor ordered Plasmon to be added to my other food, and the enemy has not troubled me since [MTP].

Sam's essay "Concerning Copyright" first ran in the *North American Review*, p. 1-8 [Budd, *Collected* 2: 1009].

The only Mark Twain notebook still in private hands was auctioned by Sotheby's from Nick Karanovich's collection on June 19, 2003. The description:

A pocket-size notebook for 1905 with Clemens's autograph manuscript notes, memos, appointments, addresses, etc., written in ink on some 14 pages; with many other pages containing notes and other items by Albert Bigelow Paine, the whole notebook ("The Excelsior Diary 1905") containing about 61 leaves (2 x 4? in.; 51 x 105 mm), original maroon leather, neatly rebaked, wear to covers, one leaf (for March 26-31) torn out. The only Mark Twain notebook still in private hands. On the first page (for January 1-2) Clemens has listed thoughts and things to do. All are crossed through except for a one-line memo and the thought "*The lack of money is the root of all evil.*" On the third page (for January 7-9) Clemens has written: "*60 years ago, optimist & fool were not synonymous terms. This is a greater change than that wrought by science & invention. It is the mightiest change that was ever wrought in the world in any 60 years since creation.*" [Note: MTP now refers to this "excelsior" NB from the Karanovich sale, as NB47A; See entries, **Jan. 1, 2, and 7 to 9**].

Sometime during January **Joe and Harmony Twichell** visited for one night [Feb. 6 Lyon to Whitmore].

Outing Magazine published **Clifton Johnson's** article, "Mark Twain's Country," p. 433-40. Tenney: "On a visit to Hannibal and Florida, Missouri; illustrated with several photographs, including one of the front of the home of Tom Blankenship ('when he left home, it was to go to the penitentiary'). One old acquaintance called MT 'the most overrated man in America.... As a boy, Sam was just like other boys, except he might have been a little



slower. He was considered blamed dull, to tell you the truth.' Another acquaintance remembered him as solitary, not interested in hunting and fishing with the other boys, although fond of exploring the cave. Both remembered his slow, drawling speech" [41].

Laurence Hutton's "The Literary Life," part V ran in *The Critic* for January. Beginning on p. 43, and on p. 53 Hutton's ill-gotten story about "an especially bound copy of 'The Prince and the Pauper,' with a peculiarly affectionate Twain inscription. See also picture of **Helen Keller** and her dog, "Phiz" on p. 44 [Google books online]. See insert.

Clemens inscribed his photograph to Dr. **Edward Quintard**: "*To Edward Quintard, greeting & all good wishes./ One of the most striking differences between a cat & a lie is, that a cat has only nine lives.—Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar / Truly yours, Mark Twain. Jan. 1905*" [MTP; Frogtown Books # 43101, AbeBooks Oct. 11, 2008].

January 1905-December 1909 – Sam wrote two drafts to be used to unidentified persons, thanking for a letter rec'd. In the first draft he saw no objection to the translation of Sam's article on JA "for private circulation," but that permission would have to come from **Chatto & Windus**; in the second draft he did not mention a specific work of his but referred the writer to Harper & Brothers [MTP]. *Note*: these two notes were likely boiler-plate to be used to many requests for use of Sam's work.

January 1 Sunday – **Sam's notebook**: contains a list of things to do lined through as if completed:

~~Ask about Congo.~~

~~And X's book.~~

~~And Howells article—give it to Century~~

~~Lacks loud humor~~ [NB 47A TS 1].

Isabel Lyon's journal: At midnight the wonderful tones of the river ocean steamer and factory whistles sent their great sound through the air and I leaned out to welcome the new year with oh a grateful heart. This morning Mr. Clemens was nervous after a wretched night and his crying out against "God Almighty and every member of the Ferin" was tragic. He has no patience with doctors, nor with nurses—all, all are quacks. He said "We'll invent ways, offensive ways to break the sabbath." —and we played cards. But first I read him a letter from Don Raffaello—a letter full of messages. And then after the reading of the letter Mr. Clemens talked of the Swindle of life. He has not been able to smoke much and that is too great a trial for any degree of comfort. Mrs. Rogers sent him 2 boxes of cigars; and Mr. Robert J. Collier sent him a lavish supply of most costly cigars—"Fuel" he called them, "for the new year."

In the afternoon mother and I went up to see some mediocre pictures, but they were pictures, and after tea Mr. Gilder came in with his sweet greetings—and after dinner we (Mr. C. and I) played cards until 11 o'clock [MTP: TS 34]. *Note*: There are two "journals" or "daily reminders" TS for 1905. The "reminder" was on a preprinted date form, like a diary; the TS does not carry page #s as does the "journal" but are herein added for clarity—the "reminder" TS is referred to henceforth as **Isabel Lyon's journal #2**, first entry for Jan. 11, 1905. No further distinction is made between "reminders" and journal entries. Examination was limited to TS's. The originals were not studied.

January 2 Monday **Sam's notebook**: contains an aphorism circled, followed by a list of things to do lined through as if completed:

The lack of money is the root of all evil.

~~Satan article:~~

~~Change now to Dublin~~

~~Speak of FLYNT~~ [NB 47A TS 1].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Much of today has been spent in trying to find places for the books that are scattered—piled—on the library floor. Mr. Rogers came in this afternoon; and after he left I played cards with Mr. Clemens. It was restful. Mr. Clemens is better; coughs less and his gout pains are diminishing. I flew over to see mother for a few moments this evening and on my return we played cards until 11.

When Jean is in Mr. Clemens's room and we play cards—or don't—he gives a freer vent to his words and is therefore a dear delight. Tonight he had nothing but little “spot” cards, and he called them a “perfect puke of spot cards”—Ah, his bubbling is of a strength—Jean remonstrated and in a chuckle of joy he told about a man—a good man—who many years ago was stranded somewhere in Mexico without a cent. He hunted everywhere for work, and finally they offered him a chance to personate Christ in one of the religious processions depicting Christ on his way to Calvary. The street was lined with godless folk who pelted him with rotten eggs, bad bananas and hideous other things. The man stood it with great dignity until the storm was too hot, then putting down his cross he said, “If I wasn't personating God Almighty, I'd show yer a thing or two.” I think it was apropos of the fact that a “perfect puke of spot cards” was nothing to what Mr. Clemens could say if he were not upholding his dignity as Jean's father. That's what I think [MTP: TS 34-35].

January 3 Tuesday – **Charles Langdon** wrote to Sam, enclosing a check for \$120, payment of coupons on bonds (Park Co. Montana, and General Electric Co.) which had been owned by Susie Clemens [MTP].

Sam's notebook:

~~Reduce p.c. on Congo.~~

~~Do you want Jean's new article?~~

~~Man born with fall[s]e teeth~~

Palimistry article [with hand pointing up to next page] [NB 47A TS 1].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Busy a good part of the day with the books in the library, and with a foray at Wanamaker's to find house and desk supplies. The morning paper brought the news that Gen. Stoessel has sent in a flag of truce and will abandon Port Arthur to the Japanese. The weather has changed from mild to severe with sleet that has made 5th Avenue terrible for the horses. Mr. Clemens sat up by the window this afternoon and after commenting on the bad climate, he said he “could make a better climate if he was drunk.” He seems quite helpless from the gout and nearly fell in reaching his arm chair. I caught him as his ankles gave way—and it alarmed me [MTP: TS 36].

A.W. Shaw wrote from Chicago to Sam to ask where he might obtain an original blue cloth copy of *TS*, as he had lost his copy [MTP].

January 4 Wednesday – The Aberdeen (S.D.) *Daily News*, p. 2, “Mark Twain's Pranks” reported reminiscences by Captain **H. Lacy**, who was born in Hannibal in 1839. Lacy claims it was not **Jim Wolfe** who was the victim of the famous skeleton-in-bed prank (sometime in the 1840s), but “a tramp printer named **Snell**,” who “blew into Hannibal one day and was given work on the paper.” Lacy claimed to be along on the prank; his account offers not only a different victim than has been imagined (see *MTL 1*: 18n4; also Ch. 23 TA) but a different outcome:

He was an uncommunicative sort of fellow, but a good worker and obedient. Sam decided to bring him out of his reserve and to do it borrowed a skeleton from a doctor's office and slipped it into the printer's bed. Then we got around to a window about bedtime to see what was going to happen. The print pulled off his shoes, piled his clothes over on the floor and blew out the light. The next thing we supposed would be a yell and a printer shooting out of the window in his nightshirt. But there wasn't anything of the sort. There was a sleepy yawn and:

“Get over on your own side, darn you.”

We heard the ghastly bedmate of Snell fall to the floor, and then everything was quiet except for the snoring of the sleeping printer. The joke had failed, and we went up to our rooms in disgust.

Next day Snell didn't show up, and we began to feel a little hopeful that maybe the trick had worked after all. But we were again disappointed. Snell was in a gin mill, boiling drunk and having the time of his life.

“Killed er man deader'n a red Injun,” he yelled, “an' shell corpus fer dollar an' sheventy-five! Wow!”

“He had rolled the skeleton up in a sheet and sold it to another doctor!”

Sam's notebook:

Mr. C. Lewinhaupt

Hotel Monticello

35 W. 64th st

1390 Columbus (tel) [NB 47A TS 2]. *Note:* Swedish Count **C. Lewenhaupt** gave Sam osteopathic treatments beginning Mar. 25, 1905 for \$2 per treatment. Lewenhaupt had been **Henrick Kellgren**'s assistant in Sanna, Sweden, and likely met Clemens while the two men were in Vienna [C. Anderson 85]. See Lyon's journal for that date. See also a letter Clemens wrote to Count Claes Lewenhaupt for a dinner invite on Oct. 21, 1887 (vol. II).

Isabel Lyon's journal: “Today Mr. Clemens has not felt so well. His wretched nights full of gout, make his days full of a dull misery. The weather has been very cold. Much snow has fallen and I have spent many hours among the books collected from many quarters of the world” [MTP: TS 36].

Frank David Woollen wrote from Dayton, Ohio to Sam, offering “a friendly word in passing from a stranger,” after losing his wife at a young age. He enclosed a verse he'd written, “Day's End” [MTP].

January 5 Thursday – Literally thousands of articles, reprints, and mentions of Mark Twain appeared in American newspapers from coast to coast during this period. This tidbit, from the *Dallas Morning News*, p. 6, borrowed from an unspecified issue of *Harper's Weekly*:

What Is In a Name.

Mark Twain once went into a restaurant and sat down at a table near a solitary man who had just arrived and was giving his order to the waiter.

“Bring me some of the best broiled lobster you have in the house,” said the man. “Er—just mention my name to the cook—Mr. Sobble.”

The waiter bowed obsequiously, and turned to Mark Twain's order. The incident had not been lost on Mr. Clemens.

“Bring me half a dozen oysters,” he said. “Oh—just mention my name to each one of them—Mark Twain.” — *Harper's Weekly*.

[*Note:* A similar anecdote was found in *Current Literature* (Magazine) for June 1904].

Sam's notebook:

Mrs. J.S. Copley Greene

354 Marlboro st [NB 47A TS 2].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Another drowsing lifeless day for Mr. Clemens. He has no interest in life or things and his day sleeping does not refresh him. Mr. Dunne (Mr. Dooley) came in today and greeted me cordially from among the dusty books. He wanted to see Mr. Clemens and ask him to go to a banquet down in Washington; but since that is quite impossible he will some day come for a talk with Mr. Clemens. He is agreeable [MTP: TS 36].

January 6 Friday – In San Remo, Italy, **William Dean Howells** wrote to Sam.

I have always been afraid you didn't get a letter I wrote you at Florence last June trying to say the things it is never any use to say. Ever since I had hoped you would let me hear from you. I have heard about you and your family from John [Howells] and others, and I know how in a general way you are getting more than your share of sorrow still. But I wish I could have some word from you, and I know it would help you to unpack your heart to me as you used to do.

It seems a poor joke of fate that I should be in Italy the year after you, and only twelve hours from Florence. We came down from London early in October and have been here ever since, threatening to go home by every boat from Genoa, but now probably meaning to stay till spring. I dread the New York [winter] for my wife, if we were plunged back into it, and Pilla would simply have to sail for Bermuda as soon as she arrived.... San Remo is a pretty good place to work for there isn't anything else to do, and I'm working away at the English material I stored up in the summer, turning it mostly into beeswax, I'm afraid. I wish I could see you, and about three other people in America, where I hope to stay if I ever get back. We've laid the ghost of ever living in Italy; New York is bad enough for me. — Do let me hear from you. Elinor and Pilla join me in love to you all. I hope you have encouraging reports of Clara [MTHL 2: 795]. *Note:* Howells was writing two travel books, *London Films* and *Certain Delightful English Towns*, etc. which would be published in 1906.

Kate Rogers Nowell wrote from NYC to Sam, sorry to hear of his illness, and asking him not to “trouble to sign these accompanying proofs, until you feel quite like it.” Nowell discussed his portrait in the *Outlook*. She told a tale of a co-worker lady who had been introduced to Clemens, “and she told him how much he looked like ‘Mark Twain’!” [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Mrs. Whitmore has sent me Richard Le Gallienne's last book [*Painted Shadows* (1904)]. This morning I took it in to Mr. Clemens and he was glad to see it, saying “an able cuss and writes deliciously.” Busy all morning over the check book—and hunting for 2 books that Mr. Clemens wants—“Letters of Robert E. Lee”—and a book by Mr. Prior. I haven't seen either of them. Mr. Rogers came in this afternoon and later I played cards with Mr. Clemens. Also I have another book, “The Queen's Quair”. I am fond of Hewlett's books. I ran in to see mother who was surreptitiously ironing in her tiny room and very gleeful too [MTP: TS 36]. *Note:* *Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee, by His Son, Captain Robert E. Lee* (1904). Since the move to 21 Fifth Ave. Lyon noted she had not seen this book. Also: “[Gribben 404]. See Gribben's entry on Le Gallienne for *An Old Country House*, which he inscribed “S.L. Clemens, 1905, to I.V. Lyon, 1908” [404]. See also 1908 year entry for this inscription and gift to Isabel Lyon. *The Queen's Quair or the Six Years' Tragedy* (1904) by **Maurice Henry Hewlett** (not in Gribben).

January 7 Saturday – Sam's notebook:

“60 years ago, optimist & fool were not synonymous terms. This is a greater change than that wrought by science & invention. It is the mightiest change that was ever wrought in the world in any 60 years since creation” [NB 47A TS 3].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Even though the days are full to over flowing, and perhaps *because* they are—life is so beautiful. Today Katie and I managed to get a temporary carpet into Mr. Clemens's new study with its gold life-giving paper. The room is at the front of the house and looks up 5th Avenue, having a charming view of the Church of the Ascension, and the Presbyterian Church beyond. Mr. Clemens gains a little each day—but his ankles are still swelled and quite painful. Quite an interesting man, Mr. Holland [Ellman written in margin, Holland lined out] came to see if Mr. Clemens had any manuscripts to sell. He has bought nearly all of Mr. John Fiske's, and others too of value. Some of Lowell's and N. Hawthorne [MTP: TS 36]. *Note:* **John Fiske** (1842-1901) American philosopher and historian. Ellman is unidentified.

January 8 Sunday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Isabel V. Lyon wrote to Harriet E. Whitmore (Mrs. Franklin G. Whitmore). Excerpted here only the passages dealing with the Clemens family:

Your sweet and most unexpected gift delights me much. I have not had a chance to read a word in it, for after cutting its pages, I took it in to Mr. Clemens who has been wretchedly ill for 3 weeks—He took the book from me—Saying of its author—“An able cuss who writes deliciously—” and today he remarked that the book is “ever so charming.” In the January number of the American Review of Reviews, there is an

interesting portrait of le Fallienne, and if you haven't seen it, it is quite worth seeing—An exquisite face—the face of an artist—

Perhaps you may be interested to know how very entirely Mr. Clemens absorbs all my time—every minute of it—even my evenings. I attend to an infinite number of things for him, and when he is lonely and restless we play cards. Play cards? Why I play with him all day Sunday even. He is delicious; this morning he had a run of very bad luck and biting his cigar hard he said “Christ couldn't take tricks with the kind of cards you give me.”

He is still in bed, and we make a card table of a down pillow—He calls the King of Clubs—“that damned orphan.” because it is always appearing as a singleton in his hand. Oh darling Mrs. Whitmore you have given me all this joy, and truly I am the wealthiest woman ever. There is a side to the life here that is most exquisite and hallowed; and Mr. Clemens lives much in the past,—There are days when he restlessly paces the “lonely house,” and he has not yet begun any real work—beyond a short article on “Copyright” that appeared in N. American Review for January. The house is not yet entirely settled. Some of the wall papering must be done over, because the decorator employed is a woman of execrable taste,—and a great deal of the paper is an “offense” to Mr. Clemens, But the house is really charming—and living here with mother so close to me is a great delight to me. I have very little to do with Jean—never go out with her anymore; you see Mr. Clemens wants his secretary on deck—and where he can have her services when he needs them. Jean is pretty well, not entirely so; and we have encouraging news from Clara, if the nurses can be believed. Mr. Clemens has been ill enough to have a nurse who is still here. He had serious bronchitis with congestion—slight—of one lung—and then the worst of all finishing touches, the gout—that has inflamed and swollen his feet, and he has suffered very much [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Today Mr. Clemens walked lamely into the next room, his study, but he could not stay long. First he shaved away his 3 weeks beard that made him look like Thomas Carlyle. We played cards later—and his hands were so bad that he remarked “Christ couldn't take tricks with the kind of cards *I* hold.” He is delicious. Mother came in and we had a dish of tea in my room, and Mother—saint Mother—mended a pair of stockings for me—on Sunday [MTP: TS 36]. *Note:* Lyon repeated things put in her above letter.

January 9 Monday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

The days fly busily along. There seems no chance of ever settling the house. Mr. Clemens is still in his bed—and the best things in the day are the games of 500 beside his bed. We play on a big square cigar box. Today a long gaunt reporter from “The World” came to have Mr. Clemens comment upon an account of himself. He tried to extract information from me, but I am solemnly non-committal [MTP: TS 36-37].

Houghton Mifflin & Co. wrote to Sam, to set straight certain facts regarding royalties to **Harriet Beecher Stowe** on *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in her later years. They disputed Twain's article in the Jan. issue of the *NAR*, which claimed the publishers rec'd profits on the book starting from 7 years before her death. They corrected that to 3 years and wrote that Stowe's daughters had “elected to sell us the copyrights of all their mother's writings outright” [MTP].

January 10 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

Today busy with check book and uninteresting mail during the morning. Mr. Clemens is still in his bed, but looks very much better than he did, and today Dr. Quintard pronounced him nearly normal. I played over the Tchaikowsky Finale of the Sonata Pathetique today. It is very beautiful.

Today a reporter from “The Journal” came to say that he'd heard that Mr. Clemens had been ill and he wanted me to put Mr. Clemens's [*sic*] opinion of his illness into suitable words, and say that it came from Mr. Clemens [MTP: TS 37].

January 11 Wednesday – On or just after this day at 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam responded to a questionnaire (“Questions Pertaining to Medical Legislation”) sent by **Andrew C. Biggs**, a “non-Medical physician” sent this day, from Greensboro, N.C. To all but two of the questions Sam either answered “no” or left unanswered. To the other two:

4. In your opinion, are the medical practice laws now in force in some of the states, drawn solely in behalf of the general public? If not, what other purpose do they serve?

Clemens: "They serve to curtail the citizen's liberties: they serve to abolish the citizen's fair & legitimate right to do with his body as he does with his soul: choose healer & creed to suit himself."

7. Please express any other views you may hold on the subject of medical legislation.

Clemens: "The allopaths have elected themselves a public-health monopoly so long that they have come at last to believe it their actual *right* to say who may kill & who may not. The bravos of Venice took the same attitude in the thirteenth century: they held that a person was not properly killed unless the killer possessed an assassin's certificate" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Today Mr. & Mrs. Twichell came to spend a night. It is a blessing for Mr. Clemens has been too much alone" [MTP: TS 37].

Isabel Lyon's journal #2: Letter & statement received from Mr. Cecchi. Today, wrote Miss Harrison asking her to place \$800, in the Manhattan Bank for Mr. Clemens's credit with Haskard & Co. Answered Mr. Cecchi's letter & enclosed Bill to be paid. Mr. Stanchfield called [MTP TS 1].

January 12 Thursday – Isabel Lyon's journal: "Mr. Twichell has been very interesting in his description of the way that General Sickles lost his leg in the battle of Gettysburg. Mr. Twichell was chaplain in Gen. Sickles' regiment. / Today Mr. & Mrs. Twichell left" [MTP: TS 37]. *Note:* **Daniel Edgar Sickles** (1823-1914), General, NY Congressman, attorney. See *AMT 1*: 565-6 for more on Sickles.

Isabel Lyon's journal #2: Miss Harrison deposited \$800 in the Manhattan bank credit of Haskard & Co. Horace

Mr. Mrs Twichell / Came today to stay over night.

Mr. Clemens is still in bed.

Miss Everett the nurse left today.

Ugo came back into Mr. Clemens service today [MTP TS 1]. *Note:* **Ugo Piemontini**, servant

Margaret Jenkins wrote from England to Sam, apologizing for being "a long time answering your letter of Dec. 16th" (not extant) and hoping he would write for the C.R.A. She hoped he would "help the cause by 'some occasional scribblings in the magazines.'" She had sent his letter on to Mr. Morel. She was posting him a copy of the *East African Mail* and articles related to "efforts to enlighten the public as to **King Leopold's** rule in the Congo" [MTP].

January 13 Friday – Isabel Lyon's journal: "I have lost 2 days of real living owing to my strange headache. Mr. Clemens is still in bed. Gout again. We play cards every evening. Today Mother went to the Customs Office and found there Don Raffaello's gift to me. A book in a bottle, very realistic" [MTP: TS 37].

Josephine Daskam Bacon (Mrs. Selden Bacon) wrote from 110 Riverside Drive to Sam. "Many thanks for your autograph in the 'Jumping Frog'; when my daughter is six months old, I shall begin to read it to her." She sympathized with his illness as she also suffered from bronchitis [MTP].

January 14 Saturday – Isabel Lyon's journal: "Trying to catch up the threads lost by that headache. It is David's [her nephew] birthday" [MTP: TS 37].

John Larkin, NYC attorney wrote to Sam and also wrote to Sam through **Isabel Lyon**. In the first letter he enclosed "a certified copy of an order fixing the transfer tax...on Mrs. Clemens' Estate at \$841.21." In the letter to

Lyon, Larkin confirmed he had her letter of Jan. 13 “enclosing notice of personal tax upon Mr. Clemens as Executor” of Livy’s estate. “When Mr. Clemens is able, if he will call some day at this office” (44 Wall St.) “I will attend with him before the tax commissioners and have the assessment reduced” [MTP].

January 15 Sunday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Today has been very full of the joy of living. I wrote letters and read some in the morning. Looked out of my window just in time to see dear Mother look up at me on her way home from Church and in the afternoon she came over. Later I played cards with my chief. Some day the penalty for having such perfect living will come [MTP: TS 37]. *Note:* on Jan. 3, 1933 she added a note to this entry that “No penalty attaches itself to perfect living. No penalties ever attach themselves to joys.”

Theo Mead wrote from 55 Duane St., NYC, to Sam, inquiring about an episode where Clemens reportedly was sued by a Christian Science “charlatan” for \$400. Was this correct? Mead wished to use the case to “warn possible victims” [MTP].

The National Institute of Arts and Letters chose eight more members to the Academy of Arts and Letters: **Henry James, Charles Follen McKim, Henry Adams, Charles Eliot Norton, John Quincy Adams Ward, Thomas Raynesford Lounsbury, Theodore Roosevelt, Thomas Bailey Aldrich** [MTP enclosed in 30 May 1905 to MT].

January 16 Monday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Very busy with much writing to do. Mother came in the afternoon. I went this evening to a Beethoven concert with Francesca and Rosamond—such sweet children. There was a stupid lecture on Beethoven and then 3 beautiful numbers. I met Mrs. Nowell, the one who sketched Mr. Clemens for *The Outlook*—and some Tuesday I am going up for a dish of tea with her. I had a late game of cards with Mr. Clemens, on my return from the concert [MTP: TS 37]. *Note:* **Kate Rogers Nowell.**

Isabel Lyon’s journal 2: “Mr. Stanchfield had a long talk with Mr. Clemens” [MTP TS 2].

Margaret Lee wrote from Brooklyn to Sam, to “congratulate you and thank you for opening the Perpetual Copyright Campaign of 1905 in your own masterly manner” [MTP].

January 16? Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to *Harper’s Weekly*, concerning the loss of copyright and royalties for **Harriet Beecher Stowe** before her death. In its Jan. 7 issue, the magazine had reprinted Sam’s quote from the Jan. issue of the *North American Review*. The quotation was printed within a **Jan. 10** letter by Houghton Mifflin & Co. Sam argued he was not after publishers on the copyright issue, but was “**hunting lawmakers, & lawmakers alone**” [MTP].

January 17 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Busy every moment. / (Dublin note—July 7, 1905) Mr. Clemens takes up a novel and begins in the middle and swings along to the finish” [MTP: TS 38]. *Note:* just why she added this to Jan. 17 is not known. **Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2:** “Today Mr. Clemens sat for several hours in the study. Gout Continues. Miss Harrison sent a check to Mr. Larkin for \$841.21 for transfer tax to be paid on Mrs. Clemens’s estate” [MTP TS 2].

January 18 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Today Santissima’s beautiful black cat Bambino arrived. Katie brought it down in a cab. A patient in Santissima’s sanitarium cannot stand cats and she is to be there for a fortnight. It is Mr. Dana’s birthday” [MTP: TS 38]. **Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2:** “Mr. Clemens took more cold when he sat in the Study yesterday, and today he is not so well” [MTP TS 2].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to **John B. Stanchfield**, with copy to Sam. Mr. Howard E. Wright was out of town until Monday and preferred an evening meeting. “I enclose carbon copy of a statement which I prepared last October for Mr. Clemens, about the Butters matter, which may be of some use to you” [MTP]. *Note:* Henry Butters.

Harveian Co., Samuel G. Tracy, M.D. medical director, wrote from NYC, wishing Clemens to become familiar with the NYC **Nauheim Bath**; he claimed success in treating many ailments [MTP].

John Larkin, attorney wrote to Sam, acknowledging receipt of Lyon's letter and check by Clemens for \$841.21 (Livy's estate tax), also the certified order [MTP].

January 19 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave. **Jean Clemens** wrote for her father to **Anne Sullivan**.

My dear Miss Sullivan; / As Father is still ill in bed with gout he cannot write you himself and has therefor asked me to do so for him.

He was of course very much pleased to hear of your happy engagement, especially so as he once met Mr. Macy, at Mrs. Hutton's, I believe.

He sends you his most cordial congratulations and sincerest regards, together with the hope that your health is good. / Very truly yours / Jean L. Clemens [MTP]. *Note:* Anne Sullivan, Helen Keller's teacher, would marry **John Albert Macy** (1877-1932), Harvard instructor and literary critic, on May 2.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "To even up things a little—for one cannot have too much of beauty in life—there is Santissima away—and my eye continues its strange pains. But that would have to be to even up things a little. The solemn joy of living in the same house with Mr. Clemens who grows ever sweeter with the white, white years, is beyond all words of mine" [MTP: TS 38].

January 20 Friday – **Ralph W. Ashcroft** wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to Sam, concerning ongoing disputes with **Howard E. Wright** and the **American Plasmon Co.** "The other day, I came across the card of admission issued by Hammond to Butters in connection with the 'freeze-out' game. I enclose it" [MTP].

Robert Underwood Johnson wrote for the **National Institute of Arts and Letters** to Sam. **Thomas Bailey Aldrich** had consented to be retained on the list of members, and therefore should be selected as the 15th member of the Academy. Johnson enclosed William Dean Howells' preferences for new membership, of which the following were designated as elected Jan. 7: **Charles Eliot Norton, Henry James, Thomas R. Lounsbury, J.Q.A Ward**. Also listed were **Thomas Bailey Aldrich, William M. Sloane, Joseph Jefferson, and Carl Schurz** [MTP].

January 21 Saturday

January 22 Sunday – "Bloody Sunday" (or "Red Sunday") in St. Petersburg, Russia was the impetus for Mark Twain's "The Czar's Soliloquy," written shortly after this day. (See Jan. 30, and Feb. entries.) Peaceful demonstrators petitioning **Czar Nicholas II** were gunned down by the Imperial guard. Budd writes:

"To Twain the riots...were both enraging and heartening. He rushed into print with 'The Czar's Soliloquy,' the vehement logic of which went back to 1889-1891 when he was listening raptly to [George] Kennan and Stepniak" [*New England Quarterly* 32.3 (Sept 1959) p.366].

Isabel Lyon's journal: This afternoon Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Gilder came in as I was playing 500 with Mr. Clemens—later Mr. Clemens said he "did not like to be such an expense to a guest—there Carnegie sat with a stream of dollars pouring down his back"—and no one to collect them [MTP: TS 38].

January 23 Monday – **Isabel Lyon's journal # 2:** "Sent card to Mrs Clander, for Mr. Clemens" [MTP TS 2].

George B. Harvey wrote to Sam, soliciting him to attend the "little dinner to the Archbishop Thursday evening," urged by Mr. O'Day [MTP]. *Note:* this may be **Daniel O'Day**.

Charles Langdon wrote to Samuel L. Clemens, Executor, requesting one-third of the Erie County taxes on the Genessee property, Buffalo, or \$46.20. "I may be in New York within a day or two with important papers

in connection with the closing up of the affairs of J. Langdon & Company, Incorporated, to which I must have your signature" [MTP].

David A. Munro wrote to Sam: "I have been talking to Colonel Harvey about 'A Postscript,' and he seems to think that since the *Review* could not publish it for more than a month, it might lose some of its pertinence"—could Sam agree to have it published in *Harper's Weekly*? [MTP]. *Note*: Sam wrote on the top left corner, "Told him to publish it in the *Weekly*"; See Feb. 11, date first published in the *Weekly*.

John B. Stanchfield wrote to Sam, having received a "box of celluloid hairpins from Mr. Ashcroft." Mrs. Stanchfield and the maid-servants were "pronounced" in their opinions "that they are not practicable." He recommended it "might be well for us to dispose of a portion of our holdings" in the Koy-Lo Co. He would take up the Plasmon matter when he returned to NYC, "in a week or ten days" [MTP].

January 24 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to the **American Academy of Arts and Letters**, casting his vote for the election of **Thomas Bailey Aldrich** as the fifteenth member of that select group. On **Dec. 2, 1904** Sam had been one of the original seven elected [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Today mother and I did some shopping together. It was blustery, but fine. Ugo is going away tomorrow. / Mr. Clemens is still in his bed, though better" [MTP: TS 38]. *Note*: **Ugo Piemontini**, the Italian servant brought back from Florence.

Arthur Newall wrote from Wiltshire, England to Sam seeking a copy of *1601*. Newall wrote that he had written to Sam in **April 1901** (not extant) but had had no luck in obtaining a copy of the tale from **Lords Wolseley and Houghton**. After reading in the London *Times* that Sam had found a copy, Newall inquired again [MTP]. *Note*: the MTP puts Sam's response as "on or after 24 January 1905," but this is not a telegram, but a letter, which would have taken at least seven or eight days to arrive in N.Y. Therefore, Sam's response is here assigned a *ca. Feb. 2* date. See entry.

Charles Langdon wrote to Sam, acknowledging receipt of Miss Lyon's letter and check for \$66.80. He was delighted that Sam was better. He hoped to see him Thursday or Friday. He enclosed papers for Sam to sign and for Lyon to witness, having to do with Livy's estate [MTP].

January 25 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **Susan Crane**.

This is the first day in five & a half weeks that I have not spent in bed. I bundled myself up, this morning & hobbled downstairs. The sitting room & dining room looked just like the Hartford home, with the folding doors spread open. It broke my heart, for there was not a thing visible anywhere that had not been made holy by the touch of Livy's hand. Thousands of times her dear eyes had looked upon those things, & each & all of them spoke to me, & bore testimony to her unchallengeable taste & her love for the exquisite & the beautiful.

I sat & looked out at the storm & listened four hours while Miss Lyon played on the orchestrelle, I choosing the pieces—dirges, funeral marches, and—saddest of all—wedding marches. The wedding is never otherwise than a tragic event, and all present should be clothed in black, & upon the wedding-bell should be written "A day is coming when one of these hearts shall break."

I came up at mid-afternoon, & have been in bed ever since. I expect to be up a while to-morrow again.

Clara's splendid cat [Bambino] is on the bed by me. He has been telephoned for, & Katy will take him in a coupè to-morrow for an hour's visit with Clara. After this he is to go to her once a week for an indefinite period. He is the liveliest company & the best that ever was. Katy detests cats, but she is the bond slave of this one.

It was a pathetic tale—that one about God using a minister & a church as instruments to rob that poor old lady. But I am done wondering at the things *He* does.

Love & good night dear Sue. / Samuel / (Called by many The Holy.) / I hope Charley is not out in this storm, but I fear he is [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: This morning as I was telephoning to Santissima's nurse, Mr. Clemens appeared in the lower hall, and when we went into the library I played for him on the Aeolian—played 15 numbers. After lunch I played again. I was playing Bach when I turned to find him sitting near me. I had supposed he was in the dining room watching the fierce storm that is raging—but he wasn't. He sat there with a most beautiful look in his face. Rapt, satisfied, peaceful and beautiful. Today is the first day that I haven't seen Mother [MTP: TS 38]. **Journal #2:** "Blizzard. / Today Mr. Clemens came down stairs for first time in 5½ weeks. / Ugo left Mr. Clemens's service today [MTP TS 2-3]. *Note:* **Ugo Piemontini**

Sebastiano V. Cecchi wrote to Sam, having rec'd Miss Lyon's letter the day before. "The Manhattan people have also notified our payment of \$800 which I have placed to your credit." He hoped Sam was not ailing any longer, and passed along some local happenings, including Sam's old landlady: "I suppose the Contessa [Countess Massiglia] never thought that she was riding for a fall, at the time: she seems now to realize her position fully, and fear has knocked her nervous system to pieces. / I haven't seen Luchini for some time but I expect he keeps you informed of how the case is going on" [MTP].

January 26 Thursday – Isabel Lyon's journal #2: "French butler Leon arrived today. / Sale of Tarry Town property closed today. Mr. Benjamin has had charge of the sale" [MTP TS 3]. *Note:* **Leon** not further identified.

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote to **John B. Stanchfield**, copy to Sam. "Mr. Clemens' story of the Plasmon matter will be ready for you on your arrival." He went on with details of the pin manufacturing and sent "a perfected blued wire pin; also one of the hat pins" for the "criticisms of your people," and sought "specific objections" to the celluloid pins as "General objections do not help" [MTP].

January 27 Friday – Isabel Lyon's journal #2: "Mr. Langdon arrived this evening at 9:45" [MTP TS 3].

William Evarts Benjamin wrote to Sam concerning papers he'd handed him the day before on the Tarrytown property. Complexities regarding a Trolley Co. encroachment, ownership of half the adjoining streets and "other papers relating to the matter are in charge of" Mr. **Andrew M. Clute**, Sam's attorney on the matters [MTP].

January 28 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **William L. Alden**.

I thank you heartily for giving me a chance to read it. Your article has given me great pleasure, special pleasure. It requires courage to say what you have said; few can run counter to an accepted & established popular notion & not lose nerve in the transit. We have all seen it, many times.

It is the end of the sixth week that I have passed in bed with gout and bronchitis. I should have written you a fortnight ago if I had been physically competent [MTP]. *Note:* possibly Alden's article, "Mark Twain; Samuel L. Clemens," which ran in the Nov. 1904 issue of *English Illustrated Magazine*, p. 182-4; see Vol. III for Nov. 1904. See also Gribben 14-15 for other books listed by Alden.

Isabel Lyon's journal #2: "Today proposition came thro Mr. Larkin to purchase Texas property for \$950.00 Mr Clemens accepts
Letter came from Mr. Norman Hapgood describing a nice house at Cornish, Vt." [MTP TS 3].

Note: Hapgood (1868-1937) had known the Clemenses since 1889 when he was on Thanksgiving vacation from Harvard, where he graduated the next year. When faced with making "a violent declaration of love to Susie" (Clemens) in a play at the Clemens' home, *The Love Chase*, Hapgood froze. It was his one stage "performance." [MFMT 57; *The Changing Years – Reminiscences of Normal Hapgood* (1930) p.205]. Before this Hapgood was the drama critic of the *NY Commercial Advertiser* and of the *Bookman* (1897-1902).

John Larkin, N.Y. attorney, wrote a short note enclosing a letter from **Mr. W.E. Forgý**, Texas lawyer, about the Texas property. Larkin wanted Sam "to kindly read & advise" as to what reply he should make.

On or just after Larkin's note with letter arrived, **Isabel V. Lyon** responded for Sam: "Mr. Clemens would like Mr. Larkin to accept the proposition" [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Michael Monahan**.

It is strong & eloquent & beautiful & I thank you very much for giving me an opportunity to read it. The inspiration which tipped your pen with fire is from the Maid. After all these centuries that force still lives—lives & grows. And it will never cease to live & grow, I think.

I was struck by a remark of yours (& I agree with it) that from the day of the martyrdom the Maid has been "the glory of the faith & the shame of the Church."

I was hoping she would never be canonized. One doesn't build monuments to Adam: he is a monument himself [MTP]. *Note:* Monahan's article, "Saint Mark" in the Dec. 1904 issue of *The Papyrus* was the target of Sam's praise. Monahan would later publish *My Jeanne d'Arc: Her Wonderful Story in the Light of Recent Researches* [Gribben 479, 525]. *Note:* *The Society of the Papyrites* (vol. 4, no. 3) published this letter in their March issue.

January 29 Sunday – Harper & Brothers wrote to Sam.

We have an inquiry for the following sketches: "The Grateful Poodle," "The Benevolent Author," "The Grateful Husband," which we are unable to indentify. Our correspondent states that all appeared in the Atlantic Monthly. It occurs to us that possibly these are not independent sketches or that the sketches were reproduced in book form under another title. Can you give us any information? [MTP].

On this day or just after Harper's above letter arrived, Sam answered:

Read proofs of the above on board ship, in N.Y. Harbor. Sailing for Germany April 10, 1878. Broke with Blisses in 1881. So the above sketch was published in the Atlantic Monthly probably during summer of 1878 [MTP]. *Note:* These are three parts to the sketch, "About Magnanimous-Incident Literature," each followed by a "sequel," first published in the May [1878] issue of *Atlantic Monthly* [Budd, *Collected I*: 703-09]. Sam actually sailed on Apr. 11, 1878.

Lucy McDowell Millburn wrote to Sam, complimenting him on *JA* and recalling she met him at Onteora when she was a guest of Mrs. **Mary Mapes Dodge**. At the time Millburn was so frightened that she did not speak [MTP].

January 30 Monday – Robert Galbraith wrote from Tarrytown, NY to Sam, having rec'd his letter (not extant) and check on Monday. He'd been kept busy shoveling snow that blew back at night [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's letter had likely been sent on Saturday, Jan. 28.

Isabel Lyon's journal: This afternoon Mr. Clemens went down to the library where I was writing and asked for music. The Aeolian seems to satisfy him. I had noticed a roll of MS. in his *band*—and at tea time he read to us his latest article—the one on the Russians. I had never heard him read any of his writings before, and he is at his best then. Today he was wonderful. Thrilled with the tremendous interest of the naked Czar's soliloquy. His voice shook with emotion. It is the strongest thing he has ever written, and you reach the power of him only when you can hear him read into his mighty words the soul of the thing as it stands to him. He is *too* tremendous in soul and in intellect. He is tremendous in his simplicity. Tremendous in the way he can be touched by the tribute of a servant, and every servant worships him [MTP: TS 39; Hill 99 in part MTOW p. 47 includes a crossed out section that doesn't appear in the TS]. **Isabel Lyon's journal #2:** Today Mr. Clemens gave us a rare treat for he read the MS of the article he has just finished: A Soliloquy of the Czar. / Jean began the typing of it today [MTP TS 3].

January 31 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon's journal #2: "Pay Rent, / Check for Mrs. Greening – 25.00" [MTP TS 3]. *Note:* **Tabitha Quarles Greening** ("Puss").

February – Clemens inscribed a copy of *TS* (1903 ed.) to an **unidentified person**: “One of the most striking and convincing differences between a lie & a cat is, that the cat has only nine lives. / Truly Yours / Mark Twain / Feb. 1905” [MTP: listed in Profiles in History, Oct. 2005, no. 40, item 130].

Munsey's Magazine published **Richard Le Gallienne's** article, “American Authors of Today,” p. 641-50. Tenney: “Passing mention of MT as one of the major writers, along with discussion of some whose fame has faded; MT photograph, p. 644 [Tenney: “A Reference Guide Third Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1979 p. 190].

Review of Reviews (NY) ran “Mark Twain on Copyright,” p. 213-14. A summary of the January article in the *North American Review* [Tenney 40]. *Note*: the same publication in London also ran the summary on p. 165.

February 1 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon's journal #2:

Mr. Clemens's preferences for new members to the national Institute of Arts and Letters.
 Charles Francis Adams
 Horace Howard Furness
 Edward Everett Hale
 Joel Chandler Harris
 Henry Carey Lee
 Silas Weir Mitchell
 Ernest Thompson Seton [MTP TS 3-4].

Thorvald Solberg for the **Library of Congress** wrote to Sam and/or Samuel E. Moffett c/o *Collier's Weekly*, acknowledging Moffett's letter of **Jan. 25**, that the number of copyright entries between July 10, 1870 and Dec. 31, 1904 was 1,569,800 [MTP]. *Note*: Moffett was securing statistics for his uncle Sam.

February 2 Thursday – Isabel Lyon's Journal: “Colonel Harvey is here. Mr. Clemens creeps about the house a little, but mostly he stays in bed. Mother comes over every day to sit in my little warm room. Bambino Bronchitis Clemens grows ever better as a cat” [MTP: TS 39]. *Note*: “Bambino” for short.

Isabel Lyon's journal #2: “Miss Clemens is now well enough to read. I sent down for Plato and the Iliad & Byron. She has gained 5 ½ pounds, and is allowed to sit up a little while each day” [MTP TS 4].

William Evarts Benjamin wrote to Sam recommending that \$75 be sent to **H.C. Griffin** of Tarrytown, the attorney who assisted in the encroachment matter of the Trolley Co. on Sam's property there [MTP].

Kate C. Lampton wrote to Clemens.

Dear Cousin Sam / I am so sorry to annoy you with another letter, but in the one I wrote New Years I enclosed my references. As they are all I have to help me get any kind of work I have to trouble you to return them. / Don't think I am too many kinds of a nuisance bothering you again. With best wishes for you and yours / Your Affectionate Cousin ...[MTP]. *Note*: **Ella Lampton's** daughter; see Vol I for a few entries.

Samuel E. Moffett wrote on *Collier's Weekly* letterhead to report a “snag” in his attempts for “information about copyrights,” as “no entries of any kind were made in his office before July 10 1870, and no statistics of original entries and renewals before June 1901.” He supposed the earlier ones were “scattered among the various district courts, and probably none of them are classified” [MTP]. *Note*: also see Feb. 1 from Solberg.

February 2, ca. – Isabel V. Lyon wrote responding for Sam to **Arthur Newall's Jan. 24** inquiry about obtaining a copy of *1601*, writing on the bottom of Newall's letter: “Mr. Clemens still has no copy & in every case where he thought he was on the track of one it failed—” [MTP].

February 3 Friday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Today we have the news that Santissima can sit up a little and she is beginning to read a little too. She sends down for Plato and Byon and the Iliad and dry essays. All the morning Mr. Clemens has been revising the Russian article and this afternoon he read me the revision. I was glad to hear that Col. Harvey said it was the strongest thing he had ever written. It is wonderful [MTP: TS 39]. *Notes:* *The Czar’s Soliloquy* ran in the Mar. issue of the *NAR*. Gribben (549) mistakes this journal entry for Feb. 2.

Isabel Lyon’s journal #2: “Col Harvey called this evening and Mr. Clemens read the “Czar’s Soliloquy” to him. Col. Harvey thinks it is the strongest thing Mr. Clmeens has ever written” [MTP TS 4].

February 4 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. **Isabel Lyon** Sam replied for to **Elizabeth (Ann Chase) Akers Allen (Elizabeth C. Akers)**, whose incoming question about the source of the verse on Susy’s headstone is not extant.

Mrs. Clemens and I found the lines in a book of poems which we came across somewhere in our voyage around the world; either in Australasia or in India in the last quarter of ’95 or the first quarter of ’96. There is one detail which makes me think that the little poem must have been Australian, and that is that when Mrs. Clemens and I were preparing the lines for the gravestone we had to change a word to make the verses harmonize with the weather conditions north of the Equator—to wit—we had to change “warm northern wind” to “warm summer wind”.

I think the poem consisted of the one stanza, but of this I cannot be quite sure. I have the impression that the volume of poems was new, and that the poet was a young man.

Your own poem is very very beautiful, and I thank you for sending me a copy [MTP].

Note: the reference to “Southern wind” is the change in the verse engraved in Susy’s headstone, a verse at first attributed to Clemens. When Sam learned of this he ordered the poet’s name (**Robert Richardson**) be cut beneath the verse. “In the original the word southern read northern since in the poet’s native Australia the warm wind is from the north” [Jerome and Wisbey, *MT in Elmira* 165].

Sam also replied to **Michael Monahan** (incoming not extant), who evidently had asked about 1601, to which Clemens answered “That Elizabethan sketch was (very privately—as was best) printed ...yet every copy has disappeared” [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Mr. Clemens says that Bambino is religious but not moral” [MTP: TS 39]. **Isabel Lyon’s journal #2:** “Today sent MS of ‘Czar’s Soliloquy to Mr. Munro. Mr. Clemens dressed entirely today for the first time in 7 weeks. / Mr. Gilder called” [MTP TS 4].

According to Lyon’s journal # 2 entry above, Sam wrote to **David A. Munro** about editing “The Czar’s Soliloquy” which would run in the March issue of *North American Review*:

This is for the March number of the N.A.R....The Colonel was here the other night and inspected it. He has not seen pages 8 & 9; I have added them since. They discharge an impertinence at God. Are you a friend of His? Is the Colonel? I prize that impertinence. I hope it can get by the blue pencil. I thought of changing ‘approval’ to ‘indulgence,’ but I think that would be a shade too impertinent...[MTP: Anderson Auction Co. catalog, 23 Feb. 1928, No. 2236, Item 22]. *Note:* the piece was in reaction to “Bloody Sunday” massacre in St. Petersburg, Russia on **Jan. 22**. Lyon also recorded Harvey’s visit on **Feb. 2**. See entry.

February 5 Sunday – Isabel Lyon’s journal #2: “Mr. Johnson called this afternoon” [MTP TS 4]. *Note:* likely Robert Underwood Johnson.

February 6 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote to **Harriet E. Whitmore (Mrs. Franklin G. Whitmore)**.

This is just a hasty little note to tell you that Katie is planning to run up to Hartford on Thursday of this week to look after and bring away the boxes in the Safety Deposit vaults. If you have the keys will you kindly give them to Mr. Whitmore so that Katie can get them from his office?

Saturday Mr. Clemens had on all his clothes—and a necktie—for the first time in 7 weeks. He has been busy—been writing a wonderfully strong article on the Russian Crisis. He is so much the most interesting man ever.

Jean is well—she is studying three languages—just ripping. We are a very peaceful household—Katie is good & valuable beyond words. It was a fearful wrench and re-adjustment for every one—and it is quite lovely to see how Katie does everything—“as Mrs. Clemens used to.”

Last month Mr. and Mrs. Twichell were here for a night, and it did Mr. Clemens a great deal of good for he had been depressed. He lives much in the past, speaking constantly of those who are gone.

Every moment I am busy—even all day Sunday—and life is grandly interesting [MTP].

Andrew M. Clute, Tarrytown attorney, sent Sam a bill for \$75 for legal services in connection with the encroachment matter on Sam's Tarrytown property (enclosed in Benjamin's Feb. 7) [MTP].

John Y. MacAlister wrote to Sam. After asking after his health, Mac related telling Ashcroft all he could remember of his connection with the **Henry Butters** episode. He warned Sam not to sue unless he had a good attorney and was sure of winning, “Put him [atty] to the test by asking him to try the case on the ‘no-cure-no-pay’ principle.” He vilified Butters, being now convinced there was a hell and that Butters would be going there: “so leave Butters to go to hell, and save your money, unless...your chances of success are about ten to one” [MTP].

Raffaello Stiattesi wrote to advise Sam in his “action of this moment against the countess Massiglia,” pointing out that “no one can be happier or greater than when he pardons and forgets injuries” [MTP].].

February 7 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: “Mr. Reeves was here this morning to talk over the renting of the house in Vermont” [MTP TS 4].

William Evarts Benjamin wrote to Sam, enclosing a check for \$1,000 from Title, Guarantee & Trust Co., on the Tarrytown property matters, and thought the prospects bright for getting back another \$500 [MTP]. *Note:* monies were held in escrow to insure clear title; notably, removal of the Trolley Co.'s encroachment.

John H. Grafton wrote from Winona, Minn. to Sam, asking for the name of the first mate on the *Hornet*, when she was lost in 1866 [MTP]. *Note:* Grafton does not give the purpose of his interest.

John Y. MacAlister wrote **Ralph W. Ashcroft**, copy to Sam.

My recollection of the Butters episode is that he brought, or sent to me a letter of introduction from Mr. Clemens, and that thereafter I saw Butters either once or twice at his office, and went into the matter very carefully with him, that is to say I endeavored to get as much information from him as I could. Butters urged me to try to find a purchaser for Clemens' English shares in order to invest the money in the American company. I told him I would see what could be done, with a mental reservation that I would see him damned before I would help in what I considered a bad business for my friend [MTP].

February 8 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam replied to a not extant from **David A. Munro**, possibly the galley sheets mentioned below in Lyons journal #2 entry.

Thank you ever so much for your suggestions. I have never read Sartor Resartus, & so I did not know he had been handling the subject. I was minded to suppress my article; but reflected that in my unacquaintance with Carlyle's book I represent 299 out of every 300 readers—therefore I might as well go ahead & have my say. Particularly as *all* ideas are old & worn, yet are always legitimately usable because the phrasing will be new every time & may dress the old harlot up fine & smart & make her almost unrecognizably young & fresh to the near-sighted.

Please carefully examine my changes, & if they are not fortunate tell me so & let me try again [MTP]. *Note:* see Gribben p.130, which shows Sam had read Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*. F. Kaplan points out Sam had added the book to his library and signed it in 1888 [619].

Isabel Lyon's journal #2: Mr. Munro sent the Galley sheets of the "Czar's Soliloquy"—Mr. Clemens revised & returned it.

~~Miss~~ Loomis lunched with Jean.

Bambino spent last night in the cellar [MTP TS 4].

February 9 Thursday – **Lucy Page Whitehead** wrote to Sam on a small black-bordered card. "Don't you think it would do you good to come to Washington for the Inauguration?" [MTP].

On or after this day at 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C., **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to **Lucy Page Whitehead**. Sam declined to go to Washington for the inauguration, pleading slow recovery to his two-month long illness [MTP].

Isabel also wrote to **Harriet E. Whitmore**.

Thank you so much for your letter of explanation. Katie has had to change her plans about going to Hartford—and as Mr^s. Crane is expected next week for a visit, it may now be some time before she will go. Katie did not speak to Mr. Clemens about the keys, and perhaps he has them. If they cannot be found, then I will let you know some days in advance of Katie's trip to Hartford.

Mr. Clemens wished me to thank you for your lovely messages [MTP].

Eva C. Dix, Secretary for the **New England Anti-Vivisection Society**, wrote to Sam, informing him that on their annual meeting Sam had been "unanimously elected one of several Honorary Vice-Presidents." This meant no active participation on Clemens' part but only the assistance of his name [MTP]. *Note:* it was quite common for luminaries to be "elected" as figureheads for social movements.

February 10 Friday – **Isabel Lyon's Journal:** "...Mr. Clemens is writing another soliloquy, King Leopold's—who is gloating over and excusing to himself the Congo atrocities" [MTP: TS 39; Hill 100] *Note:* See **Feb. 21** Lyon entry.

February 11 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **Charles D. Burrage**.

You wrote me a very kind letter eleven years ago (to Hartford.) It arrived here safe & sound *last night*. I have not been in Hartford for 14 years, but almost all the time in Europe. Your letter was inside a parcel of beautiful pictures; if it had been outside it would have been forwarded to Paris; but by my order all parcels were stopped in Hartford, & stored there. Yours was mislaid, along with a present of tea from India—I do not know how it happened—but both reached me last night. I thank you very much for the beautiful pictures, & I greatly regret my (enforced) tardiness in saying so [MTP].

John Larkin, attorney, wrote to Sam. "I enclose herewith letter received from Mr. Forgy in reference to the Texas property. I wrote him that you would accept the proposition of purchase, but I stated that you should not be under any expense connected therewith except the payment of commission..." [MTP]. *Note:* Archer County, Texas property owned by Livy; see entries Vol. I, II, III. **Sanford Wilson** was the purchaser [IVL journal #2 July 11, 1905].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Tonight at dinner Mr. Clemens told us of how when he was 17 he ran away from home—came to New York, went to Philadelphia and Washington and was away a year. He came to New York to see the exposition that was at 42nd St. and 5th Ave, where the new library is now going up. He is a marvellous talker. Holding one spellbound by the flow of his narrative [MTP: TS 39-40].

Harper's Weekly ran an article, "Mark Twain on Copyright" p.214. Tenney: "A letter to the editor, supporting MT's article on copyright in the current *North American Review*" [41]. Also in this issue was Twain's "A Postscript by Mark Twain," p. 220-1. See 16? Jan. 1905 entry.

Sam contemplated a work to be called "Adam's Soliloquy," and would read parts of it (*What Is Man?*) to **Isabel Lyon** on **Mar. 5** [Hill 100].

February 12 Sunday – **Samuel E. Belt** wrote from Greenwood B.C. to Sam.

"I am collecting facts about the blowing up of the 'Saluda' at Lexington, Mo, being a nephew of the ill-fated Captain," **Francis Thomas Belt**. He didn't simply want an autograph but asked Sam for anything he might be able to tell him about the case [MTP].

Note: the *Saluda*, a side-wheel, wooden hull packet, 223 tons, christened in 1846, it sank in 1850 but was raised and restored. On Apr. 9, 1852, Good Friday, with Mormon emigrants aboard, the boat was headed for Council Bluffs, Iowa. Upon arriving at Lexington, the current was swift. Pilot **Charles S. LaBarge** pushed her too hard and her boilers blew. Pilot and Master Belt and about 75 others died. It was the worst disaster to that time on the Missouri River. At that time, Sam was still in Hannibal, working on Orion's newspaper, the *Journal*.

Sam's notebook (NB 48) bears this date on page one, his address at 21 Fifth Ave, and list the following names: **Charles Frederick Moberly Bell, Andrew Lang, Marjorie Bowen, Francis H. Skrine**. The list, all persons in England, continues but a date of "June 19 or 20" is boxed to the left [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Today Jean and I went to the Church of the Ascension. It is a beautiful church, and the service was so lovely. The music was as beautiful as the church, and it was good to be there. In the afternoon we had cards and again in the evening as usual" [MTP: TS 40].

Elias Cornelius Benedict wrote to Sam after searching for an article read years before he thought was titled "The Twins" [MTP].

Frances F. Cleveland (Mrs. Grover Cleveland) added a note to Benedict's above letter to Sam: "Mr Benedict has opened letter & let me add a line of ...good wishes. / Sincerely".. [MTP].

February 12 ca. – On or just after this day at 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C., **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to the Feb. 12 of **Samuel E. Belt**.

"Mr. Clemens wishes me to say that if he ever knew anything about the Saluda disaster it long ago went out of his memory" [MTP]. See notes after Belt's inquiry.

Isabel also replied for Sam to **Elias Cornelius Benedict's Feb. 12** question. The sketch asked about "The Twins" was in the *Century* early in 1895 and was now collected in the Hillcrest Edition, in the *PW* volume [MTP].

February 13 Monday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** This morning came a letter from Raffaello. He has been ill, he has lost money, and just now there is dearth of happiness in his life. / Every evening we have music. Jean plays her simple sweet music, and I play the wonderful Beethoven and Schubert. Mr. Clemens spends nearly all his day in bed, getting up only in time for dinner. Every afternoon he calls me for a game of cards [MTP: TS 40].

February 14 Tuesday – **Harold J. Howland** for *The Outlook* wrote to Sam, asking him to autograph one of the proofs of his photo [MTP]. *Note:* see also entries for Dec. 3, 1904, Feb. 21, and Feb. 26, 1905.

George H. Daniels for the **Lotos Club** sent a form letter invite to Sam for a club dinner on Feb. 25, 6:30 p.m. for Sir **Caspar Purdon Clarke**, “who has recently been elected Director General of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.” The dinner was a pricey \$4.50 (without wine) [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon’s journal of Feb. 26 disclosed that Clemens went to Mr. De Forest’s house to meet Clarke on Feb. 26, so evidently he did not attend this Lotos Club dinner of the 25th.

Odoardo Luchini wrote to Sam, reporting that “the trial goes on very well,” but was delayed due to the judge being able to give audience more than once a week. All of the witnesses for Countess Massiglia had been heard. He gave more details and put a PS that his daughter wanted Sam’s exact address to return his copy of Maeterlinck’s book *Monna Vanna* [MTP]. See Gribben 446.

J.H. Tobin for Austin Book & Publishing Co., Austin, Tex. wrote to Sam asking how to procure copies of his stories, “Nevada Funeral,” and “Jim Baker’s Jay Bird Story.” Sam wrote in pencil that the first was in *RI*, the second was “Beginning of a” *TA* [MTP].

February 15 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **Madeleine Sinsheimer**.

Dear Miss Madeleine: / Your good & admiring & affectionate brother has told me of your sorrowful share in the trolley disaster which brought unaccustomed tears to millions of eyes & fierce resentment against those whose criminal indifference to their responsibilities caused it; & the reminder has brought back to me a pang out of that bygone time. I wish I could take you sound & whole out of your bed & break the legs of those officials & put them in it—to stay there. For in my spirit I am merciful & would not break their necks & backs also, as some would who have no feeling.

It is your brother who permits me to write you this line—and so it is not an intrusion, you see.

May you get well—and soon! [MTP].

Note: the New York *Times* published this letter three months later, on May 15, 1905 (p.9 “Merciful Mark Twain Writes to Maimed Girl”) with a dateline of May 14. Miss Sinsheimer of Newark, N.J. had become an invalid as a result of a trolley accident in 1903. The article notes Sam also sent one of his books (unspecified) inscribed with his aphorism: “One of the most remarkable differences between a lie and a cat is that the cat has only nine lives.” See **Jerome Sinsheimer’s** Nov. 7, 1908 to Sam. Also on or after **Nov. 30, 1905:** Madelaine reported she had recovered.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: This afternoon a Mrs. Judd came to read the story of Joseph to Mr. Clemens. She plans to use it for public presentation. She has very intense admiration for Mr. Clemens, so intense that she bubbles with it. The reading was a failure, for she filled the simple Bible speech with elocutionary effects and blasted it. But she kissed Mr. Clemens’s hand at leaving and while I was showing her the Spiridon portrait she showered very sweet speech upon me and kissed my forehead in homage for the man who stands as my complete master. She said that I will not need a heaven when I die for I have it here. She doesn’t half suspect the truth of her words. She wondered how I “managed it” to become his secretary. Those things aren’t managed they just come to one and you mustn’t try to “manage” them into existence. / Tonight mother and I went to an organ recital over at the Ascension. The music was superb, satisfying and filling [MTP: TS 40]. *Note:* Mrs. Ida **Benfey Judd**, noted monologist, founder and president of the Mark Twain Association (1926), now called the Mark Twain Association of New York. Judd studied drama under Alexander Bell, inventor of the telephone. WNYC’s website claims her association with Twain was “brief but influential,” though it doesn’t explain which was influenced, presumably Judd “After seeking his advice on elocution she spent a half-hour in discussion with the great author. See also Feb. 10, 1906 entry. Hal Holbrook credits the Association as giving him his 1958 start in portraying Twain.

Isabel Lyon’s journal #2: “About this date we hear that Miss Clemens is well enough to go out to walk for a little while each day” [MTP TS 5]. *Note:* **Clara Clemens** was recovering.

Sydney J. Roy for the **Hannibal Merchants Assoc.** wrote to Sam, announcing the formation of a company to build a new hotel in Hannibal, to be named “The Mark Twain Hotel.” Would he approve, and

could he be there about September 1905? [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote on the top in pencil, “No objection to the hotel but shall not be able to go there”

February 16 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to Joe Twichell.

Dear Joe— / I knew I had in me somewhere a definite feeling about the President if I could only find the words to define it with. / Here they are, to a hair—from Leonard Jerome: “For twenty years I have loved Roosevelt the man & hated Roosevelt the statesman & politician.”

It’s mighty good. Every time, in 25 years, that I have met Roosevelt the man, a wave of welcome has streaked through me with the hand-grip; but whenever (as a rule) I meet Roosevelt the statesman & politician I find him destitute of morals & not respectable. It is plain that where his political self & his party self are concerned he has nothing resembling a conscience; that under those inspirations he is naively indifferent to the restraints of duty & even unaware of them; ready to kick the Constitution into the back yard whenever it gets in the way; & whenever he smells a vote, not only willing but eager to buy it, give extravagant rates for it & pay the bill—not out of his own pocket or the party’s, but out of the nation’s, by cold pillage. As per Order 78 & the stealing of the Indian trust funds. A man who will filch trust-money from a pauper Indian to buy votes with is pretty low down.

But Roosevelt is excusable—I recognize it & (ought to) concede it. We are all insane, each in his own way, & with insanity goes irresponsibility. Theodore the man is sane; in fairness one ought to keep in mind that Theodore, as statesman & politician, is insane & not responsible.

[portion of manuscript cut off]

Do not throw these enlightenments aside, but study them, let them raise you to higher planes & make you better. You taught me in my callow days, let me pay back the debt now in my old age out of a thesaurus plethoric with wisdom smelted from the golden ores of experience.

Ever yours for sweetness & light, / Mark.

Love to Harmony, & don’t forget us when you come down. I am still in bed, but having good times writing diligently / Say, Joe—I am the first that noticed the parallel [MTP]. *Note:* see Jan 15, 1907 entry, Order 78.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “This afternoon Mr. Clemens took such grave offense at the cards that wishing the same was in hell he vowed he’d never play again. I’m sorry. / Tonight Mrs. Crane, sweet Mrs. Crane arrived from Elmira. / Today Santissima had hats rrive from Aitkins. To think of Santissima and *hats*” [MTP: TS 40].

C.H. Mooney for the New Dixie Lyceum Bureau wrote from Louisville, KY to Sam, asking if he could fill “about five dates for us in the South sometime during next season?” with pay of \$500 to \$750 each [MTP].

John B. Stanchfield wrote from Elmira, N.Y. to Sam. “I have your note at the hand of Miss Lyon, under the date of February 13, enclosing clipping in reference to the bankruptcy of the Plasmon Company of America.” He doubted the assets of the co. would even pay the expenses of the bankruptcy proceedings. Also, he was gathering “information by degrees, in reference to our claim against Mr. Butters. I will be in New York in the near future, and call and talk over matters with you” [MTP].

February 17 Friday – Isabel Lyon’s journal recorded a visit from Muriel Pears of Scotland:

For several years Mr. Clemens has been in correspondence with a young Scotch woman. Miss Muriel Pears—I think he never expected to see her but yesterday came a local word from her saying that she arrived here in America last Sunday [Feb. 12], and is staying at the Brevoort House. From Mr. Clemens I went to see her and tonight she dined here. I found her very attractive and refreshing and her regard for Mr. Clemens is very beautiful. Mr. Clemens enjoyed her. He enjoyed her so much that he wants her to come again. She has a fine (-mind the word, I’ve-) [Lyon was searching for the right word here] memory, remembering the things best worth remembering. She dwelt charmingly on things written by Mr. Clemens, and she drew him out so that he was a glory, and she’ll never forget that evening. Her eyes grew in beauty (those lovely English eyes) and she gave continued little murmurs of assent to his words—his anecdotes—to himself. She wore a very pretty black lace gown, very becoming and her neck was most lovely to look upon with a string of pearls about it. Oh, the comfort for even a woman to look at a pretty woman [MTP: TS 40].

Lucy J.M Taylor (Mrs. Knox Taylor) for Quarter Club (for consumptives) wrote from Plainfield, N.J. to Sam. She had written in the fall of 1904 asking for signatures on his books and could she “beg again for the ten minutes” it took for him to send more? They would buy the books [MTP].

February 18 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **Muriel M. Pears**.

It was delightful to have you here; even the idiot butler wasn't able to spoil it. (Wait—this doesn't mean that I am entirely placated yet, but only partly, only largely; I am not forgetting that you did not let me know at once when you arrived.) A week lost. I wouldn't have served you like that.

If I could venture out I would bring you this book. And the MS (if you want it.) I would bring the MS. very privately, because it will not appear in print (North American Review) until March 1. It has a new interest for me now, because the general public—who do not know that magazine articles are always several weeks old before they appear in print—will think that certain passages in it were suggested by yesterday's tragedy.

I was very glad to see the photographs, & I want to see them again.

There is something I wish to add, but Bronchitis [Bambino Bronchitis Clemens, Cat in residence] is romping over me & my bed & has driven it out of my head. It will come again, no doubt, then I will keep hold of it.

With cordial welcome & greetings [MTP]. *Note:* the MS referred to that ran in the Mar. issue of the *N.A.R.* was “The Czar's Soliloquy.” Muriel's stayed one night at the Brevoort House. Sam may have handed her the book before she left or sent it, though if the latter it certainly would have gained a mention in his letter. Even if she had been given the book and she left on this day, it was usual for Clemens to write guests or hosts very soon after the visits.

Sam also inscribed a copy of *JA*: “*To / Miss Muriel Pears / with the warm regards / & best wishes of / her friend / The Author. / 21 Fifth avenue, Feb. 18/05. / P.S. Welcome to America!*” [MTP].

Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to **Annie Moffett Webster**.

Mr. Clemens has been ill for a long time and though he is now much better he has not yet resumed letter writing and so wishes me to write for him and thank you for the brooch which came to-day and which he is very glad to have.

He wishes me to tell you that he is very greatly pleased with what Gov. Falk [*sic* Folk] said, and that he has greater admiration for him than for any other statesman of our time.

Mr. Clemens also wishes me to say that he is so glad that Mr. Sam Moffett is on the staff of *Colliers*; he thinks that Mr. Moffett has the choicest berth under a salary in the literary world in America.

Mr. Clemens has not been out of the house for many weeks, and stays quietly in his own room the greater part of the time. We have good news from Miss Clemens who is really improving, and Jean is well [MTP].

Note: Governor of Missouri **Joseph Wingate Folk** (“Holy Joe”) elected in 1904 as a reformer; (1869-1923).

February 18 ca. – On or just after this day at 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C., Isabel V. Lyon replied for Sam to **Hannibal Merchants Assoc.**: “no objection to the honor but shall not be able to go there” [MTP]. *Note:* date changed from MTP's Feb.15 *ca.* to allow time for mails.

February 19 Sunday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to Father **Raffaello Stiattesi**.

Dear Padre: / It was most kind of you to remember me, & I thank you very much. From what you say I comprehend that the fragrant countess [Massiglia] from the divorce-courts of Philadelphia has been destroying my character. It is all right (as we say), it does not disturb me. The character that she could destroy is not worth saving.

Forgive her? Yes, I am quite able to do that, but it would do no good, she would not understand it. The insane seldom understand words or acts that proceed from a moral basis. Especially when they are old. Earlier she would have understood. At 45 she would have understood. But it is too late now.

We keep you in warm remembrance, dear Padre, we shall not forget you [MTP]. *Note:* Hill explains the last aspect of conflict with the Countess Massiglia: “The countess, on taking back the villa in 1904, had found

eight hundred francs' damages, which, according to Cecchi, had outraged her; and Stiattesi wrote Clemens that the countess was slandering him all over Florence..." [107].

Victor H. Ross for Toronto Press Club wrote to invite Sam to lecture there [MTP].

Lucy Page Whitehead wrote from Wash. D.C. to Sam, disappointed he would be unable to attend the inauguration of **Theodore Roosevelt** [MTP].

February 20 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **John Y. MacAlister**.

I wish I could see my way to allowing my Plasmon-testimony to be used & circulated by the English Co., but I cannot conscientiously do it. When I contributed it here, I limited its use to America where I had no pecuniary interest in the experimenting syndicate. When the American Co. was afterward formed & I became a stockholder, & the Co began to use my testimony, I stopped it. I am a stockholder in the English Co. To print that fact along with the testimony would neutralize the latter & make me feel uncomfortable besides, & to print the testimony *without* that addition would not be fair.

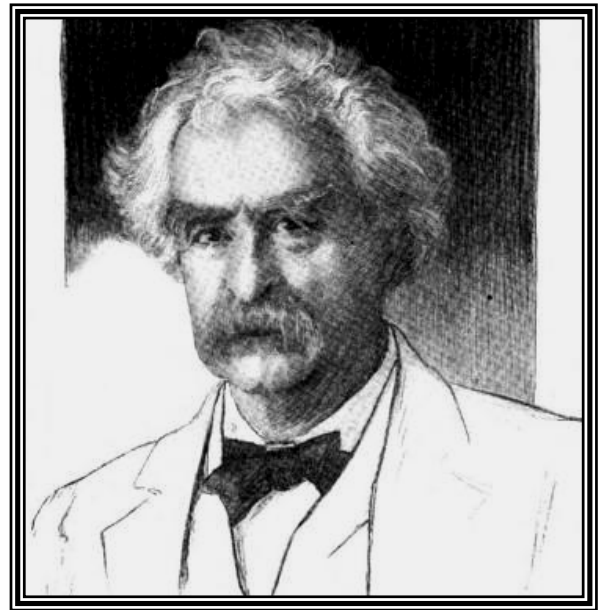
I am glad to have your Butters-remembrances. My lawyer is making his arrangements. We think we have a pretty strong case.

I'll write on those fly-sheets now, & my secretary will post them to you to-day.

I am still in bed, but could turn out if I wanted to. In bed, I can work; out of it I should be a prey to interruptions [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's Journal #2: "Mr. Clemens read King Leopold's Soliloquy to Mrs. Crane, Jean & me. / This evening Mr. Clemens began the reading of a Joan of Arc play by Mr. Geo. Porter," *The Maid, A Drama in Five Acts* (1904) [MTP TS 5; Gribben 554].

February 21 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam inscribed a portrait drawing of himself to **Susan Crane**: "Feb. 21/05 / To Susy Crane / the dearly beloved—from / 'The Holy Samuel.'" [MTP].



Isabel Lyon's Journal (for Feb. 22): "It was yesterday that Mr. Clemens read King Leopold's Soliloquy to Mrs. Crane & me. Breathless we sat & were weak with emotion when he finished the bald, truthful statements that rolled from Leopold's vicious lips. Horribly, too horribly picturesque it is, and Mr. Clemens will cut out some of it. It's a pity too, but I suppose it would be too strong a diet for people & governments" [MTP: TS 41; Hawkins 155 with slight differences]. *Note: the North American Review rejected the piece. See Apr. 11, 1905 to Morel.*

Clemens signed a portrait print of himself by illustrator **Kate Rogers Nowell** to an unidentified person: "Sincerely yours, / Mark Twain / Feb. 21/'05" [MTP: Fraser's Autographs; printed in *The Outlook* # 78, 1904, p. 843]. See Dec. 3, 1904 entry. **Insert Nowell's illustration.**

Erving Winslow for the **Anti-Imperialist League** wrote to Sam, enclosing a flyer. "Will you permit us to use your name among our list of vice-presidents? [MTP]. Sam replied about Feb. 23.

Alice Hooker Day wrote from 28 Fifth Ave., N.Y. to Sam, asking him to come to luncheon with his family on the following day [MTP].

Ernest C. Hales wrote on The Portland (England) Pottery Co. letterhead to compliment Sam on the “many years” of enjoyment received through Mark Twain’s books [MTP]. *Note:* Sam answered on Mar. 6.

February 22 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal #2: “Dr. Quintard called & talked with Mr. Clemens. Mrs. Crane & Jean lunched with Mrs. Day / After Mr. Clemens came home he finished reading the Joan of Arc play” [MTP TS 5-6]. *Note:* **George Porter**’s play, *The Maid, A Drama in Five Acts* (1904) [Gribben 554].

Frances E. Skinner wrote from New Haven, Conn. to Sam. “Knowing that while you were in Berlin you had some acquaintances with the late Frau Dr. Hempel, I am taking the liberty of writing to you in regard to a German Grammar which she had nearly completed before her sudden death which occurred last year. / Her intention was to publish the book in this country for the use of American students...” Would Sam write a “few words of appreciation of Frau Dr. Hempel” for use in the book? Ex-Ambassador White had sent a letter for such use [MTP]. *Note:* Skinner translated several books for G.P. Putnam’s.

An **unidentified man** wrote from Martinsville, KY to Sam, complimenting him on *TA*, which he and his wife were then reading. Only the first page of this note survives [MTP].

February 23 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **Abbott Handerson Thayer**:

“Dear Mr. Thayer— / If this should ever reach you, please let me know, for I want to ask about summer-house chances, in Dublin. / Sincerely Yours / SL. Clemens / It is Alice Day who tells me she thinks this may find you” [Archives of American Art, Thayer family papers online image 35456, accessed Mar. 2, 2010]. *Note:* Dublin, N.H.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Tonight Mr. And Mrs. Loomis dined here. Mr. Clemens was delightful, of course. While we were at dinner Mrs. Mott called me up to ask Mr. Clemens and Jean to dine there tomorrow evening. She to read some of her Harvard son’s stories to him. Jean remonstrated when Mr. C. bade me tell Mrs. Mott he wasn’t going out for months, saying “If you’re going to lie, tell a good one”—“Little ones are no ‘count.’”

Mr. Clemens said he was now on “Adam’s Soliloquy”. He can make those old frauds say about themselves what no one would dare say of them [MTP: TS 41]. *Note:* **Edward Loomis and Julia Langdon Loomis**.

Isabel Lyon’s journal #2: “Tonight Mr. & Mrs Loomis dined here. Sent a check for \$25 to Mrs. Tabitha Greening Palmyra, mo. / Mr. Edward Browning who attended to transferring Mr. Clemens’s pension to Mrs. Greening is dead ‘ [MTP TS 6]. *Note:* she meant **Edward F. Brownell**.

An **unidentified person** wrote on **American Building & Engineering Reports** stationery (Chicago and N.Y.) to ask if Sam planned to build a hotel in Hannibal, and enclosing a card for him to fill out. On or just after this date Isabel answered for Sam (draft in pencil): “Still in bed & hope to remain there for a few years yet. Read & smoke & write all he wants to & is having a good time” [MTP]. *Note:* on Feb. 15 Sydney J. Roy wrote announcing a company to build a hotel in Hannibal. This unidentified person likely saw such announcements by Roy.

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote to Sam on the bottom of Stanchfield’s Feb. 16 letter: “Wright is to meet Mr. Stanchfield at the Hoffman House to-morrow evening. / Yours ...” [MTP].

Sam’s essay, “Adam’s Soliloquy” was written **before Feb. 23, 1905** and remained unpublished during his lifetime. It was collected in *Europe and Elsewhere* (1923), edited by Albert Bigelow Paine [Budd, Collected 2: 1009].

February 23? – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C., **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to **Erving Winslow’s Feb. 21** that he was recovering from a long illness and had no objection to being named as vice president of the **Anti-Imperialist League** if it wouldn’t “entail active support on his part” [MTP].

February 24 Friday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

This morning Mrs. Crane went home, leaving behind her a blank. Someone spoke of her sweet inward peace, and she radiates it. Mr. Clemens calls her “the well beloved”, and she is all of that.

Pity it is that Mr. Clemens cannot look down a flight of stairs and see the beauty of his head as he stands in a red hall with a searching incandescent light revealing and caressing the wondrous glow of his hair [MTP: TS 41].

February 25 Saturday – In Dublin, N.H. **Abbott H. Thayer** sent a telegram to Sam: “This very great joy to us plenty houses visit us immediately and choose one / A H Thayer.” On the backside of the telegram Sam wrote in pencil what appears to be a response telegram, “Too ill to travel will send representative Shall you be there to see her—Please wire” [MTP]. *Note:* **Henry Copley Greene’s** Dublin house, “Lone Tree Hill” on the slope of Mt. Monadnock was chosen. Greene (1871-1951) was an author from an old New England family.

Charles E. Dana wrote to Miss Lyon that he had heard **Henry Copley Greene** had a house in Dublin, N.H. to lease for the summer. He gave **George W. Gleason** as the agent for houses there—“he runs the town so your standing with him means life or death” [MTP].

February 26 Sunday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **Kate Rogers Nowell.**

“Dear Mrs Nowell: / Indeed the portrait is fine. I have said it before but the thought is brought up in my mind again by the Outlook’s reproductions—just received the other day—that they are fine also, one can see at a glance” [MTP]. *Note:* An artist from Mass. was employed, **Kate Roger Nowell** for *The Outlook*. No bio. information was found.

Sam also wrote a long letter to Dr. **Moses Allen Starr** on Dr. **G.W. Kirch’s** controversies, which included bill items and amounts, services not billed for but claimed later, and certificates needed for Livy’s transport. Sam closed the list of complaints with:

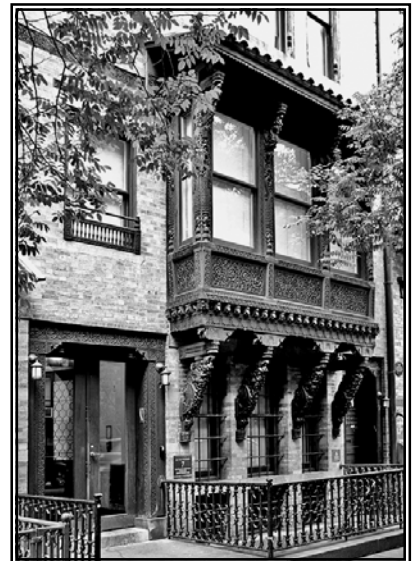
It is my belief, my conviction, that Dr. Kirch deliberately withheld the certificates, and that it was his intention to stop us in Naples by this means and add to our sorrows a deep humiliation. He is aware that through his conduct we came very near to being stopped there; and as he has never apologised nor offered to explain, I infer that his act was intentional.

This long chapter is my answer, Dr. Starr. I have not written it carelessly, but very carefully.
[After signature:]

Of course I do not *know* that Dr. Kirch’s bills were gouges, but I do suspect it. *N. B.* He made out his first bill not in Lire but in *dollars*—\$900. It made me suspicious. *Why* should he make it out in dollars? No one keeps his Florentine bank account in dollars. I told my secretary to ask him to make it out again, and put it in Lire. He did it; and made it 4,500 Lire. \$900 isn’t 4,500 Lire, it is \$25 or \$30 *more* than that.

It is as I have said: I do not know that the repudiated bill of 2,200 Lire was a proposed gouge, I only *think* it. Only a *court* can settle my doubts. I am so anxious to have them settled that I make this offer: if Kirch will sue me *I will pay the 2200 Lire whether he wins the suit or loses it*. I do not see how he can object to this. Within the past 7 months he has twice, of his own motion, tacitly threatened a suit. This present offer of mine is to encourage him to go on and carry out the threat [MTP]. *Note:* two strikeouts for how many weeks he’d been down in bed (6–8, 10) reflect the likelihood that Sam worked on this letter for some time, probably a belated reply to Starr’s of Dec. 21, 1904. See also Starr’s reply of Mar. 9.

Sam also updated his prior inscription of *Sketches New and Old* (Hillcrest Ed.) to **Clara Clemens**: “Feb. 26, 1905. It was written a quarter of a century ago, but it sounds as if the excitement of today over the (alleged) newly-discovered *Aphrodite* by *Praxiteles* (as the ‘experts’ claim) had inspired it. M.T.” [Sotheby’s, Apr 13, 2004, lot 27] *Note:* Sotheby’s added this



note: “About half of the volumes are sparingly marked with Clemens’s characteristic pencil and pen underlinings and marginal rules, and the conclusion of “The Capitoline Venus” in Sketches New and Old bears a 36-word autograph note.” See also Sam’s inscriptions to the Hillcrest Edition books for Clara and Jean of Nov. 27, 1904.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Today I photoed John Joran and Drummond—2 policemen in Washington Square.

Today after Mr. Stanchfield left I went down to find Mr. Clemens lying in a youthful position over the big saddle bags in the drawing room, playing with Bambino. Then he went to lunch with Mrs. Laffan, and in the evening he and Jean went around to Mr. de Forest’s lovely house, to meet Sir Purdon Clarke [MTP: TS 41]. *Note:* **Lockwood De Forest** (1850-1932), architect, painter, designer, and importer of furnishings—a friend of Clarke’s—his house at 7 East 10th Street, was one of the most unusual in NYC. See insert, where Clemens met Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke.

Isabel Lyon’s journal #2: “Tonight Mr. Clemens & Jean dined with Mr & Mrs De Jones” [MTP TS 6].

Note: Lyon mistook De Forest here for de Jones. See above journal entry.

February 27 Monday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

“Mr. Clemens was very, very interesting for during and after dinner he discussed the famous Beecher trial. Mr. Clemens had said at the time, and he still says that guilty or not, Beecher should have publicly denied the charge the day after it appeared in the press, for the honor of the woman, he should have done it” [MTP: TS 41].

Isabel Lyon’s journal #2: “Telegraphed Mr. Thayer. Wrote to Mr. H.C. Greene about Dublin house mentioned by Mr. Dana” [MTP TS 6]. *Note:* **Henry Copley Greene: Abbott H. Thayer.**

At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Henry Copley Greene** of Boston:

Mr. S. L. Clemens wishes me to say for him that through Mr. Charles G Dune of Philadelphia he learns that you have a house to let for the summer in Dublin. Mr. C. send[s] a representative to Dublin this week to look for a house for him, and he therefore wishes me to ask if you will kindly send an authorization to Mr. Abbot [*sic*] H. Thayer in Dublin, which will enable his representative to see your house [MTP].

Abbott H. Thayer sent a telegram from Dublin, N.H. to Sam. “Of course send her straight to us see our letter” [MTP]. *Note:* Katy Leary was investigating rental houses for Sam and family.

Isabel V. Lyon then replied for Sam to **Abbott H. Thayer**, referring to his telegram and correspondence with Greene:

Mr. Clemens directs me to write for him and thank you for your telegram with its most kind invitation; he is not well enough to accept it, and so expects to send his house keeper to Dublin this week to look for a house for him.

Mr. Clemens wishes me to say that he has heard that Mr. Henry Copley Greene of Boston has a house to let in Dublin, and that he has sent word to Mr. Greene asking him to send to you an authorization for his house-keeper to look at the house [MTP]. *Note:* Thayer’s telegram: Feb. 25.

Emma Beach Thayer wrote from Dublin, N.H. to Sam, telling him to get well and that they would be “most pleased to receive your deputy.” She advised that the “easier, though longer, way here is by way of Boston” and gave train times and directions [MTP]. *Note:* “deputy” would be Katy Leary. Evidently the Thayers had not been informed that Jean Clemens would accompany Katy.

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam conveying an advertising scheme by an advertising agent for Sam to promote typewriters and get a free Remington if he had need of one. The agent sent Duneka “an old, faded, circular of thirty years ago, in which you talk about the typewriter” [MTP].

Alice Hegan Rice wrote to Sam, sending “a recent copy of my favorite newspaper, which contains a review of remarkable quality” [MTP]. *Note:* Newspaper or review not specified and not in file.

Joe Twichell wrote to Sam.

Dear Mark: / It is highly probable that I (and maybe Harmony) shall go to New York next Monday (March 6th) for a day and possibly two days. In which case; of all the hotels public and private there to make choice of we prefer yours—for sentimental reasons chiefly.

Of course there may be, and are not unlikely to be, circumstances of one sort or another, to bar you from letting us in at that time. If it be so, it will not in the least embarrass you—we trust—to tell us of it. The hour of our arrival will be the latter part of the afternoon. Should we stay over Tuesday, we shall be off your hands from morning till evening. With care to Jean / Affectionately yours [MTP]. *Note:* evidently Joe’s plans to be in New York on March 6 for a few days changed, as no notes were made of such a visit and Sam wrote to Joe on Mar. 7.

February 28 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. **Isabel V. Lyon** replied to Odoardo Luchini ‘s Feb. 14.

Dear Senator Luchini: / Mr. Clemens wishes me to write for him and thank you for your very interesting letter. He is much pleased with it.

He wishes me to tell you that he is still in his bed and hopes to remain there for a few years yet; for, undisturbed, he can read and smoke and write all he wants to, and so he is having a good time.

Mr. Clemens has very good news from Miss Clara who is improving constantly under the rigid rules of the sanitarium. She can now walk out each fine day—and although she cannot see either family or friends we hear from her nurse by telephone every day and the reports are comforting.

Mr. Clemens wishes me to say that he hopes you will not trouble to return the “Monna Vanna”, for there are no associations connected with the book.

He wishes me to convey to Signora Luchini, your family, and to yourself his very warm regards. With great respect ... [MTP]. See Gribben 446.

Sam also wrote to **Abbott Handerson Thayer**.

I shall no doubt receive your letter before I put this in an envelop. Thank you ever so much for your telegrams.

The bearer of this, Miss Katy Leary, our housekeeper knows by old & seasoned experience just what we want in the way of a house; & so, if you will send her to Mr. [George W.] Gleason I shall be very greatly obliged ... [MTP].

On the above letter to Thayer Sam wrote to **Emma Beach Thayer**:

“Dear Mrs. Emma: / The letter has arrived & my daughter Jean is prodigiously delighted to go with Katy. Many thousands of thanks! / Yours, now, as long ago, / SL. Clemens” [MTP].

Note: See Volume I entries for **Emeline (Emma) Beach**, who had briefly been a love interest for Sam. In 1891 she became the second wife of **Abbott Handerson Thayer**, the distinguished artist. The Thayers moved in 1901 to Dublin, N.H. at the foot of Mt. Monadnock, where Thayer did his best work. Hearing from **Alice Day** that the Thayers lived near Dublin, he enlisted them in his search for a summer place.

Sam also wrote to the **NYC Postmaster**, his letter not extant, but referred to in the Mar. 2 reply [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Today Herr Heinick called to see Jean. He was ever so interesting telling about the corpse that he’s at work on—medical student. That corpse has been on the ice for 1½ years, and he is going to work on it until May when it will be so soft that he can pick up the muscles and nerves, without cutting for them.

This morning, looking for a MS. for *McClure’s* among Mr. Clemens’ papers I found the notebook that he used on the Quaker City in 1867 [MTP: TS 41-42].

Isabel Lyon's journal #2: "Rent. Mr. Brownell—Check for Mrs. Greening, 25.00.
"Today I counted the words of the 'Czar's Soliloquy'—there are 1900" [MTP TS 6].

George W. Reeves wrote that he'd written to Mr. Thayer about a place at Dublin and expected to hear from him in a few days. He enclosed a Feb. 26 from **Mrs. Amelia Edith Huttleston Barr** (1813-1919) about a "very pretty cottage" in Dublin for rent; Sam could write **Mrs. Dr. Sass**, Cornwall-on-Hudson about it. Reeves wrote that Barr was an authoress who seemed to know Clemens [MTP]. *Note:* this is not Mrs. Robert Barr, known by Twain, but another Mrs. Robert Barr whose husband and children died in 1876.

March – Sam's essay, "The Czar's Soliloquy" first ran in the Mar. issue of *North American Review*. It was not collected in any publication during his lifetime [Budd, *Collected* 2: 1009].

Katy Leary and **Jean Clemens** set out to inspect the Henry Copley Greene house in **Dublin N.H.**, still "in the dead of winter." With no hotel in Dublin the pair froze for a "nine or ten miles" to reach the Thayer's home, where they were thawed by a huge fire. The next day they discovered the only way to see the Copley house was to use skis over ten-foot snowdrifts. Jean, ever active, thought it no problem, while Katy accomplished the "terrible task." The house was suitable for summer [Lawton 248-50; Lystra 45-6].

Sam's **Jan. 28, 1905** letter to **Michael Monahan** was published by *The Society of Papyrites* (vol. 4, no. 3) [Gribben 525].

Sometime in the **first half of March**, Sam wrote from 21 Fifth Ave., in **N.Y.C.** to **Louise W. Carnegie**.

Dear Mrs. Carnegie: / This which I enclose is from my Highland lassie (aged about 30 & highly educated & accomplished) who is the best letter-writer now alive, I think. I have corresponded with her for 3 years, but I never saw her till she arrived on her first visit to America 2 or 3 weeks ago. She was not a disappointment—just the reverse. She returns home soon—but it ought not to be allowed. She is not merely a lady by birth & breeding, she is a lady inside. Capable stock; the male part of her family are civil & military officers in India & South Africa. Two & a half years ago she wanted to be companion to Mrs. Clemens or governess to my daughters, or *both*. But we hadn't an extra room, nor a vacancy, except in the purse.

When she dined with us & spent the evening she said nothing about governessing, but I hope you need her, therefore I am writing this note privately on my own motion. There's no harm if nothing comes of it.

I am still in bed, & expect to stay there till the whisky runs out, for I read, smoke, write, & am very comfortable & seldom sober.

As soon as I get out I am coming up to call [MTP]. *Note:* the "lassie" was **Muriel M. Pears** who came to New York and stayed at the Brevoort House next door on **Feb. 17** (see Lyon's journal that date); the enclosure is missing; this letter to Louise Carnegie, which refers to the Feb. 17 visit as "two or three weeks ago" places this letter to the first half of March, 1905.

March 1 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon's journal: Tonight Mr. Clemens talked about Mr. Howells. He doesn't know why he is so loyal to Howells (literarily) and he told me how only recently Mr. Howells has been free from financial worry. He has managed in the long years to tuck away \$60,000 in good investments, but that's all. Then he talked about Bayard Taylor's wonderful memory. It was brought up by the sense of the words "remember" and "recollect". Mr. Clemens said that once many years ago he and Bayard Taylor were walking the deck of a steamer when Taylor said he had made a point of each day making a test of his memory. That many years before that time as a boy, he had taken a prize for reciting accurately a list of words which he had been allowed to read only once or twice. They were disconnected words, nothing in them to carry meaning from one to the other. Then Mr. Taylor said "let me walk the deck alone for 10 to 15 minutes and I'll remember them"—and he did it. "That is recollecting," Mr. Clemens said and he dropped his napkin and rose with his lovely strong sway from the dinner table to go into the living room and talk to Bambino.

Tonight as I was playing the Andante of Beethoven's 5th Symphony a reporter from the Journal came to say that Maxim Gorky had said that he'd heard that Mark Twain had signed a petition for his release. I carried the message to Mr. Clemens and his answer was "That he'd been too ill for weeks to sign petitions, if there had been petitions to sign. Although if one had come for Gorky's release he'd have signed it if he'd had to get out

of his coffin to do it.” The reporter scratched down the words on a piece of yellow paper and he was glad in his heart and with his tongue to have so strong a message [MTP: TS 42].

Isabel Lyon’s journal #2: English Butler came today, George Buckridge.

Today Jean left for Dublin to stay overnight with Mrs Abbott Thayer, and look at houses for next summer. Katie is with her.

Mr. Duneka came to talk with Mr. Clemens about Remington Type-writer advertising [MTP TS 6]. *Note:* the advertising found its way into the Mar. 18 issue of *Harper’s Weekly*, p. 378 and 391.

March 2 Thursday – Jean Clemens and Katy Leary were in Dublin, N.H. where they previewed Henry Copley Greene’s house, approving it for the summer rental. Jean stayed one night with **Mr. & Mrs. Abbott Thayer**, likely this evening or the next, as **Isabel Lyon** met Jean on Mar. 4 in Hartford. See her journal entries for Mar. 2, 3 & 4.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: I’m on the train now going up to Hartford. I thought I was late coming through the subway tunnel with Mother, so we roared goodbye at each other savagely, but kept right on the same direction and I turned around just in time to see Saint Mother fall up the subway stairs in her dear haste to keep up with savage horrid me. Then we laughed. The country is snowy and beautiful. It’s so nice of the oaks to keep their pretty brown leaves on all winter. Jean is up at Dublin with Katie. Man behind me suggests to girl with him that she tie a string around her ankle to remind her of *him*. She giggles [MTP: TS 42].



The N.Y. City Post Office wrote to Sam. “Your kind letter of 28th ultimo [not extant], duly received and I have given special instructions that all mail matter directed to you at New York City without definite or local address shall hereafter be delivered at No. 21 Fifth Avenue, as you request” [MTP]. *Note:* signed “W.R.W” was **William R. Willcox** (b. 1863), appointed as NYC Postmaster (1905-1907). He was later Chairman of the Republican National Committee. **Insert: NY Main P.O. ca. 1905; built in 1880 demolished in 1939; known as “Mullet’s Monstrosity.”**

Sam’s essay “Dr. Loeb’s Incredible Discovery” was given this date. Budd writes it was written “sometime after the epigraph date of March 2, 1905, but was not published during Twain’s life. It first appeared in 1923 in *Europe and Elsewhere*, edited by Albert Bigelow Paine” [Budd, *Collected* 2: 1009].

March 3 Friday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: I met her [Jean] today on the 12.19 train when Katie left it. But yesterday was high holiday of the year for me. David and Lou were out at the Whitings to meet me there. I saw dear Mr. Whiting as he lay in his sick bed, a noble wonderful face, 81 years. I went to Hattie’s reception and saw friends and friends and friends. I went to the Moores and saw Jesse there. I stayed the night with Leila and we sat in our wrappers in her room and talked over biscuit and beer until nearly 2 o’clock [MTP: TS 42]. *Note:* Miss Lyon was in Hartford.

Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2: Met Jean at 12.19. Katie got off the train & stayed over to attend to some business for Mr. Clemens. Got some boxes from the Trust Company.

Jean’s trip to Dublin was successful. She found a house that Mr. Clemens will take. In fact he telegraphed so today [not extant]—to the local agent—Henry D. Allison [MTP TS 7].

Sebastiano V. Cecchi wrote on Haskard & Co. Bankers, Florence, Italy to Sam. “I wrote you on the 25 January Awocato Traverso has asked me to send you the enclosed document,” which had to do with terms of the examination of witnesses in the trial of Countess Massigila. The document would have to be signed by Clemens before the Italian Consul in New York [MTP].

March 4 Saturday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: I saw Dr. John in the morning and he does not say that the eye will ever be much better, and then I met Jean who has had an equally successful trip in Dublin and found a very good house owned by Mr. Henry Copley Greene of Boston. She found a house too owned by a French Canadian. She stayed one night with Mr. and Mrs. Abbott A. Thayer. Today Herr Heinick came [MTP: TS 42].

John B. Stanchfield attorney in Elmira wrote to Sam that he had,

“this day forwarded to Messrs. Lane, Lederman, & Lane, of San Francisco, Cal., a letter of which the enclosed is a copy. It does not go into the detail of a settlement, because I wish first to find out what proposition if any will be made. I think it covers the ground from our point of view.” *Note:* see Feb. 16 from Stanchfield, Sam’s attorney on the Butters matter and the disposition of assets from the bankruptcy of Plasmon Co. of America.

Mail from Elmira to N.Y.C. would have taken at least a day or two, so that Sam’s response, written for him by Lyon should be catalogued as **on or after March 6** [MTP].

Henry Darracott Allison sent a telegram from Keene, N.H. to Sam: “Your acceptance received leases will be forwarded you without delay” [MTP].

William Webster Ellsworth of the Century Co. wrote to Sam, enclosing a clipping from the NY *Evening Post* praising **Charles David Stewart’s** (1868-1960) first book, *The Fugitive Blacksmith* (1905). Ellsworth asked if Sam had read the book that they’d sent him a copy of “some time ago,” and noted the *Post* likened it to Sam’s work [MTP]. *Note:* see Gribben 665.

Emma Beach Thayer wrote from Dublin, N.H. to Sam. “Dear Mr. Clemens, / You were very good to spare your daughter [Jean] to us. / We wanted to keep her much longer. / It is a delightful thought that you will be so near us, and will perhaps often drop in on us. You are very much worshipped by this family—the young people have grown up looking up to you with utmost reverence” [MTP].

March 5 Sunday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Late this afternoon Mr. Clemens slipped away up to the Grosvenor and telephoned to say he was going to dine with the Misses McMahon. Francesca and Rosamond Gilder were here and stayed to supper. Today Mr. Clemens read me some bits of manuscript that he has been working on. He is so wonderful, so ennobling [MTP: TS 43] Hill adds a line not in the TS: “[Jean] hated it and refused to type any of it” [100]. *Note:* see Trombley p. 63.

Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2: “Telephoned asking Col. Harvey about his part of the “Hand” article, but Col. Harvey is in Wshington. / Mr. Clemens read some MS. to me. / The Poet & his friend & the Admiral [MTP TS 7]. *Note:* this article became “Refuge of the Derelicts.”

John F. Weir wrote from Yale University School of the Fine Arts to praise Sam’s *JA* and “especially the article in the Dec. ‘Harper’s’” [MTP].

March 6 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam replied to Ernest C. Hales’ Feb. 21:

I thank you very much for what you say. Just as I was about to comply with your request in the formal and customary fashion, this old letter fell out of an old book, and I thought you might prefer it.

It is the original—a typewritten copy went to the man on the other end—Dr. Sill (I think that is the name) inventor of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Missouri [MTP: Cyril Clemens’ *Mark Twain: The Letter Writer*, 1932, p.104].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Today Mother went up to see Poppy for a week. I took her up to the station" [MTP: TS 43]. **Isabel Lyon's journal # 2:** "Telephoned to Dr. Shaw's Secretary asking if Dr. Shaw can call in to see Mr. Clemens" [MTP TS 7].

Jean Clemens wrote to Patrick McAleer:

Dear Patrick; / I hadn't the faintest idea of your recent loss when I saw you, but although it is rather late Father & I wish to express our warm sympathy with all of you.

Katie, I believe, told you that I am going to buy a riding horse. Father wants me to ask you if you would be willing to come with us to Dublin, N.H. from May 1st to Nov. 1st at \$60⁰⁰ a month & your board & lodging. There is a single room in the stable & you would eat with the other servants in their dining-room. There would, of course, be no room for Mary or any of the other members of the family, but if you would come we should be *most* glad. The work would consist of the care of my horse, managing the electric water-motor which supplies the house with water, the care of the furnace in case we use it, and the care of the garden. There is a small kitchen & flower garden.

Father wants you to go to the Hartford Hospital & get yourself in good condition. Either call on Dr. Root or Dr. Porter & have yourself examined and taken care of either at the hospital, or told how to care yourself at home. Father also says that he will be glad to pay you part of your wages in advance, say \$30⁰⁰—beginning now (March) each month, between now & May 1st—

The list of the things to be done sounds rather large, but I do not believe that any of it will be very taxing, unless filling the refrigerator is. (I forgot to mention that)]—and that the ice-house is on the place near at hand. Please think this proposition over carefully, at the same time realizing how very glad we shall be to have you with us once more, if you decide to come. / Yours affect. / Jean L. Clemens [MTP]. *Note:* Patrick would die from cancer of the liver nearly a year later, Feb. 26, 1906. It's likely his hospital check up referred to here revealed the disease.

An unidentified man (W. Vernon?) wrote on W.F. McLaughlin & Co. (importers & roasters of coffee) letterhead to Sam.

"Unless you hear to the contrary I will call upon you at your residence at 9 o'clock on Friday morning, the 17th, as I wish to have a conversation with you before leaving for England. I should be glad if you would get your typewriter to write me a letter telling me what has transpired as the result of Mr. Ashcroft's visit to England. I concluded it better not to do anything in the matter till my return there, because, as Mr. Ashcroft has seen the other directors during my absence, a correspondence on the matter might have complicated things. The business [Plasmon] is going better daily in England" [MTP]. *Note:* Signature is not clear, but evidently the man was a director of the American Plasmon Co. W. In her Mar. 17 journal entry, Lyon noted that Mr. Vernon called to see Mr. Clemens this morning," the same 17th date as in the above letter. Ashcroft also wrote on Nov. 1 that he had "drafted a plan of reorganization of Plasmon that Vernon is 'fathering' and which will be satisfactory to all parties." **W. Vernon** wrote to Sam on Feb. 23, 1906. Taken together it seems probable that this letter was from W. Vernon. MTP advised of same.

March 6 ca. – On or just after this day, **Isabel V. Lyon** responded for Sam to John Stanchfield's **Mar. 4** note: "Mr. Clemens does immensely approve the letter. It talks straight business without any mincing" [MTP]. *Note:* There was no mail delivery on Sunday, though letter carriers in N.Y.C. during 1905 made as many as nine trips a day from the main post office. Sam could not have received Stanchfield's note before March 6.

March 7 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **Beatrice M. Benjamin.**

Thank you for remembering to send me the questions. At first glance they look formidable, for young girls (& their elders); but upon examination one finds them to be simple, direct, distinctly outlined, & not formidable—in a word, well devised, a difficult job competently performed. A *definite* question is a suggestive & stimulating text to talk to, a vague & indefinite one is an invitation to you to make snowballs out of fog—an industry which has its embarrassments.

....

Do you know, I trained the Young Girls' Club, of Hartford (that is, the Monday Morning Club), in this very business 25 years ago—and I was a member, too. To this day I am the only young girl of my sex that has the privilege of belonging to that Club. You write & ask anybody there if it isn't so.

Your parents are well. I saw them at your granther's the other night. Good-bye, dear, it is time I was getting to work [MTP]. *Note:* Beatrice was the daughter of William Evarts Benjamin and Anne Engle Rogers Benjamin, H.H. Rogers' oldest daughter.

Sam also wrote to **Joe Twichell**:

By George! But Mr. Wheaton does shovel the sackcloth & ashes onto your head in a most gentle & blistering way! I have not seen it better done in my life-days, as the Germans say. I think I divine how you feel, & about how much boot you would give to change places with almost anybody who has been caught in a disreputable performance—for instance, with that young friend of yours, courting his girl in her log home, & excused himself to go outside & “look after his horse.”

You must bring Mr. Wheaton here, some time when you are down, so that we can find out *why* he wants to stop war, which, to my mind, is one of the very best methods known to us of diminishing the human race. (What a life it is?? this one! Everything we do, somebody intrudes & obstructs it. After years of thought & labor, I have arrived within one little bit of a step of perfecting my invention for exhausting the oxygen in the globe's air during a stretch of 22 minutes, & of *course* along comes an obstructor who is inventing something to *protect* life. Damn such a world, anyway.)

Send Dave bach!—that breeder of disappointments. / Lovingly, Mark [MTP: Cushman file]. *Note:* the Dave reference may be to Joe's son, David.

Isabel Lyon's journal: “Today Mrs. [Clara] Stanchfield dined here. She is ever so charming. We had interesting talk after dinner when it switched onto eternity, a thing that has been in my mind so much of late” [MTP: TS 43].

Philip Cabot (1872-1941) wrote for **Henry Copley Greene** to Sam. “As instructed by my clients, Mr. Henry Copley Greene and Miss Belle Greene, I enclose you herewith in duplicate leases of their house on Lone Tree Hill in the Town of Dublin, New Hampshire” Cabot invited Sam's response if the leases were not drawn to his understanding [MTP].

March 8 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

Today Mr. Coburn called and brought some very wonderful photographs. George Meredith, Andrew Lang, Mrs. Ward, Edmund Gosse and many others. He brought some landscapes too, and when I showed one of some mighty trees to Mr. Clemens, at first he couldn't make out the subject and when I told him what it was he said, “I thought it was the dinosaur coming down town.”

Friday he will come to photograph the Signior Padrone [MTP: TS 43]. *Note:* **Alvin Langdon Coburn**, photographer, did come on Mar. 10 [*ibid.*] and would also take pictures on Mar. 11 [#2 TS 7] and also at Stormfield. **Dec. 21-22, 1908.** No connection with the Langdon family was found.

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: “Mr. Clemens signed lease for Dublin house” [MTP TS 7].

March 9 Thursday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** Tonight Mr. Gilder and Dorothea dined here. Dorothea looked very sweet in a little marquise bodice, brilliantly charmingly flowered. She left early to go to a concert but Mr. Gilder stayed on and was very interesting in his talk about Roosevelt as a reader, and as a man with a phenomenal [*sic*] memory. Only as a politician is he not admirable [MTP: TS 43].

Philip Cabot wrote for **Henry Copley Greene** to Miss Lyon, acknowledging the signed leases from Clemens, and returning one signed copy for Sam's files [MTP].

Margaret T. Chanler and Mrs. John Elliott sent an engraved invitation to a Shakespearean Recital by Mr. **Samuel Arthur King** on Thursday morning, March 11, at 11:30 [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote “ansd” on card.

Moses Allen Starr, M.D. wrote from NYC to Sam, responding to Sam's questions about Dr. Kirch's supposed overcharges. "I have received your letter and am only sorry that you have had the trouble of writing it." Starr explained that prevalent fees should proscribe what a "professional man of honesty" should charge. Starr had recommended Kirch, so felt some responsibility—he had done so from the word of Mr. W. D. Barbour of NYC, whose wife had been under Kirch's care for four months in 1902-3 [MTP]. *Note*: Clemens wrote on the env. "Dr. Starr's verdict against Kirch." See Sam's of Feb. 26.

March 10 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **Elizabeth Garver Jordan** (1867-1947) editor of *Harper's Bazar*.

Dear Miss Jordan: / Once I could have written about the special faults of women—playfully, flippantly, possibly even seriously; but that time has gone by, not to come again I believe. My model would have been my wife, who was the only woman I have ever thoroughly known; she would have edited my article when it was finished, for she edited all my manuscripts, beginning this labor of love a year before we were married, continuing it 36 years, & only relinquishing it on her death-bed, when her strength was all gone & she laid down a story of mine—the first chapter of it—knowing that her dear work was ended & that she should not help me any more. I think she had no faults; if she had, I do not now remember what they were. I cannot write upon that subject, the memory of what she was has disqualified me.

I will hope that another theme will suggest itself to you or to me & that it will turn out to be workable for the Bazar.

With my kindest regards & best wishes... [MTP]. *Note*: Miss Jordan would repeatedly try to get Sam to take part in a serial story to appear in *Bazaar*, at the urging of W.D. Howells. See Lyon's journal relating to this letter below; also see **May 29, 1906**.

Sam also wrote again to **Joe Twichell** enclosing an article not in the file:

Joe dear, read it! *Isn't* it a pathetic human race? And can there be anything *more* pathetic than the New England vote-peddling citizen's guileless admiration of his Puritan forefathers & Revolution-ancestors, & his conviction that they averaged higher, in virtue, than *he* does? Well—I believed as he does until Charley Clark & John Fiske debauched me with the truth. About '85 Charley Clark astounded me by saying that the farmer-vote of Connecticut was as purchasable as his potatoes, & at about the same price. I was an innocent person (then) & I was horrified. I had my opinion of the man who would buy a vote, or sell one, or would *contribute money* to be used in so degraded a commerce. Why, dang it, Joe, my own white soul surrendered, with hardly a pang, at the very first temptation! Yes sir, in our library one morning Charley Warner asked me for \$25 *to buy votes with, in Hawley's interest*, & I fell, there & then, never to rise again.

Do you notice the last sentence of the printed slip? Isn't it good & sarcastic! They are going to lay Bulkeley's matter (no doubt without a smile) before the U.S. Senate, a body which has been helping to buy the Grand Army & bounty-jumper & Revolution-great-grandchild vote every year for a generation! / Love from / ...[MTP: Cushman file]. *Note*: **Morgan Gardner Bulkeley** (1837-1922), Republican Mayor of Hartford (1880-1888), Governor (1889-1893), US Senator 1905-1911. "Bulkeley's matter," seems here to have had some connection with the purchasing of votes, in prior days, a common occurrence in Connecticut.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Today Mr. Clemens wrote a very beautiful letter in answer to Miss Elizabeth Jordan who wanted him to write on the "foibles of women"—to be answered by Henry James—but he said he couldn't do that now, once he might have, but the one who would have helped him to do it is gone.

Mr. Coburn came and photographed Mr. Clemens. He came down stairs in his old gray slippers and words can never say how charming he is. Mr. Coburn was made most happy by the interview and by the chance remarks that the Signior Padrone threw in.

Tonight Mr. Clemens read his "War Prayer" after dinner. It is wonderful and strong, finishing with his eternal slap at the human race—"all machines" we are—not responsible for any action of ours [MTP: TS 43]. *Note*:

Alvin Langdon Coburn, photographer.

Mrs. C. Griswold Bourne sent Sam an engraved invitation for tea at the Exhibition of the New York School of Applied Design for Women at 576 Fifth Ave. on Friday, March 10 at four o'clock [MTP]. *Note*: either the date sent is off, or Mrs. Bourne expected Sam to come on very short notice.

Sam wrote “The War Prayer” on or before this day. Budd: “Isabel Lyon recorded in her diary that Twain had read it to some friends. Hill also gives this date (p. 100). It was not published during Twain’s life, and it first appeared in 1923 in *Europe and Elsewhere*” [Collected 2: 1009-10]. Note: Rasmussen conjectures: “the story’s single incident may go back [to] a moment described in *Life on the Mississippi*, in which an apparently deranged man (**Henry Clay Dean** 1822-1887) delivers a speech that leaves his audience thinking that he is an archangel (chapter 57)” [A to Z 503]. Shelden writes that the piece was rejected by *Harper’s Bazaar* as “not quite suited to a woman’s magazine” [MTMW 60]. Perhaps Sam felt that it might only be published in such a magazine.

Jean Clemens wrote to the *Harper’s Weekly* editor, and her letter was published in the Apr. 1 issue:

A WORD FOR THE HORSES

NEW YORK, *March 10, 1905.*

To the Editor of Harper’s Weekly:

SIR,—Have you ever stood perfectly still for ten or fifteen minutes with your head held a little farther back than it is your custom to hold it? If not, try it once and see how you like it. Stand stiffly in one position, or walk up and down a long flight of stairs, with your head a trifle higher and farther back than you usually carry it, for, say, fifteen minutes, and I believe you will realize some of the torture most carriage-horses have to endure. The going up and down stairs will convey partially what they feel when they have to pull a vehicle up a hill, and in order to do so can only use their muscles and none of their *weight*, and their sensation in descending an incline with their heads held so that they haven’t the faintest idea where they are going to step next. It is no wonder horses with high check-reins frequently misstep. They are expected to depend entirely on their drivers’ guiding, but the best of coachmen cannot see *all* the stones and ruts, whereas both the horses’ and the coachmen’s eyes being used, many stones would be stepped over and strained ankles thereby avoided.

I was surprised not long ago to find an intelligent gentleman who hadn’t ever noticed that such a thing as a check-rein existed. When I showed him several horses with them he realized the pain that the unnatural position a check-rein enforces must cause. He is doubtless unused to horses, but I feel certain that many ladies enter their carriages with no more than a glance at the horses to see if they are in proper trim. They do not realize the torture caused by the high check-reins, they do not understand that the constant throwing of the heads means that the horses’ necks are aching intolerably from the strained position their heads are held in; they probably also do not know that very frequently when they are in a shop or paying a call their coachmen do not allow their slaves to bend their heads to one side occasionally to relieve a little of the pain,—they often give the wholly unoffending horse another pain by hitting him a sharp cut with the whip.

About the worst instrument of torture, aside from burred bits, is the combination of check-rein and martingale. The check obliges the horse to hold his head above a natural angle, and the martingale prevents his throwing it higher in order to relieve the horrible tension a little. If a person having horses harnessed in the above way had the patience to hold his head in a strained position until his neck ached and then continue to hold it there, moving it neither up nor down. I think that unless he were wilfully brutal and entirely without feeling, he would order at least the martingale to be removed, and possibly the check also.

Many well-bred horses hold their heads higher than their checkreins require when they are travelling, but as soon as they stand still they would naturally hold them lower, and then the pain and the restlessness caused by the check and possibly the sharp curb begin and do not end until the stable is reached and the check removed, because when once that kind of pain has started it cannot possibly stop until the horse has had the opportunity of putting his head away down as well as away up.

The chances are ten to one that when the owners of beautiful turnouts speak to their coachmen about the cruelty of checkreins, the coachmen laugh, believing that hostility to the checkreins is merely a fad, and that they do not at all strain or fatigue a horse. The coachmen are often more anxious to have the horses look as stylish as possible than the owners are, and as it is considered stylish to have horses’ heads reined up they will do their best to preserve the custom; but let the style change, and we shall see with what alacrity they will consider the employment of a cheek or a check and a martingale a useless cruelty.

I am, sir, JEAN L. CLEMENS.

[GOOGLE BOOKS]

March 11 Saturday – Sam wrote the following concerning his birthday. This piece was later found in an autograph album. Note Sam’s comparison of himself to George Washington:

Nov 30, 1835.

St. Andrew set, once for all, the standard of character proper to persons electing to be born on the 30th of November. None but the vain & self-complacent have taken the risk since. I chose the 31st, myself, not knowing there was no such day. I was so young, & so troubled with embarrassment on account of having to go among ladies the way I was—a trying ordeal I have always refused to do it again. The 30th of November is perhaps the most difficult & exacting of all the birth-days, except February 22, but I have done what I could to keep it up to standard; many think, with success.

Mark Twain

March 11, 1905 [Sotheby’s sale # NO 8698 June 17, 2010, Lot 538, from the James S. Copley Library].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Tonight Mr. and Mrs. Stanchfield dined here. It was a very pretty dinner and a good one and the talk was principally about the great Russian-Japanese War, for at this time the Russians are suffering tremendous losses and the Japanese are lashing them with victory upon victory. They are capturing Mukden. Mr. Stanchfield is a very handsome man, and clever too.

Mr. Dan Beard called this afternoon, I didn’t see him [MTP: TS 43].

Isabel Lyon’s journal #2: “Mr. Coburn photographed Mr. Clemens. / Mr Dan Beard called” [MTP TS 7].

Muriel M. Pears wrote to Sam.

My Dear and Greatest Mr. Clemens, / Only this week and by special order have I been able to get a North American for this month, for as indeed I heard in Philadelphia before I left the demand for the copy with the Soliloquy was so great that every one was speaking of it and of the extraordinary interest it aroused.” Pears praised *JA* again. She guessed that Sam’s cat Bambino had by now forgotten her, but she hoped to see him again [MTP]. *Note:* Muriel visited Sam on Feb. 17.

March 12 Sunday – Sam inscribed in **Clara Clemens’** copy of *JA* (volume 17, Hillcrest ed.): *Every one is a moon, & has / a dark side which he / never shows to any body. / Mark Twain / March 12, 1905.*” [Sotheby’s, Sept. 1962].

March 13 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **Susan Crane**. Only the bottom of the page survives: “Sue dear, beg for me with St. Peter if you get there first. He will remember me as the young fellow who tried for his place & couldn’t pass the examinations—at that time” [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Muriel M. Pears**, now in Washington, D.C.

This is indeed a joy! bless you I was beginning to believe you had gotten mislaid & maybe lost. I see it has not happened, for your letter is your own—the heart in it, & the talent, have to come from the one source, they could not be imitated by a counterfeiter. I am very glad you & are made at home & happy by our people. It cost me a pang to decline to spend Inauguration week in Washington with a family of friends, but it would have cost me a thousand pangs to go, for the welcome in every familiar face would be a reminder of other days, when so much more than half of it was for one who was at my side—& never elsewhere for half a lifetime. If Mrs. Clemens had been physically strong enough to live the social life she would have established our home there, she was so attached to the Washington people. She liked Southerners—partly because I was one, maybe.

I am grateful to the Forakers for taking care of you.

Be sure & tell me when you are coming. If you act as you did before I will expose you to your mother.

Jean is up town at the language-school but I will let her see your confirmations of her judgment when she returns. Bambino [Clara’s cat] will welcome you when you come. He has not sworn an oath since you left,

even when his breakfast is 3 minutes late. No one else has had such an effect upon him as this. He thinks a great deal of you—like / SLC [MTP]. *Note:* **Joseph Benson Foraker** (1846-1917), Senator Ohio (1897-1909).

Sam also wrote to **Clara Henderson (Mrs. J.M. Henderson)** in Chicago:

It has greatly interested me. It is a good guess at an answer to the questions involved—a better one could not be evolved, I think. But we have to infer the seven or eight incarnations, we cannot trace them back & identify them & prove them: & so we have only the terminating link, not of a known chain but of a guessed one [MTP: Cushman file]. “See attached” not in file.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “The greater part of the day I spent with Flo and Uncle Sam up at Macy’s” [MTP: TS 44].

Joe Twichell wrote to Sam.

Dear Mark; / Here is the same thing done in slang. [MT wrote “Newspaper clipping”; not extant.]

Still I am so happy as not to be convinced. What Charley Clark told you twenty years ago of the Coofarmers may have been, I fear was, true of a good many of them, but I don’t believe it was true of the *bulk* of them, or is true now. Nor do I believe that the majority of the votes that elected Bulkeley were purchased, or a half, or a quarter, or a tenth of that majority. Nor, again, for all you and Charley Warner *were* drawn into the league of corruption in Hawley’s interest, do I believe that the General himself was a party to it; Nor, once more, do I believe that more than a small fraction in numbers in the U.S. Senate is venal, but that, on the contrary, as a body, it is honest. Hence I do not despair of the Republic, or of the Human Race, for that matter. Dig down in history anywhere you like five hundred years, and take a look around you there, and then go down on your knees and ask forgiveness for being such a dog-goned pessimist at the opening of the Twentieth Century. ...

Oh! There’s an eddy now and then, here and there, but the *stream* flows in that [positive] direction. Climb out of your hole, Mark; get up where you can see a distance drop your cussing and shout Glory—not, of course, without stopping once in a while to cry over the bloody fight the beaten and retreating Kuropatkin keeps up against the victor Oyama. The *war* isn’t ended yet... [MTP]. *Note:* Joe then sent family doings and a meeting upcoming that night of the Monday Evening Club.

March 14 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam replied to **Joe Twichell’s Mar. 13.**

Dear Joe,—I have a Puddn’head maxim:

“When a man is a pessimist before 48 he knows too much; if he is an optimist after it, he knows too little.”

It is with contentment, therefore, that I reflect that I am better & wiser than you. Joe, you seem to be dealing in “bulks,” now; the “bulk” of the farmers & U. S. Senators are “honest.” As regards purchase & sale with *money*? Who doubts it? Is that the only measure of honesty? Aren’t there a dozen kinds of honesty which can’t be measured by the money-standard? Treason is treason—and there’s more than one form of it; the money-form is but one of them. When a person is disloyal to any confessed duty, he is plainly & simply dishonest, & knows it; knows it, & is privately troubled by it & not proud of himself. Judged by this standard—and who will challenge the validity of it?—there isn’t an honest man in Connecticut, nor in the Senate, nor anywhere else. I do not even except myself this time.

Am I finding fault with you & the rest of the populace? No—I assure you I am not. For I know the human race’s limitations, & this makes it my duty—my pleasant duty—to be fair to it. Each person in it is honest in one or several ways, but no member of it is honest in all the ways required by—by what? *By his own standard.* Outside of that, as I look at it, there is no obligation upon him.

Am I honest? I give you my word of honor (private) I am not. For seven years I have suppressed a book which my conscience tells me I ought to publish. I hold it a duty to publish it. There are other difficult duties which I am equal too, but I am not equal to that one. Yes, even I am dishonest. Not in many ways, but in some. Forty-one, I think it is. We are certainly all honest in one or several ways—every man in the world—though I have reason to think I am the only one whose black-list runs so light. Sometimes I feel lonely enough in this lofty solitude.

Yes, oh, yes, I am not overlooking the “steady progress from age to age of the coming of the kingdom of God & righteousness.” “From age to age”—yes, it describes that giddy gait. I (& the rocks) will not live to see it arrive, but that is all right—it will arrive, it surely will. But you ought not to be always ironically apologizing for the Deity. If that thing is going to arrive, it is inferable that He wants it to arrive; & so it is not quite kind of you, & it hurts me, to see you flinging sarcasms at the gait of it. And yet it would not be fair in me not to admit that the sarcasms are deserved. When the Deity wants a thing, & after working at it for “ages & ages” can’t show even a shade of progress toward its accomplishment, we—well we don’t laugh, but it is only because we dasn’t. The source of the “righteousness”—is in the heart? Yes. And engineered & directed by the brain? Yes. Well, history & tradition testify that the heart is just about what it was in the beginning; it has undergone no shade of change. Its good & evil impulses & their consequences are the same to-day that they were in Old Bible times, in Egyptian times, in Greek times, in Middle Age times, in Twentieth Century times. There has been no change.

Meantime, the brain has undergone no change. It is what it always was. There are a few good brains in a multitude of poor ones. It was so in Old Bible times & in all other times—Greek, Roman, Middle Ages & Twentieth Century. Among the savages—the average brain is as competent as the average brain here or elsewhere. I will prove it to you, some time, if you like. And there are great brains among them, too. I will prove that also, if you like.

Well, the 19th century made progress—the first progress after “ages & ages”—colossal progress. In what? Materialities. Prodigious acquisitions were made in things which add to the comfort of many & make life harder for as many more. But the addition to righteousness? Is that discoverable? I think not. The materialities were not invented in the interest of righteousness; that there is more righteousness in the world because of them than there was before, is hardly demonstrable, I think. In Europe & America there is a vast change (due to them) in ideals—do you admire it? All Europe & all America are feverishly scrambling for money. Money is the supreme ideal—all others take tenth place with the great bulk of the nations named. Money-lust has always existed, but not in the history of the world was it ever a craze, a madness, until your time & mine. This lust has rotted these nations; it has made them hard, sordid, ungente, dishonest, oppressive.

Did England rise against the infamy of the Boer war? No—rose in favor of it. Did America rise against the infamy of the Phillipine war? No—rose in favor of it. Did Russia rise against the infamy of the present war? No—sat still & said nothing. Has the Kingdom of God advanced in Russia since the beginning of time?

Or in Europe & America, considering the vast backward step of the money-lust? Or anywhere else? If there has been any progress toward righteousness since the early days of Creation—which, in my ineradicable honesty, I am obliged to doubt—I think we must confine it to ten percent of the population of Christendom, (but leaving Russia, Spain & South America entirely out.) This gives us 320,000,000 to draw the ten per cent from. That is to say, 32,000,000 have advanced toward righteousness & the Kingdom of God since the “ages & ages” have been flying along, the Deity sitting up there admiring. Well, you see it leaves 1,200,000,000 out of the race. They stand just where they have always stood; there had been no change.

N. B. No charge for these informations. Do come down soon, Joe. / With love, / Mark

Oh, I *would* like to hear Charley Perkins uncork his tar-keg.

[MTP: Paine’s 1917 *Mark Twain Letters*, p.767-70 in part: MTP: Cummings file]. *Note*: Sam’s “&” signs replaced; Paine did not like these. Charles E. Perkins was Sam’s attorney in the 1870s. See Vol. I entries.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Never, never on sea or shore of spiritual or terrestrial being could there be a man to equal Mr. Clemens. The subtlty [*sic*] of his magic and he doesn’t know it. He can’t half enjoy himself and oh the pity of it, for he would so appreciate himself. It is cruel.

After dinner Jean and finally I gave him music until a late hour. I am stupified [*sic*] [MTP: TS 44].

Grace Gallatin Seton for Pen & Brush wrote to Sam, reminding him of two years before when he declined an invitation but promised a future date—had that date arrived? Could he manage Sunday, Apr. 2 from 4:30 to 6? [MTP]. *Note*: no further documentation for Seton and Apr. 2 was found; perhaps he couldn’t “manage.”

March 15 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to an **unidentified woman** (possibly **Lucy J. Taylor**, who wrote for the **Quarter Club** on Feb. 17 asking for signatures on Twain’s books) explaining Sam was not well enough to autograph “so many books,” but he would be glad to “autograph the ten extra volumes if that will do” [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Today Mr. Coburn came and photoed Jean and then he took six more of Mr. Clemens. Mr. Clemens was tired then and went wearily back to bed. This afternoon I went up to Mr. Coburn's studio. All in exquisite green it is, and the dear man sat near my feet talking, talking of my wondrous master, and his own art, and he drifted back and forth between the two subjects, showing me a great deal of his beautiful work, his wondrous photographs, and glowing with the love of the beautiful. He wore a charming green silk Chinaman's blouse, and there was no speck of white in the room, save some dull candles. Tonight as I sat playing Mr. and Mrs. Loomis walked in. After a little sporadic talk we gathered around Mr. Clemens who brought in a letter that he had written to Mr. Twichell—he hasn't quite dared send it yet—to read to the guests. It is apropos of President Roosevelt and the man's characteristics—it is such a remarkable letter that it ought to be scattered abroad—though the clergy would not stand it, and lots of their followers could not. It compares Roosevelt to God, for "God must be a Republican." Then Mr. Clemens, after the shouts of appreciation of all of us, warmed to the task of it and told us a story or two about Mr. Twichell as chaplain [MTP: TS 44-45]. *Note:* Lyon likely refers to Sam's Mar. 14 to Twichell, though no direct reference is made to Roosevelt in that letter as there is in the Feb. 16 to Twichell. **Alvin Langdon Coburn** was the photographer.

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to thank Sam for "the beautiful picture with the more beautiful autograph," which he would give to his baby boy to enjoy as a man some day [MTP].

March 15 ca. – In San Remo, Italy, **William Dean Howells** wrote to Sam on a letter from **Edward Everett Hale** to Howells dated Washington D.C., **Mar. 1**.

"Dear Clemens: I've offered to pay \$100 in this cause. Wont you join? If yes, write to Hale. The publishers ought to be milked, too" [MTHL 2: 796].

Note: n2 of source: "Hale, with the cooperation of several literary men and lawyers, was seeking to establish 'a common law title in copyright existing wholly apart from the statute law.' The plan was to make the end of Hale's statutory copyright on *The Man Without a Country* the occasion for taking this issue to the courts. Hale believed that Wayne MacVeagh, former Attorney General of the United States and ambassador to Italy, would prepare and argue the case." See Mar. 28 to Hale. With this note, Howells enclosed a clipping without place or date headed, "Un Crapaud Géant/Le Plus Grand Crapaud du Monde." The clipping concerned an enormous frog which "M. Coleman...à Fredericton" had trained to respond to his name, Snag, and to leap a barrier while carrying an American flag in his mouth. Howells wrote on the edge of the clipping: "Digne Rivale du Frogue Jompeur. Ho! for home, April 5th! W. D. H." [MTP]. *Note:* Howells was headed for home.

March 16 Thursday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

Today Mr. [Moncure] D. Conway called to see Mr. Clemens. I was peeping for a sight of him through a crack in the big drawing room doors as he came down stairs to leave, when I heard his voice behind me in the dining room where he had gone for a glimpse of the Millet portrait of Mr. Clemens. He is 73, he looks all of it, and has a noble head, white hair and the wealth of years in his face. Tonight at dinner Mr. Clemens talked of him and told how Mr. Conway had gone to see Roosevelt in Washington, and he spoke of the beautiful Watt painting "Life and Love" which Watt gave to the United States. The President liked it and had it taken from the Corcoran Gallery to the White House. Some elderly women ("old hens", Mr. Clemens called them) saw it and condemned the picture from their moral point, upon which the political Roosevelt removed it and had it taken to a garret room in the White House, and there the beautiful gift to a nation lies. A moral coward [MTP: TS 44]. *Note:* in her Mar. 17 entry, Lyon wrote "Mrs. Day came in last evening."

Isabel Lyon's journal #2: "Mr. Moncure D. Conway called. He thought Prof Gelli's portrait of Mr. Clemens 'very strong'" [MTP TS 8]. *Note:* **Edoardo Gelli** (1852-1933), Italian genre and portrait painter, who did a portrait of Clemens in Florence in the spring of 1904.

Annie McAleer wrote from Hartford to Clemens. "Your letter inclosing check received and Papa wishes to thank you for same. / He feels very certain that he can manage the mater [*sic*] you spoke of having had quite a little experience

with electric motors, when working at the Auditorium, the method of working the two kinds are some different, he realizes.... / Respectfully yours [MTP]. *Note:* Patrick McAleer's daughter.

March 17 Friday – Isabel Lyon's journal #2: "Mr. Vernon called to see Mr. Clemens this morning" [MTP TS 8].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Tonight after dinner Mr. Clemens read us a new story that he is writing. Two chapters he read. I don't know what he calls it, but "The Admiral's Cat" will do here. It is a story of the poet who had a marvelous idea of erecting a statue to Adam, and he tells a friend of his project. He had no money and so would have to interest other people in the idea. The first person he goes to is an old Admiral whose weak point in his beautiful black cat—and Mr. Clemens's description of the cat through the old Admiral's comments upon it is a master stroke. He calls it Bagheera and draws upon a word or more of Kipling's when he describes that glorious black panther of his. It is a beautiful story. The old Admiral is drawn from two old whaling captains—Capt. Ed Wakeman and Commodore Smith. The former was born on a whaler, and when he retired after 70 years of sea life he used to cruise as a passenger up and down the Pacific coast from San Francisco to Panama.

Mr. Clemens paced up and down the living room as he described the two old sailors—and he grew more and more interesting every moment. Then he missed Bambino and after a search through the house, even to the cellar—I found him shut out on the roof outside of Mr. Clemens's sleeping room. He really is the most beautiful creature ever—that cat [MTP: TS 44; also Gribbern 378 in part]. *Note:* the story became "The Refuge of the Derelicts," long unpublished, which borrows from Kipling to praise Kipling.

March 18 Saturday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

Herr Heinick came for dinner tonight. The table talk wasn't very brilliant for Mr. Clemens was tired (?) or didn't like the man—(since, I've found that he didn't like the man, for he had expected to find an old and wise professor.)

Life in this way is so vitally interesting. The hours are like pearls in a string and I hope that the cord that holds them is a strong one [MTP: TS 46].

Harper's Weekly published Mark Twain's "The First Writing-Machines" (alternate title for "From My Unpublished Autobiography.") It was later collected in *The \$30,000 Bequest and Other Stories* (1906). See the inside cover ad.

March 19 Sunday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

Tonight Mr. Clemens and Jean went to dine with the Norman Hapgoods. Jean was really beautiful. The day was quiet. In the morning I played to Mr. Clemens—he paced the long rooms in his dressing gown, but he didn't hear anything I was playing for genius was pushing him hard and he had to go up to bed to write, write, write the thoughts that drowned all sound. Mother went to hear the Stabat Mater in the afternoon and she said it was lovely [MTP: TS 46]. *Note:* "Stabat Mater" is a 13th Century Roman Catholic hymn to Mary.

Isabel Lyon's journal #2: "Mr. Clemens & Jean dined with Mr. Hapgood, at 8" [MTP TS 8].

March 20 Monday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

Today Jean and I went up to the little Carnegie Theatre to see Mary Lawton in a rehearsal of *Magda*. It was harrowing enough, for the director's criticism of the young actors was scathing and heart searching in sarcasms. It's the only way though to bring them into perfection, and when we came home after 4½ hours of it we were too exhausted to eat our dinner, too exhausted to hear intelligently Mr. Clemens reading of the Bagheera Story.

Mr. Clemens went down to the Italian Consul [MTP: TS 46].

Isabel Lyon's journal #2: "Mr. Clemens went to the Italian Consul & signed for a request to extend the time for the examination of witnesses in the Massiglia Case. Sig. Traverso will present it to the Law Courts of Florence" [MTP TS 8].

March 21 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Tonight Mr. Clemens read a very interesting unpublishable sketch. Unpublishable because it is what an old darkey says of the universal brotherhood of man—and how it couldn’t ever be, not even in heaven—for there are only white angels there and in the old darkey’s vision the niggers were all sent around to the back door. It’s a wonderful little sketch but it wouldn’t do for the clergy. They couldn’t stand it. It’s too true.

Mrs. Crane has given me some wonderful headache tablets—they stop the headaches!! [MTP: TS 46]. *Note:* see Tuckey’s *Fables of Man* p. 8-10 regarding this missing manuscript.

Isabel Lyon’s journal #2: Sent 2 Miss. To Harpers Bazar. (Miss Jordan)

“The War Prayer,” and

“A Hapless Situation.” [MTP TS 8].

March 22 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Tonight we didn’t have any MS. reading for Mr. Clemens had interruptions during the day—Andrew Carnegie came in and the nice young attorney, Mr. Hull. So he didn’t write so much as he might have. But we had music—and Bambino—and at dinner Mr. Clemens talked among other things of poor John Hay’s ill condition. He’s gone to Italy. His diplomatic career has been very fine. He’s a great statesman, and now this Santo Dominican blunder has made him all heart-ill and brain-ill. He never did the blundering. “It was probably Roosevelt, and Hay has to stand behind him.” M.T. [MTP: TS 46]. *Note:* see the 1905 opening section regarding **John Hay**.

Isabel Lyon’s journal #2: Today Mr. Clemens wrote [not extant] to Dr. Oppenheimer suggesting that he add to his advertisement which professes to cure alcoholism—the words—“We do not profess to cure Dipsomania which we regard as an incurable disease—” The treatment was a failure with Mr. Clemens’s butler, Fletcher.

Miss Jordan retained “A helpless Situation”—“The War Prayer” she liked but didn’t think it would do for a women magazine [MTP TS 8-9]. *Note:* **Dr. Isaac Oppenheimer**

Dodd, Mead & Co. wrote to Sam that since he had used the New International Encyclopedia he might be willing to express his opinion of it [MTP; Gribben 501].

J.R. Dominick sent a telegram from Kansas City, Mo. to Sam.

Will you favor the Missouri Bankers Association with an address may twenty third or twenty fourth at their annual convention in Kansas city the invitation is most cordially urgently extended by the assertions & your many friends in your native state please wire [MTP].

Elizabeth Jordan wrote for **Harper’s Bazar** to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens / I accept with great pleasure your manuscript, “A Helpless Situation.” You have taken up a subject I have always desired to see discussed; its publication should greatly relieve the pressure on writers and publishers, made by our ambitious friends.

...

I return with regret “The War-Prayer”. It is admirable, but not quite suited to a woman’s magazine, in my opinion...[MTP].

March 23 Thursday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

This afternoon Mr. Clemens went for a walk in the lovely March sunshine. He went up to see the Doubledays—and when he was walking down 4th avenue a man came up to greet him. Mr. Clemens “let on” to know him, and when the man said he was “so glad to see that Mr. Clemens was well enough to be out”—Mr. Clemens replied—“Oh yes, I’ve *been well enough for 6 weeks*”—The man was Mr. Mott, and we have been

hedging off his tiresome wife and her invitations for weeks and weeks saying that Mr. Clemens *wasn't well* enough to see people. The telephone groaned over the lies I've told it about Mr. Clemens's ill condition. I've told such a lot of them too to Mrs. Mott. Poor telephone [MTP: TS 46-47]. *Note:* likely **Mr. and Mrs. Jordan L. Mott** of NYC.

Isabel Lyon's Journal # 2: "Mr Clemens sent to Signor Cecche [*sic* Cecchi] a copy of Dr. Kirch's letter & his reply to Dr. K's letter which was written to Dr. Starr—Dr. K's letter or statement was written to some one here in the city" [MTP TS 9]. *Note:* **Dr. Moses Allen Starr; Dr. G.W. Kirch.**

Frank N. Doubleday for Doubleday, Page & Co. wrote to Sam asking for a character sketch of **H.H. Rogers**. The *World's Work*, published by Doubleday, wanted to publish the proposed sketch. Would Sam help? **Isaac Frederick Marcossin** (pen name **John S. Gregory**), longtime journalist, had been in Kansas early in 1905 to write an account of the lawsuit between Standard Oil Co. and the State of Kansas. Rogers was nearly impossible to interview, being well aware that he could hardly get an objective view by the press. Marcossin applied to Doubleday for his assistance in gaining the interview and Doubleday then wrote Twain, who took on the role of middleman between Rogers and Marcossin. Boewe writes this letter of Doubleday's was likely hand delivered (to support this quick response, see Lyon's above entry that Sam took a stroll and called on the Doubledays). Lyon wrote on the bottom of the note, "Mr. D. things that Mr. R. does not understand the point they [*World's Work*] wish to make" [MTP]. For the full story see M. Boewe's excellent article, "Mark Twain Anonymous," *The Kentucky Review* (Spring 1989), p. 42-55. Also see Marcossin's article in the *Mark Twain Quarterly* (Winter 1937-38), p. 7, 24.

March 24 Friday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

Today I telephoned to Mr. Bowen (he's Col. Harvey's secretary and has such a nice rich voice over the telephone), for Mr. Clemens. After Mr. C. had been closed with Mr. for some time and he'd gone, Mr. C. "gonged" for me and said "Telephone to Mr. Bowen and ask him to step into the Colonel's office and ask what has become of the Colonel's automobile. Just say I've been dressed and waiting for more than a week. If anything's the matter with the 'mobile I'd like to know so that I can undress and go to bed and have some sleep" [MTP: TS 47]. *Note:* the name omitted in the second line was likely because she wasn't sure if he'd been talking to Mr. **Herbert E. Bowen**.

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Sent a little Satan MS. to Col. Harvey. / 'A Humane Word from Satan.' It's about the Rockefeller gift to the American Board" [of Missions] [MTP TS 9]. *Note:* "A Humane Word from Satan" ran in Harper's Weekly for Apr. 8, p. 496. The piece was signed "Satan."

Daniel Carter Beard wrote on *Recreation Magazine* (NY) letterhead to Sam.

I fear that in my visit to you I stayed too long and tried you; but when I get with a man of your stamp it is very difficult to decide upon the time to get away. My interest is so aroused and you have a way of so stirring up my feelings that if it were not for decency's sake, I would have stayed all day.

However, what I want to say is that I appreciate the compliment which you paid me by reading to me that delightful prayer...

I have in hand a letter from the secretary of the Society of Illustrators asking me if I can prevail upon you to accept a dinner given by them. I told them that you were ill and in mourning and I did not think that it would even be proper for me to ask you...[MTP]. *Note:* Beard's visit was on Mar. 11; also see Sam's reply of Mar. 30.

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam. "Mr. H.H. Lewis who was one time editor of Ainslee's wants an interview with you for the *Woman's Home Companion*, a periodical with a circulation of 400,000 among the ordinary women of America. What do you think?" Duneka had just read Sam's "letter from Hell," and thought it great [MTP].

March 25 Saturday – Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Mr. Duneka says of the Satan letter 'That it is great[?]. Boy come today with proof. / Count Lewenhaupt began treatment today for Mr. Clemens—\$2.00 a treatment. / Mr. Clemens dined with Mr & Mrs. Rogers" [MTP TS 9]

Poultney Bigelow wrote on Boston University Law School letterhead to Sam. “This top line gives you a notion of where I am and what I am doing and that I’m thinking of you and wondering if you’re happy and well and if the KELGREN magic still works in your blood.” Bigelow planned to pass through NYC on Mar. 25 on his way to speak at West Point and if Sam would be in he would stop by. He wrote of his work in Boston and invited Sam there any time [MTP].

Thomas Wentworth Higginson wrote from Cambridge, Mass. to Clemens, happy at the news that Sam would be their neighbor in Dublin, N.H., and hoping to see a lot of him [MTP].

Robert Underwood Johnson for the **National Institute of Arts** wrote to Sam, announcing a meeting of the fifteen members for Saturday, April 22 at the Aldine Assoc. 111 Fifth Ave at 1:15 p.m. to elect the next five members [MTP].

Charles Maclevy for the **Plasmon Company of America** wrote to Sam, announcing a stockholder meeting Room 63, 111 Broad St., NYC at 2:30 p.m. on Apr. 27, 1905, the purpose to elect five directors and two Inspectors of Election [MTP].

Roland Phillips for Harper’s Weekly wrote to Sam, enclosing the proof of “A Humane Word from Satan”—could he look it over and return it with the messenger boy? [MTP].

March 26 Sunday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **Thomas Wentworth Higginson**.

Dear Col. Higginson,—I early learned that you would be my neighbor in the Summer & I rejoiced, recognizing in you & your family a large asset. I hope for frequent intercourse between the two households. I shall have my youngest daughter with me. The other one will go from the rest-cure in this city to the rest-cure in Norfolk Conn. & we shall not see her before autumn. We have not seen her since the middle of October.

Jean (the youngest daughter) went to Dublin & saw the house & came back charmed with it. I know the Thayers of old—manifestly there is no lack of attractions up there. Mrs. Thayer & I were shipmates in a wild excursion perilously near 40 years ago.

You say you “send *with this*” the story. Then it should be here but it isn’t, when I send a thing with another thing, the one thing goes but the thing doesn’t, I find it later—still on the premises. Will you look it up now & send it?

Aldrich was here half an hour ago, like a breeze from over the fields, with the fragrance still upon his spirit. I am tired of waiting for that man to get old [MTP: Paine’s 1917 *Mark Twain’s Letters*, p.771]. *Note:* of course, Mrs. Thayer was once **Emiline Beach** and shipmate on the *Quaker City* / Sincerely yours ...

Isabel Lyon’s journal: As I walked along the hall just now I heard Mr. Clemens’s dear voice call “Come up Aldrich!” and then I had a glimpse of Mr. Aldrich’s baldish head and stalwart shoulders as he came up the stairs. (He’d been waiting for Count Lewenhaupt the osteopath to go.) The good splendid laughing of the two men comes up to me here. If human beings could be “machines” what rarely fine machines they’d be—some. In today’s *Sun* there is an interview with Col. Harvey and he said a lot of worthwhile things—best to me was of course what he said about Mr. Clemens in his bed—“the biggest bed he ever saw.”

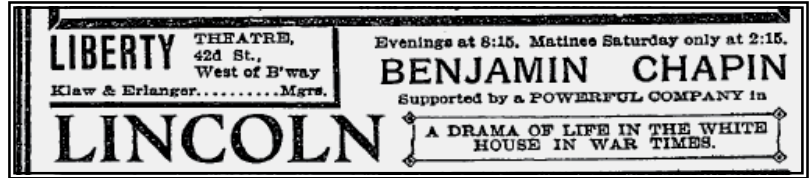
This morning when I went into Mr. Clemens’s room he asked me something about Moses and the 10 Commandments, and that led up to making Mr. Clemens say “If those ten Commandments had never been written, man would be making some for himself. He has to have a code—he’d be saying, Thou shalt not sit up all night. Thou shalt not drink coffee at midnight. Thou shalt not eat cabbage & beans. They would all be commandments that he is in need of and he wouldn’t be happy if he wasn’t making them to break”

A couple of nights ago Mr. Clemens was speaking of the way in which certain words always elude him. One of the words is “stimulate”—he said that he has not used that word 3 times in all his writings. Another word is the equivalent for reimburse i.e. “indemnify”. The word never reaches him when he is most in need of it and he cannot always have a thesaurus at his elbow [MTP: TS 47-48]. Also in part, Gribben 562, *Fables of Man* 121.

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Today Mr. Clemens saw Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Poultney Bigelow, Mr. Moncure D. Conway, Mr. Gilder, & Prof. Sloane. / Mr. Clemens is writing an appreciation of Mr. Howells" [MTP TS 9].

March 26 – early April – In a supplement to a June, 1913 *American Post* review, the tale is told of Sam attending a performance of **Benjamin Chapin** playing Lincoln on stage. *NY Times* (Mar. 25, p. X1) gives the first week's performance began on Mar. 26. The article and a letter (uncollected) Sam sent to Chapin's secretary.

MARK TWAIN AND PARTY
ATTEND "LINCOLN"
By One of the Party



August Belmont, Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), Clarence H. Mackay, Robert Collier and other members of the Executive Committee of the Lincoln Farm Association, were holding a session when the proposal was made that they attend Benjamin Chapin's four act character play, "Lincoln," then running for the first time in New York, at the Liberty Theatre.

This group of men dined together before the play. When it came time to attend the performance, Mark Twain refused to go. His friends urged, but he was obdurate. General Horace Porter, formerly ambassador to France, and a friend of Mr. Lincoln's, and Mr. William Dean Howells, the novelist joined the party, and Mark Twain finally went with the others, but went reluctantly, declaring that he did not want some young buck in stage costume and makeup to muss up his own mental picture and memory of Lincoln. When the curtain went up on the first act he sat far back in the box but in a few minutes he came forward and was soon lost in the play.

After the third act he asked to be taken back upon the stage that he might meet Mr. Chapin, and, behind the scenes, as if he could not shake off the illusion that it was the real living Lincoln, he addressed Mr. Chapin as Lincoln: "I am very glad to meet you again, Mr. President. You haven't changed much in all these years."

On leaving the theatre that evening he walked down the aisle (with the writer of this account, who had dined with the party and heard Mark Twain's opposition to going), and he made this comment: "I wanted to keep my memory and thought of Lincoln unmarred by any disappointment in seeing a make-up imitation. But I am glad that I came, very glad. I feel as though I had spent an evening with Lincoln at the White House. I think I know Lincoln a little more intimately now. Mr. Chapin certainly gave a remarkable performance—he got me over the footlights."

The next morning Mr. Chapin's secretary received the following letter from Mr. Clemens:

"In the beginning of the first act, while Mr. Chapin did seem to me to be a very close and happy imitation of Mr. Lincoln, it was only an imitation. But at that point the miracle began. Little by little, step by step, by an imperceptible evolution the artificial Lincoln dissolved away and the living and real Lincoln was before my eyes and remained real until the end. I apply to it, that strong word 'miracle' because I think it justified. I think that I have not before seen so interesting a spectacle as this steady growth and transformation of an unreality into a reality."

March 27 Monday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

My head is full of obstetrical hooks and slants and jabs for today I began to study shorthand. I don't see how anyone can ever put soul into that sort of writing. It would seem wrong to put down Mr. Clemens's thoughts like that—but it's for Mr. Clemens's thoughts that I'm trying to learn it.

It is very lonely without Saint Mother, but who am I that I should be lonely in the presence of a loveliness like Mr. Clemens's [MTP: TS 47].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Telephoned asking Mr. Doubleday to call. He called [visited] & talked about Mr. Rogers. / Dr. Oppenheimer answered Mr. Clemens's note of Mar. 22 [not extant]. He is irritated" [MTP TS 9]

In Rochester, N.Y., a high school girl, **Hilda Farrar**, wrote to Sam asking his advice on what to read before writing an essay on Joan of Arc. She had read his article in *Harper's* "with great pleasure" [MTP].

Note: Sam's answer is catalogued "on or after Mar. 27," but it is highly unlikely a letter from Rochester would have reached N.Y.C the same day; **Mar. 28 ca.** is estimated.

H.H. Rogers wrote to Sam.

I have thought the matter over very carefully, and conclude that I do not want anything published. I don't see how I can get around to it. There does not seem to be any occasion for it in the first place, and then I don't see how I could quite talk to you as freely as you would want [MTHHR 582-3]. *Note:* **Frank N. Doubleday** had sought a biographical article on Rogers for the *World's Work* (see Doubleday to Sam, Mar. 23).

John Larkin wrote to Sam, enclosing his "bill for services rendered to you as Executor of this Estate" [Livy's] [MTP].

W. Robson for the **Plasmon Company of America** sent another stockholder meeting announcement for Apr. 27 at 2:30 p.m. [MTP].

March 28 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **Seymour Eaton**.

Dear Sir: May I ask you to tell me if there is any sale for my family's stock? I am advised to offer it at auction here, but would it not be better to auction it in Philadelphia where it is no doubt best known? Or, will the Company make me an offer? I think there is seven or eight thousand dollars' worth of the stock; I do not know the exact figure, because all of it but the first two hundred shares was bought by the family & servants & a visiting relative without consulting me, a thing which I regarded as most unfortunate.

May I ask the courtesy of a reply by an early mail? / Sincerely yours ... [MTP]. *Note:* Sam owned shares in Tabard Inn Co. See Apr. 1 for Eaton's reply.

Sam also wrote to **Edward Everett Hale**.

Dear Dr. Hale: / Howells has sent me your letter to him in which it is proposed that Wayne MacVeagh go into court & test common-law possibilities on *The Man Without a Country*. Howells offers me what I regard as a privilege: an opportunity to contribute to the expenses. I will send you a hundred dollars whenever—now, or when you give me notice.

It seems odd—but not surprising—that we must go back to the comparatively dark ages to get a breath of fresh morals. Twentieth Century Civilization—when we consider the innocent pride which we take in it—is surely the most sarcastic sarcasm which our race has put on the market for many centuries—perhaps a million.

If anybody can make that case succeed, it is Wayne MacVeagh—a straight man, & gifted. It is a grand idea, in any case, & we must go ahead with it, win or lose. I am older than you are, as I know by tallying-off my perished interests & counting up the several that are left alive, but I am not destitute of interest in this scheme—far from it. No, I am as young as you, in this matter.

I am going to hope that we can land a success, and empty all the puerile & mephitic copyright-laws down Congress's throat, or some other sewer. / Sincerely ... [MTP].

Notes: See Gribben p. 285 under Hale for MT's various references to *The Man Without a Country*, which Sam used as a phrase several times, including *LM*, *FE*, and to describe himself after Livy's death. Hale was third on Sam's nomination list for nominees to the American Academy of Arts and Letters (Apr. 28 to Johnson). Hale published the story in 1863. See also **Mar. 15 ca.** entry and then *MTHL* 2: 797n2: **Wayne MacVeagh** would refuse to argue the copyright issues on Hale's story because he was not persuaded there was a common-law right in literary ownership.

Isabel Lyon's journal: I came across the drawings by Dan Beard for "The Yankee at the Court of King Arthur"—and they are great.

Alfred F. Kreymborg, that's the name of the young man steeped in music and high ideals. He played through 15 rolls of music for me up at Aeolion Hall and he said that Beethoven and Emerson had been his greatest teachers. Beethoven he put first.

On top of a bus I rode up to 85th Street with Wallis. Oh, it was beautiful [MTP: TS 47].

Note: **Alfred F. Kreymborg** (1883-1966), noted American poet, playwright and novelist. He wrote a short piece "Chess Reclaims a Devotee," a memoir of time spent in 1910 and 1911 trying to make it as a chess professional in NYC. In chess literature he is most famous for two games that he lost: a classic rook and pawn endgame against **Jose Raul Capablanca** (1888-1942), world champion (1921-1927) and a horrendous loss to **Oscar Chajes** (1873-1928), Austrian chess player and the last person to defeat Capablanca.

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Mr. Clemens received a letter from Mr. Howells which Dr. Hale wrote to Mr. Howells, on a copy right subject, & Mr. Clemens replied to Dr. Hale. / Mr. Clemens & Jean dined with Dr & Mrs. Rice" [MTP TS 9-10] *Note:* in this journal #2 (Daily Reminder) Lyon often uses the "&" instead of "and," leading this editor to suspect that in the original MS of journal #1 she also observed that abbreviation, much as Clemens did in his letter writing. Also, she varied the convention for periods and commas to fall inside of quotation marks, following what today is the British convention. No "correction" of such inconsistency has been made in this volume.

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens:

I managed to find [Charles S.] Fairchild in yesterday, after many calls. He said he had seen you on Sunday, and that there was nothing new about the cashier. He continues to expect an amicable settlement.

Please sign enclosed proxy covering the forthcoming annual meeting of the Plasmon Company [MTP].

F.W. Stone for Review of Reviews wrote on The American Monthly Review of Reviews letterhead, soliciting Sam to apply for a specimen copy of *The Historians' History of the World*, as the introductory offer "must be withdrawn immediately" [MTP].

March 28 ca. – On or just after this date Sam wrote an answer on the bottom of **Farrar's Mar. 27**: "Look at the bottom of the article entitled Joan of Arc in any Cyclopedia & you will find all the books that have been written about her" [MTP; amended date estimate].

March 29 Wednesday – Sam read his essay "William Dean Howells" to the household. In April he would send this piece and the final MS of *Christian Science* to **Frederick A. Duneka** at Harper's [Hill 101].

Sam wrote to **William H. Pearson** for the **N.Y. Produce Exchange, Safe Deposit and Storage Co.** His letter is not extant but is referred to in Pearson's reply of the following day, Mar. 30. See entry.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Tonight Mr. Clemens read us an appreciation that he has written of Mr. Howells. It is beautiful, the strength of his pen is marvelous" [MTP: TS 47].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: Mr. Twichell has grippe...

Today Mr. Clemens replied to Dr. Oppenheimer [not extant].

Mr. Clemens signed a paper making Mr. Ashcroft his proxy in the forth coming Plasmon Co. meeting.

Notice came today that various "Tabard Inn" Business houses have gone into the hands of a receiver.

Mr. Clemens read the MS. of his appreciation of Mr. Howells [MTP TS 10]. *Note:* see also Mar. 22, 27, 29 and November, 1905 for items related to Oppenheimer.

March 30 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **Daniel Carter Beard**.

Dear Dan Beard: / You did *not* stay too long. *That* is settled.

2. I don't think the [War] prayer will be published in my time. None but the dead are permitted to tell the truth. (I am offering a very small laugh at the Rockefeller-American-Board comedy. Now, slight as it is, I would not blame Harvey if he should say it isn't good policy to print it; for he is responsible to his Co & should not permit laughs which could injure its business.)

I am grateful to the Illustrators for that thought, & to you for explaining my situation. Yonder in the future somewhere I hope the thought will occur again [MTP]. *Note:* Beard had called on Clemens on Mar. 11. See also his Mar. 24 to Clemens.

Isabel Lyon's journal: A little change has taken place in the routine of my life, and it has unbalanced me. I cannot yet arrange my forces. Oh, Santissima [Clara], you who make a shrine of any house you inhabit, you who are a gift to every one who falls under your sweet thrall. Oh, Santissima—I bend my head in silent worship of your flower soul, and of the white, white soul—the rainbow soul backed by the black clouds of experience—of your father [MTP: TS 49]. *Note:* the change is not specified.

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: “Mr. Doubleday said by telephone—in answer to inquiring from Mr. Clemens—that he had talked with Mr. Rogers by telephone, & that Mr. Rogers is going to make an appointment to talk with Mr. Doubleday for an article in the work[s]” [MTP TS 10].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to Sam, having rec'd the proxy, and giving details for Plasmon Co. machinations, including Hammond reportedly willing to bid up to \$25,000 for the company assets at auction. He also said “Pin affairs are all right,” and had arranged with Stanchfield that the three of them would each have one-third interest in an option on the new “locking” safety pin patents [MTP]. *Note:* **Spiral Pin Co.**, another of Ashcroft's interests.

Edward Everett Hale wrote to Sam, thanking him for his promise of help on his copyright battle [MTP].

Elizabeth Jordan for Harper & Brothers wrote to Sam. “Your manuscript, ‘A Helpless Situation’ contains about 2,000 words. As it is not a story, I am a little at a loss to know what sum you have in mind as proper payment. Kindly write me...” [MTP].

John Larkin wrote to Sam. “I have your letter and check in payment of bill rendered in this Estate. / The bill will be receipted and filed in the Surrogate's office as a voucher / Yours truly” ...[MTP].

William H. Pearson for the **N.Y. Produce Exchange, Safe Deposit and Storage Co.** wrote to Sam. “In reply to your favor of the 29th inst [not extant] would say that we do not recognize an order, but that Miss Lyon can be admitted with Miss K.I. Harrison, who is a joint tenant with you, if they come together” [MTP].

Joseph J. Roche wrote on “CONSULAR SERVICE, U.S.A” note pad to Sam. “I trust the enclosed may be of sufficient interest to you to excuse this intrusion” [MTP]. *Note:* enclosed not in file.

Mrs. Frederick W. Russell sent Sam an engraved invitation to the marriage of her daughter Mary Wilcox to Mr. John Davenport Cheney at 4 p.m. Thursday, Mar. 30 at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Hartford [MTP].

March 31 Friday – Isabel Lyon's journal: Tomorrow Mother is coming up.

The pot hooks do not stay in my brain for the brain is deranged.

“Passed Michael Kelly with a load of shlabs.” That's what the Irishman passed after he took a pill. It must be so for Katie said it [MTP: TS 49].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: Lewenhaupt [likely designating an osteopathic treatment for Clemens] Mr. Clemens received a reply to his letter to Dr. Hale, & he sent the reply with a letter note to Col. Harvey to interest him as a publisher—perhaps— Mr. Clemens signed a paper as a patron for a benefit to be given for madame Modjeska [*sic* Modjeska]—Mrs. Gilder and Paderewski are planning it [MTP TS 10]. *Note:* **Helena Modjeska** (1840-1909), famous actress who specialized in Shakespearean roles. **Ignacy Jan Paderewski** (1860-1941) Polish pianist, composer, diplomat, who became Prime Minister of Poland in 1919.

Florence J. Lewis wrote to Sam, enclosing a sheet of four questions from the *Boston Herald*. “Please don’t deprive me of your reply....for without it I shall feel dreadfully lopsided!”[MTP].

April – *Review of Reviews* (London) published an anonymous article, “If Emperors Were All Stripped Naked” p. 375. Tenney: “Summary of ‘The Czar’s Soliloquy,’ which appeared in *North American Review* in March [40].

Connecticut Magazine published “Mark Twain’s Autobiography, 1872” [Tenney 40]. *Note*: The actual title was “Mark Twain—His Autobiography” which ran in the magazine for April-May-June, 1905. It is a reprinting of “Mark Twain’s (Burlesque) Autobiography” (1871), later in *The \$30,000 Bequest and Other Stories* (1906).

April 1 Saturday – **Bambino**, the cat which owned Mark Twain (*no one owns a cat*) was lost but later in the day came back. Sam had written an ad offering a reward, but canceled before it went into the paper. Still, the *NY Herald* ran this article on p.9 the following day, Apr. 2:

MARK TWAIN’S CAT CAME BACK.

Black Pet Mourned by the Humorist Again Brightens his Home.

Mark Twain lost his cat yesterday [Apr. 1]—a peculiar cat, which had to be seen in certain lights to have its beauties properly displayed. It was a cat even more to be admired than the jumping frog of Calaveras, for it was intensely black—Stygian, Egyptian, sable, even—but with a faint white line across its breast, discernible only under the most favorable conditions. Late last night the cat came back, and the advertisements sent to the morning papers offering alluring rewards for the return of Tom were hastily cancelled. This was the “ad”—from the pen of the great humorist himself:

A CAT LOST — FIVE DOLLARS REWARD for his restoration to Mark Twain, No. 21 Fifth avenue.: large and intensely black; thick, velvety fur; has a faint fringe of white hair across his chest; not easy to find in ordinary lights.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Bambino is gone.

Mr. and Mrs. Twichell came for over Sunday.

Mr. Clemens advertised Bambino in the Journal and The Tribune.

I went to the station to meet Mother. We had supper together and we *found Bambino*. We chased him back and forth across 9th street and finally I caught him in the yard of 25 5th Avenue. When I brought Bambino in this evening I gave him to Mr. Clemens’s care. He was pacing the library, smoking with his head held high. (He never paces the length of the room with his eyes on the floor—but always with his head thrown back, and usually with a clipping or sheaf of ms. or an open book in his hand). He took Bambino and held him on outstretched hands (cats like that position when Mr. Clemens holds them) and as he paced he talked to him in a low voice, guessing at his adventures and telling him he was quite right to take advantage of all his privileges and he wondered how many harlots he had enjoyed. It must have been more than one for he had been away a long time and seemed tired. Bambino blinked up at him with his great yellow eyes and replied in his tender purry notes.

Tonight Mr. Clemens read the Postman chapter of the Admiral story. Down into the deeps of the human heart he goes and he touches the tragedies of each one that he probes, with an unerring hand [MTP: TS 49].

Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2: Bambino wandered away at midnight.

Bambino advertised in “American” & “Tribune”.

Bambino found after a chase on 9th St. & Fifth Ave. 9:30 PM.

Mr. & Mrs. Twichell arrived for a day or so.

Mr. Clemens read the Postman chapter in the Admiral Story [MTP TS 10-11].

Seymour Eaton wrote on The Tabard Inn Corp. letterhead (Phila.) to Sam.

"I do not believe that under existing conditions it is either possible or wise to sell your shares but at the same time I wish to say that the circumstances of the last few days have cleared the air very much and I am sure that the outcome will be largely in the best interest of shareholders..." [MTP]. *Note:* this Company owned the *Booklovers Magazine*, in which Sam had invested. This may be the letter that Lyon refers to in her Apr. 3 journal #2 entry.

Luis Jackson wrote a fan letter on Hotel Carlton letterhead (NYC) to Sam, complimenting him on his NAR article on the Russian Czar, "The Czar's Soliloquy." Jackson recalled a conversation on the Boston train with Sam, "just before you left for Australia" [MTP].

Miss **Marion Thurston Tibbits** a high school girl in Denver, Colo. wrote an adoring fan letter [MTP].

Jean Clemens' letter dated Mar. 10 to *Harper's Weekly* editor ran in this day's edition. See Mar. 10 entry.

Saturday Review ran an anonymous review of *A Dog's Tale* p. 525. Tenney: "The 'very tedious and pointless jocularly at the outset' damages the book, and 'we get very tired of the canine autobiographer.' The 'illustrations show more understanding of dogs than is to be found in the text, which will appeal only to confirmed sentimentalists.'" [Tenney: "A Reference Guide Second Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1978 p. 173].

April 2 Sunday – Isabel Lyon's journal: This morning when I was searching through the multitudinous letters in the study, for the one that gives me the true history of "The Postman Who Stole from the Mails", and so furnish the material for the chapter in the Admiral's Story, the gong gonged and I went out in the hall to find Mr. Poultney Bigelow saying "Mr. Clemens is clamoring for Miss Lyon." I went in to answer the simple question "Had Count Lewenhaupt [the osteopath] a settled telephone address? Mr. Bigelow wants a treatment." "No Count Lewenhaupt is a bird of passage even yet, No telephone number." I have often wanted to see Mr. Bigelow—his breezy post cards with their big breezy signature from all quarters of the globe have interested me. His face doesn't make you see all the life he's lived [MTP: TS 49]. *Note:* "The Admiral's Cat" became "The Refuge of the Derelicts."

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Mr. Poultney Bigelow called this morning. / General Sickles called this afternoon, but Mr. Clemens & Mr. Twichell were out" [MTP TS 11].

April 3 Monday – Isabel Lyon's journal: Mother and I went to a delicious little restaurant, Italian—around in 10th Street. There we met Lilian Griffin. We had a friendly chat and enjoyed the Chianti and the macaroni. The Griffins's have a studio here on 25th St. and Walter is painting portraits. Lilian is quite stout and looks matronly. The Aphrodite is going to be placed on exhibition again. I must manage a view of it, and the exhibition of pictures too, up on 57th Street [MTP TS 49-50]. *Note:* see also Sam's of Feb. 26.

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Lewenhaupt / Mr. Clemens received a note from Slymond Galone [*sic*] saying that there is hope for the Tabard June [*sic* Tabard Inn] Corporation" [MTP TS 11]. *Note:* **Seymour Eaton** wrote Sam on Apr. 1 from Phila. on Tabard Inn Corp. Letterhead; this name likely was transcribed incorrectly. Clemens owned stock in the enterprise.

George B. Harvey wrote to Sam. "I have your note with the enclosure from Dr. Hale, but although I have read it through twice I cannot tell what it is about. Possibly you can inform me." Harvey reported that his auto was "running like a bird," and was at Sam's "disposal any day except" weekends, if he would let him know a day or two ahead [MTP].

April 4 Tuesday – Richard Watson Gilder for *Century Magazine* wrote to Sam.

I have read with great interest the offer of Leroy Bowman to you. It seems to me that this is the opportunity of your life—but why divide the profits with any one except Bowman? If he will appear on any platform in New York dressed as per, you introducing him, and in the course of fifteen or twenty minutes coming back to the stage in order to carry his remains into the wings, you will both of you reap a rich reward [MTP]. *Note:* Gilder may have referred to **Leroy Edward Bowman** (1887-1971), active in New York's Liberal Party and author of

several books, but he would have been 18 at this time. Bowman's "offer" is not specified. A search of NY newspapers for 1905 did not turn up Bowman's name.

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Dentist appointment, 12. M. / Mr. Rogers called this morning" [MTP TS 11].

April 5 Wednesday – Sam read the MS of an article by **Isaac Frederick Marcossan** about **H.H. Rogers** for the *World's Work* [Gribben 479: Lyon's Journal, no TS given; Bowe 42]. *Note:* Sam "conferred" with Rogers on the article the next day, Apr. 6. He had acted as a go between for Frank N. Doubleday, publisher of *World's Work*, and Rogers.

At 21 Fifth Ave. **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Robbins Battell Stoeckel**.

Dear Sir: / According to Dr. Quintard's advice Mr. Clemens directs me to send herewith his check for 200⁰⁰ as first payment for rent of Cottage in Norfolk, Conn.

Mr. Clemens wishes me to ask you to have the lease drawn from May 1st to Nov 1st if this is possible—

Dr. Quintard has said that you will take charge of Miss Clemens's accounts, therefore Mr. Clemens directs me to say that it will be best to have you ask Mrs. Braten Geier to send all bills to you direct [marked: "Approved by Mr. Clemens" with this date] [MTP].

Note: Dr. **Edward Quintard** (aka **Ward Quintard**) of N.Y.C. was a summer resident in Norfolk. Jean Clemens described Quintard as "having a woman's complexion; he is small, round, with laughing blue eyes and light auburn hair" [Hill 249].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: Treatment at 10.15, paid [Swedish Count **C. Lewenhaupt** gave Sam osteopathic treatments]

Mr. Ashcroft called at 11 –

Dr. Quintard came in to make arrangements for the first payment to be made to Judge Robbins Battel Staetel [*sic* Robbins Battell Stoeckel] of Norfolk—for rent of Cottage for Miss Clemens [Clara] to use during the coming summer. Rent \$500—

First payment \$200

Mr. Clemens read more of the Poorman MS. this evening.

This afternoon Mr. Clemens received MS of an article about Mr. Rogers, written by Mr. Mocasson for the *World's Work* [MTP TS 11].

Note: *World's Work* published the article in the May issue; see May entry. **Robbins Battell Stoeckel** (1872-1951), Yale graduate of 1889; NY Law School 1895; served as Judge of Probate, Norfolk District, until his retirement in 1942. He was active in community service. This from Yale's site on the family papers: "The Stoeckel and Battell families both played crucial roles in the development of music at Yale University. **Gustave Jacob Stoeckel** (1819-1907) [Robbins' father] was the first professor of music at Yale. **Robbins Battell** (1819-1895) was a generous Yale philanthropist as well as an amateur composer."

Sebastiano V. Cecchi wrote to Sam, enclosing a document that Senator Luchini wished Sam to sign before the Italian consul in NYC. Also, he added, "I received your telegram concerning the previous power of attorney" [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's telegram is not extant, but likely a day or two before this.

April 6 Thursday – Sam conferred with **H.H. Rogers** about the MS of an article by journalist **Isaac Frederick Marcossan** about Rogers [Gribben 479: Lyon's Journal, no TS given]. *Note:* Sam had read the MS on Apr. 5. He would discuss the article with Mocasson on **Apr. 7**. See Boewe.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Bambino spends the nights in my room. Saunters in, sits for an hour or so in the open window and jumps with his honey sweet speech upon my bed, nestles for a few minutes or for a longer time, and he's a sweet companion. So beautiful too. You can look at him and say, "You are beautiful, beautiful, beautiful," and it destroys nothing. But you can't look at a human being with the light of

appreciation in your eyes, for they resent it, and you've been insolent, and it's none of your damn business if they are a feast for the eye [MTP: TS 50].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Dentist 11. oclock / Mr. Rogers called this morning to see MS. of article about himself. / Mr. Clemens saw Mr Macasson [*sic*] about the above article [MTP TS 11]. *Note:* World's Work ran the article "Henry H. Rogers—Monopolist" in the May issue, by **John S. Gregory**, which included anecdotes involving Mark Twain. Just who "Moccason" was is not clear, perhaps an editor for the publication or a pseudonym for Gregory. See May entry.

Katharine I. Harrison wrote to advise Sam that \$1,000 had been transferred from Guaranty Trust to the Lincoln National Bank, and also deposited Harpers' check for \$583.33 [MTHHR 583].

John Larkin, attorney, wrote to Sam. "I have communicated with Mr. Benjamin in reference to the trolley contract, and he advises me to hold the contract temporarily...as there are one or two matters yet to be adjusted in reference to the Casey place at Tarrytown" [MTP]. *Note:* a trolley company had placed tracks on part of Sam's Tarrytown property, thus creating a cloud on the title.

C.L. Stebbins for American Unitarian Assoc. (Boston) wrote to Sam, sending him the first volume in a series, "True American Types." Each volume was to be about 10,000 words, and he quoted from their catalog, reassuring these were not to be religious or denominational: "short sketches, of the sterling American manhood which travels along the by-paths of life rather than in the highways of fame." Of course he wanted Sam to contribute or send remarks [MTP].

J.L. Stern for Manhattan Single Tax Club wrote to Sam asking for "a few lines" to be read at a dinner honoring the 19th annual celebration of Jefferson's birthday [MTP].

April 6, ca. – On or after **Apr. 6** at 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to **C.L. Stebbins**: "Impossible for Mr. Clemens to get away from his work at his time of life—" [MTP].

April 7 Friday – Sam discussed the MS of an article by journalist **Isaac Frederick Marcossan** about **H.H. Rogers** [IVL #2 TS 12; Gribben 479]. *Note:* Sam read the article on Apr. 5 and spoke with Rogers on Apr. 6. The article ran in the May issue of *World's Work*.

At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Robert Underwood Johnson**.

"Mr. Clemens wishes me to say that he intends to be present at the conference which is called for Saturday April 22nd at the Aldine Association. Mr. Clemens has delayed notifying you of his intention, owing to necessity" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: Mr. Clemens went down town with Mr. Rogers. Took Ins. Policy to Safety Deposit Co. cut coupons—went to Harper, saw Mr. Duneka about Josiah Flynt [*sic* Flint]—& other things.

Mr. Smith—heating expert from Mr. John Howells's office looked over the house this morning, to make estimate for new furnace.

Mr. Mocasson [*sic* Marcossan] called with MS.—
Mr. Day & the Misses Day dined here.

Mr. Clemens sent MSS of C.S. Book, & Howells article to Mr. Duneka [MTP TS 12].

Note: "C.S. Book" was "Christian Science" MS, not published until 1907. Josiah Flynt (properly **Josiah Flint Willard**) (1869-1907) sociologist and author of several books, including *Tramping with Tramps: Studies and Sketches of Vagabond Life* (1901) which was inscribed by Flynt to Mark Twain [Gribben 777]. See Josiah Flint Willard to Sam Apr. 12, 1906; Sam to Willard Apr. 13, 1906.

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote to **John T. Lewis**, sending insoles. Ashcroft was trying to gain control of the rights to manufacture these [MTP]. *Note*: this is cataloged in error to Clemens.

Sidney C. Davidge wrote from NYC to Sam, announcing entertainment for the benefit of the families of Japanese soldiers and sailors killed in the present war. The meeting was to be at the house of Mrs. **Mason C. Davidge**, 62 South Washington Sq. at 11 a.m. on Apr. 14. **Julia Ward Howe** would preside. Clemens was urgently invited but not asked to speak [MTP].

Frederick A. Duneka wrote two letters to Sam. The first note, hand-written: “just a memorandum to call to mind your promise to let me have the ‘Christian Science Book’ and the article on Howells. He added a PS “It seemed mighty good to see you out again today.” The second note, typed: “This is just to acknowledge the receipt of the MS. Of the Christian Science Book,—of the article on William Dean Howells, and of the Italian book which is to be bound for Miss Jean” [MTP].

E.P. Rosenthal wrote on E.P. Rosenthal and Co., Publishers (Chicago) letterhead to Sam.

“Today I am sending you another volume and as I am anxious for you to get it as quickly as possible we will run the risk of sending it in the ordinary manner. So if we are lucky, you will get ‘Thoughts of a Fool’ by some mail.” Rosenthal wanted Sam’s thoughts—was this work funny? [MTP]. *Note*: *Thoughts of a Fool* (1905) by **Herman Kuehn** (1853-1918; pseud. **Evelyn Gladys**) [Gribben 389].

April 8 Saturday – Sam’s letter (unsigned) to the editor (as from Satan), “A Humane Word from Satan” first appeared in *Harper’s Weekly* for Apr. 8, 1905. It was collected in *The \$30,000 Bequest and Other Stories* (1906) [Budd, *Collected* 2: 1010]. *Note*: the letter poked again at the **American Board of Foreign Missions** for not accepting donations from **John D. Rockefeller**.

Sam inscribed in *TS* (Vol. 20 of the Hillcrest ed., daughter **Clara’s** copy), a maxim and a dated sketch about the cat **Bambino**. From Sotheby’s write up:

Tom Sawyer Abroad (volume 20) is perhaps the crowning item in this most desirable of sets of Mark Twain’s works. Not only is there an autograph literary marginal comment identifying in the postmaster Nat Parsons the “quality of Snagsby in Bleak House,” but the blank leaf facing the maxim [the maxim in vol. 20 reads: “Often the surest way to convey misinformation is to tell the truth”—jd] has an autograph sketch by Clemens of a large cat sleeping in an easy chair, captioned “Resply yrs Bambino, Apl. 8/05.” [Sotheby’s sale Apr. 13, 2004, Lot 27]. *Note*: Sam gifted Hillcrest sets to Clara and Jean on Nov. 27, 1904, and more than once added new comments in Clara’s set.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Mr. Clemens was talking of Jews this morning. He spoke of their high regard for the family. There is little or no divorce among them and their reverence for the aged is commendable” [MTP: TS 50]. **Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2**: “Mr. Clemens will dine with Mr. & Mrs. Rogers” [MTP TS 12].

Edward Everett Hale wrote to Sam, thanking him for his “cordial assent” to his “proposal to Howells.” **Wayne MacVeagh** had decided against trying the case, as he did not believe in a perpetual right of copyright [MTP].

William Dean Howells wrote to Sam on Hale’s above letter: “Have you any ideas on the subject?” [MTP; not in *MTHL*].

Clesson S. Kinney, House of Representatives, Salt Lake City, Utah sent Sam a notice from **Alfred Farlow** titled “A Friendly Word” upon which Kinney wrote, “What do you think of this? I am in sympathy with your view of the subject. Are they getting so strong that they can dictate what an author may write?” The Farlow article

stated that Christian Scientists should “assist publishers in determining the accuracy of matter relating to Christian Science” [MTP].

April 9 Sunday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam replied to **Clesson S. Kenney’s Apr. 8.**

I thank you very much for the Farlow circular.

The question you ask me is, “Are they getting so strong that they can dictate what an author may write?”

Change the word “write” to *publish*, and the proper answer is—Yes—However, this has been the case for two or three years. / Very Truly Yours [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Tonight Mother and I went again to Cecchina’s [Italian restaurant on 10th Street]—it was crowded. In the afternoon we went to see some modern pictures, and then we went into the Griffin’s Studio and had some good talk there. As I entered 21 5th Avenue, I saw William Gillette’s beautiful face. He’d been dining here [MTP: TS 50].

Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2: Mr. Coburn will come about 5 o’clock with some photographs
Mr. Hapgood called
Mr Elliot “
Mr. Gilett[e] dined here [MTP TS 12]. *Note: Alvin Langdon Coburn.*



The New York Times, p. SM5 ran a feature article, “A Talk with Mark Twain’s Cat, the Owner Being Invisible.” **Bambino**, Clara’s (eventually the family’s) cat, was the subject of this humorous article, told by a lady journalist who, unable to speak to Twain, resorted to interviewing his cat. Schmidt credits this unsigned article to **Zoe Anderson Norris**. **Insert: Jean Clemens’s photo of Bambino.**

April 10 Monday – **Isabel Lyon’s journal:** Mr. Clemens reads to Jean and me in the evenings his ms. of the “Admiral Story.” It is interesting beyond words. Mr. Clemens does probe so into understandings of humanity. He appreciates the beauty of many lives, the fearful tragedies of them—but he won’t admit that they’re anything but machines.

I went down to see Miss Harrison this morning for Mr. Clemens. She is tall, severe, business-like and well worth the ten thousand that Mr. Rogers pays her [MTP: TS 50].

Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2: Treatment. [Swedish Count **C. Lewenhaupt** gave Sam osteopathic treatments]

Mr. Clemens sent down 8[?] Miss Harrison the following coupons.

1 Brooklyn Gas \$30.

10 U.S. Steel. 25.

due May 1—

20 Internation Navigation 25.

due in Aug.

Mr. Clemens read more of the Admiral MS. The admiral explains Adams inexperience in punishment [MTP TS 12-13].

Olga Woodruff Campbell wrote from Kansas City, Mo. to thank Sam for his picture sent [MTP].

April 10 ca. – Now back in N.Y.C., **William Dean Howells** wrote a sentence to Sam on **Edward Everett Hale’s** note dated Hampton Institute, Va., **Apr. 8:** “Have you any ideas on this subject?” [MTHL 2: 797]. *Note:* see n1&2 of the source for more on the campaign for amendment to existing copyright law.

April 11 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **Joseph J. Roche.**

I am very much obliged to you for sending the Italian clipping to me.

We are all glad to know, by the cablegrams, that Genoa treated Mr. Hay well, and that he is improving in the mild climate of Italy. (It is a large 'we', there being eighty million of us.) [MTP]. *Note:* **John Hay** would die July 1, 1905. See also Roche's Mar. 30.

Sam also wrote to **Edmund Dene Morel** of the **English Congo Reform Assoc.** about the rejection of "King Leopold's Soliloquy" by Harpers for the *North American Review*. Hawkins describes: "Twain wrote Morel that 'the corporation' was 'doubtful about the commercial wisdom of dipping into Leopold's stinkpot.' He noted with disgust, 'They are so situated, by the contract between us, that I cannot make them do right'" [155-6]. *Note:* Harpers would release the "Soliloquy" to the American Congo Reform Assoc. at Twain's request. See June 16 to Duneka.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "I bought a red collar for Bambino today. Frantic Bambino who runs away over fences to find his feline kind and exchange confidences [MTP: TS 50]. **Isabel Lyon's journal # 2:** "Representative of a Furnace maker came to examine & make estimate of cost of new furnacing" [MTP TS 13].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo letterhead to Sam, not having heard back from John T. Lewis. "Wouldn't it be a good plan to get Susie Crane to go and see him and 'take his measure'?...PS if we could get his 'shoes' we could fit him exactly" [MTP]. *Note:* with insoles.

April 12 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Wednesday 1/2 treatment Paid / Representative of another Furnace house came to make more estimates" [MTP TS 13]. *Note:* Swedish Count **C. Lewenhaupt** gave Sam osteopathic treatments.

April 13 Thursday – Isabel Lyon's journal # 2:

Mr. Clemens went to meeting of Council of American copyright league, at 4:30.
33 East 17th St.

Mr. R.U. Johnson's Office—see Page 104

Dentist 11 A.M.

Proof of Mr. Howells appreciation came today. [The article would be published in July's *Harper's*].

Mr. Clemens called at Mr. Coe's house—

Called also at Miss Clemens's sanitarium.

Mr. Rogers dined here—Mrs. Rogers is ill [MTP TS 13].

Frank Beardsley wrote from Nottingham, England to thank Sam. He had recently been laid up when a friend brought him a copy of *IA*, which made him forget about his illness [MTP].

William Evarts Benjamin wrote to Sam, enclosing \$250 returned by the Title Guarantee & Trust Co., relating to the Tarrytown sale [MTP]. *Note:* some \$1,500 was held in escrow, likely for clearing the cloud presented by the trolley company's offending tracks. These were released in segments.

April 14 Friday – Isabel Lyon's journal #2: "At the meeting of the Copyright League yesterday [Apr. 13], Mr. Clemens stayed long enough to hear Mr. Solberg's suggestion for a mixed Copyright Commission of authors[,] artists, publishers etc. discussed & accepted. The Commission will recommend extension of Copyright limit" [MTP TS 13].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "The Publisher's League was to[o] much today"[*ibid.*].

At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Edward Everett Hale**.

Mr. Clemens directs me to write for him thanking you for Mr. Spofford's letter, and returning it herewith.

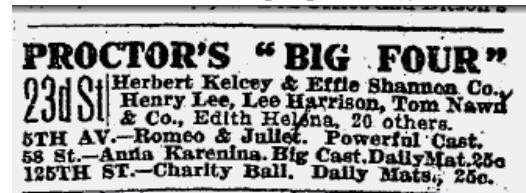
He wishes me to say that the copyright matter is moving here; that yesterday he went to a meeting of the American Copyright League and stayed long enough to hear Mr. Solberg's suggestion for a mixed copyright

commission of authors, artists, publishers etc discussed & accepted. The Commission will recommend extension of copyright-limits. The Publishers' League was to meet to-day, (to pass upon the same matter Mr. Clemens thinks)—he has no news yet. Mr. Clemens & his family leave for Dublin N.H. the first of May to remain until Nov., but he expects to keep in touch with the movement [MTP].

Notes: **Ainsworth Rand Spofford** (1825-1908), American journalist and publisher, sixth Librarian of Congress (1864-1897); **Thorvald Solberg** (1852-1949), first Register of Copyrights (1897-1930) in the US Copyright office. An authority on copyright, he played an instrumental role in the formulation of the Copyright Act of 1909. Based on Lyon's journal entries for Apr. 13 and 14, the Copyright League meeting was held on Apr. 13. Thus, this letter, which had been catalogued as "ca. Apr. 11" is now placed to Apr. 14.

John S. Phillips for American Magazine wrote to Sam: "We sent you a little while ago a copy of 'The Troll Garden' by Miss Willa Sibert Cather....We are venturing to call it to the attention of a few people, like yourself, of discernment and appreciation of the better sort of thing" [Gribben 133]. *Note:* **Willa Cather** (1873-1947) wrote of frontier life on the Great Plains. *The Troll Garden* (1905) was a collection of short stories.

April 15 Saturday – Isabel Lyon's journal:



Mother and I saw Lilian Griffin for a moment in at Cecchina's at 6:30. Walter has lost his position as instructor at the Art School in Hartford. Mother and I couldn't get seats at Cecchina's so we went around to the "Griffoni" and had such a bad dinner. Then we went up to Proctor's show house to see Henry Lee impersonate Mark Twain. Very bad it was [MTP: TS 51]. See insert for Henry Lee

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Mr. *Clemens* wrote all day without interruptions. / Mr. & Mrs. Gilder & Miss Dorothea dined here" [MTP TS 13].

E.B. Prondfit for Aeolian Co. wrote to Sam, sending, as requested, costs for shipping the Orchestrelle to Keene Station, N.H., totaling \$35.50 for boxing, shipping, sending a man to set it up, etc. [MTP]. *Note:* sometimes misspelled as "Proudfit."

April 16 Sunday – Isabel Lyon's journal: "Miss Mary Foote lunched here" [MTP: TS 51]. **Isabel Lyon's journal # 2:** "Sent word to Postman in Dublin N.H. to keep mail for Mr. Clemens. / Mr. Clemens read 40 pages of the Admiral Story MS. this evening—" [MTP TS 14].

April 17 Monday – Isabel Lyon's journal: Tonight Col. Harvey dined here. To look at Col. Harvey you'd never think that he was a man with a literary appreciation or that he could talk—but he can and he gave us a very nice dinner party. Then Jean and I left Mr. Clemens and him while we came up to our rooms [MTP: TS 51].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2:

Treatment. Paid. [Swedish Count **C. Lewenhaupt** gave Sam osteopathic treatments.]

Dental Appointment 11.30 A.M.

Mr. Clemens went to the Italian Consul to sign a paper enabling Ingegnere Zannoni to act as his representative in the Villa di Quarto case.

Col. Harvey dined here.

Mr. Howells arrived today from Italy [MTP TS 14]. *Note:* Howells had announced his departure date as Apr. 5—see ca. Mar. 15.

Norm G. Cooper, Insurance wrote from Brooklyn to Sam. "I send you a National Tribune—It may take your mind back to old times in Hannibal—I was there in 57-58-59 working for Mitchell the Jeweler. I remember the Helms, Dr. Duffield, Susan Norton, Theo Eddy—and Sister Eunice, and other[s]." Cooper wanted to "swap old time memories" and asked if Sam recalled a "Soldier paper Cooper's Coffee Cooler, now defunct" [MTP]. *Note:* Sam had already left Hannibal by 1857. See Vol. I.

April 18 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Santissima [Clara] is allowed to see her letters—I’ve sent them up to her” [MTP: TS 51]. **Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2:** “Mr. Clemens lunched with Col. Harvey, and Mr. Howells, and others too. (4 ladies) / Miss Pears came up from Washington to dine with Mr. Clemens” [MTP TS 14].

Edward M.J. Laurence wrote from Perkasio, Penn. to Sam. He was too poor to buy his work on vivisection, but needing it in his work he asked for a gift of it. He informed Sam that he’d seen a recent article in the *Churchman* “shamefully criticizing your work” [MTP].

April 19 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2: “Dinner with Mr. & Mrs. Loomis / Col Harvey took the Palmistry Article—[MTP TS 14]. *Note:* see Twain’s “Palm Readings” (1905) and the A.D. of Jan. 29, 1907. *Playboy Magazine*, Dec. 2010 issue gives a peek at Vol. 2 of *Autobiography of Mark Twain*, to be released in 2012 by the MTP. In this excerpt Twain responds to fortune tellers who were asked to read his handprints without knowing his identity.

William Dean Howells in NYC wrote a sentence to Sam: “At least 3 of us will come to dinner Sunday at 7. (or 7.30?)” [MTHL 2: 798].

Katharine I. Harrison wrote to Sam asking for a check payable to **Chase & Barstow** for \$43,125 for the purchase of “Utah” stock, and please direct it to **Miss A. Watson** as she might not be in [MTHHR 583n1; MTP].

John S. Phillips for McClure, Phillips & Co. wrote to Sam: “If you don’t get your book won’t you please let me know, and I shall be glad to send you another copy” [MTP]. *Note:* Phillips had written on Apr. 14 in regards to sending a copy of *The Troll Garden* (1905) by **Willa Cather**; here he was following up to see if the book was rec’d. See Gribben 133.

April 20 Thursday – Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2: “Mr. John Howells sent result of the estimates the furnace men made—\$2000.00 for the lowest price. / Sent check to Miss Watson for Miss Harrison for \$43,125.00 to pay for 1000 shares Utah” [MTP TS 14-15].

Jean Clemens wrote to the **Editor of Harper’s Weekly**; her letter was published on May 6, 1905 as “The Passing of the Egret,” available online via Google Books.

F.H. Hooper for Encyclopedia Britannica wrote to Sam seeking his testimony in lawsuits they had commenced against pirated “garbled Reprints of the Encyclopedia.” [MTP]. *Note:* see Hooper’s of Apr. 22, stating that Lyon had “telephoned in” a response on that day.

April 21 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to H.H. Rogers.

Dear H. H. / I was going to wait, that day, but the sky, up the river, began to loom so black that I rushed away to escape the storm. It wasn’t much of a success. I got 40% of it.

Baker beats the band!—Thus far. Each of the band has inspected the case—and decided it—from one or another of 13 points of view, but Baker’s battery works the whole 13. It is my opinion that there is nothing quite so delightful elsewhere in all the literature of dialectics as his naïve picture of the repentant harlot cleansing the American Board’s unsanitary feet with Standard Oil & tears, & wiping them with the hair which he hasn’t got.

I believe it would not be improper for Mr. Rockefeller to kill Baker—certainly not immoral. In fact this is a corrective which ought always to be applied to one’s over-zealous friends, wherever caught. I think it is St. Paul who says, “Oh, damn the over-zealous friend.”

Presently I will send the Baker clipping to Joe, but not yet—I want to study it.

I am making note of the fact that the yacht goes into commission May 1. Also, that you will drop in, when well & strong, & assault 451. Good—then I will arrange so that you can get a box for \$4—(a bottle of champagne goes with every box.)

I'm getting well & strong in my crippled back—my man can best all the osteopaths & all the masseurs, & give them odds in the game. Yours (not much tainted but not wholly disinfected) / SLC [MTHHR 584-5].

Note: Source notes add several important facts: "Evidence in MTP indicates that it is extremely unlikely the 'over-zealous friend' Clemens mentions was **W.H. Baker** of Fairhaven, but no relevant comment by anyone named Baker has been found in contemporary periodicals." A stronger contender was **Ray Stannard Baker** (1870-1946; pseud. **David Grayson**), muckraking journalist with **Ida Tarbell** and **Lincoln Steffens** at *McClure's* (from 1898) and in 1906 formed *The American Magazine* with the pair. Some Congregational Church ministers had denounced the American Board of Foreign Missions for taking a donation of \$100,000 from **John D. Rockefeller**. Rogers had defended Rockefeller and how he had accumulated his wealth.

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Treatment Paid. / Mr. Clemens worked all day— / Miss Nesmith arrived" [MTP TS 15]. *Note:* Miss **Mabel Nesmith**, a friend of Jean's. Swedish Count **C. Lewenhaupt** gave Sam osteopathic treatments.

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to Sam.

I enclose a literal copy of letter received this morning from [John T.] Lewis. He is evidently wearing the insoles upside down, If he cannot change the plates back again, I will have to get a new pair.

Mr. Stanchfield was in on Wednesday, and I will find out to-morrow on what terms, if any, we can get control of this insole. ...[he wrote an anecdote of a rheumatism sufferer helped by the insoles]

Mr. Stanchfield remarked that Butters was willing to make some sort of a settlement, but that Wheeler was preventing him from doing so until his (Wheeler's) return to New York. I suppose Wheeler has told Butters he can settle with you and Stanchfield much more cheaply than Butters can settle with a California law firm. I may be able to find out what is the maximum amount that Butters is willing to pay...then when Wheeler comes along and offers about half the amount, we will know how to handle him [MTP]. *Note:* **John T. Lewis** of Elmira suffered from arthritis; the insoles were sent to test their efficacy; Ashcroft was attempting to gain the rights to manufacture them, but was ultimately unsuccessful. **Harold Wheeler**.

April 22 Saturday – Isabel Lyon's journal: The darling days go flying by and do no proper chronicling. Mr. Howells is down stairs—he dined here tonight and I had the pleasure of sitting opposite him and of hearing him and Mr. Clemens talk. How fine the appreciation of those two men—the one for the other—and the best of it is that they lay their homage at each others' feet—a noble gift—and are the more lovely for the giving. They look into each others eyes and their speech is, "Oh noble you"—and it is enough.

Miss Nesmith sailed today in the *Vaderland*.

This morning I was hunting for some ms. in the study and Mr. Clemens came in to pace and give his instructions. Apropos of something, I don't remember what, he said that a few days ago Mr. Howells made the remark that Mr. Clemens possessed a great advantage over him, because he never had to put any love scenes in his book. Mr. Clemens said that he couldn't do it anyway—if he ever put a girl in a book he soon found that he had to make an excuse to drop her overboard. While poor Mr. Howells has to have love scenes and the task of having them to suit him is a terrible one. Tonight while Mr. Howells was here at dinner his talk was so charming, for he told of a dear old woman they had had at San Remo during the past winter who did their house work for them in their little apartment. Every evening she would appear at their salon door at about nine o'clock to say, "Buona Sera, Buona Notte, Buona Riposo, Gooda Naat"—and that would be the beginning of a long "discorso." She was very dramatic without being aware of it, of course, and gave them very delightful accounts of her home life away up in a mountain region near there.

Mr. Clemens told how when he went down to Mentone from Berlin in '92 after a very serious illness, he used to get up in the night and with a swift little fire he'd warm up and brew a little hot toddy for himself. It was living. George MacDonald was in Bordighera that same winter.

....

Today Miss Mabel Nesmith sailed away to England. She came from Florence two months ago—she and her tawny eyes, and she has been visiting around in Washington, Boston and Philadelphia, and she stayed a night with Jean [MTP: TS 51-53]. *Note:* see June relating to Sam's offer to Howells to take on his biography.

On **Apr. 7**, Miss Lyon notified **Robert Underwood Johnson** that Sam intended to attend the National Institute, American Academy of Arts & Letters conference at the **Aldine Association** on this day. Her journal # 2 confirms:

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2:

National Institute of Arts & Letters—Sand—at Aldine Association 1.15.

111 Fifth Ave. further examination matters to be discussed.

Dentist 11:30

Encyclopedia Britannica people sent depositions of Pres. Hodly [*sic* Hadley] D. Can Dyke [*sic*. Van Dyke] Henry van Dyke?] etc. & asked Mr. Clemens to furnish his for suit of the above Co against publishers here of a garbled edition of the E.B.

Mr. Howells dined here [MTP TS 15]. *Note:* **Arthur Twining Hadley** (1856-1930), President of Yale (1899-1921); **Henry Van Dyke** (1852-1933), author, educator, clergyman. Britannica was involved with lawsuits over piracy. See Hooper's letter below:

F.H. Hooper for Encyclopedia Britannica wrote to Sam.

Your secretary telephoned us this morning stating that you would like to see a few of the depositions that have already been taken in our suit against the 'Pirates' We accordingly enclose herewith the depositions of Dr. Van Dyke, President Hadley, Mr. George Haven Putnam, and Dr. John P. Peters....We are very much pleased to learn that you are interested in this suit... [MTP].

The **National Institute** chose five more members to the **Academy of Arts and Letters**: **Joseph Jefferson**, **John Singer Sargent**, **Richard Watson Gilder**, **Horace Howard Furness**, and **John Bigelow** [MTP enclosed in 30 May 1905 to MT].

April 23 Sunday – Easter – Midnight at 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **Joe Twichell**.

Dear Joe— / I have just finished reading the history of Joe Hawley—a noble man, truly. I see that he was not the man to allow votes to be bought for him, & I do not believe he ever knew it. I thank you for sending me that paper.

I suppose the "Henry E. Burton" is the one who married Alice Day's sister. I did not know he was dead [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Now this has been a day all full of glories. I went to Church of Ascension with Mother, but we didn't sit together. The music was very beautiful...and the sermon, Mr. Percy Grant is quite unafraid, and speaks his thought. When we walked up 5th Avenue we saw Mr. Clemens on his way up to lunch with Mrs. Burden. He stepped like a dear spirit for lightness across the Avenue, and then was lost in the shifting crowd. In the afternoon Mother and I took bus and went up the surging Avenue as far as 59th Street. It was never so gay—never so full of lovely carriages and autos and sweet women in the most enchanting hats. And Oh, the frocks. I saw John Kendrick [Bangs] with his wife in a victoria. How I kept on a strange sympathy with that man when he lost his wife just before we went to Florence—but it didn't find a footing, he didn't need the sympathetic wave for he married his type-writer ever so soon. But that's no harm. I've known of several men who have married several times—they couldn't live without the companionship and sympathy of a woman, and I like the thought of it.

There's a comfort in sitting beside a man sometimes, for instance this morning in Church I sat beside a quiet man, he scarcely moved, and he had no silken [MTP: TS 51-52].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2:

Lunched with Mrs. Burden—

7 East 91 st Street.

at 1:30

Mr. Clemens read more of the Adam Monument Story. \$1000.00 for saving horse & buggy— [MTP TS 15].

Joseph Jefferson (1829-1905), famous American actor, died from pneumonia in Palm Beach, Fla. Isabel Lyon mentioned him in her Apr. 30 journal entry.

William Dean Howells and two others (likely **Elinor** and daughter **Pilla**) were invited to Sam's for dinner [Apr. 19 from Howells].

April 24 Monday – Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Mr. Clemens went to see Mr. John Howells & Mr. Larkin about the furnace. Telephoned Mr. Renwick, making an appointment with him for Friday morning so that he can talk the matter over with Katie" [MTP TS 15].

Helena Gilder (Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder) wrote to Sam. "Mrs. Dunham asked me whether she might send you the invitation that goes with this. I said yes, indeed & that it would be a great pleasure to James if you would present at his lecture" [MTP].

April 25 Tuesday – Sam inscribed a copy of *A Dog's Tale* to **Mrs. Bellows**: "*To / Mrs. Bellows / with greetings & salutations of / The Author. / Apl. 25/05.*" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Oh Bambino lying here on my desk—crooning away your song of comfort, you are a sweet little friend. I've been playing much music tonight Bambino—playing until I am saddened by the beauty of the strains.

Mr. Percy Grant came in for a moment. Jean went up to Tyringham. Mother came in for all the afternoon. Oh sweet mother. And Mr. Clemens was away all day, coming home very tired. He lunched with Professor Sloane's wife—Oh—[MTP: TS 54]. *Note:* Percy Stickney Grant (1860-1927) Episcopalian rector of New York's Church of the Ascension (1893-1924).

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: Treatment [Swedish Count **C. Lewenhaupt** gave Sam osteopathic treatments.]
Dentist 11:30

Mr. C. invited Mr & Mrs Hapgood to dine on Saturday

Jean left for Tyringham this morning with Katie.

Mr. C. had me telephone Mr. Rogers that he wanted to make the trip to Dublin N.H. in the yacht—Mr. Rogers says the roads are rough, the yacht goes into commission next week.

Mr. Clemens sent a little MS. a Conclusion to the C.S. article, to Mr. Duneka for his approval

Mr. Clemens lunched with Mrs Sloane [MTP TS 15-16].

Jean Clemens in Lee, Mass. sent a telegram to Sam. "Arrived well. Have Lyon send seigel [sp?] package at once / J.L Clements" [*sic*] [MTP].

April 26 Wednesday – Clemens had a discussion with **Louis E. Van Norman** concerning his ideas for Postal Checks (money orders) [Apr. 27 from Van Norman].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "The chronicling isn't gay. Bambino's doom in sealed. He must go—yesterday he was sweeter than usual, but that was only the beginning of his dear older ways. Oh, little cat—it's so very dreadful" [MTP TS 54].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: Sent Mrs. Tabitha Greening's check.

Palmyra, mo

Mr van Norman came from Review of Reviews to talk about Postal check matter.

Mr. Ashcroft came to talk about Plasmon matter

Jean returned this Evening [MTP TS 16].

April 27 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **William Dean Howells**.

Ask Mr. H. to write Hale & suggest that he choose another l. There may be l. that do think that a common low case might be carried through—Choate might do it if they didnt pay him too much. He will be here in a few days. Mr. H can see him & talk with him I will be gone—ask him what he'll charge if he thinks well of the project [MTP; Not in *MTHL*; only a draft of instructions on the back of an envelope by Lyon survives]. *Note*: See Mar. 15 *ca.*, Mar. 28 to Hale, Apr. 10 *ca.*, Apr. 11 *ca.* entries.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Tonight Mr. Clemens read more of the Admiral Story" [MTP: TS 54].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: Treatment

A Sunday mag Editor sent a little Adam Statue anecdote of Mr. Clemens & Mr. Beecher.

This Evening Mr. Clemens sent to Harper's weekly a little article that he has written today about the Adam Monument [MTP TS 16]. *Note*: "A Monument to Adam" was published in the July 15 *Harper's Weekly*.

Miss **Helen Dunham** sent an engraved form invitation to Sam, with date and place written in. "Lecture on Balzac. Mr. Henry James" at the St. Regis Hotel Apr. 27 at 9 p.m. for the Thursday Evening Club [MTP].

James Muirhead wrote from Cambridge, Mass. to Sam asking for a NY doctor who practiced the Kellgren method of osteopathy [MTP].

Louis E. Van Norman for Review of Reviews wrote to Sam, having enjoyed their conversation of the previous day. "I have to-day written to Mr. Post, giving him the details of your idea concerning the Post Check matter. I have also sent him the manuscripts, and when anything further is heard from him I will communicate it to you" [MTP].

April 28 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **Andrew Carnegie**.

Dear St. Andrew: / For thirty-eight years I have striven for the position of world's benefactor, but you have gotten the start of me, I am too old to struggle longer—take the place, you've won it fair! If you had told me of this great thing when you were at my bedside the other day I would have resigned without waiting till now; & you could have had my halo, too. It may be tin, but no matter, it's good tin, & paid the duty when it came down.

In a fine & appreciative editorial the Times of this morning speaks of you as the "insatiable benefactor." Isn't it good? If that doesn't please you you are a hard saint to satisfy. / Ys Ever / St. Mark II., (retired) [MTP].

Note: The N.Y. *Times* article, p.8 "Carnegie's Latest," dealing with his donations to educational pensions, begins with "Mr. Carnegies's latest discovery of an unoccupied field for his insatiable benevolence...", nearly the same as "insatiable benefactor." Sam's reference to being "retired" seems like a poke at Carnegie with a spoof request for his own pension.

Sam also wrote to **Robert Underwood Johnson** with his picks for nomination to the **American Academy of Arts & Letters** (Johnson was a secretary for the Academy at this time):

I shall be in New Hampshire for the summer, by the 6th of May.

I nominate—

[Francis] Marion Crawford / William Gillette / Edward Everett Hale / Joel Chandler Harris / Bronson Howard / Thos. Nelson Page / CARL SCHURZ / Augustus Thomas / and / A. T. [Alfred Thayer] MAHAN (if he is the naval historian.) // I will leave Art & Music to the gentlemen of those guilds to nominate—but I would like to vote *Abbey & John W. Alexander*. / Ys sincerely SL Clemens

Carl Schurz should have been elected at the *recent* meeting—& *should not fail this time* [MTP]. *Note*: **John White Alexander**, artist.

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: Copyright meeting at Century Office, 4.30.

Mr Renwick called to talk with Katie about new heating—He wasn't very obliging—will give answer in ten days—

At the Copyright meeting, Mr. Clemens made the suggestion that authorship be separated from photography copy right [MTP TS 16].

James D. Campbell for the **Plasmon Company of America** wrote to Sam, notifying that the adjourned stockholders meeting of April 27 would reconvene on May 29 at 2:30 p.m. to elect five directors [MTP].

April 29 before – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Emily B. Hapgood** : “Dear Mrs. Hapgood: / Mr. Clemens wishes me to write for him—and say that he will be very happy if you and Mr. Hapgood can dine with him and Miss Jean on Saturday evening Apr. 29th at half past seven” [MTP].

April 29 Saturday – **Isabel Lyon's journal**: Bambino must be keeping a heart-rending journal. He sat close to Katie when she telephoned to the tumbrel man to come carry him to a death—but he didn't sit by me when I countermanded that order, and so he ran away. How big and terrible and impossible Prosper [Jean's dog] must have seemed to him. What a change has come into his darling life loving life. Love lavished and then Oh so suddenly withdrawn, of course he couldn't quite comprehend. Still he knew there must be a good reason, and so in his pride he ran away. Oh, fine fine Bambino.

But Bambino came back, because Katie captured him. Hungry, tired, dusty, streety, but still Bambino. I came in about 7:20 after dinner at Cecchina's with Mother, and Mr. Clemens hearing my latch key, put his head out the library door saying “That black cat has come back and gone upstairs” and there he was waiting for me up a flight. I had him to love and love for a while and then put him and some milk down the cellar. Oh, he is so lovable, poor little cat.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hapgood dined here tonight. I could hear their voices in happy laughter in echo to a remark of Mr. Clemens [MTP: TS 54]. *Note*: tumbrels were carts used to carry victims to the guillotine in the French revolution.

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: Treatment

Rent

Mr. & Mrs. Norman Hapgood will dine here at 7:30

Mr. Clemens talked with Mr. Larkin about the furnace matter. Mr. Larkin will take charge of it—

Harper sent the proof of the little Adam Monument article—[MTP TS 17].

April 30 Sunday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **St. Clair McKelway**.

Dear McKelway,—Your innumerable friends are grateful, most grateful.

As I understand the telegrams, the engineer of your train had never seen a locomotive before. Very well, then I am once more glad that there is an Ever-watchful Providence to foresee possible results and send Ogden and McIntyres along to save our friends.

The Government's Official report, showing that our railways killed twelve hundred persons last year and injured sixty thousand convinces me that under present conditions one Providence is not enough to properly and efficiently take care of our railroad business. But it is characteristically American—always trying to get along short-handed and save wages.

I am helping your family congratulate themselves, and am your friend as always. / S. L. Clemens [MTP: Paine's 1917 *Mark Twain's Letters*, p.771].

Note: Paine added: “St. Clair McKelway, of The Brooklyn *Eagle*, narrowly escaped injuries in a railway accident...” The New York *Times*, Apr. 30, p.1 reported on the high speed rail accident which claimed four dead and about sixteen injured, including McKelway, who suffered a bruised back and shoulder:

Greenville, S.C., Apr. 29.—The Robert C. Ogden special train, bearing Mr. Ogden and 100 members of the Southern Conference for Education on their return to New York, was wrecked at 7:55 o'clock this morning in the yard of the Southern Railroad here, by dashing at great speed into the rear end of a freight train. Four train hands were killed and several passengers and employes injured. ...

St. Clair McKelway was seated at breakfast with **R.M. Ogden**, secretary to Robert C. Ogden. Dr. McKelway was caught under a heavy beam. Mr. Ogden, who was badly cut about the face and hands, saw the flames curling toward the Brooklyn editor. Aided by a colored porter [**John M. McIntyre**], he managed after desperate struggles to release Mr. McKelway, the two men escaping through the broken flooring of the car.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Mr. Clemens stayed out at the Benjamins' all night, at Ardsley and Katie forgot to pack his night things, his such necessary night things, so I went with them and I did an exhausting thing. I did 20 minutes running in 12 in order to get a train home, and it was bad. I saw Mr. Rogers in the station at Ardsley and as I got out the train he gave me his magnetic hand. The magnetism is so strong that you want to hold it to feel its beautiful strength. I came back to find Miss Mary Foote having tea with Jean. All my thoughts are dulled by my terrible run. I'll charge it to experience. Mother went to the Joseph Jefferson memorial service in the Church Around the Corner. David Bispham sang, and she said it was beautiful [MTP: TS 54].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Lunch & over night with Mrs. Benjamin at Ardsley on Hudson. Train leaves 10:45 and 12:10 / *I will go by the* 12.10 / 1,000 shares Utah, par \$100,000, pays 4%, cost \$43,000. In Miss Harrison's hands [MTP TS 17].

May – Sam gave his autograph to an **unidentified person**: "Very Truly Yours / *SL. Clemens* / (*Mark Twain*) / May/05." [MTP].

The World's Work published an article by **John S. Gregory** (pseud. **Isaac Frederick Marcossin**), "Henry H. Rogers—Monopolist: An Intimate Study of the Vice-President and Acting Executive of the Standard Oil Company," p. 6127-30. Tenney: "On p. 6129, tells of Rogers taking MT, Thomas B. Reed, and other friends to the West Indies on his yacht, the *Kanawha*. Returning Reed left at a port stop to catch a train, and the yacht hit a storm. In his thank-you note (New York, 17 Apr. 1902) Reed told Rogers he should carry 'on board persons of such weight with the community that they can keep the boat level. The Colonel, Hilton, Foote, Dr. Rice and Mr. Twain are all well enough in their way—quite interesting people, but—they lack gravity.' MT added a footnote: 'This is well meant, but not well reasoned, for a yacht needs virtue as well as ballast. MARK.'" [Tenney: "A Reference Guide Sixth Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Spring 1982 p. 8].

Nineteenth Century published **Daniel Crilly's** article, "The After-Dinner Oratory of America," p. 853-68. Tenney: "References to MT, passim, but purely derivative" [41].

Mary Moss' article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, p. 691, "Significant Tendencies in Current Fiction," mentions Huck Finn as an example of "elemental boy, a universal creation" [Wells 26].

May 1 Monday – **Katy Leary** and **Jean Clemens** left for **Dublin, N.H.** to get the Greene house ready for Sam. **Isabel Lyon** would leave on May 5 to join the pair. The nearest railway station was an hour's drive; from that point it was three hours to Boston or six hours to New York [Lystra 46].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Jean taking Katie and Katie Laundress left today for Dublin. Mr. Clemens went out today and bought a pair of glasses for a dollar and a soft felt hat for \$1.50. He loves a soft felt, but oh they aren't stylish hats and at dinner he was sweet and gay and went at once to bed after dinner and to sleep. Rodman Gilder came in this evening and we had a nice talk about Santissima [Clara]. Then he told me a dear little [Joseph] Jefferson anecdote. ... Rodman talked about the Kipling-Putnam lawsuit and how he told too how several years ago Will M. Clemens tried to publish a book on Mr. Clemens, a book something like the *Ken* of Kipling—all made of clippings and things, but Mrs. Clemens didn't wish it and so Rodman said that that book with its correspondence between Mrs. Clemens and Will M. Clemens's wife was probably lying festering waiting to be printed.

Teresa found a home for Bambino today, with an Italian woman on 11th St. [MTP: TS 55]. *Note:* the maid, **Teresa Cherubini**, who had returned from Florence with the Clemens family. *Ken of Kipling* (1899).

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Jean, Katie, the Launderers & Prosper left for Dublin. / Mr. Clemens called on Mrs. Hapgood at the Garlington Hotel" [MTP TS 17]. *Note:* **Prosper** was Jean's very large dog.

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote **John B. Stanchfield**, with possibly a copy to Sam. He had been unable to secure world rights to the insole due to "Lee's inflated idea as to the value of his four foreign patents." The three-page typed letter covers details of various propositions, royalties and payments to Lee [MTP]. *Note:* **Frank B. Lee** of Buffalo became assignor to the **Lee Electric Insole Co.**, NY. [Google books]. The insoles were made from aluminum with a plate of copper in one and a zinc plate in the other, designed to produce an electric current that would immediately begin to relieve rheumatism.

New York Telephone Co. wrote to Sam, enclosing a memorandum showing rate changes in his contract for telephone service—for 1,000 local calls the rate would be lowered from \$90 to \$72 [MTP].

Katharine I. Harrison wrote to advise Sam that **Mr. Chase**, the stock broker in Boston (Chase & Barstow), had had to carry the \$43,125 needed to purchase stock for a few days and requested \$8.75 interest on that amount. (See Apr. 19 from Harrison). Would Sam send a check or should she draw it from his "book" there? [MTHHR 583n1].

May 2 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon's journal: Mr. Duneka, Maj. Leigh and Mr. Larkin dined here with Mr. Clemens. Mr. Clemens had a splendid working day. Mother and I dined at Cecchina's and it was pleasant. The people were quite interesting.

Just before dinner this evening when I followed Mr. Clemens down the stairs, his head was more beautiful than ever, in its living luminous golden silver. It is a golden silver, for there is such a wondrous light in it, a light that white hair never has [MTP: TS 55].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: Treatment. Paid

Mr. Duneka, major Leigh, & Mr Larkin for dinner with Mr. Clemens

Mr. Clemens worked all day without interruption—

The orchestral [orchestrelle] was take[n] today [MTP TS 17].

Frank Bliss came to 21 Fifth Ave. to invite Sam to dine with him and **Mr. Modjeska, William Dean Howells**, and **Richard Watson Gilder**, but Sam intended to leave for Fairhaven on May 5 and so could not oblige [IVL Journal May 6]. *Note:* Modjeska, husband of famed actress Helena Modjeska was born **Gustaw Zimajer**; he adopted a stage name of **Gustaw Modrzejewski**, but died in 1868. She then married Count **Karol Chlapowski**, who may be the "Mr. Modjeska" referred to here.

Margaret Jenkins wrote from Cottingham, England to Sam—was there any hope he might be in England early in June? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon answered for Sam on May 19.

May 3 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **Robert Underwood Johnson** about his nominee picks for the Academy of Arts and Letters.

No, I've named enough—I'll stand pat on those.

It ought to be a rule, & a rigid one, that whenever a man offers a name, he must get up & state his reasons for his choice. Without it, men vote their affections instead of their cold judgment. I wish you would propose it; if I were going to be there I would do it. Without this rule the Academy milk is bound to be watered. We all know this, by experience. Judas & Peter & some of the others would not have gotten in, if the Disciples had had the same ordinance [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Win and Amy Cattelle came in to see Mother and me yesterday. Mr. Collier and Mr. Moffett dined with Mr. Clemens and so Mother and I dined at Cecchina's [Italian restaurant]; such a rare time we had.

I was too tired to do anything but watch a long table full of dentist-like folk, and to be carried away by a party of 3 at the little round table. A tall beautiful young man, one who sat with his back to me, a charmingly voiced creature, and a woman with lovely grey hair, youngish face and a self contained manner. She ordered an omelette because she couldn't eat the Cecchina productions. Hopelessly they had me enthralled, soon a woman in a low cut gown entered and sat behind me. Mother didn't like her looks, I turned to look at her, when she put out her finger at me, saying "I know you"—but she didn't, though I knew her for the very disagreeable and malicious woman [reporter] who came to write up Bambino and Mr. Clemens. I hedged her off tantalizingly, and then the man who sat with his back to me turned and said, "Please tell us who you are, my friend opposite is longing to know too." I hesitated and when the woman finally left the room I told him, and he said my vis à vis was Mr. Binney of S.S. McClure and then Mr. Binney said "You wrote to me about 2 weeks ago" —"I?" and then came out about a book that the McClure Co. sent to Mr. Clemens to Elmira—but Mr. Clemens said that he didn't know Elmira—never heard of it—his address was Indianapolis—so of course he couldn't get the book, etc, etc., Mr. Binney looked his charming appreciation and they said (one of them), that the moment they looked at me they knew that I was "near some throne." The man with his back to me was Mr. Faulkner and he knows the Thayers of Dublin and visits them. How very lovely—and how good to be alive [MTP: TS 55]. *Note:* Mr. Binney was actually **Witter Bynner** (1881-1968), later became a famous poet, editor for *McClure's Magazine*; Mr. Faulkner was **Barry Faulkner** (1881-1966), artist and former classmate of Bynner's at Harvard, was a cousin and student of Abbott Thayer's. See *AMT* 1: 392, 606.

Katharine I. Harrison wrote to advise Sam that she had deposited to his account, \$583.33 from Harper & Brothers and \$500 from Guaranty Trust (as per tel. Message) [MTHHR 584n1].

May 4 Thursday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

This morning (May 4) I went into Mr. Clemens room and almost the first thing he said to me was "Have we ever received that McClure book?" Then in a burst of delight I told him the little story of last night and he liked it all too. Perfect man that he is. Oh, the misery of not seeing in print now the beautiful things that will be said of him when he's dead. Mr. Binney [*sic* Bynner] and Mr. Faulkner bowed their heads in sweet reverence when I told them who I was—after protesting that I was not professional. Oh, there is so much to say—so much to breathe, that wonderful man, so magnetic, so wonderful.

Teresa and I are on the train nearing Hartford—on our way up to Dublin [MTP: TS 55-56]. *Note:* it seems that the ladies spent the night in Hartford, then continued on May 5 to Dublin. "That McClure book" was **Willa Cather's** *The Troll Garden* (1905), as found in **John S. Phillips' Apr. 14 and 19.**

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Treatment. Paid / ... Mr. Clemens went up to see Dr. Quintard who is too ill to come see Mr. Clemens [MTP TS 17-18].

May 5 Friday – Sam left NYC with **H.H. Rogers** on the yacht *Kanawha* for **Fairhaven, Mass.** [Lyon's journal #2 TS 17; Lyon's journal May 7]. *Note:* Due to learning of Clara's impending appendectomy, Sam may have stayed in NYC. Lyon wrote that he was in Fairhaven. If he did not go with Rogers, it is then evident that Lyon did not know this.

Isabel Lyon and Teresa Cherubini the maid continued on their way to Dublin, N.H.

Isabel Lyon's Journal: ...we reached first Keene. Then after a queer supper we trolleyed to Marlboro and then took a nice carriage and drove 9 miles over surrounding fine earth roads to Dublin. The drive was beautiful. Theresa and I chatted Italian, and she called the lovely singing tree toads.

There was a lovely strange moonlight light in the sky, but there wasn't any moon to make it—so the luminous white birch tree trunks were lovely in their mystery. We found the Dublin house perfectly lovely perched away up on a high hill and cozy fires blazing. Jean in spectacles sat reading Cooper.

The view is wonderful, wonderful. Far, far distant hills—hoary Monadnock to the South East—and forever the singing sighing breathing pines and hemlocks close to the very windows. And so silent—except for the songs of the pines and the birds. You see a glint of the Lake too. The restfulness of it is beautiful. The house is charming. I find it all in exquisite taste, because it has the lovely plasters and casts and books and colorings and pewters and things that I love.

Jean has been reading aloud to me. Heine's inimitable verse. Herr Heinick [*sic*] certainly has made many lovely blossoms bloom for that dear girl [MTP TS 56, 57; Hill 105, in part]. *Note:* **Heinrich Heine** (1797-1856); See Gribben 305.

Katharine I. Harrison wrote to Sam [MTP]. *Note:* not found at MTP; this may be a duplicate of May 3.

May 6 Saturday – Sam was enjoying the company of the **H.H. Rogers family** in **Fairhaven, Mass.**

Isabel Lyon's journal: Resting, resting these wonderful days. On Tuesday last Mr. Bliss came to the house to ask Mr. Clemens to dine with and to meet again Mr. Modjeska, Mr. Howells, and Mr. Gilder—but Mr. Clemens was going up to Fairhaven in the yacht with Mr. Rogers and so couldn't go—but I had a chance to look at Mr. Bliss, a tall man about 60—a very beautiful creature. Smooth faced, with a most lovely voice, and an exquisite manner. Mr. Clemens said that he had seen him at the Copyright meeting last week and found him beautiful indeed to look at [MTP TS 56].

Jean Clemens' Apr. 20 letter to the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*, "The Passing of the Egret" ran in the May 6, 1905 issue, p. 658.

May 7 Sunday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** Mr. Clemens left last Friday with Mr. Rogers and now he's in Fair Haven. Jean had a telegram that Mr. Clemens will not arrive as soon as expected. The house needs him so dreadfully. He is so much the master of us all.

Jean is reading now Wolf von Hierbrandt's [*sic*] book on the Kaiser, and we find it very interesting. I've began my pincushion work.

Such a beautiful place for peaceful resting [MTP TS 56]. *Note:* Due to Clara's impending appendectomy, Sam returned to NY sometime this day or the next—it is also possible that he did not go to Fairhaven at all. *The Kaiser's Speeches, Forming a Character Portrait of Emperor William II* (1903). Translated and edited by **Wolf von Schierbrand** (1851-1920) [Gribben 771].

May 8 Monday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** "The resting is so sweet. Perhaps the long flights of stairs at #21 [Fifth Ave.] began to shred my nerves and physical condition" [MTP TS 56]. **Isabel Lyon's journal # 2:** "Mr. Clemens returned to town—is detained by business" [MTP TS 18].

George H. Warner wrote from Tryon, N.C. to Sam, enclosing a newspaper clipping about Canadian fishing, "Angling for Big Gray Trout."

Dear Mark Twain / I thought of you when I read the enclosed as the only one capable of doing it justice.

My vocabulary is limited and I was barely brought up—as to cusses.

What a lovely religion they have had in Europe. I have been re reading the Cloister and the Hearth—Europe had many cloisters and few hearths [MTP].

May 9 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **Susan Crane**.

Susy dear, there has not been a single week of the past 48 which has not brought me reason to say "how grateful I am that Livy is out of it!"

How did she ever live in this execrable world? & why did she love it & wish to stay in it?

Jean does not know why I do not go to Dublin, & I do not want her to find out. I am staying here because Clara is to be operated on for appendicitis to-morrow afternoon & 4 o'clock.

I was to leave for Dublin via Boston last Friday, but on Thursday I learned that Clara was threatened (I was out there) & that she wanted the operation. So did I. I talked with the doctor & the surgeon, & they decided to take 5 days to prepare her physically; since then they have added a day, and appointed to-morrow (Wednesday.) If poor Livy were here, & couldn't see Clara these 6 days of waiting, nor be present to-morrow! But she isn't here, she is at peace & knows nothing of these things, & is not troubled about anything, & will never be troubled any more forever. / With abundant love / SLC

Of course I can't make a guess as to how long I shall be here. It isn't worth while to guess.

Jean is delighted where she is. Patrick is there; & Miss Lyon, & Theresa & the laundress & Katy. I have the maid (Katherine) & the cook with me, & Katy will join my household to-day I suppose.

I will write or telegraph you to-morrow evening or next day [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Mr. Clemens is writing his signature a thousand times for a new edition de Suite [MTP TS 18].

May 10 Wednesday – The New York *Times*, May 11, p. 1 ran a squib that **Clara Clemens** was operated on in the afternoon by **Dr. Hartley** (likely **Dr. Frank Hartley** 1856-1913).

At 8 p.m. at 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **Susan Crane**.

Susy dear, it's over, & Clara is doing well. She had a famous surgeon—Dr. Hartley. It was a bad appendix—long & slim & with crooks in it; it was getting ready to be a dangerous case.

Good-night dear Sue—I am very tired, on account of the solicitude. / Holy Saml [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Today at 4 o'clock Santissima was operated upon for appendicitis. / Mother writes me every day—noble beautiful home letters, so full of her sweet saint self without knowing it at all [MTP TS 56]. **Isabel Lyon's journal # 2:** "...Mr. Clemens stayed there for 2 hours—& at 8 o'clock Miss Clemens was still under the influence of the ether. Mr. Clemens has seen & talked with C.C. & found her plump & Oh so pretty [MTP TS 18].

May 11 Thursday – Isabel Lyon's journal: Today after a long walk Jean received the telegrams telling of Santissima's illness, then she telephoned to N.Y. and Katie said that she is doing well. We took a four hour tramp finishing up at Mrs. Abbot [*sic*] Thayer's place. She was in the garden and she greeted us very sweetly and then took us into the studio where we saw some of Mr. Thayer's unfinished and also finished work. In the outer studio we saw some very charming flower studies done by Gladys Thayer, really they are very charming. They are such genuine folk like the Mr. Binney and the Mr. Faulkner kind. The people who do things and are so superior to trifles [MTP TS 57]. *Note:* Binney was **Witter Bynner**.

John Larkin, attorney, wrote to Sam.

I saw Mr. Mirant yesterday who referred me to Mr. Renwick. I saw the latter today & he explained his delay in the premises as being due to ill health. He has promised to take the matter up with experts & get a report to learn whether the uncomfortable condition of the house was due to insufficient heating arrangements or to unskillful handling of the furnaces [MTP].

May 12 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **Isabel V. Lyon** in Dublin N.H. (only the envelope survives) [MTP]. *Note:* judging from Lyon's journal entry below, this likely was a telegram with news of Clara's condition, and news that he was not ready to come to Dublin quite yet.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Santissima's temperature is normal. There are no complications, but Mr. Clemens won't come yet" [MTP TS 57]. **Isabel Lyon's journal # 2:** "Telegram this morning. / Pulse 80. Temperature 99. / Everything satisfactory [MTP TS 18].

Robert L. Fulton wrote from Reno, Nev. to Sam. Fulton wanted Sam to "deliver the oration" during a weeklong program to "celebrate the glorious Fourth of July" and the building of the Overland railroad.

"I have a delicate yet pleasing task; the attempt to do honor to one of American's foremost citizens, whom I have never seen and who had never heard of me.

"Your recollections doubtless turn to Nevada..." [MTP]. *Note:* see Sam's fascinating reply of May 24.

May 13 Saturday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: We walked around the Lake, Jean and I—a beautiful walk. The native people are so gentle and sweet-eyed, with soft lazy speech. We met a couple of men who had a setter with them. The owner eyed Prosper and said “I reckon my dawg won’t *hurt* him.” We found a glorious bank of violets, painted trillium, and trailing “Hobble bush.” You don’t always find it trailing. “Nature’s Garden” makes the country so enjoyable and it is so interesting to hear from Mr. Clemens and Jean how sweet and lovely **Neltje Blanchan** is [MTP TS 57]. *Note:* **Neltje Doubleday**’s pseudonym. She was a writer of nature books, three of which are in Gribben, p. 200; Lyon adds (1865-1918) for Neltje. Editorial emphasis.

Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2: “C.C. progressing finely” [MTP TS 18].

May 14 Sunday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Evening now, and the voices of Jean and Italian Teresa come to me as Jean is having her usual confab with Teresa. How their voices rise and fall in the sweet Italian cadences. The summer, the months and weeks and days and hours must count for many things done when they are ended. I mustn’t write down what I want to do for then they won’t be done. Only everyday I must think toward their completion [MTP TS 57].

Louise Brownell Saunders (Susy Clemens’ old heart throb) wrote from Clinton, NY to ask a favor of Sam for her invalid friend, Miss **Annie Wood** of Utica. Wood was collecting books autographed by authors [MTP].

May 15 Monday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “I’m anxious about the Aeolion. It doesn’t come and there is no word from it. Every day Mr. Clemens sends telegrams telling of C.C.’s condition. Every day it has improved” [MTP TS 57]. *Note:* the referred to telegrams are not extant, but when Lyon gives specifics of Clara’s condition it is clear she has rec’d word from Clemens.

The New York Times, p. 9, “Merciful Mark Twain Writes to Maimed Girl” article printed Sam’s **Feb. 15** letter to **Miss Madeline Sinsheimer**, invalid as a result of a 1903 Clifton grade crossing accident. “Miss Sinsheimer will never fully recover from the effects of her injuries, and was removed Thursday from her home...to the Orthopedic Hospital in Philadelphia.” *Note:* the MTP/O seems to prefer the spelling “**Madeleine**.”

May 16 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote an introductory letter for his nephew **Samuel Moffett to Bellamy Storer**, American ambassador to Vienna, Austria.

I beg that you will allow me the privilege of introducing to your favor my nephew S. E. Moffett, one of the editors of “Collier’s Weekly” who is sent to Europe to gather some facts from governmental sources, & if you can send him to the officials he needs to see, I shall be very grateful. I vouch for his honorable character, his discretion & his honesty. He will do your kindness no discredit.

With great respect I am ... [MTP].

In Dublin, N.H., **Isabel Lyon** wrote in her journal:

Clouds and Mist and Rain. Every evening Jean reads aloud to me. Now it is a book by Madame Laschowska, a Viennese friend of the Clemenses, on Transylvania—and now it will be a little French History—and now it is Heine—Dear Child that she is—Such a complex nature and yet so entirely simple—Consistent—yet so inconsistent. There is a power in that young nature [MTP TS 58]. *Note:* **Heinrich Heine** (1797-1856); see Gribben p. 305. **Emily Laszowska-Gerard** (1849-1905) inscribed a copy of *The Land Beyond the Forest: Facts, Figures, and Fancies from Transylvania* (1888) on 19 Dec. 1897. The spelling of Eastern European names is often varied. Also seen as **Emily Gerard**, **Mrs de Laszowska**, **Emily Laszowska**, or **Emily de Laszowska Gerard**.

Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2: “Mr. Clemens sees Miss Clemens [Clara] everyday” [MTP TS 18-19].

Dr. **Frederick Gaertner** wrote from Pittsburg, Pa. to Sam,

Hoping you can remember me from Vienna, *Wien*, & Italy. The enclosed letter self explanatory. I don't intend to answer it. I am an editor of several scientific & surgical journals & could do you a lot of good as my testimonial knowing you personally, etc. would be worth a great deal to read all over the World [MTP]. *Note:* The enclosed letter was May 16 from Harper's to Gaertner, declining his offer of a testimonial of Mark Twain in exchange for a discount from the published price of his works.

Harold Milbank wrote from Vanderbilt Hall, Yale University inquiring after the author of the poem, "Jim Bludsol" which appeared last spring in the *NY Times* [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote on the letter "Mr. John Hay wrote it."

John L. RoBards, Sam's old friend from Hannibal, Mo., wrote and enclosed a leaflet about lecturing (not in file). "Neither money nor endorsement is herein solicited, but an earnest friendly consideration of each excerpt..." If Sam didn't care to comment that would be fine with RoBards [MTP]. *Note:* no reply from Clemens.

Philip Sawyer of York & Sawyer Architects, NYC wrote to Sam, sending a bill for \$250 he considered late, for "professional services rendered," in regard to 21 Fifth Ave [MTP]. *Note:* on May 23, Sawyer wrote he had rec'd Miss Lyon's note and check dated May 20.

May 17 Wednesday – With **Clara Clemens** out of danger from her appendectomy, Sam left N.Y.C. and traveled to **Boston, Mass.**, where he took rooms at the **Hotel Touraine**. There he wrote on hotel stationery to **Thomas Bailey Aldrich** and **Lilian W. Aldrich**.

I came from New York, arriving in time to dine with you, but I couldn't raise you on the telephone, so I am turning in, disappointed. You are out dissipating, I suppose.

I am leaving early in the morning for Dublin, N. H., for the summer. Jean is already there keeping house these 2 weeks & more. I was to follow her the 2^d of May, but Clara caught an appendicitis in her rest-cure in New York & I was detained. The operation (8 days ago) was successful & she is flourishing, now. Great love to you both ... [MTP].

In Dublin, N.H. **Isabel Lyon's journal:** "Rain and Clouds and Mist to shut out the peaceful view. Only the shrouded evergreens are mysteriously mistily pictured against the fog, but oh the peace of it. It comes from Heaven or from the depths of our hearts, but perhaps they are the same" [MTP TS 58].

Robert Underwood Johnson for the **National Institute of Arts** wrote to Sam, notifying him of ten more gentlemen elected to the Academy of Arts and Letters. These were: **Winslow Homer, Carl Schurz, Alfred Thayer Mahan, Joel Chandler Harris, William James, Daniel Chester French, John Burroughs, James Ford Rhodes, Edwin Austin Abbey, and Horatio William Parker**. The typed notice bore Johnson's signature and "(Confidential)" at the top [MTP].

May 18 Thursday – Sam left **Boston** early in the morning and traveled 64 miles to **Dublin, N.H.**, where **Katy Leary, Patrick McAleer**, daughter **Jean and Isabel Lyon** were waiting to spend the summer with him [May 17 to Aldriches].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Today Mr. Clemens arrived.

Today the sun burst through the clouds just after the telegram came saying that he would arrive in Harrisville at 11:35.

Today the Aeolion came. Seven New England men unpacked it—such nice soft speeched gentle New England men. Something sweet about them. I like them. It was dear to see Mr. Clemens arrive today with a furtive, searching glance at things and people as he drove up to the house [MTP TS 57].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Today Mr. Clemens arrived. Jean & Patrick rode over to Harrisville to meet him. The orchestrelle came too" [MTP TS 19].

A form letter was sent from the **Simplified Spelling group, Brander Matthews** (Chairman) asking support for twelve simplifications suggested by **Andrew Carnegie** at their N.Y. conference on **May 3, 1905**. Though not listed in the MTP's catalog, Sam surely received this letter. The word changes proposed: **program, catalog, decalog, prolog, demagog, pedagog, tho, altho, thoro, thorofare, thru, thruout**. See Brander Matthews letter of May 21.

May 19 Friday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Isabel V. Lyon replied for Sam to the May 2 from Lady **Margaret Jenkins** in England.

Dear Madam: / Mr. Clemens directs me to write for him explaining that he is not feeling well enough to do so himself, owing to the results of his great anxiety caused by the recent critical illness of his eldest daughter.

Mr. Clemens is not going to England this year; but he wishes me to thank you very much for your kind letter, and to convey to you his sincere regards [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Chiefs can read everybody—but who can rightly read chiefs. ... Elsewhere I've said something of the treat Mr. Clemens gave us in commenting upon the dinner given to Whitelaw Reid and then commenting upon Reid. Reid wouldn't be quite so self-satisfied if he knew that a man like Mark Twain had been stripping him and his actions bare, with caustic slash and precision [MTP TS 59]. *Note:* the Lotos Club gave Reid a dinner the night before, May 18; Sam did not go but left for Boston early on May 18.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich wrote to Sam.

It was like my luck to move into the country just in time to miss having you come and spend the night with me at 59 Mt. Vernon street. I haven't recently wanted anything more than to have a smoke and a night-long talk with you. I am glad that I did not hear of Clara's trouble until it was over. What takes you—excepting the train—to Dublin? I hear good accounts of the place, but why didn't it manage to call itself by some good old Anglo-Saxon name, like Coss Cobb or Ponkapog? [MTP]. *Note:* Aldrich wrote of his plans for the summer on a steam yacht with his son Talbot and wished Dublin was a port. He asked after Howells, did he enjoy England?

Sheldon S. Cline, manager of The Washington News Assoc. wrote to Sam. "Will you consider a proposition to write a series of letters from Washington this winter, for publication in the leading newspapers of the country, dealing humorously with public men and measures?" [MTP].

A.I. Hall wrote from Rochester, N.H. to Sam, promoting a country residence for sale with 200 acres of "fine farm land" there for \$125,000 [MTP].

Abbott Handerson Thayer wrote to Sam.

"I trust what Emma answered to Miss Jean satisfied you about her going alone *with* that terrible dog! / Dublin has as yet no first record of any highway rudeness to ladies. But we certainly have a plenty of foreign layovers about and a poor enough kind of [*illegible word*] trash..." [MTP]. *Note:* Jean's dog, Prosper le Gai, a Saint Bernard, is pictured in *MTOW* p. 212.

May 20 Saturday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to daughter **Clara**, still in N.Y.C. recovering from an appendectomy.

Clarchen dear, to get a letter from you was a happy surprise; I was not expecting so dear & rich a benefaction.

I recognize with the deepest satisfaction that you are safe in the spiritual shelter & refuge which all women & most men need, & I hope I shall be spared the crime of violating its sanctities & impairing its

solaces & comforts as I did in your mother's case—almost the only crime of my life which causes me bitterness now. (I must not dwell upon this subject.)

There is a letter from the lovely countess. There is only one. She opens the gates of her heart & lets her affection & her sympathies come flooding out in her same old quaint & charming & eloquent German English. I must not venture to quote the most moving things, but there are two or three messages that you are entitled to hear:

“Miss [Ethel] Newcomb told me that my sweet beloved Clara is ill & that she is not staying with you! It really is too dreadful! x x x Please, dear Mr. Clemens, be so very, very kind as to let me have soon some news about yourself & about your daughters, especially about my beloved Clara. I long with all my soul to have news from you. If it is possible, please tell Clara that I love her as I ever did before, & that mein ganzes, ganzes Herz voll Theilnahme bei ihr ist! x x x God bless you, dear, dear Mr. Clemens and believe me x x x

“Miss Wydenbruck.”

I shall write her to-day.

This house & this view—well, dear, I am as bewitched with them as Jean is.

And Patrick! [McAleer] He is a vision out of a time when your mother was a girl & I a lad! And what a pleasure he is to my eye, & how the view of him fits in with the rest of the scenery! The same, same Patrick—trim, shapely, alert, competent for all things, taking two steps to any other man's one, not a gray hair nor any other sign of age about him, & his voice that same old pleasant sound! He served us twenty-two years & is a youth yet.

Dr. Quintard's idea is an excellent one, & we have discussed it pretty thoroughly & mapped out the scheme cleverly & intelligently. It is to be a club, & yet *not* a club. It will gather together at intervals, men of *capacity*, known or unknown, & of any trade—artist, doctor, blacksmith, author, scientist, merchant—and we shall feed economically & unostentatiously, & talk & smoke, & get acquainted & intimate. We shall carry out this scheme. It is better & more flexible & more catholic than the one I proposed to Howells before we left for Italy. For particulars see Quintard.

You are to sit up Saturday—that is, to-day. That is good news. Yes, you will miss Miss Gordon when you go away—I can understand that. She has ministered to your heart; it is not given to many to do that for us. To none, almost, beyond the frontiers of the family hearthstone. (And sometimes not even within those frontiers.) I wish she were going to Norfolk.

Jean will be very glad indeed to write you—she has been wanting to, these many ages.

Good-bye, dear, we are all loving you & thinking about you in this house—including him whom Jean calls

“a contrary cuss & difficult to keep out of deadly indiscretions” [MTP].

Note: Sam wrote on the envelope: “This can be read first by your physician there being no secrets in it.” **Miss Ethel Newcomb** (1877-1959), pupil and assistant (1904-1908) of Theodor Leschetizky. **Patrick McAleer**, the family's coachman in Hartford for two decades, had been hired in March to be groom for Jean's horses.

Lystra writes of McAleer:

A skilled rider and her [Jean's] constant companion on horseback, Patrick had one drawback—he spit constantly. “It is too unpleasant to put up with,” Jean confessed to her diary, “& yet he is such a dear that I hate to say anything which could hurt his feelings.” Early that summer Patrick helped her buy a horse, a Kentucky bay she named Scott—“sweet and friendly in the stable, so obedient & willing on the road & such a beauty” [Lystra 47].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Yesterday when the sunset was glorious and my love of it made me say a word about its beauty, Mr. Clemens said “Yes that sore spot was fine” (pointing to an angry streak) “There was a lot of inflammation up there.” He watched Patrick (aged 60) stepping briskly toward the stable and said, “If Patrick were going to his own funeral, he'd step lively—” [MTP TS 59].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: “An expert came up from Worcester to set up the orchestrelle” [MTP TS 19].

Sam also wrote to **Countess Misa Wydenbruck-Esterházy**, letter not extant but referred to in the above to Clara. The Countess was the Clemens family's cicerone in Viennese society and their closest friend outside musical and literary circles. See Nov. 29, 1897 entry.

Sam also wrote to **Hamlin Garland**.

"The book has come, & I thank you & am glad. For I can now start over again. I know the first chapters—by grace of the [?]Weekly—then the interruptions came, & broke up the march. I thank you again for remembering me" [MTP]. *Note:* See June 30 to Garland: *The Tyranny of the Dark* (1905) [Gribben 252].

Starrett gives this as the day Sam began "Three Thousand Years Among the Microbes," which would be 40,000 words and unpublished in his lifetime. It first appeared in *Which Was the Dream, etc.* Ed. Tuckey (1967). Starrett writes that Sam undertook the story "as a kind of therapeutic distraction from the sorrow and loneliness that followed the death of his wife in Florence, Italy, the previous spring. The long but unfinished fantasy, based on an idea for a satire Twain had been pondering for more than twenty years.... [was] admired by Paine as superb Swiftian satire" [MT Encyc. 735-6].

May 21 Sunday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

Mr. Clemens spends too much time over his work. Hours & hours & hours he sits writing with a wonderful light in his eyes. The flush of a girl in his cheeks and oh the lustre of his hair. It is too terribly perishably beautiful. It is no wonder that his tread is light as a spirit's, for the great power of his brain seems to draw him up and to give him his delicacy of step [MTP TS 59].

Hubert Howe Bancroft (1832-1918), historian and ethnologist, (Bancroft Library at UC Berkeley was named in his honor) wrote from San Francisco to Sam, having seen his name in connection with the Fourth of July celebration at Elko, Nevada. If Sam planned to be in attendance there would it be possible for him to come to S.F. as his guest at St. Dunstan's? He told of the place and mentioned that Henry James had spent a week with him [MTP].

Brander Matthews wrote from NY to Sam on the back of a flyer dated May 18, 1905 in the cause of Carnegie's Simplified Spelling. Matthews was named at the top as chairman of the group. Matthews related sickness and death in his family with the recent burial of his sister. "...and if I haven't seen you this winter, I've the same feeling for you. / The letter on the other side explains itself. Howells and Garland have adhered. Will you take my pledge I enclose?" [MTP].

St. Clair McKelway wrote from Brooklyn Heights to Sam. He hadn't answered Sam's letter due to being under a doctor's care in Boston, and only returned the night before.

"I found great comfort in your letter and heartily agree with its remarks about railway officials to whose criminal ignorance and recklessness so-called accidents are due. I have the worst shake up and jar and the least external injury of any one of the passengers in the car. Four Negro wailers were killed." He learned of Clara's operation and hoped she recovered fully [MTP].

May 22 Monday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

We're up in the hills now. All of us but Santissima. A little note this morning from Miss Gordon says that she [Clara Clemens] is improving wonderfully after her operation.

Fighting a headache, I am too dull to write what was in my mind.

This evening after dinner Mr. Clemens read the ms. he worked on all day. A cholera microbe's own story of microbe life in a human being. It is a marvellous imaginative scientific little story. With his acute eye that little microbe sees undreamed of wonders and kingdoms in the body of the dirty Russian Tramp that he inhabits. I

asked Mr. Clemens how long he'd been turning those marvellous imaginings over in his mind, and he said that the idea had been there for many years—he tried to work it up from a drop of water and a scientist with a powerful microscope; but it wasn't right. He had to become the microbe, and see and think and act and appreciate as a microbe. He truly said to Jean that it isn't a story for babes. But it will delight physicians and bacteriologists. Oh he is such a marvel, such a marvel [MTP TS 59-60].

William Evarts Benjamin wrote to Sam, enclosing another \$250 check released by the Title, Guarantee & Trust Co. relating to the quitclaim deed on the Tarrytown property. The trolley co. was to have removed the offending tracks by May 1 [MTP].

Miss **Edith Hulbert** wrote from NYC to Sam, requesting an interview for the purpose of arranging a play for his *JA*. She was writing at the request of **Mrs. Dunlap Hopkins** [MTP].

C. Brereton Sharpe wrote to Sam for the **Plasmon Syndicate, Ltd., London**, sending the latest report issued by the Company as Ashcroft had requested. Dividends were to be reinvested in the operation [MTP].

Roy W. Van Hoesen wrote on *The Office* letterhead (Franklinville, N.Y.) to Sam. "We have a half-tone engraving of a little hut in which it is reputed you wrote 'Roughing It,' at Aurora, Nevada. / Should you favor us with a little comment in reference to it I am sure it would be appreciated by the readers..." [MTP]. *Note:* the magazine advertised, "Published to the advantage of progressive office men." Also seen as **Van Haesen**.

May 23 Tuesday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to **Brander Matthews**. "You have my deepest sympathy. These are black days. There are now but 13 days between me & the anniversary of anniversaries" [MTP]. *Note:* Matthews' loss was not determined.

Isabel Lyon's journal:

We've been shifting. Sunday we did most of it. Mr. Clemens went up to our quarters and liking them so much better than his own he has taken Jean's room for his study and my room for his bedroom, while Jean and I have come down to the lower bed rooms. These rooms are not plastered and the little searching drafts troubled Mr. Clemens. Then up stairs he had a wonderfuller view. I have the room I wanted, close to the pines, the singing, sighing pines. Tonight Mr. Clemens did not read any. Jean and Patrick rode around Monadnock and were out very late. Jean is beginning to ride astride [MTP TS 60].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Mr. Clemens revised his MS. & worked until 6:30" [MTP TS 19].

May 24 Wednesday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam replied to **Robert L. Fulton's May 12** invitation.

Dear Mr. Fulton— / I remember, as if it were yesterday, that when I disembarked from the overland stage in front of the Ormsby in Carson City in August, 1861, I was not expecting to be asked to come again. I was tired, discouraged, white with alkali dust, & did not know anybody; & if you had said, "Cheer up, desolate stranger, don't be down-hearted—pass on, & come again in 1905," you cannot think how grateful I would have been & how gladly I would have closed the contract. Although I was not expecting to be invited, I was watching out for it, & was hurt & disappointed when you started to ask me & changed it to "How soon—are you going away?" for I was an orphan at that time, & had been one so many years that I was getting sensitive about it.

But you have made it all right, now, & the wound is closed. And so I thank you sincerely for the invitation; & with you, all Reno, & if I were a few years younger I would accept it, & promptly. I would go. I would let somebody else do the oration, but as for me, I would talk—just talk. I would renew my youth; & talk—& talk—& talk—& have the time of my life! I would march the unforgotten & unforgettable antiques by, & name their names, & give them reverent Hail-&-farewell as they passed: Goodman, McCarthy, Sillis, Curry, Baldwin, Winters, Howard, Nye, Stewart, Neely Johnson, Hal Clayton, Jones, North, Rost, &—& my brother, upon whom be peace!—& then the desperadoes, who made life a joy & the "slaughter-house" a

precious possession: Sam Brown, Farmer Pete, Bill Mayfield Six-fingered-Jake, Jack Williams, & the rest of the crimson discipleship—& so on & so on. Believe me, I would start a resurrection it would do you more good to look at than the next one will, if you go on the way you are doing now.

Those were the days!—Those old ones. They will come no more. Youth will come no more. They were full to the brim with the wine of life; there have been no others like them. It chokes me up to think of them. Would you like me to come out there & cry? It would not beseem my white head.

Good-bye. I drink to you all. Have a good time—& take an old man's blessing [MTP]. *Note:* many of those mentioned from Sam's Nevada days may be identified in Vol. 1, *MTL 1*, Mack or others.

Isabel Lyon's journal: That microbe story grows and grows in depth and wonder. It has grown into the thought that perhaps we too are microbes chasing around in a globule that is only a molecule of the universe. Every morning I play to Mr. Clemens until he is ready to go to work. It gives him his inspiration for the day—takes the fog out of his brain and then he goes up to his "dissipation". Then we have music again, and after dinner when he has read his ms., then we play Hearts [MTP TS 60].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Mr. Clemens worked all day without interruption, and read the continuation of the Microbe autobiography after dinner. It is tremendous" [MTP TS 19].

Charles Henry Webb (1834-1905) died in N.Y.C. Webb was Sam's first publisher (*The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County and Other Sketches*), founded *The Californian* in 1864, and wrote under the pen name "John Paul." See Vol. I entries. The *New York Times*, May 25, p. 9 reviewed Webb's publications and accomplishments.

May 25 Thursday – Isabel Lyon's journal: The microbe has fixed it—we won't ever die, but live forever and ever as disintegrated oxygen and hydrogen and gases and acids and things. It's quite dreadful and very fascinating. The mystery and workings of that brain. I'm reading away back in his first book and just loving that "Innocents Abroad", with its choice way of looking at places and things and people and events centuries old. Today the music was very beautiful. Like a sweet spirit [MTP TS 60].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "The wonderful microbe MS. grows. Mr. Clemens read more of it tonight" [MTP TS 19].

H. Roswell Bates wrote on Spring Street Presbyterian Church letterhead to Sam, enclosed in Ebenezer Hayes' note below. Bates had met Sam at tea at **William E. Dodge's** house in Riverdale and since had wished Sam might speak "before one of our clubs here," then mentioned the **Philia Club** of "ambitious young men" which met every Thursday at 8 p.m.[MTP].

Ebenezer Hayes for the Philia Club wrote to Sam that he'd been instructed to write and invite Sam to speak to the Club of "young men for intellectual and social benefit." He enclosed the above note from **H. Roswell Bates** [MTP].

May 26 Friday – Isabel Lyon's journal: This afternoon Mr. Thayer called, after he left Mr. Clemens said nice things about him, and then said he had seen him a quarter of a century ago when he went up to Hartford to make a black and white sketch of Mr. Clemens for the *Century*. Mr. Clemens was fighting the beginning of a cold so he took his whiskey bottle, and he said that in an hour he was very happily and comfortably drunk, but the black and white sketch wasn't an entire success.

Tonight Mr. Clemens read more of the microbe story. What an imagination! [MTP TS 61]. *Note:* see **Feb. 24, 1882** for Thayer's sketch which was to go with an article in the *Century* by **William Dean Howells**.

Harper & Brothers replied to Sam's request, handed to them by Major Leigh, for books "in popular language on microbes, bacilli, etc., one that brings all science up to date and that can be understood by ordinary people." They referred him to William Wood & Co., NYC medical book publishers, or Lea Brothers, Phila. [MTP].

May 27 Saturday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam replied to **Hubert H. Bancroft** of San Francisco, who had written on **May 21** inviting Sam to visit.

I thank you sincerely for the tempting hospitalities which you offer me, but I have to deny myself, for my wandering days are over, & it is my desire & purpose to sit by the fire the rest of my remnant of life & indulge myself with the pleasure & repose of work—work uninterrupted and unmarred by duties or excursions.

A man who like me is going to strike 70 on the 30th, of next November has no business to be flitting around the way Howells does—that shameless old fictitious butterfly. (But if he comes, don't tell him I said it, for it would hurt him & I wouldn't brush a flake of powder from his wing for anything. I only say it in envy of his indestructable youth, anyway. Howells will be 88 in October.) [MTP]. *Note:* boxed in the left corner of the letter: "In ans. to an invitation from Mr. H.H. Bancroft to visit him in San Francisco. Mr. Henry James had just been there for a week." Howells was born in 1837, two years after Sam.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Mr. Clemens doesn't like June bugs. When one was butting and banging around the card table tonight he wanted "to butter and swallow it" [MTP TS 61].

Dr. John Allen Wyeth, NYC wrote to Sam. "In writing a sketch which deals in a measure with my native section, Northern Alabama, in speaking of the Hon. Jeremiah Clemens, am I correct in referring to him as your uncle?" [MTP]. *Note:* Someone, likely Miss Lyon, wrote on the note, "Cousin of Mr. Clemens's father." There were several Jeremiah Clemenses, including **Jeremiah Clemens** (1732-1811) Sam's great grandfather. None found could be traced to Ala.

The *New York Times*, p. BR 347 ran a squib announcing Harpers would reissue Mark Twain's *Sketches, New and Old* in the middle of June.

May 28 Sunday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** All day Mr. Clemens has been working too hard revising his microbe manuscript. This afternoon he was limp—exhausted—and tonight he went early to bed. Jean read aloud to me in Madame Laschovska's book on Transylvania and I did not play the Beethoven today that I had planned to. / Mollie Ingalls writes many things among them that Walter Griffin has gone to Holland [MTP TS 61]. **Emily Laszowska-Gerard.** See May 16 entry.

Manning & Brown Co., NYC, manufacturers of "The Celebrated Red Cross Cigars," wrote to Sam. Planning to make a cigar by the name of "Mark Twain," the company discovered that another firm in Milwaukee was already making one by that name and claimed the exclusive right to do so. Did Sam have any control over the issue? [MTP].

May 29 Monday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** There is tremendous news from the Japanese Russian War. Togo has beaten Rojesvesky, and taken ships and many prisoners, among them poor Rojesvesky—yes "poor"—for his joy is gone—he has failed utterly. 7,000 Russians gone. Oh, the terror of it, a rough sea and tremendous shelling, and sinking vessels. Oh, terrible beyond words [MTP TS 61].

Isabel Lyon's journal #2: "Mr. Clemens has been working too hard, he is tired" [MTP: TS 20].

Charles C. Bombaugh, M.D. wrote from Baltimore to Sam. The Lippincott Co. was to publish a former compilation of his, "Gleanings for the Curious," and he requested permission to include Sam's "delightful after-dinner joke at the Weather Bureau" [MTP].

Renee Inbraly wrote from Brunn, Austria to Sam. Only the small envelope survives [MTP]. *Note:* MTP notes "name is doubtful."

John Larkin, attorney, wrote to Sam that he'd phoned and written to **James A. Renwick** trying to make an appointment about the heating of 21 Fifth Ave. and would write again this day. He suggested holding up the check for next month's rent to "get him to notice" [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote on the top of the letter, "The check was withheld / May 30. SLC"; this having to do with repairs to the heating system at 21 Fifth.

May 30 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Ah, it was splendid to see Mr. Clemens stand with his back to the open fire, and hear him sum up the way in which the Almighty has been personally conducting this Russian campaign against the Japanese. As many as 8 terrible defeats, but the Russian Church say that it is ordained of God and they rushed into battle headed by the cross. Yes, you find yourself thinking, thinking—after Mr. Clemens gets through a talk of that kind [MTP TS 61].

Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2:

“Mr. Clemens received a letter from Mr. Larkin suggesting that the Renwick check for the June rent be withheld—that might be a way of bringing Mr. Renwick around to attending to the furnace. The check was stopped” [MTP TS 20].

Hamilton Wright Mabie for the **National Institute of Arts** sent Sam a form stating his dues for \$5 were “now payable” [MTP].

May 31 Wednesday – In Dublin, N.H. Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to **John Larkin**.

Mr. Clemens directs me to say that he has stopped the check that is due Mr. Renwick on June 1st, as you suggest in your letter of May 29th

In his note of August 17th Mr. Renwick speaks of putting the house in repair; and as he did not fulfil his promise, Mr Clemens directs me to ask if it would not be well to declare war by suing for damages incurred by the severe bronchitis that Mr. Clemens had in the last winter, and by his being obliged to stay in his bed for many weeks owing to that illness.

In a note of Dec. 7th Mr. Renwick writes—“The work delayed your occupation of the house, but you must remember you were kind enough to tell me to take my time & your reward, if any, has been in having the house thoroughly done—I hope & believe. My only wish now is that you will enjoy residing there and will do so for many years to come with health & happiness to you & your family.”

Mr. Clemens directs me to say that he must have no heating in the house less perfect than Mr. John Howells’s best system, for he is expecting to have Miss Clemens at home during the coming winter, and that there is no room heated so that it would be safe for her to occupy it.

If testimony is needed Mr. Clemens can bring into court the testimony of a great surgeon—Dr. Hartley, a great physician—Dr. Quintard, another physician, Miss Gordon, and a trained nurse, that it would be entirely unsafe to take Miss Clemens into the house.

Mr. Clemens directs me to suggest suit could be brought for failure to keep this contract, if that would be better than to sue for damages [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: In their reports the Russians have lied so dreadfully, so baldly, so stupidly, that commenting upon it Mr. Clemens said it was “a pity, for it brings the art into disrepute”—ah, he is so interesting and so full of the power to make you long to do and be things just to satisfy his mighty intellect. The music is wonderful. The Largo is like a caress [MTP TS 62].

Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2: “This evening Mr. Clemens read more of the wonderful microbe satire. Tonight it was the scientific investigation of the Fossil Flea” [MTP TS 20].

June – *Century Magazine* published Willis Gibson’s article, “Arkansas Fashion,” p. 276-92. Tenney: “A work of fiction which pleased MT with its many favorable references to him. The hero enjoys reading *HF* and has a cat named Tom Sawyer. For details see Gribben (1980), I, 257” [Tenney: “A Reference Guide Fourth Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1980 p. 174].

Sam wrote an essay, “As Concerns Interpreting the Deity,” which was not published in his lifetime. It was later collected in *What Is Man? And Other Essays* (1917) [Camfield’s Bibliog.]. Gribbens notes: “Mark Twain repeatedly quoted from *Lives of the Twelve Caesars* [by Suetonius]” in this essay.

June ca. – In Dublin, N.H. Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to an unidentified man.

Thank Mr. Ashcroft— / Mr. Clemens says Oh please dont get the impression that C. C. knew that I was speaking of him in this matter. C. C. being rich & lazy & a very large gun, would not thank me for interesting myself in his affairs if he knew it—& possibly it might not even win his grace to know that I wasn't thinking of his interests at all but only of the public's & my own. We are very sorry to hear that Mrs. H is ill—and I am sorry for Conish, which must lose the family's society for the summer. We are well here, & comfortable & satisfied. Clara is in Norfolk Ct. & comf. & satisfied—her natural sleep is restored to her after being absent & mislaid for more than a year. She drives about with the horse she got from Italy. She has her piano & is allowed to work a little, & her voice is stronger than it was before she was stricken down. With love to you both [MTP].

June 1 Thursday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to William Evarts Benjamin.

I am very glad indeed that the Gardiner spirit is laid to rest at last; & largely because you can get a rest yourself, now; you deserve it, for you have heroically earned it, & may you get it in full measure & enjoy it. Miss Lyon brought your letter to me yesterday afternoon, & was so bursting with laughter that she couldn't control her jaws long enough to get out an explanation. I joined in, when I struck your next-to-last sentence.

I owe you many many thanks for pulling me out of the Tarrytown hole—I wish I may get out of my Fifth avenue tangle half as successfully.

We are prodigiously enjoying this place! I have written a third of a book here in 10 or 12 days.

With my kindest regards to you all, I am [MTP]. *Note:* Hill notes that **Charles A. Gardiner**, who had exercised his option to purchase the Tarrytown house “complained about some adjacent trolley tracks, and Clemens was required to put up \$1,500 with a title company to clear the obstruction and to guarantee several quit claims” [106].

Sam also began a letter to Joe Twichell that he finished on June 2.

Dear Old Joe: / Certainly, give Osborn a letter. It will compromise me, but that is nothing, I don't write any other kind except to strangers. I had a long talk with Wood when I was in Portland in '95. He was a lawyer for a railroad—salary, \$35,000 a year. He has written some poetry, and it is good and on a high plane.

I have read a little of his article which you sent. If I have not misunderstood him, he stands for morals without any qualifying adjective in front of the word. Just *morals*, I like it. It makes me cuss to see people talking about “public” morals and “private” morals and “legal” ones. There aren't any. There's merely just morals.

The legalizing of an immorality doesn't purify it, it only whitewashes it. I could mention a few existing samples—but never mind. Joe, I don't know how I would vote on the Rockefeller donation as a congregational minister but speaking for my own unsanctified self I would say like this, if it is tainted money take it, by all means and ship it to China—no other kind can legitimately be used in the missionary business there, when the Aments are sent to dance to the Golden Rule and bully better man into adopting a civilization which is inferior to our own. We do enjoy having Patrick with us again—the best man that ever wore clothes. And our old Katy is his match. Livy raised that pair.

Good bye and love to you all. / Mark.

Togo forever! I wish somebody would assassinate the Russian Family. So does every sane person in the world—but who has the grit to say so? Nobody. Try for Clara when you get to Norfolk. Jean and I are to see her before—before—well, we haven't any idea when, yet [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's old friend from West Point days, now an attorney and poet in Portland, Ore. was **Charles Erskine Scott Wood**. Gribben misidentifies this Wood as unidentified [782].

Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to Richard Watson Gilder.

Mr. Clemens wishes me to ask you if you will be good enough to send him the address of the author of the delightful story “Arkansas Fashion,” if you have it.

Mr. Clemens is well, and very busy these days; and Jean is very well and enjoying this beautiful wild country.

Mr. Clemens wishes me to convey to you and to Mrs. Gilder his very warm regards [MTP].

Note: **Willis Gibson** wrote the story that ran in the June 1905 *Century Magazine*. Gribben writes: “Clemens’ pleasure in the short story is easily explained: not only does it employ regional dialects and feature a hero from the state of Arkansas, familiar to Clemens from his years as a river pilot, but Gibson repeatedly alludes to the works of Mark Twain in the most flattering manner possible” [257].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: All day Mr. Clemens has been in his bed for this morning at 5 he slipped downstairs to get his ms. My instinct had been to take it up last evening, but I shut off the impulse and so he became chilled and fearing that he had taken cold Jean bade him stay in his bed—but at 5:20 he started to join Mr. Thayer on the path, and together they walked a bit and came back to the house to sit on the porch. There was no reading tonight for all day Mr. Clemens revised. It is a pity for us that as it drops from his pen it isn’t put right into print for there is so much of it that you want to dwell on and reread [MTP TS 62].

Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2: “Wrote for some little books on Microbes” [MTP TS 20].

Harper & Brothers wrote to Lyon c/o Sam that Baker & Taylor Co. had answered their request for a book on microbes with *Story of Germ Life*, by H.W. Conn, and *The Story of Bacteria*, by Prudden. Both were elementary books on the subject, and they assumed these would meet Sam’s needs [MTP].

Elmer B. Harris wrote from the Hotel Brevoort, NYC to Sam, sending a play *The Love of Life*, which had been given to him in Germany. “The translator says that you once admired it.” Lyon wrote for him to see Elisabeth Marbury, dramatic agent. She added had he phoned the Harpers instead of mailing the package, he would have learned first that her house adjoined the hotel and second “that she was far away from the city for the summer” [MTP].

June 1 after – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to **Elmer B. Harris**.

Dear Sir: / It was very kind & thoughtful. I beg to recommend Miss Marbury, dramatic agent, Paris, & New York (Empire Theatre). / Very Truly Yours. / per / L.

If you had telephoned the Harpers instead of sending your pkg by mail to them to them you would have learned first that my house adjoins your hotel, & 2nd that I am far away from the city for the summer [MTP].

Note: the **Brevoort Hotel** adjoined Sam’s house at 21 Fifth Ave.

June 2 Friday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam finished his **June 1** to **Joe Twichell**.

P.S. / June 2/05

Joe, although you are a congregational minister, you know there are proprieties that must be observed. You know quite well that if the chair of Applied Chastity at Vassar should accept a donation from a *reputed* whore house, just that notorious *repute*, unconfirmed by any court, would settle it. Don’t you know that? Withdraw your mind from the wordy confusion and hair splitting “reasonings” of the day, and rest it and tranquillize it with contemplation of a simple and easy object-lesson, like this.

Let us imagine that the American Board is the trustee of Vassar, and responsible: that Granny Judson occupies the chair of Applied Chastity, a chair supported wholly by the donations of kindly people who, having been brought to practice a little chastity now and then and enjoy it, desire to extend its sweet restraints to the gentle Vasserlings sitting in innocent darkness and unaware. Now then let Granny *take that money*: those contributions are not *public*: for all Granny knows, they are pure: So far as she knows, their money is clean. Let her take it, and boom chastity with it: she is justified. But when America’s boss whore—by rumor mind you, mere *universal* and unchallenged rumor, and nothing more—sends a contribution wherewith to stimulate the spread of practical chastity in the college right at that point Granny *must call a halt*. Common propriety, elementary propriety requires it, Joe. / Mark [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Tonight Mr. Clemens read 20 pages of the microbe story” [MTP TS 62].

Elizabeth Nolde wrote from Florence, Italy to Sam. She had met him in Florence and he had advised her to publish the letters from Miss de Hail to Benjamin Constant in America first. She had found a translator but was afraid the American public would not be interested in the letters. Would Sam “give one superficial glance” and offer “words of introduction”? [MTP]. *Note:* Miss Lyon wrote on the letter that Sam was not allowed to write for anyone save his publisher.

E.B. Prondfit for Aeolian Co. wrote to Lyon c/o Sam with a notice that they had made a credit in their account of \$8.25 [MTP].

June 3 Saturday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: These days I am carried away by Margaret Oglevie [*sic* Ogilvy]. Barrie will never approach that book again. Late evenings after Mr. Clemens and Jean have gone to their rooms I sit before the open fire and read in the room steeped in tobacco smoke, such good contenting smoke. You want to cry in pain over the beauty of this living [MTP TS 62]. *Note:* *Margaret Ogilvy* (1896) by Sir **James M. Barrie**, was a rather maudlin tribute to his mother, **Margaret Ogilvy**.

Inez H. Gillmore wrote from Scituate Mass. to Sam. She had just rec’d a letter from Samuel S. McClure quoting Sam about one of her first attempts at fiction, “The Story that Took” in June’s issue of *McClure’s*. “He did not send me the letter [Sam’s] (the pig!) and so I must forego the joy of seeing such words in our very hand-writing.” Sam had made her “very happy” [MTP].

Isabel Lyon wrote for Sam to **Norman Hapgood** of *Collier’s*.

Mr. Clemens has recd a letter from Twichell in which he says that Charley Clarke [*sic*] of Courant is going with Taft to the Phillippines [*sic*]. Makes this suggestion to you that you get Mr. Clarke to do your Phillippine writing for Collier’s. It would be a pity to enter it in the Courant—that he is an abandoned & incurable administration Republican & Jingo—but no matter, he’ll sparkle & whatever he says will be worth reading [MTP: Cushman file].

Elisabeth Marbury sent a statement to Sam with a balance due him of \$18.40 [MTP].

June 4 Sunday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Today Jean and I drove along a lot of lovely highways and byways. Patrick’s horse is so nice to drive behind, and gives you only pleasurable emotions, doesn’t drive your heart into your throat by shying at nothing. We found lots of flowers and saw many birds too, and when we came home at 5 we found Mr. Clemens lying on the long couch, all cuddled up in his dressing gown for there wasn’t any fire in the room. Then after tea we had music. It is so good to be alive, and *so* alive [MTP TS 63].

June 5 Monday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Today is the anniversary of the great tragedy of this family. Sunday evening after that long day with Mother in Florence and after a sweet chat with Santissima [Clara], Mrs. Clemens’s light went out—now I can see Mr. Clemens’s face when I flew into his room and told him to go to Mrs. Clemens’s room. “Is it an alarm?” he said—but I didn’t know, they only told me to run and get him [MTP TS 63].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to Sam, enclosing the letter from London about the Plasmon dividend being reinvested in the Company. He also quoted three paragraphs from **John Simeon Bergheim**, written after his brother’s death, about Plasmon operations there. Bergheim regretted the conflicts on the American side and added they were now getting Plasmon from France as well as from Germany at a “price much lower than it used to be” [MTP].

Norman Hapgood for Collier’s Weekly replied to Sam’s June 3. “There ought to be something for us in what Mr. Clark writes about the Phillipines, although we could not go into it in a series of articles. If Mr. Clark would let us see something that he thinks specially fitted for our paper we could in all probability get together.” He sent regards to Jean. Sam wrote from the word “article” above up to the right, “as a daily paper like the Courant can” [MTP].

Katharine I. Harrison wrote to advise Sam that \$1,000 had been deposited in the Lincoln National Bank and also Harpers' check for \$583.33. She added "I hope you keep well these days" [MTHHR 584n1].

Charles J. Langdon wrote to Sam enclosing his check for \$25 in payment of coupons of the Atlanta Gas Co. due June 1, belonging to Livy's estate; He also sent a similar note with \$50 check to Clara Clemens for the same co. coupons [MTP].

Kate McGillicuddy wrote from Bradford, Pa. to Sam. She had sold many copies and sets of his books over the years, though she was not acquainted by him any closer than he was to Queen Victoria. Would he assist her in publishing a book of anecdotes of his? [MTP]. *Note:* on the back of page 3, IVL wrote, "Much too busy—but that is not the main reason—/ Shrink from assisting in any thing of so public a nature"

June 6 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Wrote Mr. Duneka not to trouble Mr. Howells about the book or Mark Twain letters. C.C. & J.L.C. want to collect & compile the letters" [MTP TS 20].

Trombley writes of Clemens' attempt to persuade Howells to take on his biography:

...Howells ultimately declined the biography project. In early June [June 6], after discussing the matter with his daughters, Twain had Isabel write to Duneka, asking him not to bother Howells about editing his letters as now Clara and Jean had expressed interest in the project (even though in January he had suggested that Isabel should edit them). Two weeks later, he wrote Clara at her Norfolk, Connecticut, sanitarium saying he had appointed "you and Jean to arrange and publish my 'Letters' some day—I don't want it done by any outsider. Miss Lyon can do the work, and do it well...and take a tenth of the royalty resulting." Just three months later Twain changed his mind again, telling Isabel that Clara would be the principal editor and she could assist in the project. Jean was out. Visions of royalties danced in Isabel's head...[MTOW 59]. *Note:* we cannot know for sure what danced in the head of Miss Lyon, but such assumptions may make for good book selling.

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to apologize to Sam for "an oversight of one of our staff," who was to send Sam's Congo article to Dr. Parke. They could not find an address for Parke, but only the Liverpool address of *The Congo Newspaper*; but there was no Parke there. This matter had not been reported to Clemens, so Duneka apologized, then added he hoped Sam liked his country place [MTP]. *Note:* Dr. **Robert E. Park**, not Parke.

Sam answered Duneka's of this day:

Don't trouble Howells about the matter of preparing a book of Mark Twain letters. My daughters want to undertake it. This pleases me more than I can tell. It would have been their mother's work; they recognize that it is theirs now for her sake.

Shall be more than glad to have those little microbe books. The book I am writing has to have a large display of scientific learning in it in order to compel the gratitude of common schools and the public, and the burden of manufacturing it is beginning to tell on me. Help from other competent sources will be a relief to me, and I shall get it out of those little books. / Sincerely yours, ...[MTP: Cushman file].

John R. Gow for the **Congo Reform Assoc., Tremont Temple**, wrote to Sam, quoting an Apr. 25 letter from **Edmund Dene Morel** of the English Congo Reform Assoc. to Dr. Park: "Mr. Clemens tells me that he has sent on to the American Congo Reform Association an article of about 10000 words entitled "King Leopold's Soliloquy", for you to use as you see fit." Gow had not rec'd the article, and would appreciate having use of it [MTP]. *Note:* Miss Lyon answered for Sam on June 9.

John Larkin wrote to Sam enclosing a deed from Sam to Sandford Wilson for the Texas property that Sam needed to sign and swear before a notary, then return [MTP]. *Note:* Archer Co. Texas land of Livy's.

June 7 Wednesday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to **J. Henry Harper**: “Please hand to bearer & charge to me, paper copy of your ‘Rudiments of Manners,’ also paper copy of your ‘How to Conceal Mental Vacancy & Seem Intelligent’” [MTP]. *Note*: Hill points out this sarcasm as one of Sam’s “savage moods” and “disbelief in the Harper integrity” [112].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Today came a letter to me from Santissima [Clara]. A letter clamouring for news and talking of the concert tours she wants to make next winter. A great faith has come to Santissima. She had to reach out to something in her grief—a woman has to. She can comfort others perhaps, but she cannot comfort herself and she has to reach out for the help that is in the eternal. Perhaps a man doesn’t need it—I don’t know—he can shield and comfort and protect a woman, he’s shelter and comforter and protector by his right and instinct—the woman who hasn’t that human protector has got to turn to the spiritual one—and Santissima turned. She has such a pure beautiful flame burning out of her soul, and so much soul and intellect. I am allowed now to write to her.

This afternoon at five o’clock as I sat in front of the fire with a big book, Mr. Thayer arrived and I flew to let him in through the big window and then when he had commented quasi apologetically, and utterly lovingly upon his queer Canadian boots—I went to tell Mr. Clemens that he was here and soon the talk began. Mr. Clemens truly says of him that “he is a gem and included in the rent”. He is a delight, full of soul, intellect, great humanness, magnetism and great loveliness too. Jean started him on his bird subject, and he talked about birds and skunks and deer, etc. Saying a heap of rememberable things, and then regretting that he’d been started, for he really came to hear Mr. Clemens talk. But do we ever do what we *think* we’ve come to do? [MTP TS 63-64].

Ralph P. Buell wrote from NYC to thank Sam for “the many pleasant hours” spent reading his books. His query had to do with Sam’s remark of the brothers and sisters of Christ—what was his source? [MTP].

June 8 Thursday – **Clara Clemens’ 31st birthday**. Clara was in Norfolk, Conn. In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to her in care of Mrs. Bratenglier.

Ah, you dear little dear Clärchen! it is a lovely letter, and has made us all clamorously happy. I am going to send it to Aunt Sue.

You have gotten back your sleep. It is great—there’s nothing greater I reckon, among the blessings. It is a pity you must do some of your faithfully-done work over anew, but I hope it will turn out as it does with half-forgotten languages—come back easier than one is expecting. That your voice is stronger than it was, is most gratifying news. It means what the natural sleep does—that you are climbing handsomely health-ward. I’ll claim The Grenadiers for sure, dear heart! Thank you for remembering.

I think a very great deal of Miss Lyon.

Good place to work? *this*? I should *say* so! My! to think that I’ve written 30,000 words here! That used to take a kind of a forever. “Adventures of a Microbe.” I read a chapter aloud every night. It’s like Paris in Joan-of-Arc days.

Oh, lots and lots of love, dear little Blackspider blatherskite. /Father [MTP]. *Note*: “The Two Grenadiers,” German song; see Gribben p. 305.

Sam also wrote to **Mr. Gibson**.

If you should see the admirable Mr. Harbin soon, won’t you please praise, for me, his literary taste? I cannot very well do it myself, it might seem an intrusion, because although I know him I have not had the pleasure of meeting him [MTP]. *Note*: this was possibly to **Willis Gibson**, who wrote the story “Arkansas Fashion” in the June *Century* that Sam had inquired of Gilder about, asking for the address of the author.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: After I sent off only a postal to mother this morning I had my inspiration for the day. It had been a most busy 90-minutes, between breakfast and the coming and going of the mail man and after he went, Mr. Clemens sauntered downstairs with a little half smile that was a treasure. Speaking of the microbe book he is writing, he said “Well this morning I’ve given it its title and written the introduction and that’s always a hard thing to do.” That led me to say something about something he had written yesterday,

and it started the flood of his wondrous speech. Up and down he paced, flinging his thoughts out of him, and I gave one of them a little bat, and he caught it and tossed it higher, with a voice deeply moved by the power of what was born within his brain, and finding life in speech of liquid gold. Do you wonder if I find myself, sitting and gazing off at the distant mountains, or into the near-at-hand woods—just steeped with the magnetism of his brain? Do you wonder? But suddenly, he stopped and said—“By gosh, I’ll go to work” and off he flew [MTP TS 64].

Samuel S. McClure wrote a short note to Sam, “glad to have taken a story told so as to give you a good time, and grateful to you for having taken time to tell us it was good story. I have proudly told the author that you liked it” [MTP].
Note: Story not specified.

June 9 Friday – **Isabel Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Robert E. Park**, Secretary of the **Congo Reform Association of America**, in reference to **John R. Gow’s June 6** inquiry. Some time ago Sam had instructed Harpers to forward “King Leopold’s Soliloquy” to them; he inquired on June 8 about the matter and they apologized that they’d been unable to find their address.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: This was the swamp day—Jean and I drove over to it and even our rubber boots didn’t keep us dry. I went over mine getting wild callas and Jean went over hers trying to find a red-winged black bird’s nest. It was so enchanting. When we came home we found Mr. Clemens curled up in the long wicker couch, with newspapers scattered over him and around him on the floor. Later we had music. It comes by inspiration, some days ever so much better than others. This evening more of the microbe story [MTP TS 64].

F.M. McIntire wrote from Vandergrift, Pa. to Sam, asking to use his name in selling a quilt for the purpose of raising \$2,000 to finish and furnish the basement of the First Presbyterian Church there [MTP].

June 10 Saturday – **Isabel Lyon’s journal:** Mr. Clemens has introduced a delightful character into the microbe book—“Katherine of Arragon”—She is so sweet and so foolish and so innocent, and so profane and so sympathetic that she’s exactly right. Mr. Clemens is enjoying the writing of the book so much too. He doesn’t know that Katherine is anywhere around when in she pipes with a remark that staggers that dear cholera germ. Oh, it is so interesting, and its positively holy to hear Mr. Clemens read it [MTP TS 64-65].

June 11 Sunday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to daughter **Clara** in Norfolk, Conn. in care of Mrs. Bratenglier.

Clärchen dear, I’ve written 16 pages—12 is a day’s work—& it’s only 2.45 p.m. Yesterday I stopped at 3.15, with 14 pages scored—no, it was 15. On all previous days I have had myself called from work at 5 o’clock, but you see I’m getting through long before 5 now. I know when the day’s work is done, by the *feel*—then I stop, let the product be big or little. I am at page 240, now—all written here (since May 20, I suppose.) It beats the record. The best record before was in Florence—5 weeks, ending about the end of January—31,000 words. This is the same output (31,500 words) but the time is considerably shorter.

Dear heart, I am gladder of the spiritual peace which has come to you than I can ever tell you. I was a criminal towards your mother in that matter, & can never forgive myself, but for her sake—& yours & mine—I shall try to my very best never to treat you so.

Maybe we would go to bed with the chickens, too, if there were any; but there is not a domestic animal near this perfectly still place. There’s not a sound of any kind after the wild birds go to bed—oh, it *is* the divinest place!

Now I’ll go below.

Goodbye, you dear rascal, & be happy! / Father [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s Journal: “Mr. Clemens is reading Suetonius on the Caesars, finding it very interesting too. Today he said that he’d just been reading how Caesar’s mother came into possession of a serpent-like scar at the time of Caesar’s birth—“and after that she wouldn’t bathe in public—she was so darnn particular.” Oh,

his comments! The poverty of me—not to remember them all [MTP TS 65; also Gribben 252 in part]. *Note: Suetonius Tranquillus C. The Lives of the Twelve Caesars*. Trans. In 1796 by Alexander Thomson; 1876 ed.

June 12 Monday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: After dinner tonight I spoke of one or two things mentioned in his brother’s manuscript, about how he, Mr. C., had shocked his mother by dancing the Schottisch until a late hour on board the boat of which he was pilot. He was taking his mother on a trip down to New Orleans. Then Mr. Clemens paced up and down the porch and told us how he had slept at the wheel that night, and waking suddenly he found himself in a part of the river that he didn’t know—and he was in a shute that was full of snags and he’d have a struggle to pull that boat out and not kill her. But he did it, and didn’t ring a bell, either [MTP TS 65]. *Note:* see Mar. 18, 1861 entry; Sam took his mother and sister Pamela on the *Alongo Child* to St. Louis and then on to New Orleans on Mar. 26, leaving there on Mar. 28, 1861.

Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2: “Mr. Clemens is revising the microbe MS” [MTP TS 21].

Samuel J. Elder of Elder & Whitman, Attorneys, Boston, wrote to Sam. “I have taken the liberty to have the publishers send you a copy of the Yale Law Journal containing my article on ‘Duration of Copyright’” [MTP].

Robert L. Fulton wrote to Sam, disappointed he wouldn’t be coming to Nevada but Sam’s letter had given his people pleasure. “I have taken the liberty of sending you a small book in which I spoke of the Nevada Pioneers and pioneer conditions” [MTP]. *Note:* the book is not specified; not in Gribben.

Willis F. Johnson for Men of Mark wrote to Sam, enclosing an eight-page questionnaire from which they wished to publish an article in *Men of Mark in New York*. The material was not used [MTP].

June 13 Tuesday – In Dublin, N.H. Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to **Katharine I. Harrison**, asking her to transfer \$2,000 from the Guaranty Trust to the Lincoln National Bank. She added, “Mr. Clemens is well” [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Jean wasn’t well today. She went down to her study, but came back so weary and dazed. Today the Thayers lunched here and Mr. Clemens and Mrs. Thayer talked of the “Quaker City” for a long time. Did Mrs. Thayer know anything about Mrs. Fairbanks?” [MTP TS 65].

Charles J. Langdon wrote to Sam, enclosing a check for \$11.01 “being half of a payment by John K. Ford on account of the sale of some land in Steuben County owned jointly by aunt Livy and myself” [MTP].

Joe Twichell wrote from Hartford to Sam, announcing he was “going to Seattle in September to preach the sermon at the Anniversary Meeting there of the American Board” of Foreign Missions. He might mention the Rockefeller gift and would cite Sam’s views on it. He related having a dog nose him during a sermon, which prompted laughter by the children and then by himself. He was to perform a wedding in Norfolk on June 22 and could he stop and see Clara? And where? He also told of Col. Cheney undergoing an operation in San Francisco, and closed with: “I love you, old fellow, in spite of all your bad behavior, very, very dearly” [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote on the env: “Can he call & see Clara? This question must be answered. / This letter to be preserved & put on [illegible word] with Auto.”

June 14 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “The microbe revision goes on and Mr. Clemens gives the sapient results to us” [MTP TS 65].

F.P. Keppel for Columbia University sent Sam a printed invitation to be a guest at the 151st Commencement, Wednesday June 14, 11 a.m. A place would be reserved for him in the Academic Procession [MTP].

June 15 Thursday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Headache (?) not sure.
It is summer, supreme summer with heat that glows and glorifies.

Today Mr. Clemens couldn't write. He's been tiring himself, and indigestion follows with a brain fog—so he spent most of the day loafing on the porch, reading and smoking [MTP TS 65-66].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Today Mr. Clemens began to read the Revision of the microbe Story" [MTP TS 21].

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam, having rec'd a letter from **Thomas S. Barbour** of the Congo Reform Assoc., Boston, about their receipt of "King Leopold's Soliloquy." Could they use it without restriction? Was it to be published in any magazine? [MTP].

Esther Singleton wrote from NYC to Sam. She was collecting short stories for a book to be published by Collier & Son. Would he allow her to use "Tom Quartz" and the story of the Old Ram? [MTP].

June 16 Friday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam replied to the June 15 from **Frederick A. Duneka**.

I think your briefest & compactest reply to the Congo Reform Assn. will be something like this—"Harper and Brothers have no property in 'King Leopold's Soliloquy.' Mr. Clemens asked us to give it back to him because he wished to give it to you, and we did so. However, to be strict to the letter it is necessary for us to go through with the formality of granting you the right to use the article in a magazine, publish it as a pamphlet & sell it at a price, and this we do with all good will. By this you will understand that we relinquish our right to ever use it in print in any way without your free & unembarrassed consent."

They are evidently afraid of future trouble, Duneka, but if my suggestion as above is satisfactory to you, no doubt it will be to them. If it isn't please amend it. I hope they will get it out soon and force it to a wide circulation. I shall feel sweeter inside after I have spewed out my opinion of Leopold.

I am deep in a new book which I enjoy more than I have enjoyed any other for twenty years and I hope it will take me the entire summer to write it; in which case it will be a giant for size judging by the stack of manuscript I have ground out on it since I arrived here. / Sincerely Yours [MTP]. *Note:* Harpers had rejected *King Leopold's Soliloquy*, but agreed to release rights to it for the American Congo Reform Assoc. See Apr. 11, 1905 to Morel.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Quite sure—medicine helps.

Today Dr. Stowe and Mrs. Dr. Stowe [*sic* Stowell] called but Mr. Clemens didn't see them, and then Mr. Thayer came and they had a long chat, Mr. Clemens and he, on the porch.

I am slowly reading the "Innocents Abroad," and it is so delightful [MTP TS 66].

H.H. Rogers wrote to Sam with a number of miscellaneous thoughts and happenings. He couldn't understand why Sam had not answered his May 26 letter. He was going to Fairhaven this night "for a few days"; he didn't feel the time was right to sell Amalgamated stock and so was putting it off; **Urban H. Broughton** was recovering from an operation; **Clarence C. Rice** "comes around and sees us occasionally"; he hoped to hear from Sam soon [MTHHR 586].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to Sam. "If you have any stock in any telephone company, sell it—quick! The German Baptist Conference in Indianapolis has formally denounced the telephone as an invention of the devil" [MTP].

Louis S. Beckwith wrote on The Sessions Clock Co., letterhead, Forestville, Conn. to ask Sam for a copy of the epitaph he'd placed on Livy's headstone, as his wife had died a few weeks earlier and he wanted to use the sentiment [MTP].

June 17 Saturday – In **Dublin, N.H.** **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to his attorney, **John Larkin**.

Mr. Clemens directs me to write for him and say that if this month ends without any permission from Mr. Renwick for work to be begun on the furnaces, why shouldn't John Howells be put to work on July first on the \$2250⁰⁰ hot water heating equipment.

Mr. Clemens suggests that Mr. H. should take reputable experts with him to the house, to first examine & set down the condition of things there, so that he will have proof when the work is finished, that the home has not been damaged.

Mr. Clemens directs me to ask if it would be a good idea to bring suit against Mr. Renwick at the same time for from ten to twenty thousand dollars damages for last winter.

Mr. Weinant & clerk—and Mr. Renwick were present at the time that Mr. Renwick promised to do all that was necessary to make the house so comfortable that Mr. Clemens would wish to occupy it indefinitely. The understanding was that Mr. Weinant's clerk was to put down in writing all the various improvements that Mr. Renwick had promised to make in the house. When Mr. Clemens went for the written statement, he found only the little slip of paper that he showed to you. Mr. Weinant's clerk was an intelligent looking young man, & would be a good witness [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Oh, the purity of these days. Mr. Clemens read a long time this afternoon in the microbe revision. He has cleared away one or two little fogs and it reads very smoothly and connectedly and with ever growing interest. Tonight Mrs. Thayer and Gerald dined here. Mr. Thayer wasn't well enough to come. We had a nice little dinner and afterward they told anecdotes, but mostly Mr. Clemens did. I had a letter from Santissima too.

Mr. Clemens talked to me this afternoon about the way to train people, men in colleges, to think. Citing the for-and-against the reconstructing of Rome into an empire by Caesar. It is so delightful to hear and to watch him talk [MTP TS 66].

June 18 Sunday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to daughter Clara in Norfolk, Conn.

It's raining, dearheart, been raining several hours. The horse is at the door, so I judge Jean is going out driving. Patrick is standing by, superintending. It's good to look at him—he's just a dear!

Shoves back his cap & scratches his head, just as he used to do ages ago—his way of acknowledging the presence of his superiors.

Those are very cunning portraits in "Life." It is hard to say which is best, Petrarch, Dante, Emerson or Shakespeare. I'm not quoted, dear—beyond the mute portrait—only the departed supremacies speak there. but didn't catch her at home.

Milly Cheney Larned is a neighbor of ours. We drove over, yesterday, but didn't catch her at home.

Ben dear, I don't like that bronchial weakness; you must get rid of it. *Mine* is permanent, you mustn't let yours get so.

I'm appointing you & Jean to arrange & publish my "Letters" some day—I don't want it done by any outsider. Miss Lyon can do the *work*, & do it well. There's plenty Letters here & there & yonder to select from; Twichell has 250, Howells used to have a bushel, Mr. Rogers has some, & so on. Miss Lyon can do the actual work, & take a tenth of the royalty resulting.

I'm reading Suetonius again, oh, good land! This country is not Rome-in-the-days-of-the-early Caesars, but—there are resemblances. And they are increasing. In a hundred years there'll be a king roosting here. His grandfather is among us now; I'd like to know his name. I already know the *monarchy's* ancestor, the same being the Republican Party; after which comes the Labor Party, & after it the Monarchy.

Good-bye you dear ashcat, & love & kisses from / Father [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Splendid heat, but rheumatism for me. Teresa rubbed the skin off my back. Mr. Clemens is reading the revision to us as we sit on the piazza. It is so very delightful. This afternoon Mr. Clemens went with Jean to call on Mrs. Larned, but she wasn't at home.

This is mother's birthday, 67, and she doesn't look it, she doesn't feel it, she doesn't act it. *She* said 68, but she's 67, born in 1838.

This afternoon, late, we had music. I wasn't feeling very well, but the music was a benediction [MTP TS 66].

June 19 Monday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam replied to H.H. Rogers' June 16:

Why, I *must* have answered it. [Rogers' May 26 letter] It may be that I merely worded the answer in my mind & then thought I had written & sent it, I am aware that that does happen to me sometimes. It's like *intending* to wind a watch; the intention gets registered as an act, & the watch runs down.

No, indeedy, I'm not sick—I'm trying to work myself to death—& not succeeding, but I keep up the rush just the same. I am enjoying it.

We were fortunate to find this place. It is perfectly satisfactory. Jean is outdoors all the time; I am indoors all the time, & both of us are content. Clara has lost some of her voice again—thinks the cause is bronchial. But she says she is having delightful times, & drives out every day, over very pretty country roads.

We are hoping & expecting that before very long we shall be allowed to go to Norfolk & see Clara. Twichell is to see her soon. His duties will carry him to Norfolk to disseminate some of his trade-superstitions.

I am exceedingly glad to hear that Broughton is all right again, & this time I hope it is a permanency.

If you can make Rice believe he owes me money, collect it & we will divide. Don't strike him high—it would start his suspicions—hit him moderate, & get what you can.

You might try it with Mrs. Rogers, too. You can hit her harder, she has confidence in good people & is not suspicious [MTHHR 586-7].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Oceans of rain and fog and penetrating dampness. Mr. Clemens writes busily, busily all the day. If by chance you ever have to go into his room where he is working he never sees you, and his face is wonderful to look upon. His life within is a tremendous one. It is no wonder that he can read through and through the fool tricks of the human race. The things that are so real to them are flimsy nothings to him. My strength is returning and the music was a delight [MTP TS 66-7].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote to Sam unable to get any information from Col. **Fairchild** about the Cashier investment, but he had learned from Fairchild's lawyer, who was also the **Spiral Pin Co.**'s lawyer "that things are much brighter." A conflict between the Cashier Co. and the **Pope Co.** was to be resolved shortly [MTP].

John Larkin wrote to Sam that unless Renwick "undertook the heating" of 21 Fifth Ave., that Larkin would "be compelled to have the work done and the expense" charged against rent [MTP].

Edmund Dene Morel wrote to Sam, sending the address of **Dr. Robert E. Park** as Tremont Temple, Boston [MTP].

Charles T. Scott wrote from Litchfield, Maine to Sam, asking for "a few words" for his article "Are a Man's Chances of Winning Success Better Before or After Forty," for the *Boston Sunday Herald* [MTP].

June 20 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon's journal: Tonight after dinner as Jean and I sat in the glow of the fire burning on the good big hearth in the living room, Mr. Clemens paced the room and told Jean the story of Japan and her change of government, about the Daimios and the Shogun and the almost spiritual power of the Mikado. The talk was brought about by Mr. Clemens speaking of the Chinese and Japanese working for such low wages that they cannot be admitted to this country for they would underwork and starve out Americans. It's powerfully good talk. He described the daimios and their princely retinues and the big "swells" of Japan [MTP TS 67]. *Note:* daimios were feudal lords who owned large amounts of land.

Ralph P. Buell wrote on Graham & L'Amoreaux Law Offices letterhead, NYC, to Sam. Upon his return to the city, Buell found Sam's "very courteous note & enclosure" and thanked him "most earnestly for our kindness & to crave your pardon again for putting you to so much trouble" [MTP].

John Larkin wrote to report a meeting with Renwick. The work had been delayed due to Renwick's need to consult with other parties who owned an interest and secure estimates. Renwick presented specifications for the work which were satisfactory [MTP].

Walter Pulitzer wrote to Sam [MTP]. *Note:* not found at MTP.

June 21 Wednesday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to Samuel J. Elder.

I have read your article with great interest—and also with great profit. I am glad to have it, & I thank you.

I was at the meeting you speak of, & offered & explained the two motions I went there to make—then hurried away. But they passed. One of them was the “life & 50 years” proposition.

Your letter has put a motion into my head: have some of the literary guild go to Washington in the fall, get the help of the President & John Hay, & ask Congress to pass a special act extending Mr. Hale’s copyrights to life & 50 years after?

The thing once done & concreted—with the sure applause of press & nation—it would come easy to Congress (finding the water not so cold as expected) to go ahead & make the plunge for all American authorship.

The log-rolling for Mr. Hale’s bill would be unlaborious. I stayed on the floor of the House (without having received the thanks of Congress), 3 hours once & polled both parties for the existing international law, and even that was no very hard work.

And then I got the thanks of Congress, besides—for going away. / Very Truly Yours [MTP]. *Note:* boxed in the right corner of the letter: “The above alludes to an article on copyright pub. In the Yale Law Mag.”

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Tonight Mr. Clemens read on in the microbe satire. It is strong, fearfully strong, touching on all the great events of the day and telling the truth about them too. It is so clever—and so scathing. After the reading when Mr. Clemens explained to Jean what a “Tiger” is in a cheer he went on to tell how 40 years ago the Chinamen in San Francisco (perhaps they do it now too) applauded by imitating a sky rocket and Mr. Clemens did it, he imitated with voice and upward sweep of his arm, the soaring flight—the vanishing and the bursting of the rocket. Because there is so much soul in him, perhaps, he puts it into what he does [MTP TS 67].

Poultney Bigelow wrote from Munich, Germany to Sam, “back at my Munich workshop pegging away at some more lectures for the winter of 1905/06.” He sent a picture of the *Thistle* “having had a most delightful spattering of salt water on board.” He gave travel plans for Panama, Porto Rico, and Boston by January for his lectures. He asked for Sam’s acceptance “on paper for the next ANNUAL DINNER of the ENDS of the EARTH on February 2 in New York” [MTP]. I: next to this last item, Sam wrote “as my guest” in pencil.

June 22 Thursday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Jean and I drove over to Marlboro and then trolleyed to Keene in the rain today. It was a nice trip—moist.

Mr. Clemens read more of that satire dwelling on the currency and he made a beautiful allusion to Katherine of Aragon. Dear, foolish, gentle, loving Katherine. Today Mr. Clemens talked about the Japanese battle front being 400 miles long. Grant’s was 1200 miles and Grant was the only General ever, who didn’t hold councils of war.

Mr. Clemens found a little notice in the English Review of Reviews that said Togo was graduated from Indianapolis. He sent the cutting to Norman Hapgood asking him if he had over looked that fact. Mention had been made of it at the St. Louis Exposition, in a speech, but the speech didn’t weigh so much then for Togo wasn’t the victor of the Battle of the Sea of Japan [MTP TS 67-68].

Henry J. Shields wrote on City of New York Law Dept. letterhead to ask Sam the date of his article in the *NY Times*, which exposed “the scandal connected with the office of The Seaman’s Exchange in New York City. Wm. R. Duncan was Shipping Commissioner at the time” [MTP].

June 22 ca. (on or after) – In Dublin, N.H. Isabel V. Lyon wrote a short note for Sam to **Henry J. Shields:** “article was written after moving into the Home in Hfd in 1874—but how long after Mr. Clemens cannot remember” [MTP].

June 23 Friday – Tuckey puts this day as the last work Sam did on “Three Thousand Years Among the Microbes” [135]. *Note:* also, Starrett, *MT Encyc.* 736.

Isabel Lyon's journal: This afternoon Mrs. Dwight called, we were having tea on the porch. Mr. Clemens had just joined us, so Jean told him he mustn't escape, he must stay and be good. Prosper [Jean's dog] appeared just then, and that threw the talk into the lovely story of Mr. Clemens's trip to New York to keep an appointment with Mr. Daly, and how Mr. Daly's big Irishman wouldn't admit Mr. Clemens. He hadn't admitted anyone to that sanctum for 25 years without instructions from Mr. Daly to do so. This day there hadn't been any instructions. Mr. Clemens had been told how to find the sanctum, go into a court, from a street and go to the first door that you see. There was the door but behind it was the big Irishman. No, Mr. Clemens couldn't see Mr. Daly, and no one was allowed to smoke there either. So Mr. Clemens put his cigar down. But that morning the New Haven news dealer who boarded the train had only New Haven papers, they were better than nothing, so Mr. Clemens bought one and read it all, advertisements even,—one whole page was given up to a Bench Show, and the only illustration was that of a big prize \$10,000 St. Bernard. Mr. Clemens read it all, read the dimensions and weight and name of that dog, go the name of the head man of the Bench Show too. As he stood trying to convince the big Irishman that Mr. Daly wanted to see him, that his business was of interest to Mr. Daly, the Irishman blandly said, "Yes, they all say that"—a big St. Bernard entered the little room. The Irishman's face changed as the splendid creature walked in. He had just asked Mr. Clemens the *nature* of that business and Mr. Clemens told us that he couldn't say he was a lecturer, he wouldn't stand any show with the Irishman—but he did say he was the bench show man from New Haven. The Irishman flew around, pulled off his vest, hadn't any coat on, and dusted the only chair for Mr. Clemens, and Mr. Clemens did it all for us, he dusted off the chair, he was the happy worshipful Irishman to a dot, and he told us how he guessed the length and weight of that dog so captivating the Irishman that he showed Mr. Clemens the way up to Mr. Daly's sanctum to the utter amazement of Mr. Daly [MTP TS 68-69]. *Note:* Sam shared this same story in a dinner speech on **Apr. 13, 1887**; see entry, Vol II.

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to Sam, enclosing a letter from **John T. Lewis**, of Elmira. "Shall I tell him to apply direct to the Insole Company for his next pair of Insoles?" [MTP]. *Note:* written by Miss Lyon on the bottom: "Send bill to Mr. Clemens"

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam, having sent the letter Sam suggested to the Congo Reform Assoc. in Boston. He considered it "good news about the pile of [Sam's] manuscript growing so rapidly." He advised that Col. **Harvey** would sail for home on July 5 [MTP].

Edward Lauterbach wrote a short thank-you note to Sam for his congratulations upon Lauterbach's elevation to Doctor of Laws [MTP].

June 24 Saturday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to **Joe Twichell**. After several pages of bile dumped about **Theodore Roosevelt**, though he believed "praise & blame" were "unwarrantable terms when applied to coffee-mills"—in other words, man has no more control over his acts than a coffee-mill—Sam wrote of his work and daughters:

I began a new book here in this enchanting solitude 35 days ago. I have done 33 full days' work on it. To-day I have not worked. There was another day in this present month wherein I did not work—you will know that date without my telling you.

I have written you to-day, not to do you a service, but to do myself one. There was bile in me. I had to empty it, or lose my day to-morrow. If I tried to empty it into the North American Review—oh, well, I couldn't afford the risk. No, the certainty! The certainty that I wouldn't be satisfied with the result; so I would burn it, & try again to-morrow; burn that, & try again next day. It happens so, nearly every time. I have a family to support, & I can't afford this kind of dissipation. Last winter when I was sick I wrote a magazine article three times before I got it to suit me. I put \$500 worth of work on it every day for ten days; & at last, when I got it to suit me it contained but 3,000 words—\$900. I burned it, & said I would reform.

And I have reformed. I *have* to work my bile off, whenever it gets to where I can't stand it, but I can work it off on you economically, because I don't have to make it suit me. It may not suit you, but that isn't any matter, I'm not writing it for *that*. I have used you as an equilibrium-restorer more than once in my time, & shall continue, I guess. I would like to use Mr. Rogers, & he is plenty good-natured enough, but it wouldn't be fair to keep him busy rescuing me from my leather-headed business-snarls & make him read interminable

bile-irruptions besides; I can't use Howells, he is busy & old & lazy, & won't stand it; I dasn't use Clara, there's things I have to say which she wouldn't put up with—a very dear little ashcat, but has claws.

And so—you're It.

I suppose you saw Clara day before yesterday. She wrote that she was going to ask you to stay over night in her house. I judge by that that Dr. Quintard is beginning to be less exacting with her, less strenuous. It's a happy sign. Jean is in fine strength, & does a deal of wholesome driving & horsebacking. There is nothing like the open air; I often look out of the window myself. Love to you all. / Mark [MTP]. *Note:* the book Sam began 35 days prior (**May 20**) and abandoned on **June 23** was the unfinished “3,000 Years Among the Microbes,” as told from the point of view of a cholera microbe. In Isabel's journal for **June 26**, she states this letter had been “sent on Saturday and stopped,” indicating he may have delayed it or not sent it.

Isabel Lyon's Journal: This afternoon Jean went off on Scott [horse] for the first time in a long, long time. His back has been so sore. Mr. Clemens came down saying that he was going to see Mr. Thayer, and he started with a step as light as a boy's. As Jean and I sat discussing Scott's rather frolicsome behavior, Mr. Clemens returned utterly exhausted. It had been a steep scramble, he had slipped and fallen, for he wore his thin house shoes and the soles are as smooth as satin. He didn't get any farther than the Pembertons, just below here, and after he had rested a bit down stairs, he took his Suetonius and went up stairs to sleep a little. Mr. Clemens told us that some of the Pemberton's were coming to call—so we frocked us, and they came. After dinner we hadn't any ms. reading, for Mr. Clemens had put all his morning into a long letter to Mr. Twichell, but he talked. Oh, how he talked—until nearly ten o'clock. We were talking of mistakes people make. Ugo in particular, this time—and Teresa said “Ah, who is there that does not make mistakes—only in Paradise, Signorina, are those who make no mistakes.” When I told Mr. Clemens he said, “She hasn't got the latest returns from there, or she'd know differently.” Teresa is desperate because she does not learn English rapidly. She knows that what Mr. Clemens writes is diverting and when I told her encouragingly that some day she would read his books, she said, “Ah, Signorina, when I can read English I shall have been dead twenty years.” [MTP TS 69]. *Note:* **Suetonius Tranquillus C.** *The Lives of the Twelve Caesars*. Trans. In 1796 by Alexander Thomson; 1876 ed. **Ugo** and **Teresa Cherubini** were servants who returned with the Clemens family from Florence.

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: “Miss Clemens [Clara] was in N.Y. on this date & the throat specialist that she consulted has said that she must not sing a note for four months. The vocal chords are affected by the appendical operation” MTP TS 21].

Frank J. Firth wrote from Phila. to Sam, sending blank sheets for Sam's autograph and “a few lines” to be used in Twain books for the benefit of the Germantown Hospital [MTP]. *Note:* Miss Lyon wrote on the bottom: “Mr. Clemens prepared / the sheets & ‘then got afraid’—/ and wrote for his indentification”

Norman Hapgood for Collier's Weekly wrote to thank Sam “for helping to keep me up with all the work the Creator of our blessings is doing for his unworthy subjects.” He hoped to see Sam soon and sent regards to Jean Clemens [MTP].

June 25 Sunday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to Frederick A. Duneka.

I hear & comply. The easiest way for me to furnish the details you ask for, was to answer your letter with another one, & I have done that. It is handy for you, too; for you can at your pleasure *talk* the details to any journalists that come to you, or print my letter on slips & hand them to as many of the boys as will accept, informing them that you asked me about my summer & my industries & if I have acquired a house here for next summer, & so on, & this letter is my reply—and as it covers everything it will save both you & them time & labor if they will take it & print part of it or the whole of it, just as they please. Maybe Melville Stone might get something out of it for the A.P.

If I can further help the boom in any way, command me freely.

Sincerely Yours / SLC

I tell you, a jury to read to is a good scheme. In two places I *felt* a wince—I didn't see it, I wasn't looking. I struck those two places out. But for the wince I should not have discovered that the emendations were needed [MTP]. *Note:* MTP dates “*ca.* June 25” but the letter is headed “Sunday”.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Half my life ago, I read the Cenci. I wonder who reads it now? And how terrible, how very terrible it is.

Jean goes up stairs here at 7:20 and finds her father lying on the bed with his shoes and stockings off and a jager blanket over his stomach. She scolds, and he chuckles. Oh, his chuckles. Tonight he talked again, for he had started Jean at dinner when he said Patriotism is a Passion, not a Principle. Religion is a Principle—(but I've made notes elsewhere). He went up stairs at 9:30. But he had lost his pen, so I flew up with a full one; he sat up in his bed like the white, white king that he always looks, he hadn't any idea of his beauty, for he cannot see himself—and if he could, I wonder if he'd suspect the beauty [MTP TS 69-70]. *Note: The Cenci, A Tragedy in Five Acts* (1819) a verse drama by **Percy Bysshe Shelley**, inspired by an Italian family

June 26 Monday – Sam wrote the poem “Apostrophe to Death,” not published in his lifetime:

O Death, O sweet & gracious friend,
I bare my smitten head to Thee, & at thy sacred feet
I set my life's extinguished lamp & lay my bruised heart

[Tuckey, “The ‘Me’ and the Machine” 135; Scott, *Poetry MT* 126-7]. *Note:* Hill gives the title as “An Invocation to Death” (as does Miss Lyon in the entry below) and notes that Sam read the poem to the “cozy group around the fire, and the next day Miss Lyon was ‘weak with the wonder of that poem’ all day long” [110].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Tonight Mr. Clemens read his poem “An Invocation to Death”, and oh the terrible strength of it. Today the barber came from Peterboro to cut Mr. Clemens's hair. Today Mr. Faulkner called. Tonight Mr. Clemens read the 13 page letter to Mr. Twichell that had been sent on Saturday and stopped. Full of politics and splendid things. He lays Roosevelt bare. Yes, I am near a throne [MTP TS 70]. *Note:* This is likely **Barry Faulkner** (mentioned in the June 28 entry), the same gentleman Miss Lyons met with **Witter Bynner** (and called him Binny) at Cecchina's Restaurant in NYC on **May 3**, as that Mr. Faulkner knew the Thayers in Dublin.

Frederick B. Bess wrote from Peoria, Ill. to Sam, asking if he might use pictures on p. 24, 34 & 36 from *LM* in his popular history of Peoria [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's answer, which Lyon wrote, is cataloged as “On or after June 26”—“on” is not possible due to mail time. Sam's answer is therefore estimated as **ca. July 1**.

M. Worth Colwell wrote from N.Y.C. to Sam, proposing “the possibilities of constructing a splendid Comic Opera,” using part of *CY*, the score being written by **Walter Pulitzer** who had done two operas which would run next season in New York. He then recalled a meeting with Twain “about seventeen years ago” when he was a little boy, at **O.W. Palmer's** house and at **Mr. Schumacher's** house in Elmira. He recalled Sam calling him “fillybuster” [MTP]. *Note:* the 1877 Elmira City Directory lists **Peter Schumacher**, but no O.W. Palmer. Within a day or two Sam responded (likely an instruction to Isabel Lyon) on the bottom left corner of Cowell's letter: “refer to Miss Marbury—any arrangement she makes will be satisfactory to Mr. Clemens.”

Louis S. Beckwith wrote to Isabel Lyon. “Your favor of June 22nd with the epitaph...has been received. May I trouble you to extend to Mr. Clemens the assurance of my profound appreciation” [MTP]. *Note:* see June 16.

M. Worth Colwell wrote to Sam enclosing a letter of introduction from Mr. **Walter Pulitzer**. Colwell inquired about staging a comic opera from *CY* [MTP]. *Note:* he was referred to Marbury.

June 27 Tuesday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** All day I've been weak with the wonder of that poem [See June 26 journal]. Mr. Clemens made some corrections in it and then let me take it—to read and read this morning. Later he came down stairs and talked about the kind of woman Mrs. Howells is. I'd just been saying that according to the way that Mr. Howells has depicted womankind in “Miss Billard's Inspiration” [*sic*] he must have either an enchanting wife, or an utterly inconsequential one, and I think it is probably the latter, but there *is* that inconsequential side to every woman anyway. It wouldn't be at all worth while for one woman to try to conceal anything from Mr. Howells anyway—for he knows everything about every woman [MTP TS 70]. *Note: Miss Bellard's Inspiration; A Novel* (1905) by Howells.

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Today word came from Mr. Stoeckel that Miss Clemens's horse ran away. She was not driving it" MTP TS 21-22]. *Note:* **Robbins Battell Stoeckel.**

June 28 Wednesday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to H.H. Rogers.

This is a line to say there's a report in Norfolk, Conn. (which we are doing what we can to keep out of the papers) that Clara's horse has been running away with her. It isn't so. It was her horse, but she wasn't in the carriage.

Jean & I expect to go see Clara in a few days—as soon as we get a permit from the doctor, which may come any day now. It is pretty cold weather here, but we don't mind it.

With warm regards to both of you [MTHHR 587-8].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Today Jean and I lunched with Mrs. Thayer and Mary and Gladys and Barry Faulkner. It was a delight, especially as Mr. Faulkner and I talked a monstrous much, there was ever so much to say about Mr. Binner [*sic* Bynner]. Some enemy has called him "Two yards of Ribbon" and Mrs. Zoe Norris—I cannot find the literary flavor that she thinks she has, in what she writes. Mary Thayer and I walked around to the Monadnock P.O. and she told me a little of her life and also of her enthusiasm for Tolstoi and Turgenieff's. Again I saw Gladys's lovely flower studies, Oh, they are such a rare family—splendid! [MTP TS 70].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Mr. Clemens sent word. Today that he would await Mr. Larkin's decision about sending the rent check to Mr. Renwick" [MTP TS 22].

J.W.P. Bunning of Hewes & Potter Co., mfrs. Of suspenders, belts and novelties in Men's wear, Boston wrote to Sam, thanking him for his recent order, and advising that the two pair of Bull Dog suspenders were sent under separate cover [MTP].

June 29 Thursday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to daughter Clara in Norfolk, Conn.

Ah dear heart, I am very sorry you are not going to be able to sing the Two Grenadiers BUT I shan't be sorry if you are with us instead of out on the concert stage singing for strangers.

Yes, my bronchial affection is in a sense permanent: my port lung got a permanent damage in Berlin, & if I should catch 500 colds they would all be followed by bronchitis.

I shall be glad to see Togo & Bro. & the sorrowful hound when I come. We have no live stock here except Jean's blind brontosaurus & her beautiful horse.

I have been in bed all day, because I got back my back last night. I thought it was going to be bad, but it seems to have disappeared. I have spent the day reading the book I wrote in Florence. I destroyed 125 pages of it, & expect to go over it again to-morrow & destroy 25 more. Then I think I will take hold of it & finish it, dropping the microbe book meantime.

Col. Higginson sat by my bed an hour to-day, looking like the grandfather of himself as I used to know him 25 or 30 years ago. He is a sterling man, & I am glad he's a neighbor. We've got a number of *very* choice neighbors. Col. H. said it was Mr. Darwin who first introduced him to the Jumping Frog & made him read it.

Jean has just paid me a visit, & has ordered me to eat some breakfast in the morning, but I probably shant. I have been fasting 26 hours now. It is good for me. No, it isn't *fasting*—I take a little plasmon every 3 hours. That is very different from fasting.

With best love, dear Ashcat [MTP]. *Note:* Clara was in seclusion for her health. She stayed at **Mrs. Bratenglier's** in Norfolk, Conn.; As Hill points out, in the fourth paragraph Sam discusses his switch from *Three Thousand Years Among the Microbes* to *The Mysterious Stranger* [111]. "The Two Grenadiers," German song; see Gribben p. 305. **Togo & Bro. & the sorrowful hound** was likely noted in a not-extant letter from Clara. Jean carved wooden creatures and the "blind brontosaurus" was likely one; her horse was "Scott."

Sam also wrote to **Samuel J. Elder of Elder & Whitman Attorneys**, the letter not extant but referred to in Elder's **July 3** reply.

Isabel Lyon's journal: All day Mr. Clemens has been in his bed, and fasting—a wretched indigestion has been troubling him for several days now. This afternoon as Jean and I were having tea on the porch, Col Higginson came. He joined us out there and had some tea and things and then went up to see Mr. Clemens. He is older than I expected to find him and fondly full of his daughter who is to be married in September. He said that this morning he received a notice from some Italian that the Barberini palace in Rome is for sale at a million dollars. He spoke of Moncure D. Conway's wife as being a most remarkably fine woman, her great gift of common sense never deserting her. When he came down from Mr. Clemens's room I led him out to the path through the woods—but first we stopped to talk of the very charming little story that his daughter wrote some time since. I had to tell him how lovely it is, and he said that there was no surer way to reach his heart than in a word of praise of his daughter [MTP TS 71].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "John Lewis's pension is and now. / This afternoon Col. Higginson called" [MTP TS 22].

Dr. Thomas S. Barbour for the Congo Reform Assoc. wrote to Sam. "We are in consultation with Harper & Brothers and the American News Company as to plans of publication. Our debt to you is very great" [MTP].

Maria C. Gay (Mrs. Julius Gay) wrote from Farmington, Conn. to Sam, asking for an introduction to her cousin and his professor friend, who were nearby Dublin:

I have been asked to give Dr Henderson and Stuart Montgomery a card of introduction to you, which of course I do not wish to do without first explaining them to you and asking your permission—Dr Henderson has written several delightful books; one a story, and two volumes of essays, all published by Houghton and Mifflin—He is a Harvard graduate, has lived abroad, and travelled much—Last year Stuart Montgomery (my cousin) went around the world with him, in fact has been much of the time with him during the last four years—Now he is a student at Harvard, but is with Dr Henderson this summer at a camp near Dublin that the Dr. has had five or six years for boys, mostly Philadelphia boys, and some Harvard students— . . .

My cousin and the doctor have just learned that you and your family are lodged for the summer at Dublin, hence their letter of request to me, knowing that I had the pleasure of an acquaintance with you—I really delighted my heart last spring at Mrs Day's to see you and Jean looking and seeming so well; I had a lovely talk too and visit with Mrs Crane— . . . [MTP]. *Notes:* See **Isabel V. Lyon's** answer for Sam **ca. July 1**. See Vol. II for entries on Gay. **Charles Hanford Henderson** (1861-1941), educator and writer, had been headmaster at the private school for boys, Chestnut Hill Academy near Philadelphia.

Robert W. Jones for Housekeeper Magazine wrote apologies to Sam for including a "little story" related by Dr. C.W. Brown of Wash. D.C., formerly of Elmira. The story proved false. "The wisdom of Mr. Boswell, who reserved his anecdotes until after his victim's death, is now apparent to me. I promise never again to indulge in biography" [MTP].

June 29 ca. – In **Dublin, N.H.** Isabel V. Lyon responded for Sam to **M. Worth Colwell's June 26** letter from New York [MTP]. *Note:* MTP has this as "on or after June 26." Here time is allowed for Colwell's letter to travel from N.Y. to N.H. and be answered.

June 30 Friday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to **Hamlin Garland**.

Yesterday I took a day off from work—the first in 39 consecutive days—& burned 30,000 words, & am now taking a fresh start for another long siege (with 4,000 words to my credit to-day); but I put in yesterday's holiday & up to 2 this morning reading your book—criminal dissipation for a laboring man & slow reader, & I knew I ought to follow my rule & go to sleep at 11, but I was caught with the last third unread, & had to go on to the end, it was so enthralling. I like that book exceedingly, & some day when I get another holiday I will write another word about it, but not now. I must save fuel for to morrow [MTP]. *Note:* Sam was working on the unfinished "3,000 Years Among the Microbes." Gribben identifies Garland's book as *The Tyranny of the Dark* (1905) [252].

Sam also wrote to **Frank J. Firth**, the letter not extant but referred to in Firth's reply to Isabel Lyon of **July 6**.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Oh, I have been steeped and steeped and steeped with joy over a manuscript that Mr. Clemens brought down stairs for me to read, "when I had leisure." Leisure? You'd boil it out of midnight if you couldn't find it anywhere else. It's "The Mysterious Stranger," and oh the mystery and charm of him, and the beauty and humor and impossibility, and *English* of the rest of it. All unequalled. Too much delight for one week. The Apostrophe to Death. Seeing Mr. Faulkner. Mr. Howell's last book. Seeing Colonel Higginson. And now this crown of crowns, this wonderful unfinished story [MTP TS 71].

Tuckey notes Clemens put this date on the margin of the "Print Shop" holograph, and writes:

...June 30, 1905, he had reread his unfinished "Print Shop" story, for which he had already written the chapter that would immortalize the conscious 'I' of the narrator, and was carrying it forward toward that planned conclusion. He did not quite bring the story through to that point, however, for he put it aside about July 12, after Frederick A. Duneka of Harper & Brothers had visited him to see whether he could provide something for next winter's book trade ["The 'Me' and the Machine" 136]. *Note:* Hill gives Duneka's arrival as **July 10** [111].

Hill gives this date for **Isabel Lyon** (who was becoming his testing reader) reading what Sam had completed on *The Mysterious Stranger*. He would continue working on it as *No. 44, The Mysterious Stranger* into July [111].

July – *Harper's Monthly* published Sam's article "William Dean Howells" p. 803-6. Clemens chose an excerpt from **Howells'** "Easy Chair" column, a paragraph concerned with **Louis Dyer's** *Machiavelli and the Modern State* (1904) to show "how clear, how limpid, how understandable" is Howells' prose [Gribben 331]. *Note:* see Lyon's journal entries for Mar. 26, 29, Apr. 5 on the writing of this article.

July 1 Saturday – **John Milton Hay** (1838-1905) died this day. In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam sent a telegram to the **N.Y. American**:

I am deeply grieved & I mourn with the nation—this loss is irreparable. My friendship with Mr. Hay & my admiration of him endured 38 years without impairment. / Mark Twain [MTP: Cummings file]. *Note:* See Sam's note sent anonymously under 1905 entries.

Isabel Lyon's journal: This evening a telegram came from the *N.Y. American* asking Mr. Clemens to telegraph them something on the death of Mr. Hay.

Mr. Clemens is going on with "The Mysterious Stranger", and it is magic. He wrote it in Florence, and when Jean asked him how he could drop one story and work on another, he said it had always been his habit to write that way. While he was working on one story the "tank is filling up for the one just stopped". And he told of 2 days work he did on "Joan of Arc" in Florence—Villa Viviani—he wrote 13 hours for 2 days running and the work stood. It was true inspiration, for he got up at 2 in the morning and worked until 8, then he breakfasted and then began again at 11 [MTP TS 71-72].

Augustus P. Chamberlaine wrote to Sam [MTP]. *Note:* This may be 1906, as it was not found at MTP.

July 1 ca. – In **Dublin, N.H.** **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to **Frederick B. Bess's** **June 26** from Peoria, Ill.: "If Mr. Clemens were in authority you would be quite welcome to the use of the sketches—but he is not—and so must defer you to his publishers who can give all information" [MTP].

Lyon also replied for Sam to the *ca.* June 29 from **Maria C. Gay** in Farmington, Conn., that Clemens would be glad to see Dr. Henderson and her cousin if they would call at 4:30 p.m. or 5 p.m. and give their names, but he "had no heart for going where there is jollity—& has lived very quietly" [MTP].

July 2 Sunday – Emilie R. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers) wrote from New Bedford, MASS. to Sam, having rec'd his note on July 1. They had just come from Boston the day before and would return this afternoon, as Mr. Rogers had to take the stand in a lawsuit; they might have to stay all week, and were at the Hotel Lorraine if Sam stopped on his way to Norfolk, Conn. to see Clara [MTHHR 588].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Reading Hamlin Garland's "Tyranny of the Dark". Mr. Clemens has just finished it. Yesterday he said it was "good done". This afternoon a batch of folks came in and when Mr. Clemens came down he sat in a low black wicker chair and talked, you don't have to say anything but that.

Jean went off with Miss Dwight for dinner, and at dinner Mr. Clemens talked of the spirit things, brought up by Hamlin Garland's book, and by his own wonderful "44" story. He talked about John Hay's characteristics and told how one day, long ago, they and David Gray, they two were 33, and he S.L.C. were 35, were talking together in the broadest of free thinking terms, and later when calamity came to Gray, he changed from his free thinking and became a staunch, narrow, scorching Presbyterian, and he wouldn't vote for Cleveland because many, many years before, he had been guilty of a peccadillo, a social one, the sort of thing we'd all do if we had the chance. He told me about Mrs. Hay, how narrow she was, how terribly Presbyterian, and in the afternoon he said that he felt quite sure that she was instrumental in Mr. Hay's withdrawal from publication of the Pike Co. verses, after he became Lincoln's biographer.

Something started him into saying that things or ideas begin as principles, but end as policies. "Once Honesty was a principle, but now it is the best policy". Or Dishonesty is the best policy—or Decency is the best policy—or Free-trade is the best policy—or Protection is the best policy—[MTP TS 72; also in part Gribben 252].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "This morning at 10:15 Mr. Clemens had a telepathic message—It was a conversation held with Mrs. Hay. Mr. & Mrs. Learned came in for Tea" [MTP TS 22].

July 3 Monday – Isabel Lyon's journal: Jean and Teresa started for Norfolk early this morning. Dear Col. Higginson has sent me a copy of the beautiful little sketch that his daughter wrote—"The Drum Beat". I cannot read it without a gush of grieving tears. Mr. Clemens came down at 3:00 o'clock today with the day's work finished. In 3 days he has done the work of 5 days—and it is so delicious. He read it to me as we sat in the living room. The appeal of the "duplicate" to be freed from his coating of flesh, so that his spirit can roam, is so beautiful and so moving, and fills you crashing full of the drive to go and go just as that spirit wishes to do. Mr. Clemens has given me the manuscript of the whole story again—to read and love again and again. He's going to make that book with just flavoring enough to suit the palate of the ordinary family, and when I said the ordinary family ought to have seasoning, he said they'd *got* to have it to make things really go. He's got some kittens in the manuscript that I was afraid he'd allow to be edited out [MTP TS 72-73].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Jean & Teresa left this morning at seven o'clock for Norfolk, going by way of Hartford. / Wrote the British Pharmacy in Florence for the address to the Sir Thomas Wardle / Whiskey" [MTP TS 22].

Samuel J. Elder of Elder & Whitman Attorneys wrote to Sam about extension of copyright matters. "Your favor of the 29 instant came duly to hand. / I am very hopeful that before long, certainly before the 'fatal forty-second year' of your copyright, that the copyright term will be much increased." He then quoted from a couple of letters from **Edward Everett Hale**, who had been fighting for extensions of his copyrights [MTP]. *Note:* Elder meant June 29, not "29 inst." Sam's of June 29 to Elder is not extant.

Charles J. Langdon wrote to Sam, with **Jervis Langdon II** adding a handwritten note. Charles enclosed a check for \$120 for payment of two coupons each from the Park Co. Montana bonds and the Minneapolis General Electric Co. Jervis added: "The letter for Clara sent today in your care contains a similar check for coupons from bonds of hers..." [MTP].

John Larkin, attorney, wrote to Sam with the news that **Gillis & Geoghegan** contractors would "commence work immediately" on 21 Fifth Ave "and finish by August 1st". He had not heard from **Katy Leary** but assumed they'd already begun work [MTP].

John G. North, attorney, wrote from Riverside, Calif. to Sam. He noticed Sam's letter to **J.M. Fulton** about not being able to visit Reno for July 4, and that Sam had mentioned "unforgotten and unforgettable antiques" which included North's father, **John W. North**, "whom you first knew as United States Surveyor General, and afterward as Judge of the Territorial Court." North noted that his father retained a "most agreeable" memory of Clemens, up until his death in 1890 [MTP]. **John W. North** (1815-1890), appointed Surveyor General of Nevada Territory by Lincoln in June 1861. From 1862 to 1864 was an assoc. justice of the territorial supreme court [MTL 1: 189n12].

Joe Twichell wrote to Sam. He related an account of a woman with a huge stomach tumor that the surgeons first had to drain, then related that to Sam's letters: "All right, Mark; go ahead. I give you free leave to syphon out to me all such recreations whenever they accumulate to the pitch of discomfort," and Joe thought it better that he caught them in "his pail" than in the *NAR* or at Rogers or Howells. Joe was, however, quite of Sam's mind in opinion about **Grover Cleveland**. "As to Theodore – he has yet three years left in which to get a smile on your face, and I guess he will do it." He had seen Clara last week and she looked and felt well. He declined to stay the night but said he would return sometime [MTP].

July 4 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon's journal: "Painted Shadows", I'm reading. Mr. Binner [*sic* Bynner] sat in front of me on the porch this afternoon. Mr. Binner— and..... He came with Mr. Faulkner. The same lovely eyes that I had been remembering. His talk is very, very good, and he called me "The Lion of St. Mark". I told Mr. Clemens of it when he came in from a Fourth of July punch with Mr. Pearmain, down the trail, and he laughed with a beautiful joy. You remember that singing laugh for days. Mr. Clemens had a pleasant time, and found Col. Higginson's daughter beautiful. He chatted during dinner and then afterward read more of that lovely story. The fading away of the Duplicate is beautiful. He walked the room, smoking his pipe and remembering back to his early literary days. It was brought up by his saying that Mr. Binner is living in such a good time, for the world is full now of young writers who admire each other just as the young writers admired each other in those early days, when they used to meet in Pfaff's cellar and have such good fun. Dr. Holmes and Emerson and those fine Boston men were a generation ahead of Mr. Clemens and he didn't see more of them than just to go up to Boston for their "seventy" birthdays. For himself there are only Mr. Howells and Mr. Aldrich, and he surprised me into recognizing the truth by telling me that he hasn't had much of a literary friendship with men, and he hasn't. Hartford is presumably between New York and Boston, but it isn't. After dinner we stood on the porch and looked off at the glowing west with such a slender girlish slip of a moon hung in it, and suddenly you remembered it was the Fourth of July, for a beautiful, graceful rocket soared with Monadnock for a background toward a heaven it couldn't reach—and burst in piteous despair to fall to earth again. Today down at Mr. Pearmain's Mr. Clemens was talking with a Harvard Professor who said that not long since a Yale graduate asked him what a "fortnight" was—and he knew of another graduate who didn't know who Jehovah was—knew he was mentioned in the Bible but didn't know what prophet he was. [MTP TS 73-74]. *Note:* **Sumner Bass Pearmain** (1859-1946), stock broker.

Chatto & Windus wrote to Sam and enclosed a July 1 statement of sales, together with their check for £106.18.4 [MTP].

Joe Twichell wrote to Sam, that in writing his letter of July 3 he'd forgotten to tell about his visit to Pittsburg, where he lunched at the Dusquene Club with a "party of gentlemen," one of whom was the Hon. Judge Shiras of the US Supreme Court. The judge swore Joe had a striking resemblance to Twain, especially his profile. "Now put that in your pipe and smoke it." Joe thought that "blackwashing" should be a word, and the opposite of whitewashing, and that it could be applied to Twain's "discourse on Theodore" Roosevelt. He closed with the news he'd been trying a bit of Plasmon lately—"Is that a fact of any interest to you *now*?" [MTP]. *Note:* Judge **George Shiras, Jr.** (1832-1924); at press time for this volume, Shiras is the only Supreme Ct. Justice (1892-1903) to have no record of public service.

July 5 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon's journal: Tonight Mr. Clemens read the work of the day. It is strong, I wonder if it is too strong? But oh the interest of it. He could satisfy those who must be satisfied by only the most highly seasoned, stinging, racy, delicious, unforbidden literature. He could do it. When I think of what must be the thoughts boiling in that marvel of a brain, I'm sick to think that he cannot feed them out to strong men of the earth. The most

remarkable things issue from the innocent lips of characters that he draws, and your eyes are opened. The world doesn't know what he is. It doesn't even suspect it [MTP TS 74].

Eugen Isolani wrote (in German) from Berlin, Germany to Clemens:

Berlin, d. 8. Juli 1905
W 30 Elssholzstr 22

Berlin, July 8, 1905
W 30 Elssholzstr 22

Sehr geehrter Herr!

Ihr siebzigster Geburtstag soll von mir in verschiedenen deutschen Blättern durch einige Artikel gefeiert werden. Der Verleger der deutschen Ausgabe Ihrer Schriften, Herr Robert Lutz in Stuttgart, hat mich mit mancherlei biographischem Material über Sie ausgestattet, doch reicht das etwa bis zu Ihrem 60. Lebensjahr nur. Sollten Sie über das letzte Jahrzehnt Ihres Lebens [Erfreu?]-liches zu berichten haben, so würden Sie mich durch Mitteilung [?]erbind[ung?].

Ebenso bitte ich Sie höflichst, mir zwei Porträts möglichst neueren Datums mit Namenszug für Illustrierte Zeitschriften zugehen zu lassen.

[next page]

Vielleicht erinnern Sie sich noch flüchtig meiner, als eines Schriftstellers, und dem Sie nach einem Vortrage in Dresden, – es war wohl im Jahre 1892, – den Sie daselbst im Gewerbehaus hielten, eine kurze Unterredung hatten. Wir sprachen damals über das von Ihnen gewählte Thema über die deutsche Sprache, das leider bei den [??] Chauvinisten Mißfallen erregte.

Ich habe mir erlaubt, Ihnen in deutscher Sprache zu schreiben, da mein Englisch Ihnen vielleicht unverständlich sein würde. Sollte es Ihnen Mühe machen, in deutscher Sprache zu antworten, so bitte ich sich ungeniert des Englischen zu bedienen, da ich das Englische besser lese + verstehe als schreibe.

Recht baldiger Antwort entgegensehend
zeichne [?] mit [Hochachtung?]
Eugen Isolani

Very esteemed Sir!

I intend to celebrate your seventieth birthday in a number of articles to be published in various German newspapers. The editor of the German edition of your writings, Herr Robert Lutz from Stuttgart, has made available to me a certain amount of biographical material which, however, ends with your sixtieth birthday. If you have anything [pleasant ?] to report about the final decade of your life, [I would be grateful if you would] communicate it to me.

Similarly, I ask you most politely to send me two portraits, preferably of a recent date, with your autograph, to be used in illustrated magazines.

[next page]

Perhaps you remember me vaguely as a writer with whom you had a brief conversation after your lecture in the "Gewerbehaus" in Dresden – it was probably in 1892. At the time, we spoke about the topic you had chosen, the German language, which, unfortunately, caused displeasure to the [??] chauvinists.

I have taken the liberty to write to you in German because my English would be incomprehensible to you. If you find it difficult to respond in German, please do not hesitate to use English since I read + understand English better than I write it.

I look forward to hear from you soon and sign with respect

Eugen Isolani

[MTP; Translation and the following notes by Holger Kersten, 2012]: **Eugen Isolani** [born **Isaacsohn**] (1860-1932), journalist and writer, author of several books. In 1900 he moved from Dresden to Berlin [1]

A sidenote: His daughter was **Gertrud Isolani** (1899-1988). She emigrated to Paris in 1933 where she continued to work as a journalist. [2] She translated an article which the French journalist **Michel Georges-Michel** had written about an interview he had supposedly conducted with Mark Twain (the text appeared twice in *Pariser Tageblatt*: "Der Mann, der ungern antwortete . . . Wie ich Mark Twain interviewte – 'Aber nur durch einen Wandschirm getrennt'," *Pariser Tageblatt* No. 504 (30 April 1935), p. 4; and "Interview mit Mark Twain. Zum 1. Geburtstag des Dichters (30. November 1935). Von Michel Georges-Michel," *Pariser Tageblatt* No. 719 (December 1, 1935), p.4.

[1] Dirk Hempe, *Literarische Vereine in Dresden: Kulturelle Praxis und politische Orientierung des Bürgertums im 19. Jahrhundert* (2008), p. 193.

[2] Wilhelm Kühlmann et al., eds, *Killy Literaturlexikon (Hub-Kräfte)*, 2nd ed. 2009, p. 62

July 6 Thursday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to **Adair Wilson**, an old Virginia City acquaintance now in Durango, Colo. **Adair** had been on the staff of the Va. City Nevada *Union*.

Forty-two years—why, so it is! A long time, indeed. You & I have no business lingering here, the others are moving on, we are belated. My wife died 13 months ago, after a most dear comradeship of more than a generation; two very very old friends have followed her, & now John Hay, whom I had known longest of my eastern friends; of the early eastern comradeship he leaves behind only Howells & Aldrich. It is time for us to go, Adair, lest we have to travel that long road with strangers.

Last summer I was in a Fifth avenue bus, & opposite me sat a stately & most beautiful young woman, & she said we might quite properly chat together, as her father had known me very well a good many years ago. She was the daughter of the "Unreliable!" Think of it! It made me feel pretty old, you may be sure. / Goodby, & much love [MTP]. *Note:* See **Aug. 11, 1863, Mar. 21, 1888** entries for more on Adair (1841-1912), whom Sam dubbed "The Unimportant." **Clement T. Rice**, reporter for the *Virginia Daily Union*, was "The Unreliable." See Vol. I entries.

Isabel Lyon's journal: There wasn't any manuscript to read this evening, for Mr. Clemens took a novel to bed with him last night. It was "The Accomplice by Frederic Trevor Hill, and he didn't go to sleep until past 2 o'clock. This morning he came down in a fine mood, and after looking at the pictures in the *Boston Journal*, out on the porch, he came into the dining room where I sat at the writing table, and as he swung up and down the room right under a plaster medallion of the Virgin, he let out what you ought to call a blasphemous blast that I mustn't write here. You'd call it a blasphemy, but it isn't, and it just shows that we're just the same as the old Greeks who believed in Jupiter and the schemes he invented to accomplish his ends. We're nothing more. Mrs. Thayer came in about half past five. Mr. Clemens was in Jean's room and I was playing "Oh du mein holder abendstern". After dinner, I played for a long time [MTP TS 74; Gribben 314 in part]. *Note:* she played this from Wagner's Tannhauser. **Frederic Trevor Hill** (1866-1930).

Frank J. Firth, president of the Erie & Western Transportation Co., Philadelphia, replied to Isabel Lyon:

I find your note of June 30th awaiting me on returning to my office this morning after several days absence.

I will be very glad, of course, to furnish Mr. Clemens with any identification satisfactory to himself and appreciate what you say about the trouble he has. I thought perhaps he might recall the fact that I addressed a similar communication to him in London several years ago, accompanied I think by a line of introduction from his friend and mine, the late Mr. Lawrence [*sic* Laurence] Hutton, and Mr. Clemens then kindly sent me a number of book plates with some of his autograph work that were useful in disposing of the books we subsequently offered at our Hospital sale.

If any further identification is needed after you communicate these facts to Mr. Clemens please let me know in what form you would like to have it [MTP]. See July 9 *ca.* for Sam's response.

July 7 Friday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to **William Winter**.

We are too old, now, dear Winter, to rise out of our griefs; we must live with them the little time that is left us; the time when we could live separately from them is gone by; we laid our dead in tombs then, in the

common graveyard, & lamented, & came away; but we bury them in our hearts, now, & remain & worship. / Have patience—it is not long, now [MTP]. *Note:* this seems a reply, but no recent from Winter is extant. Winter had lost a daughter and would dedicate a library to her, much as did H.H. Rogers to his daughter, Millicent.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Telegram [not extant] from Jean saying that she will stay in Norfolk until next week. Mr. Clemens had me telegraph [also not extant] Maj. Leigh to come up on Monday with Mr. Duneka. Mr. Clemens came down at 3 o'clock today, glad, and through with the day's work. He rested, smoking and reading until 4:30 when he went out to make calls. Called on Col. Higginson, Dr. Stowell, Mr. Dwight, Mrs. Learned and the Catlins. After dinner Mr. Clemens read. It was a good day's work, a noble day's work, and then somehow in the course of the talk that followed when Mr. Clemens spoke of Mr. Duneka being a Catholic, he mentioned that as a possible reason for the Harpers not wanting King Leopold's Soliloquy, but he went on to say that it is much more likely that Leopold has bought up the Harper silence, along with that of hundreds of other papers. It seems incredible. While Mr. Clemens was at Col. Higginson's this afternoon, Col. Higginson told him a delightful little tale about a burglary here in Dublin some time since. The two men who made the raid selected a good many valuable things but among the things were a book and a pipe. Mr. [George W.] Gleason went on their track and traced their wagon wheels to away over the other side of the village, 3 miles beyond. There the tracks stopped and breaking through the woods they found and seized the thieves in the cellar of an old house, that had burned some time ago. Their booty was hidden there and the two chaps were having a good time just then. One was smoking the pipe, the other reading the stolen book, and the book was "Innocents Abroad."

Today Col. Higginson told Mr. Clemens that a cultured woman here asked him if the "Recollections of Joan of Arc" was really intended as a burlesque [MTP TS 74-75].

Hamlin Garland wrote from West Salem, Wisc. to Sam, thanking him for his letter and praise on his recent book [MTP].

Henry Pemberton wrote from Dublin, N.H. wrote to Sam. "After my conversation with you about 'Simplissimus', I wrote to Schaefer & Koradi enquiring about it...Today I have received the accompanying letter from them, and a lot of sample copies..." **Schaeffer & Koradi, Publishers & Booksellers, Phila.** had written to Pemberton: "In answer to your favor of yesterday we send you to-day by mail a Catalogue of German Periodicals and sample numbers." [MTP].

July 8 Saturday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to an **unidentified person** in which he requested the addressee to contradict the report that Clemens was getting up an organization bearing the name "The American League of Honest Men." He wrote: "was trying to get it up, but circumstances interfered. It was my ambition to have it consist of two members, but was obliged to give it up" [MTP: Am. Art Assoc. catalog, Feb. 28, 1927, Item 110].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Headache. Mr. Clemens didn't do any writing today. Nearly all his time he spent on the porch, reading and smoking. Later he went down to call on Mr. Pemberton, and Mr. Thayer came back with him bearing a little wooden snipe so colored that he proved to a certain extent—something—the protective coloration theory. (Headache makes you not care about theories, and also makes you forget the things you want to remember.) Mr. Clemens is wearing the white suit that I sent to Katie for and it is very, very becoming to him. I had a letter from Jean today, and a note from C.C. [MTP TS 75].

Ellgen Fsolani wrote from Berlin, Germany to Sam—all in German [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote on the env., "See Biographical Study / Photo"

An **unidentified person** wrote from Elmira, NY to Sam c/o Sue Crane, Quarry Farm. Only the env. survives, and it's in bad shape. Sam wrote on one end (part of the corner torn off): "Miss Louise Pratt [illegible/missing] / 30/Robinson Bldg / Her Co's "Benevolence" [MTP].

July 9 Sunday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to **H.H. Rogers**.

If the news is correct, things have turned the other way in Kansas, by direction of Providence, & I wish to congratulate upon this evidence of your continued popularity in that quarter. I wish I had your secret. It isn't righteousness, for I've tried that myself, & there's nothing in it.

It is warm weather at last, & it weakens me. I lose no day, but my output grows smaller daily. It has dwindled from high-water mark—32 pages a fortnight ago, one day—to 12 day before yesterday, 10 yesterday, & 8 to-day.

Clara & Jean are having delightful times in Norfolk, & I've told Jean to take her time & not hurry [MTHHR 588-9]. *Note:* Kansas had passed laws to restrict Standard Oil operations there, including construction of a state-owned refinery. On July 8, 1905 the state supreme court struck down the idea as unconstitutional [n1]. Among other things, Sam was working on the unfinished "3,000 Years Among the Microbes."

Isabel Lyon's journal: Heavy, weary brain. Mr. Clemens worked all the morning but he didn't read the ms. for he went down to Mr. Pearmain's house and they induced him to stay to supper with them. The young Robert Pearmain came home with him, lighting his way up the steep little trail with a lantern, and Mr. Clemens came in limp from the climb. I read ms., reread "The Mysterious Stranger." It is delightful. And this morning I sat in the beautiful heat reading to its finish that enchanting book, "Painted Shadows." It is exquisite.

...

The Saint so truly said of Le Gallienne as he lay in his bed in New York and I carried my new "Painted Shadows" in to him—"an able cuss who writes deliciously" [MTP TS 76]. *Note:* *Painted Shadows* (1904), by Richard Le Gallienne (1866-1947) [MTP TS 77; Gribben 405].

July 9 ca. – In Dublin, N.H. Isabel V. Lyon responded for Sam to **Frank J. Firth's July 6** letter.

Mr. Clemens directs me to say that no further identification is necessary now that he remembers you—& that your letter head seemed respectable enough but he didn't know but you had borrowed it from somebody else, prepared them first & then got afraid—and now he sends them with great pleasure [MTP]. *Note:* MTP puts this "on or after July 6," this estimate allows time for the letter to arrive in N.H. from Philadelphia.

July 10 Monday – Sam wrote to **G.E. Stechert & Co.**, New York, ordering a subscription to the German periodical, *Simplicissimus*; *Illustrierte Wochenschrift*. Sam's letter is not extant but referred to in the company's reply of **July 12**.

Isabel Lyon's journal: This afternoon Mr. Clemens came down with the day's ms. –"44" turns time backward in order to accommodate the ghosts who've been invited to the ghost dance.—He was so handsome as he sat reading with lovely color in his cheeks, and his eyes flashing. Such a delight.

Mr. Duneka arrive at 8:30. He is very, very nice, a Southerner. Mr. Clemens called me from my room after a while and I played until the electric lights went out—midnight—and I had to scurry for candles. At dinner Mr. Duneka said that Mr. Howells, Col. Higginson and Mr. Clemens had stood for such strength to him in his early days. Mr. Howells as the finality of fiction, Mr. Clemens as literature, and Col. Higginson as a great moral force [MTP TS 76].

Frederick A. Duneka visited Clemens to see if he had anything for the next winter's book trade. At this point Sam had once again put aside work on *The Mysterious Stranger* (he had taken it up again only on June 29) and turned to "Eve's Diary" [Tuckey, "The 'Me' and the Machine" 136; Hill 111]. *Note:* on July 16 to Clara, Sam referred to Duneka's visit of "the other day" Duneka, a devout Catholic, "shriveled up over the first part of Forty-Four because there is that evil priest Father Adolph in it" [111].

John Larkin wrote to Sam. "I enclose herewith my check to your order for \$50. sent to me by Mr. Forgy as per his enclosed letter which kindly read and return. I also enclose herewith eight notes for \$100. each, payable \$100 per annum" [MTP]. *Note:* **Sanford Wilson** was the purchaser of the Archer Co. Texas property acquired by Livy.

John A. Scott wrote from Tyngham, Mass. on New Public Library letterhead, urging Clemens to return for "Old Home Week," Aug. 7-13 [MTP].

July 11 Tuesday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote a squib to *Harper's Weekly Editor*, which ran in the **Aug. 12** issue.

"DIOGENES AND HIS LANTERN"

NEW YORK, *July 11 1905.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I was not surprised to observe in your last issue an advertisement from old man Diogenes, offering his lantern for sale, cheap. Don't imagine he has given up the hunt he has prosecuted for so many years. Not on your life, as boys say. He has merely waked up to the fact that the times are more strenuous, and his lantern is behind the times, and it takes more than a mere light of that sort to find the kind of man he wants nowadays. I happen to know that he placed an order with a certain large firm last week for a search-light of a good many horse-power, to be operated by the latest electrical devices.

I am, sir, OBSERVING PHILOSOPHER [*Harper's Weekly* Aug. 12, 1905].

H.H. Rogers wrote to Sam from N.Y.C. acknowledging his letter of **July 9**. He encouraged Sam to "sail down to Fairhaven and build yourself up."

I am very sorry that you are not able to do more work than you state, but the truth is you are like Lawson, — you are played out; he has lost his voice because he has nothing further to say. You need inspiration. Come down to the factory and get it.

I send you herewith a check for \$4731.25. I think you ought to give about a quarter of it to the man whom I am reminded of when I think of that old Negro song: "Ole Joe kickin up ahind and afore; Yaller Gal kickin' up ahind Ole Joe," etc., etc.

Rice was with us last night, as cheerful and as disagreeable as ever. He has an opinion of you which I would not dare to express in a letter. ...[MTHHR 589-90].

Notes: **Thomas W. Lawson** (1857-1924), muckraker journalist, wrote articles running serially in *Everybody's Magazine* since July 1904 denouncing Rogers. Lawson followed the articles with a speaking tour, but lost his voice after two stops. See n1 source. The check was profit from Wall Street investments, sent so that Sam could take credit for a \$1,500 contribution to Joe Twichell, who was having financial problems. See **July 13 to Twichell**.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "All day Mr. Clemens and Mr. Duneka have talked. After lunch Mr. Clemens spoke of the nice example of protective coloration that came into his own experience this morning" [MTP TS 76].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Mr. Clemens received notes for \$100 each sent by W.E. Forgy, Texas lawyer, for Sanford Wilson who has bought the Texas property" [MTP TS 23].

John Larkin, attorney, wrote to Sam, enclosing a letter from Howells & Stokes about the heating system at 21 Fifth Ave. [MTP].

Marshall Pinckney Wilder (1859-1915) wrote a small card to Sam that does not appear to have been mailed, perhaps delivered: "I am just mailing you my book. I know just how busy you are but you have always been such a good friend to me I wanted you to know I did not forget you" [Gribben 770; MTP]. *Note:* Gribben identifies the book as *The Sunny Side of the Street* (1905).

July 12 Wednesday – Clemens began *Eve's Diary* for the Christmas issue of *Harper's* [Hill 112; also IVL Journal entry below].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Today Mr. Clemens began "Eve's Diary." He read what he wrote this morning, and it is so darling. Mr. Duneka suggested that he write it to be published at Christmas time with the "Adam's Diary." Mr. Clemens has tried the Eve's Diary several times, but it never went right and now Mr. Clemens says he's got the right swing—Mr. Duneka shriveled up over the first part of "Forty Four" because there is

that evil priest Father Adolph in it [MTP TS 76]. *Note:* Trombley claims he wrote Eve's Diary in just six days, July 12-18 [MTOW 69].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Mr. Dunek left today at 6:15 A.M. Mr. Clemens returns the Texas notes to Mr. Larkin..." [MTP TS 23].

In **Dublin, N.H. Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Katharine I. Harrison**, requesting she transfer \$1,500 from the Guaranty Trust Co. to Lincoln National Bank, and adding a PS that he was well [MTP].

G.E. Stechert & Co., New York importer and book dealer, wrote to Sam acknowledging his July 10 order for subscription to *Simplicissimus; Illustrierte Wochenschrift*, a Munich, Germany periodical [MTP].

July 13 Thursday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to **H.H. Rogers**.

That check comes mighty handy, & I am exceedingly obliged, I do assure you. I am communicating with that ole Joe who is given to kickin' up behine & befo.'

Don't you tempt me! You make me want to come to Fairhaven, "the factory," in spite of the fact that I am very busy writing two books & a booklet—"Eve's Diary." When the weather gets cooler, I'm coming. Jean is with Clara at Norfolk; her account of the best of the journey fairly exhausts me. I was to have gone with her, but the thermometer appalled me & I dropped out of the game at the last moment. This is an easy summer for me but a tough one for you, & I haven't a doubt that you are "but a shadow" of what you were. Well, we must go to Nantucket—maybe that would help Mrs. Rogers as much as Europe.

Jesus! but I had a narrow escape. Suppose you had gone into humor instead of oil—where would I be? [MTHHR 591].

Sam also wrote to **Joe Twichell**.

I want you to accept this \$1500 conscience-money if you will, as it marks the turning of a reform-corner for me: I've been into Wall street again in a small way & am out again with a profit of \$4,700 & am not going in any more. This profit is tainted money; & lies heavy on my conscience; but I remember with a spiritual uplift that other new convert who found that her jewelry was dragging her down to hell, so she gave it to her sister Mary [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: The "Eve's Diary" is beautiful. Mr. Clemens has made her such a lovable creature and so innocent and so human. "The same old sex" he said, when I said "Oh, but she's a woman."

Tonight as I finished playing the Cavatina Roff Mr. Clemens said "Patrick must take one or more of the girls to church every Sunday. He must see to it or this house will be damned or struck by lightning, and we haven't any insurance on it."

Tonight Mr. Clemens was talking of Mr. Rockefeller, and said that at a meeting of a board of Directors, Mr. Rockefeller would sit stolidly when the other directors would talk and shout themselves hoarse, and pull hairs out of his beard and lay them along on his knee. When the men had stopped their haranging, Mr. Rockefeller would brush the bristles off his knee and in a few words, a very few, settle the whole affair [MTP TS 77-79].

July 14 Friday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** "After the Fall"—Mr. Clemens read tonight and Eve sums up all the reasons why she could love Adam, but doesn't. It's something else. It's because he's hers, dear little Eve. Tonight at dinner Mr. Clemens talked about Mahommed [sic] and the wonder of him [MTP TS 78].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Wrote Mr. Duneka, suggesting that the word 'Damn' be struck from the title of You're a Damnfool Mary, you always was" [MTP TS 23].

Harmony Twichell (Mrs. Joseph H. Twichell) wrote to Sam. "Dear Mark—/ My deepest thought or desire is to be silent, for what can I say! / From being under a burden—which we could carry—we are free!" [MTP].

July 15 Saturday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Clemens heard a “bright little Japanese gentleman” give a talk in the nearby club house, among 50 or 60 ladies. Sam was asked to give a talk [July 16 to Clara; IVL Journal entry below].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Tonight Jean came home. I drove over to Harrisville for her. Tired and big eyed and pale and hungry and full of C.C. and *doings*. Ugo is back again in the employ of Casa Clemens. This afternoon Mr. Clemens went down to a little Japanese lecture given at the Club house, and afterward he held a reception and had such a beautiful time. He came back radiant and enthusiastic and beautiful. Just the kind of audience that he loves and he did wish that Jap lecturer would be suddenly a little ill so that he could get up and talk, and he promised Mrs. McKittrick that he would get up and talk another time, but he cancelled it when he got him, for he’d have to consult the children first [MTP TS 78]. *Note:* **Mrs. Margaret McKittrick.**

Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2: Letter from Gen [Geo] Grantham Bain, 15 Park Row, Asking for a recent portrait & a picture of Mr. Clemens at Various Ages to be sent to the Strand Magazine—Sent him a Rockwood photo, and referred him to Harper for the others. Sent his letter & Mr Duneka Jean arrived today [MTP TS 23]. *Note:* **George Grantham Bain** (1865-1944), NY photographer, known as “the father of foreign photographic news,” founded the first news photography service *Bain News Service* in 1898.

Joe Twichell wrote from Hartford to Sam, still stunned by the check and acknowledging Sam’s benefaction. Harmony was even more joyous as Joe confessed financial pressures affected her more [MTP].

July 16 Sunday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to **Virginia Frazer Boyle** in Memphis, Tenn.

We are here for 6 months, & shall go home when the cold drives us. I shall find your book there if it doesn’t come here—& *there* is the right place, for I do not read anything that is interesting when I am at work, because it breaks my thread, & summer is my work-time. I have lost only one day of the 60-odd that I have had here. The resulting stack of manuscript is pretty high.

When shall I arrive down there? I am *very* close to 70, now, & I don’t suppose I shall ever make another journey. I beg you to give my cordial regards to your husband, & thank him for thinking so well of my work. Sometimes I don’t admire it myself after it gets into print, but I like others to admire it.

Jean is here with me, but Clara is spending a year & a half in a rest-cure in Connecticut. Jean came yesterday from a visit there, & brings a good report from specialist & nurse.

Jean & I wish to remember ourselves most kindly to you [MTP]. *Note:* Boyle’s 1905 book, *Serena, A Novel* is the likely book referred to [Gribben 80].

Sam also wrote to daughter **Clara.**

Clärchen dear, Jean arrived yesterday afternoon per a succession of belated trains & was tired out and famished. But she is up & entirely restored & satisfactory to-day. She doesn’t bring as good a report of you as I would like, but she thinks you will improve—so mote it be!

At the nice little club house in the woods by the lake they had a talk yesterday afternoon by a bright Japanese gentleman & I went & heard it. It was an exceedingly nice & attractive audience of 50 or 60—chiefly ladies—and I held the usual reception. They asked me if I wouldn’t do a talk presently, & I said I would if all mention of it could be kept out of print—but I took that back & said I must have your consent & Jean’s first.

My idea is a talk, from a page of skeleton notes, upon the construction of the human mind & its methods of procedure—a subject that is full of meat, & surpassingly interesting. What do you think of the project, dear?

When Duneka was here the other day [**July 12**] he wanted me to write Eve’s Diary for the Xmas Harper, & I said I would think about it & let him know. I wrote upon it 3 days—6,500 or 7,000 words, (Adam’s is only 4,500.)

I like it. But it makes Adam's Diary seem coarse & poor. Eve has no unrefinements, either of conduct or speech, & I think she's charming. Miss Lyon says she reminds her of you all the time. I suppose certain qualities of her *nature & character*, she means—and what you would be in Eve's place: immature, & very ignorant.

I think the Diary is finished, Miss Lyon thinks not. I will wait a day or two or a week or two & see. Meantime I will go back to "The Mysterious Stranger" or to the "Adventures of a Microbe"—the former, I think.

I made the notes for that (possible) talk to-day, but I did no work yesterday, for I waited for Eve to speak & she didn't; I thought she might speak to-day, but she didn't. If she doesn't speak tomorrow I will go at those other books.

Jean & I are going calling, now. / Love to *you*, dear ashcat. / Father [MTP].

Note: Sam did give a talk, likely for this group. A. Hoffman writes of it but gives no date nor citation for the quote used, though he contends it was Sam's first public comments in a year. It would have been sometime after this letter and before his trip to Norfolk, Conn. **Aug. 9.**

"Agreeing to speak at a benefit for a cause that interested his Monadnock neighbors, Mark Twain's first public appearance in over a year, he rolled halfway through an anecdote until the clicking of knitting needles arrested Sam mid-thought. He declared, 'I have never had the pleasure of playing second fiddle to a sock, so I'll stop speaking! I suggest that you *all* knit more socks and sell them for your charity.'" [465]. Hill also cites this event but gives it as 1906, which would negate Hoffman's contention that it was his first appearance in a year; Hill also fingers the knitter as the daughter of **Thomas Wentworth Higginson** [117].

Sam also wrote to **Frederick A. Duneka**.

Dear Mr. Duneka,—I wrote Eve's Diary, she using Adam's Diary as her (unwitting and unconscious) text, of course, since to use any other text would have been an imbecility—then I took Adam's Diary and read it. It turned my stomach. It was not literature; yet it had been literature once—before I sold it to be degraded to an advertisement of the Buffalo Fair. I was going to write and ask you to melt the plates and put it out of print.

But this morning I examined it without temper, and saw that if I abolished the advertisement it would be literature again.

So I have done it. I have struck out 700 words and inserted 5 MS pages of new matter (650 words), and now Adam's Diary is *dam* good—sixty times as good as it ever was before.

I believe it is as good as Eve's Diary now—no, it's not quite that good, I guess, but it is good enough to go in the same cover with Eve's. I'm sure of that.

I hate to have the old Adam go out any more—don't put it on the presses again, let's put the new one in place of it; and next Xmas, let us bind Adam and Eve in one cover. They score points against each other—so, if not bound together, some of the points would not be perceived. . . .

P. S. Please send another Adam's Diary, so that I can make 2 revised copies. Eve's Diary is Eve's love-Story, but we will not name it that. / Yrs ever, ... [MTP]. *Note:* Sam took up *Eve's Diary* on July 12.

Sam also wrote to **John Y. MacAlister** in London. He began by expressing sympathy for both Mr. and Mrs. MacAlister's health. Then reflected on their tough year:

So it has been a long year for us, & not without anxiety. Clara's horse ran away the other day, & that gave me a scare, but it turned out that Clara was not along at the time—it was only strangers that were endangered, & I don't so much mind strangers.

We like it here in the mountains in the shadow of Monadnock. It is a woodsy solitude. We have no near neighbors. I arrived May 20, & have turned out considerably more than 100,000 words & the mill is still grinding cheerfully.

We *have* neighbors, & I can see their houses scattered in the far distance, for we live /on a hill. I am astonished to find that I have known 8 of these 14 neighbors a long long time—10 years, is the shortest; then seven beginning with 25 years & running up to 37 years' friendship. It is the most remarkable thing I ever heard of.

With great love to you & to Mrs. Mac Alister— [MTP]. *Note:* Paine mistook the second and third paragraphs above as to Twichell [MTB 1238].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Jean told me much about C.C. [Clara]. There seems to be a tragic something hanging near. Some fate that is coursing along in their blood, and waiting to drop with a clutch at their hearts. Today Mr. Clemens wrote Mr. Duneka about correcting on Adam's Diary and the eventual joint publication of Adam's & Eve's Diaries [MTP TS 78].

From 5 to 8 p.m. Sam and daughter **Jean** called on neighbors [July 17 to Clara].

July 17 Monday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to daughter Clara.

You dear, read these & return them.

No, there is no need of "private"—no one will open your letter. Do not write about the letters—it is a secret of mine—just return them without comment.

Jean & I were out from 5 yesterday until 8, calling, & had a good time. We sup with Raphael Pumpelly this evening.

This morning I gutted the old "Adam's Diary" & removed every blemish from it, & now it is clean & refined & *good*, & will offend no one. Miss Lyon voted against the revision, but she wouldn't vote against it now. I've read it to her. / I love you, dear! [MTP].

Note: **Raphael Pumpelly** (1837-1923), American geologist, anthropologist and explorer, was influenced by **Louis Agassiz**. He was Professor of Mining Science at Harvard, and resident of Newport, R.I. for 44 years; he spent his summers in the Dublin area near Mt. Monadnock (3,165 ft), which **Jean Clemens** climbed. Pumpelly blazed a trail from his house to the summit that still bears his name.

Isabel Lyon's journal: This afternoon Mr. Clemens came downstairs with the news that he has revised the "Adam's Diary." He read it to me as we sat on the porch, and it is very lovely. He has eliminated the harshnesses. He told me that when he wrote it in Florence years ago that it was literature then, but he was requested to change it, and so he put in things about Niagara Falls and Buffalo to make it an advertisement, and satisfy some man. Adam's recognition of Eve's beauty is very lovely. I think Mr. Clemens grows fuller of poetry all the time, certainly there is no greater man than he. He says terrible, terrible things of the human race—but in the next breath, he melts with sweetness over some human deed. He makes your heart stand still with terror, over the things he can say [MTP TS 78-80].

S. Smallwood wrote a postcard from Moss Fields, England to ask Sam about his description of the Sphinx in *IA*, where he had described it as having "the tail of a fish in the lower part, the body with wings, & a human head." No other description she'd found painted it this way, but with the figure of a lion and a human head. Did he still feel he was correct? [MTP].

Sam and daughter Jean dined with **Mr. and Mrs. Raphael Pumpelly** [Gribben 562: IVL Journal entry July 18]. See **Oct. 9** for info. on Pumpelly.

July 18 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon's journal: Yesterday Mr. Pumpelly called because Mr. Clemens and Jean dined there last night, and he paid such interesting respects to "Casa Clemens," and I was the only one to hear them. He is tall and white bearded with a fine blue eye, and he's handsome to look upon. He has been every where too. Mr. Clemens says that Mr. P. is two years younger than he. Today Mr. Clemens walked up and down the porch—looking off at those hills and all that wondrous sky—such a glory of a sky, and he said, "Eve's Diary is finished. I've been waiting for her to speak, but she doesn't say anything more." How beautiful, beautiful that is, and oh, the harmony of it [MTP TS 80].

July 19 before – In Dublin, N.H. Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to George Porter. "Mr. Clemens has read the play & is greatly interested. He would like to talk with you. Name your day & hour" [MTP]. See July 23 entry.

July 19 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: I left at 6:40 this morning to drive to Marlboro, and go thence by trolley and train to New York, to buy clothes for Jean. Mother got on the train at Hartford and went as far as New Haven with me, and we had such a dear good talk.

The heat is terrible. It was 94 in the shade when I reached N.Y. and the heat of the pavements blistered my feet.

I went down to the house to find Katie and her niece, Marguerite. The house all torn up, they’re putting in furnaces [MTP TS 80].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to Sam. “Mr. Baldwin told me yesterday that the Plasmon case will come up before Judge Holt, in the U.S. District Court for the Southern District of New York, next week, and will be finally decided...some time this month either for or against us.” Ashcroft wrote that Baldwin wanted to appeal if it went against them. Ashcroft also enclosed a statement of his expenditures re; the Plasmon controversy, totaling \$1,269.18 [MTP]. *Note:* **William Woodward Baldwin**, Plasmon attorney.

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam, thinking it “great news and splendid” that Eve would tell her story in the fashion of *Adam’s Diary*. The Niagara Falls references would be “melted away” as Sam suggested. He hoped to see it soon to arrange an artist for the magazine and book pictures [MTP].

George Murray for *The Standard*, a Montreal paper, wrote to Sam. He was going to make the paper a weekly and asked for “a few lines, in prose or verse, over your own name or for anonymous publication, on any subject,” etc. He left payment amount up to Sam [MTP].

George Porter wrote to Sam asking to call next Saturday a.m. to see him about his play on *JA* [MTP]. Sam wrote on the note, “Told him to come *Sunday* or after, & give me notice”

J.R. Van Wormer for Lincoln Safe Deposit Co. sent a receipt certificate to Sam for depositing for **Jean Clemens**, “One chest and two tin boxes of valuables” valued at “Two thousand dollars,” for the rent of \$2.50 per month [MTP].

July 20 Thursday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to **Ralph W. Ashcroft**.

Appeal the case, as Mr. Baldwin advises, if it goes against us. I suggest that you *do* write Mr. Broughton & ask him to keep fresh in his memory the substance of Wheeler & Hammond’s remarks about your capacity as a liar, etc., that day at the luncheon at the Midday Club. It was most unfair treatment of an absent man before strangers; Broughton is a gentleman by birth, breeding, & nature & cannot have sympathy with that kind of conduct. You are free to say I strongly advised you to write him, if you like... [MTP: Christie’s East catalogs, Nov. 12, 1997 Item 24]. *Note:* See entries: **Dec. 1901, Mar. 17, 1902, May 1903, Aug. 1904** regarding warring factions within the American side of the Plasmon Co.

Sam also wrote two letters to **Frederick A. Duneka**. The first:

Good. *Adam’s Diary*, revised, corrected *and* improved, is ready to go to you & the artist. Miss Lyon will start it along when she returns. I have been waiting several days to see if Eve wishes to add anything to her *Diary*, but thus far she is silent. If she doesn’t speak between now & Sunday, I shall consider that she isn’t going to say anything more—then Miss Lyon will mail her *Diary* to you along with *Adam* revised.

Ever so many thanks for the razors, which are fine [MTP].

The second:

Miss Lyon sent the enclosed crossed-out plagiarism to you, I think or to the *Weekly*, —but she is out of reach, in New York & won’t be back before to-morrow night.

But never mind, all I want is, that you shall *burn it* & print the enclosed “Lantern for Sale” in the *Weekly* instead.

I mean to STOP rushing things off before they've had a chance to get to the wastebasket where they belong [MTP]. *Note:* See **July 11 and Aug 5** entries.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Last evening Wallis and I dined at Cecchina's in her nice little garden restaurant, and Wallis made some faces at the sour wine. Then we had our usual stroll up 5th Avenue.

I just had to have a hansom to do all the shopping that was on my list, and all day I went steadily. The heat is exhausting [MTP TS 81]. *Note:* Wallis is unidentified.

George B. Harvey, just back from England wrote to Sam that the Harpers shop was "somewhat of a hospital," with Leigh down with fever and Duneka "pretty well fagged out." He was happy about the forthcoming *Eve's Diary* [MTP].

July 21 Friday – Isabel Lyon's journal: Today I set out for Dublin again, achieving all I planned to do. I reached the house at 8:30 to find Mr. Clemens and Jean having supper with Mr. and Mrs. Learned. Oh, the peace of the hills, the purity of the air, only I am too exhausted to know [MTP TS 81].

July 22 Saturday – Isabel Lyon's journal: This afternoon [4 p.m.] Mr. Clemens spoke before the members of the Dublin Lake Club. It was all a surprise to them. They had imagined Mr. Thayer would speak. He was such a delight. I had never heard him before in public—so didn't know that side of the magic of him. He touched on "Eve's Diary," and Eve's characteristics, and then he spoke of the caprices of memory, introducing one delightful anecdote after another. I didn't want to know what subject he was going to speak on, so I didn't ask. He is so wonderful. I turned and looked toward the back of the house when we first went in, and he stood with Mr. Pumpelly. They were wonderful to look at—both of them. The embodiment of white—pure, strong, masterful years. Both of them wore pure soft white to enhance their physical whiteness. All these days Mr. Clemens is wearing white, and it's the best ever. Both of them pure, but one of them purest—because the flame of life burns so strongly in men with their brain force, and their magnetism, and so I was uplifted and borne away up over all the others and just didn't care about anything—only to see how people appreciated him, and a lot of them did. Col. Higginson made a charming and graceful introductory speech. A speech full of the homage that Mr. Clemens so justly deserves [MTP TS 81].

George B. Harvey wrote to Sam, concerned about a squib Sam wrote for publication called "The American League of Honest Men," and forwarding a proof of same. The scrap was to be used in a forthcoming *Harper's Weekly* "Correspondence" column, but Sam withdrew it before publication, substituting for it his burlesque advertisement "Lantern for Sale" (published anonymously in the "Correspondence" column for 5 August 1905) [MTP]. *Note:* withdrawn squib, under the first aforementioned title:

Sir,—It will be a great favor to me if you will contradict the report that I am getting up an organization to bear the above title. It is true that until recently I was trying to get it up, but circumstances interfered. It was my ambition to have it consist of two members, but was obliged to give it up. / Very truly yours, MARK TWAIN.

July 23 Sunday – George Porter, playwright who had written a play on Joan of Arc, *The Maid, A Drama in Five Acts* (1904), visited Sam in Dublin, N.H. [Gribben 554: Note on July 19 from Porter]. On the inside of Porter's July 19 letter Miss Lyon wrote, "He came—Sunday-July 23rd and brought the play of Joan of Arc—and some sweet peas. He was chilled to the bones & shivering, so Mr. Clemens put his own cape about his shoulders, & gave him whiskey... / But oh dear— / He didn't come to any point. He wanted to produce the play in Paris, and kept on saying that he wanted it—However [her note ends here] then on another page, "man walked with a movement like a Te Deum."

Isabel Lyon's journal (from July 24): "Last night Mr. Clemens had supper down with Mr. and Mrs. Pearmain, I had music. It was good, too" [MTP TS 81]

July 24 Monday – On or after this day in **Dublin, N.H. Isabel V. Lyon** wrote a short note for Sam to reply to **George B. Harvey's July 22** (below). "Mr. Clemens has already stopped this & has sent something. Very sorry to hear that Maj. Leigh is ill, & that Col H is well If Mr. Duneka cannot stand the Hell—then compromise on

Sheol" [MTP]. *Note:* MTP places this as "on or after July 22" the date of Harvey's incoming. Same day delivery from NYC to Dublin, N.H. was unlikely, so it is estimated on or after this day.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Today Mr. Clemens hasn't worked at all. He came down stairs, and talked with me for a long time about the wonders of Darwin, and he strikes so into the heart of things. He went off to call on Col. Higginson this afternoon and came back to find the Misses Hardy here. It has been a memorable day because he has talked so much and he makes you to see visions. Oh such visions when the silver flow of his speech starts. Oh, but he lives a strong inner life [MTP TS 82].

July 25 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon's journal: He spoke yesterday morning of the gradual shifting of portions of the earth's surface. The infinitesimal disintegration of a mountain heavy as the Himalayas, and he made you see the thousands and thousands of years it would take, and the time—Oh, you didn't see years, you just saw the solemn embodiment of time. Oh, so majestic, and you were down on your spirit knees worshipping. Oh, the divine flame, that blows here now—now there. It isn't a spark, it's a flame of wondrous beauty and you are warmed into worship by it [MTP TS 82].

July 26 Wednesday – Jean Clemens' 25th birthday.

In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to Muriel M. Pears.

With great pleasure I inclose letter to Mr. Carnegie, & shall hope it will accomplish my desire.

I was very glad to see your hand, for I was afraid you had got lost on your way home.

We like it here beyond measure, & shall be sorry to go back to New York in November. That home there is all torn up again, from roof to cellar & from front to rear, to put in new heating-arrangements, & poor old Katy is staying there superintending—and roasting. Miss Lyon went down last week to drive her up here, but she wouldn't come. You won't freeze, next time, when you come—which we hope will be soon.

It is not so well with Clara. We get no letters any more, except from the trained nurse. It is one of those intervals that come in nervous prostration when a whole year's progress vanishes in a week & the patient work must all be done over again.

Jean is prospering & sends you her best love. She spends half of her day in the saddle, the other half at my type-writing, & drives me about the country to suppers in the evenings—there are no dinners, & I don't go to lunches, because I don't eat in the daytime.

Come back soon! [MTP].

Sam also began a letter to **H.H. Rogers** that he added a PS to on **July 27**.

I ought to be clear our of patience with Clara, but I'm not, for I find she is sick & cannot attend to things. I sent her the letters which came from Joe & Harmony Twichell, telling her to return them immediately—oh, many days ago! I wanted her to see what a generous father she's got, & what grateful praises people whom he has saved from dire distress can pour out on him. I didn't tell her it was you, but by & by I want to tell her, when I have your consent, then I shall want her to remember the letters. I want a record there, as she is to prepare my Life & Letters when I am dead, & must be able to furnish the facts about the Relief-of-Lucknow-Twichell, in case I fall suddenly, before I get those facts with your consent before the Twichells themselves.

I read those letters with immense pride! I recognized that I had scored *one* good deed for sure on my halo-account. I hope the letters will come very soon, for I want to send them to you. I haven't had anything that tasted so good, since stolen water melon [MTHHR 591-2]. *Note:* Sam had sent Clara the thank you letters from the Twichells for the \$1,500 contribution that Rogers made secretly through Sam.

Paine writes of the "philanthropical ruse on Twichell":

Twichell, through his own prodigal charities, had fallen into debt, a fact which Rogers knew. Rogers was a man who concealed his philanthropies when he could, and he performed many of them of which the world will never know. In this case he said:

"Clemens, I want to help Twichell out of his financial difficulty. I will supply the money and you will do the giving. Twichell must think it comes from you.

Clemens agreed to this on the condition that he be permitted to leave a record of the matter for his children, so that he would not appear in a false light to them, and that Twichell should learn the truth of the gift, sooner or later. So the deed was done, and Twichell and his wife lavished their thanks upon Clemens, who, with his wife, had more than once been their benefactors, making the deception easy enough now. Clemens writhed under these letters of gratitude, and forwarded them to Clara in Norfolk, and later to Rogers himself [MTB 1241].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Mr. Clemens isn't working these days. He's tired. He's lying fallow. He has found the secret upon which to hang a lecture, and make everything he wants to say bear a relation to the anecdote just given—and that is the memory caprice, all the kinds of memory that there are—memory of touch, sight, sound, taste or smell and it makes a fine theme upon which to work [MTP TS 82].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Sent check today to Mrs. J.S. Copley Green, for rent of Dublin house for May, June, & July—\$600" [MTP TS 24].

Thomas Nelson Page wrote from York Harbor, Maine to Sam that an old friend of his, **Jeffrey Parsons**, was one of Sam's Dublin neighbors and "naturally he and I want him to know you." Parson's "foible" was prints and old books [MTP].

July 27 Thursday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam added a PS to his July 26 to **H.H. Rogers**.

P. S. July 27'05

Here the letters are, at last! Clara thought she had sent them to me. I am hurrying them off to you, because I dasn't read them again, I would blush to my heels to fill up with this unearned gratitude again, pouring out of the thankful hearts of these poor swindled people, who do not suspect you, but honestly believe *I* gave that money! [MTHHR 592]. *Note:* see July 26 to Rogers note.

In N.Y.C. **H.H. Rogers** replied to Sam's **July 13** (with "Jesus! but I had a narrow escape").

I wish you would improve your spelling or get other people to. Either you are right and everybody else wrong, or everybody else is right in the present case and you are wrong.

The offensive remarks about being in the oil business and my changing places with you will be kept in mind until we meet.

If you do not want to come to Fairhaven, why don't you say so? Why this indefinite talk? Why this feigned sickness? Rice has been to Fairhaven with Calomel and leeches for two weeks, hoping to get relief himself by experimenting on you.

.... You need not waste any sympathy on Rice any more. He has graduated as a professional at poker.

The weather is hot and everybody is cross and I think that if you were here your amiability would be drawn on.

I cannot imagine what you are writing unless it is that you are apologizing for what you have done all these years. I knew your conscience would be touched up some time but hardly felt that you would do yourself justice. When the watermelons are ripe send us some. We are saving some cantaloups for you... [MTHHR 593-4].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Santissima has given me a creed. No—a watchword, "Never take anything for granted." Kipling has given me another in his story "An Habitation Enforced", or rather he has forcibly put into two words what I say often to myself in many words—"Wayte A. Whyte". It's the only true way to live. When you're lying at night with weary wakeful eyes waiting for the dawn, just say "Wayte A. Whyte" [MTP TS 82]. **Isabel Lyon's journal # 2:** "Little Play in Mr. J.L. Smith's Little Playhouse" [MTP TS 24].

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to thank Sam for his corrections of "Adam's Diary," and for the new MS of "Eve's Diary," which he felt was "fresh as the dawn, a very sweet and beautiful idyl." He thought Harvey might be in Sam's neighborhood in about ten days [MTP].

July 28 Friday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to Helena Gilder (Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder).

Dear Mrs. Gilder—I can see by Clara’s letter that she was standing in deep need of mothering, & that in the nick of time you fulfilled that gracious & beautiful office & tided her over the hard place—& by her words I see that she is very grateful, & I hope that you will see by mine that I am, also. She feels the weight of an anniversary just as her mother did before her, & she “had been really ill with depression for some time, & was reaching a point of desperation” when you called her.

That was a good thought, & I am glad it came to you.

I have been here 59 days, & can show 70 full days’ work for it—which shows that I have hardly been outside the house [That is, in working hours.] I do really go out feeding, very often, evenings, & once I came near going to church. I think it was in May, but it might have been June. They took up a collection [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: This afternoon we went down to a delightful little play, given in Mr. Joe Smith’s “Teatro Bambino”. It was just Mr. Smith and children—3 pairs of dear boy twins and little Margaret Pearmain. After the pretty little play the guests wandered to the garden, such a pretty garden with real Italian trimmings. Lucca Della Robbia copies, and a font and a shrine to the virgin. All very lovely. At the play Mr. Clemens sat in a tiny box next to Mrs. Jack Gardiner. Later I talked with Col. Higginson and Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart. Col. Higginson is a stately figure—with the calmness of memory you have of Emerson. He’s of that school, and 83 years old [MTP TS 82-83]. *Note:* **Lucca della Robbia** (1399/1400- 1482), Italian sculptor from Florence. **Albert Bushnell Hart** (1854-1943), historian, prolific writer, educator. He became known as the “Grand Old Man” of American History, and a devoted friend of Theodore Roosevelt. See one book listed in Gribben, p. 297.

Henry Copley Greene wrote from Sanderstown, R.I. to Miss Lyon, thanking for the \$600 check for rent of his Dublin house for May through July. Did she know if Sam wanted to return to the house for the next summer? [MTP].

On or after this date in **Dublin, N.H. Isabel V. Lyon** responded for Sam to Greene, on his July 28 letter.

Mr. Clemens wishes me to thank you for your very kind note, & to tell you how glad he is to know that there is a possibility of his having your house another summer.

Of course he cannot tell what his plans may have to be by that time, but he hopes that you will give him the refusal of the house if you decide not to come here yourselves [MTP].

July 29 Saturday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Tonight Mr. Clemens and Jean dined at the Leightons” [MTP TS 83].

July 30 Sunday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote a note to George B. Harvey and attached it to a typed Installment of *Mark Twain’s Autobiography*.

Dear Harvey: I have corrected this September instalment. Please transfer the corrections to your duplicate, then send *this* one to “Miss Clara Clemens, Norfolk, Conn.” I think she will add no corrections, but it is best to send it anyway; for she is naturally violent, & if you ever print one of these without letting her give it the seal of her final supervision & authority, somebody’s scalp will disappear—probably yours. Do this, & oblige / Your uncle [MTP]. *Note:* that Sam would allow **Clara** to edit any of his writing for publication bespeaks of his estimate of her improvement.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Today Mr. Clemens and Jean lunched with Mrs. P.[aul] L. Ford and tonight they dined with the Franklin MacVeaghs. Mr. Clemens is exhausted by these social functions. He came home from Mrs. Ford’s weak and almost discouraged, and went right up to bed to rest for the evening. It was raining hard, and in the midst of the pour Mr. Thayer came tiptoeing in with a book for Mr. Clemens. At the MacVeagh’s tonight they trapped Mr. Clemens into telling stories. It wasn’t a kind thing to do.

Later—Aug. 6. We have since heard that whoever has a song and dance must perform it for the MacVeaghs, and that explains [MTP TS 83]. Franklin MacVeagh (1837-1934), banker; brother to Wayne MacVeagh, became Secretary of Treasury in 1909 under Taft.

Augustus P. Chamberlaine wrote to Sam. The Chamberlaines had been using the Dublin area for their summer home for 25 years—"We are glad that you have chosen this good, solitary, old mountain for your summer rest"[MTP].

On or after this date in **Dublin, N.H. Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to **Augustus P. Chamberlaine**.

"Perhaps Jean will ride over with Patrick within a day or so, & ask them to drive over for luncheon here. Any day Mr. Chamberlaine may suggest. Mr. Clemens would go to Fitzwilliam, but he is not equal to a long drive, and he wants to see the Chamberlaine's" [MTP].

Frank H. Mason wrote from Berlin, Germany to Sam. **Samuel Moffett** had been there "a few days before" with a letter of introduction from Clemens—"a most interesting and valuable jar" to him. Though Mason had not seen Clemens for a long time he had heard of his triumphs and sorrows and they'd kept him in a warm corner of their hearts. He told of sharing "two priceless weeks" with **John Hay** before he "sailed away on his last voyage home" [MTP].

July 31 Monday – In **Dublin, N.H. Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to **M.H. Crandall**.

"Mr. Clemens directs me to write for him and say that he has so many calls upon his purse, for one cause or another, that he must decline your invitation to endow a scholarship in your university" [MTP]. *Note:* the university in question was Alfred University. See below entry from Crandall.

M.H. Crandall wrote on Alfred University, Alfred, NY to ask Sam to endow a "Mark Twain Scholarship" for \$1,000 [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Mr. Clemens is writing maxims. / Mr. Clemens and Jean dined with Mrs. And the Misses Stickney and came home early" [MTP TS 83]. **Isabel Lyon's journal # 2:** "Wrote Mr. Greene that Mr. Clemens will be glad to have the refusal of this house for another Summer" [MTP TS 25].

Charles J. Langdon wrote to Sam, having just paid taxes on the Genesee Street property, Buffalo; Sam's third owing was \$271.06. He had just returned from a trip up the Great Lakes [MTP].

R.W. Mastick, of Mastick-Morrison Co. Leather, San Francisco, wrote to ask Sam if he could send the "Christmas Greeting" given to the press during the war with Spain. He'd been unable to find it [MTP].

Cuyler Reynolds wrote on The Albany Institute and Historical and Art Society letterhead to Sam, seeking another copy of *TS*, as his dog had taken "a decided fancy" to his old copy and "did his best to 'read, *Mark*, learn and inwardly digest' it." Reynolds wrote after his signature, "Author of *Rosamond Tales*, which never overtook Tom Sawyer in its sale" [MTP]. *Note:*, *Rosamond Tales* (1901) bedtime stories for children by Cuyler Reynolds (1866-1934) is not in Gribben. Reynolds was a journalist and historian for Albany, NY.

August 1 Tuesday – **H.H. Rogers** wrote to Sam about the thankful letters from **Joe and Harmony Twichell**: "The letters are lovely. Don't breathe. They are so happy! It would be a crime to let them think that you have in any-way deceived them. I can keep still. You must" [*MTHHR* 594-5].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Mr. Clemens is writing more maxims. Some of them are strong—almost too strong. This one: (I only quote—)
) "You can't reach old age by another man's road. My habits protect me, but they would assassinate you."
 Shows the strength and depth of his character. His rocklike rectitude.
 Mrs. Learned dined here. She was pretty in a black evening gown [MTP TS 83].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to Sam.

“Your letter of July 29 [not extant] reached me yesterday.

The Koy-Lo Company has not yet started in a large way, as we are still waiting for those hair pin manufacturers, Smith & Son’s Company, to finish all the machinery....We have a demonstration on the Boardwalk at Atlantic City, and are selling goods there every day....The enclosed advertisements [not in file] are to appear in the September and October “Designer.” He was sending Sam some more samples [MTP].

August 2 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “I walked with Miss Greene up to the top of Oak Hill” [MTP TS 83].

Helena Gilder wrote from “Four Brooks Farm,” Tyringham, Mass. to Sam, expressing it “a great pleasure to have Clara and find her like her old sweet self.” She was glad Sam and Jean liked Dublin. Her handwriting is somewhat inscrutable [MTP].

August 3 Thursday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Hock! Hock! dear Abott H. Thayer! Jean asked him to dine here tomorrow night with Mr. and Mrs. Pumpelly, but he said he couldn’t! He said it was so lovely to see Mr. Clemens all alone, and to hear him talk when there weren’t others around, that—Oh, he couldn’t—And that is only the borderland of it all, for if it is better to hear Mr. Clemens without an audience, then how *best* it is to just be near him in his beautiful silences [MTP TS 84].

F.R. Hantz for the **Contemporary Club, Indianapolis, Ind.** wrote to invite Sam to visit their club “sometime during the winter of ’05 and ’06.” Hantz listed recent guests, including **Henry James, Edward Everett Hale, Owen Wister, Woodroe [sic] Wilson and Norman Hapgood** [MTP].

In **Dublin, N.H** Isabel Lyon wrote for Sam to decline an invitation from **F.R. Hantz**; Mark Twain “has retired permanently from the platform” [MTP]. *Note:* Hantz’s note was dated Aug. 3. Sam’s response is cataloged as “on or after 3 August”—allowing mail to reach Dublin puts this at *ca.* Aug 7.

Sam also wrote to daughter **Clara** in Norfolk, Conn.

Ben dear, do not fail to carry out your project—even the healthiest of us cannot afford a depressing influence that is abolishable. Relieved of that; your food & drink restored; pleasant comradeship; & your voice on its way back: all this is first-rate, & is very good news to hear; & best of all: that you expect to be at 21 with us in the Fall, moccasined, feathered, & in your war paint. (But I have broken my bow & burned my arrows.)

Jean thinks I could pay you a visit of a day or two without harm to you or inconvenience, & so I am planning to go to Boston next Monday, (Hotel Touraine) to Hartford next morning, making close connection there with the Norfolk train—but I am giving you time to defeat this scheme if it would be best for me to wait a while. *Telegraph* yes or no, as soon as you get this letter.

It is clear again. From my window I can see our most distant mountain-range swelling along in purple billows under the horizon. I kiss you, dear ashcat. / Father

P.S. We can have this delightful house again next year, if you & your health approve. So I am securing the refusal of it against all comers. I am broken down with this past few-days’ explosion of social dissipation, & have *retired*. I shall go out, hereafter, on Tuesdays & Saturdays only—& on the following days I shall rest & attempt no work [MTP]. *Note:* the **Hotel Touraine** in **Boston** was where the Rogers family stayed during the lawsuit against Standard Oil there. Sam delayed going to Boston until the following Wed., **Aug. 9.**

Roi Cooper Megrue (assistant to **Elisabeth Marbury**, Sam’s dramatic agent) wrote to Sam from N.Y.C.

I have a letter from Miss Marbury asking me to take up with you the possibility of your giving Mr. Timmory an extension on his contracts with you,—one year if possible; also will you grant Mr. Timmory free

choice of theatre, as, of course, he will only act in the best interest of the play. It is quite possible the pieces could be produced first in some other French theatres, and then afterwards in Paris [MTP]. *Note:* Sam answered on Aug. 5.

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to Sam.

“A week or two ago the Special Commissioner in our case against the Butters-Hammond crowd decided *against* us....To-day the Judge has handed down a decision completely *reversing* the decision of the Special Commissioner, and holding that the Board which we elected September 1st is the legal Board of the Plasmon Company....It is a great victory for us. I feel rather chesty” [MTP].

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam. “That is a fine idea about the postal cards and ought to prove attractive to the public and profitable to author and publisher. I am taking it up with a big manufacturer and distributor of post-cards and will let you know, of course, of the progress of matters / Yours” [MTP].

August 4 Friday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Mr. & Mrs. Pumpelly dined here. It was a delight to hear Mr. Pumpelly talk, for his is a man of most gentle, strong birth, and has had experiences in many lands, and his reminiscences were charming. He and Mr. Clemens have known many of the same people, in this country and in Europe. Mr. Clemens was speaking of Canon Kingsley and said that one day when Kingsley was going to lecture in Boston and Mr. Clemens was going to introduce him, they were walking up crowded School St. together, and Kingsley quoted some sonorous lines from the Greek. Mr. Clemens said it sounded fine and probably was, but he didn’t know the Greek—he never could get it through his head. Kingsley answered, “That isn’t the end to put it in—a good strap in your schoolmaster’s hand is the thing” [MTP TS 84]. *Note:* **Charles Kingsley** (1819-1875), Canon of Westminster.

August 5 Saturday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam responded to **Roi Cooper Megrue’s request of Aug. 3.**

I have your favor of Aug. the 3rd in which I understand Miss Marbury to suggest that I give Mr. Timmory an extension of one year on his contracts with me; also that I grant Mr. Timmory free choice of theatre. I beg you to say to Miss Marbury I am quite willing that she shall make these concessions for me [MTP]. *Note:* **Gabriel Timmory**, French playwright.

Harper’s Weekly ran Sam’s “Lantern for Sale,” a burlesque advertisement. A follow up piece in the Aug. 12 issue is also Sam’s [Camfield’s Bibliog.]. *Note:* see July 11 entry; also Aug.

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

This afternoon Mr. Clemens and I went down to the Club to hear Miss Jane Addams speak on Hull House, certain aspects of it. She is so different from the Jane Addams of my imagination—but looks like the one who would accomplish just the sort of thing that she has accomplished. She speaks readily, pleasantly and has the happy faculty of making good word pictures. (Elsewhere I’ve written more.)

The walk down was through the rocky trail and to a beautiful little wood road, grassy shaded and lovely. Mr. Clemens talked about Mr. Pumpelly’s book and about his account of the Japanese. Mr. Pumpelly was young in those days, and regretted that the Portuguese missionaries who were then trying to get a foot hold in Japan, were bundled out and all Christianity with them. He regretted it then but I don’t think he’d regret it now. As we reached the high road we were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Henderson and walked along in the dust with them. Mr. Clemens sat where he couldn’t hear very well for Miss Addams speaks very rapidly and the walk in the heat made him tired, and so we left soon after the talk was ended. As we walked slowly home—all up hill—Mr. Clemens spoke of the wonderful statue of Buddha in Japan and of how it inspired his reverence always. It’s the only religious symbol that ever does inspire it [MTP TS 85-86].

Note: Jane Addams (1860-1935), founder of the Hull House in Chicago, a settlement house, was a prominent reformer of the Progressive Era, and the first American woman to be a public philosopher. See **Oct. 9** for info. on Pumpelly, who had published *Notes of a Five Years' Journey Around the World, etc.* (1870). Also, Gribben p.562. Sam generally had frowned on women lecturers, which may have had something to do with his leaving right after Addams' talk.

August 6 Sunday – In Dublin, N.H. Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to Frederick A. Duneka.

Mr. Clemens directs me to say that upon thinking over the matter of auto-graphing any of the maxim postcards he has decided that to auto-graph any of them would be a distinct mistake.

He is inclined to be afraid of the post card scheme even without the auto-graph, and wishes me to ask what you think of it. But don't throw the scheme away, for Mr. Clemens thinks it may be a good one after he's dead. That is Mr. Clemens's language not mine [MTP].

Sam also wrote per Isabel Lyon to an **unidentified person**: "There are two kinds of lyres. One kind is thinning out, lately, the other is thickening up" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Mr. and Mrs. Pearmain, Mrs. Kendall, who has travelled in India, dined here. We dined in the little room, all windows, and a terrible, beautiful thunderstorm flashed and dashed itself around us. The great evergreen trees almost screamed at you when the floods of lightning behind them made them stand out in their wonderful blackness...

[in her Aug. 7 entry about this evening:]

Mr. Clemens talked last night about Captain Ned Wakeman and his courting. A passenger, a girl, had been placed in his care. He didn't think much about her, until he saw her lying asleep in the cabin, found her lovely and said, "When she opens her eyes, if they're blue, I'll *marry* her!" and they *were* blue, and he was ever a man of his word [MTP TS 84].

August 7 Monday – Isabel Lyon's journal: "Today Mrs. Thayer sent up some very beautiful pink poppies. Delicate, exquisite, each one a darling delight" [MTP TS 84].

Winifred Holt wrote from NYC to Sam. "Helen Keller has written an interesting article which may show you more clearly why I am brave enough to write to you again—I forward under separate cover what she has just written in the "World's Work" [MTP].

In Dublin, N.H. Isabel V. Lyon replied for Sam to **Winifred Holt** [MTP]. *Note:* Isabel Lyon noted the answer she'd written to Holt from "the King" (her nickname for Sam): "Wrote her a very definite No—from the King, & *embellished* the No with an explanation that he cannot take on *any* outside interests. / But as the King says—she *will come* back at him in some other way, for she is unshelchable"

Sam also wrote to **H.H. Rogers**.

I am keeping the secret & collecting the revenue all right. [about the Twichell's \$1500 gift]

I hope you are noticing that it is Lawson's turn, now—a thing which was sure to happen. If he likes skimming, there's good times ahead. I've knocked off work & Clara's doctor has given me permission to go & see her. I start day after tomorrow & hope to stay a week or ten days. Then I am coming back to Boston & get aboard the yacht & run over to Nantucket; if you would like to go; or down to Fairhaven & play billiards.

I am having a time. Nothing agrees with me. If I drink coffee it gives me dyspepsia; if I drink wine it gives me the gout; if I go to church it gives me dysentery. A vacation seems necessary [MTHHR 595]. *Note: Thomas W. Lawson*, muckraking journalist: see July 11 from Rogers. Clemens did not leave Dublin for Norfolk until Aug. 10 [IVL Journal TS 87].

August 8 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “The fallow days are still with Mr. Clemens. All day he has been very, very tired and resting. At dinner tonight the talk was of Babylon and its great, great glories” [MTP TS 84].

Frederick T. Leigh wrote to Sam that Duneka was on vacation and Sam’s post-card scheme, according to Sam’s wishes, would be “dropped for the present” [MTP].

Roi Cooper Megrue for Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Sam, acknowledging receipt of Sam’s letter about **Mr. Timmory**. “I do not quite understand your other letter. Did we send you a manuscript. Could you let me know by whom it was?” [MTP].

August 9 Wednesday – In Dublin, N.H. Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to **Frederick A. Duneka**.

Mr. Clemens directs me to write and say that his idea of publishing the Adam’s and Eve’s Diaries, is to have them go into one volume—using the corrected form of the Adam’s Diary .

Mr. Clemens would like to have the present edition of the Adam’s diary suppressed, (if that is also your judgement) & the revised one issued in its place, either independently or in a volume with Eve’s.

The latter would be best, he thinks, because a person who has not read Adam’s Diary would miss half the points in Eve’s [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Tonight when we were at dinner and Mr. and Mrs. Henderson were here, Col. Higginson telephoned up to me to ask if I would write a little article on the literary people who have been in Dublin. Could I? I wonder and wonder.

Mrs. Henderson is a very interesting woman. She is the daughter of Chevalier Bunson [*sic* Bunsen] and Mr. and Mrs. Clemens knew her in Berlin years ago. Mr. Clemens and Mr. Henderson stayed out on the porch in the moonlight, so we didn’t hear the good talk. It was bound to be good for Mr. Clemens said afterward that Mr. H. Was interesting. He has written a comprehensive History of Germany and at dinner he mentioned some of the very interesting letters of Frederic the Great that he had access to. One of them written during the Revolutionary War, said not to extend a commercial treaty to the Colonies in a hurry, but to wait and see which would win; whether it would be English or the Americans would make a difference [MTP TS 87]. *Note:*

Ernest Flagg Henderson (1861-1928) author and historian. **Christian Karl Josias Chevalier Bunsen** (1791-1860) was a Prussian ambassador, and a Biblical scholar.

Albert Brandt, publisher, Trenton, N.J. wrote to Sam: “It affords me great pleasure to be able to unite with our mutual friend, Mr. Daniel Carter Beard, in sending you by to-day’s mail, a special autographed copy of the new edition of ‘Moonblight and Six Feet of Romance.’” *Note:* the book was published in 1904 [Gribben 53-54].

Andrew Carnegie wrote from Skibo Castle, Scotland to Sam, “Ah. My friend you hit it that awful procession. Why? / Those you have lost & mourn I also knew & grieve over. One by one they fall, Dan. Lament the latest. / Every year I return to New York I am mourning the absence of one or more...now Hay... / Why? Why! the everlasting Why.” Carnegie added he did not dread death or the future [MTP].

An **unidentified person** wrote from England to “Mr. Clements” [*sic*]. Only the envelope survives [MTP].

August 10 Thursday – Sam left **Dublin** for **Boston** and **Norfolk, Conn.** to visit daughter **Clara**. F. Kaplan adds he stopped over in **Hartford**. No further record of the stop was found [622].

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Mr. Clemens went away today. Norfolk, Conn, to see Clara. It is hot and I have just discovered that the train between here and Boston stops at ever so many stations, or I’m afraid it does, and Mr. Clemens dreads, hates and remembers with horror a railway journey.

I went down to Col. Higginson's this afternoon and he gave me a long and delightful talk. Miss Bright of the *Wanamaker Book News*, in her letter to Col. Higginson wants particularly sketches of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Norman Hapgood and they are Cornish people. Mr. Hapgood isn't there this season. Col. Higginson called my attention to some lovely glass and a beautiful Chinese vase. They are wedding gifts for his daughter who is to be married to Dr. Barney on the 2nd of September. ... [MTP TS 84]. *Note:* **James Dellinger Barney**.

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to Sam.

I think you had better send me a check for \$634.59 on account of Plasmon expenditures to date, and I will then pay Baldwin the \$202.76 that we still owe him. It may be three or four months before we can get hold of the \$2700. of Plasmon money that is tied up in the bank, but just as soon as we do, I will refund you the money you are contributing.

As things stand now, the Plasmon Company is not bankrupt, and we are the legal officers of the Company, despite the fact that Hammond actually owns a majority of the stock. It is very funny. The tail of the Plasmon dog seems to be in a more healthy and satisfactory condition than the dog itself [MTP].

August 11 Friday

August 12 Saturday – In **Norfolk, Conn.** Sam was ailing from gout [NY Times, Aug. 20, p.7, "Mark Twain Ill of Gout"] *Note:* Source puts onset of attack to this day.

Harper's Weekly ran Sam's "DIOGENES AND HIS LANTERN" p.1166. It was dated **July 11, 1905**—see entry.

Roi Cooper Megrue wrote to Sam.

A young man by the name of M. Worth Colwell is very anxious to make a musical comedy out of certain incidents from "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court". I think it will be all right to give him the rights for a year, on the understanding that if the play is not sold within that time his rights cease. If the play is sold I think a division of royalties between you and him would be fair. Will you please let me know if this is agreeable to you [MTP]. *Note:* Sam was in Norfolk; Lyon answered for him on Aug. 14.

Isabel V. Lyon wrote a letter to Father **Raffaello Stiattei** in Florence. Sam had written a lot and was well; he now was visiting Clara in Norfolk, who was improving. Early in July Jean had gone with **Teresa Cherubini**, the maid, to visit Clara. The stay in Dublin would end in November [MTP]. *Note:* Trombley makes much of Lyon's relationship with the priest with whom she'd had Italian lessons and shared outings with, suggesting her fondness "had a bit of the character of forbidden fruit" [MTOW 38]. There is nothing untoward in this letter, however, though she does sign it "Yours affectionately," possible just good Victorian "embroidery." Lyon easily felt close to many males once exposed to them and often wrote with florid prose and praise of each.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Jean not well—3 attacks, at 11:30, 1:20 and 5:30. Very droopy all day. Teresa is sleeping in the living room.

Tonight I wrote to Mr. Walter Rodway of Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, to see if he has any photographs of Mr. Clemens.

The book of personal sketch that Col. Higginson let me take is vastly interesting, and the privilege of reading them is a great one.

Letters from Prof. Heller and W.R.C. [MTP TS 88].

Note: **Walter Rodway** was an artist on the *Brisbane Courier*. No record of photographs of Clemens made in Brisbane is extant; Sam did have photographs made by **Falk Photographers** of Melbourne. On **Oct. 3, 1895** he wrote to **H. Walter Barnett** of the Melbourne Co. Miss Lyon may have meant drawings.

August 13 Sunday – Sam was in **Norfolk, Conn.** ailing from gout [Aug. 14 to Rogers].

In Dublin, N.H. **Isabel Lyon's Journal**: "Jean has been droopy and sad all day. We took a rug and some books and went up into the woods, and I read a delightful article on Carlyle and Newman. Tonight Jean is dining with Mr. and Mrs. Sumner" [MTP TS 88].

Albert R. Halley wrote from Nashville, Tenn. to ask Sam if he would write an introduction for Halley's book *A History of the Divine Comedy* [MTP]. *Note*: not in Gribben.

John Hays Hammond sent a telegram from Gloucester, Mass. to Sam: "Allow Butters to participate in loan as suggested your letter eighth / John Hays Hamnond" [MTP]. Ashcroft circled "loan" and drew a line in pencil down where he wrote "freeze-out" and put his initials under it. Next to "freeze-out" was "?" circled, whether by Ashcroft or another is unclear.

August 14 Monday – In Dublin, N.H. **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Roi Cooper Megrue**. Lyon noted that Sam was out of town but that in June he wrote M. Worth Colwell, referring him to **Elisabeth Marbury**—whatever arrangements she made would satisfy him [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Choisey [her home in Conn.] is rented to Mr. Bushnell, \$20 a month. There seems a chance for me to begin to get financially square with the world. Oh, world" [MTP TS 88]. **Isabel Lyon's journal # 2**: "Today word came that Mr. Clemens has gout" [MTP TS 25].

In **Norfolk, Conn.** Sam wrote to **H.H. Rogers**: "I am stranded here with gout. Pray for me. / Yours ever/ SLC / P.S. No—never mind, never mind. Get somebody who knows the game" [MTP].

Dudley P. Lewis wrote to Sam, recalling "with the greatest pleasure" a visit with Sam at his NY home "a few months ago when" he was there studying law. "Miss Stebbins...encouraged him" to invite Clemens to a meeting of his law fraternity [MTP]. *Note*: On or after this day **Isabel Lyon** answered for Sam: "Hope that some time or other he may be able to be at one of the meetings, but is not expecting now to attend such meeting" [MTP].

Joe Twichell wrote a second letter of gratitude to Sam for the \$1,500 (which had secretly come from H.H. Rogers). In part:

"You have commanded Harmony and me to spare you any further expression of our feelings about the great thing you did for us last month—it is just a month to-day since the convoy arrived—but really, old fellow, we can't quite make up our minds to let you off so easily" [MTHHR 598n1-top]. *Note*: see **July 26** entry: "philanthropic ruse".

August 15 Tuesday – In **Norfolk, Conn.** Sam wrote to **Richard Watson Gilder**.

I can say only a word. You & Johnson are the only organizers I am acquainted with: won't you get up a Jerome petition & have all our fellow craftsmen sign it, & add "Mark Twain" to the list—in a large & legible hand?

Love to you all.

In haste (to put the pen down), for I am in hell with the gout./ Clemens [MTP].

Note: **William Travers Jerome** (1859-1934), a prominent reformer who served on the Lexow Commission investigating political corruption. In 1898 he managed the mayoral campaign of reformer **William L. Strong**. At this time district attorney for New York County (1901-1909) was encouraged to run for NYC mayor, but took himself out of the race in Sept. Jerome led a continuous and independent campaign against crime and political corruption. He often led surprise raids, the most notorious against the gambling house of **Richard Canfield**. Jerome was the prosecutor in the sensational trial of **Harry K. Thaw** for the 1906 murder of architect **Stanford White**, fictionalized in the novel and film *Ragtime* (1975 / 1981), Jimmy Cagney's final feature film.

Sam also wrote to the **editor of *Harper's Weekly***.

SIR,—I wish to register as a Jerome petitioner, for, although I have never seen him, I believe in him, and am grateful to him for proving that honesty in politics and office is still possible in New York, though not epidemic. Out of respect for him, his morals, and his principles, I mean to vote for him only once on election-day, but if I were free from this restraint I would make it a hundred [MTP].

Sam, still suffering from gout, also wrote to **Isabel V. Lyon** in Dublin, N.H.

Next week or the week after, watch *Harper's Weekly* & register the words—78, by my count. I guess they will print it. Gout pretty sharp to-day; I can't get out of bed, but do not need to, for Clara has provided every convenience I had at 21" [Fifth Ave.] [MTP]. *Note:* Sam stayed at the same facility (cottage) where Clara was housed. The *Boston Evening Transcript*, Aug. 21, 1905, p.11, "Personal" reported Sam was at the cottage "Edgewood" rented by Clara Clemens for the season.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Today comes word that Mr. Clemens is confined to his room with gout. / Jean lunched with Mrs. Durfee today" [MTP TS 88].

In Dublin, N.H. **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Katharine I. Harrison** asking her to transfer \$1,500 from the Guaranty Trust Co. to the Lincoln National Bank, and that Sam was well in Norfolk [MTP].

August 16 Wednesday – In Norfolk, Conn. Sam wrote to **Isabel V. Lyon**.

I go to Fairhaven to-morrow for a day or two.

Please look at Kipling's account of his visit to me at Susy Crane's farm, & see if *Mrs. Clemens* as well as Susy Clemens was present.

Mrs. Laura M. Dake has not yet written. Suppose you telephone the bank & ask if that check has been collected.

My mind is dreadfully sluggish this last two days & dictating goes hard. I'm glad to knock off & have a holiday.

With lots of love to Clärchen, ... [MTP]. *Note:* **Laura Wright Dake**, Sam's old sweetheart from 1858 would write several times in 1906 and 1907. It appears Sam did not go to Fairhaven the next day.

Isabel Lyon's journal: I received a little note from Mr. Clemens [written Aug. 15]. His gout was sharp when he wrote, and he's in his bed.

Evenings Jena is reading aloud "La Jeunesse de l' Imperatrice Josephine." Jean reads very well. Her talent for languages is remarkable, and her accent is sweet and satisfying. It transports you to France, if she is reading French, to Italy if she is reading Italian, and to Germany if she is reading German [MTP TS 89].

August 17 Thursday – In Norfolk, Conn. Sam started a letter marked *Private* to **Joe Twichell** that he finished on Feb. 19:

Dear Joe: / Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker is fully as remarkable to-day as ever she was in her life. She dragged her 83 years up those steep stairs this morning –with a mission, need I say?— & sat by my bed an hour, & talked with all her old brightness, & deep earnestness, & passion for easing the sorrows & enlarging the happiness of the children of men. Her mission was to put me in the way of learning what spiritualism really is, in the hope that I might come to believe in it & then use my reputation in its service. Joe (this is the privacy) she has for 15 years had spiritual communication with a *miscarriage* in heaven! (I have never come nearer to smiling in my life & escaped.) The miscarriage has a name—the name its parents had intended to call it by had not miscarried. In heaven it has borne that name for 30 years. It knows English & talks it fluently, & takes as much interest in Nook Farm affairs as any miscarriage that ever lived. I wish I could see it with its halo on.

Do you remember that astonishing remark she made to you in 1873 in possible extenuation & abridgement & modification of Henry Ward's alleged commerce with Mrs. Tilton? Well, this new outbreak is a close second to that one, it seems to me.

I am not a spiritualist yet. Still, she isn't done with me—other evidences are to follow [MTP: Cushman file].

John Larkin, attorney, wrote to Sam that **James Renwick** had telephoned and the heating system for 21 Fifth Avenue had been completed. Larkin directed Sam to send Renwick (the owner) a check for the rent due [MTP]. *Note*: on Aug. 20 and 21 Sam gave instructions to Isabel Lyon about the payment due.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "To be thinking of people is really to be associating with them. Thinking and thinking of the hours that I shall perhaps spend with Santissima [Clara] next winter, I have the thought of her, revived, and ready for other people less beautiful" [MTP TS 89].

Roi Cooper Megrue for Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Sam: "I have given Mr. [M. Worth] Colwell permission to dramatize" *CY* "on the understanding that if he does not sell the play within a year the rights revert to Mr. Clemens" [MTP].

August 18 Friday – **Ralph W. Ashcroft** wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to Sam, giving him an update on the lawsuit involving the **Plasmon Co. of America**, and asking for an additional \$150 to pay attorney Baldwin for increased legal fees to contest an appeal by their opponents [MTP]. *Note*: Ashcroft was Secretary and Treasurer of the Co. at this time, which is how he met Sam. He would later become Sam's secretary and accompany him to London in 1907. Sam was still in **Norfolk, Conn.** On or about **Aug. 31** he would direct Isabel Lyon to send the \$150. See entries: **Dec. 1901, Mar. 17, 1902, May 1903, Aug. 1904** regarding warring factions within the American Plasmon Co, and Ashcroft's lawsuit for libel against **John Hays Hammond**, which was dismissed in 1910.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Jean and I went over to a fete at the Leightons. It was delightful, and the most delightful part of it was the Indian scene in which many children took part. They were very well made-up and the stage setting was very good, for the background was Monadnock. Mr. Brush in full Indian costume danced the snake dance. Oh, a most beautiful and artistic and touching act he made of it [MTP TS 89]. *Note*: **George de Forest Brush**

August 19 Saturday – In **Norfolk, Conn.** Sam finished his Aug. 17 to **Joe Twichell**:

P.S. 19th. Your letter arrived from Dublin yesterday evening. It gave me great pleasure, although it was a breach of the prohibition.

I am still in bed—it is the sixth day, but seems the 40th—& there is no immediate prospect of my getting on my feet. However, "prospects" go for nothing in gout, I may be on my feet in three days.

Clara brought in various reverberations of your thunders at that luncheon—no, I mean cordial compliments evoked *by* those thunders. I am dreadfully obliged to you for filling that breach so compactly & effectively; it leaves me barren of any sense of guilt or shame—& I should certainly have felt both guilt & shame, otherwise, as knowing that those people would blame me. Other things are forgiven, but the failure of chief guest is never forgiven, except he be dead. With lots of love to both...[MTP: Cummings file].

Sam also wrote to daughter **Jean**, the letter not extant but mentioned in Miss Lyon's journal below:

Isabel Lyon's journal: Mr. Clemens writing to Jean says that he has "everything necessary for a prolonged stay—including the gout." Jean and I went to hear Mr. Franklin MacVeagh speak on Labor Unions. It was very interesting to watch Mr. Brush's face as he listened with avid intentness to Mr. MacVeagh. It is a face so living, so keen, so sensitive, quivering with intelligence and artistic feeling [MTP TS 88].

Trombley writes of a conversation Isabel Lyon had with **Thomas Wentworth Higginson** about her working on a biography of Mark Twain:

Clearly Twain's own story was a highly marketable commodity, and Isabel recognized its value when she repeated a comment that the author and abolitionist Thomas Wentworth Higginson made to her in August 1905, "that really if publishers had any sense they would be approaching me on the subject of 'writing

up' Mr. Clemens." Isabel had modestly declined. "How terrible. And just because I know Mr. Clemens in his strongest best silent beautiful self. That is the very reason why it would be an impossible thing for me to do. It wouldn't be possible for me to do him justice in any one of his characteristics" [MTOW 61].
Note: Trombley had access to many uncataloged items of diary, journal, workbook, etc. of Miss Lyon. Trombley puts this excerpt to: "Aug. 19, 1905, loose page, 1903-05, Box, VC [Vassar College]."

The New York Times, Aug. 20, p.7 ran a special datelined Aug. 19:

MARK TWAIN ILL OF GOUT.

Humorist Now Is Recovering Rapidly at Norfolk, Conn.

Special to The New York Times.

WINSTED, Conn., Aug. 19.—Samuel Clemens, known throughout the world as Mark Twain, humorist and novelist, is recovering from a severe attack of gout at Edgewood, a cottage in Norfolk, rented for the season by Miss Clara Clemens, daughter of Mr. Clemens.

Mr. Clemens was attacked one week ago today. He is still confined to his bed, but his speedy recovery is anticipated. Dr. Ward Quintard of New York, a Summer resident of Norfolk, is attending Mr. Clemens, who hoped to be able to leave Norfolk next week. Mr. Clemens was obliged to send his regrets on Tuesday to Mr. and Mrs. Bridgeman, who had arranged a dinner at their home, Foxhill, in his honor. Mr. Clemens is past seventy years of age.

William Hill in London wrote to Sam with the news that he was starting a new paper, the **London Tribune**, on January 15, 1906, "intended to be a Liberal Organ of the highest class." Would he write "a series of articles"? [MTP]. *Note:* Hill signed he was a member of the Whitefriar's Club.

August 20 Sunday – In Norfolk, Conn. Sam began a letter to **Isabel V. Lyon** that he added a PS to on **Aug. 21**, this about the rent payment needed by Renwick on 21 Fifth Ave., since a new heating system had been installed. "If you need money, get it of Miss Harrison. Send Renwick the money, & a word hoping he is well" [MTP].

August 21 Monday – In Norfolk, Conn. Sam added a PS to his **Aug. 20** to **Isabel V. Lyon**. They must have mailed it back and forth between Norfolk and Dublin:

Monday, Aug. 21. / P.S. I expect to be able to leave for *New York* next Thursday or Friday; thence to Fairhaven for a day or two. But I am still in bed.

[*in IVL's hand:*] The amount of the check to Mr. Renwick is \$875⁰¹. Rent for June, July & August.

[*in SLC's hand:*] Yes, that is my idea of it [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **George B. Harvey**.



"DEAR COLONEL: / I am publishing anonymously an article in an outside paper, in the hope that the authorship will not be detected. I think it is sufficiently disguised. Don't you speak of this to any one, but if you should detect it, I should like to know" [MTP].

Before Aug. 21 **John Marr** (1832-1921), sculptor in Milwaukee, Wisc wrote to Sam, that he had taken the last number of *Harper's Monthly* with Sam's portrait, and made a clay cast (see insert). Could Sam sit for a lifesize bust? [MTP].

Sam replied to **John Marr**: "Aug. 21. Acknowledged the receipt of the cast" [MTP]. *Note:* Marr did a bust of Mark Twain. **Insert: Washington Times, Sept. 7, 1907.**

At noon Sam also wrote to **H.H. Rogers**.

I am going to venture the trip to Boston to-day & the trip to Dublin tomorrow morning. I am still crippled, but I believe I am competent—competent to *start*, anyway. But I've had so many backsets, & had my plans smashed so often in the last week or ten days that I've stopped betting on *any* plan.

For a little while I thought the gout had retired; so I wrote Dublin & said I was expecting to start for Fairhaven in a day or two—but next day I was bedridden again. That was days ago; since then, no letters have come here—is it possible that Miss Lyon has sent them to Fairhaven? What the nation could I do with them *there*? Answer them myself? Not by an Amster-damn sight! Here Clara was answering them for me.

Clara is surprisingly well, & has been able to take first-rate care of me & not over hear me when I was blaspheming [MTHHR 596-7].

Sam then traveled to **Boston** where he spent the night.

Edith L. Harter wrote from NYC what appears to be a simple fan letter of appreciation [MTP].

Ellen Martin (North) wrote from Parkersburg, W.Va. to Sam. Martin enclosed a paragraph (not in file) with him mentioning the name “North”—a man he met in Reno. Was that Edward North, an Englishman? She would be grateful for any information he might give [MTP]. *Note*: likely it was **John W. North** see July 3 entry responding to North's son.

August 22 Tuesday – Sam left **Boston** and returned to **Dublin, N.H.** [Aug. 21 to Rogers].

Isabel Lyon's journal: “The children had a frantic game of ‘Wooly, Wooly Wolf,’ and stayed for dinner” [MTP TS 89]. **Isabel Lyon's journal # 2**: “Today Dr. Henderson & Mr. Stewart [Stuart] Montgomery rode over from Chesham to call on Mr. Clemens” [MTP TS 26]. *Note*: **Ernest Flagg Henderson** (1860-1928), historian.

Richard Watson Gilder wrote from NYC to Sam. He had hoped to see **William Travers Jerome** and tell him of Sam's good wishes but he left early last week and this week was taken up with the sad duties in connection with **Willam E. Dodge's** death. “Old Home Week was great! As Clara must have told you” He now had a telephone in his house at Tyringham [MTP].

William Travers Jerome wrote to Sam. “I beg to acknowledge receipt of your kind note of August 15th. I thank you for your offer of assistance, which I shall not hesitate to avail myself of. / It is extremely grateful ot me to find the course I have taken approved of by so many people, whose good opinion I value highly. / Very sincerely yours ...” [MTP].

August 23 Wednesday – **Isabel Lyon's journal**:

Headache. This day I went to Boston on the early train. Left the house at 6:15. Miss Greene went to Boston too, and she extended the courtesies of the Mayflower Club to me, and there I sat by the window, up 3 flights or more, looking out over the Common, up to the statehouse, and drinking in the stately sense of Boston. I went to get a wedding gift for Mr. Clemens to give to Miss Higginson and at Koopmans found a lovely Dutch tea caddy, like a little chest on feet. It is a copy of an old model, very pretty it is and has the distinction too of Mr. Clemens.

While I was in Boston Jean had a smash-up down in the village. The “Shindy” horse became frightened at an automobile and a man rescued Jean before Shindy had a chance to dash her brains out. I'm not supposed to know anything about it—but I do [MTP TS 90].

E.D. at Knickerbocker Publishing Co. of N.Y.C. wrote to Sam asking for “sufficient original data” to prepare a sketch of his life for their forthcoming *National American Biography* [MTP]. *Note:* Sam usually turned down such requests or pointed the inquirer to printed material. See *ca. Aug. 25*

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote to Sam, enclosing a pack of letters. “If the enclosed letters do not cause Hammond to capitulate, they will at least add zest to the fight. I hope too that they will do your gout good” [MTP].

...

John P. Pemberton wrote from NYC to Sam, asking if he might pay his respects personally before leaving for New Orleans [MTP]. *Note:* Clara wrote to Miss Lyon on the letter, “Please tell this man with polite graces that my father will not be in N.Y. before November”

August 24 Thursday – Richard McCloud, attorney in Durango, Colo. wrote to Sam about a pamphlet never published which was to have contained a letter by Sam published in the Mar. 18, 1876 Hartford *Courant* and later in one of Sam’s books—could he say where he might find it? [MTP]. *Note:* written by ? in pencil at the top “Vol. 20 of Hillcrest Edition p.438”

August 25 Friday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Dear Col. Higginson walked up this afternoon and had a cup of tea with me. He really came to inquire about Jean’s accident. So that is how I’ve learned about it. He talked of Mr. Clemens of course, and said that the description of the feud in Huckleberry Finn is one of the finest things in literature. He always feels that he has known those people. ...I sat in my own room over my tea when I saw him coming slowly up the road. I was reading his essay on Bronson Alcott, as he came into view. ... [MTP TS 90].

Louis F. Post, editor of *The Public* in Chicago, wrote to Sam, enclosing the Aug. 19 issue of *The Public*, which contained **Tolstoy’s** letter on the Russian land question. Post solicited Sam’s opinion of the article [MTP]. *Note:* allowing three business days for mail from Chicago to Dublin, N.H. Sam’s answer (tagged only as “on or after 25 Aug” by MTP) is estimated to be *ca. Aug. 29*.

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote to Sam: “I have turned into a poet, / And thought I would let you know it.” He enclosed a poem and letter he’d sent with which to needle **John Hays Hammond** [MTP].

Daniel Carter Beard wrote on *Recreation Magazine* letterhead to Sam.

My Dear Mark Twain:—

I am rejoiced to see, by the morning papers that you have really made up your mind not to have your feet amputated. I thought some of telegraphing to you to save your shoes for me as I, with thousands of others would enjoy the privilege of standing in your shoes. But, nevertheless, I am rejoiced beyond measure to find that you have decided to keep them for yourself for there is no doubt in my mind that they would fit no one else.

Thank you very much for your kind note in reference to “Moonblight” and trusting that you may sometime have leisure to read the thing even if it is for no other purpose than to jump on me for writing it, an thing which you could not have done had you really had those feet amputated and with love and sincere regards to you and yours...[MTP].

Isabella Beecher Hooker wrote from Norfolk, Va. to Sam. “Dear Friend Clemens. I find I must recall my invitation to you to meet my friend Mrs Luggaro in my cottage for friendly converse on the great questions of life & immortality.” In a rather rambling letter she noted that her idea that Sam was also a psychic was wrong, and that he was “still in the attitude of most so called “*investigators*,” so she saw he was “not ready for such humble entrance,” and withdrew her invitation [MTP].

Charles B. Whiting (1828-1908), President of the Orient Ins. Co., Hartford, wrote to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens / Mrs. Hooker has just this P.M. read me a copy of a note she sent you to meet Mrs. [illegible] her medium friend from Hfd. In it she has made it appear that something I said caused her to send this note. The fact is I fully expected you and Dr Quintard would come. I am very free to say I had no idea you would be satisfied with what you would get. You will doubtless remember I said nothing in regard to *this woman's* gifts [MTP].

August 25 ca. – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam answered the **Aug. 23** from **Knickerbocker Publishing Co.** directing Lyon to send them the Moffett sketch of Sam's life [MTP]. *Note:* The MTP catalogs this answer as "on or after Aug. 23." Two days estimated postal time is allowed here. Knickerbocker Publishing wrote again on **Sept. 20** thanking him for receipt of the biographical sketch, and referred to a **Sept. 19** letter (not extant) enclosing the sketch.

August 26 Saturday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

A letter from Charlotte Porter. Yesterday Col. Higginson asked me what news of the Dublin article and when I told him how I had heard from Miss Norma K. Bright who hopes I'll write the article, I had to tell him that I feel my limitations so keenly and he said "Overcome them, your opportunity is here." He is strong and the truth is in him. His book "Contemporaries" is delightful. Oh, such English, and appreciation of it in others [MTP TS 91]. *Note:* **Norma Kathryn Bright** (b. 1883), writer and poet for *Book News*.

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote to Sam. "It is now up to Hammond to kick Wheeler out, or join with me in putting him behind bars. If he doesn't do either, just *watch* me!" [MTP].

Bailey Millard for *Cosmopolitan Magazine* wrote to Sam, noting he had once been a contributor and seeking "something for us on a topic of your own choosing" in time for Christmas [MTP].

Harper's Weekly ran "Mark Twain For Jerome," p. 1238. Tenney: "A brief letter to the editor, concluding: 'Out of respect for him, his morals, and his principles, I mean to vote for him only once on election-day, but if I were free from this restraint I would make it a hundred'" [41].

August 27 Sunday

August 28 Monday – At **Boston, Mass.** Sam wrote to daughter **Clara** still recovering in Norfolk, Conn.

I arrived unfatigued, and with my lameness almost gone. I have had my hair cut, have sent a telegram to Jean; shall take a bath, now, and be in bed in a few minutes or more.

In spite of the gout I had a most delightful visit with you—entirely delightful.

You look extravagantly pretty and sweet to-day—you were *the* decoration of that lunch table.

With lots of love, ... [MTP]. *Note:* telegram not extant.

Isabel Lyon's Journal:

The children, Raffael Pumpelly, (Raffael is a child, age 24), Jerry and Nancy Brush, Gerald and Gladys Thayer were here for supper and a dance. This afternoon I went down and sat with Miss Greene, sewed frills in her pretty blue French frock, for she was going to the pony show that I wouldn't go to. (Give up *5 hours* to a pony show?) [MTP TS 91]. *Note:* **Raphael Pumpelly Sr.** (1837-1923), Geologist and explorer.

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote to Sam from offices of the Plasmon Co. of America, N.Y.C. suggesting a letter be sent out by the Plasmon Co. using his and Sam's name with a picture of a crowing rooster [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's replied no earlier than Aug. 29. The Appeals Division had reversed Ashcroft's lawsuit dismissal against Hammond and ordered a new trial. See entries: **Dec. 1901, Mar. 17, 1902, May 1903, Aug. 1904** regarding warring factions within the American side of the Plasmon Co.

On the courthouse steps in Hodgenville, Ky, L.B. Handley, Special Commissioner of the LaRue Circuit Court, auctioned off the birthplace of **Abraham Lincoln**. There were only three bidders; **Robert Collier**, publisher *Collier's Weekly*, won the bid for \$3,600. In 1906, Collier, **William Jennings Bryan**, and **Mark Twain** would form the **Lincoln Farm Association** to preserve Lincoln's birthplace and establish a memorial [Printed broadside from Cowan's auction, June 24, 2009, Lot 456]. *Note*: sometime after the formation, membership certificates were issued bearing the signature of Mark Twain and 21 others.

August 29 Tuesday – Sam left **Boston** on an early train to **Dublin, N.H.**, about a three-hour trip.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Mr. Clemens arrived today, from Norfolk, quite white and showing the traces of his suffering. After his lunch he went wearily, wearily to his bed, and he slept. He is so good. This evening a telegram [not extant] came from Mr. Tayler of the *Boston Globe* officially announcing "Peace" and asking for a word from Mr. Clemens. He sat up in bed and wrote the word, *such* a strong word—and at 10 o'clock I telephoned it to Boston [see below] ... Jean was off on a hayride and so I played over to Mr. Clemens his favorite pieces when he came down stairs at about 8 o'clock [MTP TS 92]. **Isabel Lyon's journal # 2**: "Mr. Clemens telephoned his opinion [on the peace]. 199 words" [MTP TS 26].

Sam's note on the **Russo-Japanese Treaty**, telephoned by Isabel Lyon to the *Boston Globe*, reprinted here from the Wilkes-Barre (Penn.) *Times*, p.1:

MARK TWAIN SAYS PEACE WILL RE-RIVET POLITICAL CHAINS ON MILLIONS OF RUSSIAN PEOPLE

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 30.—In a dispatch to the *Globe* from Durham, N.H., Mark Twain has this to say about the Russo-Japanese peace settlement: "Russia was on the high road to emancipation from an insane and intolerable slavery; I was hoping there would be no peace until Russian liberty was safe. I think that this was a holy war in the best and noblest sense of that abused term and no war was ever charged with a higher mission. I think there can be no doubt that that mission is now defeated and Russian's chains revived, this time to stay.

"I think the Czar will now withdraw the small humanities that have been forced from him and resume his medieval barbarisms with a relieved spirit and an immeasurable joy. I think Russian liberty has had its last chance and has lost it. I think nothing has been gained by the peace that is remotely comparable to what has been sacrificed by it. One more battle would have abolished the waiting chains of billions upon billions of unborn Russians and I wish it could have been fought.

"I hope I am mistaken, yet in all sincerity I believe that this peace is entitled to rank as the most conspicuous disaster in political history."

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to Sam, enclosing a copy of a letter rec'd that morning from **Lauterbach**, and a quotation he forwarded to **Hammond**. "I don't know the author, but thought it was worthy of Socrates, so gave him the credit for it" [MTP].

Jesse Bryan wrote from St. Louis, Mo. to Sam asking if he was related to his family as he was collecting genealogy [MTP]. *Note*: on the env. "Referred him to Bryan Clemens, St. Louis"

August 30 Wednesday – Sam was back in **Dublin, N.H.**

Isabel Lyon's journal: There's a copy of the *Boston Globe* here—and each man's opinion of peace hops gleefully along on the heels of the last speaker. Same thought, same Hurrah! Mr. Clemens's words alone stand as the words of a man thinking out the problem for himself and *daring* to speak his thought. In fact he

couldn't *not* speak his thought, for his thoughts are like great blazing torches, bursting into flame by force of the life within them and unextinguishable [MTP TS 92].

Jesse J. Goldberg, attorney, wrote from N.Y.C. to Sam. Goldberg had been approached by “a persistent book agent one of the banes of civilization” to buy Mark Twain’s set of books. The agent didn’t know if Twain would write more volumes. Goldberg wanted the answer directly [MTP]. *Note*: Sam’s reply could not have come earlier than **ca. Sept. 1**.

Sam’s essay, “The Treaty of Portsmouth” ran in the *Boston Globe* [Camfield’s Bibliog.]. Schmidt calls this a “faked interview” based on Sam’s statement about the treaty, which may be why Scharnhorst did not include it.

Dr. **G.W. Kirch** wrote to Sam trying to justify his fees. He explained the time it took to make daily visits (requested by Sam) on Livy in Florence, it never taking less than 2 & 3/4 hours to make. He was also asked to inspect drainage and sewers and report their condition to the board of health [MTP].

Moses Allen Starr wrote to Sam: “I have received the enclosed through Mr Wm Barbour of 25 Broad St. and send them on to you. If you do not care to read them then just return them to me.” The letter, dated July 19, 1905 is from **G.W. French** to **William Barbour**. French had spent some \$440. The letter seems to be an indirect support of Dr. **Kirch** [MTP].

August 30 ca. – Sam gave instructions to **Isabel V. Lyon** to thank **Louis F. Post**, editor of *The Public* (Chicago) for his **Aug. 25**, enclosing an **Aug. 19** issue with Tolstoy’s article [MTP]. *Note*: The MTP catalogs this as “on or after Aug. 25.” Five days estimated postal time is allowed here.

Isabel also answered, for Sam, **Ralph W. Ashcroft’s Aug. 28** letter. **Isabel Lyon** replied for Sam to **Ashcroft’s Aug. 28**: “Mr. Clemens advice is distinctly to do nothing of the kind. But if you do it then leave him out entirely” [MTP]. *Note*: MTP assigns this as “on or after Aug. 28.” Two days postal time is allowed here for an estimated **Aug. 30** response.

August 31 Thursday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to **Katharine B. Clemens (Mrs. James Ross Clemens)** now in Cobourg, Canada.

I am just back from a gout-smitten 3-weeks’ visit to Clara in her rest-cure in Norfolk, Conn; & short as the distance is, I find the travel worse than the gout. I shan’t take any more journeys. St. Louisians do not seem to mind railroading at all—they come here every summer, & they have houses of their own here. I suppose Miss Tracy saw Jean, not Clara, but Jean is absent & I can’t find out.

Clara has made a large progress in these 12 months of resting. She discharged her trained nurse 3 weeks ago, & has no one with her now but an old friend of our family. She will give up her house & return to New York in October & we shall follow early in November. Then we hope she can come & live with us.

Jean & I have been keeping house here since the first of May & having a pleasant time. We are offered this house from April to November of next year, & are expecting to take it. Then I shall probably have to run down to New York for a day or two during the summer, in which case I shall hope to see you & Dr. Jim and your posterity at Jamestown, R.I. I shall count upon it. It was a great pleasure to hear from you.

I am enclosing my kindest regards to you & the excellent surgeon, & am / Sincerely.... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **George B. Harvey**.

Dear Colonel: / Wait a while, & see! It is a good sign—your not detecting me in that article. If it really passes through undiscovered, it will show that I *can* disguise myself. In which case—good! for I have a book which I want to publish anonymously if I can work it off without getting discovered.

Also, I can then contribute malicious things to your page of *The Weekly*, & get you the obloquy & the abuse.

A Milwaukee sculptor has sent me a plaster cast from a bas-relief of me which he made from a portrait in Harpers, & I think it is very good indeed—plenty good enough to print, some time, in the Monthly or the Weekly.

But he wants to make a new one, from new photos, & that's the idea I like, if he can pull it off before the end of November & represent me at the grand age of 70, which is a birthday to be really proud of, for it puts me distinctly ahead of Pierpont Morgan, Carnegie, Rogers, Rockefeller, Howells, Burroughs, Wayne MacVeagh, Grover Cleveland, & every other celebrated old person in the whole country except the Brontosaur & Chauncey Depew.

Oh, I've been having it!—the gout. Two solid weeks of it. But I am limping around, now, & progressing [MTP]. *Note:* the Milwaukee sculptor was **John Marr**. See **Aug. 21**.

Isabel Lyon's journal: This morning I played for Mr. Clemens and then he said "Now come up stairs." We went up to the study and he read aloud to me a part of his Gospel, his unpublishable Gospel. But oh it is wonderful, always I've been afraid of it, but that was because my only knowledge of it was through Jean who hates it, and if you hate a thing you can't see any of its good. This is full of wonderful thoughts—beautiful thoughts, terrible truths, oh such a summing up of human motives and if it belittles—*does* it belittle?—every human effort, it also has the power to lift you above that effort, and make you fierce in your wish to better your own conduct, *such* poor stuff your conduct is.

The talk at dinner tonight. Mr. Clemens started by saying that last year he read it at Tyringham and again now and it always interested him to think of the little monarchy that had existed for 60 years here in America, a real little monarchy. It was made by the grant of Charles I of the tract of land which is now Maryland to Calvert, Lord Baltimore. All authority had been vested in him. He could coin money, make laws, do anything that a king could do.

And then he talked about his favorite subject, microbes. He was in Agra two days after the discovery was made that the Cholera germ couldn't live in the water of the Ganges, and it can't, although that river is a sewer, a mighty sewer. It purifies every unclean rotting thing that is emptied into it. Even the dead bodies of the poor natives whose relatives haven't money enough to buy the fuel to burn away their dead, are scorched over with the small amount of fuel that they can buy and then into the river, the mighty sacred river after they are thrown and no devastating disease comes of it [MTP TS 92-93].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to Sam. "The enclosed is what Hammond will get on Saturday next, unless, before then, he swims ashore from the rotten, badly-peppered hulk on which he has been flying his Plasmon flag" [MTP].

Margaret Higginson Barney wrote (likely from Dublin, N.H.) to Sam thanking him and his daughter for the little trunk [MTP]. *Note:* Margaret had recently married Dr. Barney.

Arthur J. Roberts wrote from Gilead, Maine to thank Sam for his "brave utterance in reference to the Peace of Oyster Bay... The only real significance this war ever had lay in the possibility of its bringing liberty to the Russian people" [MTP]. *Note:* on the env Miss Lyon wrote: "Letters of appreciation of Mr. Clemens's Peace Telegram to the Boston Globe. Aug. 30, 1905"

August 31 ca. – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote a note to **Isabel V. Lyon** on **Ralph W. Ashcroft's Aug. 18** letter, directing her to send Ashcroft the \$150 needed by attorney **Baldwin** to contest the appeal by **Henry A. Butters, et al**, to the US Circuit Court of Appeals [MTP].

September – Miss **Carrie Rosenheim of Baltimore, Md.** wrote to Sam, calling him a "dear" and asking for an autograph [eBay item 230470822748, May 5, 2010]. *Note:* not extant but referred to in sale of Sam's Oct. 9 reply.

Joseph Gilder's article, "Glimpses of John Hay," ran in *Critic* p, 248-52. Tenney: "Briefly tells of an evening with MT, Hay, James Russell Lowell, and Henry Adams, in Washington, January 1886" [Tenney: "A Reference Guide First Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1977 p. 331].

Sam signed his copy of *The Adventures of Buffalo Bill, by Col. William F. Cody, etc.* (1905): “*SL. Clemens / Sept. 1905*” [Gribben 149]. *Note*: **William Frederick Cody** (1846-1917).

September ca – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to **Norman Hapgood**.

The more I think of it the more it pleases me. There certainly is a chance to start that new platform, & McClure, with his earnestness & energy & staying power is the man to drive it home to success if any one can.

I want to thank you for the interest you have taken in it [MTP]. *Note*: for some time **Sam McClure** had wanted to start a new magazine. Sam declined to be editor for it; Hapgood was editor of *Collier's* (since 1903). He may have commented on McClure's proposed venture.

September 1 Friday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Isabel V. Lyon replied for Sam to the Aug. 19 of **William Hill**. Sam was not well enough to write letters, she wrote, and he was seldom moved to write anything, and what he did write belonged to Harper & Brothers as he had a “very rigid contract” [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's Journal: “I have written to Miss Bright that I cannot, cannot, cannot write that article. Every bit of me rebels, every bit of my mind and body” [MTP TS 92]. *Note*: see Aug. 26 entry.

Cale C. Eyre wrote to Sam enclosing an Aug. 30 newspaper clipping from the *Philadelphia Record*, and “please allow me to say I am fully in accord with the sentiments...” [MTP]. *Note*: see clipping below:

MARK TWAIN'S DISCORDANT NOTE.

Durham, [Dublin?] N.H., August 30.—Samuel W. Clemens [*sic*] (Mark Twain) has this to say regarding peace:

“Russia was on the high road to emancipation from an insane and intolerable slavery. I was hoping there would be no peace until Russian liberty was safe. I think that this was a holy war in the best and noblest sense of that abused term, and that no war was ever charged with a higher mission. I think there can be no doubt that that mission is now defeated, and Russia's chains riveted this time to stay.

“I think the Czar will now withdraw the small humanities that have been forced from him, and resume his medieval barbarisms with a relieved spirit and an immeasurable joy. I think Russian liberty has had its last chance and has lost it.

“I think nothing has been gained by the peace that is remotely comparable to what has been sacrificed by it. One more battle would have abolished the awaiting chains of billions upon billions of unborn Russians, and I wish it could have been fought.

“I hope I am mistaken, yet, in all sincerity, I believe that this peace is entitled to rank as the greatest disaster in political history.”

John E. Milholland wrote from Phila. in support of Sam's position on Russia, enclosing the same words as in the above *Record*, but in the Sept. 1 issue of *The North American* (Phila), which carried an oval picture of Twain [MTP].

George May Powell of Powell Publishing Co., Phila. wrote to Sam in support of Sam's position on Russia. Powell had met some of Livy's family before the Civil War. He enclosed two printed articles of his, one a reprint from *The Baptist Commonwealth* of Oct. 22, 1903 [MTP].

September 1 ca. – **Isabel V. Lyon** answered for Sam the **Aug. 30** from **Jesse J. Goldberg**, that if the agent was selling the Hillcrest Edition then it would be possible for Goldberg to purchase whatever volumes Twain would publish in the future; probably another volume would issue within the next year [MTP]. *Note*: The MTP catalogs this as “on or after Aug. 30.” Two days estimated postal time is allowed here.

September 2 Saturday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote per Lyon to **Ralph W. Ashcroft**, again warning him not to put Clemens' name in any letters; he advised him again not to send any letters without submitting them to **William Woodward Baldwin**, the **American Plasmon Co.**'s attorney. "They are awful letters & will do you great harm" [MTP]. *Note:* Ashcroft had wanted to send a letter out to interested parties including Sam's name and pasting a picture of a crowing rooster after announcing initial victories in court over **John Hays Hammond** and his allies in the company. Sam was not one to crow publicly.

Sam also wrote to daughter **Clara** in Norfolk, Conn.

Dear Ashcat, I must enclose Mr. Whiting's confidential letter; also Jean's letter of explanation. Jean has since elaborated the explanation, & I think she has made out a good case for herself. But I hope she will remember her promise & not take any more chances of the kind. She is daily having immensely good times here.

Miss Lyon & I are persuading her to look out for and *report* the *attractive* points of the people she meets, & ignore the others. She can learn to be uncensorious; I could have learned it myself if I had begun young, the year before I was born.

Jean has invited 5 dinner parties (return-obligations,) but I am reserving a week, *after* Sept. 18 & before the 26th—without explaining why, except that I may run to New York or Boston for a day.

Katy's room is next to my study. Yesterday afternoon I said, down-stairs, "Katy, you have given me a most uncomfortable day." "Why, how?" "Every time I have exploded in profanity I have immediately been hit with a cold shock, because I recognized that I was shocking *you*." "Oh, no, Mr. Clemens, I *like* to hear it. It was so still & lonesome before you came home."

So it is all right, & I must try & remove the lonesomeness altogether. I owe this effort to Katy, she is so good & has been with us so long.

Gracious, but Miss Lawton is in for some prodigious work! I wish she might enthuse the whole world, same like the President is doing with that foolish brief truce which they call by the large name of a "peace."

I'm ready to start to the Higginson wedding, now.

More and more I realize how *very* much I enjoyed the visit with you, dear dear Ben.

With kindest regards to Miss Alling— / Father / I kept Ugo well reminded about his hands, & I think he is reformed & that it may stick [MTP]. *Note:* **Ugo Piemontini**, the Italian servant brought back from Florence.

Charles B. Whiting, President Orient Ins. Co. of Hartford had written Sam on **Aug. 25**.

Sam attended the wedding of Miss **Margaret Higginson**, to **Dr. James Dellinger Barney**, with some 60 guests. **Thomas Wentworth Higginson**, author and Sam's longtime friend was in the Dublin area [Sept. 3 to Clara; Oct. 9 to Duneka (2nd); IVL journal entry below].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Today, this morning Miss Margaret Higginson was married and we all went to the wedding in the Unitarian Church where Dr. Collier performed the ceremony. It was touching to see the old quiver in Col. Higginson as he walked up to the altar with that dear and only daughter on his arm. Such a pretty wedding it was, and everyone was so prettily dressed. Mr. Clemens was a guest of honor, of course, and he sat in pew 16—in the middle aisle. But Jean and I were only "Common or Garden" folk and sat on the side. We left Mr. Clemens at the house for the reception and we came home. But later—contrary to expectation, Mr. Clemens came home, driven up in a tiny yellow cart, by two children.

Mr. Clemens and I drove down to the Club to hear Mr. [Ernest Flagg] Henderson talk of Versailles and Louis Juatorze. He had some very beautiful pictured post cards with him and the talk was a nice one. Jean rode down on Scott [MTP TS 92-94]. *Note:* **Louis Quatorze, Louis XIV of France**.

Ralph W. Ashcroft sent a telegram and a letter to Sam. The telegram from NY:

"All right I will not use your name in any way or take the case to Jerome [.] I am quite willing to suffer if necessary for the freedom of speech I appreciated in denouncing a knave my letters do not in any way effect the legal status of the Plasmon case. Ashcroft" [MTP].

The letter, in part, in which Ashcroft admitted knowing that his letters to Hammond had not been "politic," and that he had considered the possible harm they might bring him for criminal libel, but he

claimed to be “quite willing to spend a few years in Sing Sing in exchange for the opportunity of telling Hammond and Wheeler” what he thought of them. Sam evidently tried to act as a buffer to Ashcroft’s enmity in the Plasmon debacle. Ashcroft here reassured Sam:

“I have your telegram and the letters. I will, of course, respect your wishes. I will not take the case to Jerome, even on my own hook, as this would involve you as a witness, etc.” [MTP].

Collier’s Weekly ran anonymously an article by Mark Twain, “Christian Citizenship”:

Is there such a thing as Christian citizenship? No, but it could be created. The process would be quite simple, and not productive of hardship to any one. It will be conceded that every man’s first duty is to God; it will also be conceded, and with strong emphasis, that a Christian’s first duty is to God. It then follows, as a matter of course, that it is his duty to carry his Christian code of morals to the polls and vote them. Whenever he shall do that, he will not find himself voting for an unclean man, a dishonest man. Whenever a Christian votes, he votes against God or for Him, and he knows this quite well. God is an issue in every election; He is a candidate in the person of every clean nominee on every ticket; His purity and His approval are there, to be voted for or voted against, and no fealty to party can absolve His servant from his higher and more exacting fealty to Him; He takes precedence of party, duty to Him is above every claim of party.

If Christians should vote their duty to God at the polls, they would carry every election, and do it with ease. They would elect every clean candidate in the United States, and defeat every soiled one. Their prodigious power would be quickly realized and recognized, and afterward there would be no unclean candidates upon any ticket, and graft would cease. No church organization can be found in the country that would elect men of foul character to be its shepherd, its treasurer, and superintendent of its Sunday-school. It would be revolted at the idea; it would consider such an election an insult to God. Yet every Christian congregation in the country elects foul men to public office, while quite aware that this also is an open and deliberate insult to God, who can not approve and does not approve the placing of the liberties and the well-being of His children in the hands of infamous men. It is the Christian congregations that are responsible for the filling of our public offices with criminals, for the reason that they could prevent it if they chose to do it. They could prevent it without organizing a league, without framing a platform, without making any speeches or passing any resolutions—in a word, without concert of any kind. They could accomplish it by each individual resolving to vote for God at the polls—that is to say, vote for the candidate whom God would approve. Can a man imagine such a thing as God being a Republican or a Democrat, and voting for a criminal or a blackguard merely because party loyalty required it? Then can we imagine that a man can improve upon God’s attitude in this matter, and by help of professional politicians invent a better policy? God has no politics but cleanliness and honesty, and it is good enough for men.

A man’s second duty is to his family. There was a time when a clergyman’s duty to his family required him to be his congregation’s political slave, and vote his congregation’s ticket in order to safeguard the food and shelter of his wife and children. But that time has gone by. We have the secret ballot now, and a clergyman can vote for God. He can also plead with his congregation to do the like.

Perhaps. We can not be sure. The congregation would probably inquire whom *he* was going to vote for; and if he stood upon his manhood and answered that they had no Christian right (which is the same as saying no moral right, and, of course, no legal right) to ask the question, it is conceivable—not to say certain—that they would dismiss him, and be much offended at his proposing to be a man as well as a clergyman.

Still, there are clergymen who are so situated as to be able to make the experiment. It would be worth while to try it. If the Christians of America could be persuaded to vote God and a clean ticket, it would bring about a moral revolution that would be incalculably beneficent. It would save the country—a country whose Christians have betrayed it and are destroying it.

The Christians of Connecticut sent Bulkeley to the Senate. They sent to the Legislature the men who elected him. These two crimes they could have prevented; they did not do it, and upon them rest the shame and the responsibility. Only one clergyman remembered his Christian morals and his duty to God, and stood bravely by both. Mr. Smythe is probably an outcast now, but such a man as that can endure ostracism; and such a man as that is likely to possess the treasure of a family that can endure it with him, and be proud to do it. I kiss the hem of his garment.

Four years ago Greater New York had two tickets in the field: one clean, the other dirty, with a single exception; an unspeakable ticket with that lonely exception. One-half of the Christians voted for that foul

ticket and against God and the Christian code of morals, putting loyalty to party above loyalty to God and honorable citizenship, and they came within a fraction of electing it; whereas if they had stood by their professed morals they would have buried it out of sight. Christianity was on trial then, it is on trial now. And nothing important is on trial except Christianity.

It was on trial in Philadelphia, and failed; in Pennsylvania, and failed; in Rhode Island, and failed; in Connecticut, and failed; in New York, and failed; in Delaware, and failed; in every town and county and State, and was recreant to its trust; it has effusively busied itself with the small matters of charity and benevolence, and has looked on, indifferent while its country was sinking lower and lower in repute and drifting further and further toward moral destruction. It is the one force that can save, and it sits with folded hands. In Greater New York it will presently have an opportunity to elect or defeat some straight, clean, honest men, of the sterling Jerome stamp, and some of the Tammany kind. The Christian vote—and the Christian vote alone—will decide the contest. It, and it alone, is master of the situation, and lord of the result.

September 3 Sunday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to daughter **Clara** in Norfolk, Conn. mentioning the \$2,600 Orchestrelle, which had been disassembled in New York and shipped to Dublin some time before.

P.S. / Sept. 3.

Clärchen dear, in my rush for the wedding yesterday I was estopped from congratulating you upon the restoration of your great privilege; so I do it now, & out of my heart. I can guess at the joy it must give you to get back the right to resume the training of your noble voice, & I join my joy to yours, child. You will not be depressed & lonesome any more, now, with such a comrade as that for your cheer.

I think Jean plays some of her pieces with good taste & expression. I find myself moved to ask her to play her favorites, the Wedding March & the Lorelei, over & over & over again—but I don't because she doesn't like to. But Miss Lyon doesn't mind. Sometimes she repeats the Largo, The Intermezzo, & long batches from Tchaikowski, Mendelsohn & those others three times running for me. And certainly she knows the subtle art of getting at the expression. I was always ashamed of having a hand-organ in the house, & loath to have you find it out, but now that you know it I am reconciled. My musical taste is vulgar & untrained, & is about up to the level of machine-music & ballads & Jubilee hymns—and to confess the truth I always had a passion for the common street-hurdygurdy. Without a doubt this machine has raised my level a little. It hasn't raised it to where I can like the vacuous plunkety-plunk of the piano-pianola, but I shall not grieve about that. I am satisfied that the machine & the sixty pieces of music which we bought with it are worth the twenty-six hundred dollars they cost. That is, if Miss Lyon survives. She plays for me every night—sometimes two & three hours on a stretch. However, as she would do as much anyway if she were alone, my conscience remains atrophied.

I've really got something to write you about, but I cannot find it. It was in my mind 5 minutes ago, but escaped again.

Yesterday when the new pair were being photographed on the parental lawn in presence of 60 guests, I came running (not perceiving what was going on) & the new wife threw up her hand in welcome—an eloquent attitude, I hope the camera caught it.

[a missing page here]:

...*dear* Margaret" again. It is a desolation to have this inbornly good & bright & beautiful creature go away. I recognize it; & yet I have seen her only two or three times—mere casual glimpses & chats. Her poor old father—well, he was a pathetic figure to see, after that star had sunk below his horizon. A wedding is an awful disaster to a family. Good-bye, you dear thing, I can not think what it was I began this letter to say to you.

[enclosure:]

The last fad is "ghost-autographs." You write your name down the crease, then fold & press the paper while the ink is still wet & will blot. It generally makes something resembling a skeleton. [below, Clemens made his own ghost autograph] [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: I feel so mentally ill over the harsh statement, the false statement that Dr. [G.W.] Kirch [Florence] has sent to a Mr. [William] Barbour who has sent it to Dr. [Moses Allen] Starr. Mr. Clemens told me to read it. Oh, he mustn't be troubled by the hideousness of it.

How the pulpits are roaring and crackling today with the hot words of praise for President Roosevelt and the peace... [MTP TS 92].

A.W. Carson wrote from Joplin, Mo. to ask for Sam's definition of a gentleman. "You may remember me by the shocking letter that my friend Capt C.J. Lewis slipped into your pocket at Hannibal, a few years ago" [MTP]. *Note:* possibly in 1902—Sam could not recall it.

Anna G. de Mille, daughter of **Henry George**, wrote from NYC to Sam. She asked for a copy of his signature she might paste in a copy of CY which Sam had given her father [MTP]. *Note:* see Sept. 25.

September 4 Monday – **Len G. Westland** wrote from London, Ontario Canada to offer Sam his "sincere admiration" and "best wishes for a long life...I raise my hat to you sir" [MTP]. *Note:* a day or two later? Sam replied: "And, I, also, take off my hat to you; and with many thanks to you for what you have said"

Isabel Lyon's journal: This morning Mr. Clemens sent for me to talk over the arrangements for a talk before some Boston Club—a woman's club, and he spoke of all that femaleness as a "Bull fight!" Of course his hair is wonderful and white and beautiful and scintillating, for his brain is all of an exquisite quiver and a piercing look out of his mysterious eyes will sometimes carry such a vital flash with it that you can't get away from the steady memory of it for hours and hours. You just see it right along and feel the force of that marvelous mind behind it [MTP TS 94].

Paul Kester wrote from London to ask Sam to notify Elisabeth Marbury or her assistant Megrue to secure permission for another Tom Sawyer play. Marbury was also Kester's dramatic agent, and a Mr. **J. Fred Zimmerman** wished to produce the play [MTP].

September 5 Tuesday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam replied by telegram to one from **George B. Harvey** that he was unable to come the Metropolitan Club dinner on **Sept. 7** for the Russian envoys who negotiated a favorable treaty for Russia in the Russo-Japanese war. Sam would follow an explanation by letter [MTP]. *Note:* see Harvey's original telegram and Lyon's entry below.

George B. Harvey sent a telegram to Sam:

Mr. George Harvey requests the pleasure of your company to meet m. Sergius Witte and baron Rosen at dinner at the metropolitan club new york on Thursday September seventh at eight oclock. Owing to the unavoidable lateness of this invitation a reply by telegraph to franklin square new york would be appreciated [MTP]. *Note:* **Sergei, Yulyevich Witte**; Sam drafted for a reply telegram: "I cannot come, am explaining by letter. / Mark." He then had Lyon send a fuller note as below:

Isabel Lyon wrote the explanation to Harvey for Sam:

I am still a cripple, otherwise I should be more than glad of this opportunity to meet those illustrious magicians who came here equipped with nothing but a pen & with it have divided the honors of the war with the sword. It is fair to presume that in thirty centuries, history will not get done admiring these men, who attempted what the world regarded as the impossible & achieved it [MTP]. *Note:* this note was published in the N.Y. *Times* on **Sept. 10**.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Today Mr. Clemens received a telegram from Colonel Harvey [see below] asking him to dine in New York on Thursday [Sept. 7] and meet M. Sergius Witte and Baron Rosen. At first Mr. Clemens thought he would go, but he decided that it wouldn't do at all—for he doesn't approve of the peace and he'd *have* to say so. He couldn't listen to all those tautological speeches and say Amen to even one of them—He'd spoil it all and so he telegraphed *no* to the Colonel [MTP TS 94].

Note: Count **Sergei Yulyevich Witte** (1849-1915), headed the Russian delegation which negotiated the **Treaty of Portsmouth** (N.H.) which ended the **1904-05 Russo-Japanese war**. Despite losing on the battlefield, Russia came out well in negotiations and credit was given to Witte, as well as the title of Count.

Trombley gives us another peek into Isabel Lyon's notes for this date:

Tonight as Mr. Clemens lay on the wicker couch reading Macaulay's *Life & Letters* edited by his nephew Sir Trevelyan & I was playing [the Orchestrelle] to him; he...said—"There's one Thing I wanted to say to Clara. IN fact I have said it—& that is that she is to edit my letters when I'm dead. You can do the drudgery but she can do the editing, & it will be principally striking out" [MTOW 59]. *Note:* Trombley puts this excerpt to: "Aug. 19, 1905, loose page, 1903-05, Box, VC [Vassar College]."

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to Sam. In part:

"Dear Mr. Clemens: / I thank you very, very much for your letter, and for the praise and censure it contains. I know I deserve the latter; but I was good for nearly a whole year, wasn't I?" [MTP].

September 6 Wednesday – Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to Sam, enclosing a letter from attorney **Edward Lauterbach**, who did not think Ashcroft had jeopardized himself in writing to Hammond. Ashcroft also enclosed a cartoon and a "want ad" from the NY *Herald* which he swore he had not placed [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Mr. and Mrs. Pumpelly and Mrs. McKittrick dined here tonight. How beautiful Mrs. Pumpelly is. Mrs. McKittrick asked Mr. Clemens how he became interested in Joan of Arc and Mr. Clemens told how when he was a boy he was running along in the street and the wind blew a piece of newspaper across his path; he picked it up and found that it contained a short account of Joan's imprisonment and of her treatment by the English soldiers and then his interest flashed into being and never died.

Today Prof. Alwood H. Hart and his wife called. [MTP TS 95]. *Note:* **Mrs. Margaret McKittrick**. Hart is not further identified.

Frederick A. Duneka, "just back from ... vacation" wrote to Sam: "We are keeping a sharp lookout for copyright renewals and have a regular system for doing that. / The biographical sketch you ask for will be sent at once. I will write you more fully in a few days about other matters" [MTP].

Rodman Gilder wrote to Isabel Lyon for Sam, explaining the content and length of the NY *Sun* interview with Sam on Russia (see article earlier in Phila. papers) [MTP].

Knickerbocker Publishing, NYC wrote to Sam, acknowledging the Aug. 29 from Lyon, "stating that you would send us the only sketch of your life that you have ever edited within the course of a few days" [MTP].

September 7 Thursday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to **H.H. Rogers**.

I want to send you Twichell's letter, but it is lost—not permanently, I merely can't find it. I was going to carry it to you when I thought I was going to Fairhaven from Norfolk, & so I must have put it away too carefully. I will find it between now & next time I see you.

I do not get entirely over my lameness, & the gout has never kept up its threatenings so long before. Certainly the righteous do have a rough time of it in this world, I wish I was like Rice.

I haven't any news: this letter hasn't any office to perform except to let you know I am still existent, so that you can sleep easy. / Ys Ever [MTHHR 597]. *Note:* source identifies Twichell's letter as "another letter of gratitude" **Aug. 14**, for the \$1,500, which Sam pretended was his largesse.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Mr. Clemens's grand niece was born today. I went to Keene.

Mr. Clemens has had indigestion again. Tonight he was very interesting, as always, in his talk of Rajah Brook [sic] and his Borneo Colony.

This morning Mrs. [Henry Copley] Greene came up to talk over the misunderstanding about the house, for Mr. Clemens can't have it next year and he thought he could [MTP TS 95].

Note: the grand niece was daughter to **Julia Langdon Loomis** and husband. **James Brooke** (1803-1868) granted the title of Rajah of Sarawak in 1841; he was accused of excessive force against the natives of Sarawak.

C. Diamond, Editor for *Catholic Press* wrote to ask Sam for a copy of his pamphlet “King Leopold’s Soliloquy.” Diamond wondered why,

“atrocities on negroes in the United States which are being constantly perpetrated and for which hardly ever any punishment is inflicted and which atrocities are supported by public opinion, should be passed over as of no consequence, while unsupported allegations of wrong-doing in the Congo State are made the subject of eloquent denunciation...” [MTP].

Daniel De Leon’s article, “An Irrepressible Humorist” ran in *Daily People* (NY) about Mark Twain [Tenney 41].

September 7 ca. – Sam answered **Len G. Westland’s Sept. 4** letter of praise. “And I, also, take off my hat to you; and with many thanks to you for what you have said” [MTP]. *Note:* The MTP catalogs this as “on or after 4 Sept.” Three days estimated postal time is allowed here.

September 8 Friday – **E. Hampden-Cook**, Congregational Minister in Sandbach, Cheshire, England wrote to Sam, upset that many in England were turning away from traditional churches to Christian Science. He’d contacted **Chatto & Windus** hoping to print Sam’s Christian Science article from the Oct. 1899 *Cosmopolitan* in a cheap brochure, which he could distribute to the masses. Sam’s English publishers had replied to him that their arrangements would not allow them to give their permission [MTP]. *Note:* Sam’s response is estimated to be **ca. Sept. 18**, allowing ten days for Hampden-Cook’s letter to cross the Atlantic.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Such a lot of children were here, and oh, I felt so ill. Headache. They sat down 16 strong—near Mr. Clemens were Raphael Pumpelly, Jerome [*sic* Gerome] Brush, Fanny Dwight, Miss Sawyer and Gladys Thayer. He could have held all the table and they tucked out their dear young heads like so many turtles all up the line, to catch his words and watch his beloved face and those who were so far away sighed and wished they were near him, and one of them said it, to Jean’s discomfort. They danced after dinner to music from the Aeolion. Jerome [*sic* Gerome] Brush is quite remarkable in his Tuscan dialect—Italian; he can imitate the contadini very well [MTP TS 95].

Norman Hapgood wrote from Windsor, Vt. to ask Sam to come with Jean for a few days to admire the beauty of their place there [MTP].

Mrs. Edson Moore wrote from Peterboro, N.H. to ask Sam if he might speak before the Epworth League of the M.E. church [MTP].

September 9 Saturday – **Isabel Lyon’s journal:**

Col. Higginson came up this morning to see Mr. Clemens about making some talk for the Author’s Club and the Round Table. He seems quite feeble, stepping so slowly and gently and his voice and dear chin seem so, so old. I made some photographs of him and Mr. Clemens. Mr. Barbour came up from Boston to see Mr. Clemens about Congo Reform. This afternoon Mr. Clemens and I went down to the Club to see some very interesting photographs made in Labrador by Mr. Wm. Cabot, who had just returned from there. They were the thrown-upon-a-sheet kind, and those of the great ice bound rivers which Mr. Cabot and his Indian guides followed with their sledges, were impressive.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin MacVeagh, Secretary Hitchcock and his daughter Miss Margaret Hitchcock dined here. Mrs. Learned and her mother Mrs. Cheney dropped in this morning, and we sat on the porch and talked about literary effort and the value of keeping a journal—especially to a literary man. Mr. Clemens cited Macaulay’s journal and Mrs. Learned spoke of the voluminous journal that John Quincy Adams kept with all else that he had to do. That drifted the talk along to “whatever anybody writes so that it is an honest diary, it

would be interesting” and Mr. Clemens spoke of the splendid Robinson Crusoe narrative and how interested you are in everything he took away from the ship.

Tonight after dinner when Mr. and Mrs. MacVeagh and Secretary Hitchcock were here, when the gentlemen joined us after dinner and this peace was mentioned, Secretary Hitchcock spoke enthusiastically of the Czar and his good works and good intentions and he thinks the Grand Dukes aren’t such a bad lot; but of the welfare of the 140,000,000 common souls and the terrible poverty and the ignorance and the suffering, we hadn’t much knowledge of or much sympathy for. There isn’t much reason for him to have, for he was in St. Petersburg to represent his country and not to investigate the miseries of Russia and the Grand Dukes naturally enough put all their best feet forward, as it was in their interests to do.

This morning Mr. Clemens in speaking of Secretary Hitchcock told of his great ability in his position as Secretary of the Interior and how but for the fool juries, many more scamps would be hunted down to their just punishments [MTP TS 96]. *Note: The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay, etc.* by **George Otto Trevelyan** (1876). **Ethan Allen Hitchcock** (1835-1909), served as Secretary of Interior under McKinley and Roosevelt. **William Brooks Cabot** (1858-1949), Boston civil engineer and close friend of Abbott Thayer.

September 10 Sunday – Sam’s Sept. 5 note to **George B. Harvey**, explaining why he could not meet the Russian envoys (who had negotiated the Portsmouth Treaty) at a dinner at the Metropolitan Club last Thursday, **Sept. 7** was published in the *New York Times*, p. 2, “Twain’s Tribute to Envoys.” See Sept. 5.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: His morning Mr. Clemens read aloud to me some more of the [his] Gospel.

This morning I went down and took a lot of photographs of Col. Higginson. I couldn’t get very good ones of the house, being too close to it. Col. Higginson took me into the house to show me a beautiful photograph of Carlyle, made years ago by Mrs. Cameron in London. It is wonderful and its companion was a head of Darwin so posed that the mighty brow stands out in majesty and the “simian look” of the man is not visible anywhere. Then he took me down the trail to show me his beautiful wood puckered logs [MTP TS 96].

Edith Comstock, daughter of Israel Comstock (who died in her infancy) wrote from S.F. to Sam. Her father had been with Clemens at the opening of the Cosmopolitan Hotel in S.F., and “some jest” of Israel’s was turned into a newspaper article by Sam. Could he recall in detail the incident? Also, she had a first edition of *Jumping Frog* though not inscribed. Could he send her an autographed photo? [MTP].

September 11 Monday – **Isabel Lyon’s journal:** Mr. and Mrs. Sumner, Mrs. Greene and Miss Greene dined here. Mr. Clemens wasn’t well. He is suffering from indigestion and he wasn’t himself and everything went wrong.

Jean went to look at the Upton house for another year.

I went with Miss Greene for a little drive up to Mr. Pumpelly’s wonderful height [MTP TS 96]. **Isabel**

Lyon’s journal # 2: “Jean went to look at the Upton house with a view to taking it for next summer & she likes it” [MTP TS 27].

George B. Harvey wrote to Sam, “greatly interested in the plaster cast” (by Marr?) and had asked Duneka to “look after it.” He added that he had given Sam’s “letter regarding the Russian dinner” to Mr. [Sergei Yulyevich] Witte, who wanted to show it to the Czar and publish it. Harvey gave permission. He closed with “I don’t feel quite sure of the cartoon idea and fear that by the time we should get around to it people would be beginning to get bored by talk of Russians and Japanese” [MTP].

September 12 Tuesday – **Isabel Lyon’s journal:**

Jean—Bathroom, 10 AM. Mr. Clemens has been in bed all day living on toasts and gruels and he is nervous. The indigestion seems better but its traces remain. A letter came today from Col. Harvey in which he said that he showed the letter Mr. Clemens wrote, in response to the invitation to the banquet to the Russians, to Mr. Witte. He couldn’t read it—so it was translated for him and he asked for it to take it back to Russia to his Czar [MTP TS 96].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to Sam—more on Plasmon matters, his talk with **Edward Lauterbach**, Hammond's handing Ashcroft's letters unread to **Harold Wheeler**, and **John Stanchfield**'s desire to see Clemens before doing anything on the **Henry Butters** case [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's Journal noted another attack: "Jean, Bathroom, 10 A.M." [Hill 116].

September 13 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon's journal: "A wooly game! Today Mrs. Henderson came with two of her delightful children. Mr. Clemens isn't very well—he is on a strict diet of plasmon and broths and he looks white and badly" [MTP TS 96, 98].

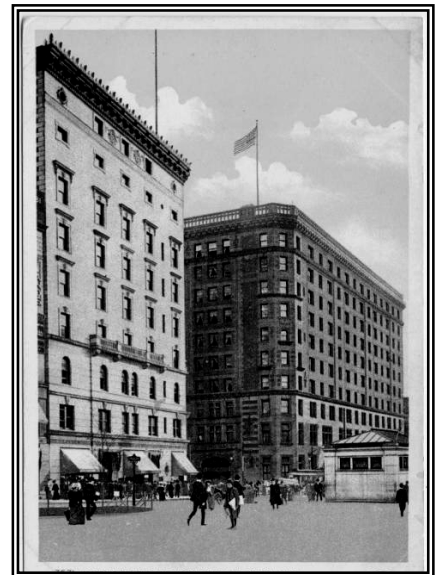
Albert Lee for Collier's Weekly wrote to Sam, enclosing a check for \$150 for payment of his article on Christian Citizenship. "We have received a number of letters concerning it, among others one from a gentleman who sends you a ticket to Heaven, which I submit herewith" [MTP].

September 14 Thursday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

Today I'm regretting the hours that have to go into the fashioning of costumes. This afternoon Mr. Sterling called and Secretary Hancock [*sic* Hitchcock], he went up to see Mr. Clemens and later Mr. Thayer came in, to be followed by Mrs. [Alice] Pearmain and Mr. Montague. The three men went up to talk with Mr. Clemens and in his whiteness he held an audience there. I think it was good for him for he had been saying that he feels as if he had sawdust in his brain.

After Secretary [of Interior] Hitchcock paid his respects to Mr. Clemens, having had a splendid talk with him about spiritualism, he joined us at tea. When Jean asked him about the condition of the Indians, he told of the improving conditions. Also he said that the tribes are to be disbanded in March and that the Indians are to be taken into the citizenship of the U.S. He was telling us about the flourishing conditions of one tribe which has divided itself into sections—the Astors and the Vanderbilts, and not long since the Vanderbilts bought up all the horses and carriages to be had on their reservation; there was nothing left but an old hearse, but Chief Astor bought that, put his family in it and drove around the town [MTP TS 98-99]. *Note:* **Gilbert Holland Montague** (1880-1961) young attorney, who would become an instructor of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. See Miss Lyon's Sept. 16 entry and letters from Montague.

Hawkins paraphrases and cites **Isabel Lyon's journal #2**: "About the time the *Soliloquy* was published, Twain concocted a Tom Sawyerish scheme to make the Congo a religious issue in the United States. He ordered copies sent to one hundred prominent Protestant clergymen and offered to pay the costs himself. His note [to Barbour] specified, 'Let all the copies go as if they did not come from me'" [160].



Hawkins also writes of a fragment [DV 370-370A] in which Sam planned to send the pamphlet to "every Catholic priest in the country [p.6]...Therefore: make this a religious issue between our 68,000,000 Protestants & our 12,000,000 Roman Catholics, & carry it to the polls....The Catholics can be depended on to cast a solid vote for Leopold [Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore had defended Leopold], slavery, robbery, mutilation, starvation, murder & American dishonor, & the Protestants can be depended upon to line up & snow the whole thing under & out of sight (p. 4)" [160].

Insert: Masonic Hall and Touraine Hotel, Boston, Mass. 1904

September 15 Friday – Dublin, N.H.: Sam wrote to **Clara Clemens**.

Clärchen dear, I have just written the [Hotel] Touraine that you & Miss Alling may possibly arrive Tuesday the 19th; & to take care of you.

I have told Katy you are going to New York the 20th; you will see her there.

I don't suppose I can go to Boston, because the dyspepsia has me in its grip & I am spending my days in bed & feeding exclusively on gruel & plasmon in an effort to get rid of it. I am dreadfully sorry, if it will be any disappointment to you, dear child. I would get up & go to Boston *anyway*, but that you've got Miss Alling to look out for you. Still, dear heart, if I can be of real service, telegraph me & I will be on hand if I am no worse than I am to-day.

Collier has sent me \$150 for that little article—which is very liberal of him considering that I did not sign it.

I have had no sleep to speak of for 3 nights running, yet I am not a bit sleepy in the daytime. *That's* dyspepsia of the first quality, you see!

Good night, you dear thing, I kiss you / Father [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Norman Hapgood**:

Dear Hapgood: / I am very glad McClure is to print it. I hope to remain undiscovered; in which case it will be pretty sure to do some good.

I believe Denil things you have injured his character. There is something impressively humorous about the idea of damaging the character of that abscess, that chancre.

If you have to go to jail for lancing it, it's an honro & I am ready to go shares; I'll stand watch & watch with you. / Sincerely Yours / SL. Clemens [MTP: rrauction, catalog no. 326, 17 October 2007, item 438].

Isabel Lyon's journal: All day a whirlwind, getting ready for Jean's masked dance. Raphael Pumpelly dined here in a regal raw silk costume that had been given him by the viceroy of one of the Bokhara provinces and with it he wore a white turban round that princely young head of his. I've had such a good little sewing girl here—Edith Mason, born and brought up here, rarely leaving the town. She is a conscientious little creature. She led the conversation around to Miss Higginson's wedding, and said that the best part of it all was to be sitting up over Mr. Allison's story from which place she saw Mr. Clemens and she said "he stepped so light, so light" and he's what she calls real, real handsome. Didn't I think so too? [MTP TS 98].

Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Lilian W. Aldrich wrote to Sam. Lillian asked for the name of H.H. Rogers' "confidential advisor in money matters" so she might contact Rogers directly about enlarging a hospital, and not have her letter abstracted to him [MTP].

Thomas S. Barbour replied to Sam's suggestion that copies of the *Soliloquy* pamphlet would be sent to the 100 prominent Protestant clergymen at the expense of the Congo Reform Assoc. [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon's Journal for Sept. 14 included Sam's suggestion from a letter (not extant) to Barbour.

Norman Hapgood for Collier's Weekly wrote to Sam.

"My Dear Mr. Clemens: / I lunched with McClure today. 'Christian Citizenship' is in the November number, & he expects to reprint it frequently in the future. He says it is the greatest article written in years, the platform of the new politics. / Hoping you are by this time playing leap-frog. / Yours..." [MTP].

Pierre Lafitte wrote a short letter in French to Sam.

Monsieur MARC TWAINÉ
Homme de Lettres
NEW YORK.

Chère Maître,

Nous publions dans le No de Noel
de notre revue Je Sais Tout une série d'articles sur

Mr. Marc Twain
Man of Letters
New York.

Dear Sir,

In the Christmas issue of our magazine Je Sais
Tout we will publish a series of articles devoted to

Le Noel dans les différents pays du monde. Nous vous serions très reconnaissants si vous vouliez bien nous donner une quarantaine de lignes sur Le Noel en Amerique.

Je vous prie, cher Maitre, de vouloir bien nous faire savoir si nous pouvons compter sur vous , et croire à mon plus profond respect,

[Pierre Lafitte]

Christmas in the different countries of the world. We would appreciate it very much if you would be so kind to give us about forty lines of text on Christmas in America.

Please, dear Sir, let us know if we can count on you, and accept the expression of my deepest respect,

[Pierre Lafitte]

[MTP: Translation and the following notes by Holger Kersten, 2012] Notes:

Pierre Lafitte (1872-1938), was the editor of a number of French magazines. He has been credited with inventing the modern illustrated magazine [1]. The letterhead identifies several of the titles he published: *Je sais tout*, monthly illustrated magazine; *Femina*, bi-monthly illustrated publication; *La Vie au Grand Air*, weekly illustrated publication; *Musica*, monthly illustrated publication; *Fermes et Chateaux*, monthly illustrated publication; *Le Petit Magazine de la Jeunesse*, bi-monthly illustrated publication.

Je sais tout: magazine encyclopédique illustré was an illustrated monthly magazine published from 1905 to 1939. Apparently Twain did not submit a Christmas story to Lafitte. The magazine available has been digitized by the Bibliothèque Nationale de France (www.gallica.bnf.fr). An online search revealed that the publication has online two references to "Twain," one to "the last photo of Mark Twain" and a few lines on his death in 1910, the other one to an explanatory note : In 1906, the journal published a section from the two-act play "Le Cultivateur de Chicago" by Gabriel Timmory which was based on Twain's "How I Edited an Agricultural Newspaper." A digital copy of the pla is available at archive.org (<http://archive.org/details/lecultivateurdec00wahluoft>). The play premiered at the Théâtre du Grand-Guignol, Paris, on 6 May 1906.

[1] Encyclopédie Larousse, <http://www.larousse.fr/encyclopedia/personnage/Lafitte/128409> [MTP].

September 15 ca. – Minnie Maddern Fiske wrote to Sam.

I have lain awake nights very often wondering if I dare ask you to write a story of an old horse that is finally given over to the bull-ring. The story you would write would do more good than all the laws we are trying to hve made and enforced for the prevention of cruelty to animals in Spain. We would translate and circulate the story in that country. I have wondered if you would ever write it [MTP; MTB 1245-6]. *Note:* Paine puts this to the Summer of 1905 but Sam replied on **Sept. 18**.

September 16 Saturday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam replied to Lilian W. Aldrich's Sept. 15:

Dear Mrs. T.B.: / You don't need the secretary. Mr. Rogers does not see very many of the business letters that go to 26 Broadway, but he sees & reads all the personal letters that go there addressed to him.

I am going to hope with all my might that I can go from another friend's house in Boston about the 27th or the 28th of October & have a day with you; but I'll have to excuse Jean—she would be too much responsibility for me.

I hope you & Tom are well, & I wish I were, also; I spend my time in bed, mostly. At first it was gout, but now it's other things—dyspepsia & one thing & another. But I can work, in bed, as well as elsewhere, so it is no great matter.

As soon as I reach Boston I will telephone you [MTP]. *Note:* See Lillian's Sept. 15 and Sam's this date to Rogers, Lillian's enclosed.

Sam also wrote to **Frederick A. Duneka** asking about *Editorial Wild Oats*. Evidently, Sam had seen the newspaper notices and was unaware of its publication:

Dear Mr. Duneka: / What's the new book? I hope it isn't old sketches that I've tried to keep out of print, for they could damage me, I suppose. In England I am under contract to add to the Collected Works every book I publish. Will this one be added here? for I am under the same engagement here, by the contract which Bliss made with that Reade-street man. / Sincerely yours [MTP]. *Note: See Sept. 24 entry for titles in the book*

Sam also wrote to **H.H. Rogers**.

Read & destroy the enclosed, & don't blame me, I'm not doing anything. It is from Mrs. Tom *Bailey* Aldrich, & I *had* to give her an answer, of course. I have told her your private mail goes to you, not to an intermediary.

I am still doing the rest-cure in bed—nearly ever since the journey to Clara in the hot weather broke me down. The worst of it was, that I was *not* obliged to go at that time—as I supposed, by grace of misinformation—Clara was not expecting until October. The journey from here to Boston in hot weather is murderous, & I *expected* it to knock me out, & it did.

I've got dyspepsia [indigestion], now, & have had a disagreeable time with it—& gruel, all by itself—but I am getting over it.

I have lost a straight two months from my work; but I did 4 months' work in the preceding 2, so I am not behind [MTHHR 598].

Isabel Lyon's journal: I went down to see Robert Pearmain's beautiful mounted butterflies and while there I had a chat with Mr. Montague the young lawyer who was here on Wednesday. He is full of appreciation of Mr. Clemens, enjoying to the full the talk he had with him in the twilight of his room when he sat up in his white bed, and the tobacco smoke caressing his wonderful, beautiful head. Last night at the dance I told Mr. Montague he had seen Mr. Clemens in one of his bests [MTP TS 98]. *Note: Gilbert Holland Montague*. See earlier.

H.E. Heller wrote from Salamanca, N.Y. to Sam, trying to interest him on a musical production for people who took tours “down the St. Lawrence, through the Great Lakes and to many other points,” incorporating “scenes so vividly portrayed in” *LM*. What was Sam's opinion of the possibilities? [MTP]. *Note: Sam's response through Lyon is estimated at ca. Sept. 18.*

September 17 Sunday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

This afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Learned came in for a dish of tea, and then Mr. Pearmain and Mr. Montague came in too later—and the 3 of them sat and talked in front of the open fire, and they smoked. Jean went off to the Henderson's and Mr. Clemens read an article to me that he has been working on lately. Oh its about the Interpretation of the Deity, so wonderful and strong, and true like every bit of that wonderful brain of his [MTP TS 98, 100].

September 18 Monday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote a sketch unpublished until 2009: “The Privilege of the Grave” [*Who Is Mark Twain?* xxvi, 55-60].

In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam also replied to the *ca.* Sept. 15 from Mrs. **Minnie Maddern Fiske** (1865-1932), born **Marie Augusta Davey** in New Orleans, leading actress from childhood on, and also a playwright and activist for artistic freedom.

I shall certainly write the story. But I may not get to it to suit me, in which case it will go in the fire. Later I will try it again—& yet again—& again. I am used to this. It has taken me twelve years to write a short story (“The Death-Wafer”)—the shortest one I ever wrote, I think. So, do not be discouraged; I will stick to this one in the same way [MTP].

Note: aka “The Death Disk” appeared in the 1901 *Harper’s*; a one-act play of it was performed at the Children’s Theatre, Carnegie Hall on Feb. 8, 1902; In 1909 **D.W. Griffith** directed it as a silent film.

Isabel V. Lyon replied for Sam to **Paul Kester** in Westmorland, England Sam was not well enough to answer any letters, but Lyon acknowledged receipt of Kester’s **Sept. 5** regarding the Tom Sawyer play. Sam had written to Mr. Megrue as suggested and whatever Megrue does would “probably be satisfactory” [MTP]. *Note:* **Roi Cooper Megrue**, was assistant to **Elisabeth Marbury**, Sam’s agent for all things dramatic.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Mrs. Fiske’s letter about a story to be written—subject—bull fights in Spain.

We drove over to see the Upton house this afternoon. It’s a good house, in some respects better than this one—but very inartistic. Later Jean came home with 10 children, and that made us sit 13. I don’t like 13 at table. I can’t like it either. We played Boston later—all of us and Mr. Clemens got caught and had to be blind-folded too. Down at his end of the table Mr. Clemens talked about Kipling, and the journey he made to Elmira to see Mr. Clemens, sending up a card “Rudyard Kipling who has come 16,000 miles to see Mark Twain from Alahabad, India.” Kipling, looking about Mr. Langdon’s library and knowing everything about every book—finally asked Mr. Clemens what he thought of “Pendennis,” and Mr. Clemens replied “Oh I don’t know—what’s his other name?” (He can’t abide Thackeray) He didn’t know who Kipling was then, hadn’t every heard of him (see Frankfort book—)

Writing more about that evening with the children and how Mr. Clemens talked about Kipling, he went on to say that his daughter Susie kept Kipling’s card because of the inscription on it. Some time later when he had returned to Hartford, Mr. George Warner sauntered in one morning with a book in his hand and said to Mr. Clemens “Did you ever hear of Rudyard Kipling?” “No, I never did,” Mr. Clemens replied. “Well you will—Did you ever hear of “Plain Tales from the Hills?” “No never.”

“Well then, just read it and see how wonderful it is.” And Mr. Clemens took it and read it and found the tale of its wonder a true one. Vaguely the name began to seem familiar to him and asking for the card with the Indian inscription, his daughter brought it and it was the same as the name of the writer of that book [MTP TS 100]. *Note:* see the first meeting between Kipling and Twain in Vol. II, **Aug. 15, 1889. William Makepeace Thackeray’s** *History of Pendennis, etc.* (1848-50).

Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2: “Miss Clemens went to Boston today to see Mary Lawton act in “Tess of the d’Urbervilles”” [MTP TS 28].

H.H. Rogers wrote to Sam, the letter not extant but referred to in Sam’s **ca. Sept. 22** [MTP].

Alice M. Ditson (Mrs. Charles H. Ditson) wrote from Jackson, N.H. to Sam. They had enjoyed his remarks on the Russo-Japanese situation and sent her love to Clara and Jean [MTP].

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam, reporting on several matters: the biographical sketch sent to Sam had not arrived so he sent another; the postal card scheme would be a hit without Sam’s signature—to sign them would be to “cheapen” his signature; “Eve’s Diary” was going into the Xmas issue, and both diaries would later be published together; He was looking into the Swedish translation of *CY* about which Mr. **Lindberg** had inquired; he requested a photograph of the “new bust” (Marr’s?); last he asked about “this new volume written by ‘Anon.’ of which you wrote the Colonel” [MTP].

September 18 ca. – Isabel V. Lyon for Sam answered **E. Hampden-Cook’s Sept. 8** letter: “Messrs. C & W. must have the copyright of the C.S. article—Mr. Clemens is too busy now to write on the subject” (Christian Science) [MTP]. *Note:* The MTP catalogs this as “on or after 8 Sept.” Ten days estimated postal time from England is allowed here.

Lyon also replied for Sam to **H.E. Heller**, who on **Sept. 16** wrote suggesting a musical production: “Idea is very good—but Mr. Clemens feels that he is now too busy & too old to be able to interest himself in it” [MTP]. *Note:* two days mail time allowed for this reply, marked “on or after Sept. 16” by MTP.

September 19 Tuesday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Lyon sent Sam's biographical sketch by Moffett to the **Knickerbocker Publishing Co.** Sam's letter with enclosure is not extant but referred to in the Publisher's **Sept. 20** letter [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Gerald Thayer dined here. Wrote a lot of letters this morning, and then because Mr. Clemens didn't sleep he couldn't work today. He came down stairs early and after he'd taken a little walk I played to him for a long time. I have the Chopin Funeral March so that he likes it now. You can't play such a composition even on a machine without practice and thought about what you're going to practice [MTP TS 100].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Miss Clemens went to N.Y. & Katie joined her there" [MTP TS 29].

Frederick A. Duneka of Harper & Brothers replied to Sam's **Sept. 16**, answering what the "new book" was—it was "made up of extracts from your various works relating to newspaper experiences...under the title of 'Editorial Wild Oats'." Duneka listed the sketches used, and then observed:

The articles lend themselves naturally to a little book of this character and lend themselves also to general advertising. They are in your best little vein, I think, and form a permanent contribution to American literature relating to the humorous side of journalism.

Perhaps I have not answered the inquiry you really made, and if this is not a reply, may I in turn ask you what is the new book you suggested doing anonymously [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's response to this is estimated to be *ca. Sept 20*.

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to Sam, enclosing a letter from **John Simeon Bergheim**. He would ask Bergheim to pay one-third of the expense on the Plasmon case to date, then reported the following:

Just after the Court decided in our favor, [Harold] Wheeler got an injunction out restraining us and them and everybody else from doing ANYTHING in connection with the Plasmon matter until after the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals had adjudicated the case. To-day Wheeler *violated this injunction himself* by serving us with papers in a proceeding which he has started in the New York State Supreme Court covering the same point that is to be decided by the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals. All the lawyers connected with the affair, except Wheeler's pal Byrne, are splitting their sides over the thing [MTP].

Thomas S. Barbour wrote two to Sam, the first "a hasty note from the station this morning":

"I assure you your letter of Saturday is appreciated, difficult as it is to think of it as fair to yourself. We shall like to distribute the pamphlet widely in addition to sales, and shall appreciate much suggestion of names by you."

The second from Barbour's Boston office:

It occurs to me to add the names of G. Stanley Hall and William F. McDowell to the names of petitioners I noted. The suggestion, as to an annex to the footnote, should have read more as follows:

"Sic transit the ingenuous king's investigating of himself, that pleasing substitute for the crude scheme advocated by such emotional impracticables as John W. Foster, Lyman Abbott, Henry Van Dyke and other deluded petitioners of the American President and Congress—an inquiry into conditions in the Congo State by the States responsible for its creation."

You will know that the paragraph is but a suggestion, to be made characteristically telling by yourself. / Very sincerely yours ... [MTP]. *Note:* for "King Leopold's Soliloquy."

C.H. Chalmers wrote on Electric Machinery letterhead, Minneapolis, MN to ask if Sam had published his articles on **Mary Baker Eddy** in book form [MTP].

William Webster Ellsworth for the Century Co. wrote to Sam “making my annual call on the people who have been good enough to subscribe to the Pond fund. You offered \$50 a year for five years from September 1903, and I shall be glad to have a check at your convenience.” Son of Major Pond, **James. B. Pond, Jr. (“Bim”)** had one more year in school and then Ellsworth hoped the fund could send him to college [MTP].

George Iles wrote on Park Avenue Hotel stationery to Sam. He had just returned to New York for the winter and wished to pay respects [MTP].

September 19 ca. – **Isabel V. Lyon** for Sam also answered **H.E. Heller’s Sept. 16** letter [MTP]. *Note:* The MTP catalogs this as “on or after 16 Sept.” Three days estimated postal time from Salamanca, N.Y. is allowed here.

September 20 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

I’m a little disappointed in the photographs made of Col. Higginson. The day was too far spent for the light to be right enough.

Santissima is in Boston or New York. She went to the former city to see Mary Lawton play Tess. I must believe that she would be stronger in the role of a pure woman like Tess for she isn’t enough of an artist yet to play a Magda without making you feel that she’s playing it, or so I think. Then Santissima went to N.Y. to see a throat specialist. Miss Alling is still with her [MTP TS 100-101].

Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2:

sent to Mr. Bartons / copy of note added to Congo pamphlet:

[“Very well, then, the King has investigated himself. One stage is achieved. The next one in order is the investigation of conditions in the Congo State *by the Powers responsible for the creation of the Congo State*. The United States is one of them. Such an investigation is advocated by Lyman, Abbot, Henry Van Dyke, David Starr Jordan, & other prominent citizens, in a petition to the President & Congress”][MTP TS 29]. *Note:* the note added is from Clemens.

E.D. of the Knickerbocker Publishing Co. in N.Y.C. wrote to Sam, acknowledging his of Sept. 19 which included Moffet’s sketch of Mark Twain’s life. Was the sketch copyrighted? Would they need permission to put it in their *National American Biography*? [MTP]. *Note:* Clemens answered (estimated as **ca. Sept 22**) that they should ask Harpers and thought they wouldn’t object and hoped they wouldn’t.

Minnie Maddern Fiske wrote from NYC to Sam: “A heartful of gratitude & appreciation / Sincerely...” [MTP]. *Note:* Paine gives claim that Fiske asked Sam to help in her campaign against bullfighting in Spain, and hoped he might write a similar tale to “A Dog’s Tale”; Sam began and wrote “A Horse’s Tale” which he began on **Sept. 23** and finished on **Sept. 30**, an “eight-day drive & rush” [Oct. 1 to Clara].

September 20 ca. – In **Dublin, N.H.** **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Frederick A. Duneka**, responding on Duneka’s answer and question of **Sept. 19**. “Mr. Clemens will have to think about the anonymous book for a good while, & will not want to publish it without conversing with Mr. Duneka about it” [MTP]. *Note:* The MTP catalogs this as “on or after 19 Sept.” One day estimated postal time is allowed here.

September 21 Thursday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to **George B. Harvey**

“Dear Colonel— / All right, bang away, go ahead. Yes it will be a ‘red-letter day,’ & a red-headed day, too, for Old Age will take the scalp of Belated Youth that day—mine, to-wit” [MTP]. *Note:* likely a go-ahead for Harvey’s plans to honor **Mark Twain’s 70th birthday**.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: All the days are sprinkled with pin cushions. They’re pretty little creatures, and best of all they sell. Teresa calls them my boys.

George MacDonald is dead at 83

Mr. Clemens worked for several hours on the new "Horse's Tale" [MTP TS 101].

Robert Underwood Johnson for the **National Institute of Arts** wrote to advise and ask Sam to answer in an enclosed envelope "what time between October 15 and November 1" would be convenient for a meeting of the **American Academy of Arts & Letters** [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon answered for Clemens on **Sept. 29**.

September 21 ca. – Sam also wrote to **George Iles**, responding to his **Sept. 19** letter.

My dear Mr. Iles. / We return to New York about the 7th of November & shall be glad to see you at my house 21 Fifth Avenue corner of 9th St. as soon thereafter as you can give me the pleasure of looking in on me.

But George Stephenson will not have to take a back seat; he will always sit in the front place earned by right [MTP]. *Note:* The MTP catalogs this as "on or after 19 Sept." Two days estimated postal time is allowed here.

September 22 Friday – At 9 a.m. in **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to **Thomas S. Barbour of the Congo Reform Assoc.**, Boston, that he was "sending something which you should stop the press & add if humanly possible." Mounted on another page was the following:

KING LEOPOLD'S SOLILOQUY

THE PUBLISHERS DESIRE TO STATE THAT MR. CLEMENS DECLINES TO ACCEPT ANY PECUNIARY RETURN FROM THIS BOOKLET, AS IT IS HIS WISH THAT ALL PROCEEDS OF SALES ABOVE THE COST OF PUBLICATION SHALL BE USED IN FURTHERING THE EFFORT FOR RELIEF OF THE PEOPLE OF THE CONGO STATE.

THE P. R. WARREN COMPANY

BOSTON, MASS., JANUARY 1, 1906.

[MTP]. *Note:* After permission and release by Harper and Brothers, *King Leopold's Soliloquy: A Defense of His Congo Rule*, was published by the **Congo Reform Assoc.** on **Sept. 28, 1905**. See entry.

Isabel Lyon wrote to **Chatto & Windus** requesting **Esperanto** books—*Complete Text* book by **John Charles O'Connor** (1904), and dictionaries to translate Esperanto to English [Gribben 514: IVL Journal, no TS # given: MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "That he may sleep better, Mr. Clemens takes a little walk every day. It's only a duty walk for he has never enjoyed exercise and never has taken much—though in the old Hartford days he used to tramp out Talcott mountain way with Mr. Twichell" [MTP TS 101].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2:

wrote to Chatto & Windus, for Esperanto Books.

Complete text book by J.C. O'Conner & Eng. Esp. & Esp. Eng. Dictionaries

Sent to Congo Reform Asso. the article taken from the English Review of Reviews for Oct. 1905 "Should King Leopold be Hanged?" by a Congo Missionary [MTP TS 29].

Thomas S. Barbour for the **Congo Reform Assoc., Boston**, wrote to Sam, acknowledging his letter of Sept. 20. "The additional lines for the footnote meet our desire exactly. They are now incorporated in the pamphlet, the single word 'President' being omitted." He returned the letter from the Editor of *The Catholic Herald* and thanked him for sending it.

"Your telegram arrived this morning and we called a halt upon the printers. I am sending you a copy of the pamphlet as, but for the telegram, it would have gone to the newspapers to-night." The price of the pamphlet would be 25 cents [MTP].

Richard Watson Gilder wrote to advise Sam that he'd authorized this day "the signing of your name to a letter endorsing Jerome. ... It looks now as if Jerome was going to be nominated by hell and heaven alike, and therefore he will probably be elected" [MTP]. *Note:* **William Travers Jerome**.

September 22 ca. – In **Dublin, N.H.** **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to the **Knickerbocker Publishing Co.** “If you ask the Harpers, Mr. Clemens thinks they will not object & he hopes they won’t” [MTP]. *Note:* The MTP catalogs this as “on or after 20 Sept.” Two days estimated postal time is allowed here.

Sam also wrote to **H.H. Rogers** about this day.

I have just received yours of the 18th [not extant]—which is several days ago, I suppose, but I am in bed & don’t know either the day of the week or the day of the month.

I have made an improvement—I have slept 3 nights out of 4, counting last night. I have hardly any dyspepsia left. I am safest in bed, for the present, but I am at work again this last 2 days.

My plan is, to return to New York in the first week of November, arriving last of my tribe. Clara was to be in Boston yesterday, & I was to meet her there, but I was not able to go. She returns to-day. I am hoping to find her installed at 21 Fifth Avenue when I arrive in November, but it isn’t sure yet.

I didn’t suppose you ever stayed at Fairhaven after August. You were not there when you had the attack; but you ought to have been; then you would have escaped it.

I am glad Mr. Rogers has had such good fortune. I missed my good fortune by that injudicious trip to Norfolk. I was in great form, until then; I have been in bad form ever since.

I tried to go to Boston on the enclosed ticket, to hear you testify, but they said it went the other way [MTHHR 599-600].

Note: though plans may have shifted, Sam wrote to **Clara** on **Sept. 15** that he knew she would possibly be in Boston on **Sept. 19**. Though he claims here not to know the day of the month, clearly he knew Clara was to be in Boston the day before, which, if it was Sept. 19, would put this letter at **Sept. 20**.

September 23 Saturday – In **Dublin, N.H.** **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Thomas S. Barbour** of the **Congo Reform Assoc.** in Boston.

Mr. Clemens directs me to write for him saying that he has been considering whether he could be made an honorary president, or a second president, so that he could be connected with the Congo Reform Association without doing any work, but could be of service by giving the use of his name.

Will you kindly tell Mr. Clemens what you think of it? [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: This morning brought a letter from Mr. Duneka in which he wrote with a happy word of appreciation of “Eve’s Diary.” He finds it beautiful. This evening Mr. Clemens said he thought the corrections for “Adam’s Diary” ought to be published in the same issue of Harpers mag. as the Eve’s. Tonight at twilight when I spoke of a clipping from the *N.Y. Times* about an Englishwoman, Miss Allonby, who wrote a book “The Fulfillment”, but couldn’t publish it while she lived because people couldn’t stand the truth of it, and she recently committed suicide in order that the book might be given to the world, Mr. Clemens got up from the couch, saying that only from the grave can one have freedom of speech, or thinks one can. Miss Allonby won’t have it, for her relatives are to edit the book “very carefully” and then he read me an article on that very subject—Freedom of Speech, a wonderful, beautifully written little essay. It forms an explanation for not being able to publish the Deity article. It’s because it’s too full of the great things that men know to be true, but can’t say they know it. What cowards we are. “Civilization is Repression” you have to jam down and out of sight the action of the strongest laws of your being and the great cry of truth [MTP TS 101-102]. *Note:* “The Fulfillment” (1905) by **Edith Allonby** (1875-1905); not in Gribben. The Times article ran on Sept. 21, 1905 under the heading, “An Author’s Suicide.” Allonby was a schoolteacher in Lancaster, England.

A. Cooper wrote to Sam on or after this day, sending letters written to the assistant district attorney NYC, together with “Dates of Incidents” from 1887 to Sept. 1905 in the “Lexow” inquiry. No note to Clemens was given, so it may be that Cooper thought this case of alleged police corruption should be read by Clemens [MTP].

Sam began the 17,000+ word “A Horse’s Tale” after receiving **Minnie Maddern Fiske’s Sept. 20** letter asking for such a story that she might use in her campaign against bullfighting in Spain. He completed it on **Sept. 30**, after “an eight-day drive & rush” [Oct. 1 to Clara].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: notes she spoke to Clemens about a New York *Times* article, unspecified [Gribben 505: Lyon’s journal TS 101: MTP].

September 24 Sunday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to Susan Crane.

DUBLIN, Sept. 24, '05.

Susy dear, I have had a lovely dream. Livy, dressed in black, was sitting up in my bed (here) at my right & looking as young & sweet as she used to do when she was in health. She said: “what is the name of your sweet sister?” I said, “Pamela.” “Oh yes, that is it, I thought it was—(naming a name which has escaped me) “Won’t you write it down for me?” I reached eagerly for a pen & pad—laid my hands upon both—then said to myself, “It is only a dream,” & turned back sorrowfully & there she was, still. The conviction flamed through me that our lamented disaster was a dream, & this a reality. I said, “How blessed it is, how blessed it is, it was all a dream, only a dream!” She only smiled & did not ask what dream I meant, which surprised me. She leaned her head against mine & I kept saying, “I was perfectly sure it was a dream, I never would have believed it wasn’t.”

I think she said several things, but if so they are gone from my memory. I woke & did not know I had been dreaming. She was gone. I wondered how she could go without my knowing it, but I did not spend any thought upon that, I was too busy thinking of how vivid & real was the dream that we had lost her & how unspeakably blessed it was to find that it was not true & that she was still ours & with us. / S. L. C. [MTP: Paine’s 1917 *Mark Twain’s Letters*, p.777].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “I made 6 photos of the plaster cast sent to Mr. Clemens by Mr. [John] Marr, and then I read, sewed and wrote” [MTP TS 102].

A.T. Richardson wrote from North Yakima, Wash. to Sam, enclosing a six-page story he’d written, borrowing from characters in *CY*, for Sam to comment on. The return stamped env. provided is still in the file, unused, and no comments were written by Sam, who invariably ignored such requests [MTP].

The New York *Times*, p. SM3 ran an excerpt from Mark Twain’s new volume *Editorial Wild Oats* and announced that **Harper & Brothers** would issue the book sometime this week. (The *Times* had reported on Sept. 9, 1905, p. BR591, that the volume would be issued on Sept. 14—There may have been a mixup in the newspaper or a delay in issuing the book). This little volume contained the following sketches, some new, some reprints: “My First Literary Venture,” “Journalism in Tennessee,” “Nicodemus Dodge, Printer,” “Mr. Bloke’s Item,” “How I Edited an Agricultural Paper,” and “The Killing of Julius Caesar ‘Localized’.” *Note:* See Sept. 16 to Duneka and Sept. 19 from Duneka.

September 25 Monday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to Frederick A. Duneka (letter not extant but referred to in Duneka’s **Sept. 26**) [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Some youngsters here for dinner and a romp. Jean in a turmoil and a nest of tempers because those young guests didn’t assemble in invited sequence. The two Henderson children, Gerald and Hildegard, didn’t talk a bit—but listened spellbound to every word that fell from Mr. Clemens’s lips” [MTP TS 102].

Anna G. de Mille wrote from NYC to Sam. Her baby girl was a week old (Agnes George de Mille) and “one of the prettiest little babies that ever was.... But my reason for writing is to tell you how grateful I am for your little note to me. I prize it very highly” [MTP]. *Note:* daughter of **Henry George**; see Sept. 3

September 26 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Tonight Mr. Clemens read 70 pages of the new story he has been working upon for the last 4 or 5 days. ("A Horse's Tale")

A letter from Santa C. [Clara] tells that she had a nasal operation last week, and is weak and tired and discouraged, but she's better now than she was [MTP TS 102].

Frederick A. Duneka of Harper & Bros. wrote responding to Sam's letter of "yesterday," (not extant), in which Clemens suggested supplementing "Eve's Diary" with a new chapter from "Adam's Diary." Duneka was sorry but the Christmas Magazine was already made up; he suggested any new material from "Adam's Diary" might be an independent feature in a future issue [MTP]. *Note:* Sam answered *ca.* Sept. 28 through Lyon that he didn't think the material would be "very effective published by itself."

H.H. Rogers wrote from New York to Sam. He planned to go to Fairhaven on Thursday afternoon and then head to Nantucket and wished Sam could go along. He asked him to telegraph the next day. (If Sam replied, it is not extant). "We baptized Harry Rogers, Jr. a week ago last Sunday [Sept. 17] at the Church in Fairhaven. Millicent (Harry's little girl) ran through the house before the occasion, and told the people that the baby was to be *atomized* on Sunday" [MTHHR 600].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to Sam.

It seems that some one (I'm not admitting I know who it is) has sent a lampoonic pasquinade to Wheeler's attorneys, which may cause the author, if they can find him, a lot of trouble.

Baldwin tells me that Judge Hornblower has 'phoned him about it, and that James Byrne (Wheeler's attorney in that firm) has been to see him about it. Baldwin assured Byrne that he didn't know anything about it.... [MTP].

Thomas S. Barbour wrote to Sam:

Pardon my failure to acknowledge your favors yesterday. I assure you our Committee would be glad indeed to use your name in connection with the Reform Association in any way approved by you. I judge by your telegram that you think your aid would be even more effective if not formally identified with the society. Perhaps on further consideration, or in the light of further developments, you may be brought to modify this conviction. If so, we will appreciate it greatly if you will let us know [MTP]. *Note:* he added he was sending a copy of the pamphlet with Sam's addition.

Thomas S. Barbour also wrote to Sam sometime between Sept. 26 and Jan. 1, 1906. Only the last page survives. He refers to a second edition of 30,000 of the pamphlet, with a changed intro statement

September 27 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

Mr. Clemens worked all day on "The Horse's Tale," until at a little after 4 o'clock I went up to tell him that Mr. Joe Smith and Mr. Harry Greene were down stairs. When I poked my head in at the door he was flushed with the interest and excitement of this work and one excited bare foot peeked out from under the sheet. It was just as inspired as all the rest of him. He came down and after Jean went off to the Brushes he talked delightfully about the Japanese and the Tricky Peace and about the Equitable scandal and he made Joe Smith curl up with laughter, and his nice droopy left eye was eloquent with his appreciation of Mr. Clemens the rare [MTP TS 102].

Byron Williams of the Chicago Press Club wrote to ask Sam to "make a short address at the banquet tendered the Chicago Press Club by the New York Press Club in New York on the evening of October 12th" [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's response is estimated to be *ca.* Sept. 30.

H.H. Rogers wrote from New York to Sam, that he was returning **Lilian Aldrich's** Sept. 15 letter; he could not undertake support for the hospital she'd asked about "because of my obligations in other directions. We are waiting to hear from you about going to Fairhaven" [MTHHR 601]. *Note:* See **Sept. 26** from Rogers.

William Travers Jerome wrote two letters to Sam. The first mentions Sam's willingness to sign a petition for Jerome's nomination, so a blank petition was enclosed. The second was sent with a printed copy of "The Jerome Nominators," with Clemens and 40 other gentlemen listed. This letter of nominators was sent to "35,000 merchants and professional men in the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, together with copies of the petition" [MTP].

Vivian Burnett for McClure, Phillips & Co. wrote to ask Sam if he had "any time to read books nowadays?" and that they were sending him *Back Home* by **Eugene Wood** (1860-1923) for his comment [MTP]. *Note:* See Gribben p.782.

September 28 Thursday – Sam's essay: *King Leopold's Soliloquy: A Defense of His Congo Rule*, was published as a pamphlet for the American branch of the **Congo Reform Assoc.** by **The P.R. Warren Co.**, Boston. Budd: "At least three further printings followed soon afterward, and a 'Second Edition,' with additional supplementary material, was issued late in 1905 or early in 1906" [Collected 2: 1010].

Note: Hawkins points out that the pamphlet, by Twain's suggestion, "contained several photographs of mutilated Congolese. The pamphlet sold for twenty-five cents, and Twain donated all proceeds to the C.R.A." He also notes that in having Leopold blame "America and thirteen great European states" for the Congo's fate, "Twain mistakenly assumed that the United States had officially signed the [Berlin] Act [of 1885 governing rule of Africa]; actually President Cleveland had withheld it from Senate ratification" [156-7].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2:

Gen. Grant
 Commandant at Fort Hamilton (?)
 Bugle Calls, military tactics
 Sale to Ladies' Home Journal at 15 cents word. Their big circulation would be an advertisement.
 Frederic Remington as an illustrator for the Indians.
 Dan Beard is good for allegorical pictures.
 Kemble. Good for "Shackles"
 Frost. "can draw so well" [MTP TS 30].

Augustus P. Chamberlaine wrote from Concord, Mass. to Sam.

My dear Clemens: / I've had hoped to see you again, either at our NH Mountain cottage or at your own Dublin villa, and greatly regret that Fate has otherwise ruled. We are now at home, having barely survived the four weeks of continuous fog, rain and burial cold, and are trying to nurse our infirmities. Lorie bids me give you her warmest regards and good wishes, in the hope that you have not forgotten her. Let us cherish the hope of meeting you somewhere, / Sincerely yrs [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's response through Lyon is estimated as *ca. Sept. 29*.

Marlen E. Pew of the Newspaper Enterprise Assoc., Cleveland, Ohio, wrote to Sam, noting his upcoming 70th and asking if he might submit to an interview by "our Mr. Fireman" [MTP]. *Note:* The MTP catalogs Sam's response as "on or after 28 Sept.."

September 28 Thursday ca. – In **Dublin, N.H.** **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to **Frederick A. Duneka**, and his suggestion to use the new material for "Adam's Diary" as an independent feature: "Mr. Clemens only thought the new Chap. of Adam's Diary would be a good addition to Eve's D. in the mag, but I don't think it would be very effective published by itself in the mag." [MTP]. *Note:* The MTP catalogs this as "on or after 26 Sept." Though one-day mail from N.Y.C. to Dublin was possible, two days was more usual and allowed here.

Lyon also replied for Sam to **Marlen E. Pew** (incoming Sept. 28): “Mr. Clemens will be home about Nov 15. Will he kindly telephone Mr. Clemens. Will see if the matter can be arranged. Please keep Tel. number confidential” [MTP].

September 29 Friday – In **Dublin, N.H.** **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Harper & Brothers**, asking them to send the magazine to 21 Fifth Avenue in N.Y.C. instead of to Dublin, beginning with the Nov. issue [MTP].

Lyon also replied to **Robert Underwood Johnson** (incoming Sept. 21) that Sam would be unable to make a meeting of the Academy of Arts & Letters as he would not be in the city until about Nov. 7 [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: A lot of people, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson; Mrs. Stickney and Miss Stickney and Monsieur Umbert here for lunch and then Bill Green and her brother and their architect Mr. Savalliere we saw afterward. The talk was pretty good and except for old Mrs. Stickney, who is unattractive, with queer tiny eye teeth and hair that grows badly in the nape of her neck, they were an agreeable tableful.

Mr. Clemens had to stop his work at 1:15 when he was so unwilling to call a halt. Jean rode over to the Brushes’ and stayed to supper, so Mr. Clemens read me yesterday’s work and today’s in the beautiful Bullfight story. After he reads the manuscript, then he walks up and down the room and talks about it. The talk always goes on to other things. He has stretched the rugs along in a straight line, so that he can pace clear into the dining room on them, and not break the line of his thought by stepping on the bare floor [MTP TS 102-103].

W.F. Cook wrote from San Francisco enclosing a poem, “Tainted Gold.” [MTP].

A.M. Hopkins wrote on The Newspaper Enterprise Assoc. letterhead (Cleveland) to note Sam’s upcoming 70th, and to ask Sam “how a man feels when he looks back over that long journey, and if he still believes in laughter, humanity and holds his love for children” [MTP].

Charles H. Taylor for the **Boston Globe** sent a telegram to Sam, which noted the official peace announcement in the Russo-Japanese war, and solicited a sentiment on the subject [MTP].

September 29 ca. – In **Dublin, N.H.** **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Augustus P. Chamberlaine**, answering his **Sept. 28** note: “Mr. Clemens is not well enough or he would have gone, sends his warmest regards & the hope that he will see you yet” [MTP]. *Note:* MTP catalogs this as “on or after Sept. 28,” which is possible. One day estimated postal time is allowed here, however.

September 30 Saturday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to **Frederick A. Duneka** of Harper & Bros.

I have written “A Horse’s Tale”. It is just finished—15,000 or 16,000 words, I should say at a rough guess.

It has several characters and is pretty lively—Miss Lyon likes it nearly as much as I do.

Can you illustrate it and get it into Harper’s for Jan. and Feb—and issue the booklet in Feb?

And can’t you sell simultaneous rights to the Ladies’ Home Journal & split your expense? Or to Colliers?—Or to both? [MTP].

Note: “A Horse’s Tale,” some 17,530 words first appeared in *Harper’s Magazine* in two installments for **Aug.-Sept. 1906** and with five illustrations by **Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock**. Harper’s published it as a book, *A Horse’s Tale* in **Oct. 1907** [Rasmussen A-Z 210]. In his Oct. 1 to Clara, Sam revealed he’d written the story “with an eight-day drive & rush—a dangerous process.” Sam would have begun the tale on Sept. 23, only

Sam also wrote to **Minnie Maddern Fiske** about “A Horse’s Tale”: “I have just finished the story, & I guess it will do. / I am asking the Harpers to try to get it into the Jan. & Feb. numbers, though it is pretty short notice” [MTP]. *Note:* Fiske had inquired about such a story on **Sept. 20**.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Mr. Clemens worked at revising until 7 o'clock. Too many hours for the revising of a manuscript is a prodigious piece of work" [MTP TS 103].

September 30 ca. – In **Dublin, N.H.** **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Byron Williams of the Chicago Press Club** declining his invitation of Sept. 27 to a press club banquet in N.Y.C. [MTP]. *Note:* The MTP catalogs this reply as "on or after 27 Sept." Three days estimated postal time from Chicago to Dublin is allowed here.

September 30 after – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote a reply to **Frank H. Mason**, American Consul in Paris, France. "Couldn't get the letter of credit into this envelop—so I have sent it by itself in another. Let me know if you receive it" [MTP]. *Note:* Mason's letter is not extant. Did Sam make a loan to Mason or was he repaying a debt?

October – Sam sent an aphorism to an **unknown person**: "*Taking the pledge will not make bad liquor good, but it will improve it.*" [MTP].

Current Literature published a photograph (no credit given) of Mark Twain, facing p. 353 [Tenney: "A Reference Guide Third Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1979 p. 190].

Sam inscribed his copy of *Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius*, by Sir **Samuel Dill** (1844-1924): "*SL. Clemens / October 1905*" [Gribben 193].

Sam signed the autobiography of **Moncure Conway** (1904) and wrote on the front pastedown endpaper: "*imitator of Harte's condensed novels—perished in a canoe (Now I recal his name—Prentice Mulford*" [Gribben 490].

Possibly this month, **Lucy J.M. Taylor (Mrs. Knox Taylor)** wrote from Plainfield, N.J. to thank Sam for the many times he had consented to sign books for the benefit of the **Maryland Sanatorium for Consumptives**.

October 1 Sunday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam began a letter (that he finished **Oct. 3**) to daughter **Clara**, in care of Katy Leary in N.Y.C..

Oh, you poor dear child! how the fiendish maladies do hunt you down & persecute you. But I am lavishing maledictions upon them & doing everything I can to help. I was very uneasy about you last night, & wanted to telegraph Miss Gordon for news, but the others desuaded me & said the news was that you are getting along. Well, *continue*, dear!

Jean has gone climbing Monadnock for all day; I finished "A Horse's Tale" yesterday evening & am satisfied with it, though it was not manufactured calmly but with an eight-day drive & rush—a dangerous process; it is noon, now, warm, brilliant, profoundly still & reposeful, the valley & the retreating hills are a bewildering intoxication of color—why, it is a joy to be alive! There is no place like Dublin.

I will get up, now, & Miss Lyon & I will call a livery carriage & go look at the house—I have never seen it. / Love & progress to you, dear! *Don't write. Rest!* / Father [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: This morning Mr. Clemens called me upstairs and read the last, the end of the beautiful story "The Horse's Tale." It is so lovely and so touching.

Mr. Clemens's output this summer has been a remarkable one. The Microbe Story—the Wonderful Poem to Death—adding to the "Mysterious Stranger" some fine imaginative chapters—The beautiful Eve's Diary—Revising the Gospel—The Deity Article—The Freedom of Speech article and now this exquisite story.

Mr. Clemens and I went over to the Upton house—we looked it all over, and he likes it. Lovely drive. Franklin MacVeagh, Ex. Gov. Smith of Vt., brother of Greg Smith, was here. Then Mrs. Learned came in. Jean climbed Monadnock with Nancy Brush [MTP TS 103].

October 2 Monday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to **Frederick A. Duneka** of Harper's.

I have just finished a short story which I “greatly admire,” & so will you—“A Horse’s Tale”—about 15,000 words, at a rough guess. It has good fun in it, & several characters, & is lively. I shall finish revising & re-revising it & re-revising it in a few days or more, then Jean will type it.

Don’t you think you can get it into the Jan. & Feb. numbers & issue it as a dollar booklet just after the middle of Jan when you issue the Feb. number?

It ought to be ably illustrated.

Why not sell simultaneous rights, for this once, to the Ladies’ Home Journal or Collier’s, or both, & recoup yourself?—for I would like to get it to classes that can’t afford Harper’s. Although it doesn’t preach, there’s a sermon concealed in it [MTP].

Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to **Katharine I. Harrison**, asking for a transfer of \$1,000 from the Guaranty Trust Co. to the Lincoln National Bank, and adding Sam was better now than he had been [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Mr. Clemens likes the idea of playing the war songs and bugle calls on the aeolion to accompany a part of the Horse’s Tale, and we have practiced it until it is a ‘stirring show’ as Mr. Clemens calls it” [MTP TS 103]. **Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2:** “ ‘A Horse’s Tale’ finished and Mr. Clemens had the Bugle Calls practiced on the orchestrelle. / Telephoned Mr. Allison about electric lighting for the Upton house which is wired for it [MTP TS 30].

Daniel Edwards Kennedy wrote from Chestnut Hill, Mass. to ask Sam where he might find “the seven original jokes, on which all are founded?” [MTP]. *Note:* see Sam’s reply through Miss Lyon in Oct. 9 entry.

George H. Daniels for Lotos Club wrote to announce a dinner for **Joseph Hodges Choate**, former ambassador to the Court of St. James, on Saturday night, Oct. 21 at 6.30 p.m. [MTP].

October 3 Tuesday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam finished his **Oct. 1** to daughter **Clara**.

Clara dear, you think you have seen autumn foliage, but it is not so; you have seen only attempts, partial successes, & failures. And you have not had these attempts properly grouped, properly neared & distanced, properly leveled for vivid display in the foreground, properly retreating & softening away through a spacious gate in the gorgeous hills & dimming to smouldering embers under the hazy mountains on the verge of the world. I have to shut my eyes, to shave, this painted dream distracts my hand & threatens my throat.

And I have to stop & write this postscript to quiet my mind & lower my temperature, so that I can go & stand between the windows again & without peril resume. / Father.

There is to be a reading of the horse-story in this house, Thursday, [**Oct. 5**] with 4 invited guests: a man, a woman, & 2 girls of 15. In the last chapter there are bugle-calls & war-music, & Miss Lyon will break in at the precise places & play this, as I read. We practiced it last night & got the cues right, & it was dramatic & stirring [MTP].

Sam also wrote to the **editor of Harper’s Weekly**.

John Hay & The Ballads.

Sir: In his article in the North American Review Mr. Howells expresses uncertainty in a matter concerning the Ballads in the following remark:

“It was contemporaneously supposed that the Pike County Ballads were inspired or provoked by the Pike County Balladry of Bret Harte, & they were first accepted as imitations or parodies. I believe they were actually written earlier, but if they were written later,” etc.

They were not written later, they were written (& printed in newspapers) earlier. Mr. Hay told me this himself—in 1870—or ’71, I should say. I believe—indeed I am quite sure—that he added that the newspapers referred to were obscure Western backwoods journals & that the Ballads were not widely copied. Also, he said this: that by & by, when Harte’s ballads began to sweep the country the noise woke his (Hay’s) buried waifs & they rose & walked. I think that that detail is interesting, now. It compels one to realize to oneself the difficult fact that there was a time when another person could advertise John Hay into notice

better than he could do it himself. Hay made mention of the current notion that he was an imitator; he did not enlarge upon it, but he was not better pleased by it than you or I would be.

He was aware that I had been a Mississippi pilot, & he asked me if he had made any technical errors in the “Prairie Bell” ballad, & said he wanted to correct them if any existed. There was one very slight one, but it could not have been corrected without dividing the heroism between two persons, & that would have spoiled the poem; so Hay left it as it was.

It is true that “in later life he wished people would forget the Ballads, for he said the equivalent of that to a friend of mine before 1880; but at the time of which I have been speaking they had not yet become an inconvenience to him by obstructing his road to a graver fame. It was another case of “Heathen Chinees.” When Harte was editing the “Overland,” & moving gradually & confidently along toward a coveted place in high-grade literature, an accident happened, one day, which blocked his progress for a time: the office-boy brought an urgent call for “copy” to fill a vacancy on the eve of going to press, & Harte, for lack of anything more to his taste, fished his H. C. Ballad out of the waste-basket where he had thrown it, & gave it to the boy. Harte’s reputation had been local, before; in a single day the Heathen Chinees made it universal. Then the eastern world called for more Chinees, & was frantic to get it. Harte tried to appease it with higher literature, & got only censure in return; & reminders that he was wasting his time upon a sort of work which was out of his line & above his ability. He told me these things long afterward, & still showed a bitter & hostile feeling against that ballad, because it had stopped his lofty march when he was making such good progress, & had remained stubbornly in his road so long that he had begun to fear that he would never get a start again. Then relief & rescue came at last, & the “Luck of Roaring Camp” blasted the Heathen Chinees out of the way & opened the road.

I always recal that talk with Hay with pleasure, not only for its own sake, but because it was incidentally the occasion of my getting acquainted with Horace Greeley, a man whom I greatly admired & longed to see, & whose memory I still revere. It was difficult to get an interview with him, for he was a busy man, he was irascible, & he had an aversion to strangers; but I not only had the good fortune to meet him, but also had the great privilege of hearing him talk. The Tribune was in its early home, at that time, & Hay was a leader-writer on its staff. I had an appointment with him, & went there to look him up. I did not know my way, & entered Mr. Greeley’s room by mistake. I recognized his back, & stood mute & rejoicing. After a little, he swung slowly around in his chair, with his head slightly tilted backward, & the great moons of his spectacles glaring with intercepted light; after about a year—though it may have been less, perhaps—he arranged his firm mouth with care & said with virile interest—

“Well? What the hell do *you* want?”

So I think it must have been in 1870 or ’71 that I had the talk with Hay about the ballads, because both he & Mr. Greeley were doing editorial duty on the Tribune in those years. / Mark Twain [MTP].

Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to **E.B. Prondfit** of the **Aeolian Co.**, makers of his *Orchestrelle*. Sam asked for the notes to the bugle calls on Roll # 40038, so he might use them for “A Horse’s Tale,” which he hoped to have issued as a book in the early spring of 1906 [MTP]. *Note:* The tale as a book would not issue until Oct. 1907.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “We’re practicing the war songs and bugle calls in with the reading of the “Horse’s Tale,” and it is good” [MTP TS 104]. **Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2:** “Sent to ‘The Weekly’ / John Hay & the Ballads’ / wrote to Aeolion Co. for bugle call- & war song music” [MTP TS 30].

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam, “eager to see ‘A Horse’s Tale,’” though it was “late for the January number—unless it comes at once.” The book could then be issued after serial publication in the magazine. He mentioned “many newspapers” were eager to print anything about Twain as his 70th approached, and that they had let “a number of important newspapers reprint parts of your ‘Editorial Wild Oats’ thus insuring very wide publicity” [MTP].

October 4 Wednesday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to daughter **Clara**, c/o Miss Gordon, 117 W. 69th NYC. Only the envelope survives [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: All day Mr. Clemens has been hard at work re-vising “A Horse’s Tale”. “It’s a prodigious piece of work” he truly says. And he didn’t eat any dinner tonight because of indigestion this

morning. Yet after dinner (Jean and I had dined) when he came into the living room and I was playing the “Stabat Mater”, he was as light on his feet as a soft feather and made little dance steps to the music—as gaily as if he’d feasted well, yet there he was, foodless—and looking as well as he acted. Sometimes I think he must draw nourishment from his smoking, for he smokes so much and he doesn’t seem to get anything but good out of it, for himself and for others of us, too [MTP TS 104]. *Note:* “Stabat Mater” (Mother is standing) is a thirteenth Century Roman Catholic hymn to Mary.

Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2: “sent for sheets of ‘My Watch.’ / Print article in Vol. 19” [MTP TS 30].

Irvin Butterworth wrote on Grand Rapids Gas Light Co. letterhead (Mich.) to ask Sam how he might obtain two copies of “Traveling with a Reformer.” Miss Lyon wrote on the page that the sketch was in *Cosmopolitan* for Dec. 1903 [MTP].

Henry W. Primer for Aeolian Co. wrote to Sam, in receipt of his request that they notify him what date they can send men to ship his Orchestrelle. Primer had written the factory at Worcester, Mass. and would let him know [MTP].

E.B. Prondfit for Aeolian Co., NYC replied to Sam’s Oct. 3 request. He had written to their factory at Meriden, Conn. to find out if they had scores of the roll containing the bugle calls and war songs he was interested in [MTP].

October 5 Thursday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to H.H. Rogers.

At 3 p.m. to-day I finished the fifth & last revising of “A Horse’s Tale” & am going to bed & stay there 2 weeks, for I am a free person once more. I have worked like a slave, from morning till—well, all day,—for I don’t know how many consecutive days [He began Sept. 23], & have enjoyed it ever so much—thoroughly, in fact—but I’m as tired as a dog.

I believe I’ve got through in time to crowd it into the Jan & Feb numbers of the Harper, & that is what I have been rushing to accomplish. (Don’t pray for me, I can get along without that—I only want congratulations/ I’m not begging for influence.)

Clara & Katy are keeping house at 21-5th Avenue, I think—and I woke up scared, last night, & wondering if the place is warm enough with its new furnaces to be safe. I do hope so. Last year I sent to hell for an expert, but he was defeated, & went away ashamed [MTHHR 601-2]. *Note:* “A Horse’s Tale” first ran in the Aug. and Sept. 1906 issues of *Harper’s*; in 1907 it was issued as a 153 page book.

Sam also replied to Miss **Carrie Rosenheim** of Baltimore, who had written in September sometime asking for his autograph: “Dear Miss Carrie / I am a dear, & so I send you two. / Sincerely Yours / Mark Twain” [eBay item 230470822748, May 5, 2010]. *Note:* [MTP: Cummings file lists this as Oct. 9].

Sam also sent a telegram to **Frederick A. Duneka**. The message is not extant but referred to in Duneka’s reply below.

In the evening Sam entertained seven people with a reading of “A Horse’s Tale,” with **Isabel Lyon** accompanying in parts on the Orchestrelle. He wrote of the good time in his Oct. 6 to daughter **Clara**:

I think we had a very nice time last night. We assembled a jury of 7 & I read the “Horse’s Tale” an hour & a half; then dinner; then finished it in another hour & a half. When we came to the bugle-calls & the War-songs, Miss Lyon broke in at the appropriate places & played them.

The jury approved the tale. I endorse the jury’s verdict. For an 8-day job it isn’t a bad tale. Profitable, too—an average of \$700 a day—for it is to go into the magazine—Jan. & Feb. numbers of Harper’s [MTP]. *Note:* it ran Aug.-Sept. 1906. Though the guests are not named, in his Oct. 3 to Clara he identified them only as: “a man, a woman, & 2 girls of 15.”

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2:

"Mr. & Mrs. Henderson, Hildegard Henderson, Nancy & Jerome [*sic* Gerome] Brush came at five o'clock to hear the reading of 'A Horse's Tale.' Mr. Clemens read an hour & a half before dinner & an hour & a half afterward and his listeners were delighted" [MTP TS 30].

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam. "Thank you for your telegram [not extant] of to-day, and your promise to secure photographs of the house you now occupy and the one you propose to occupy next year." He wished Sam would trust the MS of "A Horse's Tail" to registered mail, because they were too busy to send a man for it [MTP].

October 6 Friday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to daughter **Clara**, soon to be at 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y., where Sam addressed the letter:

Why, you little rat, *somebody* had to be blamed, so I selected [Dr. Edward] Quintard in place of myself. I was thinking of having him hanged, but for your sake I will let him off, for the present.

So you have got at the "real cause" of your ill turn, & it was a doctor. I could have told you that much. It's an awful trade for a Christian.

But I am very glad your voice is back. I believe it will stay, if the doctors will let it alone.

Oh, Clara dear, I *am* sorry I meddled with the paper on your room, & am the cause of keeping you away from 21 & Katy's ministrations—I won't do such a thing again.

I didn't know Josef Hoffman has been marrying a divorcée—it escaped me, yet I read the paper daily.

At 3, an hour ago, I got up, & the western landscape was such a miracle of varied loveliness that I said I would try to photograph it with a pen at that same hour to-morrow; for I remembered that the Harpers want some account of this house & of the house we have secured for next year.

The Selfish article? I have so changed it that I believe it could be published now without offending any one. After a few months I will examine it & see how it looks then [MTP]. *Note:* Sam then described the prior evening's reading performance; see in **Oct. 5** entry.

Isabel Lyon's journal: This afternoon Mr. Clemens read "A Horse's Tale" aloud to Mr. and Mrs. Henderson and Hildegard and Nancy and Gerome Brush. He began at 5:15 read until within a few minutes of 7 and dinner and then finished it up in an hour and a half leaving us all moved and speechless. We had the music, Soldier Boys Call and The Bugle Calls [MTP TS 104]. *Note:* This somewhat duplicates what she wrote in journal # 2 for Oct. 5. **Gerome Brush** (1888-1954), 18 at this time, son of **George de Forest Brush**.

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Wrote to Colonel Harvey asking him to grant Collier permission to use a short story in a Short Story Classic book which wouldn't, couldn't be complete without one by Mark Twain in it" [MTP TS 31].

Nelly Goyder of Lancetown Tasmania, Australia wrote asking for a photograph of Sam, being unable to "procure a likeness" there. She wrote his books were a "perpetual delight & the memory of your lectures in Australia is with me still" [MTP]. *Note:* After receiving Goyer's note, likely some weeks later (*ca.* **Oct. 20**), Sam wrote on the letter to Lyon: "Stir Mr. Champlaine (Boston) up—we want the 12 photos. / SLC" [MTP]. *Note:* MTP catalogs Sam's directive to Isabel Lyon as "on or after 6 October," but of course it would have taken about two weeks for a letter to arrive in N.H. from down under. Estimated here as *ca.* **Oct. 20**.

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to thank Sam for his appreciation of "Editorial Wild Oats," as he had "fussed a long time before I got that title and was rather pleased with it..." He informed of a "matter of business of some importance"—an obscure publisher in the West was hinting at bringing out a "Mark Twain Library of Wit and Humor"—they could likely stop them or maybe it was only a threat. The plates had been destroyed on *Mark Twain's Library of Humor*, but Harpers wanted to "revive and reprint this with the possible addition of a few more sketches, bringing it down to date" [MTP].

Roland Phillips for *Harper's Weekly* wrote enclosing proofs on Sam's story of **John Hay** [MTP].

October 7 Saturday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote a long letter to **Frederick A. Duneka** about “A Horse’s Tale.”

Proofs sent to me here before October 17 or to 21 Fifth Avenue, after November 3, will get immediate attention...I’ve made a poor guess as to the number of words. I think there must be 20,000. My usual page of MS. Contains about 130 words; but when I am deeply interested in my work and dead to everything else, my hand-write shrinks and shrinks until there’s a great deal more than 130 on a page...this tale is written in that small hand.

This strong interest is natural, for the heroine is my small daughter Susy, whom we lost. It was not intentional—it was a good while before I found it out [MTP: Cushman file]. *Note:* Sam also said he wanted it illustrated “considerably. Not humorous pictures.”

Isabel Lyon wrote for Sam to **George B. Harvey**, to ask a favor of allowing **Robert J. Collier** to use one of Sam’s short stories in his *Short Story Classics*, preferably a best one. “He has telegraphed & asked me to make this appeal to you & I am doing it not reluctantly but heartily.”

Yesterday afternoon—

You know there is only one trustworthy test of a book: will it read *aloud*? Jane Eyre would have read aloud; so I judge that the test was not applied, otherwise the first publisher would have accepted it instead of the last one.” [Sam encouraged Harper’s to try the test with “about 6 persons present.”]

Yesterday afternoon we gathered our jury at 5: a historian; his German-English wife, daughter of the house of Von Bunsen; their daughter, aged 15; Nancy, Daughter of Brush the artist; her brother, 18 by the almanac [Gerome Brush], but 30 in mental growth; Jean; Miss Lyon.

The candidate was “A Horse’s Tale.” One-half was read before dinner, & occupied an hour & a half (I am—intentionally—a slow reader); the second half occupied from 8 until 9:30—so the reading was 3 hours altogether.

The verdict was to my taste.

[Sam wrote he felt “an unusual interest in it almost a mother’s interest in twins”. He also shared plans for his 70th birthday bash and urged Harvey to: “get to work & meditate beer & sandwiches & good friends & a good time in a smug place, & late hours there to.” He wanted Rogers, Twichell, Rice, Quintard, and Augustus Thomas there. He also wished he could be at the Choate dinner, Lotos club on Oct. 21 but had to be in Boston on that date “to do things (privately, in a drawing-room...proper things)” [MTP: Cushman file].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Gerome Brush stayed all night. He is quite remarkable and reminds one of Shelly in Mr. Clemens’s article on the “Defense of Harriet Shelly,” but only in his intellectual qualities which showed themselves at a very early age, just as Gerome’s do. He has made Jean feel the uselessness of the days she is living, doing nothing of value. Everything to be called a “whim”. It’s written on all her doors. So she has decided to at least carve and try to finish up the box for Mrs. Loomis and I gave her some Emerson to read too, for Raphael and Gerome both quote from Emerson [MTP TS 104].

Thomas S. Barbour for the **Congo Reform Assoc.** wrote to Sam: “I think there is no question that an adverse influence is holding back editorial comment [on the *King Leopold Soliloquy* pamphlet] in some quarters, but it will have much to do to keep the work from the public” [MTP].

October 8 Sunday – **R.H. Wilson** wrote from Brooklyn, NY to Sam, asking about *JA*—was it “true history,” and if so, why was it written under the name Luis DeConte? [MTP].

October 9 Monday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote two letters to **Frederick A. Duneka** of Harper’s.

The easiest way for me to furnish the details you ask for . . . is handy for you too; for you can at your pleasure talk the details to any journalist that come to you or print my letter on slips & hand them to as many of the boys as will accept . . .

...As to other matters here are the details.

Yes, I have tried a number of summer homes, here & in Europe together.

Each of these homes had charms of its own; charms & delights of its own, & some of them—even in Europe—had comforts. Several of them had conveniences, too. They all had a “view.”

It is my conviction that there should always be some water in a view—a lake or a river, but not the ocean, if you are down on its level. I think that when you are down on its level it seldom inflames you with an ecstasy which you could not get out of a sand-flat. It is like being on board ship, over again; indeed it is worse than that, for there's three months of it. On board ship one tires of the aspects in a couple days, & quits looking. The same vast circle of heaving humps is spread around you all the time, with you in the centre of it & never for variety, a flight of flying-fish, mornings; a flock of porpoises throwing summersaults afternoons; a remote whale spouting, Sundays; occasional phosphorescent effects, nights; every other day a streak of black smoke trailing along under the horizon; on the one single red letter day, the illustrious iceberg. I have seen that iceberg thirty-four times in thirty-seven voyages; it is always the same shape, it is always the same size, it always throws up the same old flash when the sun strikes it; you may set it on any New York door-step of a June morning & light it up with a mirror-flash; & I will engage to recognize it. It is artificial, & it is provided & anchored out by the steamer companies. I used to like the sea, but I was young then, & could easily get excited over any kind of monotony, & keep it up till the monotonies ran out, if it was a fortnight.

Last January, when we were beginning to inquire about a home for this summer, I remembered that **Abbott Thayer** had said, three years before, that the New Hampshire highlands was a good place. He was right—it was a good place. Any place that is good for an artist in paint is good for an artist in morals & ink. [**George de Forest**] **Brush** is here, too; so is Col. **T. W. Higginson**; so is **Raphael Pumpelly**; so is Mr. Secretary [Ethan Allen] **Hitchcock**; so is [Ernest Flagg] **Henderson**; so is [Josephus N.] **Larned**; so is **Sumner**; so is **Franklin MacVeigh** [*sic* MacVeagh] ; so is **Joseph L. Smith**; so is **Henry Copley Greene**, when I am not occupying his house, which I am doing this season. Paint, literature, science, statesmanship, history, professorship, law, morals—these are all represented here, yet crime is substantially unknown. [*editorial emphasis*]

The summer homes of these refugees are sprinkled, a mile apart, among the forest-clad hills, with access to each other by firm smooth country roads which are so embowered in dense foliage that it is always twilight in there, & comfortable. The forests are spider-webbed with these good roads, they go everywhere; but for the help of the guide-boards, the stranger would not arrive anywhere.

The village—Dublin—is bunched together in its own place, but a good telephone service makes its markets handy to all those outliars. I have spelt it that way to be witty. The village executes orders on the Boston plan—promptness & courtesy.

The summer homes are high-perched, as a rule, & have contenting outlooks. The house we occupy has one. Monadnock, a soaring double hump, rises into the sky at its left elbow—that is to say, it is close at hand.

From the base of the long slant of the mountain the valley spreads away to the circling frame of the hills, ranges rises to view & flows, fold upon fold, wave upon wave, soft & blue & unworldly, to the horizon fifty miles away. In these October days Monadnock & the valley & its framing hills make an inspiring picture to look at, for they are sumptuously splashed & mottled & be-torched from sky-line to sky-line with the richest dyes the autumn can furnish; & when they lie flaming in the full drench of the mid-afternoon sun, the sight affects the spectator physically, it stirs his blood like military music.

These summer homes are commodious, well built,—& well furnished—facts which sufficiently indicate that the owners built them to live in themselves. They have furnaces & wood fireplaces, & the rest of the comforts & conveniences of a city home, & can be comfortably occupied all the year round.

We cannot have this house next season, but I have secured **Mrs. Upton's** house which is over in the law & science quarter, two or three miles from here, & about the same distance from the art, literary, & scholastic groups. The science & law quarter has needed improving, this good while.

The nearest railway-station is distant something like an hour's drive; it is three hours from there to Boston, over a branch line. You can go to New York in six hours per branch lines if you change cars every time you think of it, but it is better to go to Boston & stop over & take the trunk line next day, then you do not get lost.

It is claimed that the atmosphere of the New Hampshire highlands is exceptionally bracing & stimulating, & a find aid to hard & continuous work. It is a just claim, I think. I came in May, & wrought 35 successive days without a break. It is possible that I could not have done it elsewhere. I do not know; I have not hand any disposition to try it, before. I think I got the disposition out of the atmosphere, this time. I feel quite sure, in fact, that that is where it came from.

I am ashamed to confess what an intolerable pile of manuscript I ground out in the 35 days, therefore I will keep the number of words to myself. I wrote the first half of a long tale—"The Adventures of a Microbe"—& put it away for a finish next summer, & started another long tale—"The Mysterious Stranger;" I wrote the first half of it & put it with the other for a finish next summer. I stopped, then. I was not tired, but I had no books on hand that needed finishing this year except one that was seven years old. After a little I took that one up & finished it. Not for publication, but to have it ready for revision next summer.

Since I stopped work I have had a two months' holiday. The summer has been my working time for 35 years; to have a holiday in it (in America) is new for me. I have not broken it, except to write "Eve's Diary" & "A Horse's Tale"—short things occupying the mill 12 days.

This year our summer is 6 months long & ends with November & the flight home to New York, but next year we hope & expect to stretch it out another month & end it the first of December [Paine's 1917 *Mark Twain's Letters* p.781-4].

Note: This letter appeared within an interview in "Mark Twain at 70" *Hartford Courant* Nov. 25, 1905 p.16. (Replaced "and's" with &'s as Sam wrote them.) Persons mentioned: **Abott Handerson Thayer** (1849-1921), prominent artist and teacher; **George de Forest Brush** (1855-1941) painter; **Thomas Wentworth Higginson** (see earlier listing); **Ethan Allen Hitchcock** (1835-1909) Secretary of Interior under McKinley and Roosevelt (1898-1907); **Ernest Flagg Henderson** (1861-1928) author and historian; **Josephus N. Learned** (1836-1913) former owner/editor of the *Buffalo Express* with Sam; **Sumner B. Pearmain** (1859-1946), stock broker; **Alice Whittemore Upton Pearmain** (1863-1941), magazine and newspaper contributor was Sumner B. Pearmain's wife. Mrs. Upton was likely Alice's mother **Sarah Miller (Duncan) Upton**; **Franklin MacVeagh** (1837-1934) banker and Treasury Sec. under Taft (1909-1913), brother to Wayne MacVeagh; **Joseph Linden Smith** (1863-1950), painter, noted authority on Egyptian art; **Raphael Pumpelly** (1837-1923) geologist and explorer, director of the U.S. Geological Survey.

Isabel Lyon replied for Clemens to the Oct. 2 from **Daniel Edwards Kennedy**:

"Dear Sir: / Mr. Clemens directs me to write for him, as he is far too busy to answer letters, saying that he has heard people talk about the seven jokes, but he has never heard what they are. / Yours ..." [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Miss Carrie Rosenheim**, who evidently had requested an autograph: "Dear Miss Carrie: / I am a dear, & so I send you two. / Sincerely yours, Mark Twain" [MTP: Cushman file]. *Note:* misplaced as Oct. 5 but file copy says Oct. 9.

Sam also wrote a short note addressed to **Harper & Brothers**. "Dear Sirs: It is probably merely a rumor. My Library of Humor is protected by copyright, & an infringement of it is not at all likely. Please keep a lookout, & let me know of any one attempts an infringement" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "A Horse's Tale sent to *Harpers* today" [MTP TS 104].

Hartford attorney **Edward J. Garvan** wrote asking Sam for the address of **Karl Gerhardt** [MTP]. *Note:* the MTP gives Sam's answer as "on or after 9 Oct," which is entirely possible for Oct. 9.

Isabel V. Lyon replied for Sam to **Edward J. Garvan** that Sam had not seen Gerhardt for twelve years, and he was then in Hartford [MTP].

David C. Grant for Lincoln National Bank wrote to Sam having rec'd Harper's check for \$2,083.33, and asked that he confirm the check as endorsed by **Miss A. Watson** (Katherine Harrison's asst.) [MTP]. On or after **Oct. 9** Sam wrote to **David C. Grant** "I ratify & confirm your action regarding the endorsed check by Miss Watson Thanking you for your courtesy" [MTP].

Thomas S. Barbour for the **Congo Reform Assoc.** wrote to Sam enclosing a copy of *Boston American* which contained extracts from the Leopold Soliloquy pamphlet. He was sending 30 free copies of the pamphlet itself [MTP].

Edward T. Heyn wrote from Berlin, Germany to Sam, sending under separate cover Sam's photo to be signed for an artist friend of Heyn's, **M. Wolff** [MTP].

Charles J. Langdon wrote to Sam, sending a NY draft for \$110.84, a "one-third share of the rent paid to Oct. 1 by Leslie, the tenant on the Eire Basin property at Buffalo, N.Y." [MTP].

October 10 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

Today Mr. Clemens and Jean lunched with the Catlins—but before Mr. Clemens went away I played all his favorites on the Aeolion, and the Largo I played four times. The Aeolion is going away today and the voice—one of the voices of Dublin will go too. This wonderful summer is sighing so gently away. It has been the Queen of all my summers.

Today Mr. Clemens said that as a masseur refreshes the body, so the Aeolion is his spiritual massage—it soothes and rests him.

A lot of children; among the group came Barry Faulkner too—were here for dinner. Barry told me that not long since Mr. Bynner met Hall Caine and the most noticeable things about him were the spots where he hadn't washed [MTP TS 105, 106]. *Note: Hall Caine* (1853-1931), English novelist; see Gribben p. 125.

Witter Harold Bynner (1881-1968), poet, and writer; see Gribben p.120.

Gilbert Holland Montague wrote from NYC to thank Sam "for the kind note you caused Miss Lyon to send..." He planned to call on Sam this winter, and envied him autumn in N.H. [MTP].

George W. Reeves wrote to Sam. This could not be located at the MTP.

October 11 Wednesday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to daughter Clara in N.Y.C.

Clara, you little rascal, sometimes I have regretted that we took a house so far down, but how lucky it was! It would too bad for you to have to travel from the Central Park region clear down to 12th street. I am very glad we have the Musical Institute at our elbow. I hope you are at home by this time, snug & comfortable & happy./ With great love & a kiss / Father [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Muriel M. Pears** in Scotland.

When my letter came back here from Scotland I was ashamed, since apparently my failure to add "Nairn" to the address was the reason it did not reach you. I re-posted it at once, without waiting to apologise for my heedlessness, but I suppose it was too late then to do any good. I apologise now, & add yet another apology for being so long about it; I meant to do it the very next day, but was called away suddenly, & by the time I was back home again it had been driven out of my mind, which is a most leaky one, by an accumulation of other things to be done or apologies made for having neglected to do. And so it did not occur to me until I was in bed & ready for sleep, a minute ago, that I had never yet expressed to you my vexation & regret for that long-ago piece of heedlessness of mine. Forgive me if you can, for I am entering old age 7 weeks hence, & I seem to have all the infirmities that belong to that condition.

Our long & pleasant vacation is closing—and this is the pleasantest summer home we have ever had, on either side of the ocean. It is a lovely October, & from every window of the house is visible a tumbled wide ocean of foliage ablaze with color. Clara has gone home from her Connecticut rest-cure—scared by the autumn chill—and is keeping house at No. 21. I go visiting to Boston ten days hence; Jean & the rest go home to No. 21 the first of November, & I follow as soon thereafter as they are done fussing & settling & arranging. I have secured a house here for next year, & we mean to spend 7 months in it we like this region so well. I wish we may see you at 21 again. / Repentantly, ever yours [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: This afternoon Mr. Clemens called me up stairs and put into my hands a beautiful memoriam that he has written, and the Apostrophe to Death forms a part of it.

Jean came home from the Brushes' with a following for supper, but all the time my thoughts were with the dead and the majesty of the grief that walks ever silently with that wonderful man and I was weak with the effort to pull my self into the sweet childishness of the following when I wanted to be alone [MTP TS 105].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "The aeolion [orchestrelle] was taken away today" [MTP TS 31].

Thomas S. Barbour for the **Congo Reform Assoc.** wrote to Sam, asking him to return the 30 pamphlets at Barbour's cost, since the printer "made a serious mistake in several thousand pamphlets." He offered other details on the sale of the pamphlets [MTP].

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to thank Sam for the account of his summer place and reminding him they still would like photos. If he had no objection they would use what Sam wrote about the book, *The Line of Love*. They still wanted to keep *Mark Twain's Library of Humor* alive and offered him 3% royalty, since they had to reset plates for it. He also told of a NY *World* reporter who wanted to interview Sam about gout. "I think he is the same man who went to a hanging in a little town up the State and asked the hangee to be hanged twenty minutes earlier than the time set so he could catch the 12:36 train back" [MTP].

Miller Reese Hutchinson wrote from NYC to Sam, enclosing a sketch for which he asked Sam to write "a very bright and witty dialogue" [MTP]. Sam wrote at the top, "Not answered / Finally answered Oct 26, 1905." Sam's answer is not extant.

Miss A. Watson wrote on H.H. Rogers' letterhead that she had deposited the Harper's check for \$2083.33 in Sam's Lincoln National account [MTP].

October 12 Thursday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to **George B. Harvey**.

Dear Uncle George: / Yes, I see the situation now, & recognise that it is unassailably right.

The dinner scheme is unique & just a jewel; & if you don't *say* anything about king-pin they'll come, & maybe forget & talk king-pin themselves; but they used to be mighty human, & maybe they are yet. When Howells was on the Atlantic I mapped out a blamed good thing: a *skeleton* for a short story, 12 men to invent the story & fill up the skeleton, each in his own way. He got only 3 recruits—himself, one other, & myself. Howells said that if he had suppressed my name, he could have secured the list, but that the boys frankly said they could do music of their own & they should have to decline to dance to mine.

But never mind: whatever way you put up the scheme it is a safe gamble it will go gaily & surely to a success.

I've got a subject for a speech: I wish Tom Reed was here to abuse it & scoff at it & carry on! [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Headache. I think it's all, all a dream. Even as I sat in the fireplace niche after dinner and Mr. Clemens walked up and down the room with hands behind him, the pink pretty palms turned out, a dear fashion of his, even then I didn't find any reality to it—only a spirit living, only an exquisite dream.

Santa [Clara] writes such good things about the house at 21 Fifth Avenue. She's there now and finds it beautiful. It always has the feeling that it ought to be, or has been, a Bishop's residence. It's ecclesiastical [MTP TS 105].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Wrote Miss Sherry, sending the letter to Katie to supply to address, asking what amount of money she put into the Book Lovers Stock in 1903" [MTP TS 30]. *Note:* **Miss Margaret F. Sherry** was a much loved nurse of Livy's; Clemens had touted Book Lovers Stock, which evidently failed.

Margaret Higginson Barney wrote from Boston to Sam, having heard he would be in Beantown. Mrs. Pearmain had asked her to come and see him on Sunday Oct. 22. Her handwriting is atrocious [MTP].

October 13 Friday – **United Cigar Stores Co.** in the Flatiron building, N.Y.C. wrote asking for permission to use Sam's letter endorsing the *La Tunita* cigars. On or just after this day **Isabel V. Lyon** responded for Sam: "Mr. Clemens would like to do so—but the request comes so frequently that he has had to decline them all" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Mr. Clemens had lunch down at the Joe Smith's today. He came down stairs ready to go with his hair all damp. The wind was blowing a cold blast and terror went into my soul, for he helped to start his long siege of bronchitis last winter by going out with damp hair. But he was good and let me run for Teresa to rub it dry with warm towels as he sat and read to me a little article on the just punishment for automobile breakers of the speed law. When Teresa was through with her task his hair was like living silver. Oh, so beautiful [MTP TS 105, 107 (no p. 106)].

Ambrose Lee, supervising inspector in the N.Y.C. Tenement Housing Dept., wrote from NYC to ask Sam for an interview to suggest as subject for his consideration for an article [MTP].

Sir Henry Irving, born **John Henry Brodribb**, died of a stroke during a performance while on tour in Bradford. He had just uttered Becket's dying words "Into thy hands, O Lord, into thy hands." He died an hour later and spoke no more. He was 67. See Sam's **Oct. 17** and **Oct. 19** to MacAlister, with **Clara's** enclosed in the latter about Irving. Sam first saw Irving on **Sept. 28, 1872** in a performance of *Charles I* and wrote it was "a curious literary absurdity." See also other entries on Irving, volumes I & II.

October 14 Saturday – **Thomas S. Barbour**, of the **Congo Reform Assoc., Boston**, wrote to Sam, asking for a "few minutes at your place of entertainment" the following week when Sam planned to be in Boston [MTP]. *Notes:* MTP gives "on or after 14 October" for Lyon's response for Sam. **Oct. 14** is reasonable for a post to reach Dublin from Boston. The response: "Perhaps it would be better to call up Mr. Clemens at Pearmain's address private". **Sumner Bass Pearmain** and **Alice Whittemore Upton Pearmain** were active in Boston society, educational and social work. Sumner was a stock broker. Alice's parents, **Peter and Sarah Miller (Duncan) Upton** had a place near Dublin, N.H.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Jean, Study, 9:30.

I went down to the Thayer's about 5 o'clock to carry the volume containing "The Defense of Harriet Shelly" to Miss Fuertes and Gerald, and in the lovely living room I found such a dear group of young souls. Jerome [Brush] and Gladys [Thayer], and Barry Faulkner with his sister at the piano and in the twilight we had a very nice talk. They are a dear and noble grouping. Each one so keen with a sense of the bigness of life and the great wish to make a good thing out of any ability he may have within himself.

Oh the dear voice that went with the Aeolion. I've had big catches in my throat for the past days, for my prayer has gone in the uplifting Largo.

Sir Henry Irving is dead [MTP TS 107]. *Note:* Hill and others point out that Miss Lyon indicated epileptic attacks of Jean's by merely time and place.

William Travers Jerome from N.Y.C. wrote on District Attorney letterhead to Sam asking for a contribution for "the campaign." On or about this day Sam wrote on the letter to Lyon, "Send \$25" [MTP].

October 15 Sunday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to daughter **Clara** at 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Dublin, Sunday, 9.30 & 10.30 a.m.

In my bedroom, dear heart, in my bedroom, & drunk again with the autumn foliage. The fact is, I am drunk with it all the time; it began weeks ago, & I have never drawn a sober breath since. The colors that wash the Wide sweep are infinitely tender & subdued & delicate, now. Down the slope of Monadnock there's a rippled & ruffled landslide of hellfire toned down for Sunday consumption, the aforetime flames all there but the fierce anger all gone—softened down to mottled yellows, every ruffle smitten through with a jet of sunlight, the whole avalanche daintily luminous, exquisitely luminous. The people are lamenting; they say the forest has faded; but it is a mistake to think damage has happened: Nature, that old harlot, has put off her orgy-finery till she falls again next year, that is all; she is as well dressed as ever she was. I called Miss Lyon up stairs to look—the view is not so extensive down stairs.

I am going to drive over to the Upton place this afternoon to look closely into the aspects there & see what we are to expect next autumn. You will be right *in* the musical atmosphere, now—submerged in it, beatified with it, & I am very glad. You will see Mr. Henschel. He must come & see us.

Dear heart, I think there is a framed poem hanging in what is to be my bedroom; it is MS—Oliver Wendell Holmes's hand; he sent it to me or to your mother when I was 50. If you find it, telephone Mr. Duneka to send up & copy it if he wants to; I think it has never been in print.

I go to Boston next Saturday, 21st, to remain 12 or 14 days, & talk several times to invited gangs—once to women, several times to men—no gate-money permitted, & no newspaper-mention.

There's to be a birthday-dinner in New York, & I sent down word to invite Quintard, but it can't be, & I am sorry. Guests all specialists, but not medical. Unless this idea shall be abandoned. This is private to you.

Good-bye, dear, dear, most dear little ashcat. / Father / I have signed the Upton-house lease [MTP]. *Note:* **Sir George Henschel (Isidor Georg Henschel; 1850-1934)**, composer, conductor, pianist; **Dr. Edward Quintard. Peter and Sarah Miller (Duncan) Upton**; the Upton house was "two-or three miles" from where Sam had been staying [Oct. 9 to Duneka].

Isabel Lyon's journal: A little while ago Mr. Clemens rapped on the floor for me and I went up to find him in his dressing gown at the window full of the wonders of the great western view. Bit by bit he described it, appreciated it with his inimitable powers and spoke of the "*big land slide of hell fire on Monadnock—toned down for Sunday*" for a soft mist is beautifying things today. When I said that the coloring was too strong for me 2 weeks ago, and made me feel as Victor Gillon felt about the autumn colors of the Adirondacks, that it was a case of "Dame Nature over-dressed", Mr. Clemens said it wasn't ever too strong for him, he "likes to see the old harlot blaze out in her gaudiest".

Mr. Pearmain is up stairs now, and its 10:45 a.m. Such a glorious day [MTP TS 107]. *Note:* **Sumner Bass Pearmain; Victor Gillon** is not further identified.

Sam dined with **Mr. and Mrs. Abbott Thayer** and enjoyed pumpkin pie, which gave him indigestion the following day [IVL Journal Oct. 16].

Mary Thacher Higginson (Mrs. Thomas Wentworth Higginson) wrote from Cambridge, Mass. to invite Sam to their home and spend a night after his talk to the Author's Club at **Mrs. J.H. Wright's** in Quincy. "Mrs. Pearmain consents, but we agreed that if you thought it would be easier and more comfortable to return to your quarters at her house on Beacon St., we should understand..." [MTP].

October 16 Monday – **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Ambrose Lee**, acknowledging his letter of **Oct. 13**. Lyon's response is not extant but is referred to in Lee's **Oct. 18** to Sam [MTP].

Clemens also wrote to the **Congo Reform Assoc.** in Boston, the letter not extant but referred to in Tyler's Oct. 17 reply.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Last week the Danish sculptor Borgeum [*sic* Borglum] broke into splinters 2 angels he had been at work upon for the Cathedral (St. John the Divine) because the clergy didn't like the idea of having them represented as female figures, angels haven't sex—but one was the angel of the Aunnunciation and commenting upon the necessity of sex in this case Mr. Clemens observed as per this slip of pinned on paper—as he lay curled up on the couch. "The angel of annunciation came on rather delicate business when he had to announce to a young lady that she was going to have trouble. Why *should* such a commission be put into the hands of a Buck angel?"

Mr. [Henry] Allison came up to photograph Mr. Clemens, who didn't feel well enough to have more than one or 2 taken. He dined with the Thayers yesterday, ate pumpkin pie which gave him wretched indigestion [MTP TS 107-108]. **Isabel Lyon's journal # 2:** "Mr Allison...has arranged with Mrs. Upton about the electric lighting on the house" [MTP TS 31]. *Note:* **(John) Gutzon de la Mothe Borglum (1867-1941)**, Danish-American artist and sculptor, famous for creating the heads at Mt. Rushmore and Stone Mountain near Atlanta.

October 17 Tuesday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to **John Y. MacAlister** in London about the passing

of **Henry Irving**: “All our people mourn him. He earned their love & esteem at his first coming & never lost it. He was endeared to me by a warm friendship of thirty-three years” [MTP]. *Note*: Sam also ordered a wreath sent to Irving’s funeral [Clara’s enclosure in Oct. 19 to MacAlister].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Never take anything for granted—” A pretty good watch word, and when C.C. reminded me that it *was* a good one, she didn’t know that I’d learned it when I was a pretty young “Freshman”. Oh, a very young one, that was nearly twenty five years ago, and I’m nothing but a rusty “Soph” now [MTP TS 108].

Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2: “ Sent back to the Library—/ Carlyle’s letters 1 vol / Huxley’s letters 1 vol / Darwin’s letters 2 vol” [MTP TS 31; Gribben 129, 176, 343].

Margaret E. Tyler for the Congo Reform Assoc. wrote to Sam. “Dr. Barbour desires me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 16th inst., [not extant] with the clippings you returned, and to send you the enclosed [not extant] from the Norfolk Landmark” [MTP].

October 18 Wednesday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to daughter **Clara** at 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

It shall be just as you prefer, dear heart. If she is in the house from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m., I think that that will answer my needs. It will be best to tell her when you see her, no doubt.

Clara dear, assume full and *sole* authority in the house. Require that all complaints be brought to you—none to anyone else. Allow no one but yourself to scold or correct a servant. All of this is for Jean’s sake, and to keep her out of trouble—particularly with Ugo. I do not think she has trouble, now, with the others.

It delights me to know you are so happy and contented, and able to work, and I hope there will be no bar to your going to Hackensack.

I said a cordial yes to MacAlister, but I added no condolences, because I had already telegraphed Col. Harvey to attend to that for me.

A kiss and a hug and a good-bye, dear, it is dinner time. / Father [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Harper’s Weekly Editor**, a letter which ran **Nov. 4**:

DUBLIN, N.H., October 18, 1905.

To the Editor of Harper’s Weekly:

SIR,—Equal Laws for all. It is good in theory, and I believe it would prove good in practice, if fairly and dispassionately tried. The law dresses a convict in a garb which makes him easily distinguishable from any moving thing in the world at a hundred and twenty-five yards, except a zebra. If he escapes in these clothes, he cannot get far. Could not this principle be extended to include his brother criminal the Overspeeder, thus making the pair fairly and righteously equal before the law? Every day, throughout America, the Overspeeder runs over somebody and “escapes.” That is the way it reads. At present the ‘mobile numbers are so small that ordinary eyes cannot read them, upon a swiftly receding machine, at a distance of a hundred feet—a distance which the machine has covered before the spectator can adjust his focus. I think I would amend the law. I would enlarge the figures, and make them readable at a hundred yards. For overspeeding—first offence—I would enlarge the figures again, and make them readable at three hundred yards—this in place of a fine, and as a warning to pedestrians to climb a tree. This enlargement to continue two months, with privilege of resuming the smaller figures after the first thirty days upon payment of \$500. For each subsequent offence, reenlargement for six months, with privilege of resuming the smaller figures upon payment of \$1000 at the end of three. With auto numbers readable as far as one could tell a convict from a barber-pole none of these criminals could run over a person and “escape.”

Two months ago a touring mobile came within an indeterminable fraction of killing a member of my family; and its member was out of sight-range before the sharpest eyes present could make it out, it was so small and the spectators so dazed by momentary fright. I have had two narrow escapes in New York, and so has everybody else. None of us has succeeded in capturing the auto number. I feel a sort of personal interest in this suggested reform.

I am, sir,
M. T. [MTP].

Sam also sent a telegram to **Miss A. Watson** in care of H.H. Rogers, 26 Broadway, N.Y.: “Please don’t draw the check at all find I shall not need it. S L Clemens” [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: This wonderful month is drawing ever nearer its end.

Mr. McAllister [*sic*] has cabled from London asking the right to represent Mr. Clemens at Henry Irving’s funeral and present a wreath, and he is to do it.

I piled up 172 little pincushions on the bed today. 172 [MTP TS 108]. *Note:* **John Y.W. MacAlister**.

Katy Leary wrote to Sam from 21 Fifth Ave. N.Y.

My dear Mr Clemens

Your rooms will be all ready for you on the 25th; the rooms are papered; we have only to lay the carpet in your bedroom and put the things to rights; the down stairs is all ready; you can come any time after Wednesday next[.] We shall be ready and glad to have you here[.] Miss Clara seemes like her old self she is happy in her work and the fixing up of the house [.]

I think it will be lovely this winter [MTP]. *Note:* Sam enclosed this letter in his **Oct. 19** to MacAlister.

Ambrose Lee wrote again to Sam, explaining his reason for desiring an interview—that was to “suggesting to you a subject for an article...relates to the dwellers in the N.Y. City Tenement Houses, & is full of pathos, humor & philosophical & sociological interest...” Lee wanted no consideration for providing the information he’d obtained as a supervising inspector of the tenements. On or just after this day **Isabel V. Lyon** responded to Lee’s **Oct. 18** note: “Mr. Clemens thanks you very much, but he doesn’t get half time enough to write the things he wants to & so mustn’t add anything” [MTP].

Sylvia Platt wrote from NYC to thank Sam for writing in and sending a book (unspecified) [MTP].

William Wilson wrote from Boston to ask Sam if “a little corner” might be kept for them in his plans for next week, though they were liable to be introduced to him at the College Club on Tuesday. “...a good deal has transpired since we saw you eight years ago!” He wished to spend an hour “sharing an evening meal, smoking and talking of Mrs. Clemens & Clara and many things where sympathy is strong” [MTP].

October 19 Thursday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to **John Y. MacAlister**. Sam enclosed two letters, he’d received from **Katy Leary (Oct. 18)** and a partial letter from daughter **Clara**.

It was most kind & thoughtful of you, & if Clara were here she would thank you, as I do—as you will see by the scrap from her letter enclosed. When your first telegram came I had already telegraphed Col. Harvey & Howells to send cables & include me. That is why I did not send a sentiment until you asked for it.

I profoundly grieve over Irving’s death. It is another reminder. My section of the procession has but a little way to go. I could not be very sorry, if I tried.

Clara finished her 12-month rest-cure ten days ago & left Norfolk for New York. She & 3 servants are keeping house (21 Fifth avenue) & slicking up things. I leave day after to-morrow to visit in Boston; Jean & Miss Lyon & the servants join Clara Nov. 1; when the home is perfectly settled, I follow—about Nov. 3, I guess.

Clara’s health is almost entirely restored. /With love to you all, ...[MTP].

From Clara’s enclosure:

... immediately pay one or two debts—one was 66 dollars for the term of three months at one conservatory & the others were for my piano and pew rent.

At last I am able to work steadily and so find a quiet contentment that I have not had for years. A nice room with pretty furniture, good light, many books a sweet piano and a key in the door is an inspiring place to be in & I believe it has clarified my brain at least in the matter of harmony, this very day.

Well Pappy dear I'll give you a good big hug when you come walking into this house but before that we must make your rooms look prettier than they do now.

Isn't it nice of Mr. McAllister to think to give you the chance to send a wreath to Irving?

I hope you sent a message of condolence along with his wreath. It is terrible that he has died—there is no great English speaking actor left now.

Goodnight Grenouille, I kiss your little white head / Very lovingly / Ashcat [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Mr. Clemens is a wonderful instructor in History. Happily he loves it and even more happily he enjoys talking about it. Today he was eloquent when he spoke of the strict examination for civil service that Macaulay instituted in England; when remonstrated with a little he said that if England couldn't get men who could pass those examinations, then the government heads could be modester in their demands, but there hasn't ever been any need of modification, for England has got her men, and on those terms. So her government clerks are well educated.

Barry Faulkner and Gerome [Brush] came in for tea [MTP TS 108].

Sumner Bass Pearmain for the **Animal Rescue League** wrote to ask Sam if Miss Lyon would let them know which train he would be on Saturday. He had tickets for the "College Widow" for Tues. evening and expected "Alfred Hemenway, Winslow Haven, Professors Paine & Smith & some 8 others to dine with us Monday" [MTP].

Margaret F. Sherry wrote to Sam. "It is very kind of you indeed to offer to give me the money for the stock on the Book Lovers, but as you are in no way responsible, I do not feel justified in accepting your generosity. / Respectfully" [MTP].

October 20 Friday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to daughter Clara.

Clarchen dear, I wish to learn to make the right & just allowance for Jean, & to try to keep constantly in mind that she is heavily afflicted by that unearned, undeserved & hellish disease, & is not strictly responsible for her disposition & her acts when she is under its influence (if there is ever a time when she is really free from its influence—which is doubtful). She has had 2 attacks to-day.

She drives herself to death, with a continuous carnival of riding, driving, walking, climbing, romping—I don't know how she has survived it. I don't mind the physical fatigue—that cannot harm her—but I think the persistent excitement must be hurtful.

Poor child, she is turning her hopes again toward a surgical examination and possible operation. She wants an X ray examination, & we must see Dr. Hartley about it when I come.

The forenoon attack was incomplete—so there was another, this afternoon. That cleared her head & she is all right, now.

I go to Boston tomorrow. I shall see the Hopekirk-Wilsons. Ever so much love, dear ashcat [MTP]. *Note:* **Helen Hopekirk-Wilson** (1856-1945), composer, pianist, subject of famous painting, "At the Piano."

Sam also wrote to **H.H. Rogers**.

Dear Uncle Henry: / I suppose you are about arriving back from raiding the South by this time, & I hope you have had a good time & that there are some survivors down there—some for Roosevelt to finish up. I am leaving for Boston, to fill various social engagements (with my jaw) & I will finish up *that* end of the country—if the weapon holds out; she used to be pretty effective when Samson had her. I shall be there a week; possibly a couple, though I hope not, for Clara will have the house ready for me the 25th, & I certainly would like to get home as soon as possible.

Sam added he'd done much writing in Dublin. His trip to Norfolk, Conn. in hot weather to see Clara, one that laid him up with gout for weeks, hadn't been needed since she'd expected him in October. He'd tied up the Upton house near Dublin for the next year with an option for two more. He liked the atmosphere of Dublin: "Physically regarded, I mean. The moral atmosphere wasn't much to speak of, before I came" [MTHHR 602-3].

George W. Reeves, real estate agent, wrote to Sam. “Yours just recd I would very much like to have you perfectly satisfied before you leave I thought I had explained to your satisfaction. Am very sorry that you have any doubts after looking after your interests all this time. / Sincerely...” [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Jean, 10:30 bed; 5 p.m. bed—unusually long and severe.

Jean is in bad shape. Her malady seems to be increasing in violence.

“Miss Lillian Russell looks so well in vaudeville encased in Queen Wilhelmina’s \$2,000 gown that Peter Dunn would never think of asking pensively, ‘Why do people marry Lillian Russell?’”

Mr. Clemens sat in the big window and commented on that Peter Dunne sentence as being so strong because one or two non-essential words are left out. Most writers, or folks, would have said: “Why do *so many* people marry L.R.?” [MTP TS 109]. *Note:* **Finley Peter Dunne** (1867-1936), pseud. “Mr. Dooley” in *Dissertations by Mr. Dooley* (1906). See also Hill p. 116.

October 20 ca. – Sam directed **Isabel V. Lyon** to “Stir Mr. Champlaine (Boston) up—we want the 12 photos,” in response to **Nelly Goyder’s Oct. 6** request for a likeness [MTP]. *Note:* Two weeks allowed for mail from Tasmania.

October 21 Saturday – As planned (see Oct. 15 and Oct. 20 to Clara; Oct. 19 to MacAlister), Sam went to stay with the **Pearmain’s Back Bay, 388 Bacon St., Boston**. He was telegraphed there on Oct. 25 by Miller Reese Hutchinson [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Mr. Clemens is going today. He is sitting in the living room now reading John Hay’s “Castillian Days”, and his trunk key is hung over his left thumb. There is a sad sense of departure everywhere, and a beginning of a desert. He will go to the Pearmain’s and tonight he’s going to a Symphony Concert. A line from Charlotte Porter says “it’s too good to be true” that he is going to speak a word for the Author’s Club.

When Mr. Clemens left today I drove over to Harrisville with him and got his ticket and things. It was a cold drive and Mr. Clemens made a muff of his black cape. At the station a man of a very good sort spoke to Mr. Clemens about the weather, and then said something [two pages torn out] [MTP TS 109]. *Note:* see also Gribben p.302.

See Insert: 388 Beacon St., Boston

Isabel Lyon’s Journal # 2: “Mr. Clemens went to Boston / Sent Adam’s Diary to C. Braton [*sic*] Sharpe Esq / London” [MTP TS 32].

October 22 Sunday – Sometime during Sam’s stay in **Boston**, he conferred with **Dr. Haley**; **Thomas S. Barbour** of the **Congo Reform Assoc.** (Sam was an “honorary” Vice President) wrote on **Nov. 23** that he hoped Sam had a good talk with Dr. Haley, and was sorry he could not join them.



October 23 Monday – During his stay at **Pearmain’s Boston home**, Sam met a young Liberian, **Dihdwo Twe**, a sophomore at Cushing Academy in Ashburnham, Mass. Twe had been in the Congo before coming to the U.S. He would correspond with Twain into 1906 [Hawkins 170].

Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2: “Sent MS of ‘Eve’s Diary’ to Mr. Clemens in Boston” [MTP TS 32].

October 24 Tuesday – **Miller Reese Hutchinson** sent a telegram to Sam, now at the **Pearmain’s house, 388 Beacon Street, Boston** : “When can you supply theatrical sketch as per letter of eleventh please answer my expense” [MTP]. *Note:* this Back Bay address was recently listed for sale as a multi-family house with twelve bedrooms and nine baths with nearly 11,000 square feet, built in 1900.

Isabel Lyon's Journal # 2: "Guest of College Club in Boston, 4. P.M." [MTP TS 32].

Louis E. Van Norman for Review of Reviews wrote to Sam, recalling their conversation on postal checks some months before. He asked Sam to write a character sketch of Benjamin Franklin, since the 200th anniversary of his birth was to be celebrated in January, and who better to write it than Twain? [MTP].



Wentworth Higginson's Boston house. See insert.

October 25 Wednesday – In **Boston, Mass.** Sam wrote and directed Isabel V. Lyon to answer **Miller Reese Hutchison's Oct. 24** telegram: "Dear Miss Lyon— / Please write him I am not able to undertake it." [MTP].

Sam also wrote Miss **Lyon** to deposit \$200 for daughter **Clara**, and that he would return to N.Y.C. the next day, expecting to be there "only a few days" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: Speaks at the Author's Club at the house of Mrs. J.H. Wright
28 Quincy St. / Cambridge / in the afternoon. / will spend the night with Col & Mrs. Higginson / 29 Buckingham St. [MTP TS 32]. *Note:* **Thomas**

Thomas Bailey Aldrich wrote on Editorial Office of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Boston: "At South Station take the 12.15 train for Green Lodge (first station after Reedsville) where we shall be mighty glad to meet you. / That King Leopold Soliloquy is a noble piece of work! / Remember that it is Friday the 27 that you are to come to us" [MTP; Hawkins 159].

Thomas S. Barbour wrote from Quincy, Mass. to advise Sam that the President would be in Washington Tuesday of next week, and that "should it prove practicable to arrange to see him next week, I can be at your call any day but Thursday. Friday or Saturday would be particularly favorable..." [MTP].

Julia Ward Howe wrote a poem to Sam.

Mark the gracious, welcome guest,
Master of the heroic jest;
He who cheers men's dull abodes
With the laughter of the gods,
For the joyless ones of Earth
Sounds the reveille of mirth.
Well we meet, to part with pain,
But ne'er shall he or we be Twain [MTP].

Note: Miss Lyon wrote out the poem a bit more legibly and headed it: "Written on the occasion of a visit of Mr. Clemens to a meeting held in a favorite house in Boston"

October 26 Thursday – The New York *Times*, p.1 "These are for Ivins" reported Mark Twain and 26 other notable gentlemen who had "signified their intention of working for the election of Mr. Ivins"—**William M. Ivins, Sr.** (1851-1915), Republican candidate for mayor. Ivins ran third in the mayoral election of 1905, behind **George B. McClellan, Jr.** and **William Randolph Hearst**. *Note:* the *Times* of Oct. 22, 1905 ran a feature article on Ivins, "A Man of Many Facets." George B. McClellan, Jr. (1865-1940), NYC Mayor (1904-1909).

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Guest at the Round Table at 8 o'clock. / D.H. Bapst Blake / 178 Beacon Str." [MTP TS 32].

Note: **Dr. John Bapst Blake (1943) and Anne (Hasting) Blake** (d. 1910). Dr. Blake, a surgeon and professor of surgery at Harvard Medical School, and is listed in the *Boston Blue Book for 1904*, p. 664, as a director of the **Tavern Club**. Blake wrote a chapter in *Athletics and out-door Sports for Women* (1903) titled, "Cross-Country Walking," extolling the virtues of walking. He also wrote several books on surgery. Likely Clemens and Blake shared this in common and may have had a discussion on walking or "tramping."

Jerome K. Jerome wrote pretty illegibly on Hotel Touraine stationery, Boston to Sam about Sam's talk at the Author's Club on this day. Jerome's train was an hour and $\frac{3}{4}$ late so failed to meet Clemens and was "so terribly disappointed" [MTP].

George B. Lauder, a fan of Mark Twain's, wrote to Sam.

DEAR SIR,—I have had more or less of your works on my shelves for years, and believe I have practically a complete set now. This is nothing unusual, of course, but I presume it will seem to you unusual for any one to keep books constantly in sight which the owner regrets ever having read. Every time my glance rests on the books I do regret having read them, and do not hesitate to tell you so to your face, and care not who may know my feelings. You, who must be kept busy attending to your correspondence, will probably pay little or no attention to this small fraction of it, yet my reasons, I believe, are sound and are probably shared by more people than you are aware of.

Probably you will not read far enough through this to see who has signed it, but if you do, and care to know why I wish I had left your work unread, I will tell you as briefly as possible if you will ask me. / GEORGE B. LAUDER [MTB 1423]. *Note:* Paine writes of this letter:

Clemens did not answer the letter, but put it in his pocket, perhaps intending to do so, and a few days later, in Boston, when a reporter called, he happened to remember it. The reporter asked permission to print the queer document, and it appeared in his Mark Twain interview next morning. A few days later [Nov. 6] the writer of it sent a second time... [*ibid*]. *Note:* See **Nov. 8** for Sam's reply.

An **unidentified person** who signed only "One of your innumerable unknown friends" wrote a fan letter to Sam with a story about coming to America from France more than 12 years before with an Italian boy of sixteen, who had walked from Rome to Paris. They were both much influenced by *HF* [MTP].

October 27 Friday – At **388 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.**, Sam inscribed his portrait to **Thomas Bailey Aldrich**: "Tom Bailey Aldrich, / with the love of / Mark Twain" [MTP]. *Note:* Aldrich had written on the portrait, "The whole quire hold their hips, and laffe." / *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. / The whole quire means all the world. / T.B. Aldrich."

Sam also wrote to **Thomas S. Barbour**, of the American branch of the **Congo Reform Assoc.**

"Dear Dr. Barbour: / I shall go to Ponkapog at noon, & return here in one or 2 or 3 days, then go home to New York about the middle or end of next week (21 Fifth ave).

I shall be there 2 or 3 days before I find out when I can start for Washington" [MTP].

Since Sam wrote from **Thomas Bailey Aldrich's** summer home, **Redman Farm, Ponkapog** the following day, it is assumed he went there (as written above) at noon.

Little, Brown & Co. wrote to Sam that they were "taking the liberty" of sending a copy of *The Ballingtons*, by Frances Squire, which they had mistakenly sent to Riverside [MTP]. *Note:* not in Gribben.

Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Sam, confirming his “recent letter” about Paul Kester and the Tom Sawyer play paying a royalty of 3% of the gross receipts. “These are the same terms that Klaw and Erlanger agreed to pay and to me they seem perfectly fair” [MTP].

October 28 Saturday – At **Redman Farm**, the summer home of **Thomas Bailey Aldrich**, in **Ponkapog, Mass.** Sam wrote to **Alfred T. Waite**.

Aldrich has given me that editorial, & I thank you cordially for preserving it for me all these years. As you know, there are qualities in it of heart & expression that lift it far & away above the customary realm of compliment & approval—and that I shall treasure it as something which you would know without my saying it [MTP]. *Note:* At this time Waite was the Assistant Managing Editor for the *Boston Herald*.

October 29 Sunday – Sam likely returned to the **Pearmain’s** Back Bay **Boston** house either this day or the next. He would write **Duneka** from there on **Oct. 31**.

October 30 Monday

October 31 Tuesday – At the **Pearmain’s** house, 388 Beacon St., **Boston**, Sam wrote to **Frederick A. Duneka**: “I was interrupted, & didn’t half read the proof of the Horse’s Tale. Will you have it done carefully? Jean goes to New York to-morrow from Dublin—I follow in a few days” [MTP]

Milton Spinney wrote from Popham Beach, Maine to Sam. Spinney had been a Maine pilot. Another pilot had told Spinney he had taken the *Kanawha* up the Kennebec river as far as Bath, Maine and shook hands with Clemens without realizing who he was. Spinney’s letter was a fan letter, appreciative of the way Sam’s writings had lifted the world [MTP].

Sam inscribed his copy of *Sea and Shore: A Collection of Poems* by Mrs. **Martha Le Baron Goddard** (1829-1888): “*SL. Clemens / from / Thomas Bailey Aldrich. / Oct. 31, 1905*” [Gribben 262].

November – A formal invitation was sent out to be **George B. Harvey’s** guest at the celebration of Mr. Clemens’ Seventieth Birthday, Delmonico’s on Tuesday, **Dec. 5** at 7:30 p.m. One such letter went to **Louise C. Moulton** [MTP].

Sam also wrote to the **Oppenheimer Institute**.

Reverend & Dear Sirs: / Institute a question of & fair dealing, in which the Institute is interested. Herewith I enclose (1) copy of a letter from me to Dr. Oppenheimer; (2) his reply; (3) my rejoinder. He has not answered the rejoinder.

Indeed, there are two questions: one of fair dealing toward dipsomaniacs, the other of expediency.

In No. 1 I suggested that Dr. Oppenheimer’s remark to me should be added to the advertisements.

If I had thought of it I could have suggested, in place of that, that the Institute’s present procedure be changed in one or two details, in such a way as to make the conditions fair & right as between the Institute & the dipsomaniac, without changing the advertisement at all. That is to say, I could have suggested that the Institute tell the dipsomaniac in advance, that his case is incurable. If the patient should then decide to pay his money & try the treatment, it would be his own affair.

It is not my interest, nor any one’s, to discredit or diminish the great & useful work which the Institute is doing, & it may well be that the suggestion I made was not a good one, & that it would be unwise to act upon it.

My experience is limited to the case of my butler—I have no knowledge of others. Two years ago I sent him there on the 16th of February & he began the treatment. A week or two later he brought me the bill for the cure, & he was drunk at the time. I mentioned this to Dr. Oppenheimer expecting him to smile, for I thought there was a touch of humor in the situation; but he merely said, “Oh, yes, that happens,” which I interpreted to mean that it was a not unusual incident & therefore,—through wear—not humorous; but he

followed it by the remark that the butler was a dipsomaniac & that he regarded that disease as incurable—"I quoted his words in my second letter. Then he told me the man's history, as acquired from the man himself: that he was English: 43 years old; had been a drinker 17 years; & a *hard* drinker of late years. He could have gotten that history before undertaking the case; he could have pronounced the case incurable & left the man to decide whether he would pay and try, or not. Or he could have sent me word (I being responsible for the money) & allowed me to do the deciding. I must assume that the proceeding in the cited case is the usual one. In my belief it is unfair.

In the last paragraph of No. 3 Dr. Oppenheimer confuses me a little. He says he can cure dipsomania, & in the same breath explains that he can't. Apparently he can cure a dipsomaniac if the dipsomaniac will furnish the necessary auxiliary "brains"/—(resistance-power). That is, the doctor will load the gun if the gun will do the firing. He knows that a dipsomaniac is no such gun, & that the offer is an offer of nothing at all [MTP]. *Note:* see **Feb. 16 and 23, 1903** entries. The letter was headed "Precede it with list of Clergymen"—31 names were attached.

Sam also wrote an aphorism to an **unidentified person**. "There is no sadder sight than a young pessimist or an old optimist. / Mark Twain / Nov/05" [MTP].

Sam inscribed an aphorism in a copy of *TS* to an unidentified person: "Consider well the proportion of things: it is better to be a young June-bug than an old bird of paradise. Truly yours, Mark Twain Nov./05" [MTP: The 19th Century Shop catalog, No. 45, Item 161].

Sam sent a note of thanks written sometime **between Nov. 1905 and May 1906** to an **unidentified man**.

My dear Sir: / Of the multitude of books which have been given me in these latter days, none has given me more pleasure & satisfaction than yours. If the compilation had been made for me alone it could not have suited me better. I am always at home at ten in the morning & I wish you would drop in [MTP: Becky Thatcher Book Shop].

Sam's essay with letters and dialogue, "A Helpless Situation" first appeared in *Harper's Bazaar* for Nov. It was collected in *The \$30,000 Bequest and Other Stories* (1906) [Budd, *Collected 2*: 1010]. *Note:* this had been titled "A Hapless Situation," and accompanied "The War Prayer" to the *Bazaar*, both sent on Mar. 21. See Lyon's entry for Mar. 22.

Sam inscribed a copy of *Fables by G. Washington Aesop, etc.* (1878): "*SL. Clemens's book. / Nov. '05.*" [Gribben 396]. *Note:* "G. Washington Aesop," the pseudonym for **George Thomas Lanigan** (1846-1886).

Sam signed his copy of *The Works of Tacitus. The Oxford Translation, Revised. With Notes* (2 vols.): "SL. Clemens / November, 1905. / 21—5th ave." Sam twice underscored the word "Revised" on the title page and wrote under it, "What the English of it? If so, in the name of God what was it like *before* it was 'revised'?" [Gribben 682]. *Note:* Sam signed the second vol. the same but without the note on "revised."

November 1 Wednesday – Back at the **Pearmain's** house, 388 Beacon Street in **Boston, Mass.**, Sam wrote to daughters **Clara and Jean**.

Dear Children, No, it's for Jean to do, because she knows the Pearmain's, & Clara doesn't. Write Mrs. Pearmain a letter, Jean, & thank her for this house's hospitalities to me. I have known many hosts in my time, but the Pearmain's are the only perfect hosts I have known.

Dear heart, I couldn't be any more at home at home, nor be any more master of my desires, not any more or better watched over & cared for or every wish anticipated than has been the case in this house. I can't find words to express to this pair of Pearmain's the comfort & peace & pleasure they have given me under their roof. So you must do it for me.

The last vestige of my dyspepsia has disappeared. I drink strong coffee with plenty of tea; I mix all deadly things together & devour them, & nothing happens. I was expecting to leave for New York right on your heels, but I am full of Miss Lawton's case now, so I can't quite tell when I am coming. With lots of love to the

both of you, / Father [Skinner Auctioneers, Sale 2167, Lot 17 May 20, 2009]. *Note:* **Sumner B. Pearmain** and **Alice Whittemore (Upton) Pearman**. See prior entries.

Isabel Lyon's journal:

"Today we left for New York and arrived at 9:30. As we drove up to the house—Jean and the servants and I—the light in Santa C.'s room went down. In a minute her sweet black figure appeared in the doorway. I had not seen her for more than a year" [MTP TS 109]. *Note:* Trombley writes of Clara and Lyon butting heads over Lyon's living arrangements:

The Friction between Clara and Isabel that had been simmering over the course of the summer now reached a slow boil with the two of them living in the same space. When Isabel arrived at 21 Fifth Avenue in the fall of 1905 [Nov. 1 to be exact], five days before Twain, Clara immediately told her that she could no longer live with the family. Most likely the two argued, with Clara insisting upon the living-out arrangement that her mother had enforced and Isabel countering that Twain always wanted her instantly available. In a victory for Clara, Isabel began looking for accommodations the next day [Nov. 2]. Isabel chose not to write about their exchange and the next six days in her daily reminder were left uncharacteristically blank. Isabel's search for housing was immediately terminated upon Twain's arrival. This contesting between father and daughter over where Isabel would live was a difficult situation for Isabel, of course [MTOW 84]. *Note:* there is no direct evidence of an argument. It's also possible that Clara simply made a request and Lyon attempted to accommodate her. Biographers often make such assumptions or conclusions, however reasonable this one might be, it cannot be proven. Clara often exhibited a desire to be free from her father's control and influence, but often showed she felt obligations to serve him—a seeming conflict of sorts.

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to Miss Lyon that he'd sent the Plasmon and cocoa to the house, and to tell Sam when he returned that **Vernon** was in town.

...I have drafted a plan of reorganization of Plasmon that Vernon is 'fathering' and which will be satisfactory to all parties. I am remaining 'modestly' in the background, as I am to Hammond what a red rag is to a bull. Mr. Lauterbach phoned me to see him to-day, which I did, and he approved the plan. So does Baldwin, Davis, and others. The only bitter part of the pill, to Wheeler and Hammond, is that they must recognize as legal the election of Sept. 1st, 1904, which the U.S. District Court has decided was legal. That is the only thing we've been fighting about, all along. I will tell Mr. Clemens all about it when I see him [MTP].

George W. Lyon, in Lidgerwood, N.D., wrote on colorful Fred Raymond's Successful Theatrical Enterprises letterhead (Sycamore, Ill.) to ask Sam if he would "let out on royalty, the right to the name of Tom Sawyer" [MTP]. *Note:* written on the note: "Write to agent" – meaning **Elisabeth Marbury**.

James A. Renwick wrote from NYC to acknowledge Sam's payment of \$291.64 for Nov. rent on 21 Fifth Ave [MTP].

Frederic E. Sondern billed Sam \$5 for Oct. 4 "Blood examination" for "Miss Clemens" rendered to **Dr. Quintard** [MTP].

November 2 Thursday – Isabel Lyon's journal: "Mr. Clemens is staying on at the Pearmain's and he is going to visit the Aldriches too. / I'm beginning my search for rooms" [MTP TS 109]. *Note:* Trombley points out that Clara insisted Miss Lyon live out of the house, as had been the arrangement when Livy was alive, so that this search for rooms was Lyon's attempt to find herself housing [MTOW 84]. See excerpt from this source under Nov. 1.

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to Sam. Hammond had conveyed willingness to instruct Wheeler to withdraw his two lawsuits and to recognize their board, if they allowed the company to go through bankruptcy and allow Hammond's agents and other shareholders to engage as purchasers in

the sale of assets. "Vernon, Baldwin, Lauterbach, Davis and Hammond O.K. this plan; so do I" [MTP]. *Note:* W. Vernon from London Plasmon Co.

November 3 Friday – In Boston, Mass. Sam sent a telegram to **Richard Watson Gilder** of *Century Magazine*, N.Y. "Your question just received I believe in Ivens [*sic* Ivins] and Jerome and hope to be allowed to vote my whole strength for them that is to say once as clemens and twice as twain" [MTP]. *Note:* **William M. Ivins, Sr.** and **William Travers Jerome** were running for mayor of N.Y.C. and attorney general of N.Y. County respectively. Ivins was defeated but Jerome was reelected, serving in the post from 1902 to 1909.

Frederic Chapin (1873-1947), later a silent screen writer, wrote interested in writing a musical extravaganza for *P&P* [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's response is dated "on or after Nov. 3" but likely after. Back in N.Y.C. Sam replied on or after this date : "Your favor of Nov 3rd has reached me, & in answer I beg to refer you to Miss Marbury my agent in dramatic matters. She possesses full powers to act for me, & I shall be glad if you arrive at a satisfactory arrangement with her" [MTP].

November 4 Saturday – In Boston, Mass. Sam attended and spoke at the afternoon debate at the **Twentieth Century Club**. His speech was published by the *Chicago Daily Tribune*, Nov. 5, 1905, p. 1.

MARK TWAIN TALKS PEACE

Boston. Nov. 4.—Mark Twain was the star attraction to-day at the Twentieth Century Club's weekly debate. Dr. Benjamin F. Trueblood, secretary of the American Peace Society, and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin D. Mead, famous peace advocates, who had just returned from Europe, were the other guests of the club. Mrs. Mead and Dr. Trueblood spoke first.

Mark Twain's introduction was greeted with a great chorus of applause, in which he heartily joined, and when quiet was restored Mr. Clemens said:

"I thank you for this applause. It is the more welcome because I suppose it is a token of forgiveness for what I did some thirty feet back there, when I was applauding myself. Your president, it seems, spoke my name, and I didn't hear it. Everybody else seemed to be clapping their hands, and as I thought it was the right thing, I joined in. Of course, that was a wrong thing, but I am always committing some such mistake. But the only thing I'm sorry for is that I got caught. I have got over all those feelings of delicacy which are supposed to belong to good society, and now I don't care for anything so long as I keep out of jail.

"Most everybody gets into the habit of applauding when they see others at it, and, for one, I can't resist. Besides, I get so used to compliments that I can't sleep nights unless I get about so much butter every day.

"I am different from those other people who have been speaking. This problem of universal peace used to be one of the uppermost things in my mind. I used to study over it. No, I will not say that I really studied; I thought about it—how to get universal peace. It bothered me, but I kept growing nearer and nearer to a solution, and at last I came to it.

"But the very day I thought I had solved it I was summoned to the presence of an emperor. The first thing he asked me was what I was doing nowadays. I told him I had been working out a problem—the problem of universal peace—and that I had solved it, that I had found the only way—there was no other.

"Then he wanted to know how I was going to bring it about, and I told him: 'I am going to get a chemist—a real genius—and get him to extract all the oxygen out of the atmosphere for eight minutes. Then we will have universal peace, and it will be permanent.'

"I took my goods to the wrong market. Emperors don't want peace, permanent or temporary, on any such basis. They don't want any race suicide. What they want is people, and then more people. I was pretty coolly received by this emperor, and so was my proposition. And so I let it go. Every time I think I have found a solution of the difficulties some one comes along and upsets it.

"And that reminds me: Four years ago China bought two German missionaries. She paid \$100,000 apiece for them, although they were not very active at the time. But there are several hundred missionaries in China, and I'd be glad to sell 'em all at the same price. I don't believe we have got down to where we want to thrust our civilization on innocent people.

"In 1892 there were eleven missionaries in China, and in that year they had a catch of 3,200 converts. Judson Smith called it 'a harvest. There were 82,000 pagans being born every day in China, and we were converting them at the rate of 2 ½ a day. So it would take quite a while to get everybody converted.

“These young people who have been talking before I began still have an interest in the human race. But in my case the clock may strike seventy years any minute. I am so near it that I don’t feel that kind of interest.

“Let’s see about this interest in the human race. Every one who has it wants to know how anything done will affect ‘me.’ The human race exists in his own person. He is wise, while no others are wise, and therefore are of no use on this globe.

“But I have got where I can look upon the human race from a dispassionate attitude. I am so near out of it that there is no use in my trying to solve its problems.

“Nothing can be accomplished except through statesmanship! Great and noble profession! A mass of foolishness! The statesmanship of now is to build ships—ship for ship for each and every nation, until we have 250,000 warships for each nation. Then we must still go on until finally we will be all ships.

“No, I am not able to find a solution of this problem. But I hope these young people—with nothing else to do—will keep on, for it will never be done by anybody who has anything else to do.”

Sam returned to **N.Y.C.** His letter of **Oct. 18** to *Harper’s Weekly* arguing for stricter laws for automobile “over-speeders” appeared in that publication on this day, entitled “Overspeeding” [Budd, *Collected* 2: 1010]. See Oct. 18.

Also, his sentiment sent to **Richard Watson Gilder** on Nov. 3 ran in the *N.Y. Tribune*, the *N.Y. Herald*, and the *N.Y. Times*:

I expect to vote my whole strength for Iwins and Jerome—that is to say, once as Clemens & twice as Twain [Note: see Nov. 3 entry]

George W. Anderson, Boston attorney, wrote to Sam. “Herewith I enclose copy of letter which I am writing to Miss Lawton, which embodies the substance of my advice to her in the Castle Square Theatre matter. / I regret that I have not been able to achieve results more in accordance with your desires...” [MTP].

November 5 Sunday – **Ruth McCall for Phi Kappa Psi, Smith College** wrote to ask Sam to be their peaker at their annual open meeting [MTP].

Mary Boyle O’Reilly (1873-1939), philanthropist and WWI correspondent, wrote on The Guild of St. Elizabeth (Boston) letterhead to ask Sam for an autographed book for their Nov. 21 fair, as he had done the year before [MTP]. Note: Clemens wrote at top: “Send 2 or 3 / Autographed / Joan of Arc / Dog’s Tale”; see also IVL journal #2 entry for Nov. 9.

November 6 Monday – **Samuel W. McCall** wrote to Sam [MTP]. Note: MTP dates Sam’s reply as “on or after 6 November.” Sam responded: “If I would go any where on a platform & break my pledge to myself I would go there—but I mustn’t break that pledge” [MTP]. Note: **Samuel Walker McCall** (1851-1923), past editor of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*; at this time congressman from Mass. 8th congressional district; later Gov. of Mass. (1916-1919).

Andrew Carnegie wrote from NYC to ask Sam to be their guest as soon after Jan. 1 as possible—he could name the day—“at the annual dinner to the Prince in the Republic of letters” [MTP].

Mrs. Ezra Estep wrote from Sandwich, Illinois to Sam, sharing the same birthday, and asking if he was really as “homely” as they say. A photo from him would prove otherwise. She had read so many of his books and quoted him so often that her neighbors called her “Innocence Abroad” [MTP].

George B. Lauder wrote again to Sam, after seeing his Oct. 26 letter to Sam in a Boston newspaper:

MY DEAR SIR,—I saw in to-day’s paper a copy of the letter which I wrote you October 26th.

I have read and re-read your works until I can almost recall some of them word for word. My familiarity with them is a constant source of pleasure which I would not have missed, and therefore the regret which I have expressed is more than offset by thankfulness.

Believe me, the regret which I feel for having read your works is entirely due to the unalterable fact that I can never again have the pleasure of reading them for the first time.

Your sincere admirer, / GEORGE B. LAUDER [MTB 1423-4].

Samuel W. McCall wrote to ask Sam if he would speak at his college in Northampton, Mass [MTP].

J.H. Todd wrote from San Francisco to comment on Sam's idea of extracting all the oxygen from the air as means of ending the human race, and enclosed a printed article on "T. Duffy's Solution, The Elixir of Life."

Dear Sir.

Allow me to call your special attention to matter in the enclosed circular relating to Health & Life and how to retain them in the body as long as you want & wish without Disease—Death, and always in youthful feeling.

When each has become cognizant of the above fact and put it in operation on themselves—then & not until then will we have Universal Peace—but if the knowledge which these circulars places before the people is ignored then I agree with you on your proposition of extracting the Oxygen from the air and allow them to enjoy eternal peace. Where there is no Reason (Natural) there is no Sense or knowledge, all is a Blank, and what the people assume is Sense, is only Belief and Assumption—thus where there is no Sense or Reason, War must always prevail for it is their only power. But Pure Natural Reason has now been obtained and the wielder of it is more powerful than Armies, Dynamite or Gunpowder as Reason must and will control all, & none can resist it.

The Age of Reason is now begun & will never end again.

Will be pleased to answer any questions regarding the Truth of Natural Life,

I am yours truly

J.H. Todd [MTP]. I: Todd had likely seen the report on Sam's Nov. 4 Boston speech at the Twentieth Century Club (see entry)

November 7 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to Alice Whittemore Pearmain

I attended to the regime yesterday evening: a substantial dinner at 7. 30, with some deadlies (sweet things; milk & crackers when I went to bed at 10; milk when I woke at 2 a. m; milk & crackers when I woke at 5 a. m; corn bread & 3 cups of unmodified coffee at 8 a. m., (after stealing Clara's bath, which I found prepared at 7. 30. [])

It is now 11; Jean has looked in, with your letter, & was followed by Therèse with milk & crackers, according to your plan. Jean will see to it that the rest of the plan is adhered to.

My health-aspects are so showy & decided that they attracted the family's immediate attention & applause when I arrived yesterday evening. The regime will do wonders in the next 3 months; then I shall be ready to go on exhibition. You will get half of the gate-money.

Miss Lyon remains in the house, we are all happy to say, but we still have a spare room, & we mean to have it always occupied. We beg that whenever you & Mr. Pearmain are so situated that you can come down you will let us know, so that we can arrange to have that room vacant & ready for you. How welcome you will be!

I am very grateful Yours [MTP].

November 8 Wednesday – William Ten Eyck Hardenbrook wrote from N.Y.C. to Sam asking for a photograph of him for a "reference collection of portraits, with biographical data...of one hundred of the most eminent living Americans." He supplied a list of photographers who would do a sitting at no cost to Sam should he lack a photograph. On or just after this date Miss Lyon replied for Sam that he did not keep photos on hand but "9—made a good one a year ago," probably referring to number nine on the list of photographers [MTP].

At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. Sam also replied per Lyon to **George B. Lauder's Oct. 26 and Nov. 6** (see entries): "Dear Sir / You fooled me completely. I didn't divine what the [Oct. 26] letter was concealing, neither did the newspaper men; so you are a very competent deceiver. / Truly Yours" [MTB 1424].

Isabel Lyon's Journal # 2: "Telephone cigar people to send a Humidor for Mr. Clemens's inspection" [MTP TS 33].

Sam also instructed Isabel V. Lyon to thank **Joseph O. Thompson**, who wrote to inquire about Sam giving a reading. Sam instructed Lyon, who noted: "Thank him very much indeed—but it wouldn't be possible for he never goes on the platform any more" [MTP].

In the evening Sam and only eight other members attended the first annual dinner of the **American Academy of Arts and Letters**. **John Burroughs**, voted into the academy this year, noted: "Dinner was not a success—only nine members present. Mark Twain very diverting, as he always is" [Barrus 2: 87].

From the Minutes of the **American Academy of Arts and Letters**:

The first meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Letters was held at the Aldine Association, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York, at seven o'clock, November 8, 1905. After dinner had been served organization was effected by the election of Mr. **John Bigelow** as presiding member of the evening. The other members present were Messrs. [John] Burroughs, [Samuel Langhorne] Clemens, [Daniel Chester] French, [Richard Watson] Gilder, [Thomas R.] Lounsbury, [Horatio William] Parker, [James Ford] Rhodes and [Edmund Clarence] Stedman [Thanks to Kathy Kienholz Archivist, American Academy of Arts and Letters].

Anna Harris Smith for the **Animal Rescue League**, Boston, thinking Sam was still in Boston, wrote to ask Sam to visit "this Home for homeless, suffering and undesired dogs and cats which I established nearly seven years ago." She praised "A Dog's Tale," and denied she wanted any money [MTP].

November 8, after – In N.Y.C. Sam wrote to an **unidentified woman** in Boston.

Dear Madam / Your letter of Nov 8th has overtaken me in New York. I am exceedingly sorry I did not get it in Boston; in which case I would have found time for a visit to your home for the homeless animals even if I had been obliged to break engagements to accomplish it. Thanking you for your kind words & wishing you every prosperity / I am Sincerely Yours [MTP]. *Note:* this might very well be a response to the Nov. 8 from **Anna Harris Smith**.

November 9 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **L.M. Powers** in Haverhill Mass.

I should accept your hospitable offer at once but for the fact that I couldn't do it and remain honest. That is to say if I allowed you to send me what you believe to be good cigars it could distinctly mean that I meant to smoke them, whereas I should do nothing of the kind. I know a good cigar better than you do for I have had sixty years experience. No, that is not what I mean; I mean I know a bad cigar better better than anybody else; I judge by the price only; if it costs above five cents I know it is either foreign or half foreign, and unsmokeable. By me. I have many boxes of Havana cigars, of all prices from twenty cents apiece up to \$1.66 apiece; I bought none of them, they were all presents, they are an accumulation of several years, I have never smoked one of them and never shall, I work them off on the visitor. You shall have a chance when you come.

Pessimists are born not made; optimists are born not made; but no man is born either pessimist wholly or optimist wholly; he is pessimistic along certain lines and optimistic along certain others. That is my case [MTP].

Note: Powers was a collector of autographs and first editions (see prior entries), who sent books by Twain to him with questions written on the fly leaves or inside the book.. Sam would then sign them, answer the

question, and return them, creating what is now a far more valuable inscribed book than a mere signature. The New York *Times* printed the above letter on Mar. 26, 1911, "Queries Put to Authors," along with these interesting questions and answers from Powers and Twain:

On the fly leaf of a first edition of "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" is Mr. Powers written query: "Did John Paul discover you, or did you know you were a good thing yourself?" Mark Twain's reply is: "John Paul never discovered anything or anybody. He was not even a very good liar. S.L.C. Mark Twain."

In a copy of "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," Mr. Powers asks: "Did you remember or imagine this perfect picture of a natural boy?" The inscribed answer is: "Partially I was It. S.L.C." The following query is on the fly leaf of the "History of the Big Bonanza," by Dan de Quille (William Wright): "Is there any truth in the newspaper story that you planned this book for the author before you knew he had written it?" The answer is: "Yes; it is true. Mark Twain." [Note: John Paul was pseud. for **Charles Henry Webb**; see May 11, 1867 entry].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: Mr Clemens sent / Joah of Arc / Dog's Tale / Huckleberry Finn to Miss **Mary Boyle O'Reilly** for her Guild of St. Elizabeth in Boston [MTP TS 33]. *Note:* see Nov. 5 request from O'Reilly.

Joseph Dick wrote from Toledo, Ohion to thank Sam for "the inexhaustible pleasure...from the reading of your works" [MTP].

Robert Underwood Johnson wrote to inform Sam that at the Nov. 8 meeting the declination of **William James** was accepted and it was unanimously voted that the vacancy be filled by **William Milligan Sloane** [MTP]. *Note:* evidently James didn't wish to be in any club that would have him as a member. **William Milligan Sloane** was a professor at Columbia University.

Mrs. **Alice G. Teele** wrote from Boston to ask Sam for more of his books for their Franklin Square House bazaar on Dec. 4 [MTP]. *Note:* written on the env.: "Yes"

November 10 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to the **American Academy of Arts & Letters**.

"I desire to vote yea upon the question of electing Mr. William Milligan Slone [*sic* Sloane] as a member of the Academy, to fill the vacancy caused by the declination of Mr. William James" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Mr. Clemens went to see Mr. Charles Frohman this morning about Miss Mary Lawton's theatrical affairs" [MTP TS 33].

Frederic Chapin wrote from Chicago to Sam, still interested in writing a musical piece for *P&P*—what were Clemens' dramatic rights? [MTP].

November 11 Saturday – Miss **Nellie Covert** wrote from Peabody, Kansas, asking if Clemens had known Captain **Henry Switzer** while piloting on the Mississippi, or had he ever met any of his family? The lady did not disclose the reason for her question or her possible relationship with Switzer [MTP]. *Note:* The MTP catalogs Sam's response as "on or after 11 November." Five days estimated postal time is allowed here, with Sam's response being *ca.* Nov. 16.

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Boeddeker sent half quantity of medicine" [MTP TS 33].

Grace E.J. Parker, field secretary for the **George Junior Republic Assoc.** wrote from N.Y.C. to ask Sam for a donation. On or just after this day Sam directed Miss Lyon to "Send \$5" [MTP].

Jeannette L. Gilder for *The Critic* wrote to Sam to ask that he be represented in an upcoming anthology [MTP].

Dr. **Frank Hartley** wrote from NYC to arrange an examination for Sam [MTP]. *Note:* as with most doctors, the handwriting is nearly illegible, a skill taught in medical school.

November 12 Sunday – The New York *Herald* ran an interview of Mark Twain, “Mark Twain Would Kill Bosses by Third Party,” by **Willis C. Pratt**, p. 3-4. The interview is in Scharnhorst, p.507-11, though credit not given to Pratt there. It may also be seen on Twainquotes.com, if that website is still extant. What is not easily found is Pratt’s story of obtaining the interview, published some 50 years ago in the *Mark Twain Journal*.

The Last Time I Saw Mark Twain
Willis C. Pratt, as told to Gertrude Valliere King

It was during one of Mark Twain’s frequent bouts with bronchitis that I went to interview him. There had been a dearth of live news for several days. That happens sometimes in newspaper offices. It was two o’clock in the afternoon, and more than half the members of the Herald’s news staff were sitting around waiting for possible assignments. Paul Drane, who ran the “day desk,” was searching through a pile of clippings taken from his “future book” in the hope that he might find something worth following up....Then, as I was passing his decks:

“How long since you have seen an interview with Mark Twain?”

“Don’t remember any; at least, not for several years.”

“Do you suppose you could get him to talk about anything?”

“Maybe, for about a dollar a word. Otherwise, the betting is a hundred to one he won’t stand for an interview.”

Let’s try, anyway. How bout a subject? Got an idea?

“How about politics? There’s the municipal election coming on soon.”

“Fine. See if he will discuss the possibility of the elimination of the boss in politics.”

....

I rang the bell of Mr. Clemens’s house, the one with the diamond-paned windows, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Eighth Street. The door was opened by the author’s eldest daughter. Yes...Mr. Clemens was at home, but had been quite ill. She would see whether he would receive me....

Miss Clemens led me up the stairs to the door of a room on the second floor, on the Eighth Street side. She knocked, and discreetly retired. A voice, with the familiar drawl which had fascinated Mark Twain audiences all over the world, bid me enter.

The room was very large, high ceilinged, and not too well lighted by narrow windows with diamond panes. The author was in bed. He lay, bolstered up by

two great pillows against the mahogany head board. He wore a night shirt, and only a sheet covered his slender legs. A bedside table, within easy reach, bore a tobacco jar, two pipes, one larger than the other, matches, a bottle of Scotch whiskey, a siphon of carbonated water, and a tall glass.

“Well, what entitles me to the honor of a visit from the Herald?” The greeting was hearty and encouraging. “Sit down and tell me all about it.”

I thought it best to plump it right at him: “The Herald wants to know if you believe it possible to stop political bossism, and if so, how can it be done?”

The bright eyes, under the great bushy brows, glanced at me keenly for a moment, and then turned their gaze to the ceiling. It was a full minute before the humorist looked at me again, and then his only reply was:

“Umph.”

Just then my chances for getting an interview didn’t look good. I waited. Mr. Clemens drew up his knees, tucked the sheet under them, and reached for the biggest pipe. He jammed it full of tobacco, lighted it, and blew several clouds of smoke, into which he gazed thoughtfully.

“It could be done, but it would be a mighty hard job.”

(The odds were better now. Even money I would get a story.)

[Twain discussed the issue while Pratt refrained from taking notes after receiving a frown when he pulled out a pad and pencil. Afterward:]

“Did you take notes while I was talking?” he asked.

“You know that I did not. I was afraid you would quit on me.”

He chuckled at that.

“Well, your story is all right. Here, let me have it.” And taking the sheaf of copy and my pencil, he wrote at the top of the first page:

“O.K. S.L.C.”

“There, show ‘em that.” And then, giving me an affectionate pat on the shoulder: “Do you know, my boy, I think we’d get along first rate together.”

The little man with the bushy white hair, the broad, high forehead, and shaggy brows stood in his dinner

coat on the steps of his home and waved me a good-bye. I never saw him again.

It may be unnecessary to add that my story, watermelon cure and all [for dysentery], went upstairs early that evening, marked:

“MUST. RUN FULL. FIRST PAGE.”

[*Mark Twain Journal* 11.2 (Summer 1960): 6-8, 23].

William N. Hill, M.D., in Baltimore, “an allaround mugwump” who had “no idea of running for office,” wrote a rather strange letter of his political views to Sam. On the other side of his letter was a typed note on Twentieth Century Club letterhead, soliciting views to be sent to Hill, on a proposed “amendment to the State Constitution curtailing the suffrage and commonly known as the Poe Amendment” [MTP]. *Note*: see also Wm. Hill in London.

Miss Barbara Mullen wrote from Hannibal, Mo. to Sam. “Perhaps you have not forgotten the little woman who teaches in the High School at Hannibal, and who is such an enthusiastic admirer of your works.” Mullen sent him “lines” of tribute in view of his approaching 70th [MTP].

Mary Boyle O'Reilly wrote on The Guild of St. Elizabeth letterhead, Boston, to thank Sam for his “generous gift to the Guild Fair” [MTP].

H. R. (not further identified), “traveling through the US” wrote Sam from Chicago. He was “seeking correspondents and establishing literary connections” for the new London newspaper, a “penny Liberal Morning paper,” and wanted to see Clemens [MTP].

Rev. M.J. Riordan, Rector Saint Charles' Catholic Church wrote from Pikesville, Md. to Sam, enclosing an Oct. 30, 1905 clipping from the *Baltimore Evening News*, with his sermon. “Your new party idea is a good one. Thousands of our best citizens approve it, Talk it up and call a convention. Meantime preach independent voting” [MTP].

November 13 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam replied to the Nov. 11 from **Jeannette L. Gilder**.

Dear Miss Gilder.

Two months ago I would gladly have undertaken to persuade the Harpers in this matter, but I am aware that it would not be worth while to repeat the effort which I made at that time (unsuccessfully) in the interest of a very particular friend of mine who wanted me represented in his anthology. The Harper consent has been necessary since the signing of the contract in October two years ago; and as far as my knowledge goes has been refused in all cases. It is true that I am in many anthologies, but it is only fair to say that these instances antedate that contract and did not require their consent.

I am very sorry I cannot help you, dear Miss Gilder, but I exhausted my influence two months ago, as I have just remarked, without success ...[MTP].

Sam also wrote to **William Ten Eyck Hardenbrook**, letter not extant but referred to in Hardenbrook's Nov. 16 note [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: “Mr. Wm. O. Ingles / will call at 10—from Sunday World Magazine. / Mr. Clemens will lunch with Mr. Robert Collier 20 Gramscy Park at one o'clock” [MTP TS 34].

John W. Cann wrote from NYC to Sam with some remedy for dyspepsia (indigestion) [MTP]. *Note*: just after Nov. 13 Sam gave Lyon instructions: “Thank him very heartily. Keep the remedy in mind for other people, doesn't need it just now—actually cured his dyspepsia he thinks.”

Robert Fulton Cutting for Citizens Union of the City of New York sent Sam a political letter supporting William Travers Jerome's victory and continued fight against the system of bossism [MTP].

Charles J. Langdon wrote to Sam, enclosing check on Knickerbocker Trust Co. for \$137.50 for payment of coupons on the Duval Co. Fla. Bonds due Nov. 1. He hoped to be in NY soon and felt Sam was gratified by the election results [MTP].

A. MacHugh and Y. MacLoughlan, “two Irish mugs” wrote from London, England to show appreciative sentiments to Sam for his writings. They also questioned his contrary voice on the peace of the Russo-Japanese War [MTP]. *Note:* Clemens wrote at top: “The two Irishmen / answered Dec. 13, 1905.” This letter would have arrived in late November. No outgoing from Clemens is catalogued for Dec. 13, but this is likely that presently catalogued as sometime during November. The envelope note thus puts the November date to Dec. 13. See entry.

November 14 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **Samuel H. Row**, of Lansing, Michigan, who evidently recalled Sam’s “Roughing It” lecture (incoming not extant) in Lansing, Dec. 20, 1871, “when you were young and handsome I had the pleasure of introducing you to a Lansing audience” [Scharnhorst 527]. Evidently Row asked about **Sarony**’s ubiquitous photograph of Mark Twain (he sat for at least two portraits, in Nov. 1884 and ca.1894). *Note:* Sam did not lecture in Lansing on that date, but was in Sandwich, Illinois. His last Lansing lecture was on Dec. 14, 1871. Sam’s reply:

That alleged portrait has a private history. Sarony was as much of an enthusiast about wild animals as he was about photography; and when Du Chailles brought the first gorilla to this country in 1819 he came to me in a fever of excitement and asked me if my father was of record and authentic. I said he was; then Sarony, without any abatement of his excitement asked me if my grandfather also was of record and authentic. I said he was. Then Sarony, with still rising excitement and with joy added to it, said he had found my great grandfather in the person of the gorilla and had recognized him at once by his resemblance to me. I was deeply hurt but did not reveal this, because I knew Sarony meant no offense for the gorilla had not done him any harm, and he was not a man who would say an unkind thing about a gorilla wantonly. I went with him to inspect the ancestor, and examined him from several points of view, without being able to detect anything more than a passing resemblance. “Wait,” said Sarony with strong confidence, “let me show you.” He borrowed my overcoat and put it on the gorilla. The result was surprising. I saw that the gorilla while not looking distinctly like me was exactly what my great grandfather would have looked like if I had had one. Sarony photographed the creature in that overcoat, and spread the picture about the world. It has remained spread about the world ever since. It turns up every week in some newspaper some where or other. It is not my favorite, but to my exasperation it is everybody else’s. Do you think you could get it suppressed for me? I will pay the limit. / Sincerely....[MTP]. *Note:* this letter was included in the syndicated interview for 62 Western newspapers on Sam’s 70th birthday: see Scharnhorst p. 525-8 for the rest, chosen from the *Seattle Star*, p.8. The interview took place on **Nov. 16** [Nov. 16 to Frohman].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Jean, 9:30” [MTP TS 109; Hill 116].

Gertrude M. Adams wrote from Swarthmore College, Swarthmore Pa. to thank Sam “very very much” for all he had done—a fan letter [MTP].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to inform Sam that N.W. Halsey, Bankers, would send to him for the \$40,000 check.

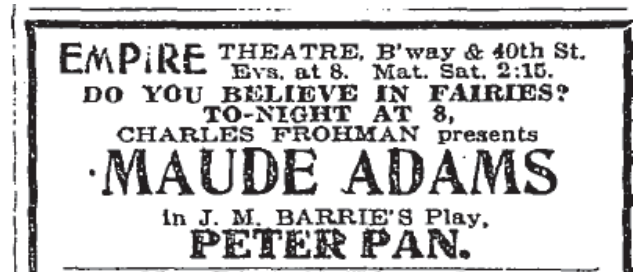
They told me that these call loans are usually repaid the day after they are made, so they have to keep on replacing the money. They charge a nominal commission for doing this—I didn’t inquire how much. If the money is idle for a few days, they should allow you 2% or 3% interest on it, but I didn’t inquire about that either [MTP].

N.W. Halsey & Co. Bankers wrote to Sam, having rec’d his check for \$40,000. “We placed it at 6% on call, and will renew it in the morning at the opening rate” [MTP].

Frederick S. Bigelow wrote from Phila. to ask Sam to contribute “a few sentences” for a maxim book he was compiling for the Henry Altamus Co., a large publishing house in Phila. [MTP].

November 15 Wednesday – In N.Y.C. **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **John Larkin** to complain about the new steam heating system installed in the house. The five men who had investigated the problem had not solved it; the main problem being a “constant singing” in the front bedroom radiators, even when cold, which forced his daughters to put beds in their sitting rooms. He requested the matter be brought before the contractor, **James A. Renwick**, as soon as possible [MTP].

In the evening Sam (and likely his daughters) attended **Daniel Frohman’s** dramatization of **James M. Barrie’s** *Peter Pan* at the **Empire Theatre**, starring **Maude Adams** (1872-1953). Sam praised the play in his note to **Nov. 16** to Frohman, and also at the end of the Nov. 16 interview with the newspaper syndicate, making this evaluation:



I saw a play last night [Nov. 15] in which you will find this seeming paradox. In that play all the implacable rules of the drama are violated, yet the result is a play which is without defect. I refer to *Peter Pan*. It is a fairy play. There isn't a thing in it which could ever happen in real life. That is as it should be. It is consistently beautiful, sweet, clean, fascinating, satisfying, charming, and impossible from beginning to end. It breaks all the rules of real life drama, but preserves intact all the rules of fairyland, and the result is altogether contenting to the spirit.

The longing of my heart is a fairy portrait of myself: I want to be pretty; I want to eliminate facts and fill up the gaps with charms [Scharnhorst 528].

Note: along with **Ethel Barrymore** (1879-1959) and **Billie Burke** (1884-1970), Adams was one of several young actresses that sparked Sam's interest, and with whom he became friends.

Sam inscribed his photo to an **unidentified person**: “*Very Truly Yours, / Mark Twain / Nov. 15/05*” [MTP: R&R Enterprises, 18 June 2003, no. 274, lot 607].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Jean and I went up to hear Mr. Thayer demonstrate his protective coloration theory” [MTP TS 110]. **Isabel Lyon’s Journal # 2**: “Mr. Doubleday” [MTP TS 34].

N.W. Halsey & Co. Bankers wrote to Sam, enclosing a “check for \$6.67 for one day’s interest at 6% on his \$40,000, loaned for your account yesterday. We called this loan this morning and put it out at 10%. We shall remit you for the interest each time the loan is paid” [MTP].

C.M. Lincoln for the N.Y. Herald wrote to thank Sam for giving his views to Mr. Pratt “concerning the result of the municipal election” [MTP].

Alice Whittemore Upton Pearmain wrote to thank Sam for “his kind letter of Nov. 7th,” and for a hat pin that arrived from NY “with word that you had requested to have me try it.” She was grateful for his offer to spend a night at his house in NY, but was afraid it would be some time before she might go. She thanked him for the “beautiful photographs” of him that came all framed the prior week, and asked him to keep her informed about **Miss Lawton** [MTP].

November 16 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **Chauncey M. Depew**.

Having had some experience with the methods of the Oppenheimer Institute, through the case of a dependent whom I sent to take the cure, I am interested in knowing what results others have found in the

Oppenheimer treatment. As your name is given as one of the advisory directors of the Institute I infer that you have personal knowledge of beneficial results to patients. Will you kindly inform me of any cases within your own knowledge, and oblige [MTP].

Sam was interviewed by **Marlen E. Pew** for a newspaper syndicate of 62 Western newspapers, accompanied by an artist, named only as “**Fireman**,” a friend of Pew’s, who was to sketch Twain while the interview proceeded. Sam suggested they try an experiment of him interviewing himself while they took down his words verbatim. He also submitted the Nov. 14 letter to **Samuel H. Row** for use in the interview [Scharnhorst 525-8; Nov. 16 to Frohman].

Later, he also wrote to **Daniel Frohman** of the interview and other things.

Thank you very much for the appointment—I shall instruct Miss Lawton to arrive there on time.

I have already attended to Peter Pan. I have been interviewed this morning for a syndicate of 62 Western papers, & for the first time in my life I tried the experiment of dictating, so that the language might be my own & not the interviewer’s. I closed the interview with the most outspoken praises of the play, & said among other strong expression, that it hadn’t a defect. With lots of thanks to you for the privilege of seeing it I am sincerely yours

P.S.

This is the newspaper Syndicate that I referred to. The interview is to be published on the 30th of this month which will be my 70th birthday [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2: “Mr. Pew 10— / Marlin [*sic*] E. Pew / 310 Park Row Building” [MTP TS 34].

Note: **Marlen E. Pew** would be Editor of the Philadelphia *News-Post* (1912-1914) and in charge of War News during WWI.

William Ten Eyck Hardenbrook wrote from N.Y.C. to Sam, thanking him for his letter of **Nov. 13** (not extant) and a photograph of Sam he’d obtained from **Joseph G. Gessford**. Hardenbrook asked for Sam’s biography in 500 words—would Sam write it? [MTP]. *Note:* On or after this day **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam: “Mr. Clemens never furnished one to anyone. Cyclo.”

C.F. Bertholf, a newsdealer and stationer in Los Banos, Calif. wrote to Sam. Bertholf was unable to find two sketches, “White Elephant,” and “a story of a bad boy and a good boy” [MTP]. *Note:* The MTP catalogs Sam’s reply as “on or after 16 November.” Six days estimated postal time is allowed here, making an estimate of **ca. Nov. 22**.

Myrtle Reed wrote to Sam that she’d been invited to his birthday party but couldn’t come. She added she thought the whole thing was fake and that he wasn’t a day over 20 [MTP].

November 16 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam responded to **Nellie Covert’s Nov. 11** query of whether or not he had known a “well-known” Captain **Henry Switzer** while a pilot on the Mississippi: “I knew *of* him. It would not have been etiquette for a captain to know me, for I was only an apprentice-pilot” [MTP].

November 17 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam responded to **Barbara Mullen’s Nov. 12** note from Hannibal, Mo. “I have not had, in all my life before, so many generous letters & so many generous poems as this past fortnight has brought me; my thanks go out to all these friends, but I wish to thank you particularly” [MTP]. *Note:* postmarks show Sam’s letter arrived in Hannibal on **Nov. 19**, only two days. Delivery to Mullen’s home likely took another day.

Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to **Frederick A. Duneka**:

“Mr. Clemens directs me to write for him and say that he has been so troubled by having people write to him for sketches & articles, that he submits the enclosed notice to you and would like to have you print a hundred for him as soon as you can, and send them to him / Yours very Truly...”

Herman Black advertising mgr. for the **Milwaukee Journal** wrote to Sam, seeking “sentiments” from famous people, Clemens included, for their New Year calendar [MTP].

Herbert E. Bowen of Harper’s wrote to Sam, acknowledging the wish to include **Jerome K. Jerome** in the birthday party; the invitation had already been sent to Jerome [MTP].

N.W. Halsey & Co. Bankers wrote to advise Sam they had delivered a check to the order of the Knickerbocker Trust Co. in care of Ashcroft for \$40,019.44 [MTP].

Marguerite Merington, Elizabeth Ward, and Eliza D. White wrote to **George B. Harvey**; the latter two were unable to attend Twain’s 70th birthday party; the first lady accepted [MTP]. *Note:* from about this day and for several weeks Harvey received many such responses to invitations.

November 18 Saturday – **Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2:** “Mr. Halsey—S. Phi.” [MTP TS 34].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to Sam that he’d responded to Stanchfield’s Nov. 17. Ashcroft asked Stanchfield if he wanted to sell more Spiral Pin Co. shares [MTP].

Robert Collyer wrote from NYC to Sam, saying he’d asked the “managers to drop my name from the list of advisory directors some months ago and this was done.” If he’d been put back on he hadn’t known about it, but saw “they were printing vulgar and base advertisement” He added, “I really believe they are doing some good but think the whole thing is on the get rich quick basis and suspect / there are jews ‘pushing behind’.” He wanted the letter kept confidential [MTP]. *Note:* Clemens wrote at the top: “This is private / Preserve it.”

November 19 Sunday – **Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2:** “Times Reporter. 10—” [MTP TS 34].

Marjorie V.d.W. Brooke wrote to Sam, evidently enclosing a photo of her grandfather, who many said looked like Mark Twain—didn’t Sam think him a handsome man? [MTP].

Asa Don Dickinson wrote to Sam.

I happened to be present the other day at a meeting of the children’s librarians of the Brooklyn Public Library. In the course of the meeting it was stated that copies of “Tom Sawyer” and “Huckleberry Finn” were to be found in some of the children’s rooms of the system. The Sup’t of the Children’s Dep’t—a conscientious and enthusiastic young woman—was greatly shocked to hear this, and at once ordered that they be transferred to the adults’ department. Upon this I shamefacedly confessed to having read “Huckleberry Finn” aloud to my defenseless blind people, without regard to their age, color, or previous condition of servitude. I also reminded them of Brander Matthews’s opinion of the book, and stated the fact that I knew it almost at heart, having got more pleasure from it than from any book I have ever read, and reading is the greatest pleasure I have in my life. My warm defense elicited some further discussion and criticism, from which I gathered what the prevailing opinion of Huck was and that he was a deceitful boy who said “sweat” when he should have said “perspiration.” The upshot of this matter was that there is to be further consideration of these books at a meeting early in January which I am especially invited to attend. Seeing you the other night at the performance of “Peter Pan” the thought came to me that you (you knows Huck as well as I—you *can’t* know him better or love him more—) might be willing to give me a word or two to say in witness of his good character though he “warn’t no more quality than a mud cat.”

I would ask as a favor that you regard this communication as confidential, whether you find time to reply to it or not; for I am loath for obvious reasons to bring the institution from which I draw my salary into ridicule, contempt or reproach [MTP]. *Note:* see Nov. 21 for Sam’s reply.

James Ford Rhodes wrote from 392 Beacon St., Boston, to Sam, remembering “our pleasant talk at the Academy ten days ago...” and asking if he might get a copy of a letter Sam wrote during the Hayes-Tilden

campaign of 1876 favoring Hayes; the *Hartford Courant* had been unable to find it [MTP]. *Note:* Sam replied on Nov. 21.

Alice Von Versen (née Clemens) wrote from Germany to Sam, sending birthday regards [MTP].

November 20 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam replied to **J.H. Todd** of San Francisco, who wrote on Nov. 6. Sam's letter designated as "not sent":

Your letter is an insoluble puzzle to me. The handwriting is good & exhibits considerable character, & there are even traces of intelligence in what you say, yet the letter & the accompanying advertisements profess to be the work of the same hand. The person who wrote the advertisements is without doubt the most ignorant person now alive on the planet; also without doubt he is an idiot, an idiot of the 33rd degree, & scion of an ancestral procession of idiots stretching back to the Missing Link. It puzzles me to make out how the same hand could have constructed your letter & your advertisements. Puzzles fret me, puzzles annoy me, puzzles exasperate me; & always, for a moment, they arouse in me an unkind state of mind toward the person who has puzzled me. A few moments from now my resentment will have faded & passed, & I shall probably even be praying for you; but while there is yet time I hasten to wish that you may take a dose of your own poison by mistake, & enter swiftly into the damnation which you & all other patent medicine assassins have so remorselessly earned & do so richly deserve. / Adieu, adieu, adieu! / Mark Twain [MTP]. *Note:* see Sam's Boston speech of Nov. 4, and also Todd's letter of Nov. 6.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Jean, 9:30 — 3 times" [MTP TS 110; Hill 116]. **Isabel Lyon's Journal # 2:** "Phonograph Record. 2" [MTP TS 34].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote two letters to Sam, more about the Plasmon and Spiral Pin goings on [MTP].

Walter Barton wrote from Chattanooga, Tenn. to wish Sam a happy birthday—and oh, yes, to ask for an autograph [MTP].

S.H. Friedlander wrote from Portland, Ore. to ask if Sam would consider delivering "ten or twenty lectures on the Coast" [MTP].

Wilhelm Lang for the **English Club (Nuremberg)** wrote birthday wishes to Sam [MTP].

November 21 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam replied to **Asa Don Dickinson**, who wrote **Nov. 19**.

Dear Sir / I am greatly troubled by what you say. I wrote Tom Sawyer & Huck Finn for adults exclusively, & it always distresses me when I find that boys & girls have been allowed access to them. The mind that becomes soiled in youth can never again be washed clean; I know this by my own experience, & to this day I cherish an unappeasable bitterness against the unfaithful guardians of my young life, who not only permitted but compelled me to read an unexpurgated Bible through before I was 15 years old. None can do that & ever draw a clean sweet breath again this side of the grave. Ask that young lady—she will tell you so.

Most honestly do I wish I could say a softening word or two in defence of Huck's character, since you wish it, but really in my opinion it is no better than God's (in the Ahab chapter & 97 others,) & those of Solomon, David, Satan, & the rest of the sacred brotherhood.

If there is an Unexpurgated in the Children's Department, won't you please help that young woman remove Huck & Tom from that questionable companionship? [MTP: *Wilson Bulletin for Librarians*, Nov. 1935]. *Note:* after his signature : "I shall not show your letter to any one—it is safe with me."

Sam also replied per Lyon to **Herbert Putnam** (1861-1955), eighth Librarian of Congress (1899-1939) (incoming not extant).

I shall be very glad indeed to partake of that luncheon and its spiritual seasoning.

I go to Washington Friday and shall reach the New Willard in the evening. I have asked Colonel Harvey of the N. A. Review to go with me and be my guest on this outing, and he has accepted. I did this because he is good company and is not expensive because he always pays all the bills himself. Harvey is arranging various engagements, and I will ask him to see that this one shall get a date [MTP].

Sam also replied to the Nov. 19 from **James Ford Rhodes**:

I have no recollection of that letter. It must have been a private letter, since, if it had been a public one it would not have been sent otherwhither (fresh word—you can use it if you want to but only week days) than in the two papers which you have mentioned, the Tribune & the Courant; if it was a private letter, there was only one person for it to go to—Howells. Howells is till at Kittery Point, but is expected here about this time. I am leaving for Washington for a week but when I get back I will ask him about this.

I was most glad to meet you, and I hope it will happen again & often. You seem to live next to my friends the Pearmains' therefore you are very fortunately situated in this world. / Sincerely ...[MTP: Cushman file].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "3.30 Mr. Thomas of the Times" [MTP TS 35].

Lucia Cabaniss, Mary F. Long, and Edith A. MacDougal wrote from Chihuahua, Mexico to send birthday wishes Sam, including a long discussion of his many books [MTP].

Ella McMahon and Miss McMahon wrote on their calling card ("The Misses McMahon") "Many happy returns" to Sam [MTP].

Charles E. Potts wrote from Troy, N.Y. on a long, narrow paper birthday wishes and a poem to Sam [MTP].

November 22 Wednesday – **Isabel Lyon's journal # 2**: "Ray. 3.15" [MTP TS 32].

George Dewey wrote to Sam, advising receipt of "your recent letter, I have to state that I resigned several months ago from the Advisory Directorate of the Oppenheimer Institute, but that while I was a director I had no personal knowledge of the workings of the cure" [MTP].

Max Lowenthal wrote a postcard from Vienna, Austria to send birthday wishes [MTP].

November 22 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam responded to **C.F. Bertholf's Nov. 16** question: Stories he refers to is in one of the volumes of sketches published by the Harpers" [MTP]. *Note*: The MTP catalogs this as "on or after 16 November." Six days estimated postal time is allowed here.

November 23 Thursday – **Isabel Lyon's journal # 2**: "Miss Lawton to interview Mr. Charles Frohman at 10:30. / Mr. Clemens will go with Mr. Thuthong / Mr. Clemens will dine with Dr. Quintard, perhaps" [MTP TS 35].

Thomas S. Barbour for **Congo Reform Assoc., Boston** wrote to Sam on their new letterhead, which listed Samuel L. Clemens as a vice president. Barbour sought Sam's approval to leave a footnote in place in the "King Leopold" pamphlet. He hoped Sam had had a good talk with **Dr. Haley** during Sam's Boston stay; Barbour was sorry he could not see Sam then [MTP].

Note: On or after this day Sam instructed Lyon: "Put it right in as it is—doesn't care." As with the Anti-Imperialist League, the group used Sam's name to gather support; he did little or no work for the group, other than his writing. Hawkins gives **G. Stanley Hall**, psychologist and president of Clark University as president; other vice presidents **Lyman Abbott**, Congregational minister and author; **David Starr Jordan**, president of Stanford University; **Henry Van Dyke**, Presbyterian minister and professor of English at Princeton; and **Booker T. Washington**, founder of Tuskegee Institute [161].

Asa Don Dickinson wrote from Sheepshead Bay Branch, Brooklyn Library to Sam.

“Your letter rec’d. I am surprised to hear that you think Huck & Tom would have an unwholesome effect on boys and girls. But relieved to hear that you would not place them in the same category with many of the scriptural reprobates” [MTP].

November 24 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y., Sam spoke into a graphophone, dictating a letter that Isabel Lyon later wrote to **Dr. Osgood**:

Dear Dr. Osgood:

Your letter gives me very great pleasure. I believe there is no greater pleasure than that which one gets out of a compliment heartily expressed. Your warm words have gone to my heart and I am grateful for them.

Yes, I have been in your house, and shall expect to be in it again next year and often. I paid a long visit to those dear and delightful Pearmain in Boston and I am sure I could not have felt more entirely at home if I had been under my own roof. Moreover I got my health restored there. For many months I had been fighting a losing fight with dyspepsia—at least I supposed it was dyspepsia—and Mrs. Pearmain cured me by a very simple and rational process. I had given up eating almost altogether, because everything I ate seemed to disagree with me; but she required me to begin eating again; not only eating, but eating very frequently and not much at a time; and she required me to keep up this system in the night as well as in the day. I made the experiment and I am still carrying on the process according to her directions, and I have no further trouble about dyspepsia.

I can eat all sorts of sweet things; I can eat gum, shoes, nails, anything. I can digest anything that goes into my stomach, without any trouble, therefore I am under a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Pearmain which I suppose I shall never be able to pay.

Hoping to see you in Dublin next summer,

I am, dear Doctor,

yours very Sincerely,

S L Clemens.

P.S. This is my first experiment in dictating a letter to a graphophone, and I am thoroughly delighted with it. I shall never use the slow & tedious pen again [Robert Slotta sale on eBay, item 1804024039 Aug. 31, 2009].

Note: regrettably all recordings of Sam’s voice have been lost.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Mr. Clemens left for Washington this morning. He went off with Col. Harvey, on copyright” [MTP TS 110].

Sam and his publisher, Col. **George B. Harvey**, went to **Washington, D.C.** and took rooms in the **New Willard Hotel**. In September, he had agreed to be an officer in the American Congo Reform Association, that published his *King Leopold’s Soliloquy* at the end of September. This trip was a four-day lobbying trip in the Association’s behalf, culminating by a luncheon with President **Theodore Roosevelt**. Sam would return to New York on **Nov. 27**. See **Nov. 28** apology to Mrs. Roosevelt for unloading the “burden” on the President.

Sam inscribed a copy of *TS* with his “June-bug” aphorism to **Everett J. Brett** [Nov. 21 to Putnam; MTP].

Richard R. Bowker (1848-1933), journalist, editor, and founder of R.R. Bowker & Co., wrote birthday wishes to Sam, liking the idea of the President inviting a general thanksgiving on that day [MTP].

A.R. Cross wrote to Sam, asking if he remembered meeting him at **Laurence Hutton**’s Princeton house, and asking him to dine with them on Wednesday, Dec. 20 at 8 p.m. to meet Miss **May Sinclair** (1862-1946) author of *The Divine Fire* (1904), who hoped to meet him [MTP]. *Note:* see Gribben p. 644.

James F. Mallinckrodt wrote from St. Louis to Sam, signing the letter “John Think.” He liked the Diary of Eve, saying “that is just the way Lady Eve probably talked and wrote,” and added “I first knew you about 35 years ago, floating Galaxies every month. Now you are floating—or it, she, or he is floating you—the great Harper’s Christmas Magazine” [MTP].

Michael Monahan wrote birthday wishes to Sam [MTP].

C. Brereton Sharpe for the **Plasmon Syndicate** wrote to Sam.

“We are in receipt of your cablegram [not extant] reading as follows: ‘Power of Attorney too limited Meeting will not be held General Power of Attorney required to negotiate settlement with Hammond’ / In accordance therewith we now enclose a fresh Power of Attorney which was executed at a Special Board Meeting of the Company held yesterday.” They hoped an agreement might be reached with Hammond for the reorganization of the American Plasmon Co. [MTP].

November 24 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to **Thomas S. Barbour** [MTP]. *Note:* The MTP catalogs Sam’s reply as “on or after 23 November.” One additional day estimated postal time is allowed here.

November 25 Saturday – The *Hartford Courant* ran an interview, “Mark Twain at 70” p.16. Scharnhorst (p. 511-16 & n.1) explains it was attributed to **Samuel E. Moffett** but actually written by Clemens.

Louise Forsslund wrote Sam from Sayville, L.I., N.Y. to confirm a story her father told of traveling with a young man named Clemens in 1849 in Sacramento [MTP]. *Note:* Sam’s reply **ca. Nov. 28**.

The *New York Times*, p. BR812 ran a squib on the coming birthday celebration, “Mark Twain’s Banquet.”

Invitations to the Mark Twain banquet Mr. George Harvey is giving at Delmonico’s, Dec. 5, to celebrate the great humorist’s 70th birthday, are naturally confined to writers of imaginative literature. There will be 150 persons present, as it is, including some of Mr. Clemens’s personal friends, and a few men of distinction in other walks of life. “Imaginative literature,” as it exists to-day, will be largely and brilliantly represented.

Carl H. Fowler for the **Oppenheimer Institute** wrote noting Sam’s one-time interest and “enclosing a booklet just published showing results obtained at one of our free clinics in this city” [MTP].

Elizabeth Porter Gould wrote from Boston to Sam, thanking him for “your kind suspense, as to the origin of the lines” (unspecified) and wishing she’d had the “pleasure of taking you by the hand when you were in Boston” [MTP].

J. Nelson Parker for the **Beacon Society** wrote to Sam, most anxious for Clemens to be their guest for their Annual Meeting in Dec. [MTP]. *Note:* this enclosed in Pearmain to Clemens Nov. 26

November 26 Sunday – In **Washington, D.C.** Sam wrote to **Brian Ború Dunne** (1878-1962), journalist for the *Washington Times*: “I lack time for an interview, but if we can compromise on a Thanksgiving Sentiment, take your pencil & I will dictate it. Thus:” [MTP]. *Note:* Sam followed this note, crammed at the top of the page, with what is a self-interview that ran in the front page of the Nov. 27 issue of the *Washington D.C. Times*. Sam wrote the following on a small sheet, cut from the above paragraph.

“A few days ago one of the interviewers [Dunne] offered to let me do a Thanksgiving Sentiment. I was not able to take advantage of the opportunity, for I had already declined two chances & it would not be fair to be inconsistent & unreliable unless I could do good by it or there was graft in it somewhere, for the family.”

Note: this paragraph was the first in the Nov. 27 article in the *Times*. The remaining “interview,” was published in *With Gissing in Italy: The Memoirs of Brian Ború Dunne*, 1999, p.190-199, and may be seen at twainquotes.com. Appendix 4 in the source, “An Interview with Mark Twain?” traces the history of this piece, ignored by scholars until publication; the editors consulted Robert H. Hirst, General Editor, MTP, who confirmed the handwriting of Twain, but pointed out the rest of the “interview” was in the hand of **Isabel Lyon**, who was not in Washington at the time. On the back a typed description: “Part of MS. written by Mark Twain for Brian Ború Dunne, Sunday afternoon, November 26, 1905, at the New Willard Hotel, Washington, D.C.”

The New York *Times*, p. SM1 ran a long, illustrated feature article: “Mark Twain: A Humorist’s Confession,” including an interview by **A.E. Thomas**.

MARK TWAIN: A HUMORIST’S CONFESSION

On the Eve of His 70th Birth Anniversary He Admits He Never Did a Day’s Work in His Life.

[three photographs of Twain by Marceau, Boston]

Whatever He Has Done, He Says, He Has Done Because It Was Play—Sage Advice to Fellow Humorists and Others—A Word in Defense of the English—As to Summer Homes.

Mark Twain will be 70 years old on Thanksgiving Day, and he has never done a day’s work in his life. He told me so himself, sitting in one of the cheerful, spacious rooms of the old-fashioned stately New York house which he will probably call his city home as long as he lives. I probably started upon hearing this unlooked-for statement from the lips of the good, gray humorist, for he repeated emphatically:

“No, Sir, not a day’s work in all my life. What I have done I have done, because it has been play. If it had been work I shouldn’t have done it.

“Who was it who said, “Blessed is the man who has found his work”? Whoever it was he had the right idea in his mind. Mark you, he says his work—not somebody else’s work. The work that is really a man’s own work is play and not work at all. Cursed is the man who has found some other man’s work and cannot lose it. When we talk about the great workers of the world we really mean the great players of the world. The fellows who groan and sweat under the weary load of toil that they bear never can hope to do anything great. How can they when their souls are in a ferment of revolt against the employment of their hands and brains? The product of slavery, intellectual or physical, can never be great.

To me who saw him standing there, straight and virile, in the clear, uncompromising light of the early Winter afternoon, it seemed that there must be years of good, hard, joyous play left yet in the Prince of American Humorists. Nor can be bring ourselves to dub him the Dean of American Humorists, either, because that has about it a certain suggestion of decrepit age, and nothing is less suggestive of the Mark Twain of today than decrepitude

Straight and spare as a New England pine, his great mane of thick white hair falling shaggily back from his brow, his thin, mobile upper lip covered with a heavy drooping mustache that is yet only shading toward grayness, his eyes always clear, now reflective and now flashing with the fire of the thoughts that leap like lightning behind them, though the words fall from the lips in that deliberate drawl which tens of thousands will never be able to forget so long as memory has ears, his face unlined and his cheeks touched with a ruddy glow, and only about he corners of his eyes the little tell-tale crow’s feet that seventy years have scratched there—nobody who saw him thus could ever possibly think of Mark Twain as old. No, there is nothing of the “last leaf” effect about Samuel L. Clemens.

“I’m glad you came to see me today, as I’m up and about, which I shouldn’t have been if I had been doing anything of consequence. You’re surprised at that, are you?”

I admitted that I didn’t understand.

“Well,” he went on slowly, “I’ve found that whenever I’ve got some work to do- “

“You mean play, of course,” I ventured.

“Of course, of course; but we’re all slaves to the use of conventional terms and I’ll stick to them to avoid confusing you. Whenever I’ve got some work to do I go to bed. I got into that habit some time ago when I had an attack of bronchitis. Suppose your bronchitis lasts six weeks. The first two you can’t do much but attend to the barking and so on, but the last four I found I could work if I stayed in bed and when you can work you don’t mind staying in bed.

“I liked it so well that I kept it up after I got well. There are a lot of advantages about it. If you’re sitting at a desk you get excited about what you are doing, and the first thing you know the steam heat or the furnace has

raised the temperature until you've almost got a fever, or the fire in the grate goes out and you get a chill, or if somebody comes in to attend to the fire he interrupts you and gets you off the trail of that idea you are pursuing.

"So I go to bed. I can keep an equable temperature there without trying and go on about my work without being bothered. Work in bed is a pretty good gospel—at least for a man who's come, like me, to the time of life when his blood is easily frosted."

This was queer talk from those virile lips. The only frost you can perceive about Mark Twain is in his hair, and that is a crisp, invigorating frost, like that of a sparkling November morning.

"Well, Mr. Clemens," I said, "what you say about work and play may be true, but a good many people would think that the immense amount of labor you went through to pay the debts of the publishing house of C. L. Webster & Co. after that firm went to smash was entitled to be called by the name of hard work."

"Not at all," retorted Mr. Clemens, very seriously. "All I had to do was write a certain number of books and deliver a few hundred lectures. As for traveling about the country from one place to another for years—the nuisances of getting about and bad hotels and so on—those things are merely the incidents that every one expects to meet in life. The people who had to publish my books, the agents who had to arrange my lecture tours, the lawyers who had to draw up the contracts and other legal documents—they were the men who did the real work. My part was merely play. If it had been work I shouldn't have done it. I was never intended for work—never could do it—can't do it now—don't see any use in it."

It occurred to me to ask Mr. Clemens to tell the secret of the vital hold he has had for years upon the most intelligent people of the English-speaking world—a grip upon the public mind such as no mere humorist has ever held or ever could hold.

"Well," he answered, "I know it is a difficult thing for a man who has acquired a reputation as a funny man to have a serious thought and put it into words and be listened to respect fully, but I thoroughly believe that any man who's got anything worth while to say will be heard if he only says it often enough. Of course, what I have to say may not be worth saying. I can't tell about that, but if I honestly believe I have an idea worth the attention of thinking people it's my business to say it with all the sincerity I can muster. They'll listen to it if it really is worth while and I say it often enough. If it isn't worth while it doesn't matter whether I'm heard or not.

"Suppose a man makes a name as a humorist—he may make it at a stroke, as Bret Harte did, when he wrote those verses about the "Heathen Chinee." That may not be the expression of the real genius of the man at all. He may have a genuine message for the world. Then let him say it and say it again and then repeat it and let him soak it in sincerity. People will warn him at first that he's getting a bit out of his line, but they'll listen to him at last, if he's really got a message—just as they finally listened to Bret Harte.

"Dickens had his troubles when he tried to stop jesting. The "Sketches by Boz" introduced him as a funny man, but when Boz began to take him seriously people began to shake their heads and say: "That fellow Boz isn't as funny as he was, is he?" But Boz and his creator kept right on being in earnest, and they listened after a time, just as they always will listen to anybody worth hearing.

"I tell you, life is a serious thing, and, try as a man may, he can't make a joke of it. People forget that no man is all humor, just as they fail to remember that every man is a humorist. We hear that marvelous voice of Sembrich—a wonderful thing—a thing never to be forgotten—but nobody makes the mistake of thinking of Sembrich as merely a great, unmixed body of song. We know that she can think and feel and suffer like the rest of us. Why should we forget that the humorist has his solemn moments? Why should we expect nothing but humor of the humorist?

"My advice to the humorist who has been a slave to his reputation is never to be discouraged. I know it is painful to make an earnest statement of a heartfelt conviction and then observe the puzzled expression of the fatuous soul who is conscientiously searching his brain to see how he can possibly have failed to get the point of the joke. But say it again and maybe he'll understand you. No man need be a humorist all his life. As the patent medicine man says, there is hope for all."

"You are far from being a bad man: go and reform," thought I reminiscently of "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg."

"The quality of humor," Mr. Clemens went on hurriedly—for him—"is the commonest thing in the world. I mean the perceptive quality of humor. In this sense every man in the world is a humorist. The creative quality of humor—the ability to throw a humorous cast over a set of circumstances that before had seemed colorless is, of course, a different thing. But every man in the world is a perceptive humorist. Everybody lives in a glass house. Why should anybody shy bricks at a poor humorist or advise him to stick to his trade when he tries to say a sensible thing?"

"Even the English?" I suggested.

"The English don't deserve their reputation," insisted Mr. Clemens. "They are as humorous a nation as any in the world. Only humor, to be comprehensible to anybody, must be built upon a foundation with which he is familiar. If he can't see the foundation the superstructure is to him merely a freak—like the Flatiron building without any visible means of support—something that ought to be arrested.

"You couldn't, for example, understand an English joke, yet they have their jokes—plenty of them. There's a passage in Parkman that tells of the home life of the Indian—describes him sitting at home in his wigwam with his squaw and papooses—not the stoical, toy Indian with whom we are familiar, who wouldn't make a jest for his life or notice one that anybody else made, but the real Indian that few white men ever saw—simply rocking with mirth at some tribal witticism that probably wouldn't have commended itself in the least to Parkman.

"And, so you see, the quality of humor is not a personal or a national monopoly. It's as free as salvation, and, I am afraid, far more widely distributed. But it has its value, I think. The hard and sordid things of life are too hard and too sordid and too cruel for us to know and touch them year after year without some mitigating influence, some kindly veil to draw over them, from time to time, to blur the craggy outlines, and make the thorns less sharp and the cruelties less malignant."

Mr. Clemens doesn't mind being seventy years old, but he isn't especially gay about it.

"When our anniversaries roll up too high a total," he said, "we don't feel in a particularly celebratory mood. We often celebrate the wrong anniversaries and lament the ones we ought to celebrate."

This particular anniversary finds him domiciled within sight of the Washington Arch in one of those dignified old mansions of lower Fifth Avenue that have set their kindly, patrician old faces sternly against the marauding march of skyscrapers and business loft and hotel. Everybody knows that Hartford was for many years his home, though in the Summer intervals various mountain or seaside cottages got in some of their dread work, while so recently as a Summer or two ago an Italian villa added strange new items to the sum total of his domiciliary experiences.

His latest solution to the Summer question is Dublin, New Hampshire. There he was last Summer, and there he hopes to be again. His own account of how he reached so satisfactory a solution is entertaining, and may be instructive.

"Yes," he said, "I have tried a number of summer homes, here and in Europe together.

"Each of these homes had charms of its own; charms and delights of its own, and some of them—even in Europe—had comforts. Several of them had conveniences, too. They all had a "view."

"It is my conviction that there should always be some water in a view—a lake or a river, but not the ocean, if you are down on its level. I think that when you are down on its level it seldom inflames you with an ecstasy which you could not get out of a sand flat. It is like being on board ship over again; indeed it is worse than that, for there's three months of it. On board ship one tires of the aspects in a couple of days and quits looking. The same vast circle of heaving humps is spread around you all the time, with you in the center of it and never gaining an inch on the horizon, as far as you can see one; for variety, a flight of flying fish, a flock of porpoises throwing summersaults afternoons, a remote whale spouting Sundays, occasional phosphorescent effects nights, every other day a streak of black smoke trailing along under the horizon; on the single red-letter day, the illustrious iceberg. I have seen that iceberg thirty four times in thirty-seven voyages; it is always that same shape, it is always the same size, it always throws up the same old flash when the sun strikes it; you may set it on any New York doorstep of a June morning and light it up with a mirror flash and I will engage to recognize it. It is artificial, and is provided and anchored out by the steamer companies. I used to like the sea, but I was young then, and could easily get excited over any kind of monotony, and keep it up till the monotonicities ran out.

"Last January, when we were beginning to inquire about a home for this summer, I remembered that Abbott Thayer had said, three years before, that the New Hampshire highlands was a good place. He was right—it is a good place. Any place that is good for an artist in paint is good for an artist in morals and ink. Brush is here, too; so is Col. T. W. Higginson; so is Raphael Pumpelly; so is Mr. Secretary Hitchcock; so is Henderson; so is Learned so is Sumner; so is Franklin MacVeagh so is Joseph L. Smith; so is Henry Copley Greene, when I am not occupying his house, which I am doing this season. Paint, literature, science, statesmanship, history, professorship, law, morals—these are all represented here, yet crime is substantially unknown.

"The summer homes of these refugees are sprinkled, a mile apart, among the forest-clad hills, with access to each other by firm and smooth country roads which are so embowered in dense foliage that it is always twilight in there and comfortable. The forests are spider-webbed with these good roads, they go everywhere; but for the help of the guideboards the stranger would not arrive anywhere.

"The village—Dublin—is bunched together in its own place, but a good telephone service makes its markets handy to all those outliars. If you spell it right it's witty. The village executes orders on the Boston plan—promptness and courtesy.

"The summer homes are high perched, as a rule, and have contenting outlooks. The house we occupy has one. Monadnock, a soaring double hump, rises into the sky at its left elbow—that is to say, it is close at hand. From the base of the long slant of the mountain, the valley spreads away to the circling frame of hills, and beyond the frame the billowy sweep of remote great ranges rise to view and flow, fold upon fold, wave upon wave, soft and blue and unworldly, to the horizon fifty miles away. In these October days Monadnock and the valley and its framing hills make an inspiring picture to look at, for they are sumptuously splashed and mottled and betorched from sky line to

sky line with the richest dyes the autumn can furnish; and when they lie flaming in the full drench of the mid-afternoon sun, the sight affects the spectator physically, it stirs his blood like military music.

"These summer houses are commodious, well built, and well furnished—facts which sufficiently indicate that the owners built them to live in themselves. They have furnaces and wood fireplaces, and the rest of the comforts and conveniences of a city home, and can be comfortably occupied all the year round.

"We cannot have this house next season, but I have secured Mrs. Upton's house, which is over in the law and science quarter, two or three miles from here, and about the same distance from the art, literary, and scholastic groups. The science and law quarter has needed improving this good while.

"The nearest railway station is distant something like an hour's drive; it is three hours from there to Boston, over a branch line. You can go to New York in six hours per branch line if you change every time you think of it, but it is better to go to Boston and stop over and take the trunk line next day; then you do not get lost.

"It is claimed that the atmosphere of the New Hampshire highlands is exceptionally bracing and stimulating, and a fine aid to hard and continuous work. It is a just claim, I think. I came in May, and wrought thirty-five successive days without a break. It is possible that I could not have done it elsewhere. I do not know; I have not had any disposition to try it before. I think I got the disposition out of the atmosphere this time. I feel quite sure, in fact, that that is where it came from.

"I am ashamed to confess what an intolerable pile of manuscript I ground out in the thirty-five days; therefore I will keep the number of words to myself. I wrote the first half of a long tale—"The Adventures of a Microbe"—and put it away for a finish next summer, and started another long tale—"The Mysterious Stranger"; I wrote the first half of it and put it with the other for a finish next summer. I stopped then. I was not tired, but I had no books on hand that needed finishing this year except one that was seven years old. After a little I took that one up and finished it. Not for publication, but to have it ready for revision next summer.

"Since I stopped work I have had a two months' holiday. The summer has been my working time for thirty-five years, to have a holiday in it (in America) is new to me. I have not broken it, except to write "Eve's Diary" and "A Horse's Tale"—short things occupying the mill twelve days.

"This year our summer was six months long and ended with November and the flight home to New York, but next year we hope and expect to stretch it another month and end it the first of December."

A. E. Thomas

Isabel Lyon's Journal: "Jean, 3 P.M. 8 P.M. Katie / Then am I / A happy fly. / If I live / Or if I die" MTP 110; Hill 116]. *Note:* Trombley identifies this latter verse as William Blake's poem, and waxes eloquent in her interpretation of it's inclusion in Miss Lyon's diary:

In her cryptic fashion, Isabel's quoting "The Fly" deftly defines the temporality of her and Jean's peculiar existences; they were both caught in a place on the margins of life as they dreamed of living it. Both women were frustrated in their attempts to create futures for themselves and both were subjected to circumstances they were powerless to control.: Isabel was ensnared in a trap created by circumstance and dependent upon an elderly man's whims, and Jean was mired in a downwardly spiraling illness [MTOW 82-3].

Note: Hill sees quite a lot in the underline of "Katie": "very probably referred to the first of Jean's homicidal attacks on the housekeeper" [*Ibid.*]. Trombley argues that Jean attacked Katy because her epilepsy put her in a "postictal psychotic state" and offers up modern neurologists' opinions [MT *Other Woman* 81-2]. Lystra, on the other hand, sought medical opinions and poured over the same documents as other biographers, and doubts the attacks occurred: "Scientific opinion is firm: there is absolutely no physiological connection between epilepsy and violence directed against another person." Lystra puts the story to the superstition of the 19th century which died hard in the 20th, and to Lyon's manipulation of Jean and the family's affairs [x-xv]. Sheldon argues that Lyon convinced herself that Jean was subject to violent and even homicidal outbursts: "...with the exception of Lyon's words, there is no evidence that [Dr. Frederick] Peterson accepted that Jean's disease made her dangerous to others. At Katonah, his favorite therapy for Jean involved intense work in the crafts shop....If Peterson had really shared Lyon's prejudice, it would have been dangerous therapy indeed to leave Jean in possession of sharp carving tools and mallets for hours at a time" [176]. It wasn't until Feb. 5, 1906 that Sam took Jean to See Dr. Peterson. Nevertheless, it seems likely that grand mal seizures, especially coming in clusters, would have frightened a sensitive and melodramatic woman like Isabel Lyon. If her fears were real, homicidal acts by Jean may not have been. Did Lyon's conclusion that Jean was insane and her fears of Jean's possible violence motivate her actions or did she have ulterior motives and simply use such fears to further her own

agenda? Notes of Samuel Charles and Doris Webster made from interviews with Lyon in the 1940s may be suspect by the passage of several decades. On Lyon's Journal page 110 ½ (to be inserted in page 110, referring to "Jean, 3 p.m. 8 p.m. Katie") Webster wrote: "This seems to refer to an attack on the maid, Katie Leary that Miss Lyon told me about. Jean was getting dangerous, and the doctor told Miss Lyon never to let Jean get between her and the door, and never to close the door. S.C.W." Why would the entry "seem" to refer to an attack on Katie is not clear. Did Webster doubt the long-after memory of Isabel Lyon, who was likely embittered by the treatment she received in 1909? Webster himself later wrote *Mark Twain Businessman*, in an attempt to ameliorate his late father's reputation in the face of Clemens' accusations over the failure of Charles L. Webster & Co. One might conclude that neither Lyon or Webster were impartial here. It would also *seem* that one might choose sides on these and other issues involving the melodramatic and hypersensitive Isabel Lyon. All of this begs the question as to why there isn't a more explicit exposition of an attack against Leary—there is none by Katie herself, nor by Clemens, nor in Jean's papers.

Digna Bieszk and Agathe Bieszk sent birthday wishes from Frieberg in Breisgau, Germany [MTP].

Isabella S. Bohan wrote congratulations and birthday wishes to Sam, and asking where she might get the "little volume, 'Editorial Wild Oats'" [MTP].

Edmund Vance Cooke (1866-1932) wrote from Cleveland, Ohio to Sam: "Under another cover I send you a memento, with inscription," which was a copy of his book *Chronicles of the Little Tot* (1905) [Gribben 158]. *Note:* See **Nov. 30** for the book with inscription.

Gilbert Holland Montague wrote from Old Point Comfort, Va. to offer congratulations and birthday wishes [MTP].

J.F. Moreno wrote a postcard from Deming, N.M. to Sam. "Your books have long been one of the few pleasures in the life of a poor devil who, lacking health, wishes it to you as the greatest good conceivable" [MTP].

Sumner Bass Pearmain wrote to Sam, passing on and vouching for, the invitation from the Beacon Society of Boston that invited Sam [MTP].

November 27 Monday – Sam was in **Washington, D.C.** and was a guest of President **Theodore Roosevelt**. Later in the day he returned to New York. The *New York Times* reported the event on page 1.

Mark Twain the President's Guest

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) was a guest of President and Mrs. Roosevelt at luncheon to-day. Invited to meet Mr. Clemens were Secretary Bonaparte, Attorney General Moody, and John Temple Graves. The call of Mr. Clemens upon the President was purely social.

[*Note:* not *purely social*—Sam took the opportunity to discuss the Congo situation, then wrote to Mrs. Roosevelt his thanks and apologies for unloading his "burden" on the President. See also Dec. 3 article]

Note: **Charles Joseph Bonaparte** (1851-1921) at this time Secretary of the Navy (1905-1906); also Attorney General (1906-1909). **William H. Moody** (1853-1917), Attorney General (1904-1906). **John Temple Graves**, (1856-1925) editor of the *Atlanta Georgian*, and in 1908 was the People's candidate for Vice President.

Hawkins writes: "the president showed interest in the Congo and said he would ask Bacon to make a thorough report. Twain apparently inferred that Roosevelt would act against Leopold if he were first sure England would also act" [163]. **Robert Bacon** (1860-1919) was Assistant Secretary of State under **Elihu Root** (1845-1937), who was named to the post after the death of John Hay.

Isabel Lyon's journal: The mails are full of letters from people who are sending loving messages to Mr. Clemens on the approach of his 70th birthday. These letters come from the old, and from the children, from the celebrated and learned and mighty, and from the uncultured and humble—but they all bear the heartfelt message of homage and love and appreciation of the writer, and the man, and the King whose crowning has not been placed by any hands, but has grown with a steady spiritual growth out of the genius and the life of the man who sits enthroned in the hearts of the people who offer their sweet tribute. It is touching. He came home today from Washington [MTP TS 110].

Edmund D. Morel wrote to Sam about *The Report of the Commission of Inquiry on the Belgian Congo*: “The Report... is a curious document. I sent you a copy of my presentation of it. I trust you received it, but I fear it will have been too long to wade through” [Gribben 574].

H.W. Palmer wrote compliments of his books read for years and birthday wishes to Sam [MTP].

Hélène Elisabeth Picard wrote to Sam asking if he would look at a letter from the President and verify if it was his handwriting. She had written the President congratulating him on the peace reached in the Russo-Japanese War, but a friend claimed it wasn't his handwriting on a reply. No mention was made of Sam's 70th [MTP].

Samuel Pollock wrote from Willards Hotel, Wash. D.C. to offer birthday wishes Sam, asked whether he was on the Mississippi in Mar. and Apr. 1862 with the gunboat flotilla, “and if so whether for a short time you were a pilot on the ‘DeSoto’ with Capt. Montgomery” [MTP].

T.G. Sawkins wrote from NYC to Sam recalling it had been 13 years since they'd met at the Players Club in NYC. He enclosed a poem for which he was trying to find a publisher, and asked for “a candid opinion” [MTP]. *Note:* Miss Lyon wrote at the top in pencil: “The man who claims to have been the first one to advise Mr. Clemens to go to Australia on a lecturing tour—& now he asks a favor”

Will Larrymore Smedley wrote from Chautauqua, NY to offer birthday wishes [MTP].

Eleven year old **Paul Thorne** wrote from Youngstown, Ohio to Sam, having the same birthday. He and his friends had read Huck and Tom and he “played the games” from them but got licked and sent to bed. He asked if Tom and Huck and Aunt Polly were still alive. He wished Sam “lots more birthdays” [MTP].

Anne Warner wrote from Hildesheim, Germany to offer birthday wishes to Sam [MTP].

November 28 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. where he wrote to **Robert Bacon**, Asst. Secretary of State, who was seeking more information about England's willingness to act against Leopold.

For lack of time I was not able to send you those Congo documents yesterday, but I shall have them forwarded to-day. In England the matter is in the hands of John Morley & some strong peers and bishops, & I feel pretty sure that they will push it along to a point where America can drop in & take a hand without much embarrassment [MTP]. *Note:* see Nov. 27 (Hawkins), and Dec. 4 from Bacon.

Sam also wrote to **Robert Reid**.

I am just home from a trip; & I *am* sorry it isn't a dinner to the brush instead of the pen; or a dinner to both brush *and* pen, for it is the only 70th I shall ever celebrate, & I wish the Colonel could let me have them all, for this once, with you where of right you belong, at the head of the brushes. Robert, will you think of me at your 70th, and be sorry in *your* turn? You must [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Edith Kermit Carow Roosevelt** (1861-1948), second wife of **Theodore Roosevelt**, thanking her for hosting the luncheon he shared on Nov. 27 with them.

I did not half thank you for your charming hospitality, but I assure you I was sincerely grateful, nevertheless. I was troubled in my mind, all the time, because I was afraid the President did not know I had come to Washington to ask for a private word with him on a public matter—yet I *had* to intrude it, for I am a citizen, & the matter was on my citizen-conscience & must be unloaded, so that I might get personal relief. That is *why* we unload our consciences. We shift the burden. Whither? Mainly—in these days—to the President's shoulders. Everybody does it: all the nations do it. It is not fair, it is most unfair; yet our consciences are so constructed that they will spare no one when they need relief from a burden, not even an already vastly overburdened President; particularly a President whose heart is always & promptly generous, & likely to be open to appeals which are not made in a personal & sordid interest but in behalf of a matter clothed in the dignity of an honorable & national importance. It distressed me to have to add myself to his long list of burden-shifting benevolent persecutors; it touched my hardened conscience that he bore it so patiently. And certainly it *is* a hardened conscience, & a persistently increasing puzzle to the pathologist. It is now 5 times that I have been operated on for appendicitis, at perilous risk of my life, only to find that it was not my appendix that was inflamed, but only my conscience. We hope to get it, next time, & sequester it in a bottle.

I beg to be mentioned to Miss Roosevelt, whom I have met, & to the boys, whom I would so like to meet. To you, dear Mrs. Roosevelt, & to his Excellency I offer my homage & high regard; & him I would have thanked for remembering me in the midst of his heavy duties when the irremediable disaster of my life fell upon me, but there are things which we cannot say, for the voice breaks [MTP]. *Note:* the burden Sam unloaded to the President was the **Congo** situation. See Dec. 3 article.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Yesterday Mr. Clemens lunched at the White House. His description of Mrs. Roosevelt would be gratifying to her, and to the President too, for Mr. Clemens found her charming, simple and without any shred of self consciousness, a lovely woman. Mr. Clemens liked the President as much as he always does—"you can't help liking him for he is a magnetic creature, and he shows his teeth in a forceful smile, just as much as ever," and he unconsciously says that he is "De-lighted" to see you, just as the caricaturists have it on the record [MTP TS 110].

Mona E. Brookman wrote to to offer birthday wishes Sam, and to ask for a photograph [MTP].

Twelve year old **Noel E. Evans** wrote from Des Moines, Iowa to offer birthday wishes, as it would also be his birthday and Thanksgiving Day [MTP].

Joe Goodman wrote from Alameda, Calif. to Sam, typed on a stiff paper board:

The bearer of these credentials is a fast friend of mine, and was of all our old Comstock comrades, and would have been of yours but for the misjoinder of a few years. He is about the only man on the Slope to whom I would give a passport.

In official circles he is Hon. S.P. Davis, Controller of the State of Nevada; but to the world at large he is Sam Davis, the representative humorist of the Pacific Coast.

He is an ardent admirer of yours—so much so, that he has been lecturing about you. But, though his appreciation of your work is the best I have ever seen in print, he is so off on his reckoning as to facts that I want him to hail you and lay a true course.

The Mark Twain cult is having a boom here, just now—running neck-and-neck with Christian Science, and being played for a winner. There have been two full pages of it in the Sunday supplements within a month. One of the devotees—James Tufts, a veteran editor of the San Francisco "Examiner"—has the rarest collection of your works in existence, probably. It comprises not only first editions of all your books—including the Canadian and English ones—but he has ransacked the magazines back to the '60's, and has all your scattered writings, magnificently bound and illustrated by every picture of you obtainable. It follows necessarily that he is a good fellow. Davis can tell you about him.

Should you and Sam happen to meet in New York, I would like you to go to the Regal (corner of Seventh avenue and 17th street, I think, as you will see by reference to your note-book) and take a beer and sandwich, in memory of old times. / Yours as always, ... [MTP].

Winifred Meyer in Cambridge, Mass. wrote congratulations and birthday wishes [MTP].

Alex Montgomery in St. Louis wrote congratulations and birthday wishes [MTP].

Ewald Plaminschetz sent a panoramic picture postcard of Vienna, Austria with congratulations and birthday wishes (in German) [MTP].

Mary Reynolds in Cape Girardeau, Mo. wrote congratulations and birthday wishes; she knew Clemens when he was a river pilot [MTP].

George W. Smith wrote from the Hotel Wendell, Pittsfield, Mass. to send congratulastions on a “long, brilliant and sustained career in letters” with birthday wishes [MTP].

An **unidentified person** wrote Sam “Best wishes from (One of your admirers)” on a picture postcard of Idora Falls, Youngstown, Ohio [MTP].

William S. Wallace wrote from Chicago offering congratulations and birthday wishes [MTP].

Josephine Curtis Woodbury in Greenwich, Conn. sent two poems about death to Sam [MTP].

November 28 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave., **N.Y. Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Sumner Bass Pearmain**.

Mr Clemens has just returned from Washington very tired—& so directs me to write for him in answer to your letter of Nov. 26th He wishes me to thank you very much for your offer of hospitality, if he were to accept Mr. Parker’s invitation to be a guest of the Beacon Society—but to say that naturally he is declining because he accepts no invitations that he is not obliged to. Then to use Mr. Clemens’s own words: “I want to authorize Mr. Pearmain now to decline for me all invitations, before they get a chance to reach me, for it will relieve us both of embarrassments.” and this he feels, that as his friend, you will be glad to do. Mr. Clemens is tired, but very well—and he wishes me to convey to you & to Mr^s. Pearmain, his very warm regards [MTP].

Note: J. Nelson Parker.

Isabel Lyon also wrote for Sam to decline **J. Nelson Parker**’s invitation; “he could not accept invitations that take him so far from his home” [MTP].

Sam also replied to **Louise Forsslund**’s Nov. 25 query that it “Must have been some other Clemens—never W. of Miss. until middle of 1861” [MTP].

November 29 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave., **N.Y.** Sam wrote to **John P. Cowan**.

Dear Mr. Cowan: / Health to you! Sometimes, in the past two years, I have asked the Harpers’ permission to say a word outside—for print—but I don’t now, for the applications these past two days amount to a sort of flood. Privately, between you and me, I did not suppose there was any Clemens blood in the world, outside of my family and J. Ross Clemens of St. Louis. Adam was the only ancestor I had ever heard of. / Sincerely yours ... [MTP].

Sam gave an interview to a *New York World* reporter. The interview ran as “Twain calls Leopold Slayer of 15,000,000” in the paper on Sunday, Dec. 3. Section 3, p. 6. See **Dec. 3** entry.

Isabel Lyon's journal: This afternoon at 3:30 Signor Traverso came in to tell Mr. Clemens about the Massiglia law suit. All the misery that Mr. Clemens ever hoped the Countess would get out of this suit she has got, for she has spent a lot of money, lawyers have taken their time about getting evidence (or taking testimony) and long ago Count Massiglia went to Signor Traverso begging him to ask Mr. Clemens to drop the suit, for it was killing his wife, and life at the villa was made impossible for them, for every hand was against them, and life had become a Hell. Mr. Clemens listened to Traverso's story, with a keen satisfaction, for the Countess has garnered what she sowed [MTP TS 111].

L. Fosdick wrote from Pittsburg, Penn. to Sam, asking for "a line that shall help clinch the verdict" in a church debate on Mark Twain. He drew a cartoon of a prison inmate and wrote "this is not a 'hold up'." On or just after this date Sam replied: "Before you engage in debates you should see to it that you get on the strong side, then you wont have to ask any body's help" [MTP].

Anna E. Berry wrote from Garden City, L.I. to Sam. "As one of the oldest members of the dear Langdon family circle, I want to tell you that I am glad you are *alive*, and are going to have a *birthday*....I love to think of you in Elmira when you *carried Pussy Cats*, in your white linen *coat*- pockets..." [MTP].

The following persons also wrote various birthday congratulations to Clemens on Nov. 29:

John Clarke from Arlington, Md. to congratulate Sam on his 70th.
Cecile Freese from NYC as an "old friend" to congratulate Sam on his 70th and with love to Clara and Jean.
Sophia de Genhaim from Vienna, Austria
E.W. Hatch.
Eleanor V. Hutton (Mrs. Laurence Hutton).
Issac F. Marcossou.
D.W. Morrill.
Paul Muller.

Maud Muratt.
Georgiana Sanborn.
J.H.K. Shannahan.
J.H. Todd.
Annie Trumbull sent a poem.
Marshall P. Wilder telegraphed congratulations from Indianapolis, Ind..

Note: All of the above names and letters courtesy of MTP.

November 30 Thursday – Thanksgiving Day - Sam's 70th Birthday.

Several newspapers across the country reported Sam's "Thanksgiving sentiment," including this quote taken from the Nov. 28 issue of the *Grand Forks Daily Herald* (N. Dakota), p.1:

"Every year every person in America concentrates all his thoughts on one thing—cataloguing his reasons for being thankful to the Deity for the blessings conferred on him and on the human race during the expiring twelve months.

"This is well and as it should be; but it is too one-sided. No one ever seems to think of the Deity's side of it; apparently no one concerns himself to inquire how much or how little he has had to be thankful for during the same period.

"We may be unstintedly thankful, but can that really be the same with Him? If He had a voice how would he regard this year's results in Russia? Doubtless the most that He can be thankful for is that the carnage and suffering are not as bad as they might be.

"He will have noticed that life insurance in New York has gone tolerably rotten, and the widow and orphan have a sorrowful time of it at the hands of their chosen protectors. Doubtless the most He is thankful for is that the rottenness and robberies have not been absolutely complete.

"He has noticed the political smell ascending from New York, Philadelphia and sixty or seventy other municipalities has been modified a little temporarily and, doubtless, is thankful for that transient reprieve.

"He has observed that King Leopold's destruction of innocent life on the Congo is not as great this year as it was last by as much as 100,000 victims, because of the diminishing material. Without doubt He himself is

thankful that matters in the Congo are not as irretrievably bad as they might be, and that some natives still are left alive.”

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Mr. Clemens’s 70th birthday. But he is only a young and beautiful 50, and this afternoon as I sat up in Dr. Quintard’s office, we talked about him and his greatness for a long time. His greatness and his goodness too—for there are few men, no men, as famous as he, and as good.

All day there have been telegrams and letters and flowers and homage of one kind and another, but you cannot spoil him. He lunched with Mr. and Mr. Rogers and when he reached home at 5 o’clock Jean and I sat in the living room with young Michael Stillman, 6 feet 4 inches of young ardent life loving, Thayer loving manhood, but Mr. Clemens only saluted and then went up to his bed. Tired he was. It was good for him to go where people love him as the Rogerses do.

Mr. Gilder came in after dinner. Santa C. who was to have sung tomorrow is ill with a sore throat [MTP TS 111]. **Isabel Lyon’s Journal # 2:** “Mr. Clemesn will lunch with Mr. & Mrs. Rogers. / 8 East 78th [MTP TS 35].

Madeleine Sinsheimer wrote to Sam from Newark, N.J. that thanks to God she was perfectly well again. On or just after this day Sam directed **Isabel Lyon** to “Thank her for remembering me on my birthday” [MTP]. See **Feb. 15** entry.

Sam also inscribed a copy of *Editorial Wild Oats* (1905) for an **unidentified person** [MTP]. *Note:* This book by Harpers was a reissue of some of Sam’s older sketches. The New York *Times* ran some of it on Sept. 24, 1905.

Sam also inscribed a copy of *TS* with his signature and this date to an **unidentified person** [MTP: Anderson Auction Co. catalogs, Mar. 8, 1909 Item 253].

Edmund Vance Cooke inscribed a copy of his book of verses on children, *Chronicles of the Little Tot* (1905): “To Samuel Langhorne Clemens at Seventy / To Mark Twain at the same age / Cleveland, Nov. 30th, 1905” [Gribben 158].

Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Lilian W. Aldrich telegrammed “Long life, love & congratulations” [MTP].

George B. Harvey wrote to Sam.(before Nov. 30) “Nov. 30 will be a red-letter day. I shall expect you to give me that evening for something real good. Let me know if I an begin to arrange. Harvey” [MTP].

The following persons also sent various birthday congratulations to Clemens on Nov. 30:

Miles d’Anson wrote from Newark.

William Anson sent a telegram from London.

John K. Baugh wrote “a toast” to Sam.

Titus M. Coan wrote from NYC.

LasCasas L. Dean

Conrad Graf

Robert L. Grand

Henry Hahn

George Henschel

Raymond R. Howell

William Dean Howells [MTP; not in *MTHL*].

Flora Kling

Ferdinand Lansky

Rudi Locker

Julia L. Loomis

Robert Lutz

Maryland Senate Secretary

Darwin C. Pavey

Josephine P. Peabody

Kate Douglas Riggs

J.E. Schwartz

Marcella Sembrich (born Prakseda

Marcelina Kochańska) (1858-1935),

Polish opera singer with the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Ernest Seton-Thompson

Guillaume Stengel

Madeline Sinsheimer

Heinrich Ultmann

An unidentified person

James S. Whittakers
E.S. Willard

Note: All names and letters above courtesy MTP.

John F. McCabe wrote to Sam, asking for the lines on Susy's headstone [MTP]. *Note: Sam replied through Lyon on Dec. 1.*

November 30 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam sent a telegram to **Henry Campbell Bannerman**.

Dear Primey— / Just a line to say that I've never cherished hard feeling towards you or felt the least bit envious of your [*one word illegible*] position in society—to be obliged to lug around the title of Minister. even though it is of the premier class would have taken the heart clear out of me, & life would have lost it's savour—You've earned a just reward & a crown in a happier land. May you find them soon / Mark Twain [MTP].

November 30, after – Shortly after turning 70, Sam wrote "Old Age." The piece was included in *Mark Twain's Fables of Man* p.440, (1972), Tuckey ed., based on the surviving MS [Budd, *Collected* 2: 1011].

December – "Eve's Diary" was first published in *Harper's Monthly*. In **June 1906** it was published in book form as *Eve's Diary Translated from the Original MS*; also included in *The \$30,000 Bequest and Other Stories* (1906) [Budd, *Collected* 2: 1010-11].

In N.Y.C. Sam inscribed his photograph to **Mrs. John C. Graham**: "*Perhaps Mrs. John C. Graham will divine why this picture is intruded upon her by her obliged servant. / Mark Twain Dec./05.*" [MTP].

Sam also inscribed a copy of *HF* to **Charles Aubrey Slosson** (1875-1965): "*Mr. Charles Aubrey Slosson his book.*" Sam followed this with his "June-bug" aphorism [MTP].

Sam also inscribed a copy of *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg* to an **unidentified person**: "*Necessity is the mother of taking chances. Truly yours Mark Twain. Dec./05*" [MTP: American Art Assoc.—Anderson Galleries catalogs Jan. 29, 1936, Item 104].

Sam also inscribed a copy of *A Dog's Tale* to an **unidentified person**: "*You may straighten the worm, but the crook is in him & only waiting. Mark Twain. Dec./05.*" [MTP: Parke-Bernet catalogs June 17, 1964, Item 14].

Sam signed his copy of *Voices of Doubt and Trust* (1897) by **Volney Streamer** (1850-1915): "*S.L. Clemens / Dec. 1905. / 21—5th ave*" [Gribben 674].

Sam also wrote an aphorism to an **unidentified person**: "*Taking the pledge will not make bad liquor good, but it will improve it./ Truly yours / Mark Twain./ Dec./05*" [MTP: Swann Galleries Inc catalog, May 3, 1990 Item 315].

Sam also wrote an aphorism to an **unidentified person**: "*Never put off till tomorrow what can be put off till day after tomorrow just as well. / Truly yours / Mark Twain./ Dec./05*" [MTP: Kenneth W. Rendell catalog, No. 258].

The following persons wrote various birthday congratulations to Clemens sometime during December:

Daniel Carter Beard wrote to Sam sometime during the month.

Mary S. Coristine.

William Hock.

Louis E. Michael.

Eliza Morton.

Robert D. Work [*Note: all above names and letters courtesy MTP*].

Strand Magazine ran “Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages—New Series. ‘Mark Twain’” p. 667-8, picturing Samuel Clemens at ages 18, 27, 33, 48, and 62. They ran the identical article again for **Jan. 1906**.

December 1 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave., **N.Y.** Sam wrote a short note to **Marcella Sembrich**, opera star. “Dear Madame Sembrich— / It was lovely of you to send me so eloquent & so beautiful aremembrance, & I thank you out of my heart” [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Will Larrymore Smedley** in Chataqua-on-Chataqua, N.Y.: “To you, & to all my other known & unknown friends who have lightened the weight of my seventieth birthday with kind words & good wishes I offer my most grateful thanks, & beg leave to sign myself” [MTP].

Isabel Lyon replied to **John F. McCabe’s Nov. 30** request for the lines on Susy’s headstone, which were often mistakenly ascribed to Sam: “Mr. Clemens is glad to send you the lines you have asked for. He directs me to tell you that they were written by a young Australian poet, Robert Richardson, and Mr. Clemens made an adaptation of them for the grave of his daughter” [New York Times, Apr. 30, 1910, “Views of Readers”].

Isabel Lyon’s Journal # 2: “Miss Clemens sings. 4:30 / Mr. Barbour. 9:30” [MTP TS 35].

Edward Everett Hale in Wash. D.C. on copyright matters wrote that he would be unable to attend the Dec. 5 dinner celebration of Sam’s 70th [MTP].

Paul S. Godbey in Jacksonville, Fla. sent a wooden! Florida Souvenir Post Card to Sam with congratulations [MTP].

Karl Peutl wrote congrats to Sam [MTP].

James A. Renwick wrote to receipt Sam for his check of \$297.61 for Dec. rent [MTP].

Louise M. Sill for Harper & Brothers wrote to thank Sam for sending the story, “Eve’s Diary” [MTP].

W.H. Winsor sent a telegram from South Framingham, Mass. to congratulate Sam [MTP].

December 1 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave., **N.Y.** Sam replied to **L. Fosdick’s Nov. 29** query [MTP]. *Note*: The MTP catalogs this as “on or after 29 November.” Two days estimated postal time is allowed here.

December 2 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave., **N.Y.** Sam wrote to **Andrew Carnegie**.

Dear St. Andrew: / What *is* your telephone number? I have been trying to get to your house, & look at the family, but it is so far & I rise so late—however, I shall succeed, yet. My telephone address is “3907 Gramercy”—it isn’t in the book.

With warmest regards to you all, ... [MTP].

Henry S. Fleming wrote from N.Y. to Sam in behalf of the **Society of Illustrators** and on the urging of **Daniel Carter Beard**, Fleming was “anxious” to have Mark Twain at their Dec. 21 dinner [MTP]. *Note*: On or just after this day Isabel Lyon answered for Sam: “Should like it very much on Mr. Beard’s account as well as his own, but it is his purpose this winter as last to avoid going out at night, because he is too apt to catch cold & that always means 6 wks in bed with bronchitis”

Edward L. Adams wrote congratulations to Sam [MTP].

John C. Bostlemann (who had been the Clemens girls' music teacher) wrote on Ashlar Club stationery, Corning, NY to Sam, enclosing a printed copy of Sam's unsolicited **Sept. 13, 1889** letter (see Vol II). There was a vacancy in the NY State Library and he asked Sam if he might "kindly write me a few lines of endorsement for one of the vacancies" [MTP: Cushman].

Rabie Hart wrote congratulations to Sam [MTP].

John Y.W. MacAlister wrote to Sam with congratulations [MTP].

Abbott Handerson Thayer wrote to Sam with a "yarn about how the Boston Tavern Club has just treated me. I need to know whether I am crazy or whether they are the Bostonest, effetest, driest little set of relics that ever were trundled nightly to a sheep-headed assemblage ..." [MTP]. *Note:* the Tavern Club of young men had been started by William Dean Howells.

Alicia K. Van Buren wrote from Orange Park, Fla. To compliment Sam on "Eve's Diary" and to ask if he was coming to Florida [MTP].

Outlook ran an anonymous article, "Mark Twain at Seventy," p. 808. Tenney: "A conventional tribute, noting his wide popularity and his originality, an unevenness in his work, but a closeness to life in primary rather than secondary terms; praises him (by implication) for his courage and honor in paying his debts after his business failure" [Tenney 40; Tenney "A Reference Guide Third Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1979 p. 189-90].

December 3 Sunday – Gribben cites the *New York World's* article "Twain Calls Leopold Slayer of 15,000,000," and speculates: "Twain probably drew on Suetonius when he mentioned Nero as a killer" [677]. *Note:* the interview is in Scharnhorst, p.528-31, and also online at the Univ. Washington site:

Twain Calls Leopold Slayer of 15,000,000

Besides Leopold, Nero, Caligula, Attila, Torquemada, Genghis Khan, and such killers of men are mere amateurs.

My interest in the Congo and the Belgian King's connection with that State is not personal further than that I am a citizen of the United States and am pledged, like every other citizen of the United States to superintend that King as foreman and superintendent of that property. Thirteen Christian nations stand pledged like our own. The thirteen are responsible for that King's good conduct, for his humane conduct; we are all officially committed to see that King Leopold does his righteous duty in the Congo State, or, if he falls short of his duty, to call him to strict account.

By the arrangement in 1884 at Berlin the Christian powers gave the well-being of the Congo State into the hands of the International Association and charged that association with a couple of very important responsibilities. The association was required to protect the natives from harm and to advance their well-being in various ways; also it was charged with the duty of seeing that the several Christian states have freedom of trade in the Congo State.

The King of the Belgians has taken over the whole property; he is acting as an absolute sovereign in that State. He has over-ridden all the restrictions put upon at Berlin in 1884, and by the conference of Brussels in 1890. He has thus, in taking over this vast State, which is twice as large as the German Empire, very rich and very populous before he began his devastation, robberies and massacres of the natives, taken upon himself all the responsibilities which were placed upon the International Association. By the terms of the two conventions it is not only the privilege of those Christian powers to call him to account, but it is their duty to do this—a duty which they solemnly assumed, and which they are neglecting.

The responsibility of the United States may be said to take first place, because we were the first of the nations to recognize the Congo flag, which was done by a Presidential order in 1884. We occupied the office of midwife to the Congo State and brought it into the world.

But we are not any more responsible than are the other powers. There should be a concert of action between them. That concert will be brought about in due time; the movement is on foot on the other side of the water and is making progress, particularly in England, where the Government is becoming more and more interested in the matter, and where the people are strongly stirred and are giving voice to their outraged feelings.

The outlook is that England will presently invite the other powers to join her in demanding a searching inquiry into Leopold's performance, this inquiry to be conducted by a commission, not appointed by him as was the late one, but by themselves. We shall need to take a hand in this righteous proceeding, and it is not likely that we shall be backward about it.

The packed commission appointed by Leopold finished its work and prepared its report many months ago. It was made as mild as possible, but it was nevertheless not the sort of report which the King wanted to spread before the civilized nations. He kept it back several months and issued it lately, and with very proper reluctance.

There is a matter connected with that report history which had a good deal of significance at the time. I speak of the suicide of the chief Congo official, a governor-general or something like that. That man had been representing the King a good many years; his treatment of the natives had been merciless; he harried them with the torch and the sword; he robbed and burned right and left; he was bitterly hated, not by the natives only but by the whites. He read the report of the commission in its original shape there on the Congo before Leopold had had an opportunity to blue-pencil it.

Late that night two white men, one of whom was an Englishman of high character and position, occupied a room next to the Governor-General's. They heard a peculiar noise, and one of them said to the other: "Something is happening in that room."

They went in there and found the Governor-General gasping out his life with his throat cut. The noise they had heard was the streaming of his blood upon the floor. His last act had been the writing of a note of a rather impressive character. I cannot quote its language, but in substance it was to this effect:

"I cannot stand up against that report, yet I can only say in all sincerity that everything I have done was by command of the King himself."

That note was brought away, and is now in the possession of that Englishman. I have these facts from an American missionary who was on the spot at the time, and who vouches for their authenticity.

The King has not mended the condition of things in the Congo since he blue-pencilled that report and issued it. The atrocities go on just as before, and the world must expect them to continue until the Christian powers shall exercise the right which they have reserved to themselves at Berlin and Brussels to put an end to them.

The pamphlet which I lately issued contains a small part of the twenty-year accumulation of evidence against King Leopold, and this evidence is of an authority which cannot be disputed. It comes from English officials, Belgian officials, and from American missionaries of unimpeachable character. I intend that the pamphlet shall go into the hands of every clergyman in America, and this purpose will be carried out. We have eighty millions of people who will speak, and speak audibly, when they find out the infamies that are being perpetrated in the Congo, and that our whole nation has a personal interest in the matter and is under written engagement to look after it.

Note: Hawkins again points out that Sam once more mistakenly assumed the U.S. had ratified the Berlin Act of 1885, which he put forth as America's supposed legal obligation. Sam was optimistic about action against King Leopold, and believed the U.S. would "take a hand" [162-3].

Fanny Hallock Carpenter (Mrs. Philip Carpenter) wrote from NYC to Sam, enclosing her 1901 "translation" of "Extracts from Eve's Diary"—some 24 half-pages typed.

Elizabeth Jenks Comfort wrote from Monte Carlo to ask Sam for his autograph for her "very clever little Anglo-American grandson" [MTP].

F.P. Jones wrote birthday congratulations to Sam [MTP].

W. Gillison and Theo Williams (two undergraduates at Cambridge, England) wrote to Sam with "how delighted" they were by "Eve's Diary" [MTP].

Merrill Tiliston wrote from the Hotel Newberry, Chicago to ask Sam's "sanction in the use of the words / 'By permission Mark Twain' painted upon the coffin box of that Buffalo Express graveyard skit..." [MTP]. *Note:* on the bottom: "Mr. Clemens would rather he would not use it—makes him a party & he would rather word it." See **ca. Dec. 6** for Sam's reply, which allows three days postal time Chicago to N.Y.

December 3 or 10 Sunday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **Andrew Carnegie**.

"Dear St. Andrew: / I don't know for sure that you got my telephone message the other day, but it doesn't matter—I'm coming, the 18th *anyway*, with a nightshirt / Ys Ever / Mark **†**" [MTP]. *Note:* this letter # 08592 was found in the Fragments file and determined to be on a Sunday before Monday, Dec. 18, 1905, when Sam spoke for Russian Jews in NYC. No other year fits. Also, Carnegie inscribed his book for Clemens on Dec. 16. See entries.

December 4 Monday – **Mrs. L.C.U. Bramhall** wrote from N.Y.C. to Sam, noting they shared the same birthday, and asking about **Susan Crane** and "all the familiar faces of old" that she knew in Elmira some 30 years before. On or just after this day Sam replied, "Not seen Mrs. Crane lately, but a letter addressed to her at Q.F. will find her" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Mr. Clemens went down to the Harpers today and came home with the news that Col. Harvey would be glad if I would go to Delmonico's tomorrow evening in time for the speeches, and I'm afraid to breathe lest I find the permission be nothing more than a thistle-down of a thought to float way into air" [MTP TS 111]. **Isabel Lyon's Journal # 2:** "Dr. Parkhurst—4.45 / Miss Clemens/Charlton 3:54" [MTP TS 36]. *Note:* **Loudon Charlton**, concert manager Carnegie Hall.

Anne Ashley, "a little girl that called on you last summer at Norfolk, Conn." wrote birthday wishes [MTP].

Robert Bacon wrote seeking more information on the Congo situation from England: "If you could tell us some time just what has been done in times past by England, and how, it would help us a great deal in deciding what we might to most effectively" [Hawkins 163; MTP]. See Nov. 27 (Hawkins), Nov. 28, Dec. 6 to Bacon.

Maurice Ernst wrote from Vienna. Congratulations and how did Sam get his nom de plume? [MTP]. *Note:* on Dec. 15 Sam replied; MTP had his reply to "an unnamed correspondent," who now is likely named.

Seth Low wrote birthday congrats to Sam and offered a humorous story about Daniel Webster in England—A man thought Webster was the jumping frog, not the famous Mass. senator! [MTP].

Coggeshall Macy wrote from Vienna to praise "Eve's Diary" in the Christmas *Harper's* [MTP].

Mrs. **Ruth McEnery Stuart** wrote from NYC to Sam, that tomorrow evening she was gathering with friends to "do you honor" [MTP].

Sam wrote a paragraph in the front pastedown endpaper of *A Humble Romance, and Other Stories* (1887), by **Mary Eleanor Freeman** (1852-1930). Livy had crudely signed the book and the ink did not stick to the paper, so was barely legible.

Dec. 4, 1905. She has been in her grave a year & a half to-morrow. She probably made that attempt with that annoying pen eighteen years ago when she was 42 & looked ten years younger. I know she did not lose her temper, but kept it & her sweet dignity unimpaired. If I was present I probably laughed, for we had no cares then—I could cry easier now. It is many years since I have seen this book. Susy was 15 then; she is gone, these nine years & more. I have just closed my seventieth year [Gribben 245].

December 5 Tuesday – In New York City Sam wrote a short note to **Helen Keller**:

It is a lovely letter, dear Helen, & I thank you from my heart for it
 Remain an optimist just as long as you can, dear! I would not abridge the term by a single day. But as for me—ah, that is different!

Do please give my love to Mr. & Mrs. Macy. / Always affectionately...[MTP: Cushman file]. *Note: John Albert Macy* (1877-1932), author, critic, poet.

Isabel Lyon's Journal # 2: "Call up Mrs. Loomis / Birthday Dinner [MTP TS 36].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Mr. Clemens's seventieth celebration today, tonight at Delmonico's. The preparations have been colossal, but Colonel Harvey has proved himself the man of parts that he is. Mr. Twichell arrived and he and Mr. Clemens and Clara Cl. started off at seven o'clock. Mr. Clemens thought I was going too, to sit in the reception room and "enjoy the solitude" until speech time. That was the reason why he called out to me as he passed my door—"Clara's just about ready!" [MTP TS 111-112].

Note: Trombley writes of this as a perceived slight to Isabel Lyon and calls this entry "bitter": At what point Isabel would be allowed to arrive during the festivities was apparently a very sensitive point of etiquette for Clara, who was opposed to her coming at all. Isabel hoped to be allowed to sit quietly in the public reception room until "speech time"; however, it was deemed socially inappropriate for Isabel to enter Delmonico's with the Clemenses. She could only arrive later, alone, when the ceremonial part of the evening was about to commence. Isabel was furious at Clara over the slight, and she despaired that her time at such a socially prestigious event would be so limited. She bitterly noted in her journal that Twain thought she would be accompanying him to make an entrance: "That was the reason ... " [see rest in IVL journal above].

Sam attended his 70th birthday dinner celebration at **Delmonico's**, arranged and hosted by his publisher, **George B. Harvey**. The *New York Times* put a full report of the gala event on the front page:

CELEBRATE MARK TWAIN'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

Fellow-Workers in Fiction Dine with Him at Delmonico's.

HEAR WHY HE LIVED SO LONG

And How They, if They Resemble Him,
May Reach Seventy, Too—Roosevelt Sends Congratulations.

Mark Twain, the greatest of living humorists and the uncrowned king of American letters, whose standing joke among his intimate friends is the pretension that his real name is Samuel Langhorne Clemens, celebrated his seventieth birthday last night. Or perhaps it would be more proper to say that others did it for him, Mark Twain himself being too busy making a speech.

There were 170 of his friends and fellow-craftsmen in literature gathered in the Red Room at Delmonico's for the celebration. Barring a half dozen or so, all were guaranteed to be genuine creators of imaginative writings—or illustrators of such writings. The guarantee was furnished by Col. George Harvey, editor of *The North American Review*, who was the host of the evening as well as the Chairman.

Even the presence as the guest of honor of the world's foremost fun maker could not drive away the serious reflection that never before in the annals of this country had such a representative gathering of literary men and women been seen under one roof. There were representative in every conceivable respect—even geographically. There was no corner of this country with a literary crop of its own that did not have at least one favorite son—or daughter—present. The Far North and the extreme South, the New England States, and the Pacific slope—all sent delegates.

Many Women There.

A particular feature of the dinner was the strength of the feminine contingent. There were fully as many women there as men, and they were no present as mere appendages of their husbands, but as individuals representing the art of imaginative writing no less than the men. An observer looking over the host of diners, after having scanned the list of guests and noticed that every feminine name in it was familiar to all readers, could not but wonder that the women he found corresponding to those names were all young and pretty. The whole gathering did not seem to include half a dozen women with streaks of gray in their hair.

All—men as well as women—showed by word and manner and act that they looked upon the chief guest as the master. The greeting when he rose to speak was one which might have tickled the vanity of the vainest of political adventurers. No one thought of measuring the duration of the applause and cheering, however, because everybody, including the reporters, were too busy swelling the volume of that ovation.

Unintroduced, as it seemed most befitting, Mr. Clemens rose to respond to the toast proposed to him by his fellow veteran in the literary service, William Dean Howells. It would be difficult to pick a more critical audience—and yet as the great humorist talked on in his characteristic, inimitable drawl, the men and women present laughed until their laughter turned into groans. Yet a strain of melancholy ran perceptibly through the speaker's sentences. Toward the end it gained predominance, and the last words were spoken with a voice quivering with emotion.

To those who listened, the man appeared younger than ever, and when he pretended to look down upon really old men with scorn, his attitude was thought more than a clever conceit. The character of the occasion caused Mr. Clemens to hark back to other birthdays, of which he admitted having had a great many. And his reminiscences concerned, in particular, the first of them all. Between this and the last one, so far he drew an inferred comparison, the comparison was entirely in favor of the seventieth.

His First Birthday.

"I remember that first birthday well," he began. "Whenever I think of it, it is with indignation. Everything was so crude, so unaesthetic. Nothing was really ready. I was born, you know, with a high and delicate aesthetic taste. And then think of—I had no hair, no teeth, no clothes. And I had to go to my first banquet like that.

"And everybody came swarming in. It was the merest little hamlet in the backwoods of Missouri, where never anything happened at all. All interest centered on me that day. They came with that peculiar provincial curiosity to look me over and to see if I had brought anything fresh in my particular line. Why, I was the only thing that had happened in the last three months—and I came very near being the only thing that happened there in two whole years.

"They gave their opinions. No one had asked them, but they gave them, and they were all just green with prejudice. I stood it as long as—well, you know, I was born courteous. I stood it for about an hour. Then the worm turned. I was the worm. It was my turn to turn, and I did turn. I knew the strength of my position. I knew that I was the only spotlessly pure person in that camp, and I just came out and told them so.

"It was so true that they could make no answer at all. They merely blushed and went away. Well, that was my cradle song, and now I am singing my swan song. It is a far stretch from that first birthday to this, the seventieth. Just think of it!

Twain Recipe for Long Life.

"The seventieth birthday! It is the time of life when you arrive at a new and awful dignity; when you may throw aside the decent reserves which have oppressed you for a generation, and stand unafraid and unabashed upon your seven-terraced summit and look down and teach—unrebuked. You can tell the world how you got there. It is what they all do. I have been anxious to explain my own system this long time, and now at last I have the right.

"I have achieved my seventy years in the usual way: by sticking strictly to a scheme of life which would kill anybody else. It sounds like an exaggeration, but that is really the common rule for attaining old age. When we examine the programme of any of these garrulous old people we always find that the habits which have preserved them would have decayed us. I will offer here, as a sound maxim this: that we can't reach old age by another man's road.

"I will now teach, offering my way of life to whomsoever desires to commit suicide by scheme which has enabled me to beat the doctor and the hangman for seventy years. Some of the details may sound untrue, but they are not. I am not here to deceive. I am here to teach.

He Goes to Bed Sometimes.

"We have no permanent habits until we are 40. Then they begin to harden, presently they petrify, then business begins. Since 40 I have been regular about going to bed and getting up—and that is one of the main things. I have made it a rule to go to bed when there wasn't anybody left to sit up with; and I have made it a rule to get up when I had to. This has resulted in an unswerving regularity of irregularity.

"In the matter of diet—which is another main thing—I have been persistently strict in sticking to the things which didn't agree with me until one or the other got the best of it myself. But last Spring I stopped frolicking with mince pie after midnight; up to then I had always believed it wasn't loaded. For thirty years I have taken coffee and bread at 8 in the morning, and no bite nor sup till 7:30 in the evening. Eleven hours. That is all right for me. Headachy people would not reach 70 comfortably by that road. And I wish to urge upon you this—which I think is wisdom—that if you find you can't make 70 by any but an uncomfortable road, don't you go. When they take off the Pullman and retire you to the rancid smoker, put on your things, count your checks, and get out at the first way station where there's a cemetery.

And Smokes in Bed.

"I have made it a rule never to smoke more than one cigar at a time. I have no other restriction as regards smoking. I do not know just when I began to smoke, I only know that it was in my father's lifetime, and that I was discreet. He passed from this life early in 1847, when I was a shade past 11; ever since then I have smoked publicly. As an example to others, and not that I care for moderation myself, it has always been my rule never to smoke when asleep and never to refrain when awake.

"I smoke in bed until I have to go to sleep; I wake up in the night, sometimes once, sometimes twice, sometimes three times, and I never waste any of these opportunities to smoke. This habit is so old and dear and precious to me that if I should break it I should feel as you, Sir, would feel if you should lose the only moral you've got. Meaning the Chairman. If you've got one; I am making no charge. I will grant, here, that I have stopped smoking, now and then, for a few months at a time, but it was not on principle—it was only to show off; it was to pulverize those critics who said I was a slave to my habits and couldn't break my bonds.

"Today it is all of sixty years since I began to smoke the limit. I have never bought cigars with life belts around them. I early found that those were too expensive for me. I have always bought cheap cigars—reasonably cheap, at any rate. Sixty years ago they cost me \$4 a barrel, but my taste has improved laterly, and I pay \$7 now. Six or seven. Seven, I think. Yes; it's seven. But that includes the barrel. I often have smoking parties at my house, but the people that come have always just taken the pledge. I wonder why that is?

Raised on 9 Barrels of Cod Liver Oil.

"As for drinking, I have no rule about that. When the others drink I like to help; otherwise I remain dry, by habit and preference. This dryness does not hurt me, but it could easily hurt you, because you are different. You let it alone.

"Since I was 7 years old I have seldom taken a dose of medicine, and have still seldomer needed one. But up to 7 I have lived exclusively on allopathic medicines. Not that I needed them, for I don't think I did; it was for economy. My father took a drug store for a debt, and it made cod liver oil cheaper than other breakfast foods. We had nine barrels of it, and it lasted me seven years. Then I was weaned. The rest of the family had to get along with rhubarb and ipecac and such things, because I was the pet. I was the first Standard Oil Trust. I had it all. By the time the drug store was exhausted my health was established, and there has never been much the matter with me since.

Never Exercised.

"I have never taken any exercise, except sleeping and resting, and I never intend to take any. Exercise is loathsome. And it cannot be any benefit when you are tired; I was always tired.

"I desire now to repeat and emphasize that maxim: We can't reach old age by another man's road. My habits protect my life, but they would assassinate you.

"I have lived a severely moral life. But it would be a mistake for other people to try that, or for me to recommend it. Very few would succeed: you have to have a perfectly colossal stock of morals; and you can't get them on a margin. Morals are an acquirement—like music, like a foreign language, like piety, poker, paralysis—no man is born with them. I wasn't myself. I started poor. I hadn't a single moral. There is hardly a man in this house that is poorer than I was then. Yes, I started like that—the world before me, not a moral in the slot. Not even an insurance moral.

His First Moral.

"I can remember the first one I ever got. I can remember the landscape, the weather, the—I can remember how everything looked. It was an old moral, an old second-hand moral, all out of repair, and didn't fit, anyway. But if you are careful with a thing like that, and keep it in a dry place, and save it for processions, and Chautauquas, and World's Fairs and so on, and disinfect it now and then, and give it a fresh coat of whitewash once in a while, you will be surprised to see how well she will last and how long she will keep sweet, or at least inoffensive. When I got that moldy old moral she had stopped growing, because she hadn't any exercise, but I worked her hard, I worked her Sundays and all. Under this cultivation she waxed in might and stature beyond belief, and served me well and was my pride and joy for sixty-three years; then she got to associating with insurance Presidents, and lost flesh and character, and was a sorrow to look at and no longer competent for business. She was a great loss to me.

"Yet not all loss. I sold her—ah, pathetic skeleton, as she was!—I sold her to Leopold, the pirate King of Belgium; he sold her to our Metropolitan Museum, and it was very glad to get her, for without a rag on, she stands fifty-seven feet long and sixteen feet high, and they think she's a brontosaur. Well, she looks it. They believe it will take nineteen geological periods to breed her match.

Joys of Being Moral.

"Morals are of inestimable value, for every man is born crammed with sin microbes, and the only thing that can extirpate these sin microbes is morals. Now you take a sterilized Christian—I mean, you take the sterilized Christian, for there's only one—Dear Sir, I wish you wouldn't look at me like that.

"Threescore years and ten!

"It is the Scriptural statute of limitations. After that you owe no active duties; for you the strenuous life is over. You are a time-expired man, to use Kipling's military phrase. You have served your term, well or less well, and you are mustered out.

"The Previous Engagement plea, which in forty years has cost you so many twinges, you can lay aside forever; on this side of the grave you will never need it again. If you shrink at thought of night, and winter, and the late homecoming from the banquet and the lights and the laughter, through the deserted streets—a desolation which would not remind you now, as for a generation it did, that your friends are sleeping, and you must creep in a-tiptoe and not disturb them, but would only remind you that you need not tiptoe, you can never disturb them more—if you shrink at thought of these things, you need only reply:

"Your invitation honors me, and pleases me because you still keep me in your remembrance, but I am seventy; seventy, and would nestle in the chimney corner, and smoke my pipe, and read my book, and take my rest, wishing you well in all affection, and that when you in your turn shall arrive at pier No. 70 you may step aboard your waiting ship with a reconciled spirit, and lay your course toward the sinking sun with a contented heart."

Guest of Honor Led to Dinner.

The dinner began at 8 o'clock. Soon before that hour the guests began to gather in the parlor adjoining the Red Room. In the corridor outside, place had been prepared for an orchestra of forty directed by Nahan Franko. When the march, serving as a signal for the procession to the dining room, was played, Mr. Clemens led the way, with Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman on his arm.

The couples that followed would have attracted attention wherever they were seen and recognized. Col. Harvey led Princess Troubetzkoy, who once was Amelia Rives and still writes under that name. Andrew Carnegie and Agnes Repplier, the essayist, followed side by side.

After them came John Burroughs and Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, who was the first author from whom Henry Mills Alden received a contribution after becoming editor of Harper's Monthly, more than forty years ago. The Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke escorted Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, while Bliss Carman, the poet, led Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart.

While the dinner was in progress the guests—one table at a time—went out into another room and had their pictures taken in groups. The pictures will form the most conspicuous feature of an album which is to be given to Mr. Clemens as a souvenir of the occasion.

Souvenirs Plaster Busts.

The menu was printed with a circle of pen-and-ink sketches by Leon Barritt, showing the guest of honor at the successive stages of his long and varied career—as a printer, as Mississippi pilot, as gold miner in the far West, as editor in the same adventurous region, as world traveler, and, finally, as a lecturer pronouncing to empty benches the maxim: "Be good and you will be lonesome."

Toward the end of the dinner the souvenirs were brought in. They were plaster of paris busts about a foot high and excellently modeled. When the distribution had been completed, there were just 171 Mark Twains in the room, including the original.

Col. Harvey's first act as toastmaster of the evening was to call on Miss Cutting, President of Vassar College Alumni Association to read this letter which had been received from President Roosevelt:

The President's Letter.

Nov. 28, 1905

My Dear Col. Harvey: I wish it were in my power to be at the dinner held to celebrate the seventieth birthday of Mark Twain—it is difficult to write of him by his real name instead of by that name which has become a household word wherever the English language is spoken. He is one of the citizens whom all Americans should delight to honor, for he has rendered a great and peculiar service to America, and his writings, though such as no one but an American could have written, yet emphatically come within that small list which are written for no particular country, but for all countries, and which are not merely written for the time being, but have an abiding and permanent value. May he live long, and year by year may he add to the sum of admirable work that he has done. Sincerely yours, THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The reading of the letter was the cause of prolonged applause.

Howells Toasts Twain.

Col. Harvey called next on William Dean Howells as "the person in all the world best fitted to propose the health of the guest of the evening." Previously Col. Harvey had referred to Mr. Clemens as a man "who first of all had the friendship of the whole world, and thin in a peculiar degree the friendship of the few." He made special mention of Henry H. Rogers and the Rev. Joseph H. Twitchell as two of Mr. Clemens's most intimate friends, who although not men of letters were present and occupied seats at the table with the principal guest.

Mr. Howells declared that the thought of Mark Twain always threw him into poetic ecstasy, and whenever he had to make a speech in honor of the humorist it seemed to shape itself naturally in to meter and rhyme. This was the case three years ago, he said, when Mr. Clemens was a comparatively young man of 67.

"Then I composed what I called a 'double-barreled sonnet,' " Mr. Howells explained. "This time, thinking of the Psalmist's age limit, I wanted to try a Psalm, but this time, too, I had to fall back on the Shakespearean sonnet. But please notice that the sonnet is twice as long as Shakespeare used to make them, and for good reason.

"Shakespeare, you know, has been improved upon since he died. Nowadays Shaw is writing plays that are twice as good as those of Shakespeare, and I am writing sonnets twice as long as his."

Mr. Howells then read his sonnet, which after comparing the effect of the American joke on a traveler from the Old World with that made by a skyscraper, ended with this sextet:

The lame dance with delight in me; my mirth
Reaches the deaf untrumpeted; the blind
My point can see. I jolly the whole earth,
But most I love to jolly my own kind.
Joke of a people great, gay, bold, and free,
I type their master-mood. Mark Twain made me.

**England Sends Greetings.**

After the uproar which followed the completion of Mark Twain's reply to the toast given by Mr. Howells had died out, Col. Harvey read this cablegram, received from London:

The undersigned send Mark Twain heartiest greetings on his seventieth birthday and cordially wish him long life and prosperity:

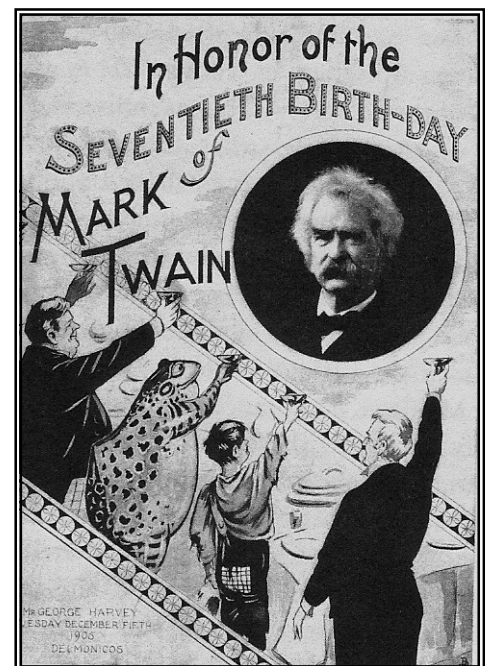
Sir William Anson, T. Anstey Guthrie, (F. Anstey,) Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate; the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour, J. M. Barrie, Augustine Birrell, K. T.; the Right Hon. James Bryce, Sir Francis Burnand, editor of Punch; Gilbert Chesterton, Churton Collins, W. L. Courteney, Austin Dobson, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, W. S. Gilbert, Edmund Gosse, Francis Carruthers Gould, Thomas Hardy, Anthony Hope, W. W. Jacobs, Rudyard Kipling, Ian Maclaren, (the Rev. John Watson,) W. H. Mallock, George Meredith, Henry Norman, M. P.; Sir Gilbert Parker, Sir John Tenniel, the illustrator; Sir George Otto Trevelyan, historian; Mrs. Humphry Ward, William Watson, Theodore Watts Dunton, Israel Zangwill, Tauchnitz.

More Poetic Tributes.

Letters of regret were read from Dr. S. Weir Mitchell and Joel Chandler Harris, both of whom had planned to be present. Dr. Mitchell ended his message of felicitation with the quatrain in honor of the chief guest:

So large the joy your pen has given,
To match it one might try in vain,
But what one man could never do
Is easily done by Twain.

[Insert by Carlo de Fornaro (1871-1949) Italian caricaturist, and guest.]



Among others who read or sent greetings in rhyme were Amelia E. Barr, Wilbur D. Nesbit, Virginia Frazer Boyle, John Kendrick Bangs, and Henry van Dyke.

Tale the Others Told.

Prof. Brander Matthews, Andrew Carnegie, George W. Cable, Richard Watson Gilder, Rex E. Beach, and Irving Bacheller were among the other speakers. Mr. Carnegie won great applause with his Scotch drolleries. He extolled Mr. Clemens for his sincerity, and said he was a lion of his day.

George W. Cable recalled days more than twenty years ago when he and Mark Twain were on the Mississippi together. He told many anecdotes that were new and interesting. He told of a mutual friend who, on meeting Mark Twain for the first time, had prepared something "nice and appropriate" to say when he shook hands with the humorist. This friend had read all his works, but the only one he could recall, when it came to shaking hands, was his "heathen Chinee," so he quoted it at length.

Hamilton W. Mabie said that Mark Twain had written a biography, or an autobiography, of Adam and Eve and every other person of Scriptural or historic fame. Mr. Mabie thought his masterpiece was yet to come and it should be called "The Diary of the Devil." At this, Mark Twain doubled up over the nearest bust of himself.

Here is the list of guests in full:

Joseph Altsheiler, George Ade, Henry M. Alden, Mrs. Henry M. Alden, Frances H. Burnett, T. Buchanan, Nancy H. Banks, Margaret P. Black, Josephine D. Bacon, Perry Belmont, Mrs. Belmont, Alice Brown, Lillian Bell Bogue, Elizabeth B. Wetmore, Irving Bacheller, John K. Bangs, Rex E. Beach, John Burroughs, Gelett Burgess, Edmund I. Baylies, Mrs. Baylies, Dorothy Canfield, Miss Clemens, Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Carnegie, James B. Connolly, George W. Cobb, Robert W. Chambers, Arthur Colton, Will Carleton, Charles W. Chestnutt, Mrs. Pearl Craigie, Miss Cutting, Elisabeth L. Cary, Mrs. Phillips Clark, Frances P. Case, Willa S. Cather, E. A. Dithmar, Finley P. Dunne, Caroline Duer, Olivia H. Dunbar, Norman Duncan, Samuel Davis, Frederick A. Duneka, Charles A. Eastman, Geo. C. Eggleston, George B. Fife, Mary W. Freeman, May Isabel Fisk, Justus M. Forman, Sewell Ford, Louise Forsslund, C. de Fornaro, Lawrence Gilman, Richard W. Gilder, S. M. Gardenhire, Eliot Gregory, Theodosia Garrison, Miss Howells, William D. Howells, Will N. Harben, Frederick T. Hill, Rupert Hughes, Julian Hawthorne, Margaret S. B. Hopkins, Katherine Hillard, Mrs. Harvey, J. Henry Harper, Ernest Ingersoll, Winifred Ives, Burges Johnson, Adrian H. Joline, Gabrielle Jackson, Elizabeth G. Jordan, Owen Johnson, Mrs. Joline, Florence M. Kingsley, Mrs. H. A. M. Keays, Mrs. Leigh, Edwin Lefevre, John Uri Lloyd, Richard Le Gallienne, Nelson Lloyd, Elinor M. Lane, Alfred H. Lewis, John L. Long, W. J. Lampton, Frederick T. Leigh, Mrs. Edward Loomis, Roy L. McCardell, John A. Mitchell, Alice Duer Miller, Marguerite Merington, Mrs. G. M. Martin, Charles Meior, Hamilton W. Mabie, Geo. B. McCutcheon, Philip V. Mighels, Weymer Jay Mills, Edwin Markham, Harold McGrath, Tom Masson, Brander Matthews, Frank D. Millet, R. K. Munkittrick, Louise C. Moulton, Frances A. Mathews, John McCutcheon, Samuel E. Moffett, W. D. Nesbit, James MacArthur, Edward S. Martin, Peter Newell, Anne O'Hagan, William D. Orcutt, Lloyd Osbourne, Roland Phillips, Emery Pottle, William F. Payson, Anna P. Paret, Albert B. Paine, Emily Post, Dr. Edward Quintard, Kate Douglas Riggs, Morgan Robertson, Charles G. D. Roberts, Agnes Repplier, Henry H. Rogers, Mrs. Rogers, C. C. Rice, Henry E. Rood, Abby M. Roach, William D. Sloane, Mrs. Sloane, Ruth McE. Stuart, Louise Morgan Sill, Anna McClure Sholl, F. Hopkinson Smith, Van Tassel Sutphen, Isobel Strong, May Sinclair, E. T. Tomlinson, Bert Leston Taylor, Eugene Thwing, Annie E. Trumbull, Caroline Ticknor, The Rev. J. H. Twichell, Mark Twain, Herman K. Viele, Henry van Dyke, Onoto W. Babcock, Churchill Williams, Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, Edith Wyatt, Jesse L. Williams, Carolyn Wells, Florence Wilkinson, Owen Wister, Orme Wilson, Mrs. Orme Wilson, Thomas B. Wells, Jean Webster.

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to advise Sam that Justice Stover of the NY Supreme Court had decided this day to uphold the Plasmon Co. of America's election held Sept. 1, 1904, but that the Butters contingent, as holding the majority of stock, should have been allowed to take charge on Apr. 27, 1905 at that meeting.

Everything we did from Sept. 1, 1904, to April 27, 1905, is again declared legal this time by the State Court, as it was last August by the U.S. Court....This last decision strengthens our position VERY MATERIALLY...that anything that the Butters crowd did from Sept. 1 st to April 27th, (such as the burgarlizing of the Company's offices and the wrecking of its business by illegitimate bankruptcy proceedings) is illegal, and therefore actionable [MTP].

Amelia Edith Huttleston Barr wrote Sam birthday wishes. This note dated Dec. 5 and enclosed in Barr to Harvey of Nov. 17 [MTP].

Mrs. Cornelia V. Blackman wrote from Galena, Kans. to relate how funny an interview of Sam was [MTP].

James Bertram for Andrew Carnegie wrote to advise Sam that Carnegie was “just off to Boston...his telephone number is 1601—79th Street. He notes yours” [MTP].

Oscar W. Krecher wrote to Sam [MTP]. *Note:* the letter could not be found at the MTP but is in their catalog.

The following persons also sent various birthday congratulations to Clemens on Dec. 5:

Charles W. Baker, Jr. a young boy, wrote.

The Bohemian Club sent a telegram

Oscar W. Brecher, same birthday as Clemens, wrote from Chicago.

Milt Goodkind wrote on *Leslie’s Weekly* and *Judge* letterhead, NY to offer congratulations.

Francis P. Kinnicutt, NYC wrote.

Caroline B. Le Row wrote.

Philip Verrill Mighels, NYC wrote & sent a sagebrush sprig.

Mr. & Mrs. Jordan Mott and Mr. & Mrs.

Youle sent a telegram.

William Murray wrote to Sam pasting a clipping on his 70th.

Howard Pyle though having never met Sam, wrote from Wilmington, Del. in praise of “Eve’s Diary” and 70th wishes to Sam.

Gus Solomon wrote.

George Standring wrote.

Theodore Weld Stanton wrote.

Louis Tracy sent a telegram and also wrote.

Henry Van Dyke wrote.

Note: all of the above names and letters courtesy of MTP.

December 6 Wednesday – Sam attended “a part of Hansel and Gretel,” a play based on Grimm’s fairy tale, performed at the **Metropolitan Opera House**, **Alfred Hertz** conducting the performance of the opera written by **Engelbert Humperdinck** (1854-1921). Isabel Lyon recorded that he enjoyed the opera, but at **George Harvey**’s insistence left early so as not to become overtired [Gribben 341: Lyon’s journal TS 112: MTP]. *Note:* the N.Y. *Times*, Dec. 7, p.9 “Haensel Und Gretel Again” noted that “Among conspicuous figures in the audience last evening was Mark Twain.”

At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam replied to **Robert Bacon** (Dec. 4), Asst. Secretary of State, who had been seeking information on England’s actions on the Congo situation:

I am very glad. I shall take measures at once to get that information. It is my impression that England asked our Government some time ago to join her in a move, but I will inquire, & find out what this impression is based upon.

When I returned from Washington I set on foot (privately) an inquiry into the present English attitude. Answers will come in due time. I hope it is true that John Morley is of the new cabinet; he is a Congo-Reformer. I imagine it goes without saying that Bryce is one, also. These are friends of mine—so also is Campbell-Bannerman [MTP].

Hawkins writes that the above letter shows that Sam “faltered” when pressed for English information on the Congo situation, and “fell back on name-dropping and inappropriate humor....He signed the letter, “S.L. Clemens (oldest person in America)” [163-4].

Sam also wrote to **Andrew Carnegie**.

Dear St. Andrew: / Any one of those dates will do for me. Will you name it.

Your speech strongly moved me last night. They were welcome words to me.

By the way—an incident. Harvey's remarks set you to guessing as to whom he was referring to, and it turned out to be you. Then right away you set 3 of *us* to guessing (my daughter and my secretary and me), as to whom my "lion" would turn out to be. The fact secretaries bristle up and have the road against strangers, after the matter of lions, and my secretary being Miss Lyon—do you see? She was there, by kindness of the Colonel, to watch over my daughter, who is not very well.

Oh, it was a grand night, Saint Andrew, and I was glad I was invited. / Yours ever, / Mark [MTP: Cyril Clemens, *Mark Twain: The Letter Writer*, 1932 p.107].

A form letter was sent to various people who had honored Sam on his birthday:

To you, & to all my other known & unknown friends who have lightened the weight of my seventieth birthday with kind words & good wishes I offer my most grateful thanks, & beg leave to sign myself

Your & their obliged friend
Mark Twain

New York, Dec. 6, 1905

Sam added sentiments to many. The following for this **Dec. 6** form letter survive, along with Sam's added notes:

Moncure D. Conway: "You, 'worthy to be there? Certainly there could not be any worthier; but Harvey said he would invite no writers but fiction-writers. SLC"

Edwin T. Evans and Josephine Evans: "It was dear & good of you to remember Eve, & I send you my love."

Mr. [Milton] Goodkind: "It is sound advice, Mr. Goodkind, & I will follow it."

Miss **Rabie Hart** in London, England: "Indeed I am very proud of that compliment: 'The Gospel according to St. Mark'"

Mr. Ingram: "Oh no, bless you, I love them well, but I am very old & twice as lazy, & shall never do any work again except under compulsion of hunger & cold."

Helen Keller: "It is a lovely letter, dear Helen & I thank you from my heart for it. / Remain an optimist just as long as you can, dear! I would not abridge the term by a single day. But as for me—ah, that is different! / Do please give my love to Mr. & Mrs. Macy."

Seth Low: "Dear Mr. Low, that situation was just too delicious! I wish I could have been there."

John Y. MacAlister:

But dear Mac Alister you did *not* enclose that quaint letter.

Indeed I wish Clara *could* go over there, but I don't think I could spare her—there's but a few of us now, & we have to stick close together.

No, you come to us at the end of May (Dublin, N.H.). There's a spare room & it is charming there in the woods & the hills. Say you will!

The cheque for £700 Plasmon came—thanks.

Dublin will set you up!

Hélène Elisabeth Picard: "For many days I have put in my whole time signing 'Mark Twain' to these cards...With my warmest regards, S.L.C., C.S."

Mrs. Morison: "And may I find you next time I arrive Dear Mrs. Morison. S L C"

Two to unidentified persons, no added comment [all MTP]. *Note:* Sam's note to Picard reveals that these were not all signed and sent on the printed date of Dec. 6.

Sam also wrote to Miss **Emma C. Thursby**, also likely an added note to the Dec. 6 form letter: "To you, & to all my other known & unknown friends who have lightened the weight of my seventieth birthday with kind words & good wishes I offer my most grateful thanks, & beg leave to sign myself / Your & their obliged friend / Mark Twain / New York, Dec. 6, 1905" [MTP].

Sam wrote to the **Lyric Theatre, NYC**, enclosing a card marked "Two for Fedora"—ordering seats [MTP: *NY Times*, Dec. 8, 1905, p.11].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Mr. Clemens has just come in at 10:15 after dining with Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont and going to the opera to see a part of Hansel and Gretel. On coming up to find Jean, who had gone to bed, he stopped on the stairs to say that he had had a beautiful time. Mr. Belmont he likes ever so much, he finds him a man of fine principles and the table talk was good, very good. "Mrs. Belmont is something of a fool, but she has her good parts." And the opera was lovely. Col. Harvey made him leave before he wanted to, made him come home to rest after the fatigues of wonderful last night, and as he stood on the stairs in the soft half light, he looked the beautiful "Hero-Saint" that Mr. Carnegie claimed him to be in a letter today [MTP TS 112]. *Note:* **Perry Belmont** (1851-1947), American attorney, politician and diplomat, Democrat congressman (1881-1889), U.S. Ambassador to Spain (1889). In 1899, after 17 years of marriage, **Jessie Ann Robbins** divorced **Henry T. Sloane** to marry Perry Belmont. The marriage occurred 5 hours after the divorce was decreed—at that time considered scandalous. Perhaps at any time. See Insert for Metropolitan Opera House Ad.

Lucy Page Whitehead wrote from Washington, D.C. to Sam adding her congratulations on his 70th and asking if she might "not hope for the pleasure of entertaining" him next spring [MTP]. *Note:* allowing a day for mail to N.Y., Sam's reply through Lyon would have been on or after Dec. 7



Albert L. Wilson wrote from Kansas City, Kans. to offer congratulations [MTP].

Thomas Bailey Aldrich wrote from Boston "sorry not to hear your blithe speech last night" [MTP].

B. (no further identification) wrote a rather strange letter about some pharmaceutical he claimed "unique" that he had sent samples to clergy, including Twichell. He does not ask anything specific [MTP].

Moncure D. Conway wrote "good wishes" to Sam [MTP].

Elizabeth B. Custer wrote congratulations to Sam [MTP].

W.A. Darrow wrote congratulations from Phila. [MTP].

Paris R. Forman wrote congratulations, Merry Xmas, Happy New Year [MTP].

Sarah G.H. (K?) Goetchius wrote to Sam, hardly believing he was 70; she knew him when he was 40 [MTP].

John Y.W. MacAlister wrote to Sam. "I find I overlooked the enclosed enclosure; evidently the more hastie the less speed; but I forgot you detest puns, and will go slow in the future" [MTP]. *Note:* an enclosure by **Mrs. R.L. Hastie**, makes the pun.

W.S. Morrow wrote congratulations to Sam [MTP].

William Golden Mortimer, M.D. wrote to Sam sending a copy of his book: *Pem: History of Coca, etc.* (1901). He mentioned old times in Calif. and the *Jumping Frog* book. He praised "Eve's Diary" [MTP]. See Gribben p.488 for more on Mortimer's book.

George H. Picard wrote to Sam, regretting he was unable to attend the party [MTP].

Robert Reid wrote congratulations to "Dear St. Mark", drawing a nice picture of sam with a halo, and declining the invitation:

"Thank you just the same—but I'd rather a thousand times have that little letter of yours than be 'amongst those present' at the Col's dinner—& this isn't sour grapes either. Though I do wish it had been a [illegible word] opene cat-fight. / Yours forever with everything" [MTP]. *Note:* Reid was not invited to Sam's birthday banquet; see IVL journal entry of Dec. 7. Insert of Reid's sketch below.

Johnson Stewart wrote from Toronto, Canada to Sam, reacting with tongue-in-cheek to the account of his 70th party that ran in the *Mail and Empire* that morning. He recalled seeing Twain in the "company of a disreputable party named Toole in London" a few years before. Stewart hoped Sam lived to be 165 [MTP].

E. Thorne wrote congratulations to Sam [MTP].

Louise Waring wrote "Belated congratulations" to Sam [MTP].

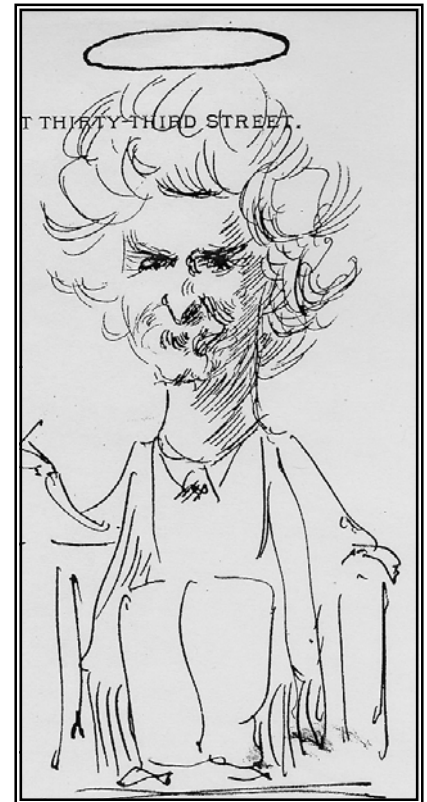
Frederick W. Webber wrote from NYC to congratulate Sam [MTP].

Lucy Page Whitehead wrote from Wash, D.C. to congratulate Sam [MTP].

Albert L. Wilson wrote from Kansas City, Mo. to congratulate Sam on his 70th. He wrote that on Feb. 18, 1888 they named their only son "Mark Twain" in his honor [MTP]. *Note:* allowing 2-3 days mail to N.Y., Sam's reply through Lyon is given as *ca.* Mon. **Dec. 11.**

December 6 ca. – In N.Y.C. **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to the Dec. 3 request from **Merrill Tilston**. [MTP]. *Note:* MTP catalogs Sam's reply as "on or after 3 Dec." Three days estimated postal time is allowed here, giving *ca.* **Dec. 6.**

December 7 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **Emilie R. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers)**.



Dear Mrs. Rogers: / I walked out to your home this afternoon, hoping & expecting to see you, & was sorry to learn that you were not feeling well, & not seeing people. The footman offered to report my name & see if you would make an exception in my favor, but I was afraid your goodheartedness might overreach your judgment, so I wouldn't let him do it.

My walk extended to the Broughtons & the Coes, but the day was so fine that they were all out. I meant to call on the Benjamins, but was interrupted by a friend, and before I could extricate myself from him I was clear down to 12th street again.

I met H. H. below the Park, flying toward 78th street, but he wouldn't halt. B'goshalmighty, I walked 74 blocks, twice over, & caught nobody. / With love, ... [MTP].

On or after Dec. 7 Lyon replied to **Lucy Page Whitehead's Dec. 6** from Washington: "Be glad if he ever goes to Washington again to be entertained under her roof. Did not have time to hunt her up this last visit there only a short time & was overcrowded with the business he went to attend to" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Today, this morning Mr. Clemens read me a very great poem by Mr. Gilder in the Times. It is a poem on this terrible massacring of Jews and peasants in Russia. Mr. Clemens said it was difficult to decide—you couldn't decide—if it was satire or not, unless you know your man. But, I think Mr. Gilder is in earnest. (Poem is a clipping in folder.) This afternoon Robert Reid came in to see Mr. Clemens. Oh, he is a large man. Stiff, in inflammatory rheumatism. As I entered the drawing room, he was preening before the long mirror. Later, Norman Hapgood came in. Both R.R. and Norman Hapgood were sore about not being invited to the banquet and Moncure D. Conway put his soreness into a pathetic, abused note. But Mr. Clemens said that "Conway has been dead for 5 years" [MTP TS 112].

E. Armstrong wrote from Chicago to Sam, a friendly letter of congratulations [MTP].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to Miss Lyon. “Mr. Henry C. Davis would like to see Mr. Clemens sometime for a few minutes. I believe he wants to express his appreciation at being selected as Plasmon Chairman—or something of that sort” [MTP].

E.T. Bloxham wrote from Boonton, N.J. after reading “Eve’s Diary” in the current *Harper’s*. Did Sam simply mean to give “Eve’s Estimate of things general as she perceived them in the Garden”? or did he mean to “portray in a subtle and humorous manner the conception of the world as to the attitude of man towards woman, and vice versa”? On or just after this day In **N.Y.C. Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam: “Mr Clemens wishes to say he thinks an examination of Eve’s character as set forth in the article will answer the question” [MTP].

Coincidentally, also from Boonton, N.J., **H.W. Chetterling** wrote to Sam discussing in their family the Dec. *Harper’s* article “Eve’s Diary.” They framed a question about Eve’s “understanding of inanimate things,” which, on or just after this day **Isabel V. Lyon** again replied for Sam: “Would answer the question with pleasure but does not understand it” [MTP].

Rebecca W.M. Colfelt wrote from Glen Loch, Pa. to congratulate Sam [MTP].

Joseph Esler wrote from Quincy, Ill. to Sam. “As an old time resident of your native city, Hannibal, Mo, and as a near neighbor at the present time, allow the writer, to heartily congratulate you on your passage of your 70th mile-stone” [MTP].

Mary E. Freeman wrote to apologize to Sam for leaving his birthday dinner “so abruptly, with only a hasty hand-shake, and not a word about my liking your brilliant speech” [MTP].

Joseph Homber wrote congratulations to Sam and sent a box of “Rutherford” Havana cigars [MTP].

W.B. Hosford, after reading an account of Sam’s 70th celebration, wrote from Mishikawa, Ind. to ask Sam if he’d known a “Bob” Clemens, an engineer on the Mississippi in 1860’s steamboating days [MTP]. *Note:* allowing 3 days mail delivery and a Sunday, Sam’s reply is put to **ca. Dec. 11**.

C. Milde wrote congratulations (in German) to Sam [MTP].

Wilbur F. Mills wrote from Pittsburg, Pa. to Sam after reading of the “Jollification Meeting” of his 70th [MTP].

F.W. Sedgwick wrote from Parma, Mich. to congratulate Sam [MTP].

Dihdwo Twe wrote to Sam, mistakenly addressing it to “Edward H. Clement”:

I was greatly disappointed that we did not get chance to talk over the Congo question when we met at Mr. Pearmain’s home last month. However I am preparing an article on the subject that I want to be published in the Harper Magazine. I shall send you the article when it is finished to have you look it over and push it through if it meet with your appreciation [MTP].

Henry Watterson wrote to Sam, wanting to see him before he left NYC. Could Sam see him for lunch this Sat or Sun at 1 p.m.? [MTP]. *Note:* at top in pencil “ansd by telephone”; on the left empty side, “Sunday”

On the Congo situation, **Thomas Barbour** wrote **Edmund Morel** about the Nov. 27 Twain-Roosevelt luncheon meeting. Twain believed if Roosevelt could have “quietly trustworthy assurance” that the

British government was ready to act, that America would “follow suit.” Could Morel get such assurance? If so, Twain would see Roosevelt again [Hawkins 164].

December 8 Friday – **Louise A. Howland (Robert Howland’s widow)** wrote from Sausalito, Calif. to Sam, congratulating him on his 70th, asking for an “up to date photograph” and recalling the old says when she “knew and claimed Mark Twain—as one of her best friends” [MTP]. *Note:* estimated here one week, or **ca. Dec. 15** for Sam’s reply.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Today Mr. Clemens took me down to the Produce Exchange Safety Vaults and made me his deputy there” [MTP TS 112].

Benjamin Arthur wrote to congratulate Sam [MTP].

Mrs. M.G. Cooney wrote from Rochester, NY to congratulate Sam [MTP].

Helen Keller wrote to Sam. “Your birthday will always be a Thanksgiving Day to me” [MTP].

Henry Moffat, M.D. wrote from NYC to congratulate Sam [MTP].

Abe Newburger wrote from Chicago to congratulate Sam [MTP].

William Winter wrote to congratulate Sam [MTP].

December 8 ca. – Lyon replied for Sam to **Lucy Page Whitehead** [MTP]. *Note:* The MTP catalogs Sam’s reply as “on or after 6 Dec.” Two days estimated postal time is allowed here, giving **ca. Dec. 8**.

December 9 Saturday – More Dec. 6 form letters for the occasion of Sam’s 70th to the following:

Kate Douglas Wiggin: “I didn’t know until last night (Dec. 8) that you had sent me a book & a letter, dear Mrs. Riggs. I am enjoying them this afternoon, in place of working, (for I am tired again,—*always* tired since I struck 70). I do so thank you for your hearty words” [MTP]

Annie E. Trumbull: I thank you most cordially for that fine & strong poem *now*—I was so irretrievably dull & weary & muddy-headed the other night that I couldn’t, then. I got up some time or other next day & went to your hotel, but you had flown—*just* that moment! [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s Journal # 2: “Lunch with Mr. Davis” [MTP TS 36].

Andrew Carnegie wrote to Sam.

Wednesday 30 is the night fixed. Gilder comes tomorrow to ‘boss’ the affair as usual—
Pray give me names of any you should like present. Perhaps you can suggest a Prince or two in the Republic of letters, or a special friend you should like present [MTP].

John F. Tremain wrote on Publishers’ Press Assoc. letterhead announcing the formation of a Chemung County Society for Elmirans in NYC. A meeting was called for Dec. 12 at 8 p.m. and they would be “glad to have you attend” [MTP]. *Note:* IVL answered for Sam on Dec. 11. See entry.

December 10 Sunday – Another Dec. 6 form letter for the occasion of Sam’s 70th to **Howard Pyle**. Sam added this comment: “It is a most dear & sweet little Eve, & looks just as she did in those first days, when there wasn’t any night because that radiant creature still remained smiling around after the sun went down” [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Tonight while we were at dinner, Mary Lawton as a guest, Mr. Gilder came in and speaking of profanity in the great or literary people, he told how years ago when George MacDonald was over here, he asked MacDonald "if he were to know anything derogatory to Shakespeare, would he give it out to the world?" and MacDonald replied, "I'd be damned if I would!" Another case of the loyalty of writers to each other. They are a lovable and beloved clan [MTP TS 113]. **Isabel Lyon's Journal # 2:** "Lunch with Mr. Watterson at 1. Manhattan Club" [MTP TS 36].

Stealla Weiler-Taylor wrote from Hamilton, Ohio to congratulate Sam [MTP].

December 11 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **Marjorie V.d.W. Brooke**. "I am quite sure, Miss Brooke, that if I had seen that photograph in a shop window I should have supposed it was a picture of myself, so marked is the resemblance" [MTP: eBay item #30366463].

Sam sent another Dec. 6 form letter for the occasion of his 70th to **Will Larrymore Smedley**. Sam added no comment [MTP].

In N.Y.C. Isabel Lyon wrote for Sam to Dihdwo Twe.

Mr. Clemens directs me to write for him & say that he is planning to give a talk on the Congo question on Thursday evening Dec. 21. in a church near at hand, and as you say you can come to New York at any time he hopes you will be able to be here on that date and talk for 20 minutes in the Church; after which Mr. Clemens will say what he wishes to have reach the Associated Press.

The Rev. Percy Grant, rector of the Church of the Ascension, expects to write to you soon—but if he does not, Mr. Clemens wishes me to say that you are to come any way, and on the next day he can see you and talk about your article.

Mr. Clemens directs me to say that he would rather you wouldn't say anything about this plan, for he doesn't wish to get into the papers as a lecturer, and therefore there is to be no advertising of the talk. [*on verso:*] giving details of the horrors that have been perpetrated in Africa [MTP].

Isabel Lyon also began a letter to **Raffaello Stiattesi** that she finished on **Dec. 14**. Her perspective on the 70th birthday celebration, the servant Ugo, and the Clemens girls may be instructive to researchers.

Carissimo Toscano Mio: / Two weeks ago I received your dear welcome letter, and I am slow in answering it, because I have been very busy indeed, and not very well—not very strong;—but I have a good Doctor—the one who took care of Miss Clara during all her long illness—and he will bring back my strength again I know.

You will probably not hear that a great banquet was given to Mr. Clemens on his 70th birthday—only writers of fiction were invited, but Col. Harvey who gave the banquet invited me, and I went to sit near my wonderful chief (Mr. Clemens) who made a beautiful and humorous speech; there were many other celebrated men who made speeches also—and it was a beautiful evening for me. But you would never think that Mr. Clemens is seventy years old, he looks far better than he did when he was in beloved Quarto, and he is well and quite contented I think, for now Miss Clara is at home here, well and beautiful & sweet, as you know she cannot help but be. She is singing again—not very much yet, but she is studying and her voice is charming.

Yes. You write English very fluently now, and I am delighted to have so great a benefit come to you in your new neighbor—I think I remember that she was always an interesting woman. You are fortunate.

But Carissimo, you do not tell about "Nina"—& "Sirio" & "Peg." & the dear Panhard—and I love them all. but best I love to remember the sound of your feet on your gravel walk. Oh how sweet it was. Do you think, really, that I shall ever be in the Canonica again? I promise myself that dear pleasure, but who can tell? Does any one sleep in my tiny bed?

Today I have received the pamphlet you so kindly sent, and I thank you very much for it. I am so happy that your favorite work has made you famous.

I very much hope that you will not be tempted to show my letters to anyone, for I wish to write you freely, dear Don Raffaello—and the letters are only for your eyes—are they not?

About two weeks ago Siquor Ubaldo Traverso was here, and called upon Mr. Clemens. We had a very nice talk with him, and he made me long to see you, & the via Strozzi—and all Florence.

Ugo who re-entered Mr. Clemens's service in the summer is now back in Italy. Mr. Clemens had to send him home, for he could not learn English, nor our customs, and it made much trouble—All your words came true once more you see [MTP].

Sam also instructed Lyon to reply “Thanks for the honor” to **Albert L. Wilson's Dec. 6** of Kansas City, Mo. for naming their only son, now seventeen, “Mark Twain” [MTP].

Isabel Lyon replied for SLC to the Dec. 9 of John F. Tremain:

At bottom of Tremain's Dec. 9 in pencil Miss Lyon wrote: “Sorry he cannot come or join, but that he accepts no invitations now, which I can with propriety decline. She quoted him: “Realize that I am old & am staggering along under a heavy burden of duties & industries.” This letter ran in the Elmira Morning Telegram for 17 Dec. 1905.

Isabel Lyon's journal: “Oh, Mr. Clemens is so interested in the Congo question, the terrible, terrible Congo suffering” [MTP TS 113]. **Isabel Lyon's Journal # 2:** “Lunch with Mr. Melville Stone” [MTP TS 36]. *Note:* Stone ran the **Associated Press**.

A. Rosenthal, editor of **The Modern View Publishing Co.**, St. Louis, wrote to Sam. They were sending a copy of *The Modern View* magazine which contained a poem by **Henry Tudor** written in Sam's honor. The publication catered to “the representative Jewish element of the country”; they lauded Sam's “noble stand ... in denouncing Russian atrocities against an innocent people” [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's one-word directive to Lyon “Answer” is estimated at five days, or *ca.* **Dec. 16**.

Daniel Carter Beard wrote from Flushing, L.I. to thank Sam for accepting our invitations and how excited they were at the prospect [MTP].

Marion von Kendler wrote on a picture postcard (of Franz Joseph of Austria), her wish of happiness to Sam “on your natal and all other days” [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote above Franz's head; “No address?”

James F. Mallinckrodt wrote from St. Louis to praise Sam's birthday speech [MTP].

Annie H. Martin wrote from Carson City, Nev. For the Nevada Press Co. to ask Sam for an article for their Christmas edition [MTP].

George W. Spencer wrote congratulations from Boston, and asked Sam if he would sign the enclosed photo, one he got as a boy at Lee & Shepard's 35 years before: “I had the pleasure of meeting you three gentlemen, and became somewhat familiar with Billings and Nasby and so much so that I was able to procure their autographs but did not get yours” [MTP].

December 11 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam replied to **Albert L. Wilson's Dec. 6** [MTP]. *Note:* The MTP catalogs Sam's reply as “on or after 6 Dec.” Five days estimated postal time is allowed here, giving *ca.* **Dec. 11**.

Sam also replied to **W.B. Hosford's Dec. 7** query: “left the River for good in June '61” [MTP]. *Note:* three days allowed for mail time and a Sunday for the reply.

December 12 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **Louis Windmüller**, treasurer **Legal Aid Society**.

I have known about The Legal Aid Society for some years, but it conducts its affairs so quietly and so unostentatiously that I did not know, until the other day, how extensive is the work it is doing. It stirs one's

blood and compels one's deep homage to read the great figures! If New York could read them, do you think it could ever be said again that "*the contributions fail to cover the ever-growing expenses*"? I think not—I am sure not.

I found the figures in *The Outlook*; please let me quote the whole article: [article enclosed/quoted]

It will surprise no one that the President and Mrs. Roosevelt are interested in the Society's work and are willing to make a long journey to help it along. Indeed, there is something so eloquent about those plain, unadorned statistics and the quoted incidents that it would not be in human nature for either the highest or the lowest in the land to read them and not be strongly moved to desire the privilege of sharing in the Society's generous crusade in the behalf of the oppressed and the friendless. The Society will not need advertise "Haensel und Gretel"—at least to the people who have seen it; for so deep and satisfying is the chorus of that lovely masterpiece that whoso has been under its spell once will come again. There are enough of those to fill the house. I know this, for when I was there, there was but one vacant seat, and I was in it [MTP]. *Note:* enclosed, a cover and announcement for a "Special Performance" of *Hansel and Gretel* by the **Conreid Metropolitan Opera Company** for the benefit of the Legal Aid Society at the Metropolitan Opera House on Thursday evening, **Mar. 15, 1906**.

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Neighborhood Club, 9 Plu. / Mr. Eno. / Ives photographer at 1:30 will call here" [MTP TS 36].

M. Fairchild, age 80, wrote from St. Louis to Sam, congratulating him on reaching his 70th and giving his secrets for a long life [MTP]. *Note:* allow five days plus Sunday for delivery; see **ca. Dec. 18** for Sam's reply.

Paula Lorch (Mrs. Emil Lorch) wrote from Nurnberg, Bavaria asking if it were true that Sam was writing another book [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's answer is cataloged as **Dec. 29 to 31**.

December 13 Wednesday – According to the notation on the envelope of **A. MacHugh's** and **Y. MacLoghlan's** Nov. 13, Sam answered the "**two Irish mugs**" on this day.

Yes, both publicly & privately I have praised the astonishing triumph achieved by Witte at Portsmouth with deuces and against a Japanese flush; also both publicly & privately I have said unchristian things about the Peace which *resulted*. This kind of discrimination is not a new thing with me. It is a custom of mine to frankly & cordially admire the Deity's astonishing cleverness in making his Masterwork out of dirt & leavings, but it is also a custom of mine to as frankly & cordially deride the *result*.

Keep your promise, MacHugh—come & see me. And bring MacLoghlan if he exists—which I am doubting. His signature is too careful [MTP].

Note: Count **Sergei Yulyevich Witte** headed the Russian delegation which negotiated the **Treaty of Portsmouth** (N.H.) which ended the **1904-05 Russo-Japanese war**.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Booker T. Washington called today. He has a monstrous handgrip.

At luncheon today Mr. Clemens told how in all the previous banquets at which Mr. Howells has spoken, the guests were ordinary men, or commercial men, pretty unimaginative, so that he was not looking for any enthusiastic reception when he rose to his feet, after a few very lovely words from Col. Harvey, to toast his friend, Mr. Clemens. He was greeted by a burst of applause and homage and was so overcome by it that he did not know whether he could pay his tribute and make his toast. Mr. Clemens was deeply moved himself when he told us. Today, he wrote to Mr. Windmuller and finished the letter with what he called "such a cunning remark". He said that in the performance of *Hansel and Gretel* last Wednesday evening, "there was only one vacant seat, and I was in it." Oh, it is a darling [MTP TS 113].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Mr. Robt Reid came to talk about the 'Players,' & later Mr. David Munro telephoned, wishing to tell his delight into Mr. Clemens's own ear" [MTP TS 36].

Sam S. Shubert and Lee Shubert sent a telegram from N.Y.C. to Sam noting **Sarah Bernhardt's** appearance on Monday, **Dec. 18** at the Casino Theatre for the "benefit of Jewish sufferers in Russia." They would be "sincerely grateful" if Mark Twain could "be present and make a short address." On or just after this day Sam

replied by writing on the bottom of the letter, "Send some one down. How many speakers" [MTP]. *Note:* see insert ad for Dec. 14, which also advertised the event. Sam agreed to offer a few words.

Herbert E. Bowen wrote from NYC to send "more flotsam & jetsam, which Col. Harvey directs me to send to you." He also asked Sam to autograph on a slip of paper to go with Bowen's statuette [MTP].

Julia Brodie wrote from Novato, Calif. to send best wishes for the new year [MTP].

Dihdwo Twe wrote to Sam having rec'd his letter. "...unfortunately the 21st conflicts with our new change of time. Our final examination comes on the 21st and lasts through the 22nd...I can come down on the 23rd and spend a week in the City to see certain persons concerning the Congo question" [MTP].

December 14 Thursday – Sam sent another Dec. 6 form letter for the occasion of Sam's 70th to **Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Lilian W. Aldrich**, now at their summer home, "Redfarm," in Ponkapog, Mass. Sam added: "Apparently I am never going to get a chance to add a line, so I will just give it up till a later day &—God Almighty bless you both! / SLC / Dec. 14." [MTP].

In N.Y.C. **Isabel V. Lyon** finished her Dec. 11 to **Raffaello Stiattesi**.

Today Teresa [Cherubini] had a post card from Ugo, and he was in Paris at the time he sent it. He went home by way of Cherbourg.

Last evening Santa Clara, Jean, & I went to see Madame Sara Bernhardt in "Angelo." She was very wonderful, as she always is—and her speech is very beautiful.

Miss Clara sends you her love, and Mr. Clemens wishes me to give you his very warm regards. He often speaks of you very affectionately. My dear, sweet mother sends you her love also—and I am so happy to have you—il Toscano mio—for my friend [MTP]. *Note:* the NY *Times*, Dec. 14, p.9, gives the Dec. 13 performance as the first of the play *Angelo*, a lesser-known work of **Victor Hugo**, though popular on the French stage.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Jean, 9:30. Santissima, Jean and I went to see Bernhardt last night in 'Angelo'. She is a most finished actress, for she can be the tigress, or the woman, and the note of restraint in this play was so satisfying. But, it was all good, her support was fine as it always is" [MTP TS 113].

Isabel Lyon's Journal # 2: "Mr. [Channing] Pollock came to talk with Mr. Clemens about his making a little speech next Monday afternoon in the Casino Theatre for the Bernhardt[t] Benefit for the Jews. Wrote Mr. Larkin about the unsatisfactory condition of the heating. Radiators make such a noise in the front part of the house that one cannot sleep" [MTP TS 37].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote to Miss Lyon: "Please tell Mr. Clemens that I have secured an amendment of the royalty arrangement on hat pins so that, instead of our sending to the Antipodes \$5.00 out of the \$7.50 (on each \$100 of sales) ...we are now only to send \$3.75" [MTP].

Thomas S. Barbour wrote to Sam with plans to go to Washington to perhaps see **Elihu Root** on the Congo question. What did Sam think of the idea? He asked Sam to telegraph collect if he did not think such a visit was wise at this time [MTP].

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam about a little book of poetry by Mrs. **Margaret Potter Black** of Chicago, that she brought to Sam's birthday dinner. Duneka dissuaded her from giving it to Clemens then, and then forgot about it. "Would it be asking too much to have a line of acknowledgment go to her in some

way, either through your secretary, through me or by your own fair hand?" He closed by saying that "Praises of your speech keep pouring upon us" [MTP].

John R. Marks wrote from Prince Edward Island after reading an account of Sam's 70th celebration, hoping that Sam would give him a reply to this letter, which was appreciative of Twain's humor [MTP].

John D. Rhodes wrote a fan letter to Sam, wishing him "a happy return of your birthday" [MTP].

Booker T. Washington wrote to Sam.

My dear Mr Clemens:—

Merely to let you have this as a reminder, I am writing to say that the meeting for Tuskegee will be held in Carnegie Hall, Monday evening January 22nd, at eight fifteen.

All of my friends are most grateful to you.

Later on I shall send you some printed matter from Tuskegee which will give you full information regarding the school. / Very truly yours...[MTP].

S. Burns Weston, Secretary for **The Contemporary Club of Philadelphia** wrote to Sam requesting he give a reading at their next reading on Jan. 8, 1906. Weston wrote that Miss **Agnes Repplier** had spoken to Sam about the possibility at his 70th birthday celebration. Sam, shortly after receipt, wrote "Decline it" on the letter for Isabel Lyon [MTP].

Lamont Hammond's article "Mark Twain at Seventy" ran in *Nation* (NY) p. 478-9. Tenney: "MT has won respect as a writer, here and in England, although he does not belong to the coteries of Boston and New York. 'He knows America and knows it whole,' writing with power rather than fine academic distinctions. He is a 'humorist of the first rank,' to be sure, but also a humanist" [41].

December 15 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote a short note to **Robert Bacon**. "Dear Mr. Bacon: / I am expecting to send you the *full* report (in French) & an elaborate digest of it (English). By mail or by the hand of a delegation of our Association" [MTP].

Sam also sent a Dec. 6 form letter for the occasion of his 70th birthday to **John D. Rhodes**, US Court of Claims, Washington, D.C. Sam added: "Alas, they have shut Huck & Tom out from the youth's department of the Brooklyn Blind Asylum library!" [MTP]. *Note*: postmarked this date.

Sam also wrote a two-page letter to an **unnamed correspondent** (now identified below) in Vienna. Sam recalled the "many pleasant months" spent in Vienna and the "many delightful people" there. He also gave the old leadman's story once again to explain his *nom de plume* [MTP: Sotheby's catalog Dec. 15, 1987, Item 56]. *Note*: this is likely a reply to **Maurice Ernst**, who wrote from Vienna on **Dec. 4** [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Santa C. is ill—and must stay in her bed for days to come. 42 today.

...

Mr. Clemens is going to speak at a Benefit in which Sara Bernhardt is to play a tiny play—for the Russian Jews. Mr. Pollock came down to talk with Mr. Clemens about it, and they had a delightful chat. He told Mr. Clemens that his father, a learned man, had said that the legend runs in Germany that only 2 people of great prominence have "Herr" before their name: "God Almighty and Mark Twain." [MTP TS 113-114]. *Note*: **Channing Pollock** (1880-1946), playwright and critic, then with the Lyric Theatre.

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Radiators noisy in Jean's room, & in Miss Clemens's little room" [MTP TS 37].

N.J. Bacheleur for N.H. Board of Agriculture wrote to Sam. "I have before me a Brooklyn Eagle interview with you in which, I am pleased to see, you say many kind things about New Hampshire. May I have your kind

permission to use some parts of this interview in publications of this board?/ Yours... [MTP]. *Note:* Miss Lyon wrote in pencil: "Can use whatever he pleases. It was not an interview for any particular paper, but was delivered by the Harpers to a great many papers."

William C. Dornin wrote from NYC to ask if it was too late to offer congratulations [MTP].

Eden E. Greville wrote from NYC to Sam, enclosing a card for the first meeting of the American Playgivers; he hoped to see Sam there. No card is in the file [MTP].

Katharine I. Harrison wrote to Sam: "I deposited this morning for your account in the Guaranty Trust Company check for \$150.00, being dividend on Borden's Condensed Milk Company Preferred stock [MTHHR 605n1].

John Horner wrote from Belfast, Ireland enclosing a copy of *Irene Iddeleigh* (1897) by Mrs. **Emanda M'Kittrick Ros** [Gribben 589; MTP].

F.P. McNutt for the NY Telephone Co. wrote enclosing "a contract for additional telephone equipment recently requested" [MTP].

Abbott Handerson Thayer wrote to Sam.

"Have I embarrassed you by forcing you to share my first hour of frothing at the mouth after a contact with Bostonians. I should greatly regret that. I merely became wildly communicative and my heart looked round for some mother's-arms.... As William James wrote me, it was their preoccupations leaving me out." He also asked after Jean [MTP].

Dihdwo Twe wrote from Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass. to Sam.

I have been planning for sometime to come to New York to see you and Dr. Lyman Abbott personally and privately about the condition in Congo today. I have visited Congo before coming to this country; and I have, after nearly twelve years' effort, worked out a scheme which seems practical to me, and which, I believe, if taken up will create more public sentiment than anything that could be done. I think it is a good chance to come down this month because our vacation is unusually longer this year. I will, therefore, come down to talk the subject over with you and to see Dr. Abbott and others if possible.

....

You will hear from me as soon as I arrive [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's reply is estimated at **Dec. 18** to allow postal time plus Sunday.

December 15 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam replied to **Louise A. Howland's Dec. 8** letter and request for "an up to date photograph" [MTP]. *Note:* The MTP catalogs Sam's reply as "on or after 8 Dec." Seven days estimated postal time is allowed here, giving **ca. Dec. 15**. "We will sign a photo & send it." Sam wrote her a paragraph on **Dec. 19**. See entry.

December 16 Saturday – Sam conferred sometime this day with actress **Sarah Bernhardt**, who was scheduled to appear at the **Casino Theatre on Dec. 18** in a benefit for Jewish victims in Russia (see Dec. 14 insert advertisement) [Dec. 17 inscription in JA]. Sam showed initial interest in offering a few words for the event in his **Dec. 13** response to the Shuberts. His meeting with Bernhardt likely involved his attendance and address for the following afternoon's benefit. It was a cause that found Clemens' sympathies.

Relations with Sam's old friend, now Senator from New York, **Chauncey M. Depew**, had become somewhat strained by Depew's support for **Theodore Roosevelt**; Depew had bolstered Roosevelt in a New York Mayoral race, and in 1900 was a Roosevelt delegate at the Republican National Convention.

PLATT AND DEPEW SHOULD RESIGN

NEW YORK, N.Y., Dec. 16.—The New York *Post* published this day...a number of letters from prominent persons relating to the fitness of Senators Platt and Depew to represent New York State in the United States senate, and the question of both men resigning. The letters are replies to these three questions...

1. Do you believe that Thomas C. Platt and Chauncey M. Depew are fit representatives...?

...

2. Do you think they should immediately resign their seats

3. In case they do not retire voluntarily should the legislature pass a resolution asking them to r

Mark Twain thinks the senators unfit, believes they should resign and answers the third question by saying: "If I were a legislator I would offer the resolution but 'not' hopefully." [Reprinted in: Ft. Worth *Star-Telegram*, Dec. 17, 1905, p.1].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Today over the telephone Mr. Pollock told me that Mr. Clemens is the first great man—hero—he has ever met, whose feet were not made of clay. Here are all the others: Marion Crawford, Hall Caine, Israel Zangwell [*sic* Zangwill] among them, but he left them all with a sense of disappointment. Not so with Mr. Clemens. Mr. Pollock has been uplifted by his talk.

This afternoon Mr. Clemens and Mr. Gilder drove up to call on Mr. Carnegie and Carl Schurz and others, but they didn't accomplish the others for Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Schurz kept them. Mr. Clemens said at dinner that he had forgotten to tell Carl Schurz about the great value of his German newspaper that used to reach him away back in 1847, or 48. The paper was *Die Anzeiger des Westens*, and the little boy Clemens used to take it over to the German baker who lived near them, and he's sell it to him for a big slab of gingerbread [MTP TS 114].

Isabel Lyon's Journal # 2: "Miss Clara to sing at 2:30 to Mr. Charlton. / She was too ill to sing. / Radiator kept Jean awake, also kept Katie awake" [MTP TS 37]. *Note:* **Loudon Charlton**, concert manager.

Thomas S. Barbour of the Congo Reform Assoc., Boston, wrote to Sam.

"Your telegram reached me yesterday and I at once telephoned Dr. Hall who has now written to Mr. Root, suggesting an interview for Thursday. In case this date is chosen I shall hope to see you Wednesday morning." He enclosed a document they printed, and confided they'd invited Grover Cleveland to accept a position as Vice President [MTP].

Ellen Bowith wrote from St. Albans (Queens) NY to Sam being "the bearer of a letter of introduction" from **John Y.W. MacAlister** of London. When he had time she wanted to present it to him, and would be honored if he would come to her recital on Tuesday. She enclosed tickets [MTP].

Boyd Crumrine wrote from Washington, Penn. to Sam, enclosing a clipping from the *Washington Observer* of Nov. 27, 1905. Could he "go over the paper carefully and send us a statement of what you believe to be the facts concerning your ancestry...for the archives of our Society." The Washington County Historical Society was the group in question [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's reply is estimated to be **ca. Dec. 18**, allowing two days postal service.

Newspaper articles across the country on Sam's 70th birthday celebration at Delmonico's on Dec. 5 evoked responses from some old friends and sidekicks. Among these was **William S. Grieg** an old friend and typesetting partner for the St. Louis *Evening News* in the 1850s, who wrote to Sam and noted several persons Sam recalled and one he did not.

My dear friend, I have waited until the cyclone of congratulations good wishes and adulation from all the world (enough to turn the brain of any ordinary man) should have subsided a little before tendering you my hearty congratulations on your 70th birthday and my earnest wish that you may maintain your health and spirits enjoy many more birthdays.

I don't suppose you remember me but you may remember, in 1856 I think [1853 or 4], working on the St Louis Evening News, of which Chas G. Ramsey was proprietor, foreman John Bailey champion typesetter and imbibor of the ardent, who used to come up missing about once a week, when Chas G. would lecture his thus "you can't fool me, John Bailey, more'n two or three times more," then there was yourself and your side partner Bob Ruggles (Larnon and Pythias) though I always associated Bob with Ichabode Crane. Amongst the others there was Garrit Marney, a little Frenchman who could swim like a frog, and who, on our afternoon visit to Bloody Island, was to look out for me as I could hardly swim and through whose neglect one day I nearly drowned.

You probably remember when we went to learn French from Dr Ricardo and after a short trial concluded it was too slow and that the American language was good enough for us

My name was W^m S. Grieg, but John Bailey christened me Grey and the name stuck to me for years, you used to say "Now Grey none of your sarcasm." But what changes time has wrought. Bloody Island is no more, a large city spreads over the bottom lands where we gathered pecans and Hickories and hunted for quirel, rabbit and quail, and of all the prints who trod the boards at that time very few remain, and the ups and downs and adventure "by food and field" of those few no doubt would fill volumes. I have had my share but now I am settled down amid my children and Grandchildren and haven't been in a print I hope for 3 or 4 years, though I retain good health I treasure all your works except some of the latest I haven't got, and now Sam if you will find time to write me a few lines in answer to this, to let me know you received it, I will be more than pleased, wishing you a merry Xmas and happy New Year, I am / an old Friend / W^m S. Grieg [MTP]. *Note:* See Sam's reply on **Dec. 19**. Persons mentioned: **Charles G. Ramsey, John Bailey, Bob Ruggles, Garrit Marney, Dr. Ricardo.**

Bertram Harrison wrote from NYC to ask Sam what time he should send a carriage for him for the benefit at the Casino Theatre Monday afternoon; the time set for Sam's talk was 5 p.m. [MTP].

H.A. Lorberg, publisher of Davis High School Library, Portsmouth, Ohio, wrote congratulations "a little late" for Sam's 70th and also to wish a merry Christmas and Happy New Year. Lorberg requested a signed photograph to be placed in their library (a three-story Victorian edifice with mansard roof). He'd sent a large photo to Florence but did not receive it back, assuming it was "probably lost in mail" [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's reply is estimated at 5 days, or **ca. Dec. 21**.

Herbert T. Stephens wrote on Kansas City Univ. letterhead to congratulate Sam on his 70th [MTP].

Andrew Carnegie inscribed a copy of his book *James Watt* (1905): "*To one I am proud to / call friend / Mr. Clemens / Andrew Carnegie / Dec. 16th 1905*" [Gribben 131].

December 16 ca. – Sam directed Isabel Lyon to answer **A. Rosenthal's Dec. 11** [MTP]. *Note:* The MTP catalogs this as "on or after 11 Dec." Five days estimated postal time from St. Louis is allowed here.

December 17 Sunday – Sam wrote a longish inscription in JA to **Sarah Bernhardt**:

Ah, Madame the illustrious, I made a mistake yesterday; When you spoke of the "play," I thought you meant the book—I have no play, I was never able to write a play. But this is the book; & it has one large merit: it puts no words into Jeanne's mouth which she did not say. With the homage of Yours very truly the Author, To Madame Sarah Bernhardt. Dec. 17/05 [MTP: Anderson Galleries catalog, Dec. 17, 1934, Item 61].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Today, drowsing, not very well. Poultney Bigelow came in this afternoon and when he joined us at tea he exclaimed over the wonderful change in Mr. Clemens condition and appearance. P.B. is just back from Panama and full of the dreadful condition of things down there. A condition that government reports cover up. He has written an article about it all, but said that Harper, who sent him there, and paid for the article, would be afraid to publish it and would do too much editing to it. After dinner Mr. Clemens said he's longing for Dublin [N.H.] again. His days are so full here that there isn't much chance for work or rest [MTP TS 114]. **Isabel Lyon's Journal # 2:** "Noise in front radiators in the night, also in Mr. Clemens's dressing room & in my room" [MTP TS 37].

John Irwin wrote from Galence, Ohio asking where he might get a copy of a piece by Sam that Harper said was out of print [MTP]. *Note:* allowed 3 days for Sam's reply, or **ca. Dec. 20.**

American Playgoers, Amelia Bingham president, sent Sam a postcard sized meeting announcement for Sunday, Dec. 17 at 8:15 p.m. at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel [MTP].

December 18 Monday – At the **Casino Theatre** in the afternoon (Lyon's journal #2 gives it as 2 p.m) following a performance by **Sarah Bernhardt**, Sam offered a few words for the benefit of Jewish sufferers in Russia. The *New York Times*, Dec. 19, p. 9 reported the event:

MARK TWAIN SPEAKS AFTER BERNHARDT ACTS

Jewish Benefit Audience Enjoys an Unusual Double Bill.

\$3,000 FOR THE RELIEF FUND

Humorist Says He and the Actress Are Two of the Youngest Persons Alive.

The benefit matinee for the Jewish sufferers in Russia, which was given at the Casino yesterday afternoon, drew a big crowd from the professional and social worlds. Among those who helped entertain it were Sarah Bernhardt and Mark Twain. During the hour just after luncheon the lobby of the theatre looked as if a greenroom reception for all New York were in progress.

Well-known actresses in their prettiest afternoon gowns sold programmes and flowers at fancy prices. The prices, however, were no more objectionable than the smiles that went with them, and this feminine lobbying proved a popular and profitable device.

Each well-known actor was besieged as he entered with friendly demands upon his patience and pocketbook. Jacob Adler, who came a little late, could hardly force his way into the theatre through the crowd of young women, each of whom insisted upon selling him a programme and a rose.

Inside the theatre, boxes, orchestra, and balconies were filled to their utmost capacity.

Among the actors and actresses who volunteered their services were Kate Condon, Kitty Cheatham, and Chauncey Olcott, who sang; Auguste Van Biene, cellist; Ilka Palmay, in Hungarian dances; Henry Miller and Martha Waldron, in "Frederic Lemaître," and Margaret Anglin and her company in third act of "Zira."

Sarah Bernhardt presented for the first time the one-act play, in French, "L'Escarpolette," by Miss G. Constant Lounsbury, an American woman who spends most of her time in Paris. The play was given the following cast:

Le Chevalier Robert de Bellancourt.....Mme. Sarah Bernhardt

Celine Mlle. Seylor

The Marquis M. Chameroy

The piece is a dainty little production in which an eighteenth century Marquis destined by his father to marry a fiancée whom the young man has never seen, falls in love with a Fragonard portrait of a young girl in a swing. In seeking the Celine of his father's choice the youth, after a bit of mystification, finds that his unknown fiancée is the original of his beloved Fragonard.

Mark Twain, who followed Mme. Bernhardt, spoke of the wonderful French language, which he always felt as if he were "just going to understand."

"Mme. Bernhardt is so marvelously young," he added. "She and I are two of the youngest people alive."

Then the humorist told a story of how when Mme. Bernhardt was playing in Hartford some years ago three charitable old ladies decided to deny themselves the pleasure of seeing the great actress and to send the money instead to some needy friends.

"And the needy friends," concluded Mr. Clemens drily, "gratefully took the money and bought Bernhardt tickets with it."

Both Mr. Clemens and Mme. Bernhardt received warm welcomes.

Among those in the boxes were Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Schiff, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Guggenheim, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Guggenheim, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Gureaux, Mme. Bernhardt, Miss Margaret Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lehman, Mr. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), and Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Adler.

Ilka Palmay, Ruth Vincent, Kitty Gordon, Josephine Jacoby, Violet Holls, Isabelle Urquhart, and Annette Kohn were among those who distributed programmes and flowers in the foyer.

About \$3,000 was realized from the performance.

Miss Anglin was asked by Mme. Bernhardt after the benefit if she would appear with her in Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande." Miss Anglin expressed her pleasure at the invitation, and it is said some arrangement may be made for a performance of the play in French after the Bernhardt road tour.

A special matinee performance of "La Tosca" by Mme. Bernhardt is announced for Friday afternoon at the Lyric Theatre.

Isabel Lyon's journal: This afternoon Mr. Clemens chatted at a benefit given for the Russian Jews. Bernhardt played that Watteau one-act play *L'Escarpolette*, utterly charming, but before she went on she sat in the box with Mr. Clemens and it was a delight to watch those two rare geniuses chat. Bernhardt was in her man's costume but sat with her legs on a chair and covered, and Mr. Clemens beautiful white head bent ever toward her, vibrant with life and strength and genius. And then the delight of his slow saunter onto the stage amid giant applause and cries of "bravo" [MTP TS 115].

Wm. Knabe & Co. , N.Y.C., wrote to Sam. **Arthur Rubinstein**, (1887-1982) Russian pianist, was to begin a US tour in January, 1906, and wished to give the proceeds of one of his recitals for the relief of Russian Jews, his brother being a political convict in Siberia. Could this benefit recital use Mark Twain's name as a patron, along with fifteen or twenty others? On or just after this day Sam replied:

"Entirely in sympathy with the cause and if my name as a patron can be of any use will be glad to have you use it" [MTP].

Sam sent another Dec. 6 form letter for the occasion of his 70th birthday to **Eduard Pötzl** in Vienna, Austria. Sam added a short letter to the form:

Dear Pötzl: It is a beautiful & most valued appreciation, & I have read it with delight. The sound of your voice in print brings back Vienna, & you, & Letschitske [*sic*] to me & fills me with memories of blessed days! The will come no more—but we have *had* them, & that is something to be thankful for.

The congratulations are arriving from far & wide—from friends, & from strangers who are also friends—and I am very glad; I did not know there were so many [MTP].

Samuel Hopkins Adams wrote for *Collier's* to Sam. He had been silent on the Oppenheimer treatment because he'd been down with the grippe, and now was taking a trip to New Orleans, but when he returned in late January

I will call upon you, and shall hope to proceed with the matter then directly. / Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has signified his willingness to give me the material which he has, bearing upon Bishop Potter's participation in the fraud. I understand that Dr. Mitchell got the Bishop in a corner and made it rather unpleasant for him. This, of course, is confidential... [MTP].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote "Note for S.L.C.: / I saw Lauterbach to-day. He said, in re. The sale to Ogden, that, in case it were attacked, he *thought* it could be sustained....His advice for the present, summed up, is: 'Stand pat'" [MTP].

John F. Hobbs of the Thirteen Club wrote to ask Sam for his presence as the Guest of Honor at its 24th Anniversary Banquet, Hotel Savoy, Saturday evening, Jan. 13, 1906 [MTP]. *Note:* Sam declined; see Jan. 13, 1906 entry for Hobbs' follow up.

Winifred Ives wrote from NYC to ask Sam to speak at the Annual reception in the Babies Ward of the Post Graduate Hospital, Jan. 19 at 4 p.m. [MTP].

W.B. Rundle wrote from Cherry Creek, Nev. Sending two views (not in file) of the “old Overland Stage road” which enabled Sam to write *RI*, and wishing “his years upon the earth be many” [MTP].

December 18 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam directed Lyon to answer **Dihdwo Twe’s Dec. 15**: “Would suggest that he bring Dr. Abbot—to talk it over, arrange date & time to suit everybody” [MTP]. *Note*: The MTP catalogs this as “on or after 15 Dec.” Estimated postal time is allowed here.

In N.Y.C. **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to **Boyd Crumrine’s Dec. 16** request. “Mr. Clemens thinks that Mr. Bryan Clemens of St. Louis Mo would know about the ancestry. But that his own knowledge is vague and untrustworthy” [MTP].

Sam also replied to **M. Fairchild’s Dec. 12** experience of reaching 80 by no strong drink or tobacco, staying active and living “in favor with God and man.” His tongue-in-cheek reply:

“I realize, by your experience alas! that it doesn’t matter how recklessly & irrationally a man may live, he can never be sure of escaping old age” [MTP]. *Note*: The MTP catalogs this as “on or after 12 Dec.,” the date of Fairchild’s letter from St. Louis. Five days estimated postal time plus Sunday is allowed here.

December 19 Tuesday – **Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2**: “Dinner engagement / Miss Winifred Holt / 44 East 78th Street. / Dentist Dr. Fulton / Dr. Fournier’s Associate. / at 3. 66 E. 58th” [MTP TS 37].

James Bertram, personal secretary for **Andrew Carnegie** wrote from N.Y.C. to Sam, advising that “In the course of a few weeks a cask will be delivered to you which Mr. Carnegie says you will please not hesitate to receive....” On or about this day Sam replied:

“Very glad to hear about that cask & I shall watch out for it with very agreeable anticipations—that I’m like Mr. Carnegie with the eggs—I like to have all my whiskey in one keg & then I can watch that keg” [MTP]. *Note*: Carnegie was the originator of the aphorism Sam often used about putting all of one’s eggs in one basket and watching that basket.

At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam replied to an old friend and typesetter-workmate on the St. Louis *Daily News* in 1855, **William S. Grieg**, who had written on **Dec. 16** from St. Louis about the times in the early 1850s on the *St. Louis Evening News* with a young Sam.

I have forgotten the Frenchman, but I remember the others. The excellent Ruggles—tall, slender, & with bulging eyes—became a distinguished & honored Judge in Kansas. Simmons, the refined & intellectual consumptive—a pathetic figure—I remember him well. I remember the Ricards class; also the ass who could not be taught to pronounce “une singe” otherwise than “amn Sygie”; & the mouse dans san trou he pronounced “daunz sun trow (like ou in Ouch) / Sincerely your friend....[MTP].

Note: the “ass” whose name Sam could not recall may have been **William G. Waite**, as revealed in a New York Times feature article which ran on **June 8, 1902**, “Mark Twain Among Scenes of His Early Life.” Here are two of the final paragraphs of the article, noting another compositor in those early 1850s, one unnamed in Grieg’s Dec. 16 or in Sam’s above reply of Dec. 19:

OTHER OLD FRIENDS

William G. Waite, now a printer in The St. Louis Republic composing room worked with Mark Twain in the early fifties, when he, too, was a printer. They were employed in the old Evening News office in St. Louis, and the future author worked a year in that capacity.

“He was a good printer,” said Waite, “but mighty independent. He was always called, ‘that boy’ by Charles G. Ramsey, proprietor and editor of *The News*. He’d get down late once in a while, and Ramsey would say: ‘Here’s that _____ boy late again.’ Clemens didn’t say anything to this for a long time, but one morning he turned on Ramsey and replied: ‘Take your dashed situation, and got to (a warm country)!’ He left the office and we heard nothing of him for several years.”

Sam sent another Dec. 6 form thank you letter for the occasion of his 70th to **Louise A. Howland** (Robert’s widow), now in Sausalito, Calif. Sam added a paragraph:

To think of *you* as a grandmother! It is quite impossible. It was a good deal of a strain to think of you as a mother; still, I managed it, being greatly helped there to by the picture of the child—good sound & solid evidence; unadorned evidence—even naked evidence; for the plump creature was reclining in an oyster shell while its wardrobe was at the wash [MTP].

In **N.Y.C. Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Robert Underwood Johnson**, that Clemens would be unable to attend the dinner of the Academy of Arts and letters on Friday, **Dec. 29** [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Tonight Mr. Clemens dined with Miss Winifred Holt and sat between her and Miss May Sinclair. When Miss Holt had finished a long talk on the goodness of God, and his mercies to her, Mr. Clemens asked her if she could account for God’s reason for making a pet of her and terrible slaves and sufferers of other human beings. She shivered at his blasphemies [MTP TS 115]. *Note:* **Winifred Holt** (1870-1945), sculptor and founder of the NY Assoc. for the Blind. **May Sinclair** (1865-1946) British novelist.

Thomas S. Barbour for the **Congo Reform Assoc.** wrote to Sam, not yet hearing from Elihu Root. Barbour thought he might go to NY this night, or in the morning, and enclosed slips (not in file) they printed this day. “Possibly you may have seen the article in the *West African Mail*” [MTP].

George Albert Bramley wrote to ask Sam if he could speak at the YMCA of the West Presbyterian Church for their award dinner at the Hotel Vendome, on Friday evening, the 19th of January [MTP].

William Dean Howells wrote to Sam.

I am going to do a series of reprints from their periodicals for H.B. & Co. The first volume will consist of six stories, and will be called “Their Husbands’ Wives”—that is, wives peculiarly and self-sacrificially devoted to their husbands. In this volume I should like to include your “Eve’s Diary,” which exactly denotes the typical attitude of the feminine soul. Can you let me have it, and if yes, for what money outright, a percentage being practicable? Of course, Eve was never legally Adam’s wife, but lived with him in a state which under the circumstances left no stain on her reputation. It was a kind of common-law marriage, and as you have given it the stamp of your approval, I do not think her inclusion among other devoted wives will seriously damage the series. There would be five other stories in the book, for which you need not blush ethically or artistically. You could freely use the piece in any collection of your own soon or late. The fact of the enterprise is confided to you. / Yours ever ... [MTHL 2: 799-800]. *Note:* Sam agreed, exacting no set price—see source notes 1&2.

Frank R. Lawrence wrote to Sam for the **Lotus Club, N.Y.C.** asking if they might use his name for the committee in honor of **Mrs. Craigie** on the afternoon of Dec. 28, and, “would it be possible for [him] to come and say a few words on that occasion?” On or just after this day Sam replied that using his name would be an honor, but he had another engagement for that evening and had to “rest in bed during the afternoon” [MTP]. *Note:* **Pearl Mary Teresa Richards Craigie**, pseud. **John Oliver Hobbes** (1867-1906). See also July 5, 1907.

Edmund D. Morel for the **Congo Reform Assoc.**, Liverpool, wrote a mostly illegible letter to Sam [MTP].

Nemo (no further identification) wrote from Conn. to Sam after reading an article in the NY Sun by a Catholic priest which he claimed contradicted “something that you have written about Belgium in Africa,” but he knew Sam’s story was true and gave reasons. “I want your story about the Congo. I shall enjoy it as I have every thing that you have written and I believe tghat I have read all of your stories including your private letter to the Mammoth Cod Association” [MTP].

Channing Pollock for the Lyric Theater wrote to Sam, sending at Lyon’s request, a box for Friday evening at the Lyric Theatre [MTP].

Volney Streamer wrote to send Sam a “belated” birthday gift, a “little book” (unspecified). He was “going about chorteling over your speech of Nov. 30the and especially the thought that all this you have done has been play!” [MTP].

R.E. Warren wrote from St.Louis to ask why Sam didn’t live in Missouri? And, had he ever lived for a short time in Cape Girardeau, Mo? “I have been told that you did live there for a short time; that you worked as a clerk for the well known war-time merchant there, Edmund Garaghty...until you were “fired” by him for presuming to fall in love with one of his charming daughters. Is it so?” [MTP].

December 20 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Ah, we saw Bernhardt in Camille today. The last act crowns everything I have ever seen. The death chatter of her poor jaw—Oh, terrible and so close to the grave. She goes beyond [Eleonora] Duse’s art in that play, in all but the gambling room scene. Mr. Clemens lunched with Mr. Howells today, and he dined with Mr. and Mrs. Cross this evening, and I flew over to see Saint Mother who is going home for Christmas. Santissima does not seem to improve any [MTP TS 115]. *Note:* the play was by **Alexandre Dumas** (1824-1895) of Musketeer fame, at the Lyric Theatre, 42 St. West of Broadway.

Isabel Lyon’s journal # 2: “Dinner at 8 with Mr. & Mrs. Cross to meet Miss May Sinclair / 6 Washington Square, N.” [MTP TS 37].

Francis Arthur Jones, N.Y. correspondent for the magazines and newspapers of **George Newnes, Ltd., London**, wrote Sam asking for “a few minutes any time convenient,” not to “inflict the burden of an ‘Interview’ but just to pay a little fifteen minute friendly visit.” On or just after this day Sam replied, “any forenoon at ten” [MTP].

Sarah Bernhardt sent a night telegram to Sam: “I have read your Joan d’arc it is an admirable work sincere full of life and personal. I finished it today and I will begin tomorrow to read the play happy Christmas Dear great Mark Twain / Sarah Bernhardt” [MTP].

Francis Arthur Jones, NY Correspondent wrote to ask if he might “come to see you for a few minutes at any time convenient to yourself?” He didn’t want to “inflict” an interview, “but just to pay a little fifteen minute friendly visit” [MTP]. *Note:* Clemens wrote on bottom “any forenoon at ten”

Harper & Brothers wrote to advise Sam that they had placed his name on the gratis list [MTP].

Robert K. Mackey wrote to Sam asking if he would autograph Sam’s speech in a newspaper [MTP].

Henry R. Thayer wrote from Denver, Colo. to Sam asking about an article he’d read in *Cosmopolitan* several years ago, “Concerning the Jews,” which agreed with “a good deal” of his own sentiments. Thayer had an interest in Satan, mentioned in that old article, expecting to spend eternity with Satan. “Like yourself, I have friends in both places.” [MTP].

December 20 ca. – Sam answered **John Irwin's Dec. 17** question of where he might find a work out of print: "Haven't any idea. Suppose with the Harpers..."[MTP].

December 21 Thursday – Mark Twain was the guest of honor at the **Aldine Association** dinner given by the **Society of Illustrators**. The *New York Times*, Dec. 22, p. 9 reported on the event:

JOAN OF ARC APPEARS TO STARTLE MARK TWAIN

—
Surprise Prepared for Him by Society of Illustrators.
—

THEIR GUEST AT DINNER

—
**Andrew Carnegie shares the Honors
of the Evening with the Humorist—Many Noted Guests.**
—

Mark Twain was the guest of honor at a dinner given last night at the Aldine Association by the Society of Illustrators. All the well-known magazine and newspaper artists were present, while other distinguished guests included Andrew Carnegie, Sir. C. Purdon Clarke, Caspar Whitney, Robert Collier, Jr., Norman Hapgood, Alphonse Mucha, Arthur Scribner, and Thomas A. Janvier, Frederick Remington, Henry S. Fleming, and Daniel Beard were on the Reception Committee.

It had been arranged that when the humorist arose to speak Miss Angersten, a well-known model, was to appear in the garb and with the simple dignity of Jean d'Arc, his favorite character in all history. He was on his feet as Jean d'Arc entered the room. She wore the armor of the French heroine and her hair and face made a strangely appealing picture.

The face of the humorist, which had been wearing its "company" smile all night, suddenly changed. He had every appearance of a man who had seen a ghost. His eyes fairly started out of his head, and his hand gripped the edge of the table.

Jean d'Arc presented him with a wreath of bay. He merely bowed, with his eyes fixed on the girl's face. They followed her as in reverent silence she passed out, followed by a little boy in suitable costume, bearing a banner over her head. Then Mark Twain spoke. His voice was broken, and his word came slowly.

There's an illustration, gentlemen—a real illustration," he said. "I studied that girl, Joan of Arc, for twelve years, and it never seemed to me that the artists and the writers gave us a true picture of her. They drew a picture of a peasant. Her dress was that of a peasant. But they always missed the face—the divine soul, the pure character, the supreme woman, the wonderful girl. She was only 18 years old, but put into a breast like hers a heart like hers and I think, gentlemen, you would have a girl—like that."

The humorist looked toward the door, and there was absolute silence—puzzled silence—for many did not know whether it was time to laugh, disrespectful to giggle, or discourteous to keep solemn. The humorist realized the situation. Turning to his audience he came out of the clouds and said solemnly:

"But the artists always paint her with a face—like a ham."

The rest of his discourse was taken up with reminiscences of Jack, one of the figures in his "Innocents Abroad." He told much that was new about Jack, but it was all tinged with the melancholy that has come to Mark Twain these days.

"What was his name, now?" he asked. "I can't remember names these days. Seventy years is a long time, gentlemen. You know the man I mean—the fellow that crossed the Holy Land in the first stagecoach. Come, now, some of you must remember. I can't think. Was it Robespierre, or John the Baptist, or Ben Franklin, who invented the guillotine? Why, yes!" he suddenly cried, "it was Carnegie's uncle! What was I thinking about? Mr. Carnegie and I got it all straightened out one day. It was his uncle who first crossed the Jordan in a stagecoach. Don't try to deny it, now. You admitted it when I fished up that family tree."

"I admit it," said Mr. Carnegie from his right. "It's wonderful, Mark, how names do slip one."

"Yes," said Mark Twain; "well I remember how your uncle got up on the end of that old stage coach at the Jordan ford and said he felt moved to speak. He said with tears in his voice how this was the Jordan, how yonder was the illimitable desert, over three hundred miles wide, over which Moses and his people had toiled for forty years to this spot—this spot hallowed in all history. And it was here that Jack interrupted and said:

‘Moses who, uncle?’ And your uncle said that it was Moses the poet, Moses the lawyer, the warrior, the guide who had guided his people for forty years over that three hundred miles of dreary sand.

“And,” Mark Twain added, “your uncle always said that it would have taken only thirty-six hours if they’d left out holidays.”

Mr. Carnegie’s speech made a real hit. He said in part:

“I wish I were young enough to be a fellow-student, but if you’ll just count me in for tonight, I’ll try to behave myself. all my life I’ve had this streak of Bohemianism in me. You can’t tell how hard I tried to know Irving and dear old Joe Jefferson. I knew Bret Harte and Josh Billings—oh, Josh! Josh! —don’t you young fellows thing for a moment that I’m not used to high society. But the dearest of all acquaintances, after I’d scraped and bowed to get it is—[his hand fell on Mark Twain’s shoulder]—is Mark.

“It is a great thing to be able to say you have a friend like this. I remember how mad Josh Billings was because he did not meet Matthew Arnold when I received him at my house. However, he met him later, and I thought the apostle of sweetness and light would like to hear how Josh lectured and got his audiences.

“‘Well,’ said Josh Billings, ‘people want to know about the little things—all about them. If I told them the story of Jonah and the whale they’d want to know every detail. I told them all I knew, which was more’n the whale or Jonah ever knew; then they wanted to know what Jonah was doing in the whale’s society. It was society I started to speak about.

“But there’s one literary mystery I want to see cleared up tonight!” said Mr. Carnegie. “It has been rumored that I am an author. I am. I will confess it now that I hold Mark Twain’s affidavit—his signature—that I am the joint author of ‘Pudd’nhead Wilson.’ I can prove that the following passage was taken bodily from the lips of Andrew Carnegie:

“‘The fool saith in his heart: Do not put all your eggs in one basket.

“‘But the wise main exhorteth thus: Put all your eggs in one basket; then watch the basket.’

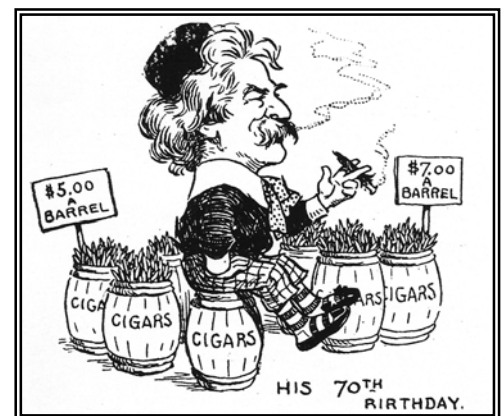
“He took that from me!”

Mr. Carnegie sat down amid roars of laughter. He had outwitted Twain himself.

Other speakers of the evening were Rollo Ogden, editor of the Evening Post; Sir Purdon Clarke, and others. Sir Purdon spoke of “Dead Artists Whom Mark Twain May Have Influenced.” He said that in England there were illustrated papers before there were illustrators and that they had been a disreputable lot—the illustrators—carefully making wood cuts from the old masters for the comic sheets and illustrating continued stories so that their employment had to last. He created much amusement [Note: see a variation of the speech in *Fatout*, *MT Speaking* p.472-7, in which he reminisces about **True Williams**, his first illustrator. For more than you ever wanted to know about Williams, see *MTJ*, 39:2 (Fall 2001) all, by Barbara Schmidt]

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to Sam, writing about Beecher Ogden, owner of the Plasmon factory who wished to pay taxes. More Plasmon complications. He also enclosed Sam’s stock (Spiral Pin Co.) and announced he would “come and see you to-morrow (Friday) morning, unless Miss Lyon telephones me not to...Tuesday in 11 stores we sold 826 hat pins, value \$501.02” [MTP].

John H. Dey wrote on Office of Treasurer, Village of Pelham Manor, Westchester NY, to Sam, noting attacks on Sam’s criticism of the Congo situation. Dey morphs his letter into anti-Semitic prose, among other things [MTP].



Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam with plans for “Eve’s Diary” to be included “in the first volume of a series of small books under his [Howells] editorship and that of Mr. Alden” [MTP].

Mrs. John A. Hankey wrote from Gettysburg, Pa., “inspired” to write Sam by his 70th and to give him her toast. The hand is from an elderly lady [MTP].

Wm. Knabe & Co., NYC wrote to Sam. "A day or two since we wrote asking permission to use your name as one of several patrons for a benefit concert to be given in January, in aid of the fund for the Russian Jews." They enclosed a list of other possible patrons [MTP].

Life Magazine for Dec. 21, p. 799 ran this cartoon: see Insert:

December 21 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam replied to **H.A. Lorberg's Dec. 16** request: "Were not in Florence for pleasure—paid no attention to anything that happened" [MTP]. Note: The MTP catalogs this as "on or after 16 Dec.." Five days estimated postal time is allowed here.

December 22 Friday – In N.Y.C. **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to **Robert K. Mackey's Dec. 20** request for an autograph on a newspaper speech. "Cut out the speech and send it, not the entire newspaper" [MTP].

Mrs. Abigail M. Roach wrote to Sam [MTP]. On or just after this date Sam sent her the form letter for the occasion of his 70th, adding a short paragraph:

Indeed yes, I remember! I do well remember the charming schoolgirl who turned out (beyond belief) to be a matron. That whole evening [Dec. 5] was delightful, including you. / Sincerely Yours / SL. Clemens [MTP].

Sam attended a gathering in the evening that is mentioned by **Frederick W. Spencer** in his **Dec. 27** letter to Sam: "I sat in the front row of the balcony, about ten feet from you last Friday night...." The nature of the event is revealed by Lyon:

LYRIC MAT. TO-DAY—MADAME BERNHARDT
 42d St., West of B'way. in "Phedre."
 To-night, "La Femme du Claude"; Monday, "Adrienne Lecouvreur"; Tuesday, "Magda"; Wed. Mat., "Camille"; Wed. Night, "La Tosca"; Thursday, "Sappho"; Friday, "Phedre"; Saturday (Last Day) Mat., "Fedora"; Sat. Night, "La Sorciere."
NOTICE: Good Seats Are Still to be Had for Every Performance.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Tonight we went to see Bernhardt in Phedre, Mr. Clemens, Dorothea Gilder, Francesca, Jean and I. Mr. Clemens was pretty well bored, but we were in a box, so he could walk around outside when the confinement was too oppressive. Bernhardt was very fine. It is an abstract play. The damming quality of love, and the fear of love, being the dominant note in it, and Phedre the Queen is so overcome by her own intense love for Hyppolytus, that it made Dorothea say as we drove home, that "she was like an exquisite flower destroyed by its own perfume" [MTP TS 115]. Note: the play starring **Sarah Bernhardt**, was by **Jean Baptiste Racine** (1639-1699).

John M. Curtis wrote from New Rochelle, NY to thank Sam for the many happy hours Twain's books had given [MTP].

Harper & Brothers wrote to Sam asking if he would autograph one of the set of six volumes, "Best Books of Mark Twain" for an 82 year old man in Bridgeport, Conn. [MTP].

Robert K. Mackey wrote from NYC to Sam. The letter is mostly illegible but the import is a requested autograph [MTP].

Daniel O'Day wrote from NYC to ask Sam for a letter of introduction to someone in Florence, Italy on whom he might depend to secure a house there [MTP].

December 23 Saturday – In N.Y.C. **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to **Robert K. Mackey**. "Mr. Clemens wishes me to thank you for your kind wishes and he directs me to return herewith the autographed speech. May I also express my thanks for your kind message to me" [MTP].

Harper's Weekly featured a 32-page supplement "MARK TWAIN'S 70TH BIRTHDAY" of the **Dec. 5** gathering, with nineteen full page photographs of the party tables at Delmonico's, p. 1883-1914. Tenney:

An extensive record of the dinner...with the guest list...and with full-page photographs of those seated at each table...gives text of speeches, poems, and messages honoring MT...and a list of signers of a telegram of birthday greetings from Europe" [40-1].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Tonight Mr. Clemens dined with Mr. and Mrs. Collier and enjoyed himself and them, for he likes Mr. Collier and they love him. Santissima is very, very far from well" [MTP TS 116].

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Dihdwo Twe will arrive / Dinner / Mr. Robert Collier to meet Judge Jerome / 20 Grammercy Park [MTP TS 38].

William Howells Gulliford wrote on Gulliford Academy letterhead, Pueblo, Colo. to Sam, pasting a clipping with "Montefiore's Clever Retort" above his note: "Do'st remember the old Hanover Square rooms in London thirty years ago? and the Seattle Theatre, with the Philadelphia boys ten years ago? Hope you are well and hearty: all reasonable good wishes" [MTP].

Horace A. Kelly wrote on Hotel Threadgill, Okla. City stationery to Sam. Kelly's father had, in 1864 or 1865 been a typesetter with Sam at the same "cases" when Clemens "suddenly one day" announced that he was "going to lay down the "Stick" forever." Kelly sent birthday congratulations [MTP].

Henry Tudor wrote a fan letter from St. Louis to Sam, and wished holiday greetings [MTP].

December 24 Sunday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **William Robertson Coe** (1869-1955), son-in-law to **H.H. Rogers**.

I have sampled the Cabañas, & they are fit for the Gods (who will not get a dam one of them.) May you live long & continue to prosper; & Mrs. Coe the same.

I started out, yesterday afternoon, to look in upon the four households and wish them a Merry Christmas, but I got belated & couldn't make it; but I shall try again soon, & shall succeed; for you are all my nearest & steadfastest & most valued friends, & I don't like to let the chief holiday-week of the year get by without a good handshake & a drink with you. I am planning this raid for New Year's Day, & I hope I shan't be disappointed. With sincerest regards to you both, ... [MTP].

Note: Dias writes of Coe: "A native of England, he was educated in Wales, migrated to Philadelphia with his family in 1883, and became a naturalized American citizen in 1890. In 1893, he became an insurance broker in New York. He and Mai [Rogers] were married on June 4, 1900. He was a director of various companies and, in his later years, was well-known for his large racing stable and for his many philanthropies" [MT Letters 50].

Sam also wrote to the **Editor of Harper's Weekly**. The letter ran in the *Weekly* **Jan. 13, 1906**.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly. SIR:

Scarcely had Watchman Fowler taken his post at the gate when a procession of strange creatures appeared.

"Halt! Who goes there?" ejaculated the watchman when a fat negro approached, laboriously leading a thin, bow-legged goat.

"Dis heah beast is Ole Ironsides, suh," explained the goat's mahout.

—From "Dan'l the Bulldog," in the "Times."

When I read it I recognized, with a thrill, that the right word had been found at last—mahout. The 'mobile, that majestic devil, that impressive devil, is our elephant, he is in a class by himself, like the jungle monarch; to be his master, pilot, and compeller is a post of solemn and awful dignity and danger, and it does seem to me that that measly word "chauffeur" does not properly fit the occupant of it. Chauffeur is a good enough word when strictly confined to its modest and rightful place—as you will see by what Littré says about it. I translate: "A chauffeur is the firer-up on the street-corner peanut-roaster; in English, stoker." A good enough word, you see, in its own place; but when we come to apply it to the admiral of the thunderous 'mobile or of the mighty elephant, we realize that it is inadequate. No, stoker is not the thing, chauffeur is not

the thing, mahout is the thing—mahout is the word we need. Besides, there is only one way of saying mahout, whereas there are nine ways of saying chauffeur, and none of them right. With ever-increasing respect, dear sir, as the ages roll on, I am yours,

MARK TWAIN.

[MTP].

Sam also wrote to **George B. Harvey**.

Xmas eve, 1905

O Harvey the Magnificent! little by little I am recovering from its emotions & its splendors—the most satisfying & spirit-exalting honor ever done me in all my 70 years, oh by 70 times 70! By George, nobody but you could have imagined & carried out that wonderful thing. I can't thank you adequately, dear uncle George, it is just impossible. / Yours now & always [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "This afternoon Sir Purdon Clarke came in while we were at tea, and he sat for over an hour delighting us with his talk. He took us all over the world for in his wanderings he has been all over it" [MTP TS 116].

December 25 Monday Christmas – On or about this day Sam also sent another Dec. 6 form letter for the occasion of his 70th to **Josephine P. Peabody**, adding Happy New Year and Merry Christmas sentiment [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Jean ill all day, no climax. Christmas—and my first intimation of it was an envelope on my breakfast tray, an envelope from Mr. Clemens. He received a pretty good letter this morning from a western man, a letter asking him to take up cudgels for Satan, the neglected one who hasn't done the crimes that the Almighty has done in his wrath, but as Mr. Clemens said there is no proof for there are no witnesses for Satan. If you make a personality out of the Supreme power then there is a chance of bringing that person to trial, for there are witnesses, but "How can you make a person out of that white hunk of fog" [MTP TS 116].

Peter Cadley wrote from N.Y.C. to Sam, unable to find "The Stolen White Elephant" story in a magazine [MTP]. *Note:* mail delivery not available on Christmas Day, Sam's reply is estimated as **ca. Dec. 26**.

Dr. Albert R. Halley wrote from Chicago to compliment Sam on his writing and applying for the job of writing his biography [MTP]. *Note:* Allowing three days mail time, Sam's decline is estimated as **ca. Dec. 29**.

J.T. Green wrote from Jacksonville, Tenn. to Sam, noting his recent 70th [MTP].

Francis Davis Millet wrote to Sam that he was sending "a sample barrel of cigars," and listed his favorite brands. "May God preserve you a thousand year!" [MTP].

Henry Tudor inscribed his portrait: "*To dear Mark Twain / with the gratitude of nearly half a Century—all the sounder for growing old in a bottle—Henry Tudor / Christmas, 1905*" [MTP].

December 26 Tuesday – Sam and **Isabel Lyon** attended an afternoon song recital at **Carnegie Hall** by Mme. **Johanna Gadski** (1872-1932), German soprano who achieved worldwide success and whose recordings survive. Leaving the building Clemens spotted a young girl who later wrote she was "yearning" to speak with him. They chatted briefly about the weather, and the following day she would write him a note; they would begin an affectionate correspondence. He would call her "Marjorie" and be "her oldest friend." She was **Gertrude Natkin**, and though a bit older than his later "**Angelfish**," was a precursor of the club [Natkin Dec. 27; Feb. 3 to Natkin; *NY Times* Dec. 24, p X1, Dec. 27, p. 9 "Mme. Gadski's Song Recital"]. Cooley writes:

ONE DAY in December 1905 [**Dec. 26**], fifteen-year-old Gertrude Natkin caught Samuel Clemens's eye while he was leaving Carnegie Hall. He introduced himself, discovered her name, and soon afterward

began corresponding with her. Clemens wrote Gertrude a half dozen letters a month during the first three months of their friendship, each of which received her enthusiastic reply. He soon nicknamed her "Marjorie" after Marjorie Fleming, a young (deceased) Scottish writer whom he admired. ...

Even though Gertrude Natkin never became an angelfish, Clemens's correspondence with her points the way to the Aquarium and the dozen young ladies who were to become angelfish. The Natkin correspondence is characterized by a freshness and playfulness many of his later letters do not achieve...Marjorie appears to be almost giddy with infatuation [1-2]. First published in the *North British Review*, Gribben gives the full title: *Marjorie Fleming, A Sketch; Being the Paper Entitled "Pet Marjorie": A Story of Child-Life Fifty Years Ago* (1863) by **Dr. John Brown** [87].

At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **Thomas Bailey Aldrich**: "I am very glad you thought to send me Mr. Samuel's article. It is able and to the point. It will be difficult to unseat Leopold, but it is worth trying and we shall go on trying. / Merry Christmas and love to you all" [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **William Robertson Coe**. "Thank you cordially, dear Mr. Coe, for your sumptuous token of remembrance. Mine to you is delayed several months by the publishers, but by & by it will be autographed & sent. /Merry Christmas & best wishes to all the family from / Yours Ever" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Mr. Clemens, Francesca and I went to hear Mme. Gadski's Recital this afternoon in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Clemens had been lunching with Mr. Archer Huntington and went with him up to 145th Street to see the new library building that Mr. Huntington is building for the housing of the Spanish library of his, and Mr. Clemens has allowed himself to be made a member of the Advisory Board in place of Mr. John Hay. So he was late to the concert, but he heard 2/3 of it and found it lovely. Her voice is so satisfying, so beautiful, so true. He was sweet to a little girl in brown who recognized him of course, and they exchanged affectionate salutations. Really he is bubbling over with a sweetness, and simpleness and loveliness which is irresistible [MTP TS 116]. *Note*: **Johanna Gadski** (1872-1932), German soprano. the *NY Times*, Dec. 27, 1905 p. 9, "MME. GADSKI'S SONG RECITAL" gave the performer a somewhat mixed if positive review.

Ernest Hamlin Abbott wrote to Sam.

Arriving here this afternoon, I learn that Mr. Twe, a colored student from Massachusetts, has called to see my Father, Dr. Lyman Abbott, with the request that he make an appointment to meet you to confer in regard to Congo affairs. At the request of my Father, whom I have consulted by telephone, I am writing to ask whether this is in accordance with your wish [MTP].

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam. He thanked Sam for giving permission for Howells to include "Eve's Diary" in the series of small books under Howells' editorship. He enclosed \$50 payment for the right. Duneka wanted to publish "Eve's Diary" as a book with a picture on every other page, and suggested **Fred Strothman**, the same artist who had illustrated *Extracts From Adam's Diary* [MTP]. *Note*: "Eve's Diary" was illustrated by **Lester Ralph** in 1906.

Henry Copley Greene wrote to Sam enclosing a check for \$91.75 that was overcharged on the Dublin rental house [MTP].

Georgya E. Heolly wrote from Los Angeles to Sam, wondering if he recalled going to school with her father, **Sidney B. Heolly** [MTP].

George Madden Martin wrote from Anchorage, Ky. to offer 70th congratulations to Sam [MTP].

J.H. Nolen wrote on State of Missouri, Bureau of Labor letterhead to Sam, sending "a little souvenir made of wood taken from the house in which you were born at Florida, Mo." in a case "made in the Missouri penitentiary by one of the St. Louis 'boodle' convicts..." Nolen claimed he'd taken the wood from Sam's birth house himself [MTP].

Note: The souvenir is not further identified. Sam's reply is estimated at three days, or **ca. Dec. 29**. The "boodle" convicts were grafters at the top levels of government convicted of taking boodle. See **Oct. 1902** *McClure's Magazine* for details, or http://www.nassaucivic.com/Tweed_Days_IN_St_Louis.htm and on other sites.

William H. Ridgway wrote on Craig Ridgway & Son Co. letterhead, Coatesville, Pa. to Sam. Having been presented with a "handsome edition" of Sam's works, he "would just dearly love to have your autograph to paste in the favorite album which to me is your 'Roughing It'" [MTP].

December 26 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam replied to **Peter Cadley's Dec. 25** question about which magazine first published "The Stolen White Elephant." Sam's reply: "Don't remember where it was published" [MTP]. *Note:* the story was not published first in a magazine, but as the lead story in the book by the same name, **1882**. It was written by Sam in **late Nov. or early Dec., 1878**, originally intended to be a chapter in *T4* (1880) [Wilson 247].

December 27 Wednesday – Hawkins writes that Sam overestimated the response to *King Leopold's Soliloquy* "and was disappointed by the Catholic response to the pamphlet. He had hoped to start a conflict between Catholics and Protestants over the Congo misrule, with the notion that Protestants would come out in force against Leopold, since the notable Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore had defended Leopold.

Isabel Lyon's Journal: The slowness of the Congo movement is troubling Mr. Clemens very much. There is no leadership to it, and he can do no more than he has done in giving to the cause "King Leopold's Soliloquy." A little attack from a Roman Catholic priest came this morning—"good enough as far as it goes" Mr. Clemens said, but one attack isn't enough to stir up Romanism against Protestantism and seemingly the great fear of the press lies in the dread of irritating the Roman Church than in any fear of Leopold's displeasure [MTP TS 116-117; Hawkins 161, 165 in part]. **Isabel Lyon's journal # 2:** "Dr. Quintard, 7:30" [MTP TS 38].

Paine writes on Clemens' disengagement with the **Congo Reform Assoc.:**

Various plans and movements were undertaken for Congo reform, and Clemens worked and wrote letters and gave his voice and his influence and exhausted his rage, at last, as one after another of the half-organized and altogether futile undertakings showed no results. His interest did not die, but it became inactive. Eventually he declared: "I have said all I can say on that terrible subject. I am heart and soul in any movement that will rescue the Congo and hang Leopold, but I cannot write any more."

His fires were likely to burn themselves out, they raged so fiercely. His final paragraph on the subject was a proposed epitaph for Leopold when time should have claimed him. It ran:

Here under this gilded tomb lies rotting the body of one the smell of whose name will still offend the nostrils of men ages upon ages after all the Caesars and Washingtons & Napoleons shall have ceased to be praised or blamed & been forgotten—Leopold of Belgium [MTB 1231].

Frederick W. Spencer wrote from N.Y.C. to Sam, confessing that in June 1904 after performing as a fiddler for the Savage Club of London, he'd lied about knowing Mark Twain. He expected to perform again for the club and wished "absolution for my transgression" by meeting and performing two original compositions for Sam, "The Old Soldiers Dream," and "Arkansas Traveler." [MTP]. On or just after this day **Isabel V. Lyon** made notes about their meeting, "Friday or Saturday at 8 or 7.45," —**Dec. 29 or 30**.

"A terror—a conceited fool. He came & played—and when a Mr. Wheaton—a submarine inventor came too—Mr. Clemens finally got out of the room—and went to bed in a nervous misery—but first proper Jean brought him back & made him say Good night" [MTP].

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam advising him that **Mrs. Charles Henry Webb**, wife of the late Charles Henry Webb, discovered a play Sam had written “probably out on the Pacific Coast,” and wanted to know if Sam wished to recover his lost play [MTP]. *Note:* listed as one of two for Dec. 26 but is Dec 27.

Allan McClane Hamilton wrote from NYC to solicit Sam’s aid in seeking a commuted sentence from the Governor for **Albert T. Patrick**, to be electrocuted Jan. 22, 1906 [MTP]. *Note:* Patrick was a lawyer convicted of the murder of his partner, **William Marsh Rice**, and sentenced at Sing Sing. The Governor pardoned Patrick.

Gertrude Natkin wrote to Sam.

My dear Mr. Clemens:

Yesterday a very happy little girl went home, thinking only of dear Mr. Clemens. I wish to thank you very much for being so kind. I really think you must have seen in my face that I was yearning to speak to you and it was kind of you to gratify my wish. I am very glad that I can go up and speak to you now (if ever I have that pleasure again) as I think we know each other. Trusting you will favor me with “little business” (grand treasure) which you said I should leave to you (and which I shall, as an obedient child) I am the little girl who loves you. / Gertrude Natkin [MTAq 8]. *Note:* On **Dec. 26** Gertrude met Mark Twain with Isabel Lyon, “coming out of Carnegie Hall one day & exchanging views concerning the weather” [Feb.3, 1906 to Natkin].

December 28 Thursday – Sam went to the West Side Court to view a libel trial brought by **William d’Alton Mann** (1839-1920), publisher of *Town Topics* against *Collier’s Weekly* and **Norman Hapgood**, editor in chief of that periodical. (Mann was a Civil War officer who fought under George Armstrong Custer at Gettysburg, and rose to the rank of Colonel. See more below *Times* article) Sam was not there to offer testimony. The *New York Times* wrote of Mark Twain “a Spectator in Court” in their article, Dec. 29, p.5 “Mr. Burden Describes ‘Fads and Fancies’ Call.” (*Note:* two days later Mann wrote to Clemens; see entry).

The methods used in obtaining subscriptions to “Fads and Fancies” were gone into at length yesterday [Dec. 28] at the hearing before Magistrate Whitman, in the West Side Court, on the charge of criminal libel James A. Burden, Jr., who was the principal witness, told in detail of the particular experience with Robert A. Irving, editor of the *New Yorker* and formerly a solicitor for “Fads,” which led him to have Irving arrested on an extortion charge three weeks ago.

...

Mark Twain a Visitor.

Mark Twain entered the private examination room at the West Side Court just before the session began. His appearance caused a stir among the lawyers, newspaper men, and spectators assembled there. It was afterward learned that while the humorist is not to be called as a witness, something more than curiosity had prompted his attendance. *Town Topics* recently contained a paragraph in which Mark Twain had been made to appear as indorsing “Fads and Fancies” at a recent dinner [Dec. 21] of writers at which Mr. Carnegie was a guest. Mr. Clemens had been quoted as uttering a soft impeachment directed at Mr. Carnegie for not devoting his millions to the distribution of the works of Mark Twain in an edition de luxe on the “Fads and Fancies” pattern instead of building libraries.

It was said that Mr. Clemens did not like the item. After listening to some of the testimony, however, he went away. He refused to say anything regarding the purpose of his visit.

Note: this on Mann from *The Man Who Robbed the Robber Barons* (1997) by Richard T. Gregg:

“Hero of the Battle of Gettysburg, politician, investor, Federal revenue employee, newspaper publisher, inventor, and builder of railway coaches for luxury travel, founder of the Compagnie Internationale de Wagons-Lits. ...became a columnist at the beginning of the twentieth century. His ‘Town Topics, the Journal of Society’ victimized New York’s, indeed the nation’s, upper ‘400’, who literally quaked in terror at the thought of being exposed by Colonel Mann! Those who proffered loans (never repaid,

naturally!) to the Colonel, to avoid their private or scandalous activities being singled out [blackmailed] in Mann's column, included:"

E. Clarence Jones, Senator Russell Alger, Dr. Seward Webb, William C. Whitney, J. Pierpont Morgan, George and Howard Gould (sons of Jay Gould), Collis P. Huntington, James R. Keene, John "Bet-a-Million" Gates, the barbed-wire king; **Rosewell Flower**, broker & former governor of NY, **Grant B. Schley, Charles M. Schwab, Thomas Fortune Ryan, and Perry Belmont** (each with amounts from \$1,000 to \$76,000). *Note*: source lists each with each amount. See Sam's disdainful letter to Mann **Jan 3, 1906**.

At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam replied to Miss **Gertrude Natkin's Dec. 27** note.

"It was very sweet of you, dear, to let me shake hands with you, that day; & mind, don't you forget to remember that you are to be just as sweet & dear *next* time, & shake *again*, you charming child.

This, from your oldest & latest conquest— / SL. Clemens (M.T.)" [MTP].

Sam sent a signed photograph of himself to Miss **Daisy Scott**, in West Kensington, London [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Letters of love and homage come pouring in and in reply to them Mr. Clemens writes such sweet little sentences. He is moved by them, and so unspoiled and simple [MTP TS 117]. **Isabel**

Lyon's journal # 2: "Dinner at Mrs. Henry Draper's / 271 Madison Ave. / at 8 o'clock" [MTP TS 38].

O.J. Bowman wrote from Horseheads, N.Y. to ask Sam if he might use his influence with "Saint Andrew" Carnegie to secure an organ for their church [MTP].

Florence T. Holt wrote to ask Sam if he would dine "with us informally on Wednesday, January 10th at eight o'clock?" [MTP].

Valentine H. Surghnor sent a night telegram from Chicago: "Congratulations young man the world has enjoyed you and your sayings and is better for your having lived in it may you continue to live long and well" [MTP].

Florence V. Swain wrote from Muncie, Ind. to Sam asking if he was a descendant of the Anthony family of Va. [MTP].

Booker T. Washington sent a telegram to Sam: "It would injure our meeting and disappoint our friends as well as place me in embarrassing position to have you withdraw since your name has already been extensively advertised among our friend[s] hope very much you will remain / Booker T. Washington" [MTP].

December 29 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam replied to **Clarence C. Buel** (incoming not extant).

This letter from Harper & Bros. troubles me a little, for I hate both the name and memory of Charles Henry Webb, liar and thief, and I know of no such play. I have no memory of it and of course am not going to allow it to be either published or played; and I should like to forestall any attempt to do either of these things. There may be nothing in the report, still it is a case of might be, and can you tell me how to find out in a private way without appearing in the matter myself? / Yours Sincerely [MTP].

Sam also wrote an answer to an **unidentified person** (now identified in *Notes* below): "Yes I did lay aside the 'stick' to resume it no more forever; but January 1857 was the time it happened, & Keokuk, Iowa the place" [MTP].

Note: the "stick" was the typesetter's line of type. On Dec. 23, **Horace A. Kelly** wrote that his father had, in 1864 or 1865 been a typesetter with Sam at the same "cases" when Clemens "suddenly one day" announced that he was "going to lay down the "Stick" forever." This is obviously Sam's answer to Kelly.

Isabel Lyon's journal # 2: "Mr. Henry Draper / 271 Madsion Ave. / To meet the members of the Astronomical and Astrophysical society at nine o'clock" [MTP TS 38].

William Courie wrote from Syracuse, NY to Sam, sending a book which he hoped he would like, with things in it he thought he might not like. He recommened several stories. Sam wrote on the top of the letter: "*N.B.* Always get *somebody else* to send your book. It will save two persons embarrassment"

Anna Palmer Draper sent an engraved invitation for Friday evening at 9 p.m. Dec. 29, to meet members of the Astronomical and Astrophysical Society [MTP].

George P. Morris wrote on The Congregationalist and Christian World letterhead to Sam. "Possibly you may like to see a tribute to your friend, which we think not only true but clever. Yours..." [MTP].

Owen P. White wrote on Wise & White (El Paso, Tex) stationery to Sam, sending a "toast" since he wasn't invited to the 70th party [MTP].

Sam inscribed a copy of **George Ade's** *Pink Marsh. A Story of the Streets and Town* (1897): "*S.L. Clemens, 1905, Dec. 29. From Wm. Dean Howells.*" Gribben notes Sam may not have seen this book until Howells sent it to him, and cites the July 22, 1908 note of thanks to Howells [10].

December 29–31 Sunday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam replied to the Dec. 12 from **Paula Lorch (Mrs. Emil Lorch)**—was he writing another great book? **Lorch** was in Nurnberg, Bavaria.

"I am happy to say dear Madame, that I *am* writing another book & that it is half finished; also that I am writing 4 other books, & *they* are half finished; & finally, that I do honestly intend to finish all of them, but do not really expect to finish any of them. It is an odd confession, but it is perfectly true" [MTP].

On or just after **Dec. 29**, Lyon answered Dr. **Albert R. Halley's Dec. 25**: "Have always declined to be a party to a biography of him & he will never expect to feel otherwise about it[.] Commissioned his daughter to write it" [MTP].

On or just after **Dec. 29** At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam sent thanks to **J.H. Nolen** for his **Dec. 26** letter and gift of "a little souvenir made of wood taken from" Sam's birth house in Florida, Mo.:

"Thanks / value much more because made by a boodler whom Gov. Folk has guided into honest ways to make his b & b" [MTP].

Note: The MTP catalogs this reply as "on or after 26 Dec.," but Dec. 26 is the date Nolen wrote. Three days estimated postal time is allowed here. **Joseph Wingate Folk** (1869-1923) lawyer, reformer, Missouri governor (1905-1909), nicknamed "Holy Joe" for his work in prosecuting corruption and political machines in St. Louis.

December 30 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **H.H Rogers**.

I had already telegraphed Booker "All right, but don't commit me to talk upon any particular subject."

Are you going to spend Saturday afternoon at home, tomorrow? If so chalk your cue and expect me right after luncheon [MTHHR 604]. *Note:* Sam planned to speak at Carnegie Hall to honor the 25th anniversary of Tuskegee Institute by **Booker T. Washington**. It is not known if Rogers agreed.

William d'Alton Mann publisher of *Town Topics* wrote from NYC to Sam.

My dear Mr. Clemens:—

I read in the New York Sun of yesterday that you were present in the 54th street Magistrates' Court at the hearing of my information for libel against Collier's and Hapgood prepared to "roast Mann". Be sure, my dear

Mr. Clemens, that I am not going to hold you responsible for anything said in the newspapers, because from sad experience I know they say any damned old thing that happens to promise sensation. However, in another place I read that you were very much offended at a paragraph in my issue of this week. I premise by saying that during the preparation of this week's issue I was so very ill that I not only did not write anything for the paper, but did not even see anything that was written, or read the proofs, which is my usual custom. I have now read the only paragraph referring to you and have conferred with that member of my staff who wrote it. It was dear old Stephen Fiske who loves his little joke and he says to me that it was a New Year's skit, and not intended in any way to be objectionable to you, for whom he has the highest and kindest regard, as have I. As I read it I am quite sure that the newspapers have made themselves ridiculous in saying that you had any feeling over the paragraph, a bit of nonsense with no serious import to any one. I think it proper that I should write this word of explanation to you. Though it has not been my pleasure to see anything of you for many years other than to pay my respects as a member of the Lotos Club and shake your hand when you were entertained there, I recall frequently our evening chats at the Langham Hotel about a third of a century ago. I also recall that away back of that I invited you to contribute to the old Mobile Register of which I was the owner and Editor-in-chief, and that you were pleased to write some very clever articles on agriculture. You wrote me in accepting to contribute that you noticed that I had an agricultural department and that as you knew nothing about agriculture you would write on that subject.

I read with great care your speech at the Harvey dinner and be sure I am delighted to know by it and from other sources that you are the same old "Mark Twain" and I trust in the enjoyment of the excellent health your appearance indicates. "May you live long and prosper". With especial kind wishes for a New Year, believe me / Sincerely yours, ... [MTP]. *Note: see Dec. 28 entry on Mann.*

Hamilton Wright Mabie for National Institute of Arts sent Sam a notice of the next meeting at the Aldine Assoc., on Friday evening, Jan. 26, 1906, 7 p.m. [MTP].

An **unidentified person** wrote from Brooklyn, NY to Sam. (Only the envelope survives) [MTP]. On the back: "St. Nicholas Hotel where the family were staying for several weeks in the winter of '68"

December 31 Sunday —Sam also wrote his signature to **William H. Ridgway** in Contesville, Penn.: "None Genuine without this signature on the bottle: / Truly Yours / Mark Twain" [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **George Standring**:

Dear Standring it was good to hear from you. I wish you lived here, & close by—I should enjoy that. For I have no young friends now; except Aldrich & [Thomas] Wentworth Higginson & Julia Ward Howe & Edward Everet Hale: Howells is old, Tom Reed & John Hay were young, but they are gone.

With old-time affection [MTP].

Gertrude Natkin wrote to Sam.

"The old year which was so *happy* toward the last is nearing its end and I want to wish you a very happy new year. I hope that I will have as pleasant an incident this new year as I had the fortune to have last year. Thanking you for your sweet letter, I am the little girl who loves you. Gertrude" [MTAq 9].

Muriel M. Pears wrote to Sam.

Always Dear and Great Mr. Clemens,

Now that I know you, I always find it quite a little difficult to address you—isn't that unreasonable and feminine? But you can see *Why*—If one had gone away in the least disappointed or left indifferent it would have been so easy to have gone straight ahead without concern! But as it is—why, I can never even see the mental image of that two nights' host without a quick, soft feeling of loveliness; I wish so much I could express that feeling of personal attachment; I grope about for words and phrases; and oh, I am so disappointed and disapproving of my hopeless futile efforts in the end! The only consolation I have is to reflect that, anyway, magicians always *do* know everything, even the things that don't come off;—and who

should know if not you who tore my heart with Eve's sweet Diary, and the memorable Birthday Speech. I cannot bear to think of these things; the sorrows of life seem sometimes nearly unendurable: "Not in our dreams, O Lord, not even in our dreams!"—yet isn't that about all that our love for our friends can do, only a little and in a degree to understand something of what they have had to meet and accept. So now you see that I am trying to thank you for the remembrance and friendship expressed in the Christmas Harper and the cutting about the Banquet. I wish I had known of this, for then I would have cabled my love too, with all the rest of the world wide choir. As it is, I am sending, as soon as it comes out, one of the Queen's Carols to the Little Lady, as a token of the Season's greetings and good wishes...[MTP].

Late December – Mrs. Helen Grandin Lord, corresponding secretary of the Sorosis 1868 requested Sam's presence on a printed invitation to luncheon on Monday, **January 1st, 1906** at 1 p.m. at the Waldorf-Astoria. Sometime before that date Sam wrote on the invitation for Isabel Lyon: "Decline it" [MTP].

*Paine Hired, Dictations Begin – Retired from Congo – Auto Show – Pleas for Tuskegee
Gridiron Club – Swapping Lies with Joe Cannon – Tea at Columbia U.
Blots from “Marjorie” – Pallbearer for McAleer – MT Fans Mob Majestic – Putzel
Daily with Charlotte – “A” Clubbers – Gorky & Scandal – Speaks for Blind
Upstaging Billiardists – Kissing Vassar Girls – Pleas for S.F. Quake Victims – Bronchitis
Lying Fallow in Dublin – Harper Treacheries – Eve’s Diary – Poor Old Friend is Free
Harvey Picks A.D. segments for N.A.R. – Clara Recovers in Norfolk – Butter from a Pal
O Damn Nietzsche! – 7 Photos for Moral Progress – Assoc. Press Dinner – Clara’s Debut
\$30,000 Bequest book – Jean to Katonah – Naked Eve Titillates Librarian
White Suit Shocks Congress*

1906 – Sometime during 1906 Sam wrote “The Captain’s Story,” which ran in *\$30,000 Bequest and Other Stories*, first published in Sept. 1906; the piece was an extracted republication from “Some Rambling Notes of an Idle Excursion” 1877 [Camfield, bibliog.]. Also included in *\$30,000 Bequest and Other Stories* and written probably this year: “A Deception” [ibid].

Sam wrote an essay, “Simplified Spelling” in 1906; it first ran in *Letters From the Earth* (1962) [Camfield’s bibliog.].

Sam also wrote “Things a Scotsman Wants to Know,” which was included in De Vinne’s private and anonymous printing of *What Is Man?* in August of 1906. Since he wrote parts of *What Is Man?* as early as 1898, he may have written this piece earlier.

Sometime during the year Isabel Lyon replied for Sam to **Daniel Kiefer** (incoming not extant).

I should be far from willing to have a political party named after me. I would not be willing to belong to a party which allowed its members to have political aspirations or push friends forward on political preferment.

If I had a photograph I would send it to you with pleasure, but I never keep any on hand [Paine’s 1917 *Mark Twain’s Letters* p.831 gives this “no date”; MTP gives 1906].

Sam also wrote a poem to **Gertrude Natkin**, whom he met in Dec. 1905 and called “**Marjorie.**”

TO THAT BONNY CHILD MARJORIE,
A Valentine for
Marjorie, Marjorie, listen to me—
Listen, you winsome witch:
Whom ever you bless with your innocent love,
That person is passing rich.
Rich though he have not a grain of gold
Save that which is in his mouth,
Rich though his silver be all in his head
And crusts for his crow be all his bread
And his wine-tank rusty with drowth.
For your love has the power of the fabled purse
That wrought charms in the old romaunt
Who had it might live in a shack or worse
And feed on dreams & air dew & verse
Yet never could *he* know want.

[MTP: Kenneth W. Rendell catalogs, No. 259]. See **Dec. 28, 1905** for more about Gertrude.

Sometime during 1906, place unknown, Sam wrote to **Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. Harry Rogers)**.

Saturday eve / What *was* it that happened, dear pal? Did I make a mistake in the hour? I suppose so; I don't generally get anything right when there is a chance to get it wrong. I thought you said 10, but although I was especially and phenomenally dull-witted, Friday morning, I just had barely penetration enough to see that I had disordered your plans & Harry's; also I was sorry—not perfunctorily sorry, but really sorry—but being embarrassed I didn't know enough to say so. So, as dulness isn't a crime, & is very very rare with me, I am fully expecting you to forgive me. O, pet of St. Peter, why didn't you *tell* me, you little fraud! [MTP].

Sam sent autographed notes to **unidentified theater managers**. Two survive (the notes; neither manager survives!) [MTP].

Sam also wrote instructions for Isabel Lyon to write to **Kate D. Wiggin (Riggs)**.

“Tell Mrs. Riggs that it would be perfectly fair for her to have printed notices for the kind of woman with 7-small-children-&-1-at the breast who appeals to her for literary advice, referring her to the Lord. It is his business—not a sparrow falls, so it shows he is noticing” [MTP].

Sam wrote “*S.L. Clemens, 1906*” on the inner cover of *The Trident and the Net; A Novel* (1905) by **Marguerite Cunliffe-Owen (de Godart)** (1859-1927) [Gribben 166].

Sam also wrote on a Thursday, early in 1906 to **Frank N. Doubleday**: “Harvey is going to give me written permission to privately print and distribute 250 copies of ‘a small anonymous book of unknown title and contents.’” After his signature Sam added, “We have amicably settled the quarrel and the ‘Library’ is stopped without public mention” [MTP]. *Note*: See May 9 Lyon's journal entry, which likely puts this letter to April. The “anonymous book of unknown title”: *What is Man?* printed by DeVinne and not successful.

Sam also wrote to Professor **Antonio Borzi**, “With many thanks for his photograph, which is an excellent likeness of me when I am at my best” [MTP]. *Note*: Borzi looked so much like Mark Twain, that whenever he traveled people refused to believe he wasn't Twain. See *Ladies' Home Journal*, May 1907, p. 59, “Mark Twain and his Double.” See May, 1907.

Sometime on a Wednesday early in 1906, **Adele Burden** wrote a short note to Sam, “looking forward with much pleasure to seeing” him at luncheon at 1:30 on Sunday. “In the meantime, have you discovered a curious situation that existed?” [MTP]. *Note*: this was prior cataloged as no date. In the file: “According to Adile Burden's before 16 February 1908 letter, he & SLC meet 2 years prior.” (Not mentioned in Vol. III.)

Eleanor Jay Chapman wrote to Sam relative to her sending him *Imaginary Obligations*, by **Frank Moore Colby** (1906) [MTP]. *Note*: Colby (1865-1925) [Gribben 151].

Frederick Moore Clements, chemist and pharmacist in Sydney and Melbourne, Australia, wrote, pasting a news article about **Susy's biography** of Clemens on his advertising sheet: “Good! / You make the ‘Kid’ I make the ‘Patent medicine’” [MTP].

Susan L. Crane wrote from Elmira to Sam (pages 1&2 are missing). She related going through the old Langdon house which had been renovated, hardly recognizing it inside. She hoped Sam was warm up in Dublin as they were in “very cold weather.” Sam wrote on the left margin of page 8: “Put this in my tin box—after Auto-use” [MTP]. *Note*: Sam intended the letter for use in his Autobiography.



Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving by **Bram Stoker** contained stories of Mark Twain, p. 166, 324. Tenney: “MT was a guest at a supper with Sarah Bernhardt one night in 1899 when she was playing *Hamlet* at the Adelphi; F.P. Dunne was also present. Among those listed as having dined with Irving are ‘S.L. Clemens (‘Mark Twain’)’ and ‘Mrs. and Misses S.L. Clemens’” [42].

The Lincoln Farm Association was organized to preserve Lincoln’s birthplace and establish a memorial [Printed broadside from Cowan’s auction, June 24, 2009, Lot 456]. *Note*: sometime after the formation, membership certificates were issued bearing the signature of Mark Twain and 21 others, and by the end of 1907 over \$350,000 had been contributed by over 100,000 people to build the Lincoln Memorial. Certificates of Membership (see insert) were issued; Mark Twain was one of 22 luminaries to sign the certificates. Sometime during the year Sam wrote “A Birthplace Worth Saving” for the Lincoln Farm Assoc. pamphlet [Camfield’s bibliog.].

January – In N.Y.C. Sam wrote an aphorism to **The Printer’s Home**: “*Let us save the to-morrows for work. / Truly Yours / Mark Twain, / Jan./06*” [MTP:Mac Donnell, No. 22, Item 123].

Sam also inscribed a printed bust portrait of himself to an **unidentified person**: “*S.L. Clemens / Truly yours / Mark Twain / Jan.06*” [MTP:Hamilton catalogs, Sept. 12, 1968, Item 88].

Sam also inscribed a photograph of himself to **Klaus Kaempher** in Berlin: “*Truly Yours / Mark Twain / Jan./ 06*” [MTP].

Sam also wrote another aphorism to **Charles D. Reid** (brother of Robert Reid): “*Truth is the most valuable possession we have. Let us economise it. / Truly Yours / Mark Twain*” [MTP]. *Note*: Victor Fischer of the MTP supplies that the inscription is in a first edition of *IA*. see Robert Reid’s note below.

Isabel Lyon’s journal carried this on a loose paper at the beginning of 1906’s “Daily Reminder”:

Tampering with the sentinel

Mr. Clemens said this of someone who tried to reach him through me. Mr. Clemens closed the matter & it is not my place to open it again [MTP TS 1].

Robert Reid wrote from NYC to Sam.

“My brother *Charles D. Reid* of Springfield, Mass. one of the *best ever*, but who is not rich like me! (in friends) spent of his brow-sweat to purchase this book on the strength of my ... promise to get you to write a little word to him in it of what you think of it...forgive me!” [MTP]. *Note*: the book was *LA*.

American Journal of Theology published “Fresh Light on the Dark Continent,” by **L. Call Barnes**, p. 192-9. Tenney: “a review-article, discussing a number of books about Africa. On p. 198: ‘Several succinct statements of the case against the Congo State are available in this country. But the brochure which is likely to do the most popular execution is *King Leopold’s Soliloquy*, by Mark Twain. The great humorist never wielded his pen more pointedly in behalf of honesty and humanity. It is significant, too, that he puts added emphasis in his second edition, issued since the publication of the report of the king’s commission” [42].

Bookman (NY) published “The Story of Mark Twain’s Debts” by **Frederick A. King**, p. 519-22; reprinted in June [Tenney 42].

Strand Magazine ran “Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages—New Series. ‘Mark Twain’” p. 721-3, picturing Samuel Clemens at ages 18, 27, 33, 48, and 62. The identical article ran in the **Dec. 1905** issue.

January 1 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. Sam replied to **Gertrude Natkin’s Dec. 31** note.

Don't forget, dear, to make your New-Year good-resolutions. Not that *I* think you need any reforming, for I don't; I love you plenty well enough, just as you are.

Happy New-Year! I forgot to say it before: this comes of being 17 times as old as you are, & accordingly cripple in my mind & forgetful [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Jean, 11; 1:20, 7 p.m., very severe.

"The last time I attended school was at the end of 1846." Mr. Clemens wrote that this morning. About 60 years ago—a little boy of ten.

Tonight I took a little book down to Mr. Clemens, a little book sent me by Belle Greene, "The Childhood of Christ", translated from the Latin of an old monkish manuscript found in a monastery in the Saly Kammergut. Translation by Harry Greene. The book came as a dampness to me, but as I began to cut the leaves I found it fragrant with legendary love, and read it to its finishing page with delight. Mr. Clemens read a part of it too, and found it delightful, but he was "afraid it was a lie" [MTP TS 1-2; Gribben 275 in part]. *Note:* the book was a translation by **Henry Copley Greene** of the Gospel of the Infant according to St. Peter, from the New Testament Apocryphal Books.

Virginia Frazer Boyle wrote New Year wishes to Sam [MTP].

John M. Leach wrote to Sam from Montreal, thinking his best book was *RI*, and desiring to "procure one of your productions," specifically "the story 'of Joseph and his brethren' as repeated to his Sunday Scholl class by *Scotty Briggs*" [MTP].

Mrs. **Helen Grandin Lord** sent a filled-in engraved invitation by **Sorosis 1868**, for a luncheon on Jan. 10, 1906 at 1 p.m. at the Waldorf-Astoria [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote & circled at the top "Decline it".

January 2 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

"I left the River for good in '61." Mr. Clemens said that this evening at 6:15 when I went in with a little batch of mail—over his head wreaths of smoke were hovering and he had the [NY] *Evening Post* for his reading together with the first volume of Gibbon's Rome. Among the letters I carried in was one from Col. Mann, scared he is because a squib got into Town Topics about Mr. Clemens and he had heard that Mr. Clemens didn't like it, and so he wrote fearing Mr. Clemens would sue. But Mr. Clemens said "that Colonel isn't big enough game for me—so he needn't be scared. Czars and Leopolds are my quarry these days." At dinner he warmed to the subject of Gibbons and his Rome, and Gibbon the man, whose followings of many creeds made him finally an unbeliever. Church of England, Romanist, Presbyterian, Buddhist. He tried them all. And then Mr. Clemens told of the pretty Geneva girl that Gibbon had been in love with and engaged to—but it was broken off by Gibbon père as a person of no consequence. She married Hecker though, and was the mother of Mme. de Stael with Rosseau for her maiden champion; so much for the inconsequential ones of this earth [MTP TS 2-3; also Gribben 503, 256 in part]. *Note:* **Edward Gibbon's** *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. See Sam's answer to Mann's Dec. 30, 1905 on **Jan. 3**.

Will M. Clemens wrote from **Salmagundi Club** notepaper, NYC, to ask permission for him to "come in some afternoon for a bit of chat" [MTP]. Sam wrote at the top, "No answer."

Mrs. William T. Lees wrote from Brooklyn to Sam, telling a humorous anecdote about Sam's being overcharged by a cabman. Her little son exclaimed, "what a pity they took away Mark Twain's political license—will he write any more books?" She asked for his autograph [MTP].

James A. Renwick wrote to Miss Lyon to acknowledge Sam's Jan. rent check. He wished Happy New Year [MTP].

January 3 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **William D’Alton Mann**.

I supposed its intent was malicious, but if Fiske wrote it it wasn’t. I went to the Court for a very definite purpose; but as I have not spoken to any one about it, no one knows what it was but myself.

Well, well, well, Colonel dear, what a flurry you *did* make among the other sheep when you plunged into that gilded fold in your wolf-skin, with blood & slander in your eye! I have admired you for a whole generation; from away back in those London days which your letter lights up in the night of my memory & makes visible again; I have watched you move on from crime to crime, from glory to glory, ever victorious, ever exultant, ever beating the jail & the sheriff, strewing thick your splendid path with the rags and fragments of the raped, the bilked & the blackmailed—and always, always I was rejoicing, always I was proud of you; but never have I admired you as I admire you to-day, never have I been distinctly grateful to you until now—now that you have instituted & established a New Aristocracy, the Aristocracy of Fear, & named & catalogued its membership, & appointed for its escutcheon the trembling slave kneeling under the uplifted lash and buying mercy at fifteen hundred dollars & glad to get it at the price!

Let them call you harsh names—don’t you mind; you have done a splendid public service, & everybody knows it in his private heart: you have elected the timid ones to inextinguishable laughter; you have furnished them a sore which will never heal; you have sold them a Book which will outlast Homer & be worth to their posterity a hundred times the price that was paid you for it—and will not be purchasable even at *that* handsome rate—a Book which will still be illustrious centuries after Shakespeare & the Breeches Bible shall have faded from the world’s interest & become vague tradition. (Excuse these enthusiasms, they are wrong from me Colonel dear!) Also, you have done the imperial City another great & precious service; for you have proved that within its wide boundaries there does exist one whole man, one man, whom you couldn’t scare. I saw him in the Court, & when your pals were through I heard him testify — oh, but that was a refreshing breath in a mephitic atmosphere! Surely you admire that man, Colonel; why, you cannot help it, for he is your creation; that is to say, you are the Columbus that discovered him after all the New York world had believed he didn’t exist.

Give yourself no concern about the world’s censures, dear Colonel. To be censured, maligned, traduced—it is the common lot. I have not even escaped it myself; & yet where I have committed one crime you have committed a hundred. Moreover, we are old, now, & nothing matters much for you & me, oh, friend of happier days, comrade of the unreturning past! in a little while—oh, such a little while!—you will be borrowing a fan & I a halo. And yet it may not be that way—oh, who can tell, in this uncertain world? But no matter; let happen what may, I am yours for now, & then, & always / Mark [MTP]. *Note:* see **Dec. 28, 1905** entry; Clemens observed Mann’s libel suit proceedings against **Norman Hapgood**.

In the evening Twain dined at the **Players Club** which made him an honorary member. The New York *Tribune*, p.7 reported the event (as did the *Times* and other city papers):

PLAYERS WELCOME MARK TWAIN.

A dinner was given for Mark Twain at the Players, No. 16 Gramercy Park South, last night by his friends to welcome him as an honorary member of that club. He has belonged to the Players since its foundation, but now his associates have made him a member for life. Brander Matthews presided. The guest of the evening rose as ever to the occasion, in which his humor and pathos mixed the laughter and tears. The other speakers besides Mr. Clemens were Richard Watson Gilder, Dr. John H. Finley, Frank O. Millet, Daniel Frohman, Evart J. Wendell, Robert Reid, Willard Metcalf, William Bispham and Charles Genung.

Paine writes of the evening and of a suggestion by **Charles Harvey Genung** (b. ca. 1863), which later would become a reality:

The night of January 5, 1906, [see note below] remains a memory apart from other dinners. Brander Matthews presided, and Gilder was there, and Frank Millet and Willard Metcalf and Robert Reid, and a score of others; some of them are dead now, David Munro among them. It so

Autobiographical Dictations resumed on a regular basis—M-F for two hours during 1906 and 1907

happened that my seat was nearly facing the guest of the evening, who, by custom of The Players, is placed at the side and not at the end of the long table. He was no longer frail and thin, as when I had first met him. He had a robust, rested look; his complexion had the tints of a miniature painting. Lit by the glow of the shaded candles, relieved against the dusk richness of the walls, he made a picture of striking beauty. One could not take his eyes from it, and to one guest at least it stirred the farthest memories. I suddenly saw the interior of a farm-house sitting-room in the Middle West, where I had first heard uttered the name of Mark Twain, and where night after night a group gathered around the evening lamp to hear the tale of the first pilgrimage, which, to a boy of eight, had seemed only a wonderful poem and fairy tale. To Charles Harvey Genung, who sat next to me, I whispered something of this, and how, during the thirty-six years since then, no other human being to me had meant quite what Mark Twain had meant—in literature, in life, in the ineffable thing which means more than either, and which we call “inspiration,” for lack of a truer word. Now here he was, just across the table. It was the fairy tale come true.

Genung said:

“You should write his life.”

His remark seemed a pleasant courtesy, and was put aside as such. When he persisted I attributed it to the general bloom of the occasion, and a little to the wine, maybe, for the dinner was in its sweetest stage just then—that happy, early stage when the first glass of champagne, or the second, has proved its quality. He urged, in support of his idea, the word that Munro had brought concerning the Nast book, but nothing of what he said kindled any spark of hope. I could not but believe that some one with a larger equipment of experience, personal friendship, and abilities had already been selected for the task. By and by the speaking began—delightful, intimate speaking in that restricted circle—and the matter went out of my mind.

When the dinner had ended, and we were drifting about the table in general talk, I found an opportunity to say a word to the guest of the evening about his Joan of Arc, which I had recently re-read. To my happiness, he detained me while he told me the long-ago incident which had led to his interest, not only in the martyred girl, but in all literature. I think we broke up soon after, and descended to the lower rooms. At any rate, I presently found the faithful Charles Genung privately reasserting to me the proposition that I should undertake the biography of Mark Twain. Perhaps it was the brief sympathy established by the name of Joan of Arc, perhaps it was only Genung’s insistent purpose—his faith, if I may be permitted the word. Whatever it was, there came an impulse, in the instant of bidding good-by to our guest of honor, which prompted me to say:

“May I call to see you, Mr. Clemens, some day?”

And something—dating from the primal atom, I suppose—prompted him to answer:

“Yes, come soon.”

This was on Wednesday night, or rather on Thursday morning, for it was past midnight, and a day later I made an appointment with his secretary to call on Saturday [MTB 1260-62] *Note:* Paine initially misdates this as Jan. 5, even though he correctly identifies it as Wed. night into Thurs. a.m. Later printings of *MTB* correct this error and makes it Jan. 3.

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Sewenhaupt. 9-

Mr. Clemens has just come home at midnight from a dinner at “The Players” where he was made an honorary member. It was a great night for all the rest of them, because he had stayed away so long—he came up the stairs in happy mood & a Japanese paper frog hanging from his coat lapel by its hind leg. This he handed to me as I went down the stairs to greet him. He knew I would be up and waiting to register his safe return.

Mr. Robert Reid had come in a cab and away they went in a gay mood, and Reid brought him home. This was in celebration of his return after his enraged resignation about 3 years back, when an ignorant book-keeper had posted “S.L. Clemens, for non-payment of dues.” He has mentioned it to me several times and of his happiness when club members sent him a winsome invitation:

“Will ye no come back again?”

Better love ye canna know”

and tonight he went back.

This Morning Mr. Clemens read aloud to me Jose Rizal's wonderful poem "My last thought" written the night before his execution as a traitor, and then he read the poem *he* wrote after reading Rizal's beautiful work. It is equally moving.

Then he answered Col. Mann's letter [MTP TS 3-4; Gribben 582 in part] *Note: Jose y Alonso Rizal* (1861-1896). This date is duplicated with slight variations on two different sheet. What is used here is a combination of both.

The New York Times, p18, "Patrick's Fight for Life," announced, "Mark Twain Signs His Petition for Clemency," asking Governor **Frank Wayland Higgins** (1856-1907) to stay the **Jan. 22** execution of **Albert T. Patrick** (ca.1866-1940) for the murder of **William Marsh Rice** (1816-1900), multimillionaire businessman who bequeathed his estate (some ten million) to Rice University, Houston. This was one of the first sensational murder trials of the 20th century; Patrick was Rice's attorney; he forged a will and killed Rice with chloroform. Patrick's death sentence was commuted by Higgins in 1906 and in 1912 he was pardoned by New York Governor **John Dix**, due to doubtful or unreliable medical evidence and contradictory testimony given by Rice's valet, Charles F. Jones, a co-conspirator who turned state's evidence. Interestingly, the prosecutor in the case was **William Travers Jerome**, a man Clemens had openly supported for district attorney. Patrick was ultimately disbarred in 1930. See NY Times, Feb. 12, 1940, p.10 "A.T. Patrick Dies; Won Murder Fight."

Other newspapers reported more of the 100 or so who signed the petition to stay Patrick's execution, including *The Macon Daily Telegraph* (Georgia) of Jan. 6, p.1 "Grover Cleveland and Mark Twain Sign."

John G. Carlisle, President of the Kentuckians wrote to invite Sam to a dinner at Delmonico's on Jan. 27 at 7:30 p.m. [MTP]. *Note:* Sam did not go; he was in Washington, D.C. on Jan. 27.

Laura K. Hudson wrote to Sam, recalling an article her husband read some 20 years prior, about Sam telling the story of three men who came to a miner's hut and gave their names as **Longfellow, Holmes and Whittier**. She wanted to know the whereabouts of "this delightful child" of Sam's muse [MTP]. *Note:* Sam replied on Jan. 12. Of course this was Clemens' embarrassing Whittier's Birthday dinner toast in Boston, **Dec. 17, 1877**.

Azel Stevens Roe, Jr. replied to Sam's of Dec. 29.

It was a great pleasure to get it & find that I was not forgotten. I have been away in the Far West for fifteen years, but am now living at the dear old home where in the little summer house at the foot of the garden. You wrote your name on the window at my Mother's request. It is still there & recalls to my mind when I see it those past happy hours.

I can never forget the charm of that night at your house in Hartford, when you read aloud to me, "Tom Sawyer" in manuscript, & after it was finished, at midnight, we went to the Piano & I played the Russian Hymn at your request & you sang all the fourteen verses [MTP]. *Note:* Roe had been a voice and music teacher in Virginia City in 1867 and a tutor in San Francisco in 1863, likely when he met Clemens. See Vol. I.

George Thomson Wilson sent Sam an engraved invitation to meet Mr. **Patrick Francis Murphy**, at Delmonico's on Jan. 3 at 7:30 p.m. [MTP]. *Note:* this likely sent before Jan. 3 as an RSVP was requested.

January 4 Thursday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

Today young Mr. [Horace] Ashton came and made 8 photographs of Mr. Clemens in his bed. Not very good. This morning Mr. Clemens was in one of his jovial moods when Jean came into his room, and as she grabbed his head she spoke of the time in Venice long ago when he appeared before his astonished family with his head shaven. His hair was coming out, he thought, and heroic treatment—heroic for the family—would be the only remedy. When Jean commented upon his appearance, he said, yes, his head had looked like a "bladder of snuff" [MTP TS 5].

Booker T. Washington wrote to Sam:

Of course we shall expect you to speak in any manner that you see fit at Carnegie Hall on the evening of the 22d.

I am sending you a copy of my last annual report, an illustrated pamphlet called "The Successful Training of the Negro," etc.; there may be some facts in these that you might like to refer to. / Yours truly, ... [MTP].

January 5 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **Herbert Gunnison** (1858-1932), publisher of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, declining an invitation (not extant) [Christie's auction 24 May 2002, Lot 1, Sale 1083]. *Note*: Gunnison was an "avid collector who sought to obtain material from a variety of 19th century personalities in the political, military, religious and cultural spectrums. The collection contains approximately 2000 items" [Ibid].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Jean is not well. Not only has her malady increased, but her whole physical condition is at low ebb, and the child calls for great waves of love from those of us who care. Last evening at the Volpe Concert Mrs. Gilder spoke of her beauty and her gracefulness, and it is true. In these last few days a sadness has settled over her, a gentleness that is pitiful, and you long for the masterful young creature whose powerful moods spread consternation, but always back of the moods there are an individuality, a frankness of a very high order.

Poultney Bigelow joined us a tea today after he had had a chat with Mr. Clemens. We talked Dublin, for he wants a good working place, and Mrs. Frothingham has offered him an acre. Such an impulsive man he is. He'd have to have a history. Temperaments like his are pretty apt to spring over conventionalities. I think they can't help it [MTP TS 5-6; Hill 120 in part].

Sam wrote per Isabel Lyon to **an unidentified man**: "Dear Sir, / I thank you very much for the compliment of your invitation, but I am obliged to decline it as I have made all the engagements for this year that I can keep. / Sincerely Yours..." [MTP: Alexander Autographs auction, Nov. 16, 2002].

Ethel de Buriatte, a confessed stranger wrote to Sam, and related reading his description of a French duel, which she thought terribly funny, to a friend, who didn't laugh. The friend confessed that her brother, age 9, used to write like that but his father "whipped it out of him" [MTP].

James Verner Long, American consul in Patios, Greece wrote sending Clemens "The Messenger of the Gods" with 70th birthday wishes. Long had "many pleasant memories" of times together in Florence, Italy [MTP]. *Note*: his stationery, US Consulate, Florence, left over.

Albert Bigelow Paine made an appointment with Isabel Lyon to see Sam on the following day about writing Twain's biography [MTB 1262].

January 6 Saturday – **Clara Clemens** continued to suffer a throat affliction. On this day she returned to the **Norfolk** sanitarium; she would return on **Jan. 9**, then go to Atlantic City [IVL TS 4; Hill 121].

Albert Bigelow Paine called on Sam at 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. about the possibility of writing Mark Twain's biography. Paine writes of the meeting:

I arrived at 21 Fifth Avenue and was shown into that long library and drawing-room combined, and found a curious and deep interest in the books and ornaments along the shelves as I waited. Then I was summoned, and I remember ascending the stairs, wondering why I had come on so futile an errand, and trying to think of an excuse to offer for having come at all.

He was propped up in bed—in that stately bed-sitting, as was his habit, with his pillows placed at the foot, so that he might have always before him the rich, carved beauty of its headboard. He was delving through a copy of *Huckleberry Finn*, in search of a paragraph concerning which some random

correspondent had asked explanation. He was commenting unfavorably on this correspondent and on miscellaneous letter-writing in general. He pushed the cigars toward me, and the talk of these matters ran along and blended into others more or less personal. By and by I told him what so many thousands had told him before: what he had meant to me, recalling the childhood impressions of that large, black-and-gilt-covered book with its wonderful pictures and adventures—the Mediterranean pilgrimage. Very likely it bored him—he had heard it so often—and he was willing enough, I dare say, to let me change the subject and thank him for the kindly word which David Munro had brought. I do not remember what he said then, but I suddenly found myself suggesting that out of his encouragement had grown a hope—though certainly it was something less—that I might some day undertake a book about himself. I expected the chapter to end at this point, and his silence which followed seemed long and ominous.

He said, at last, that at various times through his life he had been preparing some autobiographical matter, but that he had tired of the undertaking, and had put it aside. He added that he had hoped his daughters would one day collect his letters; but that a biography— a detailed story of personality and performance, of success and failure— was of course another matter, and that for such a work no arrangement had been made. He may have added one or two other general remarks; then, turning those piercing agate-blue eyes directly upon me, he said:

“When would you like to begin?”

There was a dresser with a large mirror behind him. I happened to catch my reflection in it, and I vividly recollect saying to it mentally: “This is not true; it is only one of many similar dreams.” But even in a dream one must answer, and I said:

“Whenever you like. I can begin now.”

He was always eager in any new undertaking.

“Very good,” he said. “The sooner, then, the better. Let’s begin while we are in the humor. The longer you postpone a thing of this kind the less likely you are ever to get at it.”

This was on Saturday, as I have stated. I mentioned that my family was still in the country, and that it would require a day or two to get established in the city. I asked if Tuesday, January 9th, would be too soon to begin. He agreed that Tuesday would do, and inquired something about my plan of work. Of course I had formed nothing definite, but I said that in similar undertakings a part of the work had been done with a stenographer, who had made the notes while I prompted the subject to recall a procession of incidents and episodes, to be supplemented with every variety of material obtainable—letters and other documentary accumulations. Then he said:

“I think I should enjoy dictating to a stenographer, with some one to prompt me and to act as audience. The room adjoining this was fitted up for my study. My manuscripts and notes and private books and many of my letters are there, and there are a trunkful or two of such things in the attic. I seldom use the room myself. I do my writing and reading in bed. I will turn that room over to you for this work. Whatever you need will be brought to you. We can have the dictation here in the morning, and you can put in the rest of the day to suit yourself. You can have a key and come and go as you please.”

That was always his way. He did nothing by halves; nothing without unquestioning confidence and prodigality. He got up and showed me the lovely luxury of the study, with its treasures of material. I did not believe it true yet. It had all the atmosphere of a dream, and I have no distinct recollection of how I came away. When I returned to The Players and found Charles Harvey Genung there, and told him about it, it is quite certain that he perjured himself when he professed to believe it true and pretended that he was not surprised [MTB 1262-65]. *Note:* see Tuesday **Jan. 9** entry.

H.H. Rogers spent a large part of the day on the witness stand in the Missouri suit to oust Standard Oil from the state. The *Kansas City Star* (Mo.) ran “Made Rogers Wince” on the front page, which mentioned Mark Twain:

Mr. Rogers had an engagement to play billiards with Mark Twain this afternoon, but the easy way with which Herman S. Hadley rushed it aside was more characteristic of his Kansas antecedents than even of the Missourians whom he represents. ...

Mr. Rogers went on the stand at 12 o’clock and again at 2. The first time he was under fire for an hour. The second time he was on the stand nearly three hours. ...

Rogers is almost a type of man to himself. The West does not develop exactly his type. Socially he has a few intimates with whom he is very pleasant. Mark Twain is his pet and his guest at luncheon in the Standard Oil building as often as the humorist will accept an invitation to be there. His efforts [Rogers] as a humorist to-day showed that in one fold at least he does not rank up with his friend.

B. (not further identified) wrote to Sam. “As plate etchings can be so very cheaply procured now-a days a publication such as is proposed is perfectly feasible. There is not a Sunday paper n the U.S. Canada England Australia and South Africa that will not be glad to help to give the notes of dear old [Felix] Pace to the world and they will be translated into French and German as sure as the sun shines.” B. urged Sam to “get a syndicate or a publisher onto this matter,” and wanted “a reasonable royalty on sales.” [MTP]. *Note:* **Felix Pace** not further identified.

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Albert Bigelow Paine came this morning to talk over the matter of writing Mr. Clemens’s Biography. Mr. Clemens has consented to have some shorthand come and take down the chat that is to flow from Mr. Clemens’s lips. I hope it may prove inspirational. The commercial machine (Columbia Graphophonic) that Mr. Clemens was looking upon as a boon hasn’t proved so. He dictated his birthday speech into it, and a few letters, but that is all. There is something infinitely sad in the voice as it is reproduced from the cylinders, and how stricken it would be to hear the voice of one gone. Santa C. when to Norfolk, Katie, too. Mr. Clemens and I went to see “The Lion and the Mouse.” A clean little play, but so stupid [MTP TS 6].

The Lion and the Mouse (play) by
Charles Klein (1867-1915) at the

Lyceum Theatre in N.Y.C. See also Gribben 384. See insert ad



Harper’s Weekly published a full-page drawing of Twain receiving a laurel wreath from a girl dressed as Joan of Arc at the Dec. 21, 1905 dinner of the **Society of Illustrators** [Tenney 42].

January 7 Sunday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

This morning Mr. Clemens was speaking of Roosevelt and his great blustering, and he said that “he is magnificent when his ears are pricked up and his tail is in the air and he attacks a lightning express, only to be lost in the dust the express creates.” Col. Harvey and Dorothy [Harvey] came this afternoon and took Mr. Clemens off in the ‘mobile. Mr. Clemens never speaks heedlessly, he never says things without backbones in them and he never, never wastes words. This morning he illuminated the subject of the terrible cruelty of God. He threw the awful searchlight of his fearless speech upon it and he is so convincing that you feel as if you’d been in the presence of God himself, and when you leave the room your head dizzy and ringing with his contempt of the cowardice of the clergy [MTP TS 6-7].

January 8 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **Thomas S. Barbour** resigning from the **Congo Reform Assoc.**

I have retired from the Congo.

I was not able to do it until this morning. For several weeks I have been trying to get back to where I started, something more than a year ago, when I told Mr. Morel I would write an article on the Congo & *stop there*. That I would not tie myself to any movement of any kind, nor be officially connected with a movement of any kind, in a way which would lay duties & obligations upon me; for I know myself, & I knew that the moment I should begin to feel my perfect freedom menaced, I would immediately tear myself loose & be free.

What *have* I been doing? Dreaming? Walking in my sleep? It looks so. I wake up & find myself tacitly committed to journeys, & speeches, & soon—perfectly appalling activities. To do those things would infallibly lay further burdens upon me, & presently I should find myself tangled up in the Congo matter, permanently, exclusively, & beyond hope of honorable escape. It freezes the blood in my veins to think of it. These

energies, these persistences, are entirely out of my line & foreign to my make. My instincts & interests are merely literary, they rise no higher; & I scatter from one interest to another, lingering nowhere. I am not a bee, I am a lightning-bug.

I shall not make a second step in the Congo matter, because that would compel a third, in spite of me—& a fourth, & a fifth, & so on. I mean, a *deliberate* second step; what I may do upon sudden *impulse* is another matter—they are out of my control. If I had Morel's splendid equipment of energy, brains, diligence, concentration, persistence—but I haven't; he is a 'mobile, I am a wheelbarrow [MTP].

Notes: **Edmund Dene Morel** (originally **Georges Eduard Pierre Achille Morel de Ville** – he may have changed his name to get his signature to fit on a check) (1873-1924) was one of the three founders of the English Congo Reform Association; see **Mar. 23, 1904** entry. As with the Anti-Imperialist League, Sam had no problem allowing the use of his name, but did not wish ongoing responsibilities.

Hawkins writes of Sam's various motivations for resigning from the Congo Reform Assoc:

Twain's reasons for abandoning the movement after more than a year of activity were numerous. In his *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain*, Justin Kaplan suggests that Twain's devotion to Congo reform was limited by fear of offending his audience and risking another financial failure: "By 1905 his celebrity had become addictive and had begun to blunt his purpose as a public conscience" [366]. But while Twain was certainly shaken by his bankruptcy twelve years earlier, no evidence indicates that his withdrawal from the Congo movement turned on such narrow concerns. Twain did have some personal reasons for quitting, but, to his credit, they did not include anxiety over his popularity and income. Acting overzealously, the leaders of the C.R.A., who saw the beloved author as their best instrument for influencing public opinion, began putting inordinate demands on his time. ...

Another, less personal, consideration finally sealed his resignation. At the beginning of 1906, the reform movement was making discouragingly little progress. Despite reformers' pleas, the United States government refused to intervene in the Congo. Throughout his involvement, Twain had believed the United States was a party to the Berlin Act of 1885 and therefore had a legal obligation to supervise Congo rule. In January, 1906, the State Department told him he was mistaken; the United States Senate had never ratified the Berlin Act. Twain consequently got angry with the reformers, whom he believed had misinformed him, and he abruptly decided that no basis for a reform movement existed in the United States [149-150].

Sam also wrote to **Seymour Eaton**.

I have rec'd the circular of the Booklovers Corporation, making its time-worn appeal for the cash of gulls, in the time-worn fashion. I am sorry to see this; I have been persuading myself that you would reform—partially reform, I mean; partially—for I have never known, in the case of any petty thief, of a reform that covered the whole ground, after he had once gotten habituated to the feel of the coin in another man's pocket. Come, you can partially reform if you'll try. Remember what the apostle says: to wit, that while the lamp holds out to burn, the meanest swindler may return.

Yours with faint faint hope— [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Booker T. Washington**.

"That suits me exactly: I will choose my subject *to suit myself*; & shall probably choose it *that night*, (22^d) *on the platform*. Therefore, if any one asks you what it is going to be, you can answer with truth that you don't know & that *I don't know*" [MTP].

Sam dined with **Alice M. Ditson (Mrs. Charles H. Ditson)** and went to a performance of *Tosca* [Hill 123; IVL TS 4]. *Note:* The *NY Times* advertised the *Tosca* performance at the Metropolitan Opera House at 8 p.m., starring **Emma Eames, Caruso, Scotti, Rossi, and Dufriche** [Jan. 8, p.14].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Autobiographical Dictations resumed on a regular basis—M-F for two hours during 1906 and 1907

All day a rush and a swoop of work, letters and telephoning. This evening Mr. Clemens dined with Mrs. Ditson and her Boston friend, a delightful woman, “looks just as if she’d stepped out of the New Testament and hadn’t got used to her surroundings yet.” When he came home he slipped up to Jean’s room where we were chatting and told us how he had left the opera where they went after dinner—Tosca—and found Dr. Quintard in the lobby, who said that C.C. returns from Norfolk tomorrow. I know he had a good time even if he doesn’t like opera, for he came in with his eyes as shining and lovely and merry as they were the night he came home from the Players with the Japanese frog hanging from his button hole.
Mother and I went to Cecchina’s tonight [a restaurant nearby] [MTP TS 7].

George S. Ferguson wrote from Glasgow, Scotland to Sam, asking why Clemens used the name “Ferguson” for various guides in *IA* —“a good old historic Scottish name...” He had read in the newspapers about his 70th party and offered his congratulations [MTP].

Frederick D. Grant wrote from Army Headquarters on Governor’s Island, NY to introduce his friend, **Harry Windsor Dearborn** to Sam. Dearborn and Grant were interested in building a monument to Robert Fulton [MTP].

Notes: Lyon wrote on the letter: “Mr. Clemens saw Mr. Dearborn & consented to become a director of the Fulton Monument Organization.” Inside she wrote: “Mr. Clemens went to a meeting at the Waldorf on Jan. 17th. / Feb. 12 Mr Clemens & I were in the drawing room at the Gelli portrait when the door bell rang—I suggested he might like to escape, but as he attempted to flit from the room on tip toe the alertness of Philip had opened the door too soon—Mr. Dearborn came in laughing at the way he caught Mr. Clemens in flight.”

Hugh P. McCormick for the Congo Reform Assoc. wrote to Sam [MTP]. *Note:* not found at MTP.

January 8 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote again to **Thomas S. Barbour**. A draft fragment survives. Sam asks, “What to do with the pamphlet?”, his essay “King Leopold’s Soliloquy” that the **Congo Reform Assoc.** had printed. Sam thought the American branch of the Assoc. should “go out of business for the reason that the agitation of butcheries can only wring people’s hearts unavailingly...unbacked by the American government.” [MTP]. *Note:* Sam’s recent appeal to **Theodore Roosevelt** evidently did not bring fruit.

January 8 after – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **Edmund Dene Morel** thanking him for a map sent and enclosed a copy of his recent letter to **Thomas S. Barbour**, who he felt worked “hard & well” but alone for the **Congo Reform Assoc.** in America but had no help. “He cannot land this giant enterprise by himself. It needs an organization like U. S. Steel” [MTP].

January 8–February 12 – Sometime during this period, Sam wrote to the **Robert Fulton Memorial Association**, a letter which ran in the Feb. 18 issue, p. 20 of the *NY Times*:

I am sure that but for his genius and energy steam navigation would have remained in the egg centuries longer than it did. He made the vacant oceans and the idle rivers useful after the unprejudiced had been wondering for a hundred million years what they were for. He found these properties a liability; he left them an asset. It is the peculiar honor and privilege of our commercializing age to estimate this majestic service at its splendid and rightful value. The monument is deserved, and it will be built. / Mark Twain

January 9 Tuesday – Sam began a series of **Autobiographical Dictations** (hereinafter referred to as A.D.) for **Albert Bigelow Paine**. Paine brought Miss **Josephine Hobby**, a part-time stenographer, employed by *Century Magazine* for many years (she would be fired in Sept. 1908 by Isabel Lyon). Miss Hobby had also worked for **Charles Dudley Warner** and **Mary Mapes Dodge** [MTB 1266]. The dictations continued with fair regularity throughout 1906 and 7, thereafter intermittently. The last recorded dictation

was on **Dec. 29, 1909** [MTHHR 607n1]. *Note:* MTHHR 607n1 uses Jan. 6, 1906 as the beginning date, which was Paine's first visit to Clemens' N.Y.C. home; Miss Hobby had not yet been hired and it's unlikely any dictation was made on that day. See also *AMT 1*: 250-254 in which Sam dictated first a summary of the difficulties of his autobiography, and then waded into a discussion of Big Bonanza days in Nevada, including segments on Joe Goodman.

Paine writes of this day and the images which stayed in his mind long after:

On Tuesday, January 9, 1906, I was on hand with a capable stenographer—Miss Josephine Hobby, who had successively, and successfully, held secretarial positions with Charles Dudley Warner and Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, and was therefore peculiarly qualified for the work in hand.

Clemens, meantime, had been revolving our plans and adding some features of his own. He proposed to double the value and interest of our employment by letting his dictations continue the form of those earlier autobiographical chapters, begun with Redpath in 1885, and continued later in Vienna and at the Villa Quarto. He said he did not think he could follow a definite chronological program; that he would like to wander about, picking up this point and that, as memory or fancy prompted, without any particular biographical order. It was his purpose, he declared, that his dictations should not be published until he had been dead a hundred years or more—a prospect which seemed to give him an especial gratification.

I ought to state that he was in bed when we arrived, and that he remained there during almost all of these earlier dictations, clad in a handsome silk dressing-gown of rich Persian pattern, propped against great snowy pillows. He loved this loose luxury and ease, and found it conducive to thought. On the little table beside him, where lay his cigars, papers, pipes, and various knickknacks, shone a reading-lamp, making more brilliant the rich coloring of his complexion and the gleam of his shining hair. There was daylight, too, but it was north light, and the winter days were dull. Also the walls of the room were a deep, unreflecting red, and his eyes were getting old. The outlines of that vast bed blending into the luxuriant background, the whole focusing to the striking central figure, remain in my mind to-day—a picture of classic value.

He dictated that morning some matters connected with the history of the Comstock mine; then he drifted back to his childhood, returning again to the more modern period, and closed, I think, with some comments on current affairs. It was absorbingly interesting; his quaint, unhurried fashion of speech, the unconscious movement of his hands, the play of his features as his fancies and phrases passed in mental review and were accepted or waved aside. We were watching one of the great literary creators of his time in the very process of his architecture. We constituted about the most select audience in the world enjoying what was, likely enough, its most remarkable entertainment. When he turned at last and inquired the time we were all amazed that two hours and more had slipped away.

"And how much I have enjoyed it!" he said. "It is the ideal plan for this kind of work. Narrative writing is always disappointing. The moment you pick up a pen you begin to lose the spontaneity of the personal relation, which contains the very essence of interest. With shorthand dictation one can talk as if he were at his own dinner-table—always a most inspiring place. I expect to dictate all the rest of my life, if you good people are willing to come and listen to it."

The dictations thus begun continued steadily from week to week, and always with increasing charm. We never knew what he was going to talk about, and it was seldom that he knew until the moment of beginning; then he went drifting among episodes, incidents, and periods in his irresponsible fashion; the fashion of table-conversation, as he said, the methodless method of the human mind. It was always delightful, and always amusing, tragic, or instructive, and it was likely to be one of these at one instant, and another the next. I felt myself the most fortunate biographer in the world, as undoubtedly I was, though not just in the way that I first imagined [MTB 1266-8].

Note on Autobiographical Dictations. *The print-volumes released by MTP (Vol. 1 was published in 2010; others forthcoming) undoubtedly will impact study in this area. A full exposition of each day's dictations is beyond the scope of this work, and should be referenced*

*there. What may be useful as a summary beyond this work is the notation developed by Kiskis in “Dead Man Talking: Mark Twain’s Autobiographical Dictation” which begins on Feb. 1, 1906 and separates each dictation session into three main subjects: **Family, Career, and Human Race**. Other primary materials, such as Isabel Lyon’s journal/daily reminders, also inform this work.*

The New York Times, p.16, “Plans to Help the Blind,” announced that Mark Twain would preside at the first public meeting of the **NY State Assoc. for Promoting Interests of the Blind** on **Mar. 29**. **Joseph H. Choate** and **Helen Keller** would speak.

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Mr. Paine came this morning at 11 with his stenographer—and for an hour Mr. Clemens talked. I’ve kept notes of the talk—but I didn’t keep notes of his wonderful rising color and his brilliant eyes as he warmed to the subject of the Big Bonanza Mine and its fall to nothing. He told all about Joe Goodman too. Afterward Mr. Paine and I had a little chat in the study over the autobiographical drawer. It had always been his dream, ambition, to write Mr. Clemens’s biography, but never came close to the prospect of it until Mr. Clemens said to Mr. David Munro that Paine’s book on Thomas Nast was “damn good” and Munro told Paine. Then his courage flowed. It’s the greatest treat in the world to sit in the brown easy chair and watch that master of mine talk. He was magical this morning [MTP TS 7-8; also Gribben 523 in part].

Thomas Bailey Aldrich wrote from Boston that they were sailing for Egypt on Saturday [MTP].

January 10 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **unidentified gentlemen**.

If you mean, am I sorry I allowed myself, in a moment of passion, to carry my quarrel with Mr. Butters into the newspapers & call him a swindler, I answer yes. It was not the right way, it was not the dignified way, to settle the quarrel, & for that reason I regret it. That it happened, was not wholly my fault, but was largely his own, in that he has persistently remained away from this State, & thus has kept out of the penitentiary, where he belongs, & where I was purposing to place him. If he had been there I should have been satisfied & would not have been moved to expose him in print. The main fault is his, but it is no matter, & I forgive him [MTP].

On or after Jan. 10 Sam also wrote to **Mansfield L. Hillhouse**. “I desire to express my thanks to the Board of Trustees for the honor they have conferred upon me in electing me a member of the Advisory Board of the Hispanic Society of America” [MTP]. *Note:* the Society was formed in 1904 by **Archer M. Huntington** as a museum of Spanish, Portuguese and Latin American art and artifacts; it remains open to the public at its original location of 155th in NYC.

Sam’s A.D. for this date involved a discussion of speechmaking, a reminiscence about speeches on a night at the Players Club, the “Morris incident” and comments on President **Theodore Roosevelt** [AMT 1: 254-260].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: recorded how Sam sought to remove himself from the **Congo Reform Movement**, headed by **Edmund Dene Morel**: “I’m not a bee, I’m a lightning bug.” “Morel is a mobile, I’m a wheel-barrow.” Mr. Clemens is tiring of Congo and said in a letter to Mr. Barbour when he wrote him that he must withdraw from the Congo matter [MTP TS 8].

Henry Darracott Allison, grocer, Dublin, N.H. wrote to Sam that he was sending two photographs of the Upton house and the Greene house under separate cover. Allison had “enjoyed immensely” Sam’s article in *Harper’s Weekly*, “and I have read and re-read the speeches made on that occasion” [MTP]. *Note:* the speeches referred to were from Twain’s 70th birthday celebration.

Thomas S. Barbour for the Congo Reform Assoc. replied to Sam's Jan. 8 "retired from the Congo" letter, begging Twain to stay and promising "not to be overzealous in putting demands on him" [Hawkins 166]:

I do not think you *can* leave the Congo until you take the people with you. That hour has seemed to me not far away. It has seemed near because you are there. For you seem to me not like the fire-fly or even the bee but like Orpheus. So long as you stay in Africa the people of other lands will come, in an ever increasing multitude, and they will see and act [*Ibid*; MTP].

Daniel Carter Beard wrote from NYC to send Sam an autograph from his friend and fellow classmate at the Art Students' League, Mr. **Charles Lamb**. Beard also thanked him for the "very kind things you said about me at the late dinner of the Society of Illustrators" [MTP]. *Note*: the dinner was on Dec. 21, 1905.

Clark Bell wrote on **Medico-Legal Society** letterhead (NYC) to invite Sam to their annual dinner on Jan. 17 at the Hotel Astor at 7 p.m. He also enclosed a petition to the Governor to pardon **Palnek**, who was to be executed Jan. 22 [MTP]. *Note*: Lyon wrote at the top, "Mr. Clemens signed the petition."

George Cary Eggleston wrote on Author's Club stationery, NYC to ask if Sam would provide a paragraph he had written long before on the **Ball-Florence Percy controversy** as to the true authorship of the song, "Rock Me to Sleep." Eggleston had carried the clipping with him for years, as it was brilliant and in the same meter [MTP].

John Grier Hibben wrote from the Spencer Trask Lecture Committee, Princeton, Univ., to invite Sam "to address the students of the university, in the form of a lecture, or an informal talk as you may prefer," the honorarium being \$100 [MTP]. *Note*: Sam declined on Jan. 12.

Mansfield L. Hillhouse wrote to advise Sam that he'd been elected a member of the **Advisory Board for the Hispanic Society of America** at their Jan. 8 meeting [MTP]. *Note*: on a separate sheet Lyon wrote for Sam is thanks for the honor.

January 11 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam declined an invitation from an **unidentified man**, giving the reason that "I have made all the engagements for this year that I can keep" [MTP].

Sam also sent a telegram to **Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Lilian W. Aldrich** in Boston: "A happy voyage and a quick return" [MTP].

Clemens' A.D. for this day involved a Jan. 3 letter from **Laura K. Hudson** and his reply of Jan. 12 concerning his **Dec. 17, 1877** Whittier birthday "debacle" [AMT 1: 260-267].

Isabel Lyon's Journal: "Mr. Clemens "Yes I was on the Pacific Coast from Aug. 1861 to Oct. 1866." He was getting ready for dictation. Then after luncheon I took him a little poem written by Carolone Stern of Greenville, Miss. After reading it to himself and being deeply moved by it, he walked the floor and standing near me read aloud the first verse of it.

"Who speaks of care, of toil, of time?
The night-wind cools the heated deck,
The minstrel river sings in rhyme,
And gathers largesse in our wake.
And like a refrain, solemn, slow,
The leadsman's chant comes from below—
Ma-a-r-rk Twa-a-ain—"

His voice trilled as he gave the leadsman's call—but turning quickly he said, “There ought to be an echoing cry from the deck.”

Oh, the richness of his nature, and his brain and his soul. He sounds the awfulest depths of the tragedies of earth and heaven and hell—he bubbles over with gaiety—he melts with grief into silent sobs—he slays with satire your beliefs—he boils over into profanities that make you feel the terrors of the thunderbolts that must come—and he is the gentlest, most considerate, most lovable creature in all the earth—yet how he covers his true self away from most! [MTP TS 8-9; also Gribben 662, in part].

About this day Sam wrote to **Jean**, as seen in this paraphrase of Jean's diary, vol. 6, Jan. 14:

I wrote Father a letter yesterday, that I regret just a little having sent. In the letter I received from him [ca. Jan 11; not extant], he spoke of my sweet & gentle child-spirit that had been inspired by my illness, & urged me to try & get it back again. Also, he urged patience toward Anna and the people in the house with instructions that the doctors all meant well toward me etc. As a whole, the letter was sweet, but the statement of my having been born with a sweet nature surprised me [MTP].

George H. Daniels for the Lotos Club wrote to announce a dinner for **Woodrow Wilson** of Princeton, Univ. on Saturday evening, Feb. 3, inviting Sam to “say a few words” [MTP].

Samuel O. Prentice wrote to Sam on Supreme Court of Errors, Hartford, Conn. letterhead, vouching for **Arthur M. Marsh**, Bridgeport attorney and president of the **Contemporary Club** of that city. Marsh wished to interview Sam about speaking to their club [MTP].

January 12 Friday – **Fred Nye of the Sunday N.Y. World** wrote asking if Sam would write for their “humorous campaign in favor of the most down-trodden and abused person in the United States—Father.” On or just after this was received Sam answered: “I think it unlikely that the Harpers would approve, but even if they did I have no intention of writing a miscellaneous article on any body.”

In a side note, probably to **Isabel V. Lyon**, he directed her to ask a price that would:

“Suppress these people some time by saying I will agree to write an article (of not fewer than 2000 words & not more than 5000) for \$5000⁰⁰ the contents of the article not to fall short of 2000 words and not to exceed 5000” [MTP].

Sam also replied to the Jan. 10 from **John Grier Hibben** declining to speak at Princeton Univ. [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **John Horner** in Belfast, Ireland.

I find the book enchanting. In my opinion it belongs away up—or away down whichever may be proper—on the summit in midsky or at the base of the foothills where sits serene the Sweet Singer of Michigan, Queen & Empress of the Hogwash Guild until now. Hogwash is a term which was invented by the night foreman of the newspaper whereunto I was attached 40 yrs ago, in the capacity of local reporter, to describe my literary efforts. Many years ago I began to collect Hog-wash literature & I am glad of the chance to add to it the extraordinary book which you have sent to me [MTP]. *Note:* Gribben identifies the volume as *Irene Iddesleigh* (1897), by Mrs. **Emanda M'Kittrick Ros**; Horner would also send “Barry Pain's humorous criticism” of the work and another Ros book on **Apr. 21** [589]. *Note:* in Horner's of Apr. 21 he referred to this as “your letter of 13th”.

Sam also replied to the Jan. 3 from **Mrs. Laura K. Hudson's** about his **Dec. 17, 1877** Whittier birthday “debacle”:

I am forever your debtor for reminding me of that curious passage in my life. During the first year or two after it happened I could not bear to think of it, my pain & shame were so intense, and my sense of having been a fool so settled, established, confirmed. I drove the episode entirely from my mind; and so all these twenty-eight or twenty-nine years I have lived in the conviction that my performance of that time was coarse, vulgar & wholly destitute of humor. But your suggestion that you & your family found humor in it moved me to look into the matter; so I commissioned a Boston typewriter to delve into the Boston papers of that bygone time, and send me a copy of it. It came this morning, & if there is any vulgarity about it I am unable to discover it; if it is not innocently and appropriately funny I am no judge. It is my intention that within the next two months the public shall hear from it and sit in judgement upon it once more. By & by I will see to it that you get a copy [MTP].

Clemens' A.D. for this day included comments on Whittier's 70th birthday celebration in 1877 as compared to Twain's own 70th celebration organized by Colonel Harvey. Then he digressed into an anecdote of cigars he gave out at one of his Monday Evening Club meetings in Hartford, with the men thinking they were cheap and discarding them on the way out. He closed with a discussion of a meeting at Rev. **Frank Goodwin's** house, including **Joe Twichell, Charles Dudley Warner, Colonel Greene, Rev. Dr. Burton, Hamersley and son Will, Charles E. Perkins, J. Hammond Trumbull, Henry C. Robinson, and A.C. Dunham** [AMT 1: 267-272].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Headache, savage.

The dictating continues and Mr. Clemens finds it enchanting and an inspiration. "I would like to have relays of shorthanders, and keep them at it for six hours on a stretch."

Mr. Paine began classifying the assembled autobiographical papers and matter for biography this morning. It is satisfying to see him at his task, for he touches it with the hands of one caring for every scrap and realizing the value of it. When Elizabeth Dodge was here at tea this afternoon Mr. Clemens came in from a down town trip, and he told her that she was like the lovely Mrs. Osborne he met at dinner at Mrs. Kinnicutt's. He told Mrs. Osborne that he was going to dine with the Dodges in a short time and invited her to be there too. All this he told Elizabeth, who was enchanted by his naïf way of inviting, for Mrs. Osborne is Elizabeth's aunt [MTP TS 9-10].

Chatto & Windus sent Sam a financial statement with check for £131:0:6 [MTP].

John Larkin, attorney wrote to Sam that he was trying to reach Gillis & Geogehan, about the "obstreperous parts" of the heating system at 21 Fifth Ave, and would "beat into the heads" of same, "the annoyance that your daughters have suffered" [MTP].

Edgar Gardner Murphy wrote from Montgomery, Ala. to Sam, sending him a copy of his book *The Present South*. A letter of praise for the book from **John Hay**, dated Dec. 17, 1904 is in the file [MTP].
Note: not in Gribben.

Francis Stanbern wrote from Vienna, Austria to request, in overly polite bowing and scraping language, for Mark Twain's autograph [MTP].

In his A.D. for this day Sam mentioned **King Leopold** briefly, revealing his interest remained even though he had "retired" from the poorly organized **Congo Reform Assoc.** (Jan. 8) to **Barbour** [Hawkins 168].

January 13 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote instructions to Isabel Lyon for **John Larkin**: "Ask Larkin to appoint next Saturday for the tax office & make it \$5,000. I want to write it up" [MTP]. Note: Larkin characterized Larkin as "my friend and attorney."

Clemens' A.D. for this day continued the discussion on the old Monday Evening Club talk about dreams. He then related telling the the dream to the Club about seeing **Henry Clemens** in a coffin before the explosion of the *Pennsylvania*, then the mistake of dosage the young doctor gave to Henry which resulted in his death [AMT 1: 273-276].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Mr. Clemens was going to read manuscript tonight, but oh, a disturbing element stopped it. (A mood of Jean's)" [MTP TS 10].

John F. Hobbs of the Thirteen Club wrote inside an invitation to this evening's 24th anniversary dinner at the Hotel Savoy:

My Dear Clemens / Sorry "Mark Twain" could not be our guest of honor Jan. 13. Mr. Arthur Brisbane, Chief Editor of the Hearst papers will ... speak to the subject "Some Superstitions about grafters—financial, political or otherwise." Hobbs asked for Sam to write him something on the subject that might be read at the banquet [MTP]. *Note:* **Arthur Brisbane** (1864-1936) was one of the most well known American newspaper editors of his day. He was also a coach of public relations for many celebrities, including **Henry Ford, Thomas Edison and John D. Rockefeller**.

James Wharton George wrote from NYC to Miss Lyon. "Your favor of Dec. 21 has been on my desk all this time for I have hated to again urge that Mr Clemens give me an interview" [MTP].

Arthur M. Marsh wrote from Bridgeport, Conn. to offer Sam an honorarium of \$125 to speak to his **Contemporary Club**, of about 125 men and women [MTP]. *Note:* see Jan. 11 from Marsh.

Volney Streamer wrote on Players Club letterhead, NYC to advise Sam that the \$200,000 canceled check to **Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant** was framed and hanging beside the door to Mr. Booths' private library [MTP].

Edith de Charny Suffren for Harper & Brothers wrote to thank Sam for sending through Miss Lyon "the little anecdote about..." Pilgrim's Progress. "It will be used in this week's issue of the 'Gossip'" [MTP].

January 13 after – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote one line to **George W. James**: "Mr. Mighels—is here in the city address can be procured of Harper" [MTP]. *Note:* **Philip Verrill Mighels** (1869-1911) was a Nevada writer and one of the state's first literary figures. His 1905 book, *Bruvver Jim's Baby*, was published by Harper & Brothers.

January 14 Sunday – The New York *Times*, p.9 "What is Doing in Society": "Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland H. Dodge have invitations out for a dinner for Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain,) on Friday next," or **Jan. 19**. *Note:* **Cleveland Hoadley Dodge** (1860-1926), philanthropist active in NY politics, was the grandson of **William E. Dodge, Jr.** (1832-1903) Clemens' neighbor in Riverside. See Aug. 13, 1903 entry.

Isabel Lyon's journal:

This morning Mr. Paine came up to my room to talk over the dictation of yesterday. Mr. Clemens's theme was the death of his brother Henry, who lost his life in the awful steamboat disaster so many years ago. He said that Mr. Clemens had given Henry instructions what to do in case of accident—"Don't lose *your* head—the passengers will do that," and they did it, while Henry went for a life-boat for the women and children and he stayed by the burning craft too long. The incident is given in Orion's account of as much of all that early life as he can remember. All of this Mr. Clemens even as a young, young man; it was the keynote of his character, and today it stands as the main thing in the man's life. After Paine left I went down to Mr. Clemens's room and we went over a little leftover mail, he drifted into the Biography chat as is his wont in

these days & he said that so few—no autobiographers were ever very frank. Bayard Taylor was—was “so self satisfied and sat back and licked his chops”—but it was all delightful and then Mr. Clemens said that he was going to be frank—not once but many times. (There were Rousseau confessions, but I am going to leave that kind alone, for Rousseau had looked after that end—) and I am going to say just what I think of a dinner-table full of people who preferred to talk themselves to hearing him. People like the guests at Dr. Quintard’s not long since, and Mr. Clemens said that “Quintard does know the damndest lot of catfish.” We spoke of Marie Bashkirtseff’s enchanting and naively frank journal “a perfect delight” he called it, and he chatted on in his loveliest vein. The Times had a reproduction of one of the recent bed photographs taken by young Horace Ashton. A very good and strong and sad photograph, looking exactly like him when he is at work. The hand is out of focus, but that doesn’t seriously damage it and on his knee is the cigar box desk—the desk or box we played cards on a year ago.

Col. Harvey came to talk with Mr. Clemens, also Mr. Owen Johnson came to ask use of Mr. Clemens’s name as a patron for the Russian players who have been in pitiful case but who have been taken up recently by Mr. Dan Frohman. Mr. Gilder’s interest in them has been of great assistance in this move [MTP TS 10-12; also some parts or information in Gribben 592, 687, 50]. *Note: Maria Konstantinovna Bashkirtseva (1860-1884) author of Marie Bashkirtseff; The Journal of a Young Artist.*

Sally B. Genung wrote from NYC to thank Sam for his kind words about their late friend **John Malone**. Though a stranger to Sam, she had been a firm fan since she was ten [MTP]. *Note:* see Lyon’s journal for Jan. 16 on Malone. Since Malone died on Jan. 15, this appears to be misdated.

January 15 Monday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Today when I asked Mr. Clemens why mens’ voices singing in the street at night sound so heartbreakingly sad? Or away out in the country, when you are wakened by the sound of a man singing a common place song in a common place voice, why does that make you aware of all the misery of the world? Mr. Clemens replied, “The man is probably dead drunk, but that doesn’t lessen your heartache.”

The reading of the dictated manuscript is forever postponed. Mr. Twichell came this P.M. and it is delightful to have him here. After dinner he and Mr. Clemens went over to call on General Sickles, who is 84 years old. This visit is a duty which Mr. Twichell never neglects [MTP TS 12].

Clemens’ A.D. for this day continued the discussion on the old Monday Evening Club talk about dreams, giving examples of his more vivid dreams; also more comment on the Morris case [AMT 1: 276-282].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote two pages to Sam about the **American Mechanical Cashier Co**, and the **Pope Co.** taking over its assets [MTP].

Stuart Donlevy Duncan wrote from Frankfurt on the Main, Germany to Sam. “Even in my most sanguine moments I hardly dared to hope for an answer from you & I really do not know how to thank you for your kindness. Your letter has made me very happy indeed” [MTP].

Grace Kiddes Ford wrote from NYC to invite Sam to dine with them informally Jan. 18 in the evening [MTP]. *Note:* Sam replied on Jan. 16.

Winifred Holt for the N.Y. Assoc. for the Blind wrote to invite Sam to a meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel to promote the interests of the blind, Mar. 29 at 8:30 p.m. She also hoped he could come to her home on the evening of Mar. 27 with his daughter to meet **Helen Keller** [MTP]. *Note:* see Sam’s reply in **Jan. 15** after entry.

George O’Connor wrote from Hartford, Conn. to Isabel Lyon about shipping Jean’s horse “**Scott**” to Katonah, NY [MTP].

January 15 after – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Lyon replied for Sam to **Winifred Holt's Jan. 15**: On a slip in the file with the note is one by Lyon:

Shall hope Mr. C. & Miss C can assemble there on Mar. 27. Shall be very glad indeed to have menu of things he is to touch upon that night. Also shall be glad to have some seats reserved for him for the night of the 29th. Should like 5 2 seats reserved. Bill sent now. Take it for granted that no seats are to given away. Every seat worth 3—price easily acquired. Because there are so many hundreds of people willing to pay that price to have glimpse of Helen Keller. Ladies peddle seats house will all be sold out long before Mar 29th [MTP].

January 16 Tuesday – Mark Twain attended a big automobile show at **Madison Square Garden**, and of course the New York *Times* of Jan. 16, p. 8 covered the show and his appearance:

MARK TWAIN AT THE SHOW.

Laments That He Cannot Dictate as Fast as Motor Salesmen Talk.

Mark Twain was an interested visitor at the Automobile Show in Madison Square Garden yesterday afternoon. He was the guest of Sales Manager R. D. Chapin at the Oldsmobile booth. As the popular writer walked slowly down the broad aisles, commenting upon the splendid machines on exhibition, he was followed by a curious crowd. Mr. Clemens, however, did not purchase a motor car, but he promised to come again and take a ride in one of the demonstrating machines to-morrow.

"I dictate each day about four thousand words," he said, "and I find it a hard day's work. If I could talk as rapidly, however, as some of these automobile salesmen do, I could dictate a great many more words and consequently make more money."

In N.Y.C. Sam replied to Mrs. **Grace Kiddes Ford's Jan. 15**, offering a gracious decline to a "kind invitation" but he was "already booked for that night"[MTP]. *Note*: the night in question was Jan. 18. No evidence was found for what was "already booked."

Clemens' A.D. for this day revealed his thoughts about the "perfect" way to write an autobiography, that is, to talk about "The thing uppermost in a person's mind" at the time. He related a story about John Malone, who joined an actors' troupe in Oregon which starred Edwin Booth, and how Malone missed a train that allowed John McCulloch, a fellow actor, to become established on the stage. Sam championed Malone to membership in the Players Club; Joe Twichell arrived and later brought news of Malone's death. "So there is another surprise, you see. While Twichell and I were talking about John Malone he was passing from this life. His disappointments are ended. At least he is not 'left out.' It was a long wait, but the best of all fortunes is his at last" [*AMT 1*: 283-287].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

John Malone is dead. Mr. Clemens had me telephone Volney Streamer at the Players that if they are short of pall bearers, he will be one. Yesterday Mr. Clemens was talking with Mr. Twichell about John Malone and now he is dead. Mr. Clemens name having been given as a patron of the Russian Players movement, this morning a Russian woman came begging for an interview, for she must have help. It was terrible for at times she was desperate or appealing, seemingly desperate. She insisted upon seeing Mr. Clemens, sure that he could and would help her. I worked with her an hour and finally she left, but as I took her to the door she had tears in her eyes.

At 6 o'clock Mr. Henderson came wanting to have Mr. Clemens read the birthday speech onto phonograph cylinders, Mr. Clemens to own the cylinders and Henderson to get nothing out of it. Forty-five minutes we talked, & I couldn't make that man make one clear statement [MTP TS 12-13]. *Note*: **John Malone**, actor and historian of The Players, died on **Jan. 15**. Sam was a pallbearer at Malone's funeral on **Jan. 18**. See entry.

Katharine I. Harrison wrote to Sam:

Miss Lyon wrote me this morning about closing your account with the Guaranty Trust Company,. You only receive 1- ½ to 2% interest and if you think it wise I will close the account ...and send the money to the Knickerbocker Trust Company.

I enclose herewith check for \$34,700 for 500 shares of Utah Consolidated Mining Company stock as per statement attached [MTP]. *Note:* The **Knickerbocker Trust** would suffer a run on the bank on Oct. 22, 1907; Sam's \$51,000 would be at risk.

Sam replied to Harrison: "Leave that egg in another basket & leave the basket where it is" [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **John Y. MacAlister** in London, summarizing the latest happenings in the American branch of the Plasmon Co. **Ralph W. Ashcroft** was on his way from downtown to Sam's and would be told to write MacAlister to give the particulars. "He is competent, & I'm not," Sam wrote.

That gang stacked the cards on me & on the London Co., but I think they dealt *us* the hand they meant for themselves. Ashcroft will know how the matter stands, & can tell you.

That young lady & her sister called. I was in bed (as now & always pretty much) but Miss Lyon saw them. I hope they are going with us to Gilder's house Friday night, where the bright people congregate. I never go there, because it is at night, but I will go with them, if they would like it [MTP]. *Note:* the "young lady & her sister" have not been identified.

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote to Sam.

Mr. Baldwin was asked yesterday by Mr. Hammond's lawyer to state, in writing, that we would not oppose the dissolution of the Plasmon Co.

....

In case the Company was dissolved, its assets would be sold to pay the creditors. The only creditors are Hammond, Butters and ourselves. The principal asset is \$10,000. on deposit with you, the Company having sold its patents, factory building, etc. ...we would get about half of the \$10,000..." [MTP].

A. de Monthizin wrote to Lyon, sending a complimentary copy of a Mark Twain lithograph [MTP].

January 17 Wednesday – Sam attended a meeting to form an association for a 1907 centennial of **Robert Fulton's Claremont**. The *New York Times*, Jan. 18, p. 8, "For a Monument to Fulton" reported the presence of Mark Twain. On Feb. 18, the *Times*, under the same heading, reported Samuel L. Clemens as an "incorporator" and printed his letter of acceptance to the committee:

Mr. Clemens, in accepting membership on the committee, wrote the following letter:

I am sure that but for his genius and energy steam navigation would have remained in the egg centuries longer than it did. He made the vacant oceans and the idle rivers useful after the unprejudiced had been wondering for a hundred million years what they were for. He found these properties a liability; he left them an asset. It is the peculiar honor and privilege of our commercializing age to estimate this majestic service at its splendid and rightful value. The monument is deserved, and it will be built. MARK TWAIN.

Clemens' A.D. for this day discussed Sam's past efforts to convince publishers of the viability of a magazine dealing with older articles, *The Back Number*. He then told of **General Sickles**, of his renown and of **Joe Twichell's** regard for Sickles, having been in Sickles's regiment in the Civil War [AMT 1: 287-292].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

This morning a Miss Jonas, a southerner, came with a letter of introduction from E.C. Stedman. She had a little poem she had written, a negro mother's tragic cry over the lynching of her son. I took it up and

interrupted Mr. Clemens in his dictating, for Miss Jonas wants Mary Shaw to recite it at the Tuskegee meeting on the 22nd. Mr. Clemens said "Oh give it to me now, now is always the best time to do things," and he read it with his great feeling, making a wonderful poem of it.

The morning mail brought a little book—a sermon by Minot J. Savage, sent by the publisher. Mr. Clemens stroked the soft leather binding & said it was "just the thing to sharpen my razor on," so the publisher has done a good deed after all.

The young receiving tellers at the Knickerbocker Trust Co. have been uncivil to me and to others of this family. I spoke of the matter to Mr. Clemens. He as going up to a meeting of the Robert Fulton Memorial Assn. At the Waldorf this afternoon and said he'd take me in to see the President of the Trust Co. Mr. Brown, the President was very busy telephoning, so we had to wait. Mr. Clemens said to me, "He's got some kind of a catfish on the end of that line and he can't land him or shake him" [MTP TS 13-14]. See also Gribben 358, 605.

January 18 Thursday – Sam was a pallbearer for John Malone, actor, who died on Jan. 15. The funeral took place at the **Church of St. Francis Xavier** on W. 16th Street. Requiem mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Van Rensselaer. A large group from The Players attended. Other pall bearers were: **Barton Hill, Daniel Frohman, J.H. Benrimo, Jacob Wendell, Jr., T.J. Hallowell, Charles Harvey Genung, and David A. Munro** [NY Times, Jan. 19, 1906, p. 11, "Funeral of Actor John Malone"]. See also Nov. 16, 1898 to Malone.

Sam had replied to an invitation from **Grace Kiddes Ford** on Jan. 15 that he was "already booked" for this evening; no evidence of an engagement for Jan. 18 was found [MTP].

Clemens' A.D. for this day involved: Senator **Benjamin Ryan Tillman** (1847-1918) speaks of Morris case—Funeral of **John Malone** contrasted with funeral of **Empress of Austria**, leads up to dueling [AMT 1: 292-294; see also p. 567 on Tillman].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Mr. Clemens was pallbearer for John Malone this morning. He came home from the funeral with a weight over him, and it came out that Mr. Paine had inadvertently repeated a little remark that Mr. Clemens had made during the dictation about John Malone and it came galloping back in garbled forms. Of course it seemed a breach of confidence. Mr. Paine came up to tell me about it & he said it would have been so much easier for him if Mr. Clemens had given him a good cursing, but he didn't, he was sweet. The days have been rushingly busy for Mr. Clemens, and he seems tired in spirit and body. Tonight Barry Faulkner took me to Gonfarone's on Seventh Ave. for dinner, where we were joined by Witter Bynner. ~~It was a delight to hear those 2 lads cheer each other on over~~ each others very bright remarks and Bynner had a little notebook that he'd pull out to put down Barry's brilliances in. We walked home and they jumped me over the puddles. They're darling boys. Barry has a picture at Knoedlers and Bynner is writing a play. McClure has got Howard Pyle away from Harper's and I'm sorry. Sorry for Harper's. Bynner said that Col. Harvey is being much criticised for giving the kind of dinner that he did for Mr. Clemens on his 70th birthday, for it was shameful to sacrifice Mr. Clemens to what is regarded as a great advertisement for Harper's [MTP TS 14-15].

January 19 Friday – Joe Twichell wrote to Sam.

I declare that the deeps penetrated and explored in much research as this of radium more affect me with the sense of sublimity than those discovered by the telescope. Really this would be an admirable sort of an universe if it wasn't for the Human Race. Yet it's the Human Race that has captured the knowledge both of the Light Year and of Radio-activity. Perhaps it will amount to something eventually. / Yrs Aff. / Joe [MTP].

Clemens' A.D. for this day focused on dueling, including the famous ones at Virginia City between **Joe Goodman** and **Tom Fitch**, and the threatened one between Clemens and **James L. Laird**, owner of the *Virginia Union*. He also included a past unfinished chapter on dueling in Austria [AMT 1: 294-302].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Mr. Paine is a "find." He is doing the very thing that I have longed to have some worshipping creature do with Mr. Clemens's papers, letters, clippings and autobiographical matter. He is bringing the mass into order, reducing the great chaos that I have always longed to be able to touch but have never found time for [MTP TS 15].

January 20 Saturday – **Julia Delafield Longfellow** wrote from N.Y.C. inviting Sam to dine with them "informally" and meet "a political friend, Colonel Flood" on Friday, **Jan. 26** at 8 p.m. Sam answered on or just after **Jan. 20**:

"Look upon it as peculiarly uncommon [?] & uncalled for [*one or two words illegible*] of ill luck that I am obliged to be in Wash on that date" [MTP].

Just about everything Mark Twain did appeared in the New York newspapers. The *Times* and the *Herald* of Jan. 21 were among those which reported on his paying a tax for "fun":

MARK TWAIN PAYS FOR FUN.

Has No Personal Property Here, but Stands a Tax on \$5,000.

"Mark Twain" yesterday [Jan. 20] consented to pay taxes on \$5,000 worth of personal property, despite the fact that he had just told the Tax Commissioners that he did not own any personal property here.

Mr. Clemens had received notice of assessment on \$25,000 of personal property, and on a like sum as executor of the estate of Mrs. Clemens. He told President O'Donnel of the Tax Board that his wife's estate had all been settled, and that therefore he did not owe the city anything on that estate, as it no longer existed. He also said that he did not own any personal property in this city subject to taxation.

"Just for the humor of the situation, however, I am willing to pay on \$5,000 if the city needs the money," he said. His consent for that sum was taken by President O'Donnel [*Note: the Herald reported Sam paid a tax of \$75*].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

This morning Mr. Clemens started for the tax collectors' office with Mr. Larkin. He had 3 notifications with him. Notifications running up in values to \$75,000.00, but he liquidated that in the office of the Tax Commissioner and consented to pay the tax on \$5,000.00. Mr. Clemens seems tired, he has had a lot of indigestion lately and he is under an added strain in preparing a speech for Monday evening. It's the second speech, almost the third that he has had in mind for this same occasion, for first it was to be on the Congo, but that was abandoned [MTP TS 15].

Lawrence J. Anhalt wrote from McVicker's Theatre, Chicago to announce the formation of an Illinois corporation with capital of one million dollars, **The Economic League of America**—its aims to "improve the conditions of worthy immigrants, and make them good citizens..." **May Irwin**, who was behind the organization, requested that Sam be among the advisory board [MTP]. *Note:* at top: "Pay no attention to this but preserve it / SLC"

M.A. Ommanney wrote to Sam after reading his article in the Dec. 1904 *Harper's* on Joan of Arc. Did she reap what she sowed? Had any woman ever done so? [MTP].

January 21 Sunday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

Mr. Clemens got into the big grey mobile with Mr. Clinton at 12 o'clock and away they went for luncheon. The day is very lovely—just the sort for motoring, for we're having a warm wave, too warm but good for motoring.

Mr. Clemens is relishing the prospect of his speech tomorrow evening, Tuskegee. He said this morning when I came back from Miss Hobby's boarding house where I had taken the manuscript for her to type; "I am promising my self a good time tomorrow night. It's a devilish speech, full of hypocrisy and sin, I wouldn't miss it for anything" [MTP TS 15-16].

January 22 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to the **Armstrong Assoc.** asking if they would admit his nephew, **Samuel E. Moffett** at the stage door, as he was "one of the editors of 'Collier's Weekly'" [MTP]. *Note:* admittance to the benefit for the Tuskegee Institute that evening.

During an epileptic attack, **Jean Clemens** burned her arm on one of the new radiators [Hill 120]. See Lyon's journal entry below.

In the evening, Mark Twain spoke in behalf of **Booker T. Washington's Tuskegee Institute** at **Carnegie Hall**. The *NY Times* reported the event on the front page:

CHOATE AND TWAIN PLEAD FOR TUSKEGEE

Brilliant Audience Cheers Them and Booker Washington.

HUMORIST RAPS TAX DODGERS

Says Everybody Swears, Especially
Off—Friends of Negro Institution Trying to Raise \$1,800,000.

To give Booker T. Washington a good start toward collecting the \$1,800,000 he wants to carry back from the North to Tuskegee Institute, Mark Twain, Joseph H. Choate, Robert C. Ogden, and Dr. Washington himself spoke in Carnegie Hall last night. Incidentally, it was a "silver jubilee" celebration, since Tuskegee Institute was founded, in 1881.

The big house was crowded to its utmost capacity, and there were as many more outside who would have gone in had there been room. The spectacle reminded one of the campaign days last November, when District Attorney Jerome and his attendant spellbinders were packing Carnegie Hall.

But last night it was by no means a gathering of the "populace" alone. Women in brilliant gowns, resplendent with jewels, and men in evening dress filled the boxes. Despite the avowed object of the meeting—to get money from the audience and others—there was an atmosphere of good humor and lightheartedness. Mark Twain's "teachings" were met with such volleys of laughter that the man who never grows old could hardly find intervals in which to deliver his precepts. That part of Mr. Clemens's address which referred to wealthy men who swear off tax assessments was applauded with especial fervor.

The occupants of the boxes included Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Mrs. Henry H. Rogers, Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, Mrs. Morris K. Jesup, J. G. Phelps Stokes, Isaac N. Seligman, George Foster Peabody, John Crosby Brown, Carl Schurz, Mrs. W. H. Schieffelin, Mrs. William Jay Schieffelin, Mrs. Joseph H. Choate, Mrs. Henry Villard, Nicholas Murray Butler, Mrs. Robert C. Ogden, Mrs. Cleveland H. Dodge, Mrs. Alfred Shaw, Mrs. Felix M. Warburg, Mrs. R. Fulton Cutting, Mrs. Collis P. Huntington, Mrs. Robert B. Minturn, Mrs. Jacob H. Schiff, Mrs. Paul M. Warburg, and Mrs. Arthur Curtis James.

A negro octet sang between the speeches. Their songs were old-fashioned melodies and revival songs, and their deep, full voice filled the whole house.

William Jay Schieffelin opened the meeting by telling its object and urging that all the help possible be given to Dr. Washington. He announced that in April a special train would leave New York for Tuskegee and that the round-trip ticket would cost \$50, covering all expenses. On this occasion the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Tuskegee will be celebrated at the school itself by speeches by Secretary of War Taft, President Eliot of Harvard, Bishop Galloway, and Andrew Carnegie.

....

MARK TWAIN'S ADDRESS

"These habits, of which Mr. Choate has told you, are the very habits which have kept me young until I am seventy years old. I have lain in bed all day today, expect to lie in bed all day tomorrow, and will continue to lie in bed all day throughout the year. There is nothing so refreshing, nothing so comfortable, and nothing fits one so well for the kind of work which he calls pleasure. Mr. Choate has been careful not to pay me any compliments. It wasn't because he didn't want to—he just couldn't think of any.

"I came here in the responsible capacity of policeman—to watch Mr. Choate. This is an occasion of grave and serious importance, and it seemed necessary for me to be present so that if he tried to work off any statements that required correction, reduction, refutation or exposure, there would be a tried friend of the public here to protect the house. But I can say in all frankness and gratitude that nothing of the kind has happened. He has not made one statement whose veracity fails to tally exactly with my own standard. I have never seen a person improve so.

"This does not make me jealous, it only makes me thankful. Thankful and proud; proud of a country that can produce such men—two such men. And all in the same century. We can't be with you always; we are passing away—passing away; soon we shall be gone, and then—well, everything will have to stop, I reckon. It is a sad thought. But in spirit I shall still be with you. Choate, too—if he can.

Nothing to Refute.

"There being nothing to explain, nothing to refute, nothing to excuse, there is nothing left for me to do, now, but resume my natural trade—which is, teaching. At Tuskegee they thoroughly ground the student in the Christian code of morals; they instill into him the indisputable truth that this is the highest and best of all systems of morals; that the nation's greatness, its strength, and its repute among the other nations, is the product of that system; that it is the foundation upon which rests the American character; that whatever is commendable, whatever is valuable in the individual American's character is the flower and fruit of that seed.

"They teach him that this is true in every case, whether the man be a professing Christian or an unbeliever; for we have none but the Christian code of morals, and every individual is under its character-building powerful influence and dominion from the cradle to the grave; he breathes it in with his breath, it is in his blood and bone, it is the web and woof and fibre of his mental and spiritual heredities and ineradicable. And so, every born American among the eighty millions, let his creed or destitution of creed be what it may, is indisputably a Christian to this degree—that his moral constitution is Christian.

Two Codes of Morals

"All this is true, and no student will leave Tuskegee ignorant of it. Then what will he lack, under this head? What is there for me to teach him, under this head, that he may possibly not acquire there, or may acquire in a not sufficiently emphasized form? Why, this large fact, this important fact—that there are two separate and distinct kinds of Christian morals; so separate, so distinct, so unrelated, that they are no more kin to each other than are archangels and politicians. The one kind is Christian private morals, the other is Christian public morals.

"The loyal observance of Christian private morals has made this nation what it is—a clean and upright people in its private domestic life, an honest and honorable people in its private commercial life; no alien nation can claim superiority over it in these regards, no critic, foreign or domestic, can challenge the validity of this truth. During 363 days in the year the American citizen is true to his Christian private morals, and keeps undefiled the nation's character at its best and highest; then in the other two days of the year he leaves his Christian private morals at home, and carries his Christian public morals to the tax office and the polls, and does the best he can to damage and undo his whole year's faithful and righteous worth.

Political Morality.

"Without a blush he will vote for an unclean boss if that boss is his party's Moses, without compunction he will vote against the best man in the whole land if he is on the other ticket. Every year, in a number of cities and states, he helps to put corrupt men in office, every year he helps to extend the corruption wider and wider; year after year he goes on gradually rotting the country's political life; whereas if he would but throw

away his Christian public morals, and carry his Christian private morals to the polls, he could promptly purify the public service and make the possession of office a high and honorable distinction and one to be coveted by the very best men the country could furnish. But now—well, now he contemplates his unpatriotic work and sighs, and grieves, and blames every man but the right one—which is himself.

As to Tax Dodgers

“Once a year he lays aside his Christian private morals and hires a ferry boat and piles up his bonds in a warehouse in New Jersey for three days, and gets out his Christian public morals and goes to the tax office and holds up his hand and swears he wishes he may never-never if he’s got a cent in the world, so help him! The next day the list appears in the papers—a column and a quarter of names, in fine print, and every man in the list a billionaire and a member of a couple of churches.

“I know all those people. I have friendly, social, and criminal intercourse with the whole of them. They never miss a sermon when they are so as to be around, and they never miss swearing-off day, whether they are so as to be around or not. The innocent man can not remain innocent in the disintegrating atmosphere of this thing. I used to be an honest man. I am crumbling. No—I have crumbled. When they assessed me at \$75,000 a fortnight ago, I went out and tried to borrow the money, and couldn’t; then when I found they were letting a whole crop of millionaires live in New York at a third of the price they were charging me, I was hurt, I was indignant, and said: ‘This is the last feather! I am not going to run this town all by myself.’ In that moment—in that memorable moment—I began to crumble.

Mark Twain Disintegrates

“In fifteen minutes the disintegration was complete. In fifteen minutes I was become just a mere moral sand pile; and I lifted up my hand along with those seasoned and experienced deacons, and swore off every rag of personal property I’ve got in the world, clear down to cork leg, glass eye, and what is left of my wig.

“Those tax officers were moved; they were profoundly moved. They had long been accustomed to seeing hardened old grafters act like that, and they could endure the spectacle; but they were expecting better things of me, a chartered professional moralist, and they were saddened. I fell visibly in their respect and esteem, and I should have fallen in my own, except that I had already struck bottom, and there wasn’t any place to fall to.

Does a Gentleman Swear Off?

“At Tuskegee they will jump to misleading conclusions from insufficient evidence, along with Dr. Parkhurst, and they will deceive the student with the superstition that no gentleman ever swears. Look at those good millionaires; aren’t they gentlemen? Well, they swear. Only once a year, maybe, but there’s enough bulk in it to make up for the lost time. And do they lose anything by it? No, they don’t; they save enough in three minutes to support the family seven years. When they swear, do we shudder? No—unless they say damn. Then we do. It shrivels us all up.

“Yet we ought not to feel so about it, because we all swear—everybody. Including the ladies. Including Dr. Parkhurst, that strong and brave and excellent citizen, but superficially educated. For it is not the word that is the sin, it is the spirit back of the word. When an irritated lady says ‘Oh!’ the spirit back of it is ‘damn,’ and that is the way it is going to be recorded against her. It always makes me so sorry when I hear a lady swear like that. But if she says ‘damn,’ and says it in an amiable, nice way, it isn’t going to be recorded at all.

“The idea that no gentleman ever swears is all wrong; he can swear and still be a gentleman if he does it in a nice and benevolent and affectionate way. The historian, John Fiske, whom I knew well and loved, was a spotless and most noble and upright Christian gentleman, and yet he swore once. Not exactly that, maybe; still he—but I will tell you about it.

“One day when he was deeply immersed in his work, his wife came in, much moved and profoundly distressed, and said, ‘I am sorry to disturb you, John, but I must, for this is a serious matter, and needs to be attended to at once.’ Then, lamenting, she brought a grave accusation against their little son. She said: ‘He has been saying his Aunt Mary is a fool and his Aunt Martha is a damned fool.’ Mr. Fiske reflected upon the matter a minute, then said: ‘Oh, well, it’s about the distinction I should make between them myself.’

“Mr. Washington, I beg you to convey these teachings to your great and prosperous and most beneficent educational institution, and add them to the prodigal mental and moral riches wherewith you equip your fortunate protégés for the struggle of life.” [The rest of the article excluded]

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Jean ill, 9 or 8:50, burned on the hot radiator.

Tonight was the great 25th anniversary of the founding of the Tuskegee institute in Alabama, and the meeting was held in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Choate, Mr. Clemens, Booker Washington and a Mr. Ogden spoke. On the platform sat many men and women; those who claimed my attention were Mr. Gilder, Mr. Moncure D. Conway, Rev. Percy Grant and a row of very fine looking colored men. In our box was mother, Mr. Twichell, Mr. Paine and Miss Hobby—and two strangers. The house was packed, throngs were turned away. Dr. Quintard had tried days ago to get a seat, but wasn't able to. While we were taking off our coats a wave of applause burst and we hurried to the front of the box to see the speakers, Mr. Clemens leading, making their way to the front of the stage. ~~I was so excited that I wanted to cry & laugh & sing &~~ the interest didn't flag a minute even if Mr. Choate did "get through with his speech long before he finished it", as Mr. Paine said, and even if Mr. Ogden did give too many statistics. It was a meeting for a great cause, but statistics go best in annual reports, when great genius is so close, and so magnetic. His speech was fine, he hit the voters, tax paying citizens, a fearless rap and the whole audience winced and visibly too. It's as Mr. Clemens said, "The innocent who could laugh with joy didn't dare to because they were sitting beside a guilty friend who didn't dare to" [MTP TS 16-17].

Duffield Osborne (1858-1917), **Secretary for Author's Club**, NYC wrote to announce that Sam had been unanimously recommended for honorary membership on Jan 18 [MTP]. *Note:* see ca. Jan 24 reply.

January 23 Tuesday – Virgil Rule wrote as chairman of a committee for the Pike County Colony in St. Louis to invite Sam to their annual dinner on Mar. 3, 1906 [MTP]. *Note:* Allowing for five days postal service, Sam's reply to Isabel V. Lyon to "Decline," would have been approximately **Jan. 29**

Clemens' A.D. for this day included: About the meeting at Carnegie Hall, in interest of Booker Washington's Tuskegee Institute—Leads up to unpleasant political incident which happened to Mr. Twichell—ends with "The Character of Man" [AMT 1: 302-315].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Mr. Clemens was in wonderful shape last night. Mr. Paine said of him this morning that he was King—yes—he was far and away the King above all the others. Take all the distinguished company together and in it you couldn't find the wonder that there was in his personality as he stepped lightly out before his applauding audience. He doesn't ever seem to walk, and yet I wonder often how he can kick up the rugs as he does. Tonight Mr. Clemens had a letter from Mrs. Ella Howland. She had read the "King Leopold's Soliloquy" and after she had paid her tribute to the power of the pamphlet she wrote—"Money have I none, but I'll work like 'Hell' to help the cause." Her zeal moved Mr. Clemens almost to tears. He shouted with joy & then read it all over again—and said he'd "take *that* letter to Washington next week" [MTP TS 17; also Hawkins 168 in part]. *Note:* **Ella M. Howland** not further identified.

Frederick Upham Adams (1859-1921), inventor and author wrote from Hastings-on-Hudson, NY to Sam.

I was much interested and amused over your address of last evening, and take the liberty of enclosing a copy of an 'open letter' which I have written to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and which will be the first in a series which will be syndicated by McClure, Phillips & Company. I hope it will prove more serious than humorous.

I had the pleasure years ago of helping try to entertain you in the old Whitechapel Club of Chicago, along with Peter Dunne (Mr. Dooley) and other good friends, and have met you many times formally and informally since. With very best wishes... [MTP].

Sebastiano Cecchi of Haskard, Bankers wrote from Florence, Italy to Sam, announcing the death of Senator **Odoardo Luchini** at age 61 from nephritis. He advised a balance in Sam's account of 2,004.45 in Sam's favor [MTP]. *Note:* the amount likely in Lire, but not specified.

January 24 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **Mr. and Mrs. William P. Gordon** in Bunker Hill, Illinois.

I have just received your golden-wedding At Home, & am trying to adjust my focus to it & realize how much it means. It carries me back, with a single prodigious sweep, almost to the half-century mere-stone. It brings before me Mrs. Gordon, young, round-limbed & handsome, & with her the Youngbloods & their babies, & Laura Wright, that unspoiled little maid, that fresh flower of the woods & the prairies. All this is inconceivably long ago! it seems measurable only by astronomical terms & geological periods. Life was a fairy tale then, it is a tragedy now. When I was 43 & John Hay 41, he said life was always a tragedy after 40, & I disputed it. Three years ago he reminded me of this & challenged me to testify again: I counted my graves, & there was nothing for me to say.

I am old; I recognise it, but I don't realize it. I wonder if anybody ever really ceases to feel young — I mean, for a whole day at a time. My love to you both, & to all of us that are left [MTP]. *Note:* **William C. Youngblood** was a pilot on the *John J. Roe* when Sam met **Laura Wright**, Youngblood's niece in May 1858 [MTL 1: 114n7]. **Gordon** may have been an officer on the *Roe*.

Sam also wrote a short note to **Magnus Gross**, educator and President of the NYC Teachers' Organization: "Dear Sir: / I thank you very much for the compliment of your invitation, but I am obliged to decline it as I have made all the engagements for this year that I can keep" [MTP]. *Note:* Gross' invitation not extant.

Sam received the illustrations for "A Horse's Tale."

Clemens' A.D. for this day: Tells of the defeat of **James G. Blaine** for the Presidency, and how Clemens's, **Joe Twichell's**, and Rev. **Francis Goodwin's** votes were cast for **Grover Cleveland** [AMT 1: 315-319].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

It was a living picture that went along before me today in the upper hall. This afternoon Mr. Hitchcock came with the illustrations for *The Horse's Tale*. They are lovely, full of heart and life, and Mr. Clemens got out of bed to go into the study to look at them. Jean had been promised that she should see them, and when I suggested that they be taken up to her room, where she is confined by a burned arm, Mr. Clemens said he'd take one of them, and I could carry the rest. So up we came; Mr. Clemens ahead with his sliding-off old grey slippers flopping on every step and his delicate ankles, looking so very slim from under his long tan colored Vienna dressing gown. Along the hall he went—the light ahead shining through his hair like a halo—all eagerness to show the pictures of "Soldier Boy" to Jean. But Jean as only half aware.

Later I telephoned to Mr. Duneka about Mr. Clemens's pleasure over the pictures. Duneka has been having a hard time to find an artist for *Eve's Diary*. There doesn't seem to be anybody but Strothman, to his mind, and while he is good as an illustrator for *Adam's Diary*, he could never do *Eve's*. Mr. Duneka seems to think there was a dearth of subjects for *Eve*, but Mr. Clemens counted up 36 in a short time dictating them to me and I sent that list to Duneka [MTP TS 17-18; also Hill 120 in part]. *Notes:* **Fred Strothman** (1879-1958) illustrated *Extracts From Adam's Diary*; **Lester Ralph** (1877-1927), *Eve's Diary*. See a discussion of these books and illustrators in the 1996 Oxford facsimile volume of both, afterword p. 21-26. 55 illustrations were published in *Eve's Diary* appearing on each text-facing page.

Winifred Holt for the N.Y. Assoc. for the Blind wrote to thank Sam for his \$5 contribution; she would send invitations for the Mar. 29 meeting so he could give them to appreciative friends [MTP].

Ella M. Howland wrote to Sam, impressed by the pamphlet, "King Leopold's Soliloquy." A printed letter from the Congo Reform Assoc. is in the file with Howland's letter, folded to fit the accompanying envelope [MTP]. *Note:* see Lyon's journal entry of Jan. 23, which suggests this date is off.

Dennis J. Mahoney wrote from Mahanoy ? City, Pa. to Sam after reading his speech at Carnegie Hall. Sam was "a true American" [MTP]. *Note:* Sam replied on Feb. 3; see entry.

Mrs. M. Wortman wrote from Leadville, Colo. to offer Sam her cure for rheumatism, “so cheap and simple”—cream of tarter and Asafoetida pills [MTP]. *Note:* from an Indian herb, also called “Devil’s dung.”

An **unidentified** “old, old woman” wrote from Hartford to hope that Sam knew Christ “the way, the Truth, and the Life” [MTP].

January 24 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **Duffield Osborne** (1858-1917), author and editor, at this time secretary of the **Authors Club**.

I thank you cordially for the kind words with which you have closed your note; they are very welcome & have given me great pleasure. Are you ever down my way? There are some things which I should like to talk with you privately about. I am leaving town for a week; after that I am quite likely to be at home every day & all day, & shall be glad to hear from you by mail or telephone. My tel address, which is private & not in the book, is— [MTP; a draft]. *Note:* JoDee Benussi identifies an announcement for a May 20, 1915 sale by Anderson Galleries of *HF*, together with “a signed letter by Mark Twain to Duffield Osborne, in which Mark Twain gives ... his private telephone number....” This is almost certainly the original of the above draft, and is given UCCL 09877 by MTP.

January 25, before – Sam wrote a line to the **Tarboro, N.C. Literary Club**, celebrating its eleventh anniversary on Jan. 25 with a “Mark Twain Evening” where quotations from eminent American humorists were read by each member of the club. He wrote: “I wish I could be there. Sincerely...” [MTP: Baltimore Sun, Jan. 29].

January 25 Thursday – At 11:45 a.m. Sam left for **Washington, D.C.** with George Harvey. He would stay until **Jan. 30**. Fatout lists him giving a dinner speech this evening at an unidentified club, and in his **Jan. 23** dictation had entertained the idea of using his old Whittier dinner speech of 1877. He evidently did not do so [MT *Speaking* 674; IVL TS Jan. 25, 1906].

During his Washington stay Clemens would again confer with Secretary of State **Elihu Root** and/or Asst. Secretary **Robert Bacon** about the Congo situation. During this trip he would be informed that the U.S. had not ratified the **Berlin Act of 1885**, which put down rules for the governing of Africa: “that of the fourteen Christian Governments pledged to watch over Leopold and keep him within treaty limits, our Government was not one. Our Government was only sentimentally concerned, not officially, not practically, not by any form of pledge or promise” [Hawkins 163, 168]. *Note:* Sam had assumed the U.S. was a party to the Berlin Act. See previous entries. See also Feb. 10 to Barbour.

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Today Mr. Clemens started off with Mr. Bowen (Col. Harvey’s secy.) at 11:45 for Washington. He was nervous and excited because his clothes weren’t ready and then he flew off to buy a new hat—a derby which he finally didn’t wear, but crushed his old soft hat in a bunch and stuck it in his overcoat pocket & put his silk hat on. Col. Harvey has taken him and he may be back on Sunday or perhaps not until mid-week.

Last night we had music—a steady lovely stream for nearly two hours. Aeolian [Co.] gave of its best. Often and often Mr. Clemens doesn’t hear the music, he couldn’t for his wonderful brain is singing melodies all its own with the music that the Aeolian is making for accompaniment. He has said that often it will start a train of thought that will rise and fall and go on and on with the strains of the music, but he doesn’t know that I am there, it is just disembodied sound, and that’s what I like best—to minister, but to have my ministrations received unconsciously [MTP TS 18-19].

Harry J. Clinton wrote from Dobbs Ferry, NY to send three photos for Twain’s autograph, one for **Roy D. Chapin**, one for **James H. Hare**, and one for himself [MTP].

Lowell C. Frost wrote to Sam, enclosing a check (unspecified) to pay for an autograph [MTP]. *Note:* See Jan. 31 for Sam's unique answer.

Dorothy Scarborough, English teacher at Baylor, Univ. wrote from Waco, Tex. to Sam. "...you have an unlimited number of friends down here, unknown to you." One-third of her class had written about Mark Twain during a 20-minute impromptu writing lesson on "appreciation of some living writer" [MTP].

January 26 Friday – Sam was in **Washington, D.C.**

David Pae for *The People's Friend* / *The Popular Home Journal* (London) wrote to Sam, relating "a recent competition" where their readers were asked "to name their favorite living writer." As a result *HF* and *IA* were tied for best; would Twain agree with this verdict, and if so, which of these was his favorite? [MTP]. *Note:* **Lyon** replied for Sam; allowing for post from London to NY, ten days time, or **ca. Feb. 5**.

Frank B. Swigart, a printer with the St. Louis *Globe Democrat* sent a clipping of his letter to the editor, in which he asks Clemens to send one book to the Printers' Home, Colorado Springs, Colo. [MTP]. Lyon wrote on top: "Mr. Clemens sent A Tramp Abroad Feb. 1, 1906 & wrote in it—'Let us save the tomorrows for work'"

January 27 Saturday – Sam was in **Washington, D.C.** In the evening he attended the **Gridiron Club's** Banquet at the **New Willard Hotel**. The club was celebrating the digging of the **Panama Canal**, and the dining room was transformed into Panama, with the club and guests marching and singing: "We're going to dig the big canal, Hurrah! Hurrah!" to the tune of *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*. "Mark Twain kept pace with the rest, as lively as a boy. Associate Justice Brewer, sedate and dignified, was by his side." Later, speeches were made, including one of about 20 minutes by Mark Twain. Each of the principal speakers were introduced by "appropriate musical numbers., Secretary Root, Secretary Taft, and Mark Twain being especially honored in that way." At dinner Sam sat next to "Uncle Joe" Cannon [NY Times, Jan. 28, 1906, p. 4; Fatout *MT Speaking* 674]. *Note:* **Joseph Gurney Cannon** (1836-1926), Speaker of the House of Representatives (1903-1911), considered by many historians to be the most dominate Speaker in US history. He would later assist Sam in December of 1906 when he came to Washington to speak to a Joint Congressional Committee on Patents.

Isabel Lyon's journal:

This was a tragic day. I came in from a shopping expedition for Jean and others and when I went into her room for tea, she told me that a terrible thing had happened. In a burst of unreasoning rage she struck Katie a terrible blow in the face. The significance of it is what is so terrible, for now she has done what I have seen in her as possible and feared she would do. ~~She is distressed poor child.~~ She described the wave of passion that swept over her as being that of an insane person. She knew she couldn't stop—she had to strike and she said that she wanted to kill and was sorry she hadn't—to her mind it doesn't seem right not to finish any job you have begun and she had wanted to kill Katie [MTP TS 19-20; also Hill 120-1 in part].

Lystra weighs in on the case for and against Jean striking **Katy Leary**:

That Jean hit Katy in the face seems possible, though Jean herself never mentioned the incident in her diary or letters. ... The incident may have been accidental, occurring during one of Jean's grand mal seizures, characterized as they are by involuntary movements of the arms and legs. ... Katy offers no clues about this incident. ... If Katy had any notion that Jean had tried to kill her in 1906, the down-to-earth housekeeper proved mighty charitable in her later portrayal. ... Lyon's interpretation was strikingly negative, visibly framing the event as an expression of homicidal passion [53-5]. *Note:* in that time, epilepsy was considered by many to be the cause of criminality. Likely the sensitive, melodramatic Isabel Lyon imagined what her fears shaped, and she was definitely afraid of Jean during seizures.

The Gridiron Club sent Sam an engraved invitation to a dinner at the New Willard Hotel, Washington, D.C. Saturday evening, Jan. 27 at 7:30 p.m. [MTP].

Edmund D. Morel wrote again urging, “Don’t ‘retire from Congo’...altogether” [Hawkins 167; MTP].

Joe Twichell wrote to Sam, pasting a Jan. 26 Hartford *Courant* squib at the top, “Mark Twain’s Coachman Ill.” Joe was going to see him (**Patrick McAleer**) without fail. Also, he had a call the previous night from the President of the Hartford Yale Alumni Assoc. “whose errand was to extend to you, through me, an urgent invitation and request to come to the Annual Banquet...Feb. 9th and offer a few remarks” [MTP]. *Note:* Sam did not attend.

January 28 Sunday – Sam was in **Washington, D.C.** The New York *Times* of Jan. 30, p.9 “Views of Mark Twain on Being in Congress,” reported Sam hosting a luncheon at his hotel for “Uncle Joe” Cannon, Speaker of the House, and his publisher, **George B. Harvey**.

On Saturday night he [Twain] attended the Gridiron dinner and noticed a great many people whose pictures he had seen. He is a little timid, but he easily made some acquaintances there, one of who was this Mr. Cannon already referred to. Mr. Cannon seemed to like him, and Mr. Twain was pleased at that. They struck up such a friendship that Mr. Twain invited Mr. Cannon to come and have luncheon with him at his hotel on Sunday.

On that day at 1 o’clock Mr. Cannon showed up, not in his famous homespun dress, but in another suit. Mr. Twain told Mr. Cannon he was disappointed, and Mr. Cannon promised to wear the homespun suit the next time he met Mr. Twain. They had a good time, and ate many things, and Mr. Harvey, a friend of Mr. Twain’s who prints the things Mr. Twain writes, was there, too. When Mr. Cannon went away he asked Mr. Twain to come and see him at his office at the foot of Pennsylvania Avenue, and see how he did his work [See Tues. **Jan. 30** for a continuation of this story]

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Jean—12:30 and 9:30 P.M.” [MTP TS 20].

January 29 Monday – Sam was in **Washington, D.C.** Fatout lists him as giving remarks on copyright [MT Speaking 674].

Charles Alexander, Editor of *Alexander’s Magazine* (“dedicated to the interests of the black people in every part of the world”) wrote to Sam. He had a copy of “King Leopold’s Soliloquy” and also *The Story of the Congo Free State* by **Henry Wellington Wack**. Was Sam acquainted with Wack, and was his story of the Congo “worthy of belief?” Sam’s reply would be kept confidential [MTP]. *Note:* Sam answered Jan.31.

D. Ceall wrote from Rotterdam, Holland to offer himself as a fan [MTP].

Lee Crandall of Globe, Ariz. left his calling card at Sam’s NY house, writing on the back, “Here opposing joint statehood with New Mexico” [MTP].

A.B. Dodge wrote from Manchester, N.H. to ask Sam where he might get a copy or two of “King Leopold’s Soliloquy” [MTP].

Harper & Brothers wrote to Sam, wishing to renew the copyright on “Punch Brothers, Punch and Other Sketches” published in 1878 by Slote, Woodman & Co.; and could he tell them the name of the “Other Sketches” in the same pamphlet? The original copyright would expire on Mar. 14 [MTP].

Phoebe Holmes wrote to Sam on Board of Education, Eastern High School, Washington, D.C. letterhead to explain the recent production there of his Meisterschaft piece. They hadn't realized it was copyrighted [MTP]. *Note:* two days is allowed for postal time, with an estimated **ca. Jan. 31** for Isabel Lyon's answer for Sam.

Olive Robbins, a schoolgirl, wrote from Roxbury, Mass. to ask for Twain's autograph [MTP].

January 29 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam directed **Isabel Lyon** to decline the **Jan. 23** invitation of **Virgil Rule** [MTP]. *Note:* the MTP catalogs this directive as “on or after 23 Jan.” Five days postal service from St. Louis is allowed here.

January 30 Tuesday – Sam was in **Washington, D.C.** until the afternoon, when he returned to NY [IVL TS 13]. By invitation Sam went to “**Uncle Joe**” **Cannon's** office to watch him work as Speaker of the House. NY *Times* of this date continued from **Jan. 28** entry:

So Mr. Twain showed up there this afternoon, but he did not see Mr. Cannon do any work, at least not much. He and Mr. Cannon sat in the Speaker's room and told stories all the time. Mr. Cannon must have got interested in what Mr. Twain had to say, for after a while he put his feet on the top of his table and crossed his thumbs, and that is always a sign that Mr. Cannon is interested. Mr. Twain sat alongside him and talked in a slow drawl. Mr. Cannon talked fully as much as Mr. Twain, and the philosopher enjoyed hearing what he said.

“What did we talk about?” said Mr. Twain afterward. “Well, we just swapped lies.”

The Speaker was not the only man Mr. Twain saw. He met a great many Senators and people like that.

“And,” said Mr. Twain, “there were a good many flights of imagination in what those people said. But the Speaker and I stuck pretty close to the truth.”

He reflected on this for a moment, and then seemed to fear that he had been too hasty. “At least,” he amended, “I did. I don't know whether or not the Speaker stretched a point or two.”

Mr. Twain was asked how he came to go to the Capitol.

“Well,” he said, “I wanted to see my old friend Joe Cannon.”

“Is Mr. Cannon an old friend of yours?” he was asked.

“I call him an old friend,” explained Mr. Twain, “because I met him for the first time on Saturday night, and a man you meet on a Saturday night is always an old friend. I sat beside him at the Gridiron dinner, and I gradually came to have a good opinion of him. If the dinner had lasted half an hour longer I think we would have been calling each other Joe and Sam.

Samuel is Mr. Twain's family name—the one his family uses.

“But it did not,” added Mr. Twain, “and so I have not called him Joe yet. Perhaps I will the next time I come.”

Mr. Twain and Mr. Cannon took luncheon together, and Mr. Twain looked the Senate over and saw more people whose pictures he had seen. Then he went back to his hotel and gave a dinner to a few friends. He does not know when he will go back.

The *Kansas City (Mo.) Star*, p. 1 reported more of Twain's activities:

MARK TWAIN VISITS CONGRESS.

The Senators Take Mr. Clemens to Lunch With Them.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30.—Mark Twain and Congress saw each other to-day. Before they separated each knew the other fairly well. Mr. Clemens did not shy at Congress, but Congress did shy a little at Mark. Mark Twain's hair was the first thing that attracted the attention of Congress. From the floor and galleries he looked like Chief Justice Fuller. After watching his hair for a time the Senate decided to get better acquainted and Colonel George B. Harvey and Mr. Clemens were invited to come down and see the Vice President. Mr. Fairbanks glanced at Mr. Clemens's hair and looked as if he would like to know him better so that he might ask what tonics he used. Thinking it over, Mr. Fairbanks carefully brushed four hairs over his bald spot. The

Vice President was about to present his visitors with his autographed photographs when other senators came romping in and insisted that Mr. Clemens and Colonel Harvey take luncheon with them in the Senate restaurant.

“We lunched and lied together,” Mr. Clemens said in describing the luncheon.

[*Note*: **Melville Weston Fuller** (1833-1910): Chief Justice from 1888-1910; **Charles Warren Fairbanks** (1852-1918) served in T. Roosevelt’s second administration. Fairbanks, Alaska is named after him.]

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Tonight as Jean and Barry Faulkner and I sat in the drawing-room Mr. Clemens returned from Washington, tired and jaded with a cold brewing. He had had a beautiful time, restful and enjoyable, but the evening before at a banquet he sat with his back toward a draft of some kind—either hot or cold—and though he finally changed places with Major Leigh, the deed had been done. He didn’t want to change places with the Major, for from his seat he could command the great dining room full of pretty women in beautiful garments; and to him the sight was a lovely one.

It is good to have him home again. He sat with us for a few minutes and then with one of his graceful goodnight salutations he went up to bed, and to a hot foot bath and hot whiskey and a steaming of eucalyptus and benzoin administered by that faithful, comforting, competent Katie [MTP TS 20].

William A. Caldwell wrote to Sam on *The California News* letterhead, Berkeley, Calif. Caldwell told of a letter he’d rec’d from a man in Washington, D.C. about the thought behind a word. The man referred to Sam’s recent talk at Carnegie Hall, that when a woman missed her train and said “Oh!” with the thought behind the word being “damn!” [MTP].

H.A. Lorberg wrote from Portsmouth, Ohio to Sam, asking about a photo he’d sent that he wanted Sam to sign [MTP]. *Note*: Lyon wrote on the letter: “This man is as bad as Mr. Clemens’s maxim is good about an uneasy conscience & a hair in the mouth—He has been pestering Mr. Clemens for more than 2 ½ years.”

Helen J. Sanborn wrote to Sam. “Dear sir, / Mrs Pearmain of Boston at whose home I had the pleasure of hearing your delightful Andalusian story said that you desire to introduce to your daughter Carolina Marcial the young Spanish girl whom you met at the College Club and at Mrs. Pearmain’s.” Helen was going to bring her to NY in March, as “she speaks with great power and effect” [MTP].

January 31 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam replied to **Charles Alexander’s Jan. 29: .**

The charges against Leopold are proven to the hilt by unimpeachable testimony. A small percentage of this vast mass of testimony is offered as a sample in King Leopold’s Soliloquy. In the face of this formidable testimony what Mr. Wack or any other man may say in favor of Leopold is a matter of small consequence. There is not white wash enough on the planet to modify Leopold’s complexion. Leopold’s commission, a jury packed by himself, has confirmed & established the validity of the charges. This puts all the whitewashers out of commission [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Lowell C. Frost**. “Your check has already gone to a charity which needs it, & which, for economic reasons, I had declined to contribute to, although it is on my annual list. I assure you I feel as good & benevolent & exemplary as if the money had come out of my own pocket” [MTP].

Sam also sent **Mr. Gummere** some standard wording to decline an invitation [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Duffield Osborne**, secretary of the Authors Club: “Dear Sir: The recommendation to honorary membership affords me great gratification, & I beg to return my best thanks for it. I was not aware of the Club’s earlier action (of Nov. 17, 1896), or I should have made an acknowledgment of it” [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Two or three days ago when Mr. Clemens and Col. Harvey were in Washington they called on Wayne MacVeagh with the object in view of trying to induce him to write his autobiography. Mr. MacV. said he couldn’t ever drive the pen again, it wouldn’t be possible. He has been in public life for 50 years and was as close to Lincoln as he was to Mr. Clemens when Lincoln made his famous Gettysburg speech, “and that was enough to make an autobiography go” Mr. Clemens said.

Mr. Clemens described to him his own joy in dictating his autobiography and suggested that he talk an hour a day to begin with and he’d soon see how easily he could slip along into two hours. And he said that even if Mr. MacVeagh is “seventy years old” he is still a very young man in spirit [MTP TS 20-21].

Laura K. Hudson wrote to thank Sam for his “very kind note and—later on—the promised copy of the old ‘Atlantic Monthly’...” [MTP].

Joe Twichell wrote to Sam, sorry to say that the news about **Patrick McAleer** was very bad. Patrick had been operated on and was deluded in thinking he would soon recover, but a nurse told Joe there was no hope; for his cancer of the liver [MTP].

January 31 ca. – **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to **Phoebe Holmes’ Jan. 29**: “Matter of no consequence. Really mustn’t trouble herself—it hasn’t troubled Mr. Clemens in the least degree” [MTP].

February – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **Edward E. Clarke**. “DEAR SIR,—I have found the original manuscript and with great pleasure I transmit it herewith, also a printed copy. It is a matter of great pride to me to have any word of mine concerning the world’s supremest heroine honored by a place in that Museum” [MTP: Paine’s 1917 *Mark Twain’s Letters*, p.789].

Fatout lists Sam for a dinner speech, possibly sometime in Feb. 1906, at the **General Miles Dinner** in N.Y.C. [MT *Speaking* 674]. *Note*: Gen. **Nelson Appleton Miles** (1839-1925), medal of honor recipient for his service in the Civil War at Chancellorsville; he also was in the Indian Wars and the Spanish-American War.

Burr McIntosh Monthly (NY) ran **Paul Thompson’s** article “Men of Note: Samuel Langhorne Clemens,” p. 49. Tenney: “A short, conventional biographical sketch. On the facing page is a photograph of MT, ‘copyright by Marceau, Boston’” [“A Reference Guide Third Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1979 p. 190].

February 1 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **Andrew Carnegie**. “I am requested to ask you to read the accompanying letter, and I comply, not reluctantly but with pleasure” [MTP]. *Note*: The letter enclosed not specified.

Sam also sent an inscribed copy of *TA* to **Frank B. Swigart**: “*Let us save tomorrows for work*” [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Frederic Remington**.

The book is exceedingly interesting, & I thank you very much for sending it to me.

Up to 1811 (steam navigation) those vast rivers were not valuable; they were valuable 60 years (until 1870); they have had no value since; they have been flowing a million years. The questions arises, what were they made for, anyway? [MTP]. *Note*: Gribben identifies the book as *History of Early Steamboat Navigation*

on the Missouri River, etc. by **Hiram Martin Chittenden** (1858-1917); the book was inscribed: “To Saml L. Clemens / from / Frederic Remington / 1906” [141].

Clemens’ A.D. for this day continued the subject of Jan. 24 about **Joe Twichell’s** unpopular vote for **Grover Cleveland** [AMT 1: 319-323].

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Poultney [sic] Bigelow joined us at tea today. He looked worried & white for the great controversy he has stirred up in the government by his article on Panama has brought disaster to him. He is too honest, too fearless. He lost the friendship of Emperor William by his frank statements, and now he has lost the friendship of President Roosevelt [MTP TS 21].

James A. Renwick sent a note of receipt for \$291.67 for Feb. rent [MTP].

February 2 Friday – Jean Clemens suffered three more epileptic attacks. **Isabel Lyon’s journal:**

Jean—9 A.M., 6 P.M., 10 P.M.

I had a very plain talk with Mr. Clemens this morning about Jean’s condition and told him how on Tuesday I had talked with Dr. [Edward] Quintard. The dreadfulness of it all swept over him as I knew it would and with that fiercest of all his looks in his face he blazed out against the swindle of life and the treachery of a God that can create disease and misery and crime—create things that men would be condemned for creating—that men would be ashamed to create. Looking up at the face of little Jean—the picture that hangs over Mr. Clemens’s bed—one can seem to see angry, pitiful, helpless tears there—tears over the swindle of *her* life. Dr. Quintard is going to change her treatment, and they are going to give up Dr. Starr.

This afternoon a messenger came with a note from Mr. Frank Fuller asking Mr. Clemens to call on Mr. Fuller’s ill, ill wife. I telephoned to him that Mr. Clemens would be happy to do so, and tomorrow afternoon at 5 has been set for the call. When I went up to Mr. Clemens’s room with a second note from Mr. Fuller, this time a note of gratitude, I asked Mr. Clemens about Mr. Fuller and he said that he was acting Governor of the Territory of Utah in 1861 when Mr. Clemens stopped there for 2 or 3 days on his way to the Pacific Coast for the first time. He went on to say that now “Fuller is a thousand years old, but he didn’t look it until a year ago” (his voice sounded crackly with age over the telephone) and that in those early days in 1867 when Mr. Clemens came east, Mr. Fuller met him in New York and because he had a local reputation in California wanted to have him lecture in New York’s biggest hall, Cooper Union, and they’d pack the house. Mr. Clemens said it couldn’t be done, Mr. Fuller said it could, so he started in to advertise this new lecturer and kept it up for 8 days, but it “didn’t draw a customer”. Mr. Clemens said then that they must paper the house—so Fuller sent bushel baskets of complimentary tickets to all the teachers of all the schools in or near New York, and to swell people in the city and the place was crammed, even the platform. People were turned away in shoals—and the manager took in \$35. Got it from curious folks who wondered what was going on and so paid their dollar apiece to satisfy their curiosity. Characteristically Mr. Clemens didn’t tell whether he pleased those people or not [MTP TS 22-23; also Hill 121 in part].

Clemens’ A.D. for this day continued the subject of Feb. 1—The Death of **Susy Clemens**—Ends with mention of **Dr. John Brown** [AMT 1: 323-328].

American Mechanical Cashier sent a notice of a stockholders’ meeting on Feb. 13 at 3.30 p.m. in Jersey City [MTP].

The Architectural League sent an engraved invitation for their annual dinner on this evening at 7 p.m. in the American Fine Arts Building, requesting an answer [MTP].

Nanon Toby wrote from NYC to Sam. Toby had been a fan since childhood, and requested Sam to send him any “literary aspirants” requesting criticism that Clemens had no time for [MTP].

February 3 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **Dennis J. Mahoney**.

Dear Mr. Mahoney: / If you go on trying to make better Americans of the people whom you meet you cannot be better employed. You will be doing your best, you will be doing your full share, & nothing more can be required of any man. / May you prosper— ... [MTP]. *Note:* Mahoney not further identified.

Sam also wrote to **Gertrude Natkin**, 138 W. 98th in N.Y.C.

Now then, dear, I will recal myself to your remembrance—then I will proceed. Do you remember coming out of Carnegie Hall one day & exchanging views concerning the weather with a white-headed patriarch with a limp & a glass eye? Very well, I am that patriarch.

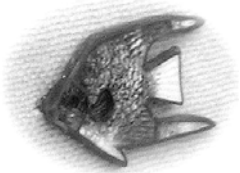
And so, to business. A gentleman has just been here who represents the West Side Y. M. C. A., & he says that every Sunday afternoon at 3.30 p.m he fills the Majestic Theatre, 59th & Broadway, with his young fellows & they listen to lectures furnished by prominent men. I don't lecture any more, but I promised to introduce one of his lecturers for him. I chose Gen. Horace Porter, late Ambassador to France, because I have known him 30 years. He is to talk on the 18th of this month unless he is obliged to go to Washington on Hague Tribunal business; in which case he will do his talk a week later, on the 25th.

Would you like to hear him? A few ladies are admitted—very few. They stick them around, here & there in boxes — none on the floor, which is reserved for the young fellows. My secretary (whom you saw with me) is invited, & is going. Could you come, with your father or your mother, or both?

If you come I shall want to send you a written order on those people to see to it that you are not left outside or there will be trouble. And won't you be a good child & come & speak to me?

I kiss your hand, dear.

Your oldest friend [MTAq 10].



Gertrude Natkin replied to Sam, delighted at his invitation for herself and her mother, which she was “more than delighted to accept.” When she read his letter of this date she wrote, “I could have kissed you; but perhaps that will hold good for another time” [MTAq 11]. *Note:* Cooley points out that Natkin didn't become an angelfish but that his “correspondence with her points the way to the Aquarium and the dozen young ladies who were to become angelfish” [2]. *insert angelfish pin*

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Today Mr. Clemens was in one of his most interesting moods. He had no dictating to do and we went over a big waiting pile of mail & he talked about the dictated ms. and he red me scraps out of a new book. He said that Andrew D. White's autobiography is too expensive, which it is at \$7.50, but good to have of course, and then he swung off onto the subject of “man” the helplessness of him and his entire lack of “free will”. I didn't know how strong a fatalist he is until this morning. Every deed is leading right on toward the next. “We're nothing but a rag bag of disappeared ancestors.” He swung up and down the room in his brown robe, smoking one cigar after another. Such a glorious creature he is! When I'm tired or nervous and worried and have to go to his room with a budget, it doesn't take long for his influence to quiet me. It is his greatness, his genius, his magnetism, his strong humanness, and his great sweet soul [MTP TS 23-24; also Gribben 760 in part]. *Note:* **Andrew Dickson White** (1832-1918).

Helen J. Sanborn wrote from Winter Hill, Mass. to inform Sam that the young Spanish girl **Carolina Marcial** whom he wished to introduce to Jean would be in NYC from Apr. 2 to 13, and would speak on the evening of Apr. 2 at the Hotel Savoy before the Presbyterian Union [MTP].

The New York *Times*, p. BR65 announced a new volume from **Harper & Brothers**:

Autobiographical Dictations resumed on a regular basis—M-F for two hours during 1906 and 1907

“Mark Twain, Humorous Editor.”

“Men and Things” is the title of the first volume of a series—constituting a sort of encyclopaedia of humor—which the Harpers are publishing, with Mark Twain as titular compiler. Much of Mr. Clemens’s own work is included, and the series is a development of a single volume published as long ago as 1888. “Men and Things” is to be published some time after the middle of the month.

February 4 Sunday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Richard R. Bowker** asking when “a copyright meeting of importance in Washington or elsewhere” would take place [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Yesterday Mr. Paine gave to Mr. Clemens and me copies of the first Tammany Tiger designed by Nast. Mr. Paine is a generous man, it is a comfort to have his presence in the house and to know that every morning he is working over Mr. Clemens’s autobiographical papers. He is bringing into order the clippings and letters and everything.

Today Mr. Clemens lunched with Mr. and Mrs. John W. Alexander and Maude Adams. We didn’t see him on his returns; but at tea time when Mr. Montague and Mr. and Mrs. Loomis were here and he came down to join us he told what a delightful time he had had and how charming Miss Adams was in her description of the great interest that the children take in her play of Peter Pan. To them it is a reality. They write letters to her about the wonderful flying and one little boy sent her five cents to pay for telling him just how it is done [MTP TS 24]. *Note:* Nast first drew the Tammany Tiger in 1871; it was first published in *Harper’s Weekly*. See insert.



Edward E. Clarke wrote to Sam from Hastings, England. Clarke referred to Clemens’ Dec. 1904 article on Joan of Arc. He had sent copies of it to various French authorities and asked if Sam would send the MS for the article to be placed in a French artifact collection. A listing of artifacts referred to is not in the file [MTP].

Samuel Johnson Woolf, graphic artist, journalist, and illustrator (1880-1948), wrote from NYC enclosing a note from Col. George Harvey. Woolf wished to paint Twain’s portrait and since Sam had “so kindly consented to sit” he wished to know when he should come [MTP]. *Note:* shortly after this letter, a reply was made (not extant) and an appointment set for Clemens to sit for Woolf. The following article is Woolf’s account of the meeting (day not specified, which ran in *Collier’s*, vol. 45, no. 8, 1910, pages 42-44, and now shown on Schmidt’s website:

It was on an afternoon in February 1906, [**Feb. 9**] that I had my first appointment to meet Mark Twain and make arrangements for sittings for a portrait which I was to paint of him.

At that time he lived in the old-fashioned red-brick house on the corner of Ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, the one he occupied up to the time that he moved to Stormfield. Promptly at the appointed time I called, and passing through a hall filled on either side with book-cases, I was ushered into a long, high-ceilinged front parlor so characteristic of the older New York houses. Book-cases here filled all sides of the room, and, with a hasty glance, I noticed Macaulay’s “England,” Gibbon’s “Rome,” and Carlyle’s works. Two large pictures also attracted my attention; one of him painted in Italy and Alexander’s charming decorative representation of the unfortunate Jean Clemens.

I had little time for observing more, for, on looking through the open folding doors, and which led to a cozy sitting-room, I caught my first sight of the venerable author who had but a few months before passed his seventieth milestone.

How different, in most cases, are the impressions that photographs and portraits give from those received when we stand face to face with the original! How unlike were all the pictures which I had seen of him. At that time he still wore his black clothes, and his entire head seemed strikingly pale. Instead of the rugged, weather-beaten face which I had expected, I saw one softer and calmer, but no less strong, while the delicacy and refinement of his features were most noticeable. His hair, too, which I had always thought wiry, was glossy and silken. Never have I seen a head where it seemed more an integral part—its ivory-like tones melting imperceptibly into the lighter hues of the skin, so that the line of juncture was almost entirely lost. Even his hands betrayed a more actively nervous man than one would be led to imagine a former river-pilot could be. In build he was smaller and slighter than he appeared in most pictures, though it probably was the massiveness of his head that gave this appearance.

On hearing me in the other room, and without waiting for me to be announced, he got up from a long sofa which was placed crossways in a bay window, and removing a pair of steel spectacles, he wrinkled his bushy white eyebrows until his eyes were almost lost, and came forward with a short “How d’ye do?”

My heart fell: so here was America’s humorist; how glum, how severe! But scarcely had I time to record these impressions than the eyebrows relaxed, and beginning at the corner of his deep-set eyes, a smile, no, not a smile, but rather a soft reflection of one, illumined his face; and underneath the glow of kindly sweetness could be seen the touch of sadness.

“So you have come here to do me, my boy; come in and sit down: I have been done before,” he added, “in many ways, and I have also had some portraits painted, though each one I vowed would be the last; and as I don’t believe any one’s word should be broken in at least ten years, I guess you will really be the last one to do it. Wait until you look around, and I think you will agree that I am perfectly preserved—in oil, at least.”

Reminiscences

Before deciding upon a suitable place to paint, we talked. He had seen a portrait of an actor which I had painted recently, so we, or rather he, talked of the stage and his one excursion into dramatic literature, “The Gilded Age.” Getting up from the sofa and clasping his hands behind his back, he walked up and down the room, recalling scenes of thirty or more years ago, and stopping in front of the marble mantel now and then while he emphasized some especial point.

“They thought they could kill it,” he began; “the morning after the first performance all the critics damned it—not a word in its favor; the second night we had hardly a handful of people.” Up to this point there was resentment in his voice. The plaint of the unappreciated was heard, but suddenly changing his tone, he went on, the smile again beginning to break.

“I grew anxious for my personal safety. But the third night there were almost two handfuls and several laughs, and at the end of the second week those of our friends who had not lent a willing hand had to pay for their seats. Yes, if you have something to say, say it often enough and folks will be bound to listen.” Suddenly remembering what I was there for, he said: “But this isn’t painting the portrait; we have work to do, both of us.” And so he took me from one room to the other, pointing out cherished tokens and mementoes.

Into the dining-room with its colonial furniture and a portrait of himself painted years ago by Frank Millet. “It’s all mine, except the hair,” he remarked. I looked in bewilderment. “It was this way,” he explained, “when I started sitting for that one, my hair was fairly long, but as the sittings continued, it grew until it was uncomfortable. So one day, without saying anything to Millet about it, I went to the barber to have it trimmed. Unfortunately, I grew sleepy in the comfortable chair, and when I woke up I saw that I had lost all likeness to my portrait. I didn’t know what to do, for I was afraid of Millet in those days, so on the day for the next sitting I hired a wig and went to the studio. When I got there Millet at once noticed how fine my hair looked and painted it, and it wasn’t until the session was ended that I took it off.”

Then we went upstairs to his bedroom, in which, in contrast to the rest of the house, everything was in a delightful disorder. On the window-sill stood his shaving glass and cup, while on either side of a large dark wood Italian bed, with two carved angels over the head, were tables covered with books and pipes. Opening off of this room was his den, also filled with books, and how his eyes glistened as he showed the various little keepsakes which brought back the memories of dead years. A silver loving-cup, a Bismarck tobacco jar, a drawing by Howard Pyle of the menu for his seventieth birthday dinner, together with the gilded laurel wreath with which a young girl dressed as Joan of Arc had crowned him on that occasion.

It was finally decided that the sofa in the room between the parlor and the dining-room would be the best place for him to pose. It was there as a usual thing he would sit after lunch and smoke and dream. On one side of the room was a large organ, and often during the sittings either his daughter or secretary would play. Music seems to appeal to him, rather from the associations it recalled than on its own account; and often when some old ballad or war song was played, a peculiar look would steal across his face, and his eyes would fill with tears; then, as the melody changed and some other remembrance came to him, he would pass it off with a light remark, joking in a way at his own seriousness. But that seemed to be especially characteristic of him—no matter how deep the thought that engaged his attention, by a peculiar process of mental conjuring he changed his appearance, or perhaps his point of view, so as to make it present a lighter side. In doing this he never for one moment lost sight of the original depth, but felt rather that by donning the cap and bells he could hold the attention and preach and amuse simultaneously.

At the end of one of the sitting he got up and came over to see the progress which I made on the picture. "Make me beautiful," he said; "remember, truth is your most valuable possession; therefore don't waste it." At another time two friends, very tall men came in to see him, to ask him to take a walk on the avenue. "With you two!" said he, standing between them and taking each by the arm, "never, never shall it be said that Mark Twain was the cross-piece of a capital H."

His Interest in His Hair

After two or three sittings he saw that talking did not interfere with my work, and sometimes he conversed during the entire sitting. One day, however, he said: "I am afraid my talking bothers you. I guess you are one of the few people who would be willing to pay me to keep quiet." I assured him that such was by no means the case, and that, far from interfering with the progress of the picture, it helped me.

If he was vain about anything in his personal appearance, it was his hair; and that I should get it right in the picture seemed to give him the greatest concern. Several times he gave me suggestions as to the way he wore it, asking me to wait until he went upstairs and brushed it. Then he would come down with it rearranged, and I would get to work again.

As the head began to near completion, he wanted to know what I would do with his hands, for I had them only sketched in, so as to get the general arrangement of the entire figure on the canvas. "I guess a book would look better in them," he remarked, smilingly, one day, "even if a cigar is more natural." I solved the difficulty by putting a cigar in one hand and a book in the other, as one seemed as much a part of him as the other.

One day while I was there a prominent New York paper called him up on the telephone and offered to give one hundred dollars to any charity which he might name for a fifteen-minute interview on a certain subject which he did not care to discuss. The refusal worried him during the rest of the afternoon, and before I left he gave me a note to mail to a certain hospital, enclosing a check as contribution to its "conscience fund." In many other ways did he show the same spirit, and I can never forget how on one occasion when a severe snowstorm set in while I was at his house he insisted that I wear his overshoes home, assuring me that he was old enough to break any appointment on account of the weather, and that he would not need them again until it was clear, and then he did not wear them.

The last time he posed he was particularly reflective; in fact, he said very little during the entire sitting. While I was still there the expressman called for the picture to take it up to my studio. As it was being carried out, Mr. Clemens turned and said; "Now I feel as if I had attended my own funeral!"

Note: Lyon's journal gives **Feb. 9** as the day Woolf began the portrait of Twain; see Feb. 9.

February 5 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam replied to **William A. Caldwell** (incoming not extant) who evidently had asked of something Sam spoke of in a recent talk; was it an example of "thought-transference"? No, it was simply an old maxim of his written in London ten years before that he'd made one of his texts in his speech. "The idea is pretty mouldy & commonplace. There isn't anybody alive (or dead) who hasn't used it from one to sixty times" [MTP].

Clemens' A.D. for this day: **Dr. John Brown**, continued—Incidents connected with Susy Clemens's childhood—Bad spelling, etc. [AMT 1: 328-334].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Today Jean and I went up to see Dr. Peterson who is going to have charge of her case, her pitiful malady, if he feels that he can benefit her. She has been running down rapidly and looks badly, and is ill, really very ill" [MTP TS 24-25].

Melvin L. Severy wrote from Arlington Heights, Mass. to Sam. Severy was preparing a book on the Congo and asked for information Sam had used in "King Leopold's Soliloquy." Sam directed Lyon on Severy's query: "All documents can be had of Congo Reform or from English Headquarters" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal records her taking **Jean Clemens** to see **Dr. Frederick Peterson**, "who is going to take charge of her case, her pitiful malady, if he feels that he can benefit her" [Hill 121]. *Note:* Peterson of Columbia Univ. was American's top authority on epilepsy.

Charles R. Deacon for the Union Printers' Home, Colorado Springs, Colo. wrote to thank Sam for a copy of *TA* Sam had donated for their Home library [MTP].

Gertrude Natkin wrote to Sam (only the envelope survives), but in the file is a note from her journal, "I was very happy and sent Mark the following reply." She does not reveal a copy of the letter [MTP].

February 5 ca. – **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to **David Pae's Jan. 26** question that she thought Sam would name *HF* and *JA* as "perhaps his favorites" [MTP].

February 6 Tuesday – **Elisabeth Marbury** wrote to Sam proposing a 2 ½ to 3 ½ % royalty if she sold **Paul Kester's** version of *TS*. Sometime later the note is annotated "satisfactory" [MTP].

Clemens' A.D. for this day: Playing "The Prince and the Pauper"—Acting charades, etc. [AMT 1: 334-341].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

This afternoon late, I took Teresa over to the Post Graduate Hospital. She is ill, poor girl and after trying in vain to do her work and rapidly growing iller with stomach trouble, almost an ulceration of the stomach, Dr. Halsey gave orders for her to be taken there. When I reached home it was after seven and I thought Mr. Clemens would be gone to his dinner with Mr. David Munro and others at The Players; but he wasn't—he and Robert Reid stood in the middle room smoking and waiting for me to come in to give them some music. Scotch music. I played "The Campbells are Coming" for the pleasure of those two men. Robert Reid is so very tall, and big too, fine strong shoulders [MS TS 25; also Gribben 115 in part]. *Note:* **Dr. Robert Hurtin**

Halsey (1873-1955), would doctor Clemens until his death in 1910, and was a founder of the American Heart Assoc. Being in medicine, his middle name was unfortunate.

February 7 Wednesday – The New York *Times*, Feb. 8, reported on another speech by Mark Twain, this one at a dinner of the American branch of the **Dickens Fellowship**, which was celebrating the 94th anniversary of the birth of **Charles Dickens**. Sam did not mention Dickens in his speech. See also Fatout, *MT Speaking* 482-4.

TWAIN ON ROCKEFELLER, JR.

He's All Right, but as to His Knowledge of Veracity—Well!

Mark Twain declared last night [Feb. 7] that he had never told a lie in his life—up to that moment. Then he said he was glad to be present. Mr. Clemens was a guest at the dinner and entertainment given at the Press Club in memory of Charles Dickens under the auspices of the American branch of the Dickens Fellowship. George Cary Eggleston, Honorary President of the Dickens Fellowship, was toastmaster.

"John D. Rockefeller, Jr.," said Mr. Clemens, "told his Sunday school class a few weeks ago all about veracity, and why it was better that everybody should always keep a plentiful supply on hand, and I want to say to you that among the hundreds of letters I receive each week many of them have suggested that I ought to attend Mr. Rockefeller's class. I know Mr. Rockefeller very well. He is a fine fellow, and competent in many ways, but as to his knowledge of veracity—well, he is only 35 years old, and I am 70. I have been familiar with veracity twice as long as he has."

Mr. Clemens asserted that the world at large has missed the point of the story little George Washington told his father about the cherry tree episode. The boy did not tell a lie, because he could have done so had he felt like it, and he would not have had to attend a Rockefeller class to teach him now. The pith of the story was the astonishment of George's father to find that he had a son who had a chance to tell a lie and didn't do it.

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Tonight at half past nine Mr. Clemens & I started for the Press Club with two of its members who came up here from the club rooms in Nassau Street. Mr. Clemens had said that if he felt like it he would have me telephone to them at nine o'clock & they promised to send a wheelbarrow for him at his own suggestion. The downtown streets were deserted and looked almost like the silent narrow dark streets of Florence. Mr. George Carey Eggleston took Mr. Clemens in charge when we arrived and a Mr. Davis took me by the hand and put me in charge of his wife at one of 3 long tables running lengthwise of the big room, which was decorated by flags, English and American, and portraits of literary men. When Mr. Clemens finally interrupted a droning stupid speech by simply entering the room, he received an applauding salutation and with his sweet gracious manner and his light, light step he was shown to the seat of honor by Mr. Eggleston and after Mr. E. made a few introductory remarks Mr. Clemens rose amid the glad shouts of all those people. How great he is, how magnetic. His speech was delightful, full of subtleties that those people couldn't see through at all, but they didn't know it. They didn't know about [Henry] Butters and Harold Wheeler [MTP TS 25-26].

Richard R. Bowker wrote to Sam that the continuation of the Copyright Conferences in NY was of lesser importance for Twain to attend than the Congressional hearings that would come later.

You will be interested to know that Dr. Edward Everett Hale, now Chaplain of the Senate, has also promised to appear at the committee hearings in advocacy of a term for life and an extension, preferably for fifty years, as he also is an example of the injustice of the present copyright system—his "Man Without a Country" as well as earlier works already being out of copyright [MTP].

George B. Harvey wrote a short note to Sam. “If you can, please do keep Wednesday the 14th, luncheon time, free to come down to give Mr. Alden a little send-off” [MTP].

February 8 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **Gertrude Natkin**.

Aren’t you the dearest child there is? I am perfectly sure of it. I was never surer of anything in my life. When a person gets to be as old as I am he can’t take new friends into his heart easily — they don’t seem as dear as the old ones; but you, oh you *are* an exception! I wouldn’t trade you for dozens & dozens of these gray-heads I’ve been so fond of all these ages.

If Gen. Porter should postpone his lecture to the 25th we will write or telephone in time, so that you & your mother will be saved from making a fruitless journey to 59th street.

Meantime, don’t forget me, & don’t forget my name. Set it down on a piece of paper; & if you lose the paper, call me up & inquire: “3907 Gramercy”—it isn’t in the telephone book.

....

P. S. Do you know, dear, I am lost in admiration of my own smartness. I first wrote the enclosed order, & then asked Miss Lyon to call up Mr. Powlison & say I should want a couple of friends taken care of: he broke in, at that point & said “ask Mr. Clemens to write an order; the usher will find me & deliver it, & I will see that they are shown to the seats provided for them.” She brings that report this moment. Do you notice? he came near repeating the words of my order. I used to be often bright, like that, but not lately—oh, no, that is not so—I am *always* bright.

He has telephoned his name; it is Charles—or Charley;—I have never seen him, & so I don’t know which he prefers. *[enclosure]* / Majestic Theatre— / Please report to Mr. Powlison that the friends whom my secretary spoke to him about, have arrived, so that he can have them shown to the seats provided for them [MTAq 11-12]. *Note:* Sam had agreed to introduce Gen. **Horace Porter** on **Feb. 18**, but wrote there was a chance Porter might have to postpone until **Feb. 25**. See Feb. 14 to Natkin. **Charles F. Powlison** is identified in the Mar. 5, 1905 NY *Times* article for the Mar. 4 event as Secretary of the West Side Branch of the YMCA. See Mar. 4 entry.

Clemens’ A.D. for this day: Susy Clemens’ Biography, continued—Romancer to the children—Incident of the spoon-shaped drive—The burglar alarm does its whole duty [AMT 1: 341-346].

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

A whirl of young, young men came to the house this afternoon, all with messages & invitations for Mr. Clemens. Among them was a young clergyman who came with an invitation to Mr. Clemens to lunch with a club of young clergymen. But Mr. Clemens said to me as he sat on the edge of the bed with his bare feet hanging out from under a Jaeger blanket, “Why, I can’t go there, they’ll think I’m a Christian if I do, and I *am*—a Hell of a Christian.”

Oh, he’s so much more of a Christian than most.

This evening Mr. Gilder telephoned to say that Mr. Marly, Belgian representative here, and a Roman Catholic priest of Albany, also a Belgian and a strong adherent of Leopold’s, were at 13 East 8th Street and they’d like to see Mr. Clemens. It was just nine o’clock and I told Mr. Gilder that Mr. Clemens had gone to his room, but that I’d take him the message. When I delivered it, Mr. Clemens was superb in his denunciation of the men who could say that the Congo reports were exaggerated. He couldn’t & wouldn’t admit them. If their King had been the means of murdering one million instead of tens millions of helpless creatures, or if he confessed to the murder of only one soul, he stood guilty—just as guilty. It is a great picture he makes when he sits up in bed and with flashing eye and uplifted right arm he utters his fearless condemnations of those who are *[three illegible canceled words]*. I carried his reply to Mr. Gilder—the replay that those 2 men would feel insulted before they had been in the house five minutes, because he has such contempt for the man they would try to defend [MTP TS 26-27].

The Players Club wrote a short reminder of the St. Valentine's Dinner to **David Munro** at the Players' on Wed. Feb. 14 at 7 p.m. "Every one is requested to bring a Valentine offering to the guest of honor" [MTP]. *Note:* on the note IVL wrote, "Mr. Clemens took a copy of Joan of Arc."

Dihdwo Twe wrote from Ashburnham, Mass. to Sam "dissatisfied with the method of the 'Congo Reform Association'... "they are trying to influence this great country by distribution of printed circulars. This will take too much money, too long time, and besides the result will remain uncertain." Twe wanted to bring two or three Congolese children who had been mutilated and urged the C.R.A. to perform this scheme. In debt about \$5,000, the Assoc. refused. A note on the back of Twe's letter by Lyon shows Sam thought the plan "excellent, but that he doubts if it is really worthwhile to continue the agitation in America with the idea of getting help from our Government" [Hawkins 171; MTP]. *Note:* Hawkins offers a thorough and scholarly treatment of the Congo Reform Movement and of Twain's involvement in it, and of the subsequent reversal of the US government and ultimate solutions.

Erasmus Wilson wrote from NYC to Sam. After sitting near him on the previous evening, Wilson bid him greetings from **James Whitcomb Riley** and also from his friend **Charles Whistler**, "who had the honor of setting up some of your 'stuff' in the early days of journalism on the coast." Wilson enjoyed Sam's talk and asked if he might call at his convenience [MTP].

February 8 ca. – On or after this date **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to **Dihdwo Twe's** request. See note in Feb. 8 from Dwe, which summarizes Sam's answer [MTP].

Also on or after this date **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to **Erasmus Wilson's** Feb. 8 request. "Mr. Clemens's movements are so uncertain that he is never sure to be at home at any particular time—his duty to be at home to receive co[mpany]—always try to be here at that time to receive people" [MTP].

February 9 Friday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

All these days are full of interesting doings. A steady flame of delight burns through every hour; it burns—but sometimes the fog of little trying circumstances will obscure it until the wit comes to make you see right through the fog to the wonderful, wonderful flame. I don't want any earthly thing outside of this house. And it is such a comfort to have Mr. Paine full of the love of the daily dictation, missing not a gesture—not a word—not a glance, but treasuring it all.

Mr. Clemens has begun to sit for a portrait to young Mr. Woolf. He doesn't enjoy it, for he hates to be photographed or painted. We were speaking of the Gessford photograph today, it has so much fire in the eyes, a rare thing to find in any of his photographs and he said that he was just beginning to lose his temper and was on the verge of saying so when the final exposure was made [MTP TS 27-28]. *Note:* **Samuel Johnson Woolf**.

Clemens' A.D. for this day: The "strong language" episode in the bath-room—Susy's reference to "The Prince and the Pauper"—The mother and the children help edit the books—Reference to ancestors [AMT 1: 346-354].

In Wrentham, Mass. **Helen Keller** collapsed from overwork after attending a meeting in behalf of the deaf in Portland, Maine. She had to cancel a **Mar. 20** New York appearance at which Mark Twain was to preside and **Joseph Hodges Choate** was to have been one of the speakers [*The Oregonian*, Feb. 10, 1906, p. 1, "Helen Kellar [sic] Has Collapsed"].

February 10 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **Thomas S. Barbour**, confiding the results of his last conference with the Secretary of State:

I am so busy with other matters that I have failed to tell you of my visit to Mr. Bacon in Washington a week ago. He & Mr. [Elihu] Root have been making a searching examination among the Department's

archives with this resultant verdict: our Government is so entirely outside of the Congo matter that it could by no means initiate a move in it, nor even second a move made by one or all of the other Governments concerned, without laying itself open to the danger of undiplomatic intrusion. As I understood Mr. Bacon this was the view left on record in the Department by John Hay after an examination of the matter.

The strength of the Reform movement in America lay in the apparent fact that our Government was one of the responsible parties and therefore could be persuaded to come forward and do its duty. The above verdict relieves it and sets it free. I think it most unlikely that it will ever throw away the pleasant advantages of that verdict [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Andrew Carnegie**.

The whisky arrived in due course from over the water; last week one bottle of it was extracted from the wood & inserted into me, on the instalment plan, with this result: that I believe it to be the best & smoothest whiskey now on the planet. Thanks, oh, thanks; I have discarded Peruna.

Hoping that you three are well & happy & will be coming back before the winter sets in ... [MTP].

Sam also replied to the Jan. 29 from **D. Ceall**. "I thank you; for I resemble Carlyle & all other men in this: that the approving word is very welcome to me. If ever Carlyle's energy of language was ever an offense to me, it must have been in a long-past & forgotten time; I shouldn't be able to find fault with it now"[MTP].

Frank Fuller wrote to Sam.

My Ever Dear Mark: My darling wife dropped asleep forever at just 6 o'clock this morning and I am all alone.

I was compelled to come down here for a few minutes & so I am rewarded with your sweet note thorough Miss Lyon.

We shall take the dear one to Portsmouth where she was born [MTP]. *Note*: Fuller thanked Sam for his visit, that it had meant so much to his wife, Livy's friend and intimate. "Her life went out without a moment's notice & I could not say goodbye! So went our sweethearts, Mark, so went the light of our lives into the endless unknown. Faithfully yours."

Sam replied to **Frank Fuller**: "I am so glad dear Fuller, so glad I made that visit; & so sorry the rush & turmoil of life prevented my repeating it. I have words of sorrow for you, but not for her: how blessed are the dead, how fortunate are the dead. Ever your friend" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Mr. Grant came in this afternoon and after talking with me about Mrs. Peabody who had applied to Mr. Clemens for aid, and in whose behalf I had telephoned to Mr. Grant, he went up to talk with Mr. Clemens. After dinner Mr. Clemens told me that when Mr. Grant returns from Boston at the end of a week he is going to take Mr. Clemens to the Hippodrome. Mr. Clemens has been wanting to go, for there is a great spectacular scene which is beautiful, we are told.

Today the beautiful Barnett photograph arrived from England and it is for me. For 3 years I have longed for one, and as I grow older I marvel more and more over the fact that anything I long for with a strong steady silent desire, comes to me in time. It never fails [MTP TS 28]. *Note*: over the first paragraph above there are three diagonal lines, as if the paragraph was stricken.

Her journal about this day on Feb. 11: Yesterday [Feb. 10] after the portrait sitting Mr. Clemens and I went over to the hospital to see Teresa. She was so happy to see the Signor Padrone, & the pale face brightened; but we couldn't stay long for a little girl suffering from heart disease made Mr. Clemens own gentle heart ache so that we had to leave. [*in left margin*: The little girl died that night, 4 days later the head nurse told me that as she was dying, blood spurted from her lips upon the nurse's gown and she murmured "Excuse me."] He is so thoughtful & feared that the unlighted cigar he carried would make the little creature ill, but the nurse in

charge said, “No”, she wouldn’t notice it and so we came home through the snowy streets, the coupe having to go slowly [TS 18]. *Note:* See Feb. 11 for the entry relevant to that day.

Ida Benfey Judd wrote from 1 W. 87th, NYC, to Sam. She referred to his prior permission through **Frank Bliss**, to use parts of *FE* in a comedy presentation. Now she was planning a trilogy of Biblical stories about Job and Joseph and asked Sam if she could come and tell them to him. Would he be a patron? She’d already enlisted **Felix Adler, John Burroughs, Bronson Howard, Mary E. Wilkins, Ida M. Tarbell** and a few others [MTP]. *Note:* source says this may be **1906 or 1907**.

Abbott Handerson Thayer wrote to Sam about the peace and quiet of his Dublin house, and how it all made him reflect on life, Sam’s 70th birthday, and how thankful he was for “Mark Twain’s existence” [MTP].

Harper’s Weekly published “When Mark Twain Lectured” by **W.H. Merrill**, p. 199, 209. Tenney: “Describes an MT lecture ‘in the early seventies...in a thriving village in western New York” [42].

Collier’s Weekly published “Lincoln Farm Association” [Camfield’s bibliog.].

February 11 Sunday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Today hasn’t been a very gay Sunday, for Mr. Clemens went off to lunch at Mrs. Henry Holt’s with the Pumpelly’s, & then he went to see Mr. & Mrs. Rogers finishing up with dinner at the Broughtons & not reaching home until nearly 10:30” [MTP TS 28-29].

Evelyn Garrant Smalley wrote from NYC to thank Sam for his help in “responding so instantly” with a letter for her to Andrew Carnegie. Carnegie had “promised to guarantee a thousand dollars” to her fund for Russian actors [MTP].

February 12 Monday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

The dictating began again this morning after two days of rest. This evening Mr. Clemens was saying that Mr. Paine and Miss Hobby make a good audience, and quite enough too. Mr. Paine came in while Jean and I were at tea, so he joined us. He came to inquire some facts about Mr. Clemens’s fountain pen, for it is such a good one. (The Conklin Pen). The sitting for the portrait bores Mr. Clemens; perhaps because he feels that it is not going to be very good and then it is at a bad time in the day too, but any time would be bad with that artist. As we came up stairs for the night Mr. Clemens gave me the last budget of typewritten ms. It is very beautiful, for just now he is talking about Susie Clemens and her “autobiography of my father,” and he has begun to use parts of it for the autobiography [MTP TS 29].

Clemens’ A.D. for this day: Susy’s Biography continued—Some of the tricks played in “Tom Sawyer”—The broken sugar-bowl—Skating on the Mississippi with Tom Nash, etc. [AMT 1: 350-354].

Mary E. Joyce wrote from NYC in behalf of a club of fifteen crippled boys, to whom she was reading TS. She wanted to find pins or buttons with Twain’s picture to give to the boys [MTP]. *Note:* on the mourning-bordered note from Joyce, Lyon wrote, “Mr. Clemens applied to R.W. Ashcroft who knows where the little badges can be made.” See **Mar. 17** entry.

February 13 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to thank an **unidentified person** for “the newspaper slip & for your pleasant words” [MTP].

Clemens’ A.D. for this day: Susy’s Biography continued—Cadet of Temperance—First meeting of Mr. Clemens and Miss Langdon—Miss **Olivia Langdon** an invalid—**Dr. Newton** [AMT 1: 354-359].

M. McElroy wrote from N.Y.C. to Sam and enclosing an article that referred to a meeting for the blind. Was it to be a public or private meeting? McElroy offered to put Sam in touch with someone who could offer “good and substantial practical ideas” for Sam’s undertaking for the blind [MTP]. *Note: see ca. Feb. 13.* **McElroy** enclosed a clipping from the Boston *Evening World*, “Helen Keller in State of Collapse.” Lyon wrote on the typed letter, “Meeting will take place on the 29th of March at the Waldorf, but necessarily with Miss Keller absent from the program. It will be public. As for further particulars I am not very well posted, but refer him to Miss Holt who is at the head of the movement.”

Gertrude Natkin wrote a valentine poem to Sam on a picture postcard (of a girl with flowers), mailed inside an envelope:

TO MY SWEET VALENTINE

You are a merry merry lark,
You are the noble witty Mark;
My thoughts of you to tell, I fain,
You cut my little heart in Twain

[MTAq 12]. *Note:* Sam replied on Feb. 14

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Mr. Clemens is hating & hating & hating having to sit for his portrait, and it is such a bad portrait too. Young Woolf hasn’t caught one gleam even of Mr. Clemens’s personality and the man who gazes at you from that canvas hasn’t one idea in his head. It must be stopped. There is a mistake somewhere [MTP TS 29-30]. *Note:* **Samuel Johnson Woolf**.

Brander Matthews wrote a small, mourning-bordered note to Sam. “Do you know any good reason why you should not come here to lunch at half past one on Washington’s Birthday—the 22nd—Thursday of next week? / I’ve scarcely seen you all this winter” [MTP].

William McCutchan Morrison wrote to thank Sam for his little booklet, “King Leopold’s Soliloquy,” which he thought had done more good than anything written on the subject [MTP].

February 13-15 Thursday – During this period **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to an **unidentified person’s** invitation to an opera in Washington [MTP].

February 13 ca. – On or after this date Sam directed Lyon to reply to **M. McElroy’s Feb. 13** request: the meeting was on Mar. 29 at the Waldorf, and public, but Helen Keller “of necessity” would not appear. He directed Lyon to steer the man to Miss Hall who was head of the movement [MTP].

February 14 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **Gertrude Natkin**.

It was a very sweet Valentine, & you are a dear. But I have told you that before. You got ahead of me, but it was only because I was busy. Yesterday I bought my favorite book for you, but I fell to reading it, & became fascinated, as always before, & here it lies, yet—unsent. It is the book of that quaint & charming & affectionate & tempestuous & remorseful little child, Marjorie Fleming. Doubtless you are already acquainted with it. I am incurably slow & lazy, but I will send it, sure—I certainly will.

General Porter can’t lecture on the 18th, but I have promised to introduce Dr. Van Dyke on the 25th. I think it will be at Carnegie Hall—but I will let you know. He is a very gifted man, but I have not known him as long as I have known Porter.

Aren’t you dear & sweet? Doubters are requested to inquire of SLC [MTAq 13]. *Note:* Dr. **Henry Van Dyke**, clergyman and Sam’s friend was also unable to speak; Sam did give a lecture on **Mar. 4**. Fatout lists as “conjectural” a speech introducing Van Dyke as “late Feb. early March, and before Mar. 4” [MT *Speaking* 487-

91] but Van Dyke did not speak, so it's doubtful the speech was ever given. Evidently Fatout did not have access to all the letters, and his schedule of speeches is sometimes in error.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Tonight Mr. Clemens went to The Players to a dinner given as a surprise to Mr. David Munro, that canny Scotchman at half past six. I was in Jean's room when Mr. Clemens called me asking me to give him some music & when I reaching the living room I found Mr. Paine there too. He was going up to The Players with Mr. Clemens. The music was Scotch, as it always is in parts now. "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon," - "Robin Adair" - "Bonnie Sweet Bessie" - "The Campbells are Coming"- he loves them all and as he paced the floor smoking, he sang bits of the airs in a low voice. Mr. Paine exclaimed with pleasure at the sweetness of the music and he was watching Mr. Clemens's enjoyment of it [MTP TS 30]. Gribben also notes these songs and "Loch Lomand", p. 115, 369.

Fatout lists Sam giving a speech or a story at the "sendoff" **Henry Mills Alden** Luncheon. Alden was editor of *Harper's Magazine* [MT Speaking 674].

A.D. Howard for the NY Tribune wrote to Sam asking several questions, including one about the original character of Huck Finn [MTP]. *Notes:* On or just after this day, Sam wrote on the letter for reply: "I believe the original of Huck Finn is still alive, & that he is a magistrate in a far western state, & that he is a respected & respect worthy man. I do not consider myself privileged to reveal his name. I cannot answer the other questions it would take too much time" In the file is a newspaper clipping datelined Wallace, Idaho, Feb. 12 " 'Huckleberry Finn,' Twain's Friend, Dies," naming one **Captain A.O. Tonkray**, native of Hannibal, Mo. dead at 65. Sam wrote at the top of the page with the pasted clipping, "Huck Finn was Tom Blankenship & is still living." Lyon wrote on the side, "Mr. Clemens never heard of Capt. Tonkray. / Would like a little interview to any passages in the Book refer to Capt. Tonkray." See **ca. Mar. 6** from Capt. Tonkray's brother.

Robert Reid wrote to Sam, sometime before Feb. 14, advising of a surprise dinner for **David Munro** on Feb. 14 at the Players Club and "WE WANT YOU!" [MTP].

Ora J. Parker wrote to I.V. Leroy (*sic*; Isabel V. Lyon),

Yours of late date at hand advising me that I have made a "common error" in asking Mr. Clemens to comment on my sketches.

The poet has advised so strongly against this weakness of our common human nature that I feel justly rebuked and properly ashamed at having so far disregarded his inspired advice [MTP] *Note:* She went on to say that she'd rec'd Sam's thanks for five sketches but six were sent. "Why, oh why! Miss. Leroy [*sic*] could you not have done me the faint service of counting them right?" then in a PS she took another look at the "5" and saw it was a "6," so apologized again.

February 14 ca. – **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to Mr. **Ora J. Parker's** gift of sketches and request for comment. Such requests came "with such frequency that long ago he made a rule not to grant any of them, and so be fair to all" [MTP].

February 15 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **George B. Harvey**.

Dear Uncle George: / I greet your 70th birthday with gratitude & enthusiasm, & with cordial wishes that there may be many happy returns of it.

And next time, don't swindle me out of my share in it, but invite me in time. I think it's a cruelty & a shame that I can't be there.

With love to all the Trinity, ... [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's humor: Harvey was b. Feb. 16, 1864, making him but 42 years old.

Sam also wrote to **L.E. Shattuck** [MTP]. *Note:* he gave the same response offered to **A.D. Howard** of the *NY Tribune* *ca.* **Feb. 14**, which suggests Shattuck was another newspaperman.

Clemens' A.D. for this day: **Susy Clemens'** Biography continued—Death of **Jervis Langdon**—Birth of **Langdon Clemens**—Burlesque map of Paris ...[AMT 1: 359-363].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Mr. Clemens rang for me this morning at 9:10, & when I went in he said: "I've been thinking about making a round of the hospitals & talking to some of those sick people." Then he told me about the time in London when he and C.C. and someone else went to an accident ward perhaps, for everyone was picturesquely bandaged, & they had a very satisfactory time. "Once I talked to the inmates of an insane asylum, in Hartford. I have talked to idiots a thousand times, but only once to the insane."

I asked him about the dinner last night and he told me that they had kept Mr. Munro "down cellar" for awhile & when he was brought up, he found 20 or more men in the library with plaids across their breasts & he as presiding officer had linked arms with completely surprised Mr. Munro & they marched around through the rooms with bag pipers going on ahead. I know it was better than Mr. Clemens could say, for he is so modest about himself & does not realize how completely he contributes to perfections. He said that Mr. Paine had a poem for the occasion—the best thing of the evening, thought Mr. Clark had a good one too. [in left margin: No more portrait sittings!...] [MTP TS 30-31].

Mally Graham Coatsworth Lord (Mrs. Herbert Lord) wrote from 623 W. 113th St. NYC to Sam. "My dear dear Mr. Mark Twain,— / There is to be a group of your adorers at our house from four to six on Washington's Birthday, quite a lot of people, and I want to know if you won't come and be adored" [MTP].

Sam's **A.D.** of this day titled "The Fortifications of Paris" covered: Livy's illness after Langdon Clemens' birth and her care by **Rachael Gleason** of Elmira; the death of **Emma Nye** at the Clemens home; the publication of the wacky map—the piece was selected for *MTE* [249-52].

February 16 Friday – Sam gave a speech as the honorary head of **The Ends of the Earth Club** at the **Savoy Hotel**. The *New York Times* reported on p.9:

ENDS OF EARTHERS FOREGATHER HERE AGAIN

And Astonish Mark Twain with Some Very Brief Reports.

HE AND OTHERS REMINISCE

The Author Tells How He Filled Cooper Union 39 Years Ago—150 Globe Trotters at Dinner.

Once every year a body of men of prime fellowship, hailing from the four corners of the earth, but speaking the Anglo-Saxon tongue, gather in New York to see each other, shake hands, and say "How d'ye do." They call their organization The Ends of the Earth Club. The name typifies their clan, for it is to the very jumping-off places of the earth that its membership of men in every known profession reaches, and if the fun they had at their third annual dinner at the Savoy Hotel last night didn't penetrate to the ends of the globe, it was the sole fault of modern methods of communication.

The Ends of the Earth Club, of which Mark Twain is the honorary head, with Rudyard Kipling and Admiral George Dewey as members of the Honorary Council, was formed three years ago by globe trotters of New York and elsewhere in the world, whose idea was to dine together once every twelve months and exchange felicitations. Here are its principles:

Members: Good fellows with no axes to grind who speak our language.

Lodge: Wherever the four ways meet—the North and South and East and West trails.

Greeting: “Where do you come from?” “I come from the ends of the earth.”

What for?”

“To speak the language.”

Mark Twain was the honorable guest and made the main speech at the dinner last night and sat next to Gen. James H. Wilson, who, although the speeches were all informal, acted as toastmaster. Mr. Clemens did not arrive at the dinner until 10 o'clock. When he did appear the Ends of the Earthers rose and sang, “For He’s a Jolly Good Fellow.”

Now, the Ends of the Earth Club has no regular quarters and has no business to transact, but at each dinner it goes through the mock form of receiving reports from its Secretary and Treasurer.

“The report of the Secretary,” responded Secretary C. Bowyer Vaux, indicating the menu card, “is already in cold type before you.”

....

Mark Twain, in beginning his talk, said he never intended delivering another speech or another lecture, but that when it came to reminiscences he would take care of his share.

“I don’t quite get the hang of this club,” he said. “You don’t know what the Treasurer’s report furnishes except that it doesn’t furnish anything. I might just as well be in the S.P.C.A. I don’t know whether you adopted that method or whether the Society for the Propagation of Cruelty to Animals adopted it. [Laughter.] Only you do come out better than they do.”

Mr. Clemens then went on to tell about Mulberry Sellers, to whom Gen. Wilson had alluded in his introduction.

“When I was writing the book,” he said. I had great trouble with Mulberry Sellers. I had the man’s name written originally as Mulberry Sellers. A friend told me I ought to change it.

“‘Make it Escol Sellers,’ he advised.

“‘But I’m afraid,’ I replied. ‘An Escol Sellers may be living and we may get into trouble.’ However, I made it Escol Sellers and one day a man from Philadelphia, a stately and cultivated gentleman, approached me.

“‘Sir,’ he said, ‘my name is Escol Sellers. I’ll give you fifteen minutes to take my name out of that book.’

“We did it, but that didn’t end the trouble, for a Mulberry Sellers turned up in Wisconsin, one on the Wabash, and others from various parts of the country.”

Mr. Clemens then told of his first lecture delivered at the Cooper Institute thirty-nine years ago.

“I met a man on the streets of New York a few weeks ago,” said he. “He was my old friend Fuller, ninety years gone and gray-headed. I was glad to see him, and the moment I laid eyes upon him I was brought back to my first lecture in New York, at Cooper Institute. Fuller was the man who proposed it. I demurred.

“‘Nobody knows me here, Fuller,’ I said, ‘and the thing will be a failure.’

“‘No such thing,’ he argued. ‘We will fill the house at \$1 a head.’

“I was young enough to be deceived by his flamboyant talk and immediately had dreams of filling the house at \$1 a head. He suggested Cooper Institute. I’ve been there once, and don’t want to go again.

“They advertised me as the “Eloquent and Celebrated Mark Twain.” They hung up in the city buses great bunches of flimsy cards advertising my coming lecture. The cards were to be pulled down and read by anybody interested. I saw them and got to haunting those buses. I rode up and down, up and down through this town of New York watching with beating heart and hoping that someone would pull one of those sheets.

“I never saw anybody do it. I finally advised Fuller to flood the city with paper, and we did so. We sent out barrels of complimentary tickets. When the eventful night came, the streets were blocked with struggling men and women. The house was jammed with people. I felt flattered, for it was my first lecture in the East. It was a magnificent triumph. We had a superb time, and we took in \$35. I remarked about this to Fuller the other day.

“‘No,’ he said, ‘it was \$350.’

“I didn’t hold that against him and ask him for the money, because it happened too long ago.”

Clemens' A.D. for this day: Susy's Biography mentions little Langdon—The change of residence from Buffalo to Hartford—Clemens tells of the sale of his Buffalo paper to Mr. Kinney—speaks of **Jay Gould**, **John A. McCall** and **John D. Rockefeller** [AMT 1: 363-366].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Every day except Sat. & Sun. Mr. Paine & Miss Hobby come & every day is a delight & an inspiration to those two—and to Mr. Clemens as well. He does enjoy it so" [MTP TS 31].

Lu B. Cake wrote to Sam that "some time ago" she'd sent her book *Who Killed Him? Gentiles, not the Jews*, and had "begged a line to help bring the case before the public more fully, not that you endorse the contents..." She was preparing a circular and had obtained responses from "eminent ones," such as ex-President **Grover Cleveland**. On or after this date Sam replied that he had "very little time to read therefore economized by reading subjects which interested him "& this one does not" [MTP].

Mary E. Joyce wrote from NYC to thank Sam for his response to her search for badges or buttons for her club of fifteen crippled boys. "I had no idea of anything so perfectly beautiful coming in answer to my letter, and the boys will be as delighted as I am....The club is the 'Little Men's Club,' and the idea of having the initials on the button with the picture is a fine one" [MTP].

The **Monmouth (N.J.) Daily Review** sent Sam a telegram asking "In what work will we find 'Definition of a gentleman'" [MTP].

William H. Rideing for Boston Youth's Companion wrote to Sam. "I enclose 2 copies of the photograph I spoke of at the Players the other night and I shall be very much obliged if you will write you're your autograph in pencil on one and your autograph *and* a line or two besides on the other, which I mean to keep for myself" [MTP].

W.W. Sturges wrote from Meadville, Mo. to Sam.

I notice the remarks in the papers about the piece of poetry sent you concerning the lightning bug & like yourself I don't think it applies to you; but here is one I think does:

De Lady bug hab de golden wing:—
De firefly hab de flame;
De bed bug don't hav no wing at all;
But he gits dare all de same.

Sturges, who signed himself "scientist" added a PS: "Please hand my best regards to our mutual friend 'Eli Perkins.'" [MTP].

Of the selections from Twain's **A.D.**'s, DeVoto selected about half of the materials not chosen before by Paine to be included in *Mark Twain in Eruption* (1940); among DeVoto's choices, was "The Teaching of Jay Gould," dictated this day, in which Twain decried **Jay Gould's** greed; he made fun of a "seemingly pious article" about **John McCall**, and excoriated Americans who held the unprincipled rich in high esteem [77-81].

February 16 ca. – Robert Fraser Standen wrote to Sam. "I should be much obliged if you will inform me when this book of yours, substantiating the accusations made against Mrs Eddy in the postscript above quoted, may be expected to be placed before the public" [MTP]. *Note:* Sam replied on **Feb. 24**. Standen had quoted a PS of Sam's in his letter to Harpers on Dec. 2, 1905.

February 17 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam sent his autograph on a small card to an **unidentified person** [MTP #10492].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Today Mr. Clemens said that 'Poultney Bigelow's father is trying to pin him to a square mile of this earth. Trying to have him settle on the old Bigelow estate for the summer. It's somewhere up on the Hudson'" [MTP TS 31-32].

Frederick A. Duneka of Harper & Brothers wrote to Sam that *Eve's Diary* "book promises to be a very beautiful one." Sam had suggested to include "a little extract" from *Adam's Diary* in the book—was he still "of the same mind"? Sam wrote on the letter on or just after this day that he was "Still of the same mind" [MTP].

President Theodore Roosevelt and Edith K. Roosevelt sent Sam an wedding announcement of their daughter, **Alice Lee Roosevelt** to **Mr. Nicholas Longworth** for this date. Soon **after Feb. 17** Sam wrote on the back to **Isabel Lyon**: "We ought to drop them a note & say we'd heard it" [MTP]. *Note:* See **Feb. 18** to Clara; Sam's advice here was not carried out by Miss Lyon.

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to enclose 50 shares of stock to Sam and Stanchfield as a bonus for their last purchase of stock. The Co. had been organized in London, "to exploit the pin there....I have been too busy with pin and Plasmon matters to run up and see you this week, but will do so next week if you will let me know when to do so" [MTP].

Jean Burlingame Beatty (Mrs. Robert Chetwood Beatty) wrote from Westfield, NJ to thank Sam about an article he'd written in 1870 or 71 about her grandfather, **Anson Burlingame**, whom Sam much admired [MTP]. *Note:* see Vol. I for entries on Anson Burlingame, who made it possible for Sam's scoop on the *SS Hornet*.

Charles F. Johnson wrote from Hartford, Conn. to Sam. The letter was to introduce **Mrs. Parsons** (first name illegible), who wished Sam to attend a dinner for the Smith College Alumnae and "to say something to [*illegible word*] the gayety of the occasion. Three hundred girls is rather a formidable audience, but I know you are a brave man" [MTP].

Gertrude Natkin wrote to Sam.

My darling Mr. Clemens / My vocabulary seems quite exhausted when I want to tell you how kind and good you are. I wanted to call you "sweet and dear" but I didn't know whether you have a copy-right or not on these words. But I don't suppose you will mind if I use them; I shall change them a little, you are *very sweet* and *very dear*.

I want to thank you for your kind gift. It is a sweet little story but that is quite natural since it is your favorite. May I be your little "Marjorie"?

I can hardly wait until I see you again as you imagine that the postponement of the lecture was quite a disappointment to me I think I will stop writing now as I am getting a little sleepy (no offense meant) and I want my thoughts always to be bright and fresh when I write to you I will have something nice to dream about after writing this to you. Good Night / The little girl who loves you / Gertrude [MTAq 13-4].

February 18 Sunday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote verse to an **unidentified person**. A draft survives:

For your love has the power of the fabled purse
That wrought charms in the old romaunt
Who had it might live in a shack or worse
And feed on dreams & air dew & verse
Yet never could *he* know want [MTP].

Sam also wrote to daughter **Clara** in Atlantic City, N.J. referring to the President's daughter, Clara's illness and other matters.

Well, dear Ashcast, she's married, ain't you glad? I know it, because the President has sent a card which says so. I was going to telegraph him that we already knew about it, but Miss Lyon who is provincial & Farmingtonius & not well up in society things thought it quite unnecessary, & even said so. So there it stands. It is no fault of mine. I wash my hands of it.

Your ring still lies on my bed-table. It is a bait—for Catherine—and Philip—and Miss Lyon. I am watching them. They do not suspect. Keep it to yourself—we'll see what will happen, when it happens.

I am afraid you are in bed yet, as I hear nothing to the contrary. If you had remained here you would have had this attack anyway, & become bedridden, so it is fortunate that you are there in that wholesomer air. Don't hurry back—*don't*. And don't try to send Katy—I won't allow it.

Teresa is getting along a little, at the hospital. To-morrow they will put her in a room to herself. I am glad of that [MTP]. *Note: Teresa Cherubini* was the maid.

February 19 Monday – **Govinier C. Hall** for the **Knife & Fork Club** in Kansas City, Mo. wrote to Sam [MTP]. *Note:* the social club was formed on Nov. 29, 1898: "The Club has just one purpose - to hold monthly dinners which will bring together the young business and professional men of the city in social intercourse, and which will afford an opportunity to present addresses of high character on the important subjects that are engaging the attention of the thinking men of the times" Hall is not listed in the 1902 membership rolls online, but interestingly, General Frederick Funston is.

<www.vintagekansascity.com/organizations/knifeandforkclub/about.html>

Fatout lists Sam for a dinner speech on Feb. 19 to **Pilgrims of the U.S.** in **N.Y.C.** [MT Speaking 674].

February 20 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave. Sam directed Isabel Lyon to write to **William McCutchan Morrison**, Congo missionary, in Lexington, Va.: "I thank him very much for his letter, and I hope that the agitation of the Congo question will bear fruit. I think the promise looks good in England" [MTP].

Clemens' A.D. for this day: About Rear-Admiral **Charles Wilkes**—And meeting **Anson Burlingame** in Honolulu [AMT 1: 367-369].

Sam inscribed a recent photograph of himself to **Frank R. Lawrence**: "*Take note of this, Frank Lawrence, old friend of mine. To be good is noble, but to teach others how to be good is nobler—and no trouble.—S.L. Clemens.*" [MTP; *Kansas City Star*, Feb. 20, p.1; also *NY Times* p.1]. *Note:* Lawrence was past president of the Lotos Club; see Nov. 11, 1893 entry.

In the afternoon Sam was the guest of honor at **Columbia University**. The *New York Times*, Feb. 21, p. 2; He took **Jean** along [IVL Feb. 20 TS 20]:

TWIN THE GREATEST

In English Literature, Says Brander Matthews—A Columbia Tea for Him.

Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) was the guest of honor at a Columbia University tea held yesterday [Feb 20] afternoon in Earl Hall. More than 900 students greeted Mr. Clemens and Sir Caspar Purden-Clarke, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and Edward Robinson, the Assistant Director, who were also guests.

At the close of the reception the students gathered outside Earl Hall and cheered Mr. Clemens to the echo. The tea was more generally attended than any other held this year.

Prof. Brander Matthews earlier in the day, while lecturing to his class in American literature, called Mr. Clemens the "greatest figure in English literature." Prof. Matthews declared that there is no man even in England who can be compared to Mark Twain as a master of the language.

Sam also began a letter to **Gertrude Natkin** that he added a P.S. to on Feb. 21.

Isn't it odd, you little witch! I was already thinking of calling you by that name [Marjorie] & now you have thought of it yourself. And I am very glad to share those other titles with you, dear, very glad indeed, notwithstanding they are pretty flattering for me, while they fit you to the shade of a shadow.

Dr. Van Dyke has not been able to get free of his preaching-engagements for next Sunday. Therefore he can't lecture that afternoon. Also, it gives me my freedom, for I am now not obliged to do any introducing there, & I think I won't; but if I change my mind I will write & tell you. I am become so tired & dull, these latter days, that I would like to go to bed & stay there the rest of the season. It is a dreadfully long winter; I wish it would quit, & try something else. It makes me sour & out of patience, & to-night I am sour beyond expression! But you—well, you never can be that, Marjorie Dear, it's against your nature. / Good-night & bright dreams! [MTAq 14].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Tonight Mr. Clemens dined with Mr. & Mrs. Robert Collier. He & Jean went up to a reception at Earl Hall, Columbia University, this afternoon & saw some interesting people, but mostly not I think. They came home very tired & Mr. Clemens went at once to his bed to rest.

This morning Mr. Paine said *such* a beautiful thing about Mr. Clemens. "Oh, he's the *King*—he's the *King*, and it's so glorious to know he is crowned.

~~I was so grateful to him for saying it.~~

Mr. Clemens has been telling us about an attractive lady, a Mrs. Lord, who was at the reception this afternoon. She was introduced to him, he liked her and asked her to come again as she passed on after a word with him and Sir Purdon Clarke. "And she did come again, she came five times and every time I was glad to see her" [MTP TS 32].

Virginia Taylor wrote from Barnard College, NYC to invite Sam to speak the "Barnard Union." Her father, **Charles T. Taylor** "says you do not remember him, of course, but he met you through his friend, Henry Cuyler Bunner, whose books he illustrated. I did not have anything more tangible to place myself in your mind this afternoon at the Columbia University Tea, excepting Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder's directions, which I delivered. / Barnard is young and needs your help" [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the back of the letter: "Mar. 7th / telephone / Call at 3³⁰ / with an open / mobile."

February 21 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam added a PS to his Feb. 20 to Gertrude Natkin:

Mr. Powlison has been here, & he is a charming man. Of course he persuaded me. The date is March 4, 3.30 p.m., at the Majestic Theatre. You & your mother will be shown to the box, as per the order which I sent you, & you will find Miss Lyon & her mother there. Mr. P. has to provide a clergyman to furnish respectability, & I will take care of the rest of the show myself.

I'm getting dreadfully late, & I've an engagement! Good-bye, you dear little friend [MTAq 14]. *Note:* **Charles F. Powlison.** When Van Dyke was not able to speak, Sam agreed to do so on the above date.

Sam also wrote to Sarah S. Collier (Mrs. Robert J. Collier):

Do you know, my dear, it has probably never happened before. Of course the materials have often been present under a roof, or the summer sky, but *scattered* among the mass, not *isolated*, not bunched. When two or three are gathered together (of those aspects,) it will be found that the Almighty, with all His advantages, is not likely to get there ahead of me. I am seventy, but I have never before seen three such beautiful girls concentrated in a space coverable by an umbrella—and *bunched*; no surrounding neutrality of commonplace faces & figures & gowns to reinforce & emphasize & exaggerate the effect [MTP].

Clemens' A.D. for this day: **Jervis Langdon** just escapes being a railway magnate—Clemens' dealings with **Elisha Bliss**, the publisher [AMT 1: 369-372].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Mr. Clemens enjoyed the Collier dinner last night. When I went to his room this morning he was full of glee over a darling little note he was writing to Mrs. Collier in code telling her how beautiful she & Mrs. Dooley & Mrs. Pulitzer were as they sat together on a couch when the men joined them after smoking. It is satisfying to see his enjoyment of beauty. He spoke of Jerome, who was there & said "he's a handsome devil"—"and he's a gentleman too, but when he talks he uses so much slang that you have to stop him & get him to translate, & there are plenty of profane words scattered nicely along." When they joined those beautiful creatures, Mr. "Jerome was sensible & sat down on a grizzly bear's head in front of them", but Mr. Clemens took Mrs. Sallie's place on the couch, between Mrs. Dooley & Mrs. Pulitzer, so he could see only one beautiful profile at a time. (And to think of his own *wonderful* beauty, between those two young creatures, for he was a glory as he started out at 10 minutes before 8) [MTP TS 32-33].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead to Sam.

I wired Vernon on Tuesday that you would prefer he should see Lauterbach and Baldwin next week, and I also wrote him confirming this and stating that you would not be a party to any negotiations in which Wheeler or Butters were mixed up [MTP]. *Note:* Ashcroft enclosed a copy of a note he'd sent to **Edward Lauterbach** and also a statement "of the money paid out by me during the last seven months of 1905. Please send me your check for the \$289.90 when convenient"

Homer Croy wrote for the *Savitar* (Univ. of Mo. yearbook) to advise Sam that this year's book would be dedicated to Mark Twain. They were expressing last year's book and requested a photo for use plus a "little letter in longhand so that we can reproduce it" [MTP].

February 22 Thursday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

These days are fat with good things. This morning a man from The Evening Post came to ask permission to publish Col. Mann's letter to Mr. Clemens and Mr. Clemens's reply to it. The other night when Mr. Clemens was dining with Robert Collier, Mr. Jerome was there and Mr. Clemens mentioned the little correspondence—Jerome said that that letter could be subpoenaed, which Mr. Clemens said "would suit me exactly for I am a slave to the law and would yield up my grandmother or any other asset." He walked up & down the living room enjoying in his imagination the publication of that letter, after I had told him of the Post's request, & since then there have been an Englishman from the Times, and a nice man from the Herald eager for that same letter. The Englishman said that it was Mr. Clemens's duty to publish anything in his best vein & he had been told that the letter had been written in a very happy mood. (Certainly a strong truthful mood) [MTP TS 33-34].

Clemens' A.D. for this day: Susy's remarks about her grandfather **Jervis Langdon**—Clemens tells about **Dwight Atwater**—**David Gray**; and about meeting **David Gray, junior**, at a dinner recently [AMT 1: 373-375].

Sam dined with **Mr. & Mrs. Norman Hapgood**. He was accompanied by **Dorothea Gilder**. Also at the dinner were **Roger E. Fry**, and **Robert W. Chambers** [IVL Feb. 23 TS 21]. See Feb. 23 entry for more on Mr. Fry.

George J. Helmer for Infirmary of Osteopathy wrote to solicit Sam's support at the NY State Legislature to fight laws that would "render the Osteopathic practice illegal in this State" [MTP].

Gertrude Natkin wrote to Sam.

Now darling Mr. Clemens, you know way down in the bottom of that big heart of yours that you could'ent be "sour or out of patience" no matter what the weather man is doing with the weather. That going to bed and remaining the rest of the season is like the butterfly who as a nasty horrid little caterpillar goes to bed and then blooms into a beautiful butterfly. But this is not like your case, as you could not become nicer than you are, whereas there is a great chance for improvement in the case of the caterpillar.

Do you know Mr. Clemens, according to the Latin language, your name suits you perfectly. What made me think of this was because I was just translating "Cicero" and I came across the word Clemens: merciful, good, kind, just like you. I like to write my letters to you in my own room away from everybody else and after I have sent the letter I keep the folks curious as to what I wrote you but finally I tell them as I keep a duplicate of my letters to you.

Now Mr. Clemens, in case you go to bed, please wake up by March 4, Good-bye, Your little girl who loves you. / Gertrude / P.S. That was force of habit, I meant to sign Marjorie.

Excuse that blot I could'ent help it / well, we shall let it go with a kiss [MTAq 15]. *Note:* Cooley notes that "the letter shows no sign of an inkblot, but Gertrude may have kissed and blotted the letter. Future 'blots' sent by both Gertrude and Clemens are symbolic." It is easy to understand how enchanted Sam must have been by this creative, educated, and affectionate young girl.

February 23 Friday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

Last night Mr. Clemens dined with the Norman Hapgoods. He said this morning that the Hapgood dinners are best avoided, for there are always too many people there—too many big people. Mr. Fry the new assistant Curator of the Museum was there, doubtless a charming man, but not very talkative, & Robert W. Chambers, Mr. Clemens had no chance to talk with, & altogether he came home very tired & not inspired. Dorothea Gilder went up to the dinner with him [MTP TS 34]. *Note:* **Roger E. Fry**, Englishman, artist and art critic, was curator of paintings for the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He later wrote several books on art.

Clemens' A.D. for this day: Clemens tells how he became a business man—Mentions his brother **Orion's** autobiography [AMT 1: 376-379].

W. Vernon wrote to advise he would be in NY on the 27th and 28th and wished to make an appointment with Ashcroft and with Sam's counsel [MTP]. *Note:* this letter is addressed to Ashcroft, and likely forwarded by him to Sam, together with Ashcroft's Feb. 23 to Lauterbach. Vernon then wrote the following letter to Sam:

I have received a letter from Mr. Ashcroft, saying that you would take part in no negotiations in which Mr. Butters or Mr. Wheeler had to do. When I was in New York, it was arranged that Mr. Hammond (and with Mr. Wheeler's consent) that he should withdraw entirely from the Plasmon matter. There never has been any question of having any dealings with Mr. Butters, as nobody wishes to have anything to do with him. The opinion expressed about this was universal.

Wilson encouraged Sam to attend the meeting with him, Ashcroft, Sam's attorney, and Hammond, on Tuesday Feb. 27. If not then, Wilson would like to see Sam on Wed., Feb. 28 [MTP] *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter Sam's directives: "Telephone Ashcroft- / Read the letter / Hammond gone to Mexico? / Can't see why he should be present / Counsel knows more than / he does—their affair to know / what do to—If Ash or counsel thngs he ought to be there / he'll go."

Candace Wheeler wrote from NYC to Sam.

My Dear Mr Clemens

The 4th of March, on Sunday, at three o'clock, we expect to have a little very good singing and a few very delightful people. Really delightful people I will say, since I hope you will be hear and the Gilders and the Doubledays and McElways & Choates—all of them of the kind that are worth while, and no one who is not—not one, even as an attachment [MTP]. *Note:* She also asked if Jean and Clara might come. Lyon wrote on the

letter, “Cannot make any plans for daughters but should like to know how long it will hang on for he has an engagement to talk on 59 St at 3⁴⁵... / Telephone / Hope to get there”

February 24 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **Frederick A. Duneka**. “Saturday. Many thanks. The books have come. I am fully equipped for the voyage now. SL. Clemens” [MTP]. *Note:* since Sam was not planning any voyage, the reference may be rhetorical.

Sam also replied to **Govinier C. Hall’s Feb. 19** at the Hall-Truman Furniture Co. in Kansas City. Sam was “old, or nearly that” and would “not travel any more.” He thanked Hall for an unspecified book and praised the illustrations in it: “God bless this artist & ~~clame~~ & try to forgive the other kind” [MTP]. *Note:* Hall had written for the **Knife & Fork Club**.

Sam also replied to **Robert Fraser Standen’s ca. Feb. 16**: “It is quite likely that the Harper Corporation has doubted the policy of publishing the book at this time. In fact this is really the case. But as to my “preferences,” I haven’t altered any [MTP]. *Note:* the book was the delayed *Christian Science*.

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

This afternoon after I had finished playing the Tannhäuser Overture to Mr. Clemens, he suggested that the joys of a trip in the subway from Astor Place to the Northern terminus would be considerable, for he loves the subway. I said doubtless he would enjoy it. Then he asked me if I’d like to go. It was a happy suggestion. I played The Chorus of Angels through & away we went up to the 150th Street where we got out & walked down toward the Hudson. It is very close to the beautiful new Spanish Library Building given to the city by Mr. Archer Huntington. Mr. Clemens has been made consulting director of it, taking the place of Mr. John Hay. Oh, it was a dear afternoon, & we reached home in just an hour and a half after leaving the house. The air was soft, the mud—real mud on that real country road—had the spring quality, the Hudson lay glinting in a soft silver mist, & the automobiles went honk-honking along in a steady stream to the north [MTP TS 34-35; also noted in Gribben 732].

[From IVL Feb. 25:]

We are having fun out of an incident which occurred yesterday [Feb. 24]. It seems that when Mr. Clemens & I were in the northbound subway train he had been acutely aware of a beautiful girl who sat on “the port side of the car”. At dinner last night he asked if I hadn’t noticed how lovely she was. I had to say no, I hadn’t seen her. “Didn’t *see* her! Why her beauty filled the car!” When I reached C.C.’s room after dinner I confessed to her that I hadn’t seen that beautiful girl because I had been trying not to look at a glorious young god of a man. She told on me at tea this afternoon [Feb. 25], to the delight of Mr. Clemens & Bynner. Here’s a case! I’m to chaperone Mr. Clemens. C.C. is to chaperone me, & Bynner said “I’ll take a front seat.” But he has been deputed as a suitable chaperone for C.C. In great glee Mr. Clemens called us “a pair of old flirts” [MTP TS 22].

Harper’s Weekly published “Anecdotes of Mark Twain” by **Henry P. Goddard**, p. 280-1. Tenney: “Recollections by Goddard, who knew MT in the 1870’s. Notes MT’s generosity in signing over a lecture fee to Colonel Richard Malcom Johnston; describes MT’s comments on lecturing and his gradual reduction of lecture notes to a few marks on his fingernails” [42]. See **Jan. 17, 1889** entry for Sam’s donation of lecture fee to Johnston. No 1870’s information on Goddard has been found connecting him to Sam.

February 24 ca. – Sam replied to **Henry Copley Greene** (incoming not extant), who had evidently sought a signature on a petition to install streetlights in Dublin, N.H. “about Dublin Lights— If I were going to tell the entire truth I don’t care whether they have lights or haven’t them. The people who care are the ones to sign” [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Harper & Brothers**: “There isn’t a cent of money in a Danish translation—can have the permission provided your trans & pub. fin in 3 years—otherwise keep some one else from that opportunity” [MTP].

A draft exists (possibly not sent) from Sam per Isabel Lyon to **an unidentified man**:

Dear Sir: / When I finished the book & handed the MS. to the Harpers my interest in the matter ended. Whenever I have finished a book the question of whether it should ever be pub. or not is a matter of indifference to me. I have no preferences. The book [CS] has been ready for publication some 3 or 4 yrs. If at any time the Harpers should conclude to issue it, there will be no occasion to consult me about it [MTP].

February 24–28 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam replied to the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* that his contract with Harpers “doesn’t allow it. Besides, very busy with regular work” [MTP].

February 25 Sunday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Late last night—midnight & after—I sat here cutting Harper’s magazine for Mark & came across a beautiful little poem by Mildred Howells. I took it to Mr. Clemens this morning, he read it aloud to me & then cut it out of the magazine. This afternoon when Witter Bynner was here for tea, Mr. Clemens read it aloud again saying that he had wasted a whole chapter to say what she had said in a few lines & then as he paced the room he talked a little bit about the power of poetry to convey our thoughts in fittest form. Witter Bynner then recited a little poem of his own which is to appear shortly in McClures. It, too, is very beautiful, & is another summing up of a life problem. He *is* a magnetic creature.

At half past four Mr. & Mrs. Paine & their 3 lovely children, Louise, aged 11, a little poetess, Frances, aged 7, and tiny Joy, aged 3 came in for tea.

[on separate sheet of paper dated Feb. 25—an incident; see this placed for Feb. 24:] [MTP TS 35-36].

Note: **Witter Bynner** (1881-1968), poet, and writer. Bynner was a 1902 Harvard graduate and later became friends with **D.H. Lawrence**. Bynner lived for three decades in New Mexico, where he threw parties for famous people.

At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **William Dean Howells**, now in Atlantic City, N.J. at the St. Charles Hotel.

Miss Lyon brought to me, this morning, Mildred’s poem, in the March Harper; & its depth, & dignity, & pathos, & compression, & fluent grace & hearty—and stern veracity—have haunted me all day & sung in the ears of my spirit like a strain of solemn music. What a lumbering poor vehicle prose is for the conveying of a great thought! It cost me several chapters to say in prose what Mildred has said better with a single penfull of ink. Prose wanders around with a lantern & laboriously schedules & verifies the details & particulars of a valley & its frame of crags & peaks, then Poetry comes, & lays bare the whole landscape with a single splendid flash.

This evening I went out to 59th street to read the masterly poem to my brilliant niece, Mrs. Julie Langdon Loomis, who is a daft admirer of yours & student of Silas Lapham & others of your books; but I had my journey for nothing, for of course I left the poem in my other vest. And a pity, too, & I cursed myself.

Clara is grateful to you, & very properly sorry & ashamed for letting you run all over that place in search of comfortable quarters for her. I gave her a scolding, but of course that didn’t undo her evil work. / With love to you both [MTHL 2: 800-801]. *Note:* source gives clarifying notes: **Mildred Howells’** poem was “At the Wind’s Will,” which “figured human beings as autumn leaves driven by chance winds,” an idea that would find agreement with Clemens. Sam was working on *What Is Man?* which he was to have printed privately in August. **Clara Clemens** was also in Atlantic City, at the Brighton Hotel, confined to bed by an illness.

Patrick McAleer, longtime servant for the Clemens family, died at the age of 60 in Hartford. Sam would attend Patrick’s funeral. In his **Mar. 4** speech at the YMCA, Sam called Patrick “my ideal of an ideal gentleman” [MTHL 2: 802n2].

Sam wrote to **Robert Fraser Standen (Stander?)** in Dover, England. This letter not extant but mentioned in Standen's Mar. 23, 1907 letter [MTP].

Duffield Osborne wrote for the Authors Club to invite Sam to a reception for **Norman Hapgood** on Mar. 15 at 9 pm [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote on the bottom of the letter: "That date is to me quite impossible as I have got to be in Washington."

February 26 Monday – A telegram (not extant) came to Clemens from Hartford, announcing the death of **Patrick McAleer** [IVL TS 23]. *Note:* This was likely sent by Twichell. See IVL's Feb. 27 entry.

Sam wrote to **Joe Twichell**: "Shall reach Hartford about two thirty today to attend Patrick's funeral Wednesday. I desire to be a pall bearer" [MTP]. *Note:* likely this was a telegram. Also included in IVL's TS 23.

Sam also wrote to Brig. Gen. **Albert Leopold Mills** (1854-1916): "Dear Sir, / By permission of the enclosed post card which I think is authentic I venture to offer to the Academy a photograph of what is left of me, & add my grateful remembrance of pleasant days with the officers & the cadets of the long time ago. / Very truly yours..." [MTP: Paine TS]. *Note:* Mills was in the West Point class of 1879. He was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for his bravery at Santiago, Cuba, on July 1, 1898. Later in 1898 he was appointed Superintendent of West Point by President McKinley, a post which he held until 1906. Clemens visited the Academy in the spring of 1879. Leon writes Mills likely heard Sam speak then [131, 250]. See Feb. 28 for Mills' reply.

Clemens' A.D. for this day: Susy comes to New York with her mother and father—Aunt **Clara Spaulding** visits them at the Everett House—Aunt Clara's ill luck with horses—The omnibus incident in Germany—Aunt Clara now ill at the Hoffman House from a horseback accident thirty years ago—Clemens takes Susy to see **General Grant**—Clemens' account of his talk with Grant—Clemens gives his first reading in New York—Also tells about one in Boston—Memorial to **Longfellow**—And one in Washington [AMT 1: 379-385].

Sam traveled to **Hartford**, arriving at about 2:30 p.m. for **Patrick McAleer's** funeral on **Feb. 28**.

Isabel Lyon's journal:

This morning's mail brought letters from the ends of the earth, five of them. First a letter from a Danish Unitarian Minister asking the privilege of translating Joan of Arc into his native tongue; next a letter from a Spanish actress asking an autograph; then a letter from a secretary of a Club in Canada asking Mr. Clemens to be their guest of honor; then a delightful letter from a school boy in Montpelier, France, asking for a copy of "Innocents Abroad"—a large order—Mr. Clemens said. And lastly a request from "the most enthused of his Hungarian admirers" for a word in writing.

The French boy is a dear. Mr. Clemens calls him Gertrude's twin & would like the fun of marrying them. He plays the darlingest games.

This afternoon Mr. Paine who is a veritable Chorus of Angels, took Jean & me down to the East side through the Polish-Jew quarter where the Hebrew in every guise runs a law-abiding riot. It's a lovely medley of street vendors of every kind. Jean is going to pack a description of it into a German essay. Through the Bowery we went into Chinatown, enchanting babies we saw & we ate chop-suey in a very nice Chinese restaurant. We bought Chinese bowls & Mr. Paine bought me a darling Chinese man [MTP TS 36-37].

T.N. James wrote from Boston to Sam asking if he would consider being the Editor-in-Chief of "Men of Mark" in New York [MTP]. *Note:* Sam answered on or just after this date. See below in Feb. 26 *ca.*

Sam also wrote (possibly a telegram) to **Charles Hopkins Clark**:

“Will you assemble some Cheneys & Twichells & other friends at Hartford Club Thursday [Mar. 1] & lunch them & me at my expense. / S.L.C.” [MTP]. *Note:* Sam would attend **Patrick McAleer’s** funeral on **Feb. 28**. This note also included in IVL TS 23.

February 26 ca. – On or after this day Sam instructed Lyon to answer the **Feb. 26** offer of **T.N. James** that his contract with Harpers would not allow him to “take up their proposition” [MTP]. *Note:* if the mail was delivered on the same day from Boston, his reply would have been made prior to his leave for Hartford; if later, then upon his return to N.Y.

February 27 Tuesday – Sam went to **Hartford**; **Katy Leary** also went [Feb. 26 to Twichell; IVL below and Feb. 28].

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Yesterday [Feb. 26] came a telegram from Hartford announcing Patrick’s death & when I told Mr. Clemens he was deeply moved. He was sitting in the Gladstone chair [see insert **Gladstone chair**] in the living room & after a moment he said “I must go to the funeral.” So this morning he went.

Mr. Clemens will spend tonight with the Twichells & tomorrow night with the Whitmores, & how happy that will make them. How glad Mrs. Whitmore will be. ...

The weather has changed & it is very, very cold [MTP TS 37-38].

George J. Helmer for Infirmary of Osteopathy wrote to Sam. “Your letters to the Assemblyman and Senator just received. I thank you for calling my attention to the fact that the circular letter was more in the form of a command than a request. Am glad that seventy years has not dulled your vision for the abnormal” [MTP].

February 28 Wednesday – In **Hartford** Sam was a pall-bearer at **Patrick McAleer’s** funeral.

William Dean Howells wrote from Atlantic City, N.J. to Sam.



No praise that I ever had for work of my own gave me such entire and perfect joy as your praise of Pilla’s poem. Of course your letter has gone straight to her, and she will know how to prize the words which are simply without price.

I have no complaint to make of Clara [who was also in Atlantic City] except that I was not the least use in the world to her. Sometimes she must make that up to me. I wish she could go to Bermuda while Pilla is there.

To-morrow I shall be 69, but I do not seem to care. I did not start the affair, and I have not been consulted about it at any step. I was born to be afraid of dying, but not of getting old. Age has many advantages, and if old men were not so ridiculous, I should not mind being one. But they *are* ridiculous and they are ugly. The young do not see this so clearly as they do; but some day they will.

So you have been up, burying poor old Patrick [McAleer]—I suppose *he* was old, too. I remember how you used to work, one while, over his stable. I dare say he did not like it; but he probably never said so, and now the best return you can make is to see him put under the ground. It is strange, but that was *really* the best you could do, and I am glad you did it.

I want to hear some of your autobiography, if you will let me: or you could give me the MS. and let me read it for myself.

Mrs. Howells joins me in love to you all.

After his signature Howells added a paragraph about resolving death, and of his 87 year old father’s resolving it [MTHL 2: 801-2].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Santissima sang today for Mrs. Day & Alice Day & Miss Burbank & Miss Gordon & Miss McGinnis & Dorothea Gilder. Some of her notes were very, very beautiful, but she has the beginning of another cold, & so she was a little nervous. Dorothea Gilder was refreshing in a pretty new brown crepe de chine frock, she whirled around in a sweet naive way & asked us to admire it. We had been doing it without her pretty bidding. Saturday she sails in the Princess Irene for Gibraltar with Miss Cecilia Beaux.

Katie came home tonight from Patrick's funeral. She said it was beautiful to see Mr. Clemens walk up the aisle of the Cathedral with his hand on Patrick's coffin. (And I hope his spirit could see the honor done to his dear faithful body by his wonderful master.) She said the place was full of people, for it became known that Mr. Clemens was to be at the funeral & so homage was done to him. I hope Jesse Moore had a look at his beautiful face. Katie said that Mr. Clemens didn't go to the cemetery [MTP TS 38-39].

Hill writes of **Clara Clemens'** struggle to regain her singing form and of **Isabel Lyon's** journal entry: "On February 28 she attempted to sing: ',' Isabel commented [122].

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam. "At the request of Miss Lyon, I am sending you a copy of the additions you wrote to 'Adam's Diary' which are to be inserted at page 35. / We expect to have a dozen more pictures for 'Eve's Diary' in two or three days. When they arrive, I shall let you know" [MTP].

Bernard F. Martin wrote on Senate Chamber, State of NY letterhead to acknowledge receipt of Sam's letter. "I voted against Osteopathy last winter. I have not made up my mind as to my course on this bill mentioned by you" [MTP].

Albert Leopold Mills, Superintendent of West Point Military Academy, replied to thank Sam for his photograph sent Feb. 26. Mills hoped that Sam might come to see the many changes there [MTP]. *Note:* See Leon 250.

Susana Torres de Pastex wrote from Buenos Aires, Argentina to Sam. She was sending a parchment painted with "our great Mark Twain!" and asked that he might "write something on it" [MTP].

Leslie J. Tompkins wrote on Assembly Chamber State of NY letterhead to thank Sam for his suggestions concerning the Osteopathy Bill. Tompkins had not yet studied the bill. He feared his bills would be "buried in committee" [MTP].

W. Vernon wrote to Sam, sorry that a meeting was not to be, but "delighted however to hear that the probabilities in favor of a settlement of this business [along] lines we discussed in the fall are nearly attained." He hoped to be back from England in the beginning of May [MTP].

March – Sam inscribed a copy of *TS* with an aphorism: "*Let us save the to-morrows for work, Truly Yours Mark Twain, Mch/06*" [MTP: City Book Auction catalogs 26 May 1945, Item 119].

Charles E. Dana wrote for the **Contemporary Club** in Phila. to invite Sam to their 20th anniversary dinner. They had chosen "American Humor" as the subject. Miss **Agnes Repplier**, (1855-1950) Philadelphia essayist known for her scholarship and humor, would give an address on the subject [MTP].

John Fretwell wrote to Sam enclosing a photo of himself dated Aug. 1902 and related being mistaken for Twain in several locations. On the photo envelope, Fretwell typed: "Port: of a man who in Kaltenleutgeben bei Wein, Louksor in Egypt, Birmingham, England, Boston, Mass. & New York, has been charged with crimes

committed by Mark Twain, but in Each case succeed[ed] in proving an Alibi. / [picture] made in Zurich, Aug 1902" [MTP]. *Note:* photo of Fretwell in file; his moustache resembled Twain's.

March 1 Thursday – In **Hartford**, Sam luncheoned with friends assembled by **Charles Hopkins Clark** [Feb. 26 to Clark; ca. Mar. 10 to Clark]. F. Kaplan puts this at the **Hartford Club** and includes **Joe Twichell** [631]. *Note:* Clark wrote on Mar. 9 suggesting they split the bill for the lunch; Sam agreed.

F. Kaplan also has Twain reading "Wapping Alice" to **Harmony Twichell**'s Saturday morning discussion group sometime during the three days in Hartford, but if he did so it would not have been on a Saturday. Kaplan writes, "Harmony felt smoldering resentment that he dared present a story about sexual escapades and transvestitism to respectable female company," though it's not clear how he knows she smoldered [631].

In the evening Sam returned to **New York** [IVL TS 24].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Tonight Mr. Clemens came back from Hartford & he took cold up there. It began going up in the train when he sat in a draft & the wind blew into the Twichell house & into his bedroom, so that wasn't comforting & yesterday morning at the funeral, he took off his coat when he got into the Cathedral & struggled against the creeping cold. The coat was miles away for he had given it to the Sexton, not realizing that he was going to be away up by the altar. He said the service was so beautiful. The priest's voice was fine & in the right key, and "there was one voice in the choir that was divinely beautiful"—he couldn't tell me whether it was a boy's or a woman's, but oh it was so satisfying [MTP TS 39].

Ulysses S. Grant, Jr. wrote from San Diego, Calif. to Sam that he'd rec'd Harper's notice of the Hill Crest edition, though he already possessed each volume, "some of them several times over, and there is not a volume among them that I have not occasionally presented to a friend when in need of good literature." Grant especially valued the books with Sam's autograph. Though he only got to NY once in three or four years, Grant intended to call on his next visit [MTP]. See Sam's reply on Mar. 8.

James A. Renwick wrote to Sam, sending a rent receipt \$291.67 for March rent [MTP].

March 2 Friday – **Clara Clemens** returned to Atlantic City; she would make another NY trip on Mar 13 to audition [Hill 122].

At 21 Fifth Ave., **N.Y.** Sam wrote to **Gertrude Natkin** in N.Y.C., whom he now referred to as "Marjorie."

Marjorie dear, Mr. [Charles F.] Powlison has sent tickets—which is very well; it simplifies things.

The house is made up of men, you see. Certainly this *is* a new kind of matinée.

He has added come compliments (for me). I have destroyed them. Compliments make me vain; & when I am vain I am insolent & overbearing. It is a pity, too, because I love compliments. I love them even when they are not so. My child, I can live on a good compliment two weeks with nothing else to eat.

Marjorie, Marjorie, listen to me—

Listen, you... you...

Do you notice? it's a poem. I've got that far all right. I expect it to be 8 or ten lines when I get it done. It will take a long time, because poetry is very difficult for me, on account of it's being outside the range of my great talents. I expect to finish that second line during March, & take hold of No. 3 in April. I intend that it shall be exceedingly good when I get done, you dear little creature

Friday afternoon.

P. S. It was a very nice blot, dear; there couldn't be a nicer blot than that [MTAq 16]. *Note:* see Natkin's Feb. 22 for explanation of the blot.

Sam also sent a telegram to **C. Brereton Sharpe** for the **Plasmon Syndicate** in London. "Have made an adjustment of Plasmon controversy preserving your third interest, but must issue \$7500 Preferred Stock at par, each shareholder subscribing pro rata. Have agreed subject to confirmation of your subscribing \$2500. Advise you to agree to it. Telegraph either yes or no Clemens" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Santissima went back to Atlantic City. I have been playing to Mr. Clemens, playing his favorites and after I had played many things that he loves I took up the Largo. He sat in the big green tufted chair quite near me, with his back toward me, and when I had finished it he said "If you're not tired play the Susie one", that is the Intermezzo. I played it and he said "I can fit the words to both those pieces, as the coffins of Susie & her mother are borne through the dining room & the hall & the drawing room of the Hartford house. Susie calls to me in the Intermezzo & her mother in the Largo, and they are lamenting that they shall see that place no more." Oh, is soul is so lonely. Days are when it is *so* terrible [MTP TS 39-40].

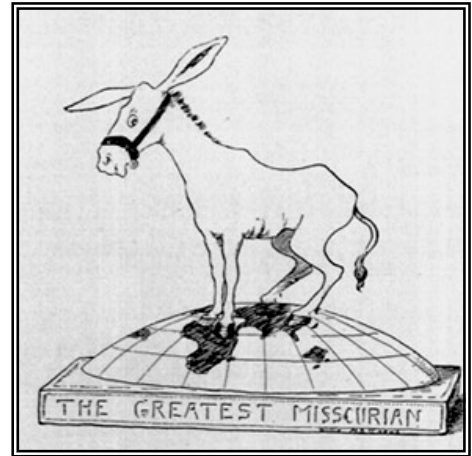
Nineteen year old **Julius Cohn** wrote to Sam on Emil Nathan & Co., Wholesale Liquors (his employer) letterhead. Cohn had not been able to save to buy more of Twain's books, his father deceased and his earnings supported his mother and sisters—he asked Clemens if he could "let me have a few" books? [MTP].

March 3 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **Homer Croy**, editor of the Missouri University's yearbook the *Savitar*. Croy had sent Sam a copy of the 1905 yearbook which announced a proposal to dedicate the 1906 edition to Mark Twain. See insert 1906 Savitar.

The *Savitar* has arrived, & I thank you very much for it. Everything that comes from the University interests me,—& this book affects me in that way strongly.

Meantime my secretary has mislaid your letter. According to my recollection it proposed to dedicate the next *Savitar* to me. If that is so, I shall be proud of the honor, I assure you.

I do not remember that you added anything, but if you did it has escaped from my memory, & I beg that you will repeat it. / Sincerely Yours ... [MTP].



Sam also wrote per Lyon to decline an invitation by the **Yale Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society** to lecture: "I have not an open date for the rest of the season" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Jean and I went over to the Gilders' last night. So many strange people! But I had a nice talk with Mr. Everett Shinn who tried to sell his Cornish place to Mr. Clemens a year ago. I saw & quite liked several people. Mary Lawton was a glory in white satin. Mr. Gilder was beautiful.

Secured a cabin for C.C. on the Minnetonka sailing June 9th. (Weeks later—Returned that security.)

Mr. Paine came in this morning with some beautiful photographs of Mr. Clemens. Photographs that he made of Mr. Clemens in bed & they are wonderful.

Barry Faulkner came in for tea & he told us how on Jan. 24, a bitterly cold day, Gerald Thayer, utterly naked climbed to the top of Monodnock. I think it was a glory of a thing to do. Think of that strong young naked

white creature dashing alone through the winter woods. Think of him standing along among the mighty rocks on the top of the mountain. It is the great primeval call of the wild & there seems to me to be something akin to a religion in it [MTP TS 40-41].

George Daulton wrote from Staten Island, NY to send Sam one of **Gessford's** photographs for him to sign. George was the son of Sam's "old time printer friend," **Frank Daulton**. George's wife had a serial running in *St. Nicholas*, and one of George's stories was "under consideration" at the Century Co. Frank Daulton was now living in Arkansas dwelling "with extreme pleasure in his memories of you." George would like to visit Twain sometime [MTP].

Alice M. Ditson (Mrs. Charles H. Ditson) wrote from NYC to Sam. "My Dear Mr Clemens— / send the enclosed with no further comment than that 'them' my sentiments—" And *you* wanted to have *my* angel dog for breakfast! *Infidel!* Nevertheless I am yours affectionately ..." [MTP].

Richard Watson Gilder wrote to Sam.

President Finley and I are collecting letters to Ex-President Cleveland from his friends, appropriate to his 69th birthday.

If the plan appeals to you, will you kindly send a sealed greeting under cover to me at the above address [Century Magazine, NYC], and I will send it, and the other letters, South to him in time for him to get them, all together, on the 18th of the present month... [MTP].

C. Brereton Sharpe for the Plasmon Syndicate sent a telegram reply to Sam's cable of Mar. 2. "We to-day cabled in reply as follows: — / 'Raif New York. / Yes / Praevalet'. Sharpe also wrote a letter, quoting Sam's Mar. 2 cable, his reply and added: "and are very pleased indeed to learn that you have been able to arrive at an adjustment. / We trust that the arrangement you have made with Mr. Hammond will prove a satisfactory one for all concerned, and that we may look forward in the near future to good and profitable results from the Plasmon business in America" [MTP].

March 4 Sunday – At about 4 p.m. Sam spoke at the **Majestic Theatre** for the **West Side Branch of the YMCA**. **Gertrude Natkin** and her mother were in the audience. The *New York Times*, Mar. 5 p. 2, recorded the wild crush at the doors and also Sam's speech.

POLICE HUSTLE CROWD AWAITING MARK TWAIN

Bungle at the Majestic Theatre Angers Y. M. C. A. Men.

WOULDN'T OPEN THE DOORS

Mr. Clemens Gives Some Advice About the Treatment of
Corporations and Talks About Gentlemen.

Members of the West Side Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association found that entering the Majestic Theatre yesterday afternoon to hear an address by Mark Twain had a close resemblance to a football match. No one was injured, but for a few minutes the police were hustling the crowd backward and forward by sheer force, a mounted man was sent to push his way through the thickest of the press and the jam was perilous.

The doors of the theatre should have been opened at 3 o'clock, and about three hundred persons were there at that time. It was an orderly crowd of young men with a sprinkling of elderly ones, but Capt. Daly of the West Forty-seventh Street Station would not allow them to be admitted until he has summoned the reserves. It took twenty minutes for these to arrive and every moment the crush grew greater. Still there was no disorder and the police as they formed into line had to face nothing more dangerous than a little good-humored chaff.

The crowd was ranged in a rough column facing the main doors of the lobby. The Young Men's Christian Association authorities came out several times and asked the Captain to allow the doors to be opened.

"If you do it, I'll take away my men and there'll be a lot of people hurt or killed," he replied. "I know how to handle crowds."

Then he proceeded to handle the crowds. He tried to swing the long solid line up against the southwestern side of Columbus Circle and force them in by the side entrance of the lobby, instead of the one they faced. First he sent a mounted man right through the column. The patrolmen followed and in a moment the orderly gathering was hustled and thrust in all directions.

Capt. Daly's next maneuver was to open the side door. The crowd surged up, but he had them pushed back, and closed the door again. The crowd was utterly bewildered. Then the Young Men's Christian Association authorities opened one-half of the door on their own responsibility. Through this narrow passage the crowd squeezed. The plate glass in the half that was closed was shattered to atoms, and the men surged forward. A few coats were torn, but in spite of the way in which they had been handled everybody kept his temper. If there had been any disorderly element present nothing could have avoided serious accidents. In the end all but 500 gained admission.

Hold Police Responsible.

At the opening of the meeting, the Rev. Dr. Charles P. Fagnani, the Chairman, said: "The management desires to disclaim all responsibility for what has happened. [Cheers.] The matter was taken out of their hands by the police. [Hisses.] You have been accustomed long enough to being brutally treated by the police, and I do not see why you should mind it. [A voice: "You're right."] Some day you will take matters into your own hands and will decide that the police shall be the servants of the citizens."

At the end of the meeting, Charles F. Powlison, Secretary of the West Side Branch, stated he had been asked to submit a resolution condemning the action of the police, but it had been decided it was better not to do so.

Mark Twain was introduced as a man "well worth being clubbed to hear." He was greeted with a storm of applause that lasted over a minute.

"I thank you for this signal recognition of merit," he said. "I have been listening to what has been said about citizenship. You complain of the police. You created the police. You are responsible for the police. They must reflect you, their masters. Consider that before you blame them.

"Citizenship is of the first importance in a land where a body of citizens can change the whole atmosphere of politics, as has been done in Philadelphia. There is less graft there than there used to be. I was going to move to Philadelphia, but it is no place for enterprise now.

"Dr. Russell spoke of organization. I was an organization myself once for twelve hours, and accomplished things I could never have done otherwise. When they say 'Step lively,' remember it is not an insult from a conductor to you personally, but from the President of the road to you, an embodiment of American citizenship. When the insult is flung at your old mother and father, it shows the meanness of the omnipotent President, who could stop it if he would.

Mark Twain Got the Stateroom.

"I was an organization once. I was traveling from Chicago with my publisher and stenographer—I always travel with a bodyguard—and engaged a stateroom on a certain train. For above all its other conveniences, the stateroom gives the privilege of smoking. When we arrived at the station the conductor told us he was sorry the car with our stateroom was left off. I said: 'You are under contract to furnish a stateroom on this train. I am in no hurry. I can stay here a week at the road's expense. It'll have to pay my expenses and a little over.'

"Then the conductor called a grandee, and, after some argument, he went and bundled some meek people out of the stateroom, told them something not strictly true, and gave it to me. About 11 o'clock the conductor looked in on me, and was very kind and winning. He told me he knew my father-in-law—it was much more respectable to know my father-in-law than me in those days. Then he developed his game. He was very sorry the car was only going to Harrisburg. They had telegraphed to Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, and couldn't get another car. He threw himself on my mercy. But to him I only replied:

"Then you had better buy the car."

"I had forgotten all about this, when some time after Mr. Thomson of the Pennsylvania heard I was going to Chicago again and wired:

"I am sending my private car. Clemens cannot ride on an ordinary car. He costs too much.' "

Definition of a Gentleman.

Mark Twain went on to speak of the man who left \$10,000 to disseminate his definition of a gentleman. He denied that he had ever defined one, but said if he did he would include the mercifulness, fidelity, and justice the Scripture read at the meeting spoke of. He produced a letter from William Dean Howells, and said:

“He writes he is just 69, but I have known him longer than that. ‘I was born to be afraid of dying, not of getting old,’ he says. Well, I’m the other way. It’s terrible getting old. You gradually lose things, and become troublesome. People try to make you think you are not. But I know I’m troublesome.

“Then he says no part of life is so enjoyable as the eighth decade. That’s true. I’ve just turned into it, and I enjoy it very much. ‘If old men were not so ridiculous,’ why didn’t he speak for himself? ‘But,’ he goes on, ‘they are ridiculous, and they are ugly.’ I never saw a letter with so many errors in it. Ugly! I was never ugly in my life! Forty years ago I was not so good-looking. A looking glass then lasted me three months. Now I can wear it out in two days.

“‘You’ve been up in Hartford burying poor old Patrick. I suppose he was old, too,’ says Howells. No, he was not old. Patrick came to us thirty-six years ago—a brisk, lithe young Irishman. He was as beautiful in his graces as he was in his spirit, and he was as honest a man as ever lived. For twenty-five years he was our coachman, and if I were going to describe a gentleman in detail I would describe Patrick.

“At my own request I was his pall bearer with our old gardener. He drove me and my bride so long ago. As the little children came along he drove them, too. He was all the world to them, and for all in my house he had the same feelings of honor, honesty, and affection.

“He was 60 years old, ten years younger than I. Howells suggests he was old. He was not so old. He had the same gracious and winning ways to the end. Patrick was a gentleman, and to him I would apply the lines:

“So may I be courteous to men, faithful to friends, True to my God, a fragrance to the path I trod.

When inquiries were made last night at the West Side Branch as to whether a complaint of the action of the police would be made by the association to Commissioner Bingham, it was said to be improbably that any official action would be taken” [Note: **Patrick McAleer** died on **Feb. 25**; Sam was a pallbearer at his Hartford funeral on **Feb. 28**].



Bernhardt Wall (1872-1956), pioneer etcher and producer of fine press books” made a sketch (see insert) of Mark Twain during his above YMCA speech.

At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **Charles Hopkins Clark** in Hartford.

This is the first time I have had a chance to thank you. The cold I caught in the North-bound train, & which I increased by attending the funeral in the Cathedral without an overcoat has kept me in bed ever since, until this afternoon when I had to keep an engagement to address the Y.M.C.A. in the Majestic Theatre: the physical exertion of speaking pumped up a perspiration which seems to have abolished the cold; & so I am able at last to thank you for taking all that trouble for me, & I do thank you most heartily, most cordially, most gratefully.

You must let me pay that bill, Charley, then I will love you from crown to boot heels—and I’ll trust you *again*. Send it, & with it your love. You have mine. / Mark [MTP].

In the evening Sam began a letter to **Gertrude Natkin** that he added to on **Mar. 8 and 9**.

But you *were* a delightful surprise when you did at last arrive, this afternoon! I had really given you up, & was getting into that vicious mood which comes upon a disappointed person & makes him go on a platform & say odious things to a mass of men who only think kindly of him & have never done him any harm in the world!

I supposed I had carried stupidity to the limit when I failed to instruct Miss Lyon to telephone you to come to the stage door—but it wasn’t so, I was stupid again in letting you & your sister go in that

[page missing]

you.) I thought I had made a step & added a word, but I was mistaken. Marjorie, Marjorie, listen to me—listen, you (elf?)

No, elf won't do, because I must have a word that can furnish a proper rhyme at the end of the fourth line, & there isn't anything that rhymes with elf except self & pelf & shelf. Those are inelegant; there are not going to be any inelegant words in *this* work of art, my precious little maid. But I'm not worrying—I'll have that word inside of three weeks, *sure*. For I am full of talent. The noun is the only difficulty, not the adjective. I can manage the adjective; any two-syllable one that hasn't the emphasis on the wrong end & has sugar enough it in, will do, & I know several of those [MTAq 16-17].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Today we went up to the Majestic Theatre, Mr. Clemens & mother & I, & he spoke to all those many, many Y.M.C.A. men. But the main thing is that Gertrude was there, "that darling child." We went in the stage door & for a very long time Gertrude didn't arrive. Mr. Clemens's look of disappointment made me heartsick and feebly[,] I tried to find the child in that vast crowd. It was a Christian crowd, but as I turned away from a big burly young man who had tried to gain admittance & had failed, I heard him say: "Just my God damn luck!" Mr. & Mrs. Paine & Miss Hobby were in the next box & Mr. Clemens's talk was lovely & brave & strong & instructive & humorous. No one else in all the world can combine all those qualities with such great wonderful personal charm. The other men walked with their feet onto that stage. He appeared with a soft unconscious step, light as a girl's & with a grace that is undescrivable. There's never been so graceful, so unconsciously beautiful, so masterful and strong a personality. He seems never to be aware of himself [MTP TS 41].

George Henschel wrote for the Century Assoc. NYC to invite Sam and Clara to "a little Bohemian dinner in the Duset Room of the Hofbrauhaus Broadway & 30th Street on Tuesday March 20th at 7:30" [MTP].

March 5 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **Alice M. Ditson (Mrs. Charles H. Ditson)**.

I am glad to have that speech; it has moved me, & also modified me, in some degree. I don't feel the same passionate appetite for your dog that I felt that evening; & it is probably because I have just had my breakfast. I can't really depend on my reforms; they are so likely to be inspirational & temporary; therefore for my sake & the dog's, I think it will be better that one of us keep out of the way [MTP].

Clemens' A.D. for this day: **Livy** warns Sam when he attends the Cleveland reception at the White House—Describes the Paris house in which they lived in 1893—Also room in Villa Viviani—Also dining room in house at Riverdale—Tells how Clemens was "dusted off" after the various dinners—and the card system of signals—Letter from **Richard W. Gilder** regarding **Grover Cleveland's** sixty-ninth birthday—Mason [AMT 1: 385-389].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

It was so dreadful to have to go to a little reception at Mr. Weyman's studio, The Benedict in Washington Square, but Jean couldn't go alone & I toted her, & after I got in there I didn't mind it a bit, I liked it, for the room was beautiful, & Mr. Weyman was agreeable. There was a lovely dull gold ceiling & frieze above a soft indescribably colored wall—oh tan, or pale sand color, & there were lovely pictures there & a beautiful big screen, copying an old German style & lots of lovely candles lit it all. The talk didn't amount to a great deal, but the effect of the room was very satisfying [MTP TS 41-42]. *Note:* evidently Sam did not go. Weyman was not further identified.

H.A. Williams, nephew of **Steve Gillis** and **James Gillis**, was in N.Y.C. with a letter from his uncle Jim and wrote to Sam: "He was very anxious to have me see you if possible. I have heard so many pleasant things of you both from Uncle Jim and my Uncle Steve, that I trust you will be able to appoint some day when I can have the pleasure of meeting you" [MTP]. *Note:* Clemens replied *ca.* Mar. 6

March 6 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **Grover Cleveland**.

Grover Cleveland, Esq.

Ex-President.

Honored Sir:

Your patriotic virtues have won for you the homage of half the nation & the enmity of the other half. This places your character as a citizen upon a summit as high as Washington's. The verdict is unanimous & unassailable. The votes of both sides are necessary in cases like these, & the votes of the one side are quite as valuable as are the votes of the other. When the votes are all in a public man's favor the verdict is against him. It is sand, & history will wash it away. But the verdict for you is rock, & will stand.

With the profoundest respect, SL. Clemens [MTP].

Sam also wrote an aphorism to Mr. **Isidor Lewis**: *"Truth is the most valuable thing we have. Let us economise it. / Truly Yours / Mark Twain / March 6/06 / Mr. Isidor Lewis."* [MTP].

Sam also wrote this above aphorism tipped into a memento program of a dinner given him by the **Lotos Club**. The sheet is also signed by **William Dean Howells**, **Thomas Bailey Aldrich**, and others [MTP].

Note: This same inscription suggests that the aphorism was given to Mr. Isidor Lewis and perhaps others at the dinner.

Clemens' A.D. for this day: Clemens makes Baby Ruth intercede in behalf of **Frank H. Mason**, and he is retained in his place—Clemens' letter to Ex-President **Cleveland**—Cleveland as sheriff, in Buffalo—as Mayor he vetoes ordinance of railway corporation—Clemens and **George Washington Cable** visit Governor Cleveland at Capitol, Albany—Clemens sits on the bells and summons sixteen clerks—The Lyon of St. Mark [AMT 1: 389-392].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Today came a letter [not extant] from a man asking if Clemens's one act play would be available for vaudeville, & appropriate. The play is "The Death Wafer." Mr. Clemens said to me: "They could try a funeral service, & if that succeeds they could try this." Tonight after Jean played it, Mr. Clemens said: "The dearest & sweetest lie I ever heard is the Lorelei." & then he chuckled [MTP TS 42].

Robert Fulton Cutting wrote from 32 Nassau St. in N.Y.C. to Sam. Would he be able to "make an address" to the N.Y. Trade School on Friday evening **April 6**? Fulton described the proposed audience as "nearly one thousand young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five who are learning the elementary trades... They belong to the most ambitious class of our American industrials and come to the school for hard work and not for play" [MTP]. *Note:* On or about **Mar. 10** Miss Lyon's answer reflected Sam's desire to accommodate such students if possible, though many times such offers were declined straightaway.

Charles Putzel, NY attorney, wrote to Sam.

Our guests and our members will be greatly pleased with your very kind acceptance to be present at this complimentary Dinner to me. There will be a hundred and fifty diners, and your wish, I have already communicated to the Toastmaster, and you are now placed at the bottom of the list of speakers. ... New York Cab Company will have one of its cabs at your door on Thursday, at 9:15 P.M. ... [MTP]. *Note:* see below reply.

Sam also replied to Charles Putzel:

Dear Mr. Putzl [*sic* Putzel] —

I can be there by 9.45 day after tomorrow evening, & shall be very glad—but I want to be about the last speaker, or along there, so that I can gather a test or two from the previous talkers. My secretary will not let me forget the date. / Truly Yours / SL. Clemens [Christie's auction Dec. 4, 2009, Lot 38 Item 2153]. *Note:*

source gives this as a testimonial dinner for Putzel, a newly appointed tax commissioner. Fatout adds the Mar. 8, 1906 dinner speech for Putzel was given by the **Freundschaft Society**, N.Y.C (Putzel was a former president of the society) [503, 675].

March 6 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote a note to **Philip Sawyer**: “Pay to the order of Tom Sawyer comrade of Huckleberry Finn. Two hundred dollars” [MTP].

Sam gave advice to Isabel V. Lyon to reply to **H.A. Williams’ Mar. 5** letter. “2 o’clock Thurs afternoon be pretty sure to be in & glad to see him” [MTP].

Alex C. Toncray (Tonkray) wrote to Sam, as quoted in his A.D.

You no doubt are at a loss to know who I am. I will tell you. In my younger days I was a resident of Hannibal, Mo., and you and I were schoolmates attending Mr. Dawson’s school along with Sam and Will Bowen and Andy Fuqua and others whose names I have forgotten. I was then about the smallest boy in school, for my age, and they called me little Aleck Tonkray for short [MTP]. *Note:* Alex’s brother was the Capt. Tonkray whose death was sent by clipping; see **Feb. 14** from A.D. Howard and Sam’s reply to this on **Mar. 8**.

March 7 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Robert K. Mackey**, who was seeking autographs for his son’s set of Mark Twain books. Lyon wrote that if Mackey would leave the first volume Mr. Clemens would autograph it for him [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **John F. Tremain of the Chemung County Society** who had written on **Dec. 9** conferring upon Mark Twain honorary membership in their society and inviting him to dine with them on **Mar. 29**. Sam thanked him for both but declined to attend due to other engagements [MTP].

Clemens’ A.D. for this day: Susy’s Biography—**John Hay** incident—Giving the young girl the French novel—Susy and her father escort **Livy** to train, then go over Brooklyn Bridge—On the way to Vassar they discuss German profanity—Clemens tells of the sweet and profane German nurse—The arrival at Vassar and the dreary reception—Told by Susy—The reading, etc.—Clemens’ opinion of girls—He is to talk to the Barnard girls this afternoon [AMT 1: 392-396].

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to invite Sam to dine at Delmonico’s on Tuesday, Mar. 13 at 7:30 p.m. since Col. **Harvey** and Major **Leigh** were sailing for Europe the following day [MTP].

In the afternoon, Sam was guided by a young woman to speak at **Columbia University** for the **Barnard College Union** reception. Fatout writes:

At a Barnard College reception, the girls swarmed around Mark Twain with a gratifying display of flattering affection. He enjoyed the society of young women. In *MTA* (2: 172), he says: “Girls are charming creatures. I shall have to be twice seventy years old before I change my mind about that. I am to talk to a crowd of them this afternoon, students of Barnard College...and I think I shall have just as pleasant a time as I had with the Vassar girls twenty-one years ago.” He did have a pleasant time, recording in a dictation next day his great satisfaction in being fussed over. Escorted to the platform by Miss Russell, president of Barnard, and Miss Hill, dean, he stood before a painted backdrop depicting a woodsy setting, and faced a house crowded with admiring femininity. Introduced as one whom all the girls loved, he spoke for an hour, and afterwards shook hands with everybody, his youthful listeners assuring him that his words would undoubtedly make them lead better lives [495]. *Note:* see Fatout 495-502 for full text of Clemens’ speech, which includes the watermelon tale. Also included in his talk was the story of a visitor to the Hartford home sometime after 1890, a story he’d told at the Players Club on Jan. 26, 1894. The story of **Benjamin Ellis Martin** (d. 1909), a Civil War surgeon and author had

stopped to visit the Clemens family; Sam mistook him for an etchings salesman. The tale was published in 2004 as “Courtesy to Unexpected Visitors” in *Mark Twain’s Helpful Hints for Good Living* p. 25-6 and notes p. 186.

After the reception Sam dined with Professor of Philosophy **Herbert Gardiner Lord** of **Barnard College** [Virginia TaylorMar. 8]

Edwina L. Levy wrote after listening to Sam:

I had the great pleasure of listening to Mark Twain this afternoon at Barnard College, and the still greater pleasure of meeting him after the lecture. Would you induce him to be kind enough to send me his autograph, that I may have a souvenir of one of the most delightful afternoons I have ever spent [MTP]. *Note:* photograph of Sam enclosed for signature.

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Jean, 9:20 I was alone

Tonight at 9:30 Mr. Clemens came slipping upstairs after his expedition to Barnard College & his even later with Prof. and Mrs. Lord. He had had a beautiful time. At half past 3 he slid away in a mobile with strong young Virginia Taylor & 2 other Barnardites, and this evening he told how he had had a beautiful time. He sat on my broad short divan here & told me how much he had enjoyed all those girls, and how responsive they had been. He told Mrs. Lord last Sunday that he wanted that mobile full of girls & it was about that—though there was a place for me too, his authorized chaperon, but I couldn’t go—I dared not leave Jean alone. But I bought of a street vendor 3 darling pots of primroses—1 for Jean, 2 for me and they are such a comfort. One is on the floor by my fireplace & the 2nd vol. of “*Roughing It*” dropped off the shelf as I was getting it, & knocked off a shaft of blossoms & 3 pretty leaves [MTP TS 42-43].

March 8 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam added to his **Mar. 4** to **Gertrude Natkin**. He would finish the letter on **Mar. 9**

Thursday afternoon.

Marjorie, I’ve got the words! The words That rhyme. The rest is easy, because No. 3 doesn’t have to rhyme with anything. Observe:

===

TO THAT BONNY CHILD, MARJORIE.

Marjorie, Marjorie, listen to me—

Listen, you winsome witch:

Whomever you bless with your innocent love,

That person is passing rich.

===

There, dear—that poem is as good as half done, I think. All in good time I shall finish it, will see [MTAq 17].

Sam also wrote on the Mar. 1 from **Ulysses S. Grant, Jr.** “I prize your friendship very highly & shall be glad to welcome you to my house when you come to New York. We will then sit down together & brush the dust off that friendship. / I do not run across Gen. Fred in the flesh, but I am glad to say I remain in touch with him” [MTP]. *Note:* Sam signed and dated this, likely for Lyon to copy & mail.

Clemens’ A.D. for this day: The Barnard lecture—Subject *Morals*—Letter from brother of Captain **Toncray**—Clemens reply that original of “*Huckleberry Finn*” was **Tom Blankenship**—Tom’s father Town Drunkard—Describes Tom’s character—Death of **Injun Joe**—Storm which came that night—Incident of the Episcopal sextons and their reforms—**John D. Dawson’s** school in Hannibal—**Archibald Fuqua’s** great gift [AMT 1: 396-400].

Isabel Lyon’s journal noted that Sam dined with **Moncure D. Conway** and **Andrew Dickson White**, men Lyon referred to as “those 2 autobiographists” [Gribben 760: TS 143].

Autobiographical Dictations resumed on a regular basis—M-F for two hours during 1906 and 1907

Later Sam spoke before the **Freundschaft Society**, honoring **Charles Putzel**, a past president of the group, who had just been named a tax commissioner. The *New York Times*, Mar. 9, p1: reported:

TWAIN'S WANING CONSCIENCE.

No More Left Than a Millionaire, He Says at Putzel Dinner.

Four hundred members of the Freundschaft Club met at their quarters, Park Avenue and Seventy-second Street, last night, to do honor to their late President, Charles Putzel, on his appointment as Tax Commissioner. Among those who were asked to meet him all were officers or ex-officers except Mark Twain. The Chairman, Julius J. Frank, explained that the humorist was King of all Hearts and all Affection. Mayor McClellan sent a letter of regret.

Mr. Putzel remarked that when Mayor McClellan appointed him to office the members of the Freundschaft evidently assumed that he was selected to reduce the assessments on the club. The dinner was set three weeks before the close of swearing-off time. Then the club could sing:

What is it to us if taxes rise and fall!

Thanks to our Putzel, we pay none at all.

After Signor Campanari had sung the Toreador's song Attorney General Mayer was introduced. Then ex-Controller Grout assured the new Tax Commissioner that if he needed criticism he had only to assess *The Journal*, *The World*, *The Sun*, *The Herald*, and *The Eagle* at their true value.

Mark Twain, who received an ovation, said:

"Mr. Putzel is related to me in a very tender way through taxes. They are a sore subject to me and I was glad to hear there was any foreign product untaxable in America except the answer to prayer.

"When I went to his office and saw Putzel in the receipt of perjury, I recognized him right away. Years ago I met him in a bookstore. I asked him the discount of a book for a publisher. He said 40 per cent. I asked him the discount to an author. He jotted down another 40 per cent. What was it to clergy? Forty per cent again.

"Well, I said, I was only on my way there, kind of studying. So he put down 20 per cent without a smile. I was in despair and asked him for 10 off, as a member of the human race. He never moved a muscle, but as I left the store called me back for the book and the 40 cents that was coming to me.

"I hoped I might get something from him now as Tax Commissioner. I put up my hand and made a statement. It was pain and grief to me, for I was brought up in the pious circles of Missouri. But a year in New York had left me with no more conscience than a millionaire. I would like to compliment him, anyway, for I may get relief next year.

"Attorney General Mayer suggested I might be a Supreme Court Judge. I can't be that, for I know nothing of the administration of justice. But I understand from his speech he is the propagator of crime for the whole State, and, as I am reasonably familiar with crime, I might have his job [Note: **Julius Marshuetz Mayer** (1865-1925), New York Atty. Gen. 1905-1906. Later became a judge.

After the event Sam wrote his thanks to **Charles Putzel**.

Dear Mr. Putzel: I intended to write you the next day & still the next & the 3 next & the next day, but was always prevented by one interruption or another; & so at last you have gotten in ahead of me. I wanted to speak of the very thing you have now spoken about: the generous & moving reception accorded me, both when I entered the hall & when I rose to speak. These things go to a man's heart & they went to mine. The praises & affection lavished upon me were as fine as anything of the kind I have had the good fortune to listen to, & none of them rang false; they were as manifestly sincere as they were fine. I was very glad to be there, & hear those happy speeches, & see that great body of choice men, & have the pleasure of shaking hands with so many of them [MTP]. Note: **Charles Putzel** was recently appointed a commissioner of taxation; he was also a trustee for the City College of N.Y. (1901-1910)

Sam also replied to **Alex C. Toncray (Tonkray)** in Chicago, who wrote on **Mar. 6**.

Dear Mr. Toncray: / It is plain to me that you knew the Hannibal of my boyhood, the names you quote prove it. This is an unusual circumstance in my experience. With some frequency letters come from strangers reminding me of old friends & early episodes, but in almost every case these strangers have mixed me up with somebody else, and the names and incidents are foreign to me.

Huckleberry Finn was Tom Blankenship. You may remember that Tom was a good boy, notwithstanding his circumstances. To my mind he was a better boy than Henry Beebe & John Reagan put together, those swells of the ancient days [MTP]. *Note:* mail from Chicago to NY now took only 2 days.

Isabel Lyon's journal:

The days are so full of varied joys. I lunched with Mrs. Day & her daughter & Miss Caer was there too, that interesting woman who spent 11 months in the royal palace in China. Her accounts of her life there were delightful. One of the Chinese grandees diplomatically told her that he could send her a wonderful ointment for the hair, one that would darken it for her too. To them a blond must be really a torture for they depict their devils as fair haired.

I came home to find quite a number of things to do, people to see & telephoning, & Mr. Clemens gone to his bed tired. He was resting up too, for he dined with Moncure D. Conway & Andrew D. White (those 2 autobiographists) before going up to the Freundschaft Club at 9:30. But I had a darling chat with him, & he was interested in Mrs. Day & her Christian Science. Mr. Dearborn came in to see if Mr. Clemens would speak in Carnegie for the Fulton Memorial Association. The idea pleases Mr. Clemens. Mr. Glover, a handsome man, came in to see Mr. Clemens, but had to see me instead [MTP TS 43-44]. *Note:* **Harry Windsor Dearborn.**

John Brown, Jr. ("Jock") wrote to Sam, hoping he remembered him. He'd given letters of his father to his cousin, **Dr. J.T. Brown**, to write a memoir of his father, which was published in 1901, but little use was made of the letters. "Among the letters I got back in 1902 were some from you and Mrs. Clemens. I have now got a large number of letters written by my father between 1830 and 1882 and intend publishing a selection in order to give the public an idea of the man he was....I now write to ask you if you have letters from him and if you will let me see them and use them" [MTP].

Moncure D. Conway in NYC sent a note by messenger to Sam. "Can you come this evening at seven sharp to the Century Club to dine with Andrew D. White? / The messenger will wait for an answer, if you are in....The short notice is inevitable" [MTP]. *Note:* Sam went; see IVL entry this day.

Ernest A. Gerrard wrote from 104 E. 20th N.Y.C. to Sam that he was mailing a copy of *France and the Maid*, a play based on Joan of Arc. "I send it to you because I know you are one of the few Americans sufficiently familiar with the subject matter to appreciate and enjoy the truthful handling of the characters and events" [MTP]. *Note:* Sam answered **ca. Mar. 10.**

Lillie T. Noel wrote from Washington Training College, Wash., D.C. to relate an incident and to ask Sam's opinion of what he might have done in that situation. It seems that during a group pose for a photograph, a lady sneezed who was sitting above a young man. Some item flew down the stairs but the lady was quicker to retrieve it than the young man—it was a set of the lady's false teeth. What would Sam have done or said in that situation to restore the lady's dignity? [MTP]. *Note:* Sam replied Mar. 10.

Philip Sawyer wrote from NYC to Sam, signing "Tom Sawyer." He was "overjoyed to find" Sam's "check in my mail this morning—particularly as 'my pump had begun to suck!'" [MTP].

Virginia Taylor wrote from Barnard College to thank Sam for speaking at the College, and that he was "certainly are an angel." She apologized for not being able to "deliver you safely home," and that perhaps "we shouldn't have let you accept the dinner engagement with Professor Lord" [MTP]. *Note:* **H.G. Lord** Philosophy Professor.

March 8-11 Sunday – During this period Sam replied to **Ernest Carson Hunt** (incoming not extant) that he had never written a book entitled, “How to be a gentleman” [MTP].

March 9 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam added to his **Mar. 4** and **Mar. 8** to **Gertrude Natkin**, who had telephoned him, perhaps before he completed the letter [Natkin Mar. 10].

Friday.

I knew I could do it, dear. By going without rest or food for a day & a night I have compressed the proper work of months into a single cataclysmal explosion. And so as you see, it is finished:

Rich, though he have not a grain of gold
 Save that which is in his mouth,
 Rich, though his silver be all on his head
 And crusts for his crew be all his bread
 And his wine-tank rusty with drouth;

For your love has the power of the fabled purse
 That wrought charms in the old romaunt:
 Who had it might live in a shack or worse
 And feed on dreams & dew & verse,
 Yet never could *he* know want.

(There, Marjorie dear—I charge you a blot for that) [MTAq 17-18]. *Note:* blot = kiss.

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Mr. Clemens is following up the Fulton Memorial Talk at Carnegie. He likes it better than he did. He is dissipating—but delightful. Off in a hansom for tea with Betty Buffum at the Waldorf & then in the hansom up beautiful Fifth Avenue to 91st St. to drop Mr. Clemens’s cards along at the various places where he has dined. Mr. Carl Schurz, Mrs. Burden, Norman Hapgood, Prof. Sloane, Mrs. Alexander, Mr. Henry Holt, then leaving Betty at the Hotel Marie Antoinette & so home in the growing twilight down the long avenue with its roadway so polished by the solemn padding of horses & carriages that the light sent long shafts of yellow & silver, like the reflections on ice, & we went into them & into them like riding down rainbow rays. Just as I was leaving the house I saw Mr. Clemens & Mr. Paine sauntering back from the Players. Today came a *Tribune* man to offer Mr. Clemens the office of U.S. Senator in place of Chauncey DePew who is resigning. If he’d accept they’d *boom* him [MTP TS 44-45]. *Note:* leaving his card at various hosts was perhaps a way of thanking or inviting in return.

Charles Hopkins Clark wrote from Hartford to Sam suggesting they split the bill for the Mar. 1 luncheon in Hartford [MTP]. *Note:* Sam agreed in his *ca.*Mar. 10.

Edward M. Foote wrote for the **Young Men’s Bible Class**, NYC to invite Sam to their reunion on Mar. 22 at 8 p.m. [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote on the letter: “I daren’t be with thee. I’d like to mighty well.”

Mrs. Clement March wrote from Cambridge, Mass. for the **Bazaar of Women’s Clubs** there to ask if Sam would contribute some of his work to the Book Table [MTP].

Miss Lyle E. Sullivan wrote from Trenton, Mich. to ask Sam for his photo and autograph [MTP].

March 10 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote a postcard to **Edwina L. Levy**. “Oh, dear me, Miss Levy! I’ve ‘lifted’ this English girl’s post-card without noticing what I was doing. But I’ll send her a more recent photograph to make up for it” [MTP].

Sam also wrote on **Edwina L. Levy's Mar. 7** letter to **Miss D. Stickney**, explain his blunder of sending the photograph Miss Stickney had sent of him to Miss Levy. "But I am sending you a far more recent one, & shall hope that you will forgive me." (photograph signed and enclosed) [MTP]. *Note:* photo sold on eBay Nov. 8, 2008, Item # 260311578030, and inscribed "*Very Truly Yours Mch 10/06 / Mark Twain*".

Sam also replied to the Mar. 8 from **Lillie T. Noel**.

The standard of etiquette for a dropped garter has become—through our modified manners in the drift of the centuries—precisely the etiquette for dropped teeth. The remark proper at that early day is exactly proper for our time & must not be altered. Mr. A. should have bowed low, handed the lady her teeth, & sternly quenched the smiles of the witnesses with the noble "Honi soit que mal y pense." [MTP]. *Note:* French phrase meaning: "Shamed be he who thinks evil of it".

Gertrude Natkin wrote another affectionate letter to Sam, mentioning her phone call to him of the day before. She had received his letter this a.m. and replied, including a little verse she'd written:

LAY OF ANCIENT ROME

Ole *Marcus* was a Roman,

A Roman good was he,

No dagger was seen neath his toga blue

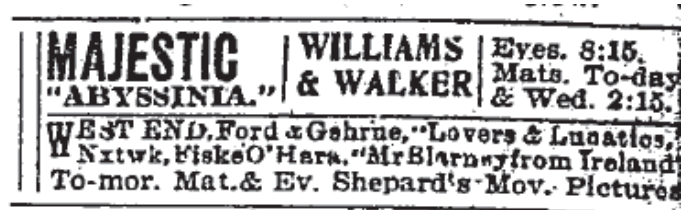
But there a heart brave and true [MTAq 18-19]. *Note:* see source for the full text.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Saturdays Mr. Clemens doesn't dictate, except to me, & we save up the important letters for that day & go through them as through a delightful game, wondering what will come next in the great batch of mail that comes from all parts of the world during the week. His moods are always interesting.

Mr. Rogers came at 12:30 and took him off to luncheon and to the matinee, "Abbyssinia" [*sic*] at the Majestic Theatre. He came home a little tired while Mr. Paine sat at tea with Jean & me, & after a glass of milk, he tucked the evening papers under his arm to go up to his bed & reset before going out again this evening to play billiards with Mr. Rogers.

Mr. Henderson came in again to talk about having Mr. Clemens speak the birthday speech onto those cylinders, & I suppose now that he will really do it. We had a nice talk over that & over the *Herald* reporter who came with the *Tribune* man's "Senatorial" Copy. Mr. Paine told me yesterday that Mr. Clemens reception of the suggestion & of the reporter was so find & so characteristic [MTP TS 45-46; also, in part, Gribben 642].

Note: "Abbyssinia" was a musical comedy.



March 10 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam replied to **Charles Hopkins Clark's Mar. 10** letter: "All right—got to compromise on half then" [MTP]. *Note:* To split the bill for the luncheon in Hartford on Mar. 1.

At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to **Robert Fulton Cutting's Mar. 8** invitation to address the students of the **N.Y. Trade School**: "At present cannot see his way to it—but would like to think this over for a day or so to see if he can manage it" [MTP].

Sam also replied to **Ernest A. Gerrard's Mar. 8** note (writing on it) that he was sending a play, *France and the Maid* for Sam to appreciate: "I have taken a glimpse of it here & there & think I know I shall have great pleasure & content in reading it when these strenuous days are by, & I get a chance to stop working & speechifying & steal a holiday for reading & rest" [MTP].

March 11 Sunday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

This morning I went in with some more left over mail. A letter from John D. Rockefeller S.S. [Sunday School] chairman or something, asking Mr. Clemens to address that class. He chuckled and said “I daren’t be with them, but I’d like it mighty well,” for he’d talk about Joseph of course. We had such a talk about the human race.

But the morning was so beautiful. Mr. Clemens went to work to write a fictitious correspondence between himself & Brig. Gen. Fred D. Grant which was to be submitted to H.G. Muller & Mr. Dearborn when they came this afternoon, & to be printed in the Carnegie Hall programs to excuse Mr. Clemens from any formal Fulton Memorial speech making. He read most of it aloud to me when I went in later & was joined there by Mr. Paine who came in to show Mr. Clemens the *Tribune* article which was in the *Herald* & Mr. Clemens excused us both so that he could continue his work & we came up to my rooms.

[continued on separate pieces of paper:]

Mr. Clemens didn’t come down to luncheon, he had a glass of milk & at 2:30 Mr. & Mrs. Gordon Miller came for the interview or rather Mr. Muller, but we all went up to the bedroom & Mr. Clemens read aloud that fictitious correspondence & the plans are made for the Carnegie Hall speech which is to be made some time in the week before “Holy Week”. Mr. Clemens remarked “Mrs. Miller is a pretty and very young woman. Too good for Miller.”

After they left Mr. Clemens went down to the living room where we had music until we were interrupted by a young Mr. Elsberg—the student who introduced everyone to Mr. Clemens at the Columbia Reception a fortnight or so ago. He proved a tiresome creature, & when A.C. Fahnestock came in to see Mr. Clemens that gave him the needed chance to leave the worrisome companionship of young Elsberg, & when Mr. F. left, Mr. Clemens slipped away & out into the fresh air for a stroll. Elsberg stayed on & on, but by & by Mary Lawton came in, handsome & fresh & full of Dr. Anspacher’s play of *Tristan & Isolde* which she has just been reading & which is admirably suited to her heroic personality, & which she is to have for her own if she can interest people in the rather costly presentation of it. Finally Elsberg left & then Miss Lawton told us of an interesting interview she had had the afternoon before with Ada Rehan, when she went to see her with a letter of introduction from Mr. Clemens. Miss Lawton was very anxious to have Ada Rehan coach her in the *Shrew*, but that couldn’t be brought about for Miss Rehan doesn’t ever coach anyone. Miss Lawton said that Ada Rehan is a very impressive figure now, a majestic creature who has lived beyond her victories. She lives always in the past, & her outlook is a very pessimistic one, for she sees how dramatic art has been commercialized in these days, & that without money one might as well give up. Mary Lawton said that she was beautiful & like a woman at the head of a Salon, with the graciousness of manner, a beauty of gesture that one may read about, but rarely see. She sent sweet little messages to Mr. Clemens begging him not to work too hard, not to let the public demand of him beyond his strength. She couldn’t realize the fun he gets out of his talks for Y.M.C.A.’s & for the Freundschaft Clubs and their like. He loves it all. It’s a tonic to him to see the sea of faces before him & to hear the wave—the burst of adoring homage they lavish upon him.

We were alone for dinner, for Jean went up to dine with Mrs. Loomis & Mr. Clemens was very tired. He stayed downstairs only a little while, & for only the andante movement of the Schubert Unfinished Symphony—but as I went upstairs later he called me in to his room & said that he wanted me to telephone Mrs. Stanchfield in the morning to ask her to tell me the story of the Irish woman who lived at Elmira many years ago & whose illegitimate daughter was recognized among good people because the mother had built up for herself a character of great nobility by her work for & her devotion to that baby. Then deeply moved he told me the story of John O’Donnell that faithful Elmira coachman, but tomorrow Mrs. Stanchfield will doubtless tell the stories to me and Miss Hobby will shorthand them for she is to be there for that purpose. Mr. Clemens looked tired & depressed & beautiful as he lay there with the soft cloud of tobacco smoke from his cigar surrounding him & the carved columns of the beautiful old bed, a picture for always [MTP TS 46-49]. *Note:* The following to and from Grant, according to Lyon’s above entry were “fictitious.” Nevertheless, they are given unique UCCL #’s by the MTP. In his A.D. Sam discussed these following 8 correspondences, done with the approval of Grant:

I shall be unspeakably sorry if the bronchitis catches me, for that will mean six weeks in bed—my annual tribute to it for the last sixteen years. I shall be sorry because I want to be in condition to appear at Carnegie Hall on the night of April 10th and take my permanent leave of the platform. I never intended to lecture for

pay again, and I think I shall never lecture again where the audience has paid to get in. I shall go on talking, but it will be for fun, not money. I can get lots of it to do.

My first appearance before an audience was forty years ago, in San Francisco. If I live to take my farewell in Carnegie Hall on the night of the 10th, I shall see, and see constantly, what no one else in that house will see. I shall see two vast audiences—the San Francisco audience of forty years ago and the one which will be before me at that time. I shall see that early audience with as absolute distinctness in every detail as I see it at this moment, and as I shall see it while looking at the Carnegie audience. I am promising myself a great, a consuming pleasure, on that Carnegie night, and I hope that the bronchitis will leave me alone and let me enjoy it.

I was vaguely meditating a farewell stunt when General Fred Grant sent a gentleman over here a week ago to offer me a thousand dollars to deliver a talk for the benefit of the Robert Fulton Monument Association of which he is the President and I Vice-President. This was the very thing, and I accepted it at once, and said I would without delay write some telegrams and letters from Fred Grant to myself and sign his name to them, and in this way we could make a good advertisement and I could thus get the fact before the public that I was now delivering my last and final platform talk for money. I wrote the correspondence at once. General Grant approved it, and I here insert it [The following 8 notes, including to and from Hugh Gordon Miller, were included in this “fictitious” bunch] [*MTA 1*: 425-428 A.D. Mar. 20, 1906].

Frederick D. Grant's telegram marked “Private and Confidential,” which prompted a telegram reply, then back and forth notes all on this day. Grant asked if Sam would consider, for \$1,000, to speak at Carnegie Hall for the benefit of the **Robert Fulton Memorial Assoc.**

Sam telegraphed reply to Grant that he'd “be glad to do it, but I must stipulate that you keep the thousand dollars and add it to the Memorial Fund as my contribution.”

Grant's short note suggesting Sam not contribute the full amount and asking, “Why should you do this work wholly without compensation?”

Sam replied again to Grant's last note:

Because I stopped talking for pay a good many years ago, and I could not resume the habit now without a great deal of personal discomfort. I love to hear myself talk, because I get so much instruction and moral upheaval out of it, but I lose the bulk of this joy when I charge for it. Let the terms stand.

General, if I have your approval, I wish to use this good occasion to retire permanently from the platform.

Grant wrote back: “Certainly. But as an old friend, permit me to say, Don't do that. Why should you?—you are not old yet.”

Sam then wrote a much longer and more humorous reply.

Dear General: / I mean the *pay*-platform; I shan't retire from the *gratis*-platform until after I am dead and courtesy requires me to keep still and not disturb the others.

What shall I talk about? My idea is this: to instruct the audience about Robert Fulton, and... Tell me—was that his real name, or was it his nom de plume? However, never mind, it is not important—I can skip it, and the house will think I knew all about it, but forgot. Could you find out for me if he was one of the Signers of the Declaration, and which one? But if it is any trouble, let it alone, I can skip it. Was he out with Paul Jones? Will you ask Horace Porter? And ask him if he brought both of them home. These will be very interesting facts, if they can be established. But never mind, don't trouble Porter, I can establish them anyway. The way I look at it, they are historical gems—gems of the very first water.

Well, that is my idea, as I have said: first, excite the audience with a spoonful of information about Fulton, then quiet them down with a barrel of illustration drawn by memory from my books—and if you

don't say anything the house will think they never heard it before, because people don't really read your books, they only say they do, to keep you from feeling bad. Next, excite the house with another spoonful of Fultonian fact. Then tranquillize them again with another barrel of illustration. And so on and so on, all through the evening; and if you are discreet and don't tell them the illustrations don't illustrate anything, they won't notice it and I will send them home as well informed about Robert Fulton as I am myself. Don't you be afraid; I know all about audiences. They believe everything you say, except when you are telling the truth. / Truly yours, ... P.S. Mark all the advertisements "*Private and confidential*," otherwise the people will not read them [MTA 1: 425-428 A.D. Mar. 20, 1906].

Hugh Gordon Miller for the Fulton Monument Assoc. wrote to ask Sam how long he would talk in order for him to know when to call the carriages afterward. Sam replied "I cannot say for sure. It is my custom to keep on talking till I get the audience cowed. Sometimes it takes an hour and fifteen minutes, sometimes I can do it in an hour" [MTA 1: 428 A.D. Mar. 20, 1906]. *Note:* end of "fictitious" notes written by Sam and approved by Grant.

The New York *Times*, Mar. 12, "Carnegie Assaults the Spelling Book," announced that **Andrew Carnegie** had led the formation of a new group on Mar. 11, **The Simplified Spelling Board**, of which Mark Twain was a member.

March 12 Monday – **George Henschel** wrote from the **Institute of Musical Art**, 53 Fifth Ave. to Sam:

On case your daughter Clara can't accompany you to my little Bohemian (or rather Bavarian) dinner on Tuesday the 20th at the Aufbrauhaus, won't you give me the pleasure of your company even if you have to come alone?...We shall be twelve all round—all round a round table—in a very cosy Room, drinking the most delicious Munich beer imaginable. Pray come and make us all young and happy [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's reply, instructing Miss Lyon to telegraph "yes" is dated *ca. Mar. 14*.

Sam wrote "Comments on the Moro Massacre," on **Mar. 12 and 14**, about the final military engagement in the Philippines, where over 600 natives were massacred by forces led by General **Leonard Wood**. The piece was not published in Twain's lifetime; in 1992 it appeared in *Mark Twain's Weapons of Satire*.

Clemens' A.D. for this day: Clemens comments on the killing of 600 Moros—Men, women and children—In a crater bowl near Jolo in the Philippines—Our troops commanded by General **Leonard Wood**—Contrasts this "battle" with various other details of our military history—The newspapers' attitude toward the announcements—President **Theodore Roosevelt**'s message of congratulation [AMT 1: 403-407].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

By appointment I met Miss Hobby up at the Hoffman house where Mrs. Stanchfield told us the story of Mary Donovan & her daughter. Over a cup of tea at Maillards after the Stanchfield talk was over, Miss Hobby & I discussed plans for Dublin next summer, for Mr. Clemens is very anxious to have her with him right through those 6 months [MTP TS 49]. *Note:* Maillard's Restaurant at Fifth Ave. & 35th Street served afternoon tea for ladies from 3 to 7 p.m.

Edwina L. Levy wrote to thank Sam again for his autograph received [MTP].

Cornelia A. Lyon wrote from Asbury Park, NJ to ask Sam for \$25 to get her by until she collected some \$1,500. She enclosed letters attesting to her collection, which her attorney said she would get. She prefaced her request by noting in the Mar. 11 NY *Herald*, the suggestion that Mark Twain be named for Congress in the event of retirement of either NY Senator. She recalled going around Sam and Livy's Buffalo house with other young girls to "catch a glimpse of the bride and groom." [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the top of the letter, "Enclosed letter returned," and on the other corner, "Request"

Charles Putzel wrote appreciation to Sam for his presence and address at the **Freundschaft Society** dinner Thursday last [MTP].

March 13 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote to **Gertrude Natkin**. In full:

To whom these presents shall
 come—greeting:
 One unto you unknown—
 & yet a Friend—instructs
 me to beg you to hold free
 of engagements the evening
 of April fifth. This, from
 Another Unknown Friend [MTAq 20].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Jean, at 8 this morning.

Santa C. came back from Atlantic City.

I talked with Mr. Clemens about Miss Hobby, who said she won't be able to give up her position with the *Century* people. Mr. Clemens finds her entirely to his liking & he says "it is a case of established competency" which is saying a great deal, for she is a good audience, is sympathetic & very appreciative.

(Later in the day) I talked with Miss Hobby, when I told her that Mr. Clemens would want her from May 11th to the first of November, she said she'd be willing to think it over. Just then Mr. Paine came in full of my same advice, "Give up the *Century*"—and she'll *do* it [MTP TS 49-50].

Joseph Baron wrote a long "fan letter" from Blackburn, England to Sam, noting that as a "slim youth" he had spent a US dollar on a copy of *IA*, and had not stopped laughing since. "Mark I *have laughed & grown fat!!!*" He was going to get "the best & biggest photo of yourself, & to sign it send it to me for framing in my den" [MTP].

Thomas P. Brown wrote from Compton, Calif. to Sam, informing him of a letter given to his father by King Kalakaua after a gift of *HF*. Brown offered to send Sam the original and Sam replied **ca. Mar. 15** [MTP]. *Note:* The mail would have taken a bit longer to cross the country than two days. It is here reassigned to **ca. Mar. 19**.

Reginald Wright Kauffman wrote from the **Curtis Publishing Co.** in Philadelphia (*Saturday Evening Post*, etc.) to Sam. Kauffman enclosed a copy of a letter received "the other day" and thought it "might prove mildly amusing to you. The anxious gentleman from Brooklyn...wants to know the address of Col. Mulberry Sellers" [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's answer is catalogued as **ca. Mar. 15** by the MTP.

Clara Clemens arrived back in New York from Atlantic City and auditioned for **Loudon Charlton** as her manager. Charlton thought she wasn't ready to appear in public. **Isabel Lyon's journal:**

At fifteen minutes past midnight Santa [Clara] stole up to my room. She couldn't sleep, poor dear, for Charlton's verdict was one to keep her awake. So she sat in a dear curled up heap on my couch, and we talked over things and people until now—and it is past 2. I have with me the memory of her darlingsness, and especially as she stole down stairs into the black black hall, with 2 little bottles of bromide powder in her dear little hand [Hill 122].

Hamlin Garland's Diaries, ed by Donald Pizer. San Marino, California: The Huntington Library (1968). Tenney: Passim on MT:

At a memorial meeting to MT, April 30, 1910, among the old guard, one intoxicated and "Opie Read purple-visaged walking sedately and talking a lot of 'guff'" (17). Dined with Clarence Darrow (November 4, 1920), who "particularly dwelt upon Mark Twain and his savage attacks on the Christian religion. It was all rather wearisome to me" (123). Says Howells inspired MT with reform ideas, and *P&P* and *CY* "were due to Howells almost directly" (152). Went to see Will Rogers on the film set for *CY* (December 28, 1930; 181-82). Describes MT at a dinner honoring Henry James (December 9, 1904): "When Mark Twain's humor vanishes he is tragic. His wife is dead, one daughter is dead, another is in a sanitarium" (191). At a lunch with Colonel Harvey (**March 13, 1906**) "Twain looked old and sluggish and congested, his purplish face and bushy yellow-white hair making him a picturesque figure. He drank more than he should and ate more than he should. He is old and his work is nearly done" (**191-92**). On MT's friendship for Howells and the differences between them, MT's coarse anecdotes—"His profanity was oriental in its richness and power" (192-93) [Tenney 338]. *Note*: no other record of a lunch this day with Harvey was found.

March 14 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam replied to **Edward M. Foote's** Mar. 9 invitation:

Indeed I should like to attend the reunion of the fellowship of honorary members of Mr. Rockefeller's Bible Class, (of whom I am one, by grace of service rendered,) but I must be discreet & not venture. This is an account of Joseph. He might come up as an issue, & then I could get into trouble, for Mr. Rockefeller & I do not agree as to Joseph. Eight years ago I quite painstakingly & exhaustively explained Joseph, by the light of the 47th chapter of Genesis, in a North American Review article entitled "Concerning the Jews," which has since been transferred to volume of my Collected Works; then I turned my attention to other subjects, under the impression that I had settled Joseph for good & all & left nothing further for anybody to say about him. Judge, then, of my surprise & sorrow, when by the newspapers I lately saw that Mr. Rockefeller had taken hold of Joseph—quite manifestly unaware that I had already settled Joseph—and was trying to settle him again.

In every sentence uttered by Mr. Rockefeller there was evidence that he was not acquainted with Joseph. Therefore it was plain to me that he had never read my article. He has certainly not read it, because his published estimate of Joseph differs quite materially from mine. This could not be, if he had read the article. He thinks Joseph was Mary's little lamb; this is an error. He was—he—but you look at the article, then you will see what he was.

.... [Sam inserted a newspaper clipping from **Dr. Silverman** and a passage from the Bible about Joseph]

No, I thank you cordially & in all sincerity, but I am afraid to come, I must not venture to come, for I am sensitive, I am humane, I am tender in my feelings & I could not bear it if young Mr. Rockefeller, whom I think a great deal of, should get up & go to whitewashing Joseph again. But you have my very best wishes [MTP].

Sam also wrote instructions to **Isabel V. Lyon**. "If I am free of engagements for next Tuesday, invite Mr & Mrs. Doubleday to come to luncheon; if they can't, then invite them to come at 2 p. m.—they want me to read my Gospel of Self. /We are to telephone them TO-DAY" [MTP].

Clemens' A.D. for this day: Moro Slaughter continued—Luncheon for **George Harvey**—Opinions of the guests as to Moro fight—Cable from General **Leonard Wood** explaining and apologizing—What became of the wounded?—President **Roosevelt's** joy over the splendid achievement—Manner in which he made Wood Major General—**McKinley's** joy over capture of **Emilio Aguinaldo** [AMT 1: 407-409].

A.A. Bustard wrote from Steubenville, Ohio asking where he might find a copy of "one of your recent stories which was written for the special edification of Secretary Hay? I believe it deals with Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh..." [MTP]. *Note*: The man referred to 1601; Sam's answer is dated **ca. Mar. 16**, allowing two days postal delivery.

Charles Hopkins Clark wrote to Sam that the **Mar. 1** luncheon bill in Hartford came to \$28.95.

"I would very much like the privilege of paying the whole bill, but you can send me a check for \$14.47, if you insist. Let me know next time you are coming and I will exercise a little of the American right of independence" [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's answer was **ca. Mar. 16**.

W.O. Fuller, Jr. wrote from Rockland, Maine to invite Sam to the dedication of his new house on the night of Mar. 31. He mentioned several notables who would be there [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote "Decline it"

George Henschel wrote from Phila. to Sam. "Many thanks for your telegram. I am delighted you will be with me on Tuesday next, the 20th at 7.30. The entrance to the Dutch Room of the Hofbrauhaus is on Broadway (cor. Of 30th) ..I am sorry your daughters can't come" [MTP].

Ada Patterson for Hearst's *New York American* wrote asking Sam's opinion of an enclosed parody of Robinson Crusoe by **Barry Pain**, English humorist. And, would he give Patterson "a few minutes, not more than five...and allow me the pleasure of shaking hands with the father of 'Huckleberry Finn'"? [MTP]. *Note:* Isabel Lyon answered for Sam **ca. Mar. 16** that "Mr. Clemens couldn't do either or any of the things asked," which leads to some speculation as to Twain's regard for the *American* or Hearst or Patterson.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr. wrote to Sam about the Mar. 22 evening meeting of his Young Men's Bible Class. **Martin W. Littleton**, ex-president of the Borough of Brooklyn (and Sam's NY neighbor) would speak. He would send the subject of the evening in a day or two. "A few words, however, on any theme which suggests itself to you would be highly pleasing, or your views on the question of lying..." [MTP].

Clara Clemens tried out again, this time for **Isidore Luckstone**. He "gave his verdict and it was that C.C.'s breath is not as it should be" [Hill 122].

March 14 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam instructed **Isabel Lyon** to telegraph **George Henschel** "yes" to his **Mar. 12** invite for a Bavarian dinner on **Mar. 20** [MTP].

March 15 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote an aphorism to **Florence Watson-Cadieu**, secretary of the **Whidden Memorial Hospital Guild**, Everett, Mass. "*On the whole it is better to deserve honors and not have them, than have them & not deserve them. / Truly Yours / Mark Twain*" [MTP].

Sam hosted a dinner for the **Rogerses** and Dr. **Edward Quintard** [Hill 124].

Clemens' A.D. for this day: March 5, 1906: Clemens talks to the West Side YMCA in the Majestic Theatre—Lyon meets one of the Christian young men at the door—**Patrick McAleer's** funeral—Luncheon next day at Hartford Club—Clemens meets eleven of his old friends—They tell many stories: **Rev. Dr. George H. McKnight** and the Jersey funeral—**Twichell's** story on board the *Kanawha*, about **Richard Croker's** father—The Mary Ann story—Decoration Day and the fiery Major and Twichell's interrupted prayer [AMT 1: 409-417, 621]. *Note:* See last page of source for a listing of his "eleven old friends."

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Mr. Charlton came to hear Santa C. sing, & has said that she is not yet ready for public appearances, not yet ripe.

Tonight Mr. & Mrs. Rogers & Dr. Quintard dined here. But before they came I had been called up by John D. Rockefeller hoping for a possible talk [with] Mr. Clemens before his famous Bible Class. Mr. Clemens is an honorary member of it & upon young John's invitation to attend he wrote a delightful letter to be read—or not—at that meeting. A letter on Joseph. But John D. & Mr. Clemens do not agree theologically on the Joseph subject, so Mr. Clemens said he is going to speak on lying, perhaps. At dinner tonight Mr. Clemens said that I had been sparking over the phone with young John D.

Secty the talk going on John D. Bible Classes, Lying & Joseph; the first speculator. Here has been a lot of talk with Mr. Dearborn about the Carnegie Hall talk. They can't fix upon a date for April 5 Gen. Grant can't be present & April 10th comes in Holy Week. I was afraid of that so I telephoned over to Rev. Percy Grant & he said that a talk from Mr. Clemens couldn't damage Holy Week, so it has been decided that way. When I told Mr. Clemens about the decision after lunch, he told about giving a lecture in Ceylon on Good Friday, he didn't know it was Good Friday, so he didn't know why he had such a solemn lot of people, nor why the Almighty started a great thunder storm. The lecture was in a corrugated thin iron building & the sound of the rain on the roof drowned out all sound of his voice. The days are overflowing with the joys of the dear "swindle" of life. Such a darling swindle just now.

[on a separate piece of paper:] At fifteen minutes past midnight Santa stole up to my room. She couldn't sleep, poor dear, for Charlton's verdict was one to keep her awake, so she sat in a dear curled up heap on my couch and talked over things and people until now it is past 2. I have with me the memory of her darlingness and especially as she stole down stairs into the black, black hall, with 2 little bottles of bromide powder in her dear little hand. A heavy snow has fallen. Almost the first of the year—almost—for the winter has been like a November [MTP TS 50-52].

W.T. Hall wrote on *Dothan Eagle* (Ala.) letterhead to Sam, enclosing a clipping from the *Atlanta Evening News*, "which is of interest to me, and I suppose to you." Hall was a fan who hadn't asked for an autograph in his life [MTP]. Note: the clipping is in the file see below:

MARK TWAIN FOR SENATOR.

Somebody, or rather some one, has suggested Mark Twain run for senator from New York, to succeed DePew or Platt, provided one of them can be prized off the roost.

It wouldn't do.

New York has tried one funny man in the senate and—now look at him!

Mark Twain was shaving when a Herald reporter asked him about the suggestion. Here is what the great humorist said:

"If such an offer as that were made to me it would be the most gigantic compliment I ever received. I would not consider myself, however, a worthy successor to Dr. Depew or Mr. Platt, as I am in no way qualified for the post. A senator needs to know the political history of the country, past and present, as well as its commercial, industrial and financial affairs. Of these things I am blissfully ignorant.

"Even if I were qualified, the duties of a senator would be distasteful to me. My own particular work is the greatest source of pleasure I have, and for that reason I do not consider it as work at all. I regard myself as the most lazy human being on earth. I have absolutely no industry in me whatever, and to 'make good' as a senator one must be in love with the job and be industrious. If a man is to succeed in any occupation the work to him must be a labor of love. It has always been so with me and my work, and I think I can justly say, without vanity, that my career has been, to a fair degree, a success.

"For five days every week I am busy writing or dictating, and I'm in a modified paradise the while. Saturdays and Sundays I take off, and during these two holidays, as I call them, I'm in a modified hades."

We are glad Mark Twain refuses to take to politics, but he is mistaken in regard to his disqualifying attributes. He would not have to know anything in order to serve in the senate, and as for being the laziest man on earth, we fail to see how that would interfere with his efficiency in politics. We want Mark Twain to stay where he is—in bed, dictating when he feels like it and getting up when he gets good and ready. The old man is very precious and we mustn't waste him.

Frederick D. Grant wrote from Governor's Island, NY to Sam regretting he would be unable to attend Sam's Apr. 5 lecture at Carnegie Hall for the benefit of the Fulton Monument Assoc. He suggested that Apr. 10 would be the night for entertainment on the Island and he hoped Sam would attend [MTP].

Calvin H. Higbie wrote from Greenville, Calif. to Sam advising him that "two or three parties" had been after him to write his recollections of early Nevada with Twain. He'd "been jotting down incidents that came to mind for several years" and could not recall the date Sam came to Aurora and the first trip Sam made over the Sierra's to Calif. Being sick the past few years, his "finances are getting pretty low," which is the main reason he wanted to write

something [MTP]. *Note:* Higbie enclosed a letter from **George Miner**, Sunday Editor of the NY *Herald*, asking for Higbie's account.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr. wrote to Sam that he would call on him on Thursday at eight, and anticipated "real interest" for Sam to talk to his **Young Men's Bible Class** [MTP].

John F. Tremain, secretary for the **Chemung County Society**, wrote asking if, since Sam was unable to attend their Mar. 29 dinner, could he send "some little message of cheer and encouragement—wishing the society success, which we may read at the dinner"? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon answered **ca. Mar 17**: "Mr. Clemens doesn't get time to write anything. Very sorry but have to make this reply in all cases" [MTP].

March 15 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam replied to the Mar. 13 from **Reginald Kauffman**: "I think it is a very entertaining letter & I thank you for sending me a copy of it—" [MTP].

March 16 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam began a siege with a bad cold which would keep him in bed until **Mar. 23**. He wrote to **Gertrude Natkin**:

To whom these presents shall come—greetings & salutation.
And thereto—this:
It's postponed to April 10th, you little rascal.
Unknown Friend" [MTAq 20].

Gertrude Natkin wrote a short reply:

To whom these presents shall come, greeting: Kindly notify my unknown friend that your little known friend will take due notice of the postponement and try to remain in utter darkness until then. / Your Little Known Friend [MTP].

Clemens' A.D. for this day: Schoolmates of sixty years ago—**Mary Miller**, one of Clemens' first sweethearts—**Artemesia Briggs**, another—**Mary Lacy**, another—**Jimmy McDaniel**, to whom Sam told his first humorous story—**Joshua Richmond**, Sunday-school teacher, afterwards owner of Tom Sawyer's cave, which is now being ground into cement—**Philander A. Hickman**, the showy young captain—**Reul Gridley** and the sack of flour incident—The **Levin** Jew boys called Twenty-two—**George H. Butler**, nephew of Ben Butler—The incident of getting into bed with **Will Bowen** to catch the measles, and the successful and nearly fatal case which resulted [AMT 1: 417-421].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Late this afternoon Mr. Clemens complained of cold. Oh, he is so thoughtless about uncovering himself when he is warm, and then discovering that he is chilled, but if he *has* cold it is largely because the germ is here in the house. Jean has it. C.C. has had it & I have had foolish intermittent attempts at sore throat. This afternoon C.C. & I went up to have Isidore Luckstone hear her sing. We picked up Charlton on the way up & when C.C. had sung the arias from Semiramedi & Henchel's morning hymn, Mr. Luckstone gave his verdict & it was that C.C.'s breath is not as it should be. Luckstone is strong & breezy & Norsemanlike & competent & his explanations were illuminating & inspiring. Dr. Halsey came down to see Mr. Clemens late this evening, & after that C.C. & I went over to the Gilders'. There were not many people there, only 5 women & 7 or 8 men. Mme. Janvier played 2 of Dubois' compositions most charmingly, & she read some of the Provencal poetry, she being a woman of the Midi. On our return Mr. Clemens called me in to give him an account of the evening [MTP TS 52].

March 16 ca. – **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to **A.A. Bustard's Mar. 14** inquiry as to where he might buy *1601*: "It was privately printed—never published at all—and so far as he knows no copy of it is now in existence" [MTP]. *Note:* of course copies did survive and were reprinted after his death.

Lyon also replied to the Mar. 14 requests from **Ada Patterson**. See entry.

Sam also replied to the Mar. 14 from **Charles Hopkins Clark** about the cost of the **Mar. 1** Hartford luncheon: "We've gotten through this time very nicely & without any bloodshed—" [MTP]. *Note* by Lyon: "Mr. Clemens sent check \$15⁰⁰"

March 17 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to an **unidentified person**:

"Mr. Clemens not very well wishes me to thank you very much for your letter which greatly interested him— & that far from objecting to his translating the article into French it is a compliment which I accept with pleasure & hold at a high value—" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

This morning C.C. went off to Atlantic City again, & the day was a rushing, busy one. Mr. Clemens is not any better, but on the other hand he doesn't seem to be worse. Mr. Dearborn came in to talk up the Carnegie lecture & the price for the tickets, and Jean came in late for tea from her Italian lesson, her hair much blown & with the news that she had bought 5 dozen handkerchiefs at a kind of a sale at McCreery's. The day was dreary because Mr. Clemens didn't leave his bed at all & the moments are very anxious ones when he is not well. Cold in the head set in, he sent for Dr. Helmer who nursed him & relieved him [MTP TS 52-53]. *Note*: **Dr. George J Helmer**, Osteopath.

Gertrude Natkin wrote a reply to Sam's **Mar. 13** and **Mar 16** notes: "Kindly notify my unknown friend that your little known friend will take due notice of the postponement and try to remain in utter darkness until then / Your Little Known Friend" [MTAq 21]. *Note*: source gives a telephone call this evening from Miss Lyon to Gertrude with the news that Sam was in bed with a cold.

Mary E. Joyce wrote to Sam. "Thank you very much for the beautiful buttons. I appreciate the trouble you have taken and I am sure the boys will be delighted" [MTP]. *Note*: Sam helped in securing the buttons for the club of fifteen handicapped boys, as requested by Mary Joyce on Feb. 12.

Jervis Langdon II wrote to Sam.

Dear Uncle Sam: —

I have two messages for you this morning. The first is that Lee and I have a small daughter, not yet two days old, who is a lusty and good natured addition to your list of fond relatives up here in the country.

Secondly; we have noted with interest the accounts in the papers of your several outings in motor cars, and this week we see on the cover of an Automobile magazine a picture of you, regally settled in the tonneau of one. My message is that if you have become fond of motoring you must come up here sometime after fine, warm weather arrives and take some trips with me. We have a fairly good automobile of the best of habits....[MTP].

Duffield Osborne, acting secretary of the **American Copyright League** wrote from 33 East 17th St., N.Y. to Sam: "We are about to send out the inclosed circular letter signed by the members of the Council. Kindly authorize me to use your signature in that connection" [MTP]. *Note*: Sam answered **ca. Mar. 19**: "Yes certainly—use it."

Clara Clemens canceled a reservation on the SS *Minnetonka* for Europe, which would sail on June 9, and went again to Atlantic City to continue recuperating from her throat ailment [Hill 122].

March 17 ca. – **Isabel Lyon** replied to **John F. Tremain's Mar. 15** request. See entry.

March 18 Sunday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Gertrude Natkin**, who, upon learning from Isabel Lyon that Sam was in bed with a cold, had sent flowers.

Aren't you dear! Aren't you the dearest child there is? To think to send me those lovely flowers, you sweet little Marjorie. Marjorie! don't get any older—I can't have it. Stay always just as you are—youth is the golden time.

Miss Lyon came up & arranged the flowers for me, & they certainly do look like you. Consequently they are very acceptable company. I was writing a short article on the Carnegie Spelling-Reform, to put in the time, but I have finished it now.

Miss Lyon brought me your messages from the telephone, & I was very glad to have them, Marjorie dear. To-morrow, or next day I can leave this bed, then I can talk to you myself. No, to your shadow—for that is all a telephone can furnish of you. It makes you vague & unreal; & the voice is somebody else's & unfamiliar. / Good-night (blot) & sleep well, you dear little rascal! [MTAq 21].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

A busy but flighty morning. I have no time for reading in all these flying months. Perhaps I'm discouraged from attempting anything more felicitous by the great horror left by "The House of Mirth". It isn't possible for me to read it. I've made 3 attempts, only to dash it aside full of pain over its dreadfulness.

Today Mr. Elliott drifted in for tea & then Dr. Hunt came full of Vienna recollections which he & Jean exchanged & when Langdon Warner came in & stayed for dinner at Jean's invitation, to meet Barry Faulkner who was coming.

Tonight Mr. Clemens began to have sore throat, and at midnight Dr. Green came in to give him a treatment. It relieved him & our minds too when he said he felt better [MTP TS 53]. *Note: House of Mirth* by Edith Wharton (1905). See Gribben 758. A large "X" was drawn through the last two paragraphs.

March 19 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **W.T. Hall**.

I thank you very much for the clipping from the Atlantic [*sic* Atlanta] Evening News.

I have waited these many years for you to hear me lecture, but now it is too late: I am taking my farewell of the platform three weeks hence. The hostiles say "But you are forgetting the gallows—" a joke which I am too proud & arrogant to notice [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Jean, 8:20 10:30

Mr. Paine spoke to me about a piece of land 75 acres with an old farm house on it in Redding, Ct. where he recently bought a place—\$2,000.00 is the price—and when I told Mr. Clemens about it, he closed in with the idea as a good investment, and Mr. Paine has sent off the first \$100.00 to bind the bargain. I didn't think he would want it because I couldn't think he would want anything that I want—with an aching heart. I reached out for that farm for I don't ever want to go back to Farmington again. I want & want & want to sell Choisy & so be able to settle where there is more room—you can see for 20 miles. Life is such a tiny bubble that why we reach out for material things I don't know; but we do it and that old beamed farmhouse on top of the hill held out its arms to me.

It is dreary & gloomy with Mr. Clemens in his bed because he must be there.

Mr. Paine has taken some more wonderful photographs of him.

Dr. Halsey came down to see Mr. Clemens & has ordered cold water compresses for his throat & Mr. Clemens finds him a beautiful creature to look at! [MTP TS 53-54; also in part, Hill 126]. *Note:* the Redding land would be Sam's last home, "Stormfield."

W.W. Hallock wrote from NY to offer Sam a speaking engagement to the **Sphinx Club**, "an organization of newspaper and magazine publishers, printers, advertisers, Agents, Newspaper Representatives, and those in kindred lines" [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter "Farewell to Stage"

March 19 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Isabel Lyon replied for Sam to **Thomas P. Brown's Mar. 13** offer: "should only lose it—& so does not care" [MTP].

Sam answered **Duffield Osborne's** request of **Mar. 17**. See entry. "Yes certainly—use it" [MTP].

March 20 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Frederick A. Duneka of Harper & Brothers** about the illustrations for *Eve's Diary* (1906).

We all think Mr. Ralph's pictures delightful—full of grace, charm, variety of invention, humor, pathos, poetry—they are prodigal in merits. It's a bonny Eve, a sweet & innocent & winning little lassie, & she is as natural & at home in the tale as if she had just climbed out of it. *Now* do you think draperies are indispensable to picture women? / Truly yours / S.L. C.

[OVER]

Isn't she cunning where she has been chasing Adam, & is looking after him in his flight? Do you note how dear & sweet & clean minded she is, & how charged with childlike wonder and interest? Clothes would vulgarize her—even a duchess's [MTP]. *Note:* Sam won the argument; the illustrator for *Eve's Diary* was **Lester Ralph** (1877-1927).

This was the day **Mr. and Mrs. Frank Doubleday** were invited for luncheon to hear Sam read his "Gospel of Self." See Mar. 14 note to Lyon [MTP].

Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to **Frank Fuller** that he was "not at all well" [MTP: City Book Auction catalogs, May 12, 1945, Item 77]. *Note:* This is a reply to a not extant letter from Fuller.

Sam also wrote to **John D. Rockefeller, Jr.**

I am very sorry that, after all, I cannot meet the honorary membership Thursday Evening. I am not sick—I have merely *been* sick, & the doctor requires me to keep to my room three or four days longer. In answer to my protest, he says, "Risks which a younger person might venture are forbidden the Methuselah of American Literature." Do you suppose that that clumsy remark is meant as a compliment? If so, I shall find it where a doctor's compliments are always to be found—in the bill. There should be a law against this kind of graft [MTP]. *Note:* see Sam's Mar. 14 to **Edward M. Foote** about attending Rockefeller's Bible class.

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Mr. Clemens began dictating again today, yesterday he couldn't.

I have just called up young John D.'s secretary to say that Mr. Clemens will not be able to be present at that famous Bible class meeting on Thursday evening.

About tea time 20 or more of the Lester Ralph illustrations for *Eve's Diary* arrived from Harper's. I carried them up to Mr. Clemens who found them beautiful, full of invention & poetry & purity & humor, and it was boundless delight to see Mr. Clemens examine & approve of each one. I often think that if the value of his approval is great, then the value of his disapproval is greater; with his loveliness & depth of character he can see & overlook many weaknesses, but where he really condemns, you won't ever find any condemnation juster. He has temporary prejudices, thousands of them, but you learn the difference between those & the things he really condemns.

Today Mr. & Mrs. F.N. Doubleday were coming for luncheon & afterward Mr. Clemens was to read some of the Gospel, but he wasn't well enough to do it, & so the engagement had to be cancelled. A pity too, he said, "When there's nobody but myself issuing complete sets of microbes, we'll invite the Doubledays again." Jean has had a wretched cold for many days, & others of us are slightly infected, too [MTP TS 54-55].

Edward A. Cady wrote from San Francisco to ask who the original Tom Sawyer was. A man by that name lived there, a fireman on the Panama route for years who claimed to have met Clemens in Virginia City. Cady also asked if Sam recalled “poor old Ted McGinty of early days of the Comstock—he introduced you to me at Colfax Station in 1866” [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote “No ans.” on the note. Neither man was identified.

Elisabeth Cutting wrote from Brooklyn, NY to Sam: “May I venture to recall myself to you as one of the many who paid their tribute to you on the evening of Colonel Harvey’s dinner?” Cutting was a member of the Women’s University Club and hoped to come to a reception in Sam’s honor on Apr. 2 [MTP].

T. Gilbert Pearson, secretary of the **National Assoc. of Audobon Societies**, wrote from N.Y. to ask Sam to protest by letter against the legalization of “certain species of foreign game in the State of New York during the entire year,” which would be enacted by an amendment to the state game law [MTP]. *Note:* Sam’s response came *ca.* **Mar. 22**.

Fatout lists Clemens as offering remarks to the **Bohemians** at the **Hofbrauhaus, N.Y.C.** [*MT Speaking* 675]. *Note:* no confirmation of this appearance was found; Fatout offers no supporting evidence but **George Henschel** wrote his thanks on **Mar. 14** that Sam would attend this function.

Clemens’ A.D. for the day: About young John D. Rockefeller’s Sunday-school talks. Mr. Clemens is asked, as honorary member, to talk to the Bible Class. His letter of refusal. He accepts invitation from Gen. Fred Grant to speak at Carnegie Hall April 10th, for benefit of Robert Fulton Monument association. His letter of acceptance [*AMT 1*: 421-428]. *Note:* see April 10 entry.

Of the selections from Twain’s **A.D.**’s, DeVoto selected about half of the materials not chosen before by Paine to be included in *Mark Twain in Eruption* (1940); among DeVoto’s choices, was “Mr. Rockefeller’s Bible Class,” dictated this day, about **John D. Rockefeller, Jr.**’s class and Bible explanations [83-91].

March 21 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Jean to Lakewood.

C.C. & I went to see Otis Skinner in *The Duel* & a finer bit of unconscious sarcasm of stage traditions I’ve never seen. We were stunned into silence by Fay Davis’s inability to make one good or natural thing, but that inability was the saving of the play from hopeless mediocrity, & the placing of it was among the finest productions of the winter for old fashioned acting. It was glorious & we were convulsed, where everyone else was overcome by emotion—to tears [MTP TS 55].

Clemens’ A.D. for this day: Mental telegraphy—Letter from **Jock Brown**—Search for **Dr. John Brown**’s letters a failure—**Joe Twichell** and his wife, **Harmony**, have an adventure in Scotland—Twichell’s picture of a military execution—Letter relating to foundation of the Players Club—The mismanagement which caused Clemens to be expelled from the Club—He is now an honorary member [*AMT 1*: 429-432].

Dr. Moses Allen Starr wrote from 5 W. 54th St., N.Y. to Sam, confiding that **Dr. G.W. Kirch** had retained a lawyer, Mr. **Shedd**, in “regard to the settlement” of his bill for services in Florence to Livy. Starr suggested a compromise as a way to avoid “annoying publicity...about Mrs. Clemens illness and death” which he felt “would be so despicable” to Sam. The claim was for \$400 and Starr suggested \$250 [MTP]. *Note:* Isabel Lyon wrote on Starr’s letter: “Answer sent at Mr. Larkin’s suggestion.” See Mar. 22 notes for Starr.

Grover Cleveland wrote from Florida to Sam.

My dear Mr Clemens:

Whatever people may say, for the purposes of fine diction, about the compensations of age and all that sort of thing, the air of sixty nine is generally a little chilly; and the warmth of friendly kindness makes one more comfortable.

Mind you I find no fault with the atmosphere; and I do not complain of the stiffness of joints that increases as I go. But after all it does set one off at an easier pace if some good friend at each of these last mile posts, shouts charity out: "Go it old man! You ain't winded a bit. You'll get there!"

So from the bottom of my heart I thank you for your generous letter of congratulation. / Faithfully
Yours / Grover Cleveland [MTP].

William A. Frisbie wrote on Minneapolis *Journal* letterhead to ask Sam if he would come to Minneapolis as a *Journal* staff member for the **G.A.R.** encampment the week of **Aug. 13**. They would publish 500 words from Sam daily as observation. Digs at the home of the *Journal*'s publisher, **Mr. Swift** or digs at the **Minneapolis Club** were offered [MTP]. *Note*: Sam answered *ca.* **Mar. 23**.

Jean Clemens left to take a brief stay at "Lakewood," a sanitarium. She would return on **Mar. 27**, and remain with her family and under **Isabel Lyon**'s care until fall [Hill 121].

Gertrude Natkin wrote another affectionate letter to Sam, confessing how much she loved him and that she'd nearly been caught writing to him during French class. The thought of him "confined" to his room "on this the first day of Spring" made her "down hearted" [MTAq 22-3].

John D. Rockefeller, Jr. wrote to Sam.

I am in receipt of your note, also of the telephone communication through your secretary yesterday. I sincerely regret to learn of your illness and am glad to learn from your note that you are already better. / It will be a great disappointment to all those assembled on Thursday night, as well as to myself, not to have the pleasure of seeing and hearing you [MTP].

March 22 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave, **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote notes for Sam to answer **Elisabeth Cutting**. "Mar 22—Think out a date for Reception. The Spanish girl Senorita Marcial will be here about Apr. 2. Would they like to invite Sen Marcial & her chaperon Miss Sanborn to this recep." [Lyon:] "Mention this as Mr. Clemens would like to help her along in her work—in any way that comes along" [MTP].

Lyon also wrote the notes to reply to **Moses Allen Starr's Mar. 21** (the answer was sent at **John Larkin's** suggestion by **Isabel V. Lyon**)

Note to Dr Starr— / [*diagonally beneath name:*] services to Mr^s. Clemens

Kirch is a singular kind of coward—he knows perfectly well that he can bring suit in Florence any time he pleases & get his 400 whether he wins the suit or loses.

Mr. Clemens is going to consider your suggestion & arrive at a decision about it.

Here's Mr. Clemens's case—Mr Larkin must not stop him putting the Kirch case & correspondence into a pamphlet & sending it to every English speaking person in Florence & Rome—

(*note by Isabel V. Lyon*: Finally Mr. C. decides to ask Mr. Larkin to come talk over the Shedd matter for there's too much for the telephone—Mr. Larkin is coming this afternoon at 5. Mar 22) [MTP]. *Note*: see Mar. 21; Shedd was Dr. Kirch's attorney.

Clemens' A.D. for the day: Susy's Biography—Langdon's illness and death—Susy tells of interesting men whom her father met in England and Scotland—Dr. John Brown, Charles Kingsley, Henry M. Stanley, Thomas Hardy, Henry Irving, Robert Browning, Charles Dilke, Charles Reade, William Black, Lord Houghton, Frank Buckland, Tom Hughes, Anthony Trollope, Tom Hood, Dr. MacDonald, and Harrison Ainsworth—Clemens tells of meeting

Lewis Carroll—of luncheon at Lord Houghton's—Letters from Mr. and Mrs. Clemens to Dr. Brown—Mr. Clemens' regret that he did not take Livy for a last visit to Dr. Brown [AMT 1: 432-436].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Mr. Paine has just appeared at my door to say Mr. Clemens wants to know "where in hell that God damn Gospel is" [MTP TS 55-56]. *Note:* Sam's "Gospel" was "What is Man?"

F.B. Goddard wrote from NYC to Sam enclosing a photo of himself and having been "many times each week" receiving "the flattering compliment of being mistaken for your distinguished self" [MTP]. *Note:* the man did bear a striking resemblance to Twain.

Alex D. Martin wrote from Newark, NJ to Sam. "I am an old St. Louis printer, having worked there some six years 'when you and I were boys.' I will be 76 years old on the 27th of this month. Am a Union member, in good standing, for some 54 years; belong to the No. 6 of New York; was at 'the Home', left it, —sorry for it—and have been trying to get back for over three years." Could Sam help get him a ticket? He was also "sadly in need of some reading matter," and hoped he was not "too fresh" in asking for some [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote "No ans" on the letter.

March 22 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to **T. Gilbert Pearson's Mar. 20** request. "Letters should be signed by God Almighty—& the Son & young John D., & the Virgin—Gilder & himself are ragtag & bobtail—Letters should be signed by thieves with money in their pockets, thieves respected & adored" [MTP].

March 22-26 Monday – During this period Sam replied to **Maude Clement Rice** in Sawnee on Delaware, Penn.: "I am glad to have a copy of that letter, & shall also be very glad to sign the photograph—" [MTP]. *Note:* incoming not extant; possibly a relative of old "Unreliable," Clement Rice?

March 23 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to **Kate W. Barrett** (incoming not extant):

If I dared I would say yes, but I must not venture it. I shall be fortunate if I do not break down under the work which I am still booked to do between now & the end of the season, & it would not be safe for me to add anything to it. The invitations come every day, but I have to say no all the time; though often, as in the present case, my sympathies are strongly stirred & it costs me a pang to do it. It is a deep pleasure to me to know that you have thought of me in connection with your noble work.

[in bottom left corner, note by Isabel V. Lyon:]

"answering Mr^s. Kate W. Barrett who asked Mr. Clemens to attend Annual Conference of Florence Critterton assn. & say something in the vein inspiring King Leopold's Soliloquy, for the cause of the care of girls gone astray" [MTP].

Clemens' A.D. for the day: Some curious letter superscriptions which have come to Clemens—Our inefficient postal system under Postmaster-General **David McKendree Key**—Reminiscences of **Harriet Beecher Stowe**—Story of Reverend Charles Stowe's little boy, **Charles Edward Stowe** [AMT 1: 436-439].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Mr. Clemens went down for luncheon today & after a frantic, frantic morning, C.C. & I went around to look at the house at University Place & Washington Sq. Then when I came back we had music.

Mr. Dearborn has had to change the date again for the Fulton lecture. It has been shifted out of Holy Week & I'm glad. When I told Mr. Clemens about it, he said "yes, it is a good thing to change the date, for to have it in Holy Week would be like playing a Comedy in Heaven—" & when I suggested that they surely wouldn't have comedies in Heaven, he said "No, there won't be any humorists there, Heaven must be a hell of a place."

C.C. & I went over to the Gilders' this evening. There were lots of people there, among them Mr. & Mrs. Albert Vorse whom I met there a week ago & we have planned to go see some Marionettes on Monday evening [MTP TS 56]. *Note:* **Albert Vorse** (1866-1910) and **Mary Heaton Vorse** (1874-1966). Albert was a

journalist who encouraged his wife to write; Mary published her first of 18 books, *The Breaking-In of a Yachtman's Wife* in 1908 and later became active in the suffrage movement. Not in Gribben.

March 23 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to the Mar. 21, **William A. Frisbie's** invitation to come to Minneapolis. "Travelling days are over—don't make any journeys now except compulsory ones—" [MTP].

March 24 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Gertrude Natkin** at 138 W. 98th St., N.Y.C.

Are you listening, you little rascal? You have been thinking about me? That is quite proper—when there is nothing else on hand; but not in lesson-time, *that* won't do. Why, not even Marjorie Fleming was so lawless as that, altho' she was a good deal of a rule-breaker. Dr. John Browne never saw Marjorie, of course, yet she was so alive to him, & so vivid, & so dear & sweet, that he told me she was the same to him as a grandchild, & that he couldn't love a real grandchild any more than he loved this little comrade of his musings & his dreams. So spoke of her as his dream-grandchild. And you are mine. I shouldn't want a sweeter one, & there couldn't be a dearer one. For a year & more I have been calling this house a hospital, & now at last I am a patient myself—but I'm only a "temporary," not a "permanent," like the rest of the family—and I shall be up to-morrow, I suppose, & may be this evening, & will hunt for you on the telephone, & thank you for those dear messages you send me. I am cross, from being restrained of my liberty, but not with you, dear, only with the rest of the human race. No, I couldn't be cross with you, you dear little Marjorie—on the contrary I blow you a volley of blots! [MTAq 22-3]. *Note:* Sam had been in bed with a bad cold since **Mar. 16**.

Isabel Lyon's journal:

"This is the day my father died fifty nine years ago" Mr. Clemens said to me 5 minutes ago as he looked at the date on the morning newspaper, The Times. He remembers it all distinctly for he was just at the age when events stamp themselves indelibly. He drew the sparkle in his eye back into its sheath after he saw & received the copy of *Simplicissimus* that I brought in to him. He enjoys it. He calls it his "Darling *Simplicissimus*".

This is the wretched day when Mr. Clemens went down to the living room & there wasn't anyone there, for a half hour he waited for a human being & none came to stay. C.C. looked in upon him as she passed out of the house, & then a blast of cold & bedeviled loneliness swept over him & made him hate his life. C.C. was late for luncheon, & Mr. Clemens loathed the meal. He dropped his 2 hard water biscuits with a bang on the mahogany table in a cursing wave of bitterness. These are the agony days when he knows Mrs. Clemens is gone.

This evening C.C., R.G. [Rodman Gilder], Mary Lawton & I went up to Hammerstein's Variety Show to see Henri de Vries in his "Case of Arson". Only fair. But there were some wonderful Hungarian dancers there [MTP TS 56-57; also in part Gribben 644]. *Note:* *Simplicissimus*; *Illustrierte Wochenschrift* (Munich, 1896), a humorous German magazine.

Gertrude Natkin wrote to Sam on or after Mar. 24.

My Dear Mr. Clemens

—You see, I do not wish to appear as a reckless little law breaker in your sight so I have tried to restrain myself from setting forth my love on paper during school time and I have succeeded. I am just overflowing with love for you and there is likely to be an inundation at any time, hence this violation of rules.

It was very dear of you to telephone to me that evening, but you are such a dear, I knew you would telephone if you said you would. I am so glad that Apr. 10th comes during Holiday week for then I can think of you as much as I please without breaking any rules. Oh, that I could give you a real blot right now, well I will have to make the best of it and store it up for the eventful evening. . Good Night, Sweet Dreams / Marjorie [MTP; MTAq 23].

Frances Campbell Sparhawk wrote from Newton Center, Mass. to Sam. After reading "King Leopold's Soliloquy," Sparhawk was joining the Congo Reform Assoc. Noting the contrast of outrage with the horrors of the

Russo-Japanese war as against the indifference of the Congo situation, Sparhawk concluded, "Our people are full of race prejudice." She thanked him for the Soliloquy [MTP].

March 24 after – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to an **unidentified person**. All that survives is what he wrote on the envelope: "Her songs were delightfully humorous, & were effectively interpreted by an art all her own, & refreshingly original. The house responded with enthusiasm. —Mark Twain" [MTP].

Harper's Weekly ran an anonymous article, "Further Anecdotes of Mark Twain," p. 421. Tenney "Chiefly on MT in Hartford, with texts of some brief MT notes" [Tenney 41].

March 25 Sunday – Sam lunched with Miss **Winifred Holt** and had tea with the **Howellses** [Hill 124].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Jean 9, 11, 4 (Lakewood, very bad day)

Mr. Clemens hates this house. He calls it "The Valley of the Shadow".

He lunched with Miss Winifred Holt & came home at half past four to find Mr. Howells here at tea in C.C.'s room. Later Mr. Henschel came in too. It was a great delight ~~for me to sit in that company~~ & hear Mr. Clemens & Mr. Howells talk of Macaulay & Trevelyan's Life & Letters & Science—Metchnikoff's Book, Mr. Howells spoke of—and Mr. Clemens was in fine form, a better mood than the one he went away in for he was depressed and lonely & said he was going to have company in the house, a man or a woman, he didn't care which. He was beautiful to behold as he paced the drawing room & tossed his head in his lonely decision to have that company in the house. After Mr. Howells left Mr. Clemens went to bed & finally I went in to see what news from Miss Holt & her scheme for the adult blind. The meeting for which & at which Mr. Clemens is to preside will be held next Thursday evening. He is bothered by the detail of it & the protracted program [MTP TS 57-58; also, in part, Gribben 712]. *Note:* many of Lyon's strikeouts are inexplicable, and may have been added years later with an eye to eventual publication.

Mary E. Bell wrote to Sam.

While I am very anxious to go North, I think my visit depends on my meeting you and Mr. Howells. I guarantee to make you laugh, perhaps at me, old, poor, maybe [*illegible word*, "graying"?] shadows. Were I young, I had rather to go to any extremity almost, than worry people. Alas! Time will not wait for me and as I am trying to earn a few dollars...I beg you will, at any hour convenient to you, grant me a short interview? [MTP].

Florence T. Holt wrote from NYC to Sam. "The Joe Smiths, who are to be in town over Sunday, will lunch with us that day at two o'clock & we thought you might come to see them...P.S. I promise not to tell any smear stories!" [MTP].

March 26 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **John Brown, Jr. ("Jock")**.

Dear Mr. Jock: — / With this I am returning the typed letters which you sent. They pleasantly but pathetically bring back the scenes and associations of thirty-three years ago, when Mrs. Clemens and our small Susy and I were comrades of your father in Edinburgh daily, during six weeks, without a break.

Use the letters freely. Doctor John's letters to Mrs. Clemens and me I am not able to find. We have hunted the house over, with this result. And I am greatly surprised, for Mrs. Clemens treasured them as precious remembrancers, and she always knew where to put her hand upon them. But perhaps I ought not to be surprised, for during the ten years that we were wanderers in Europe our house in Hartford was several times occupied by renters, with the result that a great many things which we valued got lost or destroyed. In this present case I deeply deplore the loss.

I shall be glad to see the memoir you speak of, if you will send it.

I thank you very much for the photographs of the beautiful children. Marjorie Fleming ought to have had just one more gift, then she would have been perfect. She ought to have looked like this little girl of yours—I mean she ought to have had your little girl's beauty. [After signature:]

I remember 23 Rutland st exceedingly well. Those were good times.
The enclosed photograph is copyrighted in G.B & America—don't let it get into print [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Asa Don Dickinson** of the **Brooklyn Public Library**.

Be wise as a serpent & wary as a dove! The newspaper boys want that letter—don't you let them get hold of it. They say you refuse to allow them to see it without my consent. Keep on refusing, & I'll take care of this end of the line.

Was the January meeting held? You did not tell me [MTP]. *Note:* Dickinson was in charge of the dept. for the blind at the Sheepshead Bay Branch. Sam is likely referring to his reply of **Nov. 21, 1905** to Dickinson's **Nov. 19, 1905**. See Dickinson's reply to this letter on Mar. 28.

Sam also wrote to **Augustus T. Gurlitz**. "I am told a reporter from the Journal has been here—with authorization from you. I did not see him. I have nothing to say to reporters. He is coming again; and again he will go without seeing me" [MTP].

Sam also replied to his old mining partner, **Calvin H. Higbie**, in Greenville, Plumas Co. Calif. Higbie had written on **Mar. 15**. Higbie had a manuscript to pass by Mark Twain and wanted a few details of Sam's movements.

I went down to Aurora about midsummer of '62. I suppose it must have been toward the end of October, '62 that I went to Walker River to nurse Capt. John Nye. I crossed the Sierras into California for the first time along about the middle of '64, I should say.

Send me your manuscript. I shall be as competent as anybody to sit in judgment upon its value and arrive at a verdict. Then I will ask the New York Herald to name a price & come to my house and talk with me, in case he finds that your narrative comes up to his expectations. If he should decide that he doesn't want it—but that is further along. If you have told your story with your pen in the simple unadorned & straightforward way in which you would tell it with your tongue, I think it cannot help but have value.

I was very glad to hear from you, old comrade, & shall be also glad to be of service to you in this matter if I can [MTP].

Sam had **Rodman Gilder** and **Mr. and Mrs. Albert Vorse** to dinner [Hill 124]. *Note:* see Lyon's next entry.

Clemens' A.D. for the day: **John D. Rockefeller's** Bible Class again—Clemens comments on several newspaper clippings—Tells **Howells** the scheme of this autobiography—Tells the newspaper account of girl who tried to commit suicide—Newspapers in remote villages and in great cities contrasted—Remarks about Captain **E.L. Marsh** and **Dick Higham**—**Calvin Higbie's** letter, and *Herald* letter to Higbie [AMT 1: 439-446].

Isabel Lyon's journal: I dined with Barry at Cecchina's.

Tonight at dinner when Mr. & Mrs. Vorse & Rodman Gilder were here, Mr. Clemens swung off into wonderful talk of the piloting days on the Mississippi; my chronicling wit is gone.

After dinner we went up to see Francis Wilson in "the Mountain Climbers". [sic] It was a foolish enough play, but the Vorses are lovely and Rodman Gilder was handsome & we whirled up there in cabs & away from there in cabs & somehow I didn't get to bed or to sleep until 4:30 in the morning. It seemed all wrong to go off & leave Mr. Clemens alone, though I venture to say that he liked it.

Criterion	THEATRE, B'way & 44th St.
FRANCIS WILSON	THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER.
Ev. 8:30. Mat. Sat., 2:15.	

Mr. Clemens & I went around to see the sunshiny house on Washington Square [MTP TS 58; also in part Gribben 388]. *Note: The Mountain Climber*, a three-act farce at the **Criterion Theatre** by **Curt Kraatz** and **M. Neal**. See insert.

John Hellier wrote with “deep grief” from Manchester, England to Sam asking for his help with his wife, who was troubled with “mental delusions.” He had been told that if he could take his wife to various places she might be cured. He worked for the Inland Revenue Department and was unable to do this. Could Sam confer with the 5th Avenue doctors concerning his case? [MTP].

E.E. Olcott, president and general manager of the **Hudson River Day Line** of steamers, wrote to Sam, grateful for his past help on the start of their Hudson Memorial Assoc. Heller requested Sam’s “cooperation” at another event on Mar. 31 in Newburgh—the launching of a new steamer of the Hudson River Day Line [MTP]. *Note:* written on the letter **ca. Mar. 28**: “Two engagements for that day & evening.”

March 27 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Jean arrived suddenly this morning & quite white, & all day reporters have been flitting in & out trying to get Mr. Clemens to say something because Huck Finn & Tom Sawyer are reported as under ban in a Brooklyn library. Mr. Clemens hasn’t anything to say, he never does have, except from the depths of that glory of a bed & for private ears. Those reporters wanted to get hold of the letter he wrote to Mr. Asa Don Dickinson, “a most characteristic & most damndest letter” — but it would be a damaging letter if they could get hold of it. Gerald Thayer came in at tea time & he & Mr. Paine closed in on a friendship—quickly as that [MTP TS 59]. *Note:* Sam replied to Dickinson on **Nov. 21, 1905** and **Mar. 26, 1906**.

Clemens’ A.D. for the day: **Calvin Higbie**’s spelling—Clemens scheme for getting Higbie a job at the Pioneer—in 1863 Clemens goes to Virginia City to be sole reporter on *Territorial Enterprise*—Clemens tries his scheme for finding employment for the unemployed on a young St. Louis reporter with great success—Also worked the scheme for his nephew, **Samuel E. Moffett** [AMT 1: 446-451].

Sam met **Charlotte Teller Johnson** (b. 1876), when she knocked on his door and asked Isabel Lyon to speak with him. Teller was active in the movement to support the Russian revolutionaries, and lived a few doors down from Clemens at 3 Fifth Ave.

Robert Hirst of the MTP in a Nov. 2000 Mark Twain Forum post quoted from Teller’s (1925) privately printed *S.L.C. to C.T.* of how she met Mark Twain:

It was during the Russian Revolution of 1905 [*viz*] that word came to a group of us who were living at 3 Fifth Ave, all of us writers, that Tschaikowsky was coming with Gorki to raise money in the U.S. When he arrived I saw him, and found him much depressed because he did not know how to reach Mark Twain, whom he wanted as chairman for a big mass meeting. Although I did not know Mark Twain myself, I offered to see what could be done. I went to 21 Fifth Ave. and asked for Mr. Clemens’s secretary. She said to bring Tschaikowsky back at 2 o’clock in the afternoon. I did, and introduced the two men, both of them white haired and most distinguished in appearance. As I started to leave, Mark Twain asked me my name and when he found that I had written a “Joan d’Arc” play which was considered the previous year by Maude Adams, he asked me to come back the next morning [Mar. 28] and read him the play. I did, and when I finished he was much moved From that day I saw him almost every day for nearly three months [*Note:* the next day, Mar. 28, Isabel Lyon made a journal recording, touching on this day and Charlotte Teller’s return with Tschaykoffski.]

Note: Charlotte had married a Washington engineer, Frank Minitree Johnson in 1902, but at this time was either separated or divorced. After 1915 she was **Mrs. Hirsch**. At this time she wrote under the name **Charlotte Teller** and lived with her grandmother. After 1900 several of her short stories and articles were

published in newspapers and journals, including *Everybody's Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly*, and *Metropolitan Magazine*. Gribben identifies the 30 year old Teller and the reading of her MS of *The Cage*, a play about the Haymarket Riot, which Appleton published in 1907; Sam would also read her play MS of *Mirabeau* in Dublin, N.H. on **June 15**. Gribben writes of the gossip regarding their relationship which led to a permanent split (see Oct. 21, 1906) [690].

Trombley speculates: "Undoubtedly, what drew Twain to Charlotte Teller Johnson was the combination of her youth and her talent. She probably reminded him a great deal of his lost daughter Susy, an aspiring writer" [*MT Other Woman* 104].

Hill, who likely did not have access to the Teller document Hirst quotes from (above), puts Sam's meeting of Charlotte Teller Johnson to "early in 1906 at a meeting to support Russian revolutionaries" [156]. Hill likely confused the gathering on Apr. 11 as their first meeting. This is somewhat confusing because Hill quotes frequently from IVL's journal, and clearly he missed the Mar. 28, 1906 entry where she put Johnson's first meeting to the previous day, **Mar. 27**. Lystra continues the error citing Hill, but adds the claim that Isabel Lyon mounted a "defensive operation against an attractive young woman, Charlotte Teller Johnson...she had caught Twain's eye at a meeting they both attended early in 1906 in support of Russian revolutionaries" [100]. Lystra also cites **Isabel Lyon's journal** of Mar. 28, Apr. 6, 11, June 15, 1906. See also Oct. 21, 1906.

Note: when biographers cite secondary sources, which sometimes cite other secondary sources—the initial study done without access or with improper interpretation of primary sources—or, when errors are contained in primary sources, such as newspaper accounts or reminiscences—accuracy is sacrificed. This study does not pretend to be wholly accurate, but in comparing various sources it becomes evident that at times scholars have been misled.

The N.Y *Times* ran the following on page 9:

NEVER TOO ILL FOR A STORY.

"Mark Twain's" Only Comment on Brooklyn's Edict Against His Works.

There is a letter over in Brooklyn signed by Samuel L. Clemens, a sad man living at 21 Fifth Avenue. Mr. Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, has been ill for a week with a cold which threatened him with pneumonia. Yesterday he was said to be better, but he did not feel well enough to receive interviewers and explain to them how it had happened that the Brooklyn Public Libraries, through Librarian Frank P. Hill, had put on the "restricted list" both "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer," and what he had said to them in the letter he wrote on the subject.

Mr. Clemens's secretary told the reporters that the humorist had thrown away Dante's "Inferno," which he had been reading, when he learned of the ban on his books in Brooklyn. Then he proceeded to tell a story he knew of an Englishman who "bettered a story." Here is the story as the secretary told it:

"There was once a wicked man who stayed late at his club. His wife had a cuckoo clock. As he entered the door he heard it sound twice, and on his own account added more 'cuckoos.' When he awoke in the morning he was happy in the belief that his wife had been deceived into thinking he had got home by 12 o'clock.

"Now this story was told by an American to an Englishman, who, lacking a sense of humor, insisted on telling the sequel. It was to the effect that the too lively gentleman learned from his spouse when he complained about not being wakened in time that she had been out on an errand. During the night she had heard the clock 'co-co' and decided that it had the hiccoughs, so she had taken it to the clockmaker."

The doctor who was summoned after this story said that his patient was doing very well, indeed. The fact that Mr. Hill had refused to give out the letter in regard to the edict against "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer" made it impossible for Mr. Clemens's [*sic*] secretary to make it public, the communication being personal.

Jean Clemens returned from what was likely a trial stay at **Lakewood Sanitarium**. She would remain with the family and **Miss Lyon** until fall [Hill 121].

George Cary Eggleston wrote from NYC to congratulate Sam on the Brooklyn Library's recent reflections, meaning perhaps a reconsideration on the banning of *HF* [MTP].

Edward M. Foote, chair of the entertainment committee for the **Young Men's Bible Class**, 11 W. 45th St., N.Y. wrote his disappointment that Sam could not attend their Class Reunion, and invited him to "choose an evening in the latter part of April...when you can with comfort meet...and talk the art of lying, or whatever else is in your mind at the time" [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's reply was **ca. Mar. 29**.

John Greenhall wrote from Leeds, England to ask Sam if it was correct that one of his daughters had converted to Christian Science [MTP]. *Note:* Sam replied on Apr. 6.

E.W. Halifax, secretary of the English Branch of the **League for the Preservation of Swiss Scenery**, wrote from London fearing a prior letter had gone astray: "Sir Maitin wished me to write & say he is disappointed we have not heard from you—If you could send us a word of encouragement it would be so valuable." Halifax enclosed a circular [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's reply from **Isabel Lyon** is catalogued as **ca. Mar. 29**, but this does not allow adequate time for the cross-Atlantic mail. Estimated time for reply here is *ca.* Apr. 6.

Helen Keller wrote to Sam, a letter that he inserted into his A.D. of Mar. 30.

It is a great disappointment to me not to be with you and the other friends who have joined their strength to uplift the blind. The meeting in New York will be the greatest occasion in the movement which has so long engaged my heart: and I regret keenly not to be present and feel the inspiration of living contact with such an assembly of wit, wisdom and philanthropy.

...You once told me you were a pessimist, Mr. Clemens; but great men are usually mistaken about themselves. You are an optimist. If you were not, you would not preside at the meeting. For it is an answer to pessimism. It proclaims that the heart and the wisdom of a great city are devoted to the good of mankind, that in this the busiest city in the world no cry of distress goes up, but receives a compassionate and generous answer. Rejoice that the cause of the blind has been heard in New York; for the day after it shall be heard round the world. Yours...[MTP].

Arthur B. Krock wrote from the Lewis Institute, Chicago to Sam responding the the Brooklyn Library tabooing Sam's books. His mother had argued that Matthew Arnold was a greater humorist than Mark Twain, but his father said that remark was an insult to "the Grandfather of American Literature" [MTP].

March 28 Wednesday – In the a.m. **Charlotte Teller Johnson** returned to 21 Fifth Ave. and read her play *Joan d'Arc* to Clemens. It was the beginning of almost daily visits between the two and much correspondence. See Mar. 27 entry.

Clemens' A.D. for the day: **Orion Clemens'** personality—His adventure at the house of **Dr. Meredith**—Orion's three o'clock a.m. call on young lady—Death of Clemens' father, just after having been made County Judge—Sam Clemens' small income after having become bankrupt through maladministration of **Charles L. Webster** [AMT 1: 451-455].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Off Mr. Clemens went at 7 o'clock to dine with Miss Winifred Holt & talk over things that are to be done tomorrow evening at the meeting for the blind. Barry & Gerald & Gerome [Brush] dined here, & after dinner we 6 went up to the Armory at 94th Street, forever away, & saw some pretty good, certainly interesting, riding, interesting because the men who rode were untrained & not under a fearful training discipline & you felt the naturalness of it.

A young and delightfulish Mrs. Johnson came in yesterday [Mar. 27] to ask if Mr. Clemens would care to meet Mr. Tschaykoffski, the Russian Revolutionary agitator. He came & Mr. Clemens had a good talk with him, but discouraged him a bit I fear. Mrs. Johnson herself is a clever creature, I believe, for she attracts you & she told me how for a year she has been working on a Joan of Arc play for Maude Adams [MTP TS 59-60]. *Note:* Charlotte was evidently still introducing herself as “Mrs. Johnson” while writing under the name of Charlotte Teller.

On this day or the next Sam wrote a letter to **Nikolai V. Chaikovsky** (1851-1926) (often seen spelled in various ways: **Tchaikovsky**, **Tchaykoffsky**, etc.) that ran in the N.Y. *Times* for **Mar. 30, 1906**:

Dear Mr. Tchaykoffsky: I thank you for the honor of the invitation, but I am not able to accept it, because on Thursday evening I shall be presiding at a meeting whose object is to find remunerative work for certain classes of our blind who would gladly support themselves if they had the opportunity.

My sympathies are with the Russian revolution, of course. It goes without saying. I hope it will succeed, and now that I have talked with you I take heart to believe it will. Government by falsified promises, by lies, by treacheries, and by the butcher-knife for the aggrandizement of a single family of drones and its idle and vicious kin has been borne quite long enough in Russia, I should think, and it is to be hoped that the roused nation, now rising in its strength, will presently put an end to it and set up the republic in its place. Some of us, even of the white headed, may live to see the blessed day when Czars and Grand Dukes will be as scarce there as I trust they are in heaven.

Most sincerely yours,
MARK TWAIN

Note: Chaikovsky was born in Vyatka, Russia, and formed a group advocating revolutionary socialist ideals, which became the Narodnik movement. After some divergence of opinions with the group he moved to the U.S. and set up a socialist commune in Kansas in the 1870s. The group failed and he moved to London to write and raise money. He returned to Russia in 1905 and opposed the Bolsheviks. At this time, along with Gorky and others, he was active in the US in trying to raise money for revolutionary goals. He was no relation to Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky the composer.

Sam inscribed a copy of *IA* with an aphorism for Mrs. **Catherine Haley**: “Mrs. Catherine Haley. Do your duty today and repent tomorrow. Truly Yours, Mark Twain. March 28/06.” [ABE books: Peter L. Stern & Co., Boston June 19, 2009].

Asa Don Dickinson wrote for the Bay Ridge Branch, Brooklyn Public Library. Sam inserted this letter in his A.D. for Apr. 9, 1906.

Your letter of the 26th inst. rec'd this moment. As I have now been transferred to the above address, it has been a long time reaching me.

I have tried to be wary and wise and am very grateful to you for your reticence. The poor old B.P.L. has achieved some very undesirable notoriety. I thought my head was coming off when I heard from my chief on the telephone night before last. But yesterday he began to be amused, I think, at the tea pot tempest.

[She assured Clemens that his books had not been restricted from short fiction, only not placed with books in the Children's rooms.]

I am looking forward with great eagerness to seeing and hearing you tomorrow night at the Waldorf. ...

I am very sorry to have caused you so much annoyance through reporters, but be sure that I have said nothing nor will say anything to them about the contents of that letter. And please don't you tell on me! / Yours...[MTP].

Hugh Gordon Miller for the Fulton Monument Assoc. wrote to Sam, enclosing an article on Fulton which might be helpful in Sam's upcoming lecture, postponed from Apr. 10 to the 19 [MTP].

March 28 ca. – **Hélène Elisabeth Picard** wrote to Sam. The letter was inserted in the A.D. of Apr. 9. It included a clipping (in French) from a newspaper there. The clipping announced, dateline NY Mar. 27, that the directors of the Brooklyn Library put two of Twain's books on the restricted list for children under the age of fifteen. Picard was surprised by the article, but observed that in France such an article would make everyone go out to buy the book. She closed with: "I know your pen well. I know it has never been dipped in anything but clean, clear ink" [MTP].

Sam replied to a Mar. 26 the invitation by **E.E. Olcott** to take part in a **Mar. 31** launching of a new steamer of the Hudson River Day Line. Sam had two other engagements for that day and evening [MTP].

March 29 Thursday – At the **Waldorf-Astoria Hotel**, Sam told a story at a benefit for the blind. The *New York Times*, Mar. 30:

TWAIN AND CHOATE TALK AT MEETING FOR BLIND

Humorist Sightless Once—in a Vast German Inn.

HIT AT GHOST, BROKE MIRROR

Mr. Choate Urges Liberal Contributions, Mr. Gilder

Writes a Poem and Helen Keller a Letter.

A new poem by Richard Watson Gilder, a striking letter from Helen Keller, an appeal for funds by Joseph H. Choate, and a funny story by Mark Twain made up the programme of the meeting held in the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria last night by the New York State Association for Promoting the Interests of the Blind.

[Gilder's poem omitted here]

Mr. Clemens presided over the meeting and told the story of when he was hopelessly blind for a space of about two hours.

"I have a mass of statistics here," he said to the large audience filling the boxes and seats on the ballroom floor, "but I am afraid of them because I was never able to do much with that rugged study, mathematics. I can only figure on the multiplication table up to seven times nine, which is—84. I can't even figure on the name of the society, it is so long. I would write it out for you to take with you, but I can't spell it, and Andrew Carnegie is somewhere down in Virginia. This association needs \$15,000, and we may be able to collect it here. There is no graft in it or I would not be presiding.

"I know what it is to be blind. I was blind once. It occurred after an excursion from Heidelberg to a mediaeval town about twenty miles away. The Rev. Joe Twitchell of Hartford was with me. He is still living. I always like a minister with me on an excursion. He makes a fine lightning rod for such excursions as the one we made. We went up by rail, and circumstances were such as to bring us back on a raft.

"In this ancient town, which had not altered a building or put up a new one in 1,500 years, we had a room for the night which was as large as the beds were small. We had to sleep on our sides in the beds. Twitchell's bed was way down south in that room and mine was furthest north. I couldn't sleep after the light was put out, and finally decided to leave the room and go into the square and sit on the edge of a tinkling fountain.

"Off in the southwest of that room a mouse got busy, and I threw something at it. It pleased the mouse, and it kept on making a noise. I couldn't stand it with the other occasional noises in the room. The darkness of that room lay in great cakes. I got out of bed and clawed around in an endeavor to accumulate my clothes. I got most of the things in the room in a pile, save one sock. I began to hunt that sock. On hands and knees I crawled for three hours.

"I might have concluded that the sock was in the wash and saved myself some adventures, but I did not think of that. I remembered distinctly that there were six chairs and a table in that room before I went to bed, but I butted thirty-six chairs and enough tables to fill the dining room of the Waldorf.

"Finally I decided to stand up in what clothes I had on me. I saw a shadowy form and I had no intention of letting any ghost bite me without a struggle. I took one of the thirty-six chairs and smashed it. It was a mirror. Then I reflected.

"I got back on my hands and knees and traveled a few more miles of this Oklahoma of a bedroom. Finally I reached a wall, and stood up again. I felt a shelf. I was delighted. It was the first encouragement I had received. I was then certain that I had not passed the city limits.

"On the shelf was a pitcher of water. I groped for it and it fell. It fell on Joe Twitchell's face. It nearly drowned Twitchell, but it brought me the glad relief of company. When he struck a match I got back to bed.

"I have never found the sock, but the hours of darkness I experienced in the explorations in that room were not empty hours. They served their purpose. The Rev. Joe Twitchell [*sic*] had longer legs than I, and we both wore pedometers on that trip. As I walk in my sleep, I always wore mine to bed with me. When I got up in the morning I found that I had gained sixteen miles on Twitchell. Again, my reflecting after the mirror incident made me remember to tell the landlord that Twitchell had broken." [the rest of the article omitted.]

Either before or after the benefit at the Waldorf, Sam had dinner with Mr. **George de Forest Brush**, a Dublin artist, and his son **Barry** and **Gerald Thayer** at the **Players Club** [Hill 124].

Sam replied to an inquiry from the *NY Times*, with clippings enclosed concerning the recent death of Captain **Alex C. Toncray** (Tonkray), who claimed to be Huck Finn:

Dear Sir: / I have no recollection of ever having been acquainted with anyone by the name of Toncray. The original of Huck Finn was a boy of my own age name Tom Blankenship. He had a brother several years older than himself, and a good many sisters. He was a good-hearted boy, and there was no harm in him. He had no education. / Truly yours...[MTP: Watertown *Daily Times*, Feb. 22, 1919].

Clemens' A.D. for the day: Clemens as apprentice to Mr. **Ament—Wilhelm II's** dinner, and potato incident—The printing of Reverend **Alexander Campbell's** sermon—Incident of dropping watermelon on **Henry Clemens'** head—Orion buys *Hannibal Journal* which is a failure—Then he goes to Muscatine, Iowa, and marries—Clemens starts out alone to see the world—Visits, St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia, Washington—Then goes to Muscatine and works in Orion's office—Finds fifty-dollar bill—Thinks of going to explore the Amazon and collect coca—Gets **Horace Bixby** to train him as pilot—Starts with Orion for Nevada when Orion is made Secretary to Territory of Nevada [AMT 1: 455-462].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Santa Clara ill with sore throat.

This evening Mr. Clemens presided at the meeting for the blind held in the Waldorf ball room. He had never done any presiding before, but it was beautifully & bewitchingly done. Mrs. Gilder & Mrs. "White Violet" Vorse were in the box & a young Jewish girl, Ada Marks. Later Mr. Gilder joined us [MTP TS 60].

Capt. **A.J. Forsyth** wrote from 330 W. 11th St., N.Y. to ask if Sam, while working on the Mississippi, had ever heard of Thomas McAleer (or Mac Alear) who was Captain of the Steamer *Valley Trader* sometime during the 1840s. The matter involved an inheritance [MTP]. *Note:* Isabel Lyon's reply for Sam is catalogued by the MTP as **ca. 31 Mar.** "Mr. Clemens has never heard of that boat—was never a captain of a steam boat."

Harper & Brothers wrote to Sam to ask for a customer where the story "The Stolen White Elephant" first appeared. Was it in some periodical? [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's answer is catalogued by the MTP as **ca. Mar. 31**. See that entry.

R. Scarano wrote from 70 W. 102 St., N.Y. urging Sam to propose buying his "nice small edition of Dante, the so called 'Dantino'" [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's reply is catalogued as **ca. 31 Mar.** by the MTP. See entry.

March 29 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to **Edward M. Foote's Mar. 27** invitation: "It isn't likely that I'll find a vacancy between this & my going away for the summer—on the 24th of April—but I can tell more about that later on & so I will not let the matter escape, from my mind—" [MTP].

March 30 Friday – Joe Twichell wrote from Hartford to Sam:

I am ordered on duty—as reader of a Scripture lesson only—at the service named on the enclosed card [not extant], which will be in commemoration of the close of the Civil War.

Harmony proposes to attend it with me. It will require us to be in New York from Saturday night to Monday morning. There are plenty of places where we could stay while there, but our choice of all is 21 Fifth Avenue, and there shall be our quarters if you say so [MTP]. *Note:* Joe also related gratitude from Patrick McAleer's people for Sam's attendance at the funeral.

Clemens' A.D. for the day: Clemens interview with **Tchaykovsky**, and Clemens' views regarding the Russian revolution—Clemens presides at meeting of the Association formed in interest of the adult blind—His first meeting with **Helen Keller**—Helen Keller's letter, which Mr. Clemens read at this meeting [AMT 1: 462-467].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

A turmoil—Mr. Clemens was tired all day. He lunched at The Players with Mr. Paine & Gerald Thayer & later Jerome [Brush] came in—Oh, it was as late as six o'clock—with the news that he cannot go on the West Indies trip with Gerald, for his heart isn't strong enough for volcanic climbing such as they're planning. Mr. Brush & Barry & Gerald were called in at about midnight to discuss it all; but earlier in the evening we—Jean & Jerome [Brush] & I—had gone over to the Gilders', & I felt illish, so illish that to talk was like hawling bogs up by the roots out of black mud [MTP TS 60].

Cartoonist on the *Evansville Courier*, identified only as **Alexander**, wrote that he was sending under separate cover cartoons of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer that had made a "hit" in the newspaper, and he hoped Sam liked them [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Likes the cartoon very much & thanks you for sending it."

Sam's piece "For the Russian Revolution" ran in the *NY Herald, Times*, and *Tribune* [Camfield's Bibliog.].

March 31 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **George O'Connor**.

To Mr. George Connors: / My daughter neglected to consult me when she entered into negotiations looking to the matter of engaging your services as coachman for the summer, and now I am obliged to say that it is absolutely necessary for me to have a man of years & experience, one who is trained to the saddle, who can take the full responsibility of two horses under the saddle in case of need. I feel that I must find some one who can meet these requirements since all of them are important [MTP].

Isabel V. Lyon replied for Sam to **James B. Pond** who was still coaxing Sam to lecture. Lyon wrote thanks but that Mark Twain "expects to retire permanently from the platform," sentiment given many times in the past [MTP]. *Note:* Pond was nothing if not persistent.

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Tonight Mr. Clemens said he'd like to get up a game on copyright. Have all the authors in the U.S. sign a petition to have copyright on Mr. Clemens's books extended for life & 50 years beyond. He'd be willing to go down to Washington next January & lobby for it—for if Congress would grant the right to one author, it would be the entering wedge for all of them.

Jean & I went down to see Gerald sail in the little Fontabelle for Dominica, & later we went up to call on the Brushes at the Grand Union. Mrs. Brush was very attractive when she said that Mr. Brush preferred her babies to any others & that was why he was always painting them.

Louis Agassiz Fuertes was there too. Came in to show Mr. Brush some studies for a wild fowl calendar, & they're lovely [MTP TS 61].

J.Q. Adams wrote on Art Commission of the City of New York letterhead to Sam:

Some are born great
Some achieve greatness
Some have greatness dribbled on them by Father Time but try to rob him of the credit. However, I want very much to see you and have a chat...[MTP]. *Note:* Sam answered **ca. 2 Apr.**

Eleven year old **Elizabeth Owen Knight** wrote from Rockville, Md. to Sam. "I know you will be surprised to hear from a little Maryland girl that you have never seen. I wish I could know you, for I have enjoyed your books so much and I want to write and tell you how much I have enjoyed them." She thought it funny that the Brooklyn Public Library would restrict his books for younger children [MTP].

March 31 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to **Capt. A.J. Forsyth's Mar. 29** inquiry. "Mr. Clemens has never heard of that boat—was never a captain of a steam boat" [MTP].

Sam also replied to **Harper & Brothers' Mar. 29** inquiry as to where "The Stolen White Elephant" story first appeared.

In Buffalo I began to scratch together sketches for vol of sketches—then I did this extraordinary thing—I made a contract with Bliss for that vol of sketches at a royalty of 7½% which would mean that I made that cont. after cont for Roughing It which was 7½%—By & by—the several years—Osgood wanted a book & I said he couldn't do anything with a book—(10% royalty)—nothing but a vol of sketches—Osgood won but just did sell 10000 copies in 6 mos. [MTP].

Sam also replied to **R. Scarano's Mar. 29** offer to sell a set of Dante's works. Sam referred him to Cornell University in Ithaca, N.Y., as they possessed "almost every edition of Dante that has ever been printed" [MTP].

April – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam inscribed a copy of TS to **Norman D. Bassett** with an aphorism: "*Few things are harder to bear than the annoyance of a good example. / Truly Yours / Mark Twain / Apl./06 / Norman D. Bassett*" [MTP].

Ellis Parker Butler (1869-1937) inscribed his book *Pigs Is Pigs* (1906) to Sam dated April 1906 in Flushing New York [Gribben 119].

Early in the month **Gertrude Natkin** wrote another letter to Sam, announcing she had restrained from writing him during school time, as she did "not wish to appear as a reckless law breaker" in his sight. She had Twain fever: "I am just overflowing with love for you and there is likely to be an inundation at any time...." She also thanked him for a telephone call, and was glad Apr. 10 came "during a Holiday week" [MTAq 23].

M. Rogers wrote from London, England to Sam, noting belatedly the Nelson Centenary (1805-1905). "I beg that you will accept the enclosed as literary curiosities or relics of old time journalism, and as a souvenir of Nelson's times, and if you will acknowledge receipt & kindly let your reply be an autograph... [MTP]. *Note:* an unused stamped env. remains in the file.

Woman's Home Companion ran an anonymous article "The Four Greatest Living Americans at Work," p. 28-9. Tenney: "Photographs of Grover Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, and Andrew Carnegie working at their desks, and MT writing in bed; notes MT's world wide reputation and praises him for the labors by which he paid

off his creditors after his publishing house failed” [“A Reference Guide Fourth Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1980 p. 175].

Human Life ran “Henry H. Rogers” by **Robert H. Murray**, p. 1-3, 29. Tenney: “On p. 3, ‘As a Friend of Twain’s’ describes the help and advice Rogers gave MT in putting his financial affairs back together after the Webster failure; provides no new information” [“A Reference Guide Third Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1979 p. 190].

April ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam sent a one-sentence note of introduction for **Albert Bigelow Paine**, his “particular friend (also biographer)” to **Annie E. Trumbull** [MTP].

April 1 Sunday – Although not cited by Fatout or others, on Apr. 4, **Charles F. Powlison for the YMCA** wrote from NYC to thank Sam for addressing their Sunday afternoon meeting.

Cuyler Reynolds wrote from Albany, NY to Sam, relating that his late father had engaged **James W. Paige** and given him “his type-setting bent,” and how building such machines had made his father a failure and left them in poverty. He had heard Sam had lived in a house once used by D’Annunzio and wanted to know the address. He’d also defended Sam’s book, *Extracts of Adam’s Diary* to Bishop Doane [MTP]. *Note:* **William Croswell Doane** (1832-1913), First Bishop Episcopal Diocese of Albany. **Gaetano Gabriele D’Annunzio** (1863-1938), Italian poet, journalist, daredevil.

April 1 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to the cartoons of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer sent **Mar. 30** from the Evansville *Courier* by cartoonist **Alexander** [MTP].

An envelope survives addressed to **Charlotte Teller Johnson** catalogued as “**1 April to 25 October 1906**” [MTP].

Jervis Langdon II sent Sam a report as trustee to former stockholders of J. Langdon & Co, Inc. from Feb. 17, 1905 to Apr. 1, 1906 [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote on the letter for Lyon to “write Jervis and tell him he transacts that business better even than his Uncle Sam could after all his experience on the platform.”

April 2 Monday – The New York *Times*, Apr. 3, p. 9, “Three New Plays at Vassar Benefit,” reported that “Mark Twain was the centre *Times* of one admiring group in a lower stage box...” at the **Hudson Theatre**, N.Y.C. The plays: *The Mallet’s Masterpiece*; *The Land of the Free*; *The Watteau Shepherdess*. Fatout offers more detail and some speculation about this event:

That he made a speech is not on record, but he probably said something. Afterward, in an informal reception on the stage, he shook hands and autographed programs, sometimes adding a maxim, such as “Do your duty today and repent tomorrow.” To sign programs he rested them on the shoulder of Miss T.V. Dickson, one of the ushers. “A nice quiet little desk,” he said, that he wished he could keep. He also kissed a good many of the ladies, especially the young ones. He had such a good time with the Vassar girls that he did not make it to the Museum of Natural History, where the governor general of Canada and other very important persons were anxiously waiting for him to take part in some unknown function [MT *Speaking* 675]. *Note:* Fatout gives no source for this information.

Sam sent his autograph to **Mary Scott Allen** [MTP].

Clemens’ A.D. for the day: Government of new Territory of Nevada—**Governor Nye** & the practical jokers—Clemens begins journalistic life on Virginia City Enterprise—reports legislative sessions—He and Orion prosper—**Orion** builds \$12,000 house—Gov. Nye turns Territory of Nevada into a state [MTP Autodict1].

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co. wrote to Sam enclosing seats for the opening night (Apr. 9) of the billiard tourney (Apr. 9 to 21) at Madison Square Garden. "Should you find it inconvenient to attend on April 9th, we shall be glad to substitute seats for any date you may select" [MTP]. *Note:* Isabel Lyon answered thanks for Sam **ca. Apr. 4** that there were no engagements for **Apr. 9**. See entry.

Irving Bacheller inscribed a gift of his new book *Silas Strong, Emperor of the Woods* (1906): "*To Mark Twain / who, I hope, for / this little book / will credit me / something on my / great debt to him. / Irving Bacheller / Riverside Conn. / April 2 1906*". Sam signed the front pastedown endpaper: "*S L Clemens / 1906 / Apl. / 21 Fifth avenue*" [Gribben 37].

Susan Kearny Selfridge wrote to Sam. "Following my husband's recent death (Captain Selfridge, U.S.Navy) I find I must work—and am opening a very charming Tea House this season at Magnolia, Mass.—that most lovely of American spas." Would Sam agree to speak there as a Saturday Matinee speaker? She was the daughter of Gen. Phil Kearny, Civil War hero [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's reply is given **ca. 4 April** by the MTP.

E.L. Hathaway wrote from Granger, Wash.: "You do not know *me* and never will, but I feel quite acquainted with *you*, through your writings." He asked for a list of all of Mark Twain's books; didn't need an autograph, "a printed or typewritten list" would do [MTP]. *Note:* Sam answered **ca. Apr. 8**: "will find the list in the Cyclopaedias."

April 2 ca. – Sam replied to **J.Q. Adams' Mar. 31** request for a chat. See entry. "Come—am usually at home afternoons. / SLC / Tel. 3907 Gramercy" [MTP].

Sam also gave **Isabel Lyon** instructions for answering **Jervis Langdon II's ca. Apr. 1** letter: "Write Jervis & tell him he warrants that business better even than his uncle Sam could after all his experience on the platform" [MTP].

April 3 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Gertrude Natkin** at 138 W. 98th St., N.Y.

Mr. Clemens has asked me to send you these tickets for a box for the evening of the 19th, and to say that he would write you himself, but that these are very very busy days, & when he is not working he is too tired to do anything but rest up for the busy day that comes to-morrow.

He sends his love to you as always—and will be glad when the days come when he will not be so driven [MTP].

Sam spoke at the **Women's University Club** and included a story about a walking tour with **Joe Twichell** [J.P. Lewis Apr. 4].

Sam's A.D.: He complained about the Congo Reform Assoc.; He had discovered the "Association's conviction that our Government's pledged honor was at stake in the Congo matter was an exaggeration; that the Association was attaching meanings to certain public documents connected with the Congo which the strict sense of the documents did not confirm" [Hawkins 170]. *Note:* Sam also discussed the famous "Report of My Death" to a reporter [MTE 252-3].

Reflecting Mark Twain's popularity, the *New York Times* announced on p.2, "MARK TWAIN LETTER SOLD, at auction for the grand amount of \$43—a nine-page letter to **Thomas Nast** for **Nov. 12, 1877**."

Clemens' A.D. for this day included: The Barnes incident again—**Benjamin F. Barnes** appointed to Postmastership of Washington—Clemens prepares speech on **King Leopold** of Belgium, but suppresses it after learning that our Government will do nothing in the matter—Intends to speak at Majestic Theatre on "The

American Gentleman” but is defeated by length of first part of programme—**Theodore Roosevelt** the American gentleman—Mark Twain letter sells for \$43 at Nast sale—Report cabled that Clemens was dying, in London—Reporters interview him for American papers [MTP Autodict 4].

Of the selections from Twain’s **A.D.**’s, DeVoto selected about half of the materials not chosen before by Paine to be included in *Mark Twain in Eruption* (1940); among DeVoto’s choices, was “The American Gentleman,” dictated this day, which accused **Theodore Roosevelt** of being representative of America’s bad manners. Sam also made reference to the massacre of 600 **Moros** in the Philippines [33-4].

April 4 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, **N.Y.** Sam wrote to **Charles J. Langdon** in Elmira. “Was there a Mrs. Lee among the Quaker City’s passengers? I do not recal the name” [MTP]. *Note:* **Mrs. S.G. Lee** of Brooklyn was on the excursion [MTL 2: 387].

Clemens’ A.D. for the day: The Morris case again—Scope of this autobiography, a mirror—More about Nast sale; laurels for Mr. Clemens—Clippings in regard to Woman’s University Club reception; Clemens comments on them—Vassar benefit at Hudson theater; Clemens meets many old friends [MTP Autodict1].

J.P. Lewis wrote from Glenbrook, Conn. to Sam. Where could he find “the story about a walking tour with Mr. Twichell that you told at the Women’s University club yesterday [**Apr. 3**].” Lewis professed to admire Twichell and if he might get to know Mark Twain better he’d like him as well [MTP]. *Note:* The MTP catalogs Lyon’s reply as “*ca.* 6 April.” See entry.

Charles F. Powlison for the YMCA wrote from NYC to thank Sam for addressing their Sunday afternoon meeting. He had called to thank Sam personally but he was not at home [MTP].

F.A. Solomons wrote from Washington, D.C. to Sam recalling “a most delightful interiview” he had “back in the Sixties” about **Dan Slote**. Solomons also thanked him for “the noble words you recently spoke out at a public dinner in New York anent the diabolical treatment of the Russians, murderous Government towards its almost helpless subjects...” If Sam ever traveled to Washington again, Solomons would count it as a “pleasure to greet you and present you to my family” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon answered *ca.* **Apr. 6** for Sam.

April 4 ca. – **Isabel Lyon** answered the **Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.**’s **Apr. 2** note with tickets for the world’s championship billiard tourney, Madison Square Garden, **Apr. 9 to 21**. See entry. “Thanks for the tickets—glad to have them for that date as has no engagement” [MTP].

Sam also replied to **Susan Kearny Selfridge’s Apr. 2** request.

Mrs. Selfridge / The announcement which I made in public a day or two ago that I have quitted the platform permanently was quite seriously made. I said I would not appear again for money nor before an audience that had paid to hear me. It is a promise which I shall keep. I am too old & tired to travel & I make no journeys, even short ones that are not compulsory. I remember those days in Paris well & pleasantly & I wish I were so situated as to be able to be useful to her in her work, but my circumstances bar me [MTP].

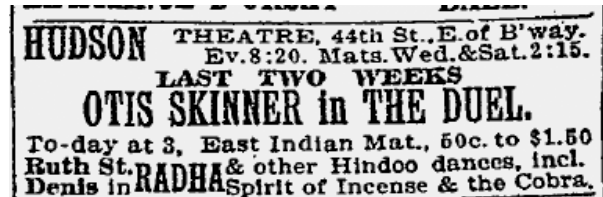
April 5 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave, **N.Y.** Sam wrote to **Alice Pearmain (Mrs. Sumner B. Pearmain)**.

Dear Mrs. Pearmain: The first of May falls on Tuesday. My plan is to go to Boston on the previous Saturday, & remain until the family are settled at Dublin and ready for me. The family leave here for Dublin the first of May and will have everything ready for me by the 4th or 5th of May, no doubt. I thank you ever so much for your exceedingly kind invitation and I gladly accept it. I will keep bachelor’s hall at the Touraine [Hotel, Boston] three days, & remove to your house on the day appointed for me in your letter—May first. I am a desperately tired man & I have engagements in front of me which will find me much more tired by the time

I reach Boston. I shall be wholly glad to slump down there & have a rest. With many thanks & with love to you all & to Margaret. Sincerely yours, S.L. Clemens [Skinner Auctions Oct. 26, 2002 Sale 2167 Lot 18].

Clemens' A.D. for the day: Miss **Mary Lawton** the rising sun, **Ellen Terry** the setting sun—Ellen Terry's farewell banquet, on 50th anniversary—Mr. Clemens's cablegram—Clemens has fine new idea for a play; **James Hammond Trumbull** squelches it—**Orion Clemens** is defeated as Secretary of State—At **Mr. Camp's** suggestion Mr. Clemens speculates unfortunately—Orion refuses—Mr. Clemens just discovers that he still own 1000 acres of the Tennessee land—Orion comes East, gets position on *Hartford Evening Post*—After various business ventures he returns to Keokuk & tries raising chickens [MTP Autodict1].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "The Vorses took Mr. Clemens, Jean & me up to see that wonderful creature Ruth St. Dennis [*vi*] in her Hindoo dances. Oh, such a marvel as she is" [MTP TS 61]. *Note:* **Ruth St. Denis** (1879-1968) was an early modern dance pioneer who would found Adelphi University's dance department in 1938. Her and her husband, **Ted Shawn**, were known for their Oriental productions. The ad for this day give it as a 3 p.m. matinee at the **Hudson Theatre**. See insert.



William Bengough wrote from N.Y.C. to Sam:

I enclose a print from the portrait sketch I made of you that rainy fall day in dripping old Kaltenlutgen away back in '98. The day I called to tell you about Santiago—and stoically kept my promise not to print our interview.

I realize the imperfection of my hasty sketch, and wish that some day I could make a "real oil painting" of it, with a sitting or two to help me out.

This appeared in the March number of M.A.P. —you probably saw it staring at you on various newsstands [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon answered **ca. Apr. 7**: "Doesn't think he could make it worse."

Norman Hapgood wrote to Sam on a University Club note sheet. "I am giving a lunch at this club next Monday at 1 to the British novelist, H.G. Wells. Can you be persuaded to come? Hoping so..." [MTP].

Calvin H. Higbie wrote to Sam: "Yours of March 26 at hand, and much pleased that you will do so much for me, but as the San Francisco Chronicle, Sunday, of March 25, has begun an [a series] article on the same subject, I am afraid that it will greatly injure my plans." He characterized the first article as "a garbled mess...nothing original...taken almost verbatim from *Roughing It*, and with some deliberate lies." He had consulted an attorney in S.F. to prosecute them for libel and damage [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote to go on with things as if nothing had happened and to have the MS typewritten. They wouldn't know if any damage had been done until he submitted the MS to the NY *Herald* or to a magazine.

Wanda M. Russian wrote from Chicago asking if she might "translate into German works of your pen specified by you and under your own conditions?" [MTP]. *Note:* The MTP catalogs Sam's reply as "**ca. 7 April**," but five days estimated postal time is allowed here, giving **ca. Apr. 10**. See entry.

Albert G. Webber, attorney in Decatur, Ill. wrote philosophizing about whether a person in good health and in the luxury of wealth enjoyed Twain's humor as much as one with bad health and "buoyed up by adversity."

Is it not in your power to produce a work of humor which will portray the wrongs and abuses of the poor and the downtrodden and that will cause the rich to ponder over what good they can do with their wealth to mankind [?]. Can you alienate selfishness and cultivate a love of mankind [?]

The luster of such a concluding work from you would be an apex of imperishable honor and glory to your immortal living monument [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote on the back of the letter: “I wrote that very book nine years ago & after I am dead it will be published but not before that.”

April 5 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Ellen Terry**, the actress:

“Age has not withered, nor custom staled, the admiration and affection I have felt for you so many many years. I lay them at your honored feet with the strength and freshness of their youth upon them undiminished. / Mark Twain” [MTP].

April 6 Friday – In N.Y.C. **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Mary E. Bell**: “When Mr. C. came home from the theatre he wrote this sentence hoping it might be made useful among her other testimonials Re—Mrs. Bell” [MTP]. *Note:* evidently Bell had performed on stage.

Sam also replied to **John Greenall** in Leeds, England who had written **Mar. 27**:

How things do get mixed in this world! I wrote the extravagant chapter you speak of in '97 or '98 in Vienna at a time when Christian Science was so new to me that I had not studied it at all, & was only interested to play around in the shallows with it & get a moment's fun out of it. This is my dim recollection of the time, the circumstances & the article. Three or four years later here at home, I took up the matter again & actually studied the history of Christian Science, its claims & pretensions, & its bible; with the result that if I had had any hostility toward Christian Science itself previously, I lost that & in its place conceived a vast admiration for & detestation of Mrs. Eddy. Mrs. Eddy stole “Science & Health.” She is an ignorant twaddler. She can't write English; she can't write anything above nursery grade, she hasn't a vestige of reasoning power. But she has extraordinary courage. She has on her shoulders the best business head in Christendom—bar none. While obscure, & without money or influence, she stole Quimby's book & upon it she built her Science, organized its ancient & powerful forces compacted the whole into a religion, & hitched the religion & Christianity & herself to the Holy Family; & she has moved successfully forward from that day to this toward her chosen goal—recognition as a god, & founder of a religion which may last 3000 years & probably will. She has accomplished more in 30 years than any other founder achieved in a century.

I have said all this in detail, & it was ready for publication three years ago. My publishers have always been doubtful about the judacity of publishing the book. My interest in books perishes when I have finished writing them. My publishers may take their time, the matter has no interest for me.

I have never tried Christian Science myself, but it is not because I am prejudiced against it. I have no prejudices. I am quite willing to experiment with anything that comes along, if I have occasion & there is opportunity. I have often tried hard to persuade my family of invalids to try Christian Science, but their prejudices were too strong for me.

I have not taken back anything I have said about Christian Science; my unpublished chapters are not hostile to *it*, but only to Mrs. Eddy who is a great & shining & impressive fraud. /Yours Sincerely ... [MTP].

Clemens' A.D. for the day: Mr. Clemens's present house unsatisfactory because of no sunshine—Mr. Clemens meets Etta in Washington Sq.—Recalls ball-room in Virginia City 44 years ago—Orion resumed; he invents wood-sawing machine; invents steam canal-boat; his funny experience in bath-tub. Bill Nye's story—Orion's autobiography—His death [MTP Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

On my knees before the fireplace in Mr. Clemens's room, I cleaned his pipe while he talked to me of Joan of Arc & Peterson pipes & Mrs. Johnson [Teller] & her Mirabeau play as he nestled enthroned in his bed, and then after hasty tea I went up to see Maude Adams—a darling with her frank lovely eyes. She wore a short, brown corduroy suit, a pale green silk necktie, and she loves Mr. Clemens. She loved his reason for wanting to see Peter Pan, “because it breaks all the rules of drama” & she was happy because he likes Peter. I went up to ask her just what she does think of Mrs. Johnson's Joan of Arc play, & she likes it. She thinks it the best Joan

of Arc play written so far, but it isn't entirely actable yet—it has got to be changed a little [MTP TS 62]. *Note:* see also Gribben 690.

In the evening, Sam went with Miss Lyon and **Jean** to the **Gilders**, where **H.G. Wells** was being entertained [IVL Apr. 7].

NOTE: Ralph W. Ashcroft sent several letters to Isabel Lyon during this year concerning Koy-Lo business or Plasmon business and developments. Most of these letters are not included here; likewise for nearly all other letters between persons outside the immediate Clemens family. DHF.

Poultney Bigelow typed a letter from Colon, Panama to Sam.

Thank God this is my last week of the Isthmus—at lease on this time !
The place stinks of cess pools, swamp and political graft and , for my sake I am happy in having abundant evidence to sustain all the charges I made against the Administration on December 1st. 1905.

Today the scoundrels are here pumping brackish water from the Chagres into the water mains—brackish water taken less than two miles from the sea! Pumping it into the mains and mixing it with swamp water, and this TAFT proudly proclaims as a FINE WATER SUPPLY for COLON.

And the poor women and babies spewing it out and begging tank water from private people who have some still stored up!

This makes me an anarchist, socialist anything you please—

By the way there's a flourishing Mark TWAIN Club down here and two of them are member[s] of the "ENDS of the EARTH".

Tracy ROBINSON, remembers you indelibly from your visit here in 1867-8? was it and spins your yarns about the Quaker City—maybe it was a year or two later...

Tracy ROBINSON is the oldest and most respectable man of the place—he was here in 1860 and has been here ever since, now he is 74 years old , one of the sweetest gentlest and honestest of men.

He has published a volume of poems called "Under the Palm" or some such title.

Then there is J.S. GILBERT who quotes you by the yard, he has been here some 20 years and published a volume of verse called "Panama Patchwork"—with good stuff in it—as good as some of Kipling. Shall try and get a copy for you.

He is one of your Club and then there is W. ANDREWS—a Briton who has been here some 25 years—and spouts Tom Sawyer and Joan of Arc by the yard ! ... [MTP]. *Note:* Bigelow signed off by saying he hoped to reach NY toward the end of the month to retire to his farm at MALDEN on the Hudson. He was forced to turn to the Hearst Syndicate to get the truth told about Panama. Sam wrote on the bottom of the letter in black ink:

"MAXIM / It isn't your conduct that makes you respectable or the reverse, but people's opinion of it."

William Dean Howells wrote on Hotel Regent N.Y.C. letterhead to Sam. "If this finds you awake, get out of bed, no matter if it is as early as twelve o'clock, and say over the phone that you will come here to lunch on Sunday at one o'clock, to meet H.G. Wells, the man from Mars and other malign planets, and an awfully nice little Englishman" [MTHL 2: 803]. *Note:* Sam accepted; see Apr. 8 to Clara.

Charles J. Langdon replied to Sam that he had his "letter of inquiry in reference to a Mrs Lee, and as to whether" he remembered her as a passenger on the *Quaker City*. "I have a vague recollection of such a party and how she looked, but as I recall it she was not a passenger for the whole trip." He suggested Sam contact the **Severances** of Cleveland for confirmation. **Edward Loomis** had lost his mother and he and Julie were on their way to Watertown NY for the funeral [MTP].

David Warfield, actor, wrote to Sam, "delighted to know that you are to attend our play on Saturday—and should you care to come 'in back' for a few moments after the performance, I should deem it an honor. As for the seals which I offered you—it still goes—any date you may name" [MTP].

The New York *Times* ran an excerpt from Sam's comments in *Harper's Weekly*:

MARK TWAIN ON J. W. FOLEY.

Says the "Schoolboy" is a Public Pet and a Pioneer of Spelling Reform.

Mark Twain in Harper's Weekly.

A year and a quarter ago Mr. Foley began to do schoolboy poems in a fire-new and blood-curdling and criminal fashion of spelling which no self-respecting eye could endure at first. It was phonetics carried to the uttermost limit of exactness in the reproduction of sound effects. The public felt deeply outraged, and there was a smell of insurrection in the air—a quite justifiable condition of things, too, for the poems looked like the alphabet hiccupping home in disorderly squads, a most painful and irritating spectacle—but I ask you, what has become of that insurrection? No man knows. It disappeared and left no sign. For the public had done the fatal thing; it kept on reading the poems in order to curse the spelling, and of course the natural thing happened; familiarity with the spelling modified the reader's hostility to it, then reconciled him to it, and at last made him fall in love with it; and now—well, now Mr. Foley's schoolboy is a pet.

[*Note.* **James William Foley** (1874-1939), poet, was both praised (compared favorably to Eugene Field) and criticized for his "inconsistent" spelling. His *Songs of School-days* was published later in the year by Doubleday; he was at this time a private secretary to Governor Searles of N. Dakota.]

Gribben cites **Isabel Lyon's journal** that Sam discussed Miss **Charlotte Teller Johnson's** play on this day, probably an unperformed work she co-authored with **Martha S. Bensley**, "Sociological Maid. A Play in One Act" [690].

April 6 ca. – **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to **E.W. Halifax's Mar. 27** request from London. Written on Halifax's letter in pencil: "Mr. Clemens wishes he could but he is talking & writing & dictating all day & has to decline a number of things every day that he ought to be strongly interested in" [MTP]. *Note:* MTP catalogues this reply as **ca. Mar. 29**, but this does not allow adequate time for the cross-Atlantic mail. Estimated time for reply here is **ca. Apr. 6.** or ten days.

Lyon also responded to **J.P. Lewis' Apr. 4** requests: "The whole thing is in the book called a tramp abroad. Merely outlining it from memory [at the Apr. 3 talk for the Women's University Club.] This will beat both of his games—He's not invited to call & he wont get an autograph letter" [MTP].

Lyon also took instruction from Sam to thank **F.A. Solomons** for his **Apr. 4** "pleasant note" and hoped that he might "have the pleasure of meeting him again some day in Washington" [MTP].

April 7 Saturday – **Clara Clemens** wrote to her father, the letter not extant but was quoted by Sam in his Apr. 10 letter to **William Dean Howells** and also in his reply to Clara [MTP]. See entries.

Sam was elected as the "annual guest" of **Smith College's New York Alumnae** at a luncheon at the **Hotel Astor**. The New York *Times*, Apr. 8, p. 7, reported:

TWAIN AND SIR PURDON LAUD SMITH GRADUATES

Humorist Elected Annual Guest of the College Club Here.

GALA DAY AT HOTEL ASTOR

Miss Peck Says She Will Climb the Highest Mountain on This Hemisphere

The New York Alumnae of Smith College, the "Smith College Club of New York," held its eleventh annual luncheon at the Hotel Astor yesterday afternoon with many interesting events. The first was the election by acclamation of Mark Twain as the annual guest of the club.

Mr. Clemens is not making speeches at the girls' clubs he visits nowadays. He tells a story and they let him off at that. Yesterday he told the always interesting one of taking a girl to the theatre, and of his tight shoes, and how he walked gallantly home with the shoes on one arm and the girl on the other. But Mark Twain can't tell a story and nothing else, so he had to tell the Smith girls just how nice he thought them.

"When I come to a gathering like this," he said, "I feel that I should like to be an aspirant for political honors; I should like to be elected the belle of New York so that I could come to these luncheons all the time."

Then it was that the girls rose en masse, created a new office, and elected Mark Twain as "Annual Guest" to fill it. And the "Annual Guest", who had talked at bouillon time that he might get off early, went away and didn't take luncheon with the girls at all.

Sir Casper Purdon Clarke spoke at the regular speech-making time at the end of the dinner, and it was then that he told the Smith girls that he would have to apologize to them because a good many years ago he had crossed the ocean on purpose to see Smith College as a sample of what might be done with an English girls' college, and had then found Wellesley so satisfactory that after visiting Vassar he had gone home without seeing Smith at all.

"I had come to study colleges architecturally and not institutionally," he said, "and I thought Wellesley, representing the ideas of a woman, could not be improved upon." The Smith girls applauded heartily.

"Mark Twain," said Sir Purdon, in closing his remarks, "is, I think, better known and better loved in England than he is here. He is one of the most lovable and best men in the world."

Miss Annie Peck, the mountain climber, told the club how pleased she was when she heard the Smith girls speaking of her as "our Miss Peck," because she had once been a teacher in the college.

Miss Peck told the club of something of her experiences, of how she first climbed the Matterhorn, acquired a reputation for mountain climbing, and felt that she must make good her reputation by going into it in earnest.

"Mount Sorento, was the first mountain I ever tried to climb and didn't succeed," she said. "I tried twice. Once my money gave out and a second time the men who were with me gave out. They wouldn't go more than half way up. Now I am going to find the highest mountain on this hemisphere and climb that, and then I am going back to get the best of Mount Sorento."

President Seelye of the college told the girls that they had just as much right to intellect as men, and that their brains were as good, but that they must remember that womanliness is as important for a woman as manliness for a man.

"College women are trying like Miss Peck," he said, "to reach the highest point, the highest altitude, but it is the highest altitude of womanhood, and not manhood. The trouble in some women's colleges is that try to imitate the men. There are some things that men do that women should not."

Dr. Seelye said Andrew Carnegie, who has offered the college \$62,000 on condition that it raise a like amount, for a biological laboratory, has given the authorities the privilege to use the money for a library, which is much needed. Mr. Rockefeller has given \$100,000 for an endowment fund and a like amount for an assembly hall and dormitory.

[*Note.* Sir **Casper Purdon Clarke** (1846-1911), English museum director, was the second head of NY's Metropolitan Museum. Fatout mistakenly reports this event as 1901 (p. 668). **Laureus Clark Seelye** (1837-1924), first president of Smith College (1873-1910)]

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Mr. Clemens lunched with the Smith College Alumnae today & had a beautiful time being "petted" until Mr. Paine arrived to take him away to see David Warfield in "The Music Master." He *did* enjoy it so much & thinks it's a greater play than Rip Van Winkle & he thinks that David Warfield is a greater actor than Joe

Jefferson was.” He came back while we were at tea, with a beautiful wave of freshness in spite of the bigger wave of freshness which carried him up to his bed after he had given a cheery salutation, pushed his hands through his hair & seized upon the evening papers.

Last night we went over to the Gilders’. Mr. Clemens went too, for Mr. H.G. Wells was to be there and Mrs. Gilder did so hope Mr. Clemens could find it in his inclination to come. Jean was beautiful. Mr. Paine said of her today that she had the tragic beauty of a young queen doomed to the block. She had a little silver bandeau on her dark hair, which always makes her so classically beautiful. Mr. Paine was there—and I met & liked a Miss Beatrice Hanscome [MTP TS 62-63; also noted in Gribben 385]. *Notes:* **David Warfield** (1866-1951) performed in the play *The Music Master*, by **Charles Klein** at the **Bijou Theatre**, (see insert). Warfield played the role of Anton von Barwig, a pianist in a dime museum in N.Y.C. who rediscovered his lost daughter—his best role played from 1904-1907. At one time he was one of the wealthiest actors. Lyon recorded Sam’s opinion of the play: he thought it better than **Boucicault’s** adaptation of *Rip Van Winkle*.



Paine writes: “We went behind when it was over, and I could see that Warfield glowed with Mark Twain’s unstinted approval. Later, when I saw him at The Players, he declared that no former compliment had ever made him so happy” [MTB 1305].

At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam signed a postcard to **Miss Maud Morris** in Baltimore, Md. [MTP].

John Larkin, attorney, wrote a short note to Sam that he’d seen Mr. Dorenms (?) and would see Sam next week when he returned from the South [MTP].

April 7 ca. – **Isabel V. Lyon** replied to **William Bengough’s Apr. 5** note. “Doesn’t think he could make it worse” [MTP].

Sam also replied to the Apr. 5 from **Albert G. Webber**: “I wrote that book nine years ago & after I am dead it will be published but not before that” [MTP].

April 8 Sunday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to a not-extant letter from daughter **Clara**, now convalescing at the Hotel Brighton in Atlantic City, N.J.

I am so glad, you dear ashcat! so glad the auto[biography] interests you; I was so afraid it wouldn’t. I couldn’t guess as to how it might read, for I have purposely refrained from reading a line of it myself, lest I should find myself disappointed & throw up the job. I wanted it to gather *age* before I should look at it, so that it would read to me as it would to a stranger—then I could judge it intelligently. However, as Twichell wanted to experiment with it I took the last 3 days instalments & corrected them—and in this way I found out that I was doing well enough for an apprentice who was an unpractised learner in the art of dictating to a stenographer. Twichell’s verdict is, that the interest doesn’t flag. That’s all I want. I only want to interest the reader, he can go elsewhere for profit & instruction.

Yes, dear child, I’m a “recognized immortal genius,” & a most dissipated one, too. I lunched with Howells to-day to meet H. G. Wells; & Frank Millet was there, & Francis Wilson, & Norman Hapgood, & other charming people. Tomorrow I lunch with Norman Hapgood (to meet the Russian revolutionists, I think) & to-morrow night I dine with Mr. Rogers & go to the great billiard-championship match; & next night I dine out to meet Narodny, *the* Russian revolutionist, who has been in hiding here a block away from us for a month, & nobody knew it.

Pile up health, dear—pile it up! & meantime be happy. Give my love to Katy [MTP].

Notes: as mentioned above, Sam had lunch with **William Dean Howells**, who had invited ten men, with the guest of honor **H.G. Wells (Herbert George Wells; 1866-1946)**, British science fiction author (IVL notes

that Sam went to the Gilders' on the evening of Apr. 6 to meet Wells, so this was not their first meeting). He also invited **Francis Millet**, artist and journalist; **Francis Wilson** (1854-1935), American actor and comedian; **Joe Twichell**; and **Norman Hapgood** were among the guests (See prior entries for details on others.) **Ivan Narodny** (1870-1953), journalist and art promoter, was one of a half dozen names the leader of the Cronstadt uprising of the military in Oct. 1905 took; after coming to the US he worked for the Russian newspaper *Russkii Golos* (Russian Voice) and the *New York American*. He was a contributor to many art journals and started his own, *The Pilgrim's Almanac*. The *New York Times* had published an interview with Narodny on Apr. 7, characterizing him as "chief agent" of the Russian revolution. He would invite Mark Twain to meet **Maxim Gorky** at a dinner on Apr. 11. See also *MTHL* 803n1; Lyon's journal TS 155; W.D. Howells to his sister Aurelia H. Howells, Apr. 8.

Sam also wrote to **Gertrude Natkin**, who had just turned sixteen. Sam thought impropriety was perceived in his relationship after a young woman turned sixteen.

You are the sweetest grandchild I've got, Marjorie dear, & the best. Am I long time sending that stage-door order? Yes; & it is partly because I was born lazy, & partly because I have been very very busy gadding around & very very tired and

Interrupted.

10.30 p.m. This is an hour later than usual for me to return to bed. So you are 16 to-day you dear little rascal! Oh, come, this won't do—you mustn't move along so fast; at this rate you will soon be a young lady, & next you will be getting married. I shall be sorry, then; & moreover if you don't appoint me your head bridesmaid & be exceedingly good to me I will do everything I can to break off the match.

I was going to give you this pen, & now it will do for a birth-day token. It is the best one I have ever had; I have used no other for 4 years. I asked Miss Lyon to send to Toledo for another one for me, & it will arrive before the 19th I guess.

[Sam gave instructions for where Gertrude should go at the Carnegie bldg. for his Apr. 19 lecture.]

Sixteen! Ah, what has become of my little girl? I am almost afraid to send a blot, but I venture it. Bless your heart it comes within an ace of being improper! Now back you go to 14!—then there's no impropriety. Good night, Sweet Fourteen [*MTAq* 24-5].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Mr. Twichell is here—Mrs. too, & Mr. T thinks that auto-ms. is absorbingly interesting. C.C. has taken a lot of it away with her & writes enthusiastically about it too.

Mr. Clemens lunched with Mr. Howells today up at the Hotel Regent. Mr. H.G. Wells was there, & Francis Wilson & Norman Hapgood & Frank Millet & Mr. Clemens said it was delightful [*MTP TS* 63].

Marie E. Burns wrote on The "Little Mothers" Aid Assoc., Brooklyn letterhead to remind Sam that their Easter Festival would take place on Sat. Apr. 21 from 2 to 5 p.m. If Sam could stop for a "few minutes and give the children a world of greeting it would be greatly appreciated" [*MTP*].

Edward Everett Hale wrote to Sam that Hale's copyright on short story "The Man Without a Country" (1863) would expire this year. He discussed details of copyright legislation under consideration [*Gribben* 285: *MTP*]. *Note:* Isabel Lyon noted receipt of the letter in her journal of **Apr. 10**. Sam wrote a reply on the letter, also dated Apr. 10.

William Dean Howells wrote on Hotel Regent N.Y.C. letterhead to Sam, wanting "to see every word of the 578 pages before this"—a portion of Sam's A.D., which he wrote "is one of the humanest and richest pages in the history of man." Howells lone objection was including the episode where Orion got into bed with two old maids (see *MTA* 272-4) [*MTHL* 2: 803]. Sam's full autobiography (or at least the first volume) was published in Oct. 2010; two additional volumes are forthcoming in 2012 and 2014.

April 8 ca. — Sam answered **E.L. Hathaway's Apr. 2** request [*MTP*]. See entry.

Autobiographical Dictations resumed on a regular basis—M-F for two hours during 1906 and 1907

April 9 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **H.H. Rogers**.

When you come by for me at 5 this afternoon won't you please bring me

1—\$500-bank note;

4—100- “ “

10—10- “ “

& please ask Miss Harrison to draw this \$1000 from my balance at the Guaranty Trust. / Yours ever

Miss Lyon doesn't know about this. SL. Clemens [MTHHR 604-5].

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN CONCERT HALL.
 April 9 to 21. 12 Nights, 9 Matinees.
BILLIARD TOURNAMENT
18-2 World's Championship.
HOPPE, CURE, SCHAEFER, SLOSSON,
SUTTON, MORNINGSTAR, CUTLER.
 Monday, 8 P. M.—Cure vs. Morningstar.
 Tuesday, 2:30 P. M.—Sutton vs. Cutler.
 Tuesday, 8 P. M.—Slosson vs. Loser of Mon-
 day night. SEATS—\$2, \$1.50, \$1, 50c.

In the evening Sam and **H.H. Rogers** attended a billiard tournament for the “18-2 World's Championship” at **Madison Square Garden** [ca. Apr. 4 to Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.]. *Note:* this was not the first billiards match the pair had taken in. **Isabel Lyon's Journal** for Apr. 10:

[Sam and Rogers were conspicuous:] were about the only men in evening clothes, and because of our old white heads....there was a great wave of applause [as they were about to leave], and Mr. Clemens turned instinctively to see the shot that had been made, only to find the billiardists surprised at applause for what wasn't anything to applaud, and then Mr. Clemens knew that “he was the shot” they were celebrating [MTHHR 605n1]. *Note:* The *NY Times* sub-headlined “Mark Twain Cheered” on Apr. 9. The eventual winner on Apr. 21 was **George F. Slosson**, who defeated **Jacob Schaefer**, 500 to 396 [NY Times, Apr. 22, p15].

Sam also writes an aphorism to an **unidentified person**: “*We ought never to do wrong when any one is looking / Mark Twain*” [MTP].

Isabel Lyon replied for Sam to **Hélène Elisabeth Picard's Mar. 28**. “Mr. Clemens keeps utterly away from anything that wrings his heart. He has too many speeches to make, too many people to see in these days & he must remain cheerful—In these rushing days must deny himself the pleasure of writing letters. He dictates several thousand words a day etc” [MTP].

Clemens' A.D. for the day: Letter from French girl enclosing cable about “Huck Finn”—The Juggernaut Club – Letter from Librarian of Brooklyn Public Library in regard to “Huckleberry Finn” and “Tom Sawyer.” Clemens' reply —Thedelugetoreporters trying to discover the contents of that letter [MTP Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

“Today came a note from Mr. Howells who returned with it a batch of auto-ms. which Mr. Clemens took up there yesterday. He wants to read all the 578 pages that went before the batch he had—and he thinks it is wonderful. Says that Mr. Clemens is ‘nakeder than Adam & Eve put together’ in his absolutely sincerity” [MTP TS 63].

B.M. Byrne wrote on Jackson City Bank, Jackson Mich. letterhead to Sam. “I am addressing you for the Outlook Circle of The Kings Daughters, to learn if it would be possible for them to secure you for a lecture here this Spring” [MTP].

Fred E. Farnsworth for the Bankers' Club of Detroit wrote to Sam asking if he could deliver an address sometime in the last week of April or the second week in May [MTP].

Benjamin W. Gilchrist for Geo. A. Hasley Council, Newark, NJ wrote to Sam asking for a lecture during May [MTP].

April 10 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote a reply on **Edward Everett Hale's Apr 8**. "I had already dismissed the copyright matter from my mind, recognizing that it was too late to accomplish anything with it this year. Therefore I squash my answer to your letter into a simple sentence, to wit—I haven't any wish to follow up the copyright matter this year" [MTP].

Sam also replied to the Apr. 8 praise of his A.D. from **William Dean Howells**:

It is lovely of you to praise it so, & to want to read the rest of it. I'll see to it that you do read the rest of it, before you get out of the notion. Clara will arrive this evening & fetch it. She took 500 pages with her—to pretend to read, as I supposed, & thus please me—but she has actually been reading them; & moreover she says in plain terms:

"I spent the morning reading in your biography even forgetting my fresh air duties the time passed so smoothly, so rapidly"—& more of the same sort. This from one's own flesh! It is next to incredible.

Let us institute a gang next fall, made up of nice publishers & nice literary folk, whose function it shall be to entertain at luncheon the visiting literary stranger, the expense to be distributed among the gang. He must be entertained, & why should the cost fall upon an individual?—as in the H.G. Wells case. There's you; & me & Augustus Thomas; & the Colonel; & Sam McClure; and Doubleday; & Gen. Haven Putnam; & Ed Burlingame; & Gilder; & Mr. Shaw; & Mr. Dogley & Robert Collier; & Norman Hapgood; & Francis Wilson; & David Munro; & Lanier; and—and—well, there's others. Plenty of nice boys. None eligible but literatics, publishers, & maybe a one or two nice actors & managers. Yours ever [MTHL 2: 804].

Notes: those not prior identified: **Edward Burlingame**, editor of *Scribner's*; **Albert Shaw**, ed. of *American Review of Reviews*; **Henry W. Lanier** secretary of Doubleday, Page & Co.

Clemens' A.D. for the day: Child's letter about "Huckleberry Finn" being flung out of Concord Library—Ambassador **White's** autobiography—Clemen's version of the **Fiske-Cornell** episode—Another example of his great scheme for find employment for the unemployed—This client wins the Fiske lawsuit [MTP Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Jean, 10:10 from 6 a.m. (very good & obedient) 12:05, very bad; 5:05

The morning mail batch wasn't heavy, but it had a nice letter from E.E. Hale on the copyright question in which he said that nothing can be done in the matter this year, but if Mr. Clemens & Mr. Howells have any personal reason for pushing it, he is willing to do his part. His copyright on "A Man Without A Country" expires this year & it is "pretty devilish" SLC. There is no reason now, why Mr. Clemens should want to push the matter & he dictated a reply to Dr. Hale.

Last evening Mr. Clemens left at 5 with Mr. Rogers & after dinner at the Rogers's they went to see a champion billiard match at the Madison Square Garden. This morning Mr. Clemens said he and Mr. Rogers were very conspicuous for 2 reasons. Because they were about the only men in evening clothes & because of our old white heads. The men assembled there were a serious & a knowing lot; men ranging in age from 35 to 50; most discriminating company, & there were miracles wrought there, Mr. Clemens said. He told me how the game went—all on the side of the Frenchman Curé, who was laying against the young American, Morningside. 100 points ahead he was when Mr. Clemens and Mr. Rogers started to leave at 10 o'clock. As they made their way along to the exit there was a great wave of applause, & Mr. Clemens turned instinctively to see the shot that had been made, only to find the billiardists surprised at applause for what wasn't anything to applaud, & then Mr. Clemens knew that he "was the shot" they were celebrating [MTP TS 63-64].

Also in her journal for Apr. 11: "Last night [Apr. 10] Mr. Clemens dined with Mrs. Johnson and her revolutionary tribe—Narodny and others. No—Narodny wasn't there either—but he's to be there tonight, and Gorky too. A buck dinner" [MTP].

John Brown, Jr. (“Jock”) wrote from Edinburgh, Scotland to Sam. “Thanks for your kind note returning the types of your and Mrs. Clemens’ letters and thank you for letting me use them. ... I have sent you the Memoir by Dr. J.T. Brown.” He also thanked Sam for his photograph [MTP].

Harry C. Eva for Harlem Rescue Mission wrote to invite Sam to be “one of the speakers” at the sixth anniversary of the Mission on Apr. 19th at 8 p.m. [MTP].

Ivan Narodny wrote from 3 Fifth Ave., NYC to invite Sam to dinner Wed. Apr. 11 at 7 pm to meet **Maxim Gorky** [MTP].

Guion P. Wilson for Journalists’ Club of Baltimore wrote to Sam asking him to appear at the Lyric Theatre there to help the club climb out of debt [MTP].

April 10 ca. – Sam replied to **Wanda M. Russian’s Apr. 5** inquiry about German translating:

I don’t know where these rights belong but I do know they formerly belonged to Chatto & W. pub. London & whether they have been transferred to Harper & Bros or not I don’t know. Robert Lutz of Leipzig has long had the right in Germany [MTP]. *Note:* this was written across Russian’s letter.

Sam also replied to **Marie E. Burns** (hers not extant): “In the circumstances I find I’m getting more & more worn, & there are many things for me to do before I can leave this town” [MTP].

April 11 Wednesday – **Thomas Bailey Aldrich** wrote from the Hotel de France & Choiseul, Paris:

Dear Mark: / I’ve a bit of news which I am sure will interest you, since it is the only happy thing that has befallen this stricken family during the past three years—the engagement of Talbot to a sweet young New England girl, a Miss Eleanor Little.

We start for home on April 27—the fiancée remains on this side for a while—and I shall be glad to get back. We made a long sojourn in Egypt, and I have had all the potted mummy I want at present. We all are well and send love and remembrances to you and your little flock, God keep them! / Yours affectionately ...[MTP].

Clemens’ A.D. for the day: **Frank Fuller** and his enthusiastic launching of Clemens’ first New York lecture—Results not in fortune but in fame—Leads to a lecture tour under direction of **James Redpath**—Clipping in regard to Frank Fuller, & Clemens’ comments—**Olive Logan** clipping & Clemens’ comments—Clemens’ feeling toward suicides [MTP Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Santa C. arrived yesterday [Apr. 10] & last evening I took mother to see Mrs. Fisk in Leah Kleshua [*sic* Kleschna]. It is such a good & well acted & well staged play...After the play we went around to the Green room & saw Mrs. Fisk...She was delighted with the message which Mr. Clemens sent her about the Horse’s Tale (it is to appear in Harper’s in August) but she said its main work would be done in Mexico & not yet in Spain—for Spain isn’t ripe for it[.] She sent Mr. Clemens her dear love & other charming messages which he was waiting for on my return.

Last night Mr. Clemens dined with Mrs. Johnson and her revolutionary tribe—Narodny and others. No—Narodny wasn’t there either—but he’s to be there tonight, & Gorky too. A buck dinner.

They sat down 13—such a hellish superstition it is [MTP TS 65]. *Note:* **Minnie Maddern Fiske** played the lead role in *Leah Kleschna* at the **Academy of Music**. Born **Marie Augusta Davey**, she was often billed simply as Mrs. Fiske.



Charles Butler Fenton (1862-1962), former New Zealand captain, wrote from Brooklyn, NY to Sam. “May I request you to kindly place forward your proposed lecture to be delivered on 19th inst. at Carnegie Music Hall to an earlier date. / As I am a seafaring man, Master of a merchant steamship, trading to China ports, in the employ of your friend Mr Rogers, and as I purpose getting married on the 19th inst; hence the reason of my request” [MTP]. See Apr. 16 for Sam’s matchless reply.

The New York *Times*, p. 11, “Ellen Terry’s Jubilee” announced a movement to celebrate the 50th anniversary of Miss Ellen Terry’s stage career. Mark Twain and **Joseph H. Choate** were “in full sympathy” and **Daniel Frohman** of the Lyceum Theatre was taking subscriptions. A big benefit started by the London *Tribune* was also being held in London for **Ellen Terry**, the aim being to fund her retirement.

The New York *Times*, p. 6, “Riot of Enthusiasm Greets Maxim Gorky” also announced the dinner for this evening to which **Ivan Narodny** invited Twain to meet **Maxim Gorky (Aleksey Maksimovich Peshkov)** (1868-1936), Russian author and activist; the paper then reported the substance on Apr. 12, p.4:

Gorky and his wife will be guests at many receptions here. This evening he will be a guest of honor at a dinner at A Club, 3 Fifth Avenue. Mark Twain, W.D. Howells, Peter Finley Dunne, Robert F. Collier, Robert Hunter, Gaylord Wilshire, M[r]. Narodny, and M[r]. Tchaykoffsky will be among the other guests [Note: See picture insert below, which also gives among the group, **Maxim Gorky**, and his son **Zinovii Peshkov**].

McFarland writes of **The A Club** at 3 Fifth Ave. (where **Charlotte Teller Johnson** lived with her grandmother) a few doors down from Sam’s 21 Fifth Ave.:

In February 1906, a group of eighteen or twenty young writers and social workers bought a mansion at 3 Fifth Avenue, just north of Washington Square, with the intention of entering into a cooperative housing arrangement. The news caused a small stir in the newspapers. The proposed housing collective was so at odds with the individual or familial ways that New Yorkers usually lived that reporters were dispatched to investigate this novel group. When a reporter asked its president, **Howard Brubaker**, what the collective’s name was, Brubaker casually replied, “Oh, just call it a club.” Thereafter it became known as “A Club” both in the newspaper accounts and in the popular lore of the group itself. Although the A Club cooperative housing experiment lasted only a few years, it nevertheless brought together and helped solidify a network of individuals whose contribution to Village history far outweighed their relatively small numbers.

Newspaper reporters who interviewed A Club’s founders received somewhat contradictory descriptions of the group’s purpose and membership. The earliest version came from **Helen Todd**, a wealthy Chicago settlement worker who had bankrolled the purchase of the mansion. She described A Clubbers as “people who like the bohemian life and are interested in the East Side of New York,” and who took the Fifth Avenue house “because it is only a short distance from the ‘ghetto.’” The part about wanting to be close to East Side slums was true enough, but the New Yorkers in the group objected to Todd’s use of the word “bohemian” in connection with themselves. **Charlotte Teller [Johnson]**, an editorial assistant at *Everybody’s* magazine and a writer of both fiction and nonfiction, emphasized that “Life [at A Club] will not be bohemian, as has been stated, for most of us are old enough not to be childish in that way....We shall lead a perfectly conventional, normal family life.” She, for one, hoped to organize women who were employed in the factories of the Washington Square district. “We are here for work,” she stated emphatically [120-21]. Note: editorial emphasis on names.

Isabel Lyon’s journal for Apr. 12: Last night [Apr. 11] Mr. Clemens dined with Narodny & Maxim Gorky and others down at #3 Fifth Avenue. It must have been a delight even if Gorky cannot speak a word of English. He sat on Mr. Clemens’s right & his adopted son acted as interpreter. Mr. Clemens said when the signal for serving dinner was given 3 Japs in white uniforms moved off for the soup & as one of them served Maxim Gorky, he reached out his hand & took the little Jap’s in friendly greeting “A better thing than the

Portsmouth Peace,” for while neither could speak a word of the other’s language, their hearts did the spontaneous talking that tells [MTP TS 65-66]. See the rest of the Apr. 12 entry. Hirst notes that the language barrier “... explains, perhaps, why there are not extensive records of what the two talked about.”

GORKY AND TWAIN PLEAD FOR REVOLUTION

Committee Formed to Raise Funds for Russian Freedom.

TO ARM REVOLUTIONISTS

”I Come to You a Beggar That Russia May Be Free,” Says Gorky at A Club Dinner.

The American auxiliary movement to aid the cause of freedom in Russia was launched last night at a dinner given at the Club A House, 3 Fifth Avenue, with Mark Twain and Maxim Gorky as the principal spokesmen.

“If we can build a Russian republic to give to the persecuted people of the Czar’s domain the same measure of freedom that we enjoy, let us go ahead and do it,” said Mark Twain. “We need not discuss the method by which that purpose is to be attained. Let us hope that fighting will be postponed or averted for a while, but if it must come—” Mr. Clemens’s hiatus was significant.

“I am most emphatically in sympathy with the movement now on foot in Russia to make that country free,” he went on. “I am certain that it will be successful, as it deserves to be. Anybody whose ancestors were in this country when we were trying to free ourselves from oppression must sympathize with those who now are trying to do the same thing in Russia.

“The parallel I have just drawn only goes to show that it makes no difference whether the oppression is bitter or not; men with red, warm blood in their veins will not endure it, but will seek to cast it off. If we keep our hearts in this matter Russia will be free.”

The dinner was given by Ivan Narodny, the representative in this country of the Russian military revolutionists, in honor of Maxim Gorky. The list of guests included Dr. Nicholas Tchaykoffsk, Robert Collier, Kikolay Zavolsky Pieshkoff, the adopted son of Gorky; Nikolas Burenin, his friend and private secretary; Arthur Brisbane, David Graham Phillips, Robert Hunter, Ernest Poole, Dr. Walter Weyl, Leroy M. Scott, and Howard Bruebaker. W. D. Howells and Peter Finley Dunne had been invited but were unable to attend.

Mark Twain’s speech followed the reading by Robert Hunter of a manifesto formally inaugurating the American movement to help make Russia free. This movement will involve the appointment of a large committee of men of National reputation to aid in the collection of funds throughout the United States for the purchase of arms for the Russian revolutionists.

Mr. Clemens, Mr. Collier, Mr. Howells, Mr. Dunne, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Phillips, Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago, and others have already accepted places on the committee, and it was said by Mr. Hunter that invitations have been sent to a great number of others who are expected to join the movement.
[information about funds cut out here]

Mark Twain sat on the right of M. Narodny. Maxim Gorky sat on the right of Mr. Clemens. On the other side of the Russian writer sat his adopted son, who acted as interpreter during the animated conversation which was carried on between the American author and the writer who has depicted so vividly the tragic depths of the life of the lower classes in Russia.

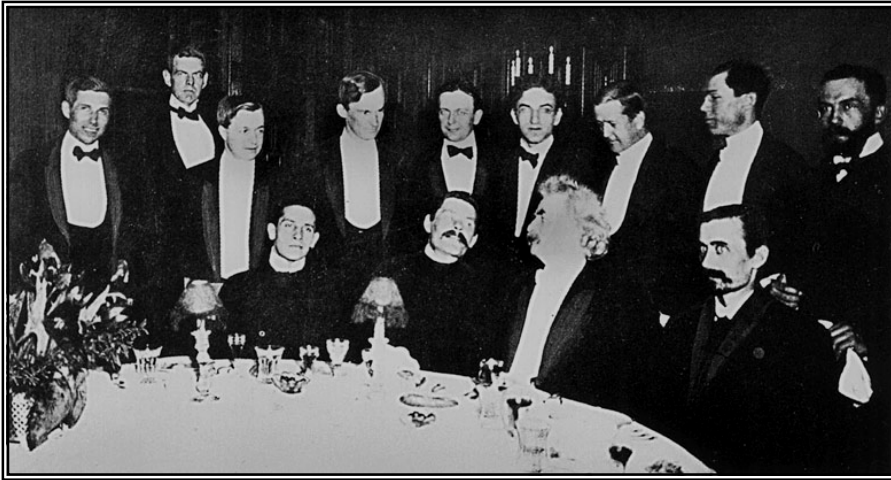
Mr. Clemens, in beginning his speech, paid a warm tribute to Gorky, and this was returned by the Russian when his turn came to speak.

Gorky Praises Mark Twain.

“I am very glad to meet Mark Twain,” he said. “I knew him through his writings almost before I knew any other writer. I was little more than a boy when I began to wait and hope for the meeting which has been realized tonight. It is a happy day - a day happy beyond all expectation to me.

“Mark Twain’s fame is so well established all the world over that I could not add anything to it by any words of mine. He is a man of force. He has always impressed me as a blacksmith who stands at his anvil

with the fire burning and strikes hard and hits the mark every time. He has done much to beat away the dross and bring out the true steel of character in his writings.



"I come to America expecting to find true and warm sympathizers among the American people for my suffering countrymen, who are fighting so hard and bearing so bravely their martyrdom for freedom. Now is the time for the revolution. Now is the time for the overthrow of Czardom. Now! Now! Now! But we need the sinews of war, the blood we will give ourselves. We need money, money, money. I come to you as a beggar that Russia

may be free."

...[**Seated left to right: Zinovii Peshkov (Gorky's adopted son), Gorky, Twain, Ivan Narodny**]

"What have you read in American literature?" Gorky was asked.

"I have read Mark Twain. The reading proved an inspiration to me. It is part of the liberal education of Russia to read Mark Twain's works. They have all been translated and sold in hundreds of editions [The article continued on. The New York *Sun*, Apr. 12 p. 2, and the New York *Tribune*, p4 also gave accounts.]

April 12 Thursday – In the evening Sam and **William Dean Howells** visited **Maxim Gorky**. New York newspapers followed Gorky's every move, including a p. 2 article from the Apr. 13 Times, "MAXIM GORKY VISITS THE TOMB OF GRANT," which included the following passage on Mark Twain and W.D. Howells:

Mark Twain and W. D. Howells called upon Gorky at his apartments in the Hotel Belleclaire last evening. They remained with him for about half an hour discussing literature, and invited him to attend a literary dinner about a fortnight from now. Gorky accepted the invitation.

Some waiting reporters waylaid Mr. Clemens and Mr. Howells in the hotel lobby after their call. When Mr. Clemens was asked regarding the purpose of their visit he made signals of distress to Mr. Howells, who was some distance away, and said:

"Come here, Howells. You don't look as if you had any information. You are a good man; come back here and tell them all about it, and be sure to make it a private talk so as to get it in the papers."

Mr. Howells modestly averred that the idea of the dinner had originated with Mr. Clemens.

"Yes," said Mark Twain, "we are going to offer Gorky the literary hospitality of the country. He is big enough for the honor. It is going to be a dinner with only authors and literary men present. We want to do it in proper style, and will have authors not only from New York, but from Chicago, and we may have some literary geniuses from Indiana, where I believe they breed 'em."

Sam also made his second appearance at the international billiard championship at **Madison Square Garden**. **Willie Hoppe** defeated **Albert G. Cutler**. The New York *Times*, p. 7, quoted Sam, coming as he said:

"To see the boy David get away with one of the billiard Goliaths." He was accompanied by Albert Bigelow Paine. They came in while Cutler was in the middle of his fifth turn at the table. There was a spontaneous outburst of applause, and Twain smiled and bowed his white head to all parts of the house before taking his seat. Then he began a running fire of comment upon the play, applauding good shots of both competitors without partiality.

At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Calvin H. Higbie**, who had been seeking Sam's help with a manuscript. Yes, the MS should be typewritten; exposure in some Western newspapers shouldn't hurt Higbie's chances for publication: "If they don't mention it, it is not 'our affair to remind them of it'" [MTP].

In N.Y.C. **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to an **unidentified person or persons**.

Mr. Clemens suggests that it would be a wise arrangement if certain nice publishers & nice authors were to band together to entertain foreign literary men when the visit these shores. H. G. Wells has just been over here—*is* here in fact—& Mr. Howells gave a delightful luncheon for him but all the expense fell on Mr. Howells & Mr. Clemens feels that that ought not to be—especially when there are those who would gladly share it— [MTP].

Sam also wrote an aphorism on a small card for an **unidentified person**: "*Let us save the to-morrows for work. / Truly Yours / Mark Twain / April 12/06*" [MTP].

Sam also inscribed the same above aphorism in a copy of *HF* to an **unidentified person** [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Today Mr. Clemens had me go with him to the barber's near at hand to have his hair trimmed. I always go with him now, & early in the week I ordered his summer clothes & shirts—such pretty shirts. This after noon after Norman Hapgood & Robert Collier left, Mr. Clemens went up to the Hotel Regent where Mr. Howells is staying & together they called on Gorky. Mr. Clemens didn't come home until after seven & then he was so tired—so tired he couldn't eat any dinner, more than 6 olives, & up to his bed he went. I slipped into the room to find him reading Tacitus & oh, so tired & so dear & *so* beautiful [MTP TS 66].

Joe Twichell wrote a short note to Sam. "This is to advise you that Harmony and I expect to arrive at your door at a little after 4 oclock Saturday P.M." [MTP].

Josiah Flint Willard wrote from NYC to Sam. "You have been a most distinguished 'Tramp Abroad,' and as a tramp at last at home, after a long hospital experience in Berlin, I wonder whether you would be good enough to introduce me to Gorky. My intentions upon *Gospodinn Gorky* are not mercenary, although I have been a tramp in Russia." [MTP].

April 12-15 Sunday – Sometime during this period Sam left a calling card at **Charlotte Teller Johnson's** house: "I have come to ask after your cold, & to see if you are up & about: in which case can you see me in your workroom instead of venturing out into the air to come to my house? I hope you *are* well enough to take that risk, but naturally I am not in a position to guess intelligently. / SLC" [MTP].

Sam wrote a four-page unpublished MS called "A Cloud-Burst of Calamities" in which he narrated a day-by-day for **Apr. 12 to 14, 1906** concerning the **Maxim Gorky** situation and scandal [MTP].

April 13 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote a note of introduction for **Maxim Gorky** to **Josiah Flint Willard** at 119 Waverly Place, N.Y.C., replying to Willard's **Apr. 12**: "Dear Maxim Gorky: / Mr. Willard, the bearer of this, begs me to give him a line of introduction to you & I comply with his request in the conviction that you will find him interesting, since, like yourself, he has seen the seamy side of life & has had adventures" [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Charlotte Teller Johnson**.

Now then, dear Charlotte, *you* need some forgiveness yourself! I have to admire that letter, I can't help it, for it is wonderful; its match may exist somewhere in literature, but its superior doesn't.

...The hand that wrote that letter can do the Mirabeau—that I know. If you yourself have had any doubts, brush them away; for there is greatness in you, Charlotte,—more of it than you suspect, I think. You are going to surpass your utmost anticipations.

Next Thursday that lecture at Carnegie Hall—why *did* I make that engagement! it exasperates me to think of it—oh, more than that, it makes me sick, it nauseates me. Be good—come & see me Wednesday morning & see if you cannot help me get rid of that fatal feeling. Will you do that? Will you?

Those lovely flowers! Dear me, you didn't forget *anything*! I'll give you my stiletto when you come—I realize that *I* don't know how to use it [MTP].

Sebastiano V. Cecchi wrote from Florence, Italy to Sam. “I was glad to get your news through Miss Lyon's letter of the 11th Feby. and hope you continue to be well.” A friend had sent him a magazine which covered Sam's 70th Birthday celebration and Cecchi enjoyed Sam's speech. Traverso had advised him that Countess Massiglia's charges of perjury against Sam's “late servants Bruschi & Folli” resulted in a not guilty verdict, so another “fiasco in on record for the late landlord & landlady of yours!” Traverso had sent him lawyer's bills amounting to 552.70—“be so good as to give me your instructions about them.” He also wanted to know if Sam wanted to proceed with the old lawsuit [MTP].

Edith V. Conlis wrote from NYC to Sam. She and her sister were artists, daughters of **James Conlis** of Farmington, Conn. and she requested an interview [MTP].

F.T. Richards wrote from NYC to Sam. A devoted fan, Richards wrote: “I am sending you the original drawing of ‘Life's’ Monthly Calendar in which your 70th anniversary is recorded. / If you will allow me to present it to you, it will give me great pleasure” [MTP].

Carolyn Wells wrote to Sam from Rahway, N.J., having seen Sam as “truly affable and amiable...at close range” at his birthday dinner. She had since been “trying to screw up her courage” to ask him to write in her book, “which as you can see for yourself, is no common or garden autograph album. Please join the Mermaid Club as a most Honorable Honorary and Honored Member, and then, if you will, return the book to my New York address no. 12 East 22nd Street” [MTP].

April 14 Saturday – Four autographed notes by Clemens on a four-page letter by an unspecified reporter of the *NY Times*, requesting his opinion on **Maxim Gorky's** trip to America to raise funds in the cause of Russian emancipation. Sam refused to be interviewed but answered written questions with written answers, with the proviso that they would be printed verbatim, if at all. Two of the notes follow:

We were quite willing to accept France's assistance when we were in the throes of our Revolution, & we have always been grateful for that assistance. It is our turn, now, to pay that debt of gratitude by helping another oppressed people in its struggle for liberty...

In as much as we conducted our own Revolution with guns and the sword, our mouths are closed against preaching gentler methods to other oppressed nations. Revolutions are achieved by blood & carnage alone. So far I know there has been but one Revolution which was carried to a successful issue without bloodshed. / Mark Twain [MTP: American Art Assoc.-Anderson Galleries catalogs, Jan. 29, 1936, Item 119].

April 15 Sunday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied with an aphorism to **Carolyn Wells**: “*It is easier for a needle to go through a camel's eye than for a rich woman to sprain her ankle & keep it out of the papers.* / Truly Yours / Mark Twain / April 15, 1906 / With greetings & good wishes to Carolyn Wells” [MTP].

The New York *Times* ran a front-page scandal story involving **Maxim Gorky**; Mark Twain's remarks on helping Russia were included:

GORKY AND ACTRESS ASKED TO QUIT HOTELS

She Is Not Mme. Gorky, Though He Calls Her So.

REAL MME. GORKY IN RUSSIA

**Writer's Companion is Mme. Andreieva, a Russian
Actress—He Says She's His Wife in His Eyes.**

The manager of the Hotel Belleclaire, where Maxim Gorky and the woman who has been generally known here as Mme. Gorky, have been staying as guests of H. Gaylord Wilshire, discovered yesterday from a published story what has been no secret since their arrival—that is, that the so-called Mme. Gorky is not the wife of the revolutionary leader, but Mme. Andreieva, a Russian actress. As a result, both were compelled to leave the hotel. They moved to the Lafayette-Brevoort, at Fifth Avenue and Eighth Street. Late yesterday they left this hotel also, going to apartments at 12 Fifth Avenue. At the Lafayette-Brevoort it was said that they had departed of their own accord.

[more details of the controversy are cut here]

MARK TWAIN'S POSITION.

**We Took France's Aid, and Should
Help Russians, He Holds.**

Much adverse criticism has arisen here through the formation of the committee to purchase arms to aid Maxim Gorky in his revolutionary movement. Many prominent men are on the committee. Mark Twain, one of the members, was questioned on the matter yesterday at his Fifth Avenue home.

"Why," he was asked, "should this country assist in any way the Russian people in their revolutionary movement?"

"Because we were quite willing," he replied, "to accept France's assistance when we were in the throes of our Revolution, and we have always been grateful for that assistance. It is our turn now to pay that debt of gratitude by helping another oppressed people in its struggle for liberty, and we must either do it or confess that our gratitude to France was only eloquent words, with no sincerity back of them."

"But do you think it consistent that Americans, with their so-called love of peace, should aid in a movement to throw Russia into a bloody revolution, particularly in view of the fact that America was chiefly instrumental in bringing to an end the Russo-Japanese war?" To this Mr. Twain replied:

"Inasmuch as we conducted our own Revolution with guns and the sword, our mouths are closed against preaching gentler methods to other oppressed nations. Revolutions are achieved by blood and courage alone. So far as I know there has been but one revolution which was carried to a successful issue without bloodshed."

"In lending, then, our assistance to the Russian people for the overthrow of their despotic form of government, why should we not also start active propaganda seeking the abolition of all similar forms of government?"

"Simply because," replied Mr. Clemens, "we have not been invited to do it. Should the invitation come, as in the present case, we will put our shoulder to the wheel." [See Schmidt for full article.]

Susan Crane wrote from Quarry Farm, Elmira to ask Sam for autographs for two young cousins of her late husband, Theodore Crane. The mother of the children would be in NY. "...I think how Livy would rejoice in all you are doing to help every body, and—possibly with her mighty, inspiring love she is undergirding you in these very activities—Sometimes it seems that she is not far away and helps..." [MTP].

April 15 after – Sam wrote "The Gorky Incident" sometime after Gorky was evicted from his hotel on Apr. 15, 1906; it was not published in Sam's lifetime. It first appeared edited by Bernard DeVoto in

Slavonic and East European Review (Aug. 1944), p. 37-8; it was again revised and published in *Letters from the Earth* (1962), which Budd gives as the more accurate TS [Budd, *Collected* 2: 1011].

Frank E. Vaughn wrote from NYC to Sam. In a melodramatic letter, Vaughn contrasted Gorky's welcome with "shrieks of 'Crucify Him'" and closed with "Hands off and give Maxim Gorky a chance!" [MTP].

April 16 Monday – In N.Y.C. **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Nikolai V. Chaikovsky**. "Mr. C asks me to write for him and say that he is not going to take any public notice of the man Spiridovitch. He is not too troubled about the matter" [MTP]. *Note:* **Alexander Spiridovitch** (1873-1952), Russian police general. In 1906 Spiridovitch was assigned to a detail guarding the residences of **Czar Nicholas II**. When the Russian prime minister **Pyotr Stolypin** was assassinated in Kiev, Spiridovich was investigated, but cleared of any charges, and he retained his position.

Sam also wrote a reply that is pure Twain to the Apr. 11 from **Charles Butler Fenton**.

Dear Capt. Fenton: / I remember you very well & very pleasantly & I remember that voyage very well also—but not so pleasantly. As to your request for a postponement of my lecture date, the spirit is willing but the difficulties are so great as to be prohibitive. Let us get up a compromise. If you should postpone your wedding you would disappoint only one person—besides yourself. If I should postpone my lecture I should disappoint 3000 persons beside myself. If you were going to marry 3000 ladies & I were going to lecture to only one person the wedding would be incomparably the more important occasion of the 2 & I would promptly surrender to that great fact & postpone my lecture. There is one perfectly right & fair & equitable way out of our snarl. If you will marry 3000 ladies I will postpone. If you persist in limiting yourself to one, then you must postpone & come to the lecture.—both of you. I am a little vain of this idea—I don't think Solomon himself could beat it for straight & stern & uncompromising justice to all parties concerned [MTP].
Note: Fenton later helped with the opening of the Panama Canal; he lived to be 100.

Sam also wrote to **Joe Goodman** in Alameda, Calif.

Dear Joe: / I thank you very much. I shall advise with the Harpers & then write Tufts.

Well, we *are* having a time here, over Russia! / Yours ever / Mark [MTP]. *Note:* Sam referred to the Gorky scandal.

Daniel Carter Beard for the Society of Illustrators wrote to Sam. "The Society of Illustrators is not going to have a dinner so don't be alarmed, but we are going to have an informal smoker at the Aldine Ass[oc] on Saturday night at 9 PM April the twenty first, and if you will come and smoke with us, no speech, we will feel highly complimented" [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote on the letter, "Will try to be present / Mr Dougherty." The MTP catalogs Sam's reply as "ca. 18 April." See entry.

Frederick D. Grant wrote from Governor's Island, NY to Sam. "I am looking forward with the greatest pleasure to presiding at the meeting to be held on the 19th Carnegie Hall, for the benefit of the Fulton Memorial, when you are to lecture." Grant wanted to know if Sam would touch on any political questions regarding the US or any other country, as this would cause him embarrassment. As an Army officer he was not allowed to make such opinions public and thought Sam might do so at the event. He provided his phone number should Sam want to discuss this issue, and marked his letter "Confidential" [MTP].



Gertrude Natkin wrote to Sam.

Perhaps it is rather inconsiderate of me to write to you at such a busy time but I cant restrain myself from sending you some love and blots [kisses]. Of course I shall keep a good many of these imaginary blots and bring them forth into real ones for Thursday evening. I am quite sure you will accept them then.

I was going to send you a cartoon that was in the paper Friday evening but Miss Lyon told me that you have already seen it.

I almost forgot, I am taking up too much of your time because when you are not busy I want you to rest. I hope you will be already to receive a volley of “real” blots. / Good night [MTAg 25-6]. *Note:* Sam was to give a speech for the Fulton Assoc. on **Apr. 19**. Getrude referred to an **Apr. 13** cartoon, possibly:

Insert cartoon: *Idaho Statesman*, p.10, Apr. 13, 1906

(smaller text in right corner: “Uncle Mick will appreciate him”)

Belle Vernon wrote on The National Arts Club, NYC letterhead to Sam. She reminded him she had been one of Miss Porter’s girls at Farmington years before. Since Sam was “so delightful” at the Woman’s University Club, she invited him to dine at the Club on Wed. evening Apr. 18 at 7:30 p.m. [MTP].

April 16 ca. – **Old Guard of the City of NY** sent Sam a handwritten invitation to their Anniversary dinner at the Hotel Astor on Monday Apr. 23 at 7 p.m. [MTP].

April 17 Tuesday – Sam wrote to an **unidentified person** about **Benjamin Chapin**, who performed on stage as Abraham Lincoln. This letter appeared in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* on Apr. 22, 1906 in “Lincoln Lives in Ohio Actor.”

April 17, 1906. / In the beginning of the first act, while Mr. Chapin did seem to me to be a very close and happy imitation of Mr. Lincoln, it was only an imitation—an artificiality. But at that point the miracle began. Little by little, step by step, by an imperceptible evolution the artificial Lincoln dissolved away and the living and real Lincoln was before my eyes and remained real until the end. Happily to it that strong word “miracle” because I think it justified. I think that I have not before seen so interesting a spectacle as this steady growth and transformation of an unreality into a reality. / S.L. Clemens, (Mark Twain) [MTP]. *Note:* Chapin’s play on Lincoln ran **from Mar. 26 to the week of Apr. 8** [NY Times Apr. 8, “This Week’s Offerings” p. X1]. It is not clear which day Sam attended the performance.



Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Mrs. Johnson came back from Washington. She paid me damn compliments. Life is sticky. Where are, are, are the ideals” [MTP TS 66-67].

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to advise Sam on the “best thing to do” about Bobbs-Merrill’s “attempt to re-publish some of your old non-copyright matter in the newspapers.” Duneka suggested they wait until “the book is issued, then get out an injunction preventing the sale or distribution...on the ground that at least one of the articles in the volume is not by Mark Twain.” He also announced: “We are going to get out a de luxe edition of “EVE’S DIARY” on hand made paper, —a limited edition to sell for \$5.00 per copy. It ought to be profitable and it ought to be good advertising” [MTP].

Brander Matthews wrote to Sam. “Dear Mark: / Here is the MS of that paper I perpetrated on you eight years ago. I thoroughly enjoyed writing it; and I said what I thought—and very much what I had been saying in fragments here and there these many years. / Yours ever...” [MTP].

Apr. 18, 5:12 a.m. The Great San Francisco Earthquake

April 18 Wednesday – The New York *Times*, Apr. 19, p. 14, “Sutton Beats Slosson by Superior Billiards,” again mentioned Mark Twain’s evening at the international billiards tourney at **Madison Square Garden**:

Mark Twain witnessed the contest from his usual seat at one side of the table. He laughed heartily as the French billiardist rubbed along the caroms for fair-sized runs at the beginning until he had obtained a lead of 270 to 183 at the end of the thirteenth inning by cleverly executed ball-to-ball billiards.

The American humorist foresaw the end, however, as he explained to those sitting near him.

Gertrude Natkin wrote from NYC to Sam: “NOTICE! / A little girl is very anxious waiting for the eve of he 19th. Reward! Of ten blots to the one identifying this little girl” [MTAq 26; MTP].

Joe Twichell wrote to Sam.

Dear Mark: / See what you’ve brought me to! What stories *could* I tell such an audience? Were I to undertake it, I should have to ask you to give me a lesson or two in the art. But I can’t go, fortunately. May 4th I shall be in Lexington, Ky. attending Mr. Ogden’s Southern Education Conference. Harmony is going with me. We leave New York May 1st and shall be away till May 9th.

After his signature, Joe added, “Thanks for your just comment on Gorky’s bad mistake. Poor fellow; he didn’t understand our bigotry. Too bad!” [MTP]. *Note:* in the file is an invitation (dated Apr. 16) to Twichell from the Periodical Publishers’ Association of America, **Edward Bok** (ed. *Ladies’ Home Journal*, Phila.) for a dinner on May 4. It appears that Joe marked the following paragraph: “The Board of Directors thought that you might be willing to come and add zest to the entertainment of the evening by giving our guests some of those stories which you know so well how to tell.”

April 18 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to the Apr. 16 from **Daniel Carter Beard**: “Will try to be present / Mrs. Dougherty” [MTP].

April 19 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote a note for **Gertrude Natkin** (and probably her mother): “Please admit these friends of mine by the stage door, & greatly oblige” [MTP].

In the evening Sam gave his “last speech” at **Carnegie Hall** in the cause for aid to earthquake-stricken San Francisco. New York newspapers covered the event, including the *Times*, Apr. 20, p.11.

MARK TWAIN APPEALS FOR THE ‘SMITTEN CITY’

Begs the Audience at His Last Public Lecture to be Liberal.

A UNIQUE TALK ON FULTON

Humorist Speaks in His Old Vein for
the Benefit of the Fulton Memorial Association.

Mark Twain’s last words on the public lecture platform were an appeal for charity to alleviate human suffering. He delivered his public valedictory at Carnegie Hall last night, and in announcing with a tinge of sadness that he appeared in the role of a public lecturer for the last time, he begged New York to aid the victims of the disaster in San Francisco.

"Now," he said to the audience which filled the hall, "since I must, I shall say good-bye. I see many faces in this audience well known to me. They are all my friends, and I feel that those I don't know are my friends, too. I wish to consider that you represent the Nation, and that in saying good-bye to you I am saying good-bye to the nation.

"In the great name of humanity, let me say this final word: I offer an appeal in behalf of that vast, pathetic multitude of fathers, mothers, and helpless little children. They were sheltered and happy two days ago. Now they are wandering, forlorn, hopeless, and homeless, the victims of a great disaster. So I beg of you," he concluded, raising his head and stretching out his arms in appeal, "I beg of you to open your hearts and open your purses and remember San Francisco, the smitten city."

Mr. Clemens later talked to the newspaper reporters about earthquakes on the Pacific coast.

"I haven't been there since 1868, he said, "and that great city of San Francisco has grown up since my day. When I was there she had 118,000 people, and of this number 18,000 were Chinese. I was a reporter on The Virginia City Enterprise in Nevada in 1862, and stayed there, I think, about two years, when I went to San Francisco and got a job as a reporter on The Call. I was there three or four years.

"I remember one day I was walking down Third Street in San Francisco. It was a sleepy, dull Sunday afternoon and no one was stirring. Suddenly as I looked up the street about three hundred yards the whole side of a house fell out. The street was full of bricks and mortar. At the same time I was knocked against the side of a house and stood there stunned for a moment.

"I thought it was an earthquake. Nobody else had heard anything about it and no one said earthquake to me afterward, but I saw it and I wrote it. Nobody else wrote it, and the house I saw go into the street was the only house in the city that felt it. I've always wondered if it wasn't a little performance gotten up for my especial entertainment by the nether regions."

Mr. Clemens delivered his lecture last night for the benefit of the Robert Fulton Memorial Association, which is to erect a monument in New York to the memory of the man who applied steam to navigation.

"I wish to deliver a historical address," he began. I've been studying the history of—er—a—let me see—a," then he stopped in confusion and walked over to Gen. Fred D. Grant, who sat at the head of the platform. He leaned over in a whisper and then returned to the front of the stage and continued:

"Oh, yes! I've been studying Robert Fulton. I've been studying a biographical sketch of Robert Fulton, the inventor of—er—a—let's see—oh, yes, the inventor of the electric telegraph. Also, I understand he invented the air—diria—pshaw! I have it at last—the dirigible balloon. Yes, the dirigible—but it is a difficult word, and I don't see why anybody should marry a couple of words like that when they don't want to be married at all and are likely to quarrel with each other all the time. I should put that couple of words under the ban of the United States Supreme Court, under its decision of a few days ago, and then take 'em out and drown 'em.

"And Fulton was born in—er—a—well, it doesn't make much difference where he was born, does it? I remember a man who came to interview me once, to get a sketch of my life. I consulted with a friend—a practical man—before he came, to know how I should treat him.

" 'Whenever you give the interviewer a fact,' he said, 'give him another fact that will contradict it. Then he'll go away with a jumble that he can't use at all. Be gentle, be sweet, smile like an idiot—just be natural.' That's what my friend told me to do, and I did it.

" 'Where were you born?' asked the interviewer.

"Well—er—a,' I began, 'I was born in Alabama, or Alaska, or the Sandwich Islands; I don't know where, but right around there some where. And you had better put it down before you forget it.

" 'But you weren't born in all those places,' he said.

" 'Well, I've offered you three places. Take your choice. They're all at the same price.'

" 'How old are you?' he asked.

" 'I shall be 19 in June,' I said.

" 'Why, there's such a discrepancy between your age and your looks,' he said. "

" 'Oh, that's nothing,' I said, 'I was born discrepantly.'

"Then we got to talking about my brother Samuel, and he told me my explanations were confusing.

" 'I suppose he is dead,' I said. 'Some said that he was dead and some said that he wasn't.'

" 'Did you bury him without knowing whether he was dead or not?' asked the reporter.

" 'There was a mystery,' said I. 'We were twins, and one day when we were two weeks old—that is, he was one week old and I was one week old—we got mixed up in the bathtub, and one of us drowned. We

never could tell which. One of us had a strawberry birthmark on the back of his hand. There it is on my hand. This is the one that was drowned. There's no doubt about it.'

"Where's the mystery?" he said.

"Why, don't you see how stupid it was to bury the wrong twin?" I answered. I didn't explain it any more because he said the explanation confused him. To me it is perfectly plain.

"But," continued Mr. Clemens, "to get back to Fulton; I'm going along like an old man I used to know, who used to start to tell a story about his grandfather. He had an awfully retentive memory, and he never finished the story, because he switched off into something else. He used to tell about how his grandfather one day went into a pasture, where there was a ram. The old man dropped a silver dime in the grass, and stooped over to pick it up. The ram was observing him, and took the old man's action as an invitation. Just as he was going to finish about the ram this friend of mine would recall that his grandfather had a niece who had a glass eye. She used to loan that glass eye to another lady friend, who used it when she received company. The eye didn't fit the friend's face, and it was loose. And whenever she winked it would turn over.

"Then he got on the subject of accidents, and he would tell a story about how he believed accidents never happened.

"There was an Irishman coming down a ladder with a hod of bricks," he said, "and a Dutchman was standing on the ground below. The Irishman fell on the Dutchman and killed him. Accident? Never! If the Dutchman hadn't been there the Irishman would have been killed. Why didn't the Irishman fall on a dog which was next to the Dutchman? Because the dog would have seen him coming. Then he'd get off from the Dutchman to an uncle named Reginald Wilson. Reginald went into a carpet factory one day, and got twisted into the machinery's belt. He went excursioning around the factory until he was properly distributed and was woven into sixty-nine yards of the best three-ply carpet. His wife bought the carpet, and then she erected a monument to his memory. It read:

"Sacred to the memory of sixty-nine yards of the best three-ply carpet, containing the mortal remainders of REGINALD WILSON. Go thou and do likewise

"And so on he would ramble about telling the story of his grandfather until we never were told whether he found the ten-cent piece or whether something else happened."

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Carnegie / St. Andrews dinner at Engineer's Club. Speech by Mr. Clemens, very good, on simplified spelling" [MTP TS 67].

Josephine D. Crockett wrote from Public School 99, NYC to advise Sam that the children of the school would plant a tree on Arbor Day, May 4, and name it "Mark Twain." Could he be present at 1:30 p.m.? [MTP].

William Dean Howells wrote on Regent Hotel, N.Y.C. notepaper to Sam.

This seems a poor old thing one may be kind to without a great deal of suffering. If you will fix an afternoon of next week—when Mrs. Gorky is not calling—I will come to listen to her donkeyisms at your house. Shall we say 4 p.m., Monday, and will you have her notified?

I am awfully sorry not to come and keep your platform down tonight. Last night was one of quite useless and meaningless pain—waking every hour after morphine, and getting no sort of credit for it. / Yours ever...[MTHL 2: 805; MTP]. *Note:* Howells enclosed a letter from **Mary E. Bell** dated Apr. 15.

April 20 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam began a letter to **Charlotte Teller Johnson** that he finished on **Apr. 21**.

It was a charming surprise, dear my lady, but it was over before I could rouse my mind out of its 5-days' drowse & take advantage of the opportunity to ask some leading questions about the present status of the Gorky situation & thrash that matter out to a finish. It vexes me to think the chance escaped. But I didn't suspect that the time was so short. I know my own attitude—that is definite enough—but I wanted to get at yours. Next time don't be quite so precipitate. Hörst du? [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Jean one. / Cesare made sketch of Mr. Clemens talking, standing beside Mr. Carnegie" [MTP TS 67].

April 21 Saturday – In the afternoon Sam presided over a meeting at the **Casino Theatre** to organize help for the city of San Francisco. The New York *Evening World*, p. 2, reported:

CALIFORNIANS ARRANGE TO GIVE AID TO VICTIMS.

**Meeting at Casino Under Auspices of Mrs. Oelrichs
and Mrs. W.K. Vanderbilt, jr., Presided Over by Mark Twain.**

Crowding the Casino Theatre from stage to entrance hundreds of Californians gathered this afternoon to discuss plans for aiding their stricken friends and relatives in San Francisco and neighboring towns. Mark Twain was in the chair, and under his guidance the business in hand progressed rapidly.

The outcome of the meeting was the announcement of a benefit performance in the Casino a week from to-morrow night, a benefit euchre party of the California Club at the Waldorf-Astoria on April 27 and the appointment of a committee with Blanche Bates as chairman to visit the Mayor and ask him for the right to take charge of ordering necessary supplies of clothing to be bought out of the great fund already raised and to be sent at once to San Francisco.

...

All Anxious to Help.

Everybody seemed anxious to help in the meeting. Henry Miller, the actor, was his own stage hand, helping to arrange the tables and chairs on the stage for the speakers. When the curtain went up on the assemblage of speakers, there was a great burst of applause as Mark Twain arose in the centre.

"I take it for granted you all know me," said he, "and if you don't now you surely will before I get through. I'm here on a mission and I'm most always known as S.L. Clemens, which may be hard to spell."

He then introduced Henry Miller, who announced the benefit performance for a week from to-morrow night.

When Mr. Miller concluded Mark Twain again arose.

"It hadn't been forty-eight hours," said Mr. Clemens, "since I threatened myself with never again appearing before a paying audience. Well, I haven't for you paid nothing to come here, but you'll pay before you go out. I mean that I want every one to resolve to buy tickets for the benefit performance. You'll pay mentally before you leave here. I feel certain."

Calls it Great Calamity.

He went on to say feelingly that he looked upon San Francisco as an old home, since he lived there forty years ago, when it was a small but growing town. He characterized the earthquake and fires as "the greatest calamity of ancient or modern times." Referring to ways of helping the city now he said:

"Let us turn from the dead to the living. The dead are at peace. But consider that there are 300,000 homeless persons there now. They are many of them starving, half clothes, deprived of their means of livelihood. We must help them at once, and we will."

In speaking of the subscription list for the sufferers he said:

"The poor are always ready to give money. The poor man out of his poverty gives one-half or one-fourth of what he has. The rich man gives one-tenth of one per cent of his fortune. The pennies and the dimes and the quarters are what will make the present fund the size we need.

He then paid a tribute to the Salvation Army and said it should be represented on all committees working in the area of destruction.

At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam finished his **Apr. 20 to Charlotte Teller Johnson**.

Saturday Eve. No, it was only the "drowse"—plain dullness, intolerable stupidity, lifelessness, almost amounting to the condition which we call "dazed." It came of ragged sleep. You see, I am in bed these by *compulsion*. There is nothing animating about it. It doesn't even move my temper; it merely petrifies me. And when is it to end? Maybe Tuesday, maybe Wednesday; maybe—well, the doctor can't tell. / Sincerely SLC [*in left margin:*] I didn't even thank you; but that was dullness, not intention [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Lyon pasted or copied a newspaper clipping from an unidentified newspaper with a poem titled "Farewell" to Mark Twain.

John Horner wrote from Belfast, Ireland to Sam and included a second book by Mrs. **Emanda M'Kittrick Ros**, *Delina Delaney* (Belfast, Ire. No date), and a copy of **Barry Pain's** humorous criticism of *Irene Iddesleigh* (1897), another book by Ros he'd sent before. Sam inscribed the book with his name and "1906". Horner requested a signed photograph of Twain in exchange [Gribben 588].

April 22 Sunday

April 22 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Ella and Margaret McMahon**. "I must send you both a word of sympathy in these days of your bereavement, although I know that words cannot comfort the stricken any more than they can convey the sympathy of the one who writes them": [MTP]. *Note:* object of sympathy not specified.

April 23 Monday – The New York *Times*, p.12, "Billiard Benefit Plans" announced a billiard benefit for San Francisco at the concert hall of **Madison Square Garden** on the following evening. Mark Twain had been asked to make "a brief address."

The **Old Guard** was to parade with a following banquet at the **Hotel Astor**. Rain cut the parade short but the banquet went off as planned, with Mark Twain making a characteristic late arrival. The New York *Times*, Apr. 24, p. 7, reported:

OLD GUARD CELEBRATE THEIR 80TH BIRTHDAY

Rain Stops Parade, but Banquet Joy Makes Up for It.

It was the Old Guard's eightieth anniversary yesterday [Apr. 23], and a popular military organization celebrated the birthday in its characteristic way. The rain spoiled the parade, an untoward incident, since from the side of every Guard there dangled a brand new sabre, and not many people had a chance to see them.

The banquet at the Hotel Astor in the evening, however, was made all the more glorious.

The fulldress uniforms of the Old Guard are concededly the finest hereabouts. They were set off to advantage in the banquet hall, which was decorated with flags and bunting selected to harmonize with their coats of white and gold. A feature of the banquet was the entrance of Mark Twain at the close of the celebration. The banqueters had cheered President Roosevelt and cheered Grant, but they cheered the veteran humorist still more.

....

During the speechmaking a concealed anonymous poet shouted bits at the guests through a megaphone which he aimed at all of the diners. Mark Twain's flowing locks came in for a long tirade of poetry, which amused the humorist immensely.

....

Mark Twain thanked the Old Guard for the fine reception they had given him, and then he told a story. He got a bouquet of roses for telling it. [Also noted in *Fatout*, p. 675].

Alf Hayman manager for Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre, wrote to Sam. "Mr. Frohman requests me to write and say to you that Miss Lawton was called to 'The Duel' rehearsal by his cable request, and the question of her playing the part rests with Mr. [Otis] Skinner, who by the way seems very much pleased with the work of Miss Lawton up to date" [MTP]. *Note:* Charles Frohman (1860-1915), brother of **Daniel Frohman**. Both men were involved in various NY theaters, including the Lyceum. See May 7 entry to Skinner.

G.C. Hewett, mining engineer in Colorado Springs, Colo. wrote to Sam, enclosing a picture of “the house you are said to have lived in in Arroya, Nevada.” Since he loved *RI*, he wished to know if it was written in that house [MTP].

Carolyn Wells wrote a short note from Rahway, NJ to Sam. “Thank you 1000 times for your humorous contribution to my book. It was most kind of you to write it for me” [MTP].

April 24 Tuesday – In the evening at **Madison Square Garden**, Sam made some brief remarks at a billiard exhibition of trick shots for the benefit of San Francisco.

The game of billiards has destroyed my naturally sweet disposition. Once, when I was an underpaid reporter in Virginia City, whenever I wished to play billiards I went out to look for an easy mark. One day a stranger came to town and opened a billiard parlor. I looked him over casually. When he proposed a game, I answered, “All right.”

“Just knock the balls around a little so that I can get your gait,” he said; and when I had done so, he remarked, “I will be perfectly fair with you. I’ll play you left-handed.” I felt hurt, for he was cross-eyed, freckled, and had red hair, and I determined to teach him a lesson. He won first shot, ran out, took my half dollar, and all I got was the opportunity to chalk my cue.

“If you can play like that with your left hand,” I said, “I’d like to see you play with your right.”

“I can’t,” he said. “I’m left-handed” [Fatout, *MT Speaking* 520-1].

April 25 Wednesday – The *New York Times*, p. 13, “What is Doing in Society” included a squib about Mark Twain and Miss **Ida M. Tarbell** to be the guests of honor at a **May 1** evening celebration in the **Gibson Studios** for the tenth anniversary of the incorporation of the **College Women’s Club**. Fatout does not list his appearance; newspapers give the event as May 4, when Sam was under doctor’s orders “to remain in bed two or three days” [May 4 to Teller].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Jean, noon. Eve.” [MTP TS 68].

Frederick J. Hall wrote from Tarrytown, N.Y. to Sam, enclosing a letter by Sam he advised should be burned (not in file now). “The circumstances that prompted you to write it were, I think, as follow: J.W. suborned one of our agents and secured a number of copies of Gen’l Grant’s Memoirs, which he advertised at cut rates. Our firm brought suit, and while the decision was in our favor, it was—like most legal decisions—ambiguous and unsatisfactory. You felt J.W. deserved a flogging, but later it was decided to let the matter rest where it was” [MTP]. *Note*: The MTP catalogs Sam’s reply as “*ca.* 27 April.”

Frederick W. Davis wrote from Brooklyn to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens:— / I had a very interesting call last Sunday morning on a friend of yours, Mr. Bloodgood H. Cutter, the “poet Lariat”. He is now in his 89th year and his faculties seem to be as bright as ever. He remembers the adventures on the “Quaker City” as if they were but yesterday, and told me some very laughable ones. One in particular was where he went to visit the Emperor of “Roosia” with your company. He said the Captain, (Duncan) took him aside and remarked: “Now Cutter, when you visit the Emperor of Russia you must not hand him any of your poetry”! He told me how the ship’s officers were worried over the subject of court dress for all the members of the ship, and how he put on a new velvet suit he had purchased in Genoa. The waves were rather high when they were about to embark in a row-boat for the shore, and he dashed back to his stateroom for a long bombazine coat to put over the velvet clothes. He did not discover till he was in the row-boat that the long coat contained a voluminous quantity of the poetry above-mentioned. He told me all about the visit to the Emperor, who received you all so kindly, and how the members of the party made fun of him for going off with one of the court ladies, who showed him through the palace. On the way back to the ship he discovered that he had left his bombazine coat behind with all the precious poetry!

He was for going back for it at once, but the Captain and others persuaded him not to go back and mar a good impression,—by offering to pay for the coat.

He told me about his climb up Mt. Vesuvius, and his poem on “Gibraltar,” [*sic*] which he said you called “slush”! He said you and Dan and the Doctor were inclined to be a little wild on the boat, getting up dances, etc., and he was afraid he was not popular because he did not countenance such proceedings. He said Dan once dressed up in the costume of a Moor for a masquerade ball and said: “Now Cutter, look at this costume, and write me a poem on it”. [Cutter:] “So I went down in the cabin and got pen and paper together, for I was all the time scribbling, and in about 15 minutes re-appeared with the poem on Dan’s costume”, he said.

Mr. Cutter recited about a dozen of his poems to me (there was no escape!) one being entitled as near as I can remember, “Lines Addressed to Sam, (a negro servant) on Being Presented with one of my Old Hats”. He said he was afraid you did not think very much of him because he was not “edicated” but he intended to use his free-born American privilege of putting his thoughts into verse if he chose to. He told me about your sending a carriage up for him on your last visit near the vicinity, and appreciated it. He gave me a poem on parting, and I asked for one for you, which I herewith enclose [not extant]. If you are in that neighborhood in the near future, (Little Neck station), I would advise you to make a call on the old gentleman, as his surroundings are rather astonishing. (A large wooden figure stands in his front yard, taken from the prow of a ship’s boat) and there are many other curious things.

You may [have] forgotten that in the last ten years you have written me two or three letters, but I have not. I have dashed this off hurriedly on the typewriter thinking it might amuse you and call up old recollections. If you are ever in Brooklyn, I hope you will ring the bell at the above address and let me show you a hundred interesting things. Your popularity is ever on the increase. / Respectfully yours ...[MTP]. *Note:* after his signature Davis added a short paragraph urging Sam to come and visit Cutter with him. “You owe it to posterity!”

Percy Stickney Grant for the Church of the Ascension, NYC wrote to Sam, enclosing a poem by Dihdwo Twe to honor Gen. **Oliver Otis Howard**, founder of Howard University. “What do you think of this for poetry? It just came to me from our young Liberian friend, Dihdwo Twe. It strikes me as not at all bad” [MTP].

Sumner Bass Pearmain wrote to Sam. “Just a line to remind you that Miss Lyon is to write me (or wire) what train you tke that I may meet you @ the station—you should get ticket & trunk checks for Boston Back Bay Station” [MTP].

April 26 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote congratulations to **Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Lilian W. Aldrich** in Ponkapog, Mass.

I rejoice with you.. This is from habit, temperament, training, tradition—that straitjacket which keeps its grip on us always & won’t allow our common sense any little liberty to work. And I rejoice with you in earnest, I can’t help it. Oh, I know—I know. I have stood where Talbot stands, & was happy: happy, & not afraid. What riches! *And* now—what poverty! Life is a silly invention, an immeasurable brutality. Now, then—

x x x x

Hang it, I am in this mood, & I don’t seem to be able to drag myself out of it. There are but two tragedies—birth and marriage—& when they occur among friends whom I hold dear, they break my heart, they disorder my mind, they drive me into rages. Then I say unbecoming things; yet I *have* to say them, I can’t quiet down until I get them *out* of me. I have seen a good deal of Howells, lately, & he is as sweet as ever he was in his life. I am leaving for Dublin, N. H., for a long summer, & am impatient to start, for I have led a turmoilsome life this winter, & am tired to the bone.

With great love to the 3 of you—& the prospective fourth— [MTP]. *Note:* **Talbot Aldrich**, son just married.

April 27 Friday – In the evening at 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Gertrude Natkin**.

Those lovely flowers & that precious valley!—certainly you are a dear sweet little girl, Marjorie; there's none dearer nor sweeter. I am hereby answering that valley with another, you dear child; also I am sending an Aüf wiedersehen along with it, & thereto the injunction that when the wiedersehen occurs next fall it shall find you a little girl *still*. Cling to your blessed youth—the valuable time of life—don't part with it till you must. / With love, & good-byes, & lots of blots— / SLC [MTAq 27].

April 27 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote wrote thanks to **Frederick J. Hall**: “Glad to have that letter it will do to go into the MS” [MTP]. *Note*: the MS referred to may have been the autobiography soon to run in the *North American Review* v. 183-186 1906-7.

April 28 Saturday – Sam wrote to **Gertrude Natkin**, his letter not extant but referred to in Natkin's reply of early May. From the context of her reply, Sam asked her if she would like to have an autographed photo of himself for her room [MTP].

April 29 Sunday

April 30 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Robert Reid**.

I keep thinking about that picture—I cannot get it out of my mind. I think—no, I know—that it is the most moving, the most eloquent, the most profoundly pathetic picture I have ever seen. It wrings the heart to look at it, it is so desolate, so grieved. It realizes San Francisco to us as words have not done & cannot do. I wonder how many women can look upon it & keep back their tears—or how many unhardened men, for that matter? [MTP].

Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to **H.H. Rogers**. “Mr. Clemens directs me to hand you herewith his check for \$50,000⁰⁰. Will you kindly have an acknowledgment of its receipt returned by bearer” [MTHHR 605]. *Note*: the source indicates Sam's finances “seem to have been in good condition” at this time [n1].

Sam also wrote to **Marcella Sembrich**, opera star: “Welcome back to life again, dear Madame Sembrich, after that stupendous adventure!” [MTP].

Sam would write **ca. May 6** to **Charlotte Teller Johnson** that “Four went to Dublin last Monday, 6 are here, waiting for me.”

May – **Poultney Bigelow** wrote a short note to Sam from Malden, N.Y.. “Bless you—best of Sublunary Benefactors—long years to you—full years—happy years for the sake of your fellow humans” [MTP].

Human Life published “Mark Twain—Dean of Our Humorists,” by **William A. Graham**, p. 1-2. Tenney: “A popular, appreciative account, chiefly of the Hartford years. Mentions conversations with MT and hearing him speak at a Thanksgiving-Day dinner at the YMCA in 1888 o 1889” [“A Reference Guide Third Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1979 p. 190].

William Greenfield authored “A Playmate of Mark Twain's, Who, as a Little Girl, Used to Make Mud-Pies with the Great Humorist,” in *Human Life*, p.22. Tenney: “An interview with Tabitha Quarles Greening (Mrs. J.W. Greening, of Palmyra, Missouri; she was the daughter of Jane Lampton Clemens's sister Martha—MT called her ‘Puss’). She remembers MT as rather delicate in his youth, and full of pranks, and his brother Orion as absent-minded. She describes the Clemens family's move to Hannibal: young Sam was left behind, making mud-pies, and was still occupied when her grandfather, Wharton Lampton, rode by a half-hour later and picked him up” [“A Reference Guide Third Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1979 p. 190; also Tenney 42].

Sometime in **early May**, before May 8, **Gertrude Natkin** replied to the (not extant) of Sam's Apr. 28:

Oh, Mr. Clemens, I should just love to have an autographed photograph of you for my room. I have always wanted it but I thought you might think of it yourself. Mr. Clemens: if you only could realized how I love you. I cannot express it, but I suppose sending a few blots will help a little. / I hope you will love me just the same. You know I have taken away those two years long ago [MTP].

May 1 Tuesday – Robert Reid wrote on this day or May 2 to Sam.

Dear St Mark / A thousand thanks to you for your beautiful note anent the picture. I only wish the picture deserved it!—I wish you wouldn't go away for such a long summer, for a long summer it will be if H.H.R. holds me to contract labor!! Why must it be that a man should be, because “artistic,”—such a damn phool as I am!—However in the midst of my troubles is always the shining joy of *your* friendship! / Yrs for painting / Robert Reid [MTP]. *Note:* the file cites Lyon's note on her copy of this letter, that the subject of a rough sketch which Reid was going to paint was the S.F. earthquake of Apr. 22, 1906.

May 2 Wednesday

May 3 Thursday – Isabel Lyon's journal: “Mr. Clemens's inspiration for this morning. ‘Get up a stench in England about the Gospel. Have 200 copies printed anonymously there, uncopyrighted, too’ [MTP TS 69].

The Independent (NY) ran a brief review of *Men and Things* (reissue of *Mark Twain's Library of Humor*) p. 1046. Tenney: “In ‘this curious book’ there is little humor. ‘It would seem that each author is represented by his inferior work only,’ and much of it ‘is rather of the mournful sort’” [Tenney: “A Reference Guide Seventh Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1983 p. 170].

Mary E. Bell wrote from Shirley, Mass. to ask Sam for “any kind word” on her sketches. She referred to an interview with Sam and sent regards to Miss Clemens and Miss Lyon [MTP].

May 4 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam, down with bronchitis again, wrote to **Charlotte Teller Johnson**.

I have your note, dear lady Charlotte, & of course I say “Yes”—quite willingly, too.

Professor Giddings's article is remorselessly severe, but it is all good sense. The editorial is sane, also. The whole case is as pitiful as it can be—that of those poor Gorkys, I mean.

The doctor has been here—it was not I but others who invited him—and I am to remain in bed two or three days. There are two “fastest” Boston trains—the 10 a.m. & the 1 p.m., & I shall take the latter when I go. Monday? Yes, I think—if I shall have learned your plans by noon of that day; otherwise I will wait & go Tuesday. This, on the guess that the doctor will offer no objections.

I hope your work will go smoothly & pleasantly & satisfactorily, & I am sure it will [MTP]. *Note:* Sam would need a few more days to recover He would leave New York on **May 14**.

Frederick A. Duneka wrote a short note to Sam. “I am enclosing proofs of your article on Mr. Howells. It seems to me that perhaps a line or two might be changed in the second paragraph. In reading it over, I am again surprised at its exquisite charm. / A check will follow when we get the proofs back” [MTP].

John T. Fenlon for Lincoln Farm Assoc. wrote to advise Sam that the association had been “duly incorporated...with you as one of the original twenty-one incorporators.” “No stock will be issued and no liability of any kind is assumed by you, the purposes being purely patriotic as given above” [MTP].

May 5 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam inscribed an etching to **Edward Lauterbach**: “*It is not best to use our morals on weekdays, Edward, it gets them out of repair for Sunday. Your friend / Mark Twain / May 5, 1906.*” [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Oren Root, Jr.**, an officer in the **Kingsbridge Railway Co.**

My daughters are frequently robbed by conductors on the surface lines; there they report to me, but bring me nothing upon which I can enter a complaint, since they shrink from asking the robber for his number. But at last my eldest daughter has brought me a number. The swindle was perpetrated this morning upon the 3rd avenue between 60th & 64th street (going up town), between 11 & 11.30, & the thief's number is 3818.

I am bedridden, but if you will send some one to me for the particulars, I will furnish them. Please telephone first, (3907 Gramercy)—it is not in the telephone book [MTP: John S. Mayfield, *Mark Twain vs. the Street Railway Co.*, 1926, p.18-19].

May 6 Sunday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

~~I am sitting here at 2:30 in the morning. I couldn't can't sleep.~~ Downstairs I hear Mr. Clemens cough. I have taken 2 heavy drugs, but they don't effect—a terrible anxiety weighs—up Fifth Avenue, drays drag themselves. Horses, I suppose are in front of them. ~~I feel a calamity.~~ The Valley of the Shadow, Mr. Clemens calls this house. Trunks are around ~~but the terror is heavy upon me.~~ ~~When Santa started for Gilders tonight I told her I'd go for whiskey—but there was not whiskey to quiet me. Foolish for me to think it would~~ [MTP TS 69]. *Note:* though most editorial strike outs are not used in Lyon's entries, all of these are. The pattern of most strikeouts suggests that Lyon, at a later time, deleted those phrases and passages which were melodramatic, effusive in her regard for Clemens, or woe-is-me; such is the nature of the above. Many of the deletions and emendations suggest she may have been preparing the documents for eventual publication. Most of her diaries/journals/daily reminders are published in this volume for the first time.

The New York Times, p.1, "Mark Twain Out Again," reported on the improving health of Twain who would leave for Dublin N.H. "within a few days."

May 6 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote a PS (afterthoughts to his May 4) to **Charlotte Teller Johnson:** *P.S.*

It is bronchitis that is keeping me here. There is only about ten cents' worth of it, but even that much means *bed*, according to doctor-notions.

I have torn up the preceding sheet: it was mainly about Giddings's article, &—like the article—not worth while. Giddings did his work well, but what he lacked was a *subject*; there was nothing before his house; he was establishing the facts of the multiplication table when nobody was doubting those facts; & at the same time he was overlooking the issue that *was* before the house, & the *only* one.

In Gorky's case it is a very large one; in Smith's case, or Jones's it would have no importance. Gorky is a puzzle & a vexation to me. He came here in a distinctly diplomatic capacity—a function which demands (& *necessitates*) delicacy, tact, deference to people's prejudices. He came on a great mission, a majestic mission, the succor of an abused & suffering vast nation. As to his diplomacy, it does not resemble Talleyrand's, Gortschakoff's, Metternich's; it is new, it is original, it has not its like in history: he hits the public in the face with his hat & then holds it out for contributions. It is not ludicrous, it is pitiful. As to his patriotism,—his lofty task of lifting up & healing his bleeding nation,—it can't stand the strain of a trifling temporary inconvenience. He has made a grave blunder & persistently refuses to rectify it.

A diplomat of full age ought surely to know this pair of simple things that a country's laws are written upon paper, & that its customs are engraved upon brass. One may play with the one, but not with the other. It is less risky for a stranger to dance upon our Constitution in the public square than to affront one of our solidified customs. The one is merely eminently respectable, the other is sacred.

What I am afflicting you with these platitudes for? To get them (& the revolution) out of my system. It looks like using you as a convenience, but I don't see any other way. Come, let's cut the resolution! & concentrate on Mirabeaus & Autobiographies & other spirit-contenting industries. I hope you are getting along with the mentioned last act to your satisfaction, & that I may see a carbon copy when it is done.

Four went to Dublin last Monday, 6 are here, waiting for me. Also, the music [Orchestrelle] has gone to Dublin. This house is several shades too quiet, now. "*Dublin, N.H.*"—that is the whole address: it is only a village, you needn't add anything. Dear my lady, Aufwiedersehen [MTP].

May 7 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Otis Skinner** (1858-1942), actor and a star since the mid 1890s. Clemens came to the defense of Mary Lawton:

Dear little Otis:

So you have discharged her! Your reasons have greatly interested me. To-wit:

She is too tall. But she is no taller than she was when you engaged her.

She is too large. But she is no larger now than she was then.

Her voice isn't right. But it is the same voice that was satisfactory before.

She has freckles. But they are the same old ones.

She has red hair. She had it before.

She "doesn't spell correct." How do you know?

Those are all the reasons you have mentioned for discharging her—but were they all you had? Isn't it possible that you have withheld one or two? This, for instance, from a Richmond paper:

"Mr. Skinner's leading woman this year is Miss Mary Lawton, who, though a young woman, shows rare talent, & promise of a brilliant future. As the Duchess of Chailles she rendered the star able support, & her splendid work in a most trying role evoked frequent outbursts of applause."

It is just possible that the outbursts of applause were a little too frequent to please you? You are aware that that has sometimes been a more serious defect than red hair. Could still another overlooked reason for discharging her have been this paragraph from another Richmond paper?

"Too much praise could not be lavished on Mary Lawton, who appeared as the Duchess de Chailles. Here we have a young actress with every requisite for success—beauty, magnetism, grace, individuality, & strength. She makes her role wonderful, & in successfully living her part proves herself a student not only of stagecraft but of the profoundest psychology. One would hardly wish to see another attempt the work she does in "The Duel." The part seems essentially hers, & should remain her exclusive province."

With such unanswerable reasons as these for discharging her, why do you suppress them & waste your strength upon such little matters as her red hair & the fact that she "can't spell correct?"

I do not charge you with violating the letter of your contract, I only charge you with being meanly treacherous to the spirit of it. I also charge, that—in the peculiar circumstances of the case—its terms would not have been exacted by a man, but only by a homunculus. Miss Lawton was to play a week for you on trial, & provide stage-clothes at her own expense. She saved you fifty dollars a day; her work was entirely satisfactory to your audiences; it won the praises of your troupe; it won the praises of your manager; it won your own praises, freely & frankly expressed. The trial-week completed, you hadn't the courage to dismiss her yourself, but put that humiliating office upon your manager, & furnish him the fictitious pretexts above quoted. You did not even offer to pay for the stage-clothes you had obliged her to buy. You know, from the beginning—confess it!—that you intended to use her to save expenses, & then dismiss her. In other words, that you meant to rob her. Would you mind telling me what it feels like to be an Otis Skinner?

You are a good actor—pretty loud, pretty ranty, & all that—but good & popular; the best in your line, as any just critic will grant. It is argument that you have some intelligence; the presence in you of intelligence is argument that by study & practice you could become a man, in time. It could be worth your while. There you would deal honorably by a poor & friendless girl like Mary Lawton, & not take advantage of her poverty & friendlessness to swindle her out of her clothes—as you have done—& discharge her upon the basis of a lie—as you have done. / Mark Twain [MTP].

Note: The Duel by **Henri Lavedan** (1859-1940), a three act play starring Otis Skinner, was performed at the National Theatre, Washington, D.C. April 23 through April 28, 1906 after an earlier run in NYC. The play contained only two female roles [Gribben 398]. Lyon wrote in her journal for Wed. **Mar. 21, 1906** that she and Clara went to see the play; see entry.

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Somewhere along here, C.C., R.G., [Rodman Gilder] & I went to see "Peter Pan". That wonderful Maude Adams! ~~I do not care if people do say that she has had children by Charles Frohman, I should like to know her & should like to see the child.~~ I should like to know more of her than the bit I saw of her in the hotel that

afternoon. She thrilled me through & through with that exquisite play of Barrie's—of her exquisite acting of it. You never think of her as a woman in her boy part. I was weak with the ever present sobs in me—& R.G.'s eyes were flooded with beautiful tears too [MTP TS 69-70]. *Note:* Lyon strikes out the gossip about Adams; it's as if she is self-censoring with an eye to others reading the material or to publication.

J.Q. Adams wrote to Sam. "Here is the cartoon I spoke of from the Chicago Tribune. It's jaundiced look comes from hanging on the wall of my study since your last birthday" [MTP]. JQA shown on letterhead as asst. secy of Art Commission of the City of New York.

May 7 ? Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Charlotte Teller Johnson**. "I am getting into pretty bad shape, therefore, it will be best for you to come pretty soon—however, after lunch will do, I suppose. Pulse normal—temperature variable; temper ditto" [MTP].

May 8 Tuesday – **Ralph W. Ashcroft** wrote to **John B. Stanchfield** with a copy to Sam. "Wright called at my office to-day. He said he has been out to the Coast recently. He said also that Butters had now plenty of money; was largely interested in the Realty Bonding & Finance Company, of Oakland; was actively connected with some new traction syndicates building trolleys in Northern California; and that some of his Oakland property has doubled in value recently." He gave an address for Wright in E. Orange, N.J. [MTP].

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam that he would put his essay on Howells in the July issue of *Harper's* unless he heard from Sam to the contrary. He did not want the Howells article to immediately precede "A Horse's Tale," nor to be in the same issue with Howells' own travel article. He enclosed a check for \$712.80 for 2,376 words of the Howells article [MTP].

May 8 ? Tuesday – **Gertrude Natkin** wrote to Sam that it "seems such a long time since" she'd written, and "what a disappointment to you to be confined to your room" when he might be "contemplating the enjoyment of the green meadows, of driving, riding, and other pleasures." Gertrude asked for a signed photo of him, and expressed her love again [MTAq 27-8; MTP].

May 9 Wednesday – **Isabel Lyon's journal**: "I think it was this day that Mr. Clemens gave the gospel ms. to Mr. Frank Doubleday to take & start in on the publishing of 250 copies to be printed on the DeVinne press. Not to be published in Mr. Clemens's name, not even to be copyrighted in his name" [MTP TS 70]. *Note:* clearly added at on later day. See under 1906 year entry a letter to Doubleday on this subject.

Oren Root, Jr. replied to Sam after investigating "the unfortunate incident" to which Sam referred on May 5, in which a street car conductor failed to make proper change for **Clara Clemens**. In view of the long employment of the conductor (since 1900) Root did not think the mistake was intentional, and wished to make amends. He enclosed 20c in stamps [MTP]. *Note:* see Sam's May 13 reply.

May 10 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to **Gertrude Natkin's May 5-8:**

Hail & Aufwiedersehen, Marjorie dear! & thank you for the blots—which I duplicate. Indeed it has been a troublesome captivity, but the end is near by, now, for if the weather permits, I am to leave my room day after to-morrow (or at furthest Monday) & break for the woods & freedom—that is to say, Dublin, N.H.

An autographed photograph? Why, I *did* think of it long ago, you little witch, but of course it wouldn't have been proper etiquette for me to offer it, you know. If there is one in the house you shall have it right away; & if there isn't, Miss Lyon will send out & get one.

Good-night & good-bye. I love you dearly, you dear little Marjorie (blot) & I'm glad you have shed those two unnecessary years (blot) [MTAq 28]. *Note:* "at furthest Monday" was May 14, the day he left N.Y. See Sam's May 13 to Natkin.

W.B. McGarvey for International Spiral Pin Co. wrote to Sam advising of a 6% dividend on preferred stock for 1905; he enclosed a check for \$219 [MTP].

May 11 Friday – William Dean Howells wrote from N.Y.C. to Sam. “I wont take advantage of a delicate convalescent; so when I come next, we’ll *talk*, not read and listen. There’s talk enough left in us, I hope. / Yours ever, / W.D. Howells / This is final” [MTHL 2: 806].

Poultney Bigelow typed a postcard to Sam.

Did you get a volume of “Panama Patch work!”—verse by my friend J.S. GILBERT of COLON. If so DO write him a few sweet words—he is a lovely clean fellow. When do you go to DUBLIN—myself am a FARMER at MALDEN on HUDSON—have planted onions and potatoes—have seven cows, three horses and several hens and my typewriter machine! All I want is someone to lean over my fence with a pipe and a smile like yours—for my name is / PB [MTP].

May 12 Saturday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Paine[,] Underwood & Johnson get up a game on copyright / Here’s this old [*illegible word*] Clemens over 70—in 5 years or more his copyrights will begin to perish, & they are the main support of his children—That should start the ball. Saturday, May 12, 1906, Dublin” [MTP TS 70].

The *Saturday Evening Post* published “Mark Twain’s Solo.” This issue sold on eBay in Feb. 2009, but no such article is listed in the index of the magazine, so perhaps it was a cartoon.

Gertrude Natkin began a letter to Sam that she finished on **May 13**. See below.

May 13 Sunday – Sam inscribed his photograph to **Gertrude Natkin**: “*To Getrude, with the love of her oldest friend— / Mark Twain / May 13, 1906*” [MTP].

Sam also wrote a follow up to **Oren Root, Jr.** on his complaint of his daughter being charged the wrong fare. Sam thanked him for investigating his complaint and acknowledged receipt of 20 cents worth of stamps: “The conductor against whom that charge can be made only once in two years must be a valuable man, and I should be the last one to wish to get him into trouble” [MTP: John S. Mayfield, *Mark Twain vs. the Street Railway Co.*, 1926, p.22-3]. *Note:* see May 5 to Root and May 9 from Root.

Gertrude Natkin finished her May 12 to Sam, calling him “Grandpa” and asking him not to love her “any less because I am sixteen. No matter how old I am in years, I shall always be your young little Marjorie as long as you wish it” She thanked him for sending her a present of one of his pens that would inspire her [MTAq 29; MTP].

May 14 Monday – Carl Schurz, statesman, reformer, and Secretary of the Interior under Rutherford B. Hayes, died in N.Y.C.

At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam sent his sympathies to the **Carl Schurz family**.

I beg the privilege of offering to the bereaved family a word of sympathy—deep & out of my heart. Words can convey nothing more at such a time—in them is no comfort. I am of those who loved Carl Schurz & revered him. In him I have lost a friend & guide, in him the nation has lost a noble citizen & most faithful servant. Not many go down to the grave mourned as he is mourned. With the deepest respect ... [MTP].

Afterward, Sam and Isabel Lyon left New York bound for **Dublin, N.H.** to spend another summer. Their first stop was **Boston**, where Sam stayed with the **Pearmain’s** and Lyon stayed at the Lennox Hotel [IVL May 14 TS 70-71].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

It was such a confused morning before we left for Boston. Mr. Bynner telephoned asking for a thousand words on Carl Schurz for McClure who died early this morning. Then other telephonings from Mr. Duneka for Carl S. message & Mr. Doubleday & Mr. Bynner again. Up & down I flitted while Mr. Clemens sat chatting with Mrs. Johnson [Teller] who came in to say goodbye. But we got started—I so tired & sodden & lifeless. The journey of 5 hours was easy & soft. Mr. Pearmain met us at the station, took Mr. Clemens home with him & left me at the Lennox Hotel [MTP TS 70-71]. *Note:* also, stuck into her 1908 Datebook: “Carl Schurz died today. Mr. Duneka telephoned asking for a message for Harpers from Mr. Clemens [MTP: IVL TS 8].

On May 31, Sam would write **Charlotte Teller Johnson** of their arrival: “Two hours after we reached Dublin Miss Lyon telegraphed Duneka: “Mr. Clemens decides not to attempt a Carl Schurz tribute.” An hour & a half later she telegraphed him: “The tribute is written—make room for 613 words” [MTP]. *Note:* the tribute ran in the May 26 issue of *Harper's Weekly* as “Carl Schurz Pilot”.

Léon de Vesly, conservator for a museum in France wrote in French to Sam (enclosed in Clarke's **May 30**)

MUSEE DEPARTEMENTAL
DES
ANTIQUITES
DE LA
SEINE INFERIEURE

Rouen, le 14 Mai 1906

Honoré Maître,

J'ai l'honneur de vous remercier du numéro de la Harper's Magazine dont vous venez de faire don au Musée de la Tour Jeanne d'Arc à Rouen. Je vous suis particulièrement reconnaissant de votre manuscrit don't M. Clarke nous a fait, hier, une belle traduction.

Le manuscrit et le livre seront désormais déposés dans les vitrines du Musée où ils feront l'admiration de tout ceux qui ont le culte de la grande héroïne française et l'amour de leur Patrie. — Encore merci!

Veuillez agréer, je vous prie,
Monsieur et honoré Maître
l'expression de ma vive reconnaissance,
Et de mon profond respect,
Le Directeur,
Conservateur des Monuments historiques,

De Vesly

A Monsieur Mark Twain

à New York (Amérique)

MUSÉE DÉPARTEMENTAL Rouen, May 14, 1906
DES
ANTIQUITÉS
DE LA
SEINE INFÉRIEURE

Honored Sir,

I have the honor to thank you for the issue of Harper's Magazine which you have given to the Musée de la Tour Jeanne d'Arc in Rouen. I am particularly grateful to you for your manuscript which Mr. Clark translated beautifully for us yesterday.

The manuscript and the book will from now on be shown in the showcases of the Museum where they will be admired by all who adore the great French heroine and who love their country. — Thank you again!

Please accept, honored sir, the expression of my vivid recognition and my profound respect,

The director,
Conservateur des Monuments historiques,

De Vesly

To Mr. Mark Twain

in New York (America)

[MTP: translation and notes by Holger Kersten, 2012] *Notes:* **Léon de Vesly** (1844-1920), archaeologist and professor of art and architecture. Biographical information on de Vesly in: **Georges Dubosques** "Léon De Vesly." *Revue Archéologique*, Ciquième Série, Tome XIII (Janvier-Juin 1921). Paris: Editions Ernest Leroux, 1921: 139-141.

May 14 after – Sam wrote sympathies to **Miss McMahon** on the death of **Carl Schurz** [MTP: noted in Isabel Lyon file]. *Note:* MTP catalogs this as 1906 only. Schurz died on **May 14**, which places this note after.

May 15 Tuesday – Sam and Lyon left **Boston** and traveled by train to **Dublin, N.H.** [IVL May 15 TS 71].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

~~Oh dear—such a [illegible word] cry in me. We're in Dublin now & the wind is crying such a terrible [illegible word]. It must be the hard plaster walls [several illegible words].~~ We came up from Boston this morning. Belle Greene was at the station and Mr. Clemens took her for Col. Higginson's daughter & said that he came near saying, "No babies yet?" The drive over from Harrisville was very sweet, through the budding spring for New Hampshire is 3 weeks behind New York. Mr. Clemens was huddled up in a Jaeger blanket, for Mr. Pearmain had left his cape in the carriage in Boston [MTP TS 71]. *Note:* Miss **Belle Greene** daughter of **Henry Copley Greene** and **Mary Abby Greene**.

Edward McKee for Marks, Montrose & McKee wrote from Los Angeles to request an autograph from Mark Twain [MTP].

May 16 Wednesday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:**

This morning Mr. Clemens went to work. It was after he went down from his room & he paced the porch in deep thought for a while (after a reporter from the *Boston Globe* had come & interviewed & photographed him). Then into the study he went, & at half past 2 he came out with a tribute of 600 words to Carl Schurz. It is so beautiful & strong. As we were nearing Boston [on May 14] Mr. Clemens began to feel that he couldn't write it, & wished that word wired to Mr. Duneka, but today the spirit in him spoke & poured itself forth in sacred tribute. Just before dinner I went onto the porch & Mr. Clemens sat there with Emerson's poems. He read *Monadnock*. There we sat under its mighty shadows & he red the stately poem as no one else in the world can read. After dinner he red much more of Emerson [MTP TS 71-72].

Frank N. Doubleday for Doubleday, Page & Co. wrote to Sam. "Dear M.T. Your telegram is just here." He was sending proofs from #19, the rest would come along day by day. "Hope you are fine it's hotter than thunder here today" [MTP].

Frank Northrup, for Northrup & Co., NYC wrote to Sam. "I collected the empty Pail as you requested of me, and on Monday I had an interview with Mrs. Johnson, during which she expressed the hope that you would pursue the treatment further in your Country home." The "treatments" were for Sam's chronic bronchitis [MTP].

Robert Reid wrote to Sam.

Dear St Mark / Do you mind?—I sent a copy of your letter—along with the photo, to my brother—who lives in Springfield & knows Bowles well—& to him went my brother—& betwixt 'em they published—as per enclosed! I do hope you dont mind. I was astonished to hear you were still in town—& called to see you & find you'd just left that day! I hope you did not see and believe as others did, the report in The Times, that my picture sold for \$50!—\$250—was bad enough / Yours... [MTP].

May 17 Thursday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Mr. Clemens reads poetry to Jean & me every evening. Such reading it is. There never was anyone to read so beautifully before & to charm you so & hurt you so” [MTP TS 72].

May 18 Friday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to H.H. Rogers.

I am lying fallow here, all these days, & drowsing & resting. Life begins to stir in me at last, but I’ve no use for it yet, for my stenographer is delayed & I can’t begin work until 3 days hence.

I do prodigiously like this air, this altitude, this deep silence, this unneighborred solitude. By the end of the month we shall be entirely settled & wonted & smoothly going, & ready for you & Mrs. Rogers to come to us & get a breath of brisk unsalted back-country air. We are 80 miles from Boston, by excellent ‘mobile roads.

If you sent for that check your order went to Dublin, Ireland. Do it again, & do it right.

Brer Duneka is slippery beyond imagination! I must tell you about it when you come. I mean another now, that he played slippery once before. I had forgotten it. In minor ways he is slippery a good 3 times out of 5. I want to get my Christian Science book out of his hands without raising a coolness. I must think of a way [MTHHR 607]. *Note.* *Christian Science* was published in 1907.

H.H. Rogers wrote from N.Y.C. to Sam.

My dear Clemens: / I sent you yesterday a statement of the Directors of the Standard Oil Co. to its Stockholders, which I hope you will read when you have time, between now and the 1st. of January.

I am reminded to write you because I have just had an interview with Charles Fairchild, a gentleman of pleasant memory, whom you will recall. He is trying to sell me some property in Boston. I did not “catch on.” He looked somewhat depressed and dilapidated. I told him I would not buy the City of Boston if I could get it for \$5,000. He thought it an amazing remark, and I told him I thought it would have your endorsement.

Mrs. Rogers, Dr. Rice and I are going to Fairhaven to-night. It is needless to say we would like to have you along, but that is impossible. I hope you reached Dublin in safety. The stock I had advised you to buy did not work as well as I thought it would, and so I have done nothing in the matter. / With kindest regards / P.S. I cannot lie. I did not use your name with Fairchild. That remark crawled in [MTHHR 606-7].

William Dean Howells wrote from N.Y.C. to Sam.

After a great toil and fret in a boiling temperature, I have found those letters of yours, which I will send to any exact address you give me. When you have autobiographed from them, will you send them back? We find ourselves unable to part with them, because there is surely great pleasure and perhaps profit in them. I suppose we can trust you, but I will feel better if Miss Lyon says you will do it.

We expect to sail for Kittery Point by the 11 p.m. express next Thursday. Till then, here.

I hope you got to Dublin in good shape, and feel young.

I went to the Schurz funeral yesterday. But how futile all funerals are! A man might as well live. One discourse in English which I could not hear, and one in German which I could not understand. Such is death [MTHL 2: 806-7].

May 19 Saturday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Orchestrelle put up today. / Mr. Paine & Miss Hobby are to arrive today” [MTP TS 72]. *Note.* the **Aeolian Co.** disassembled, shipped, and reassembled the Orchestrelle, from NY to Dublin, and returned it to NY after the season. The arrival of the biographer and stenographer on May 20 means Clemens did not dictate for his autobiography until Monday, **May 21.**

Roi Cooper Megrue wrote for Elisabeth Marbury to Sam, enclosing notices for “How I became Editor of an Agricultural Paper,” recently produced in Paris, and a “very great success” there. “Our Paris office requests me to ask you to give Mr. Timmory the liberty of using his own judgment for the publishing of this play in France” [MTP].

William Woodward Baldwin for the Plasmon Syndicate wrote to advise Sam of the annual meeting of the Plasmon Co. of America on May 22, 1906 at 12:30 in the afternoon. If Sam could not be present, Baldwin had his proxy and could act as his substitute if he wished [MTP].

May 20 Sunday – On or after this date in Dublin, N.H., Sam replied to Roi Cooper Megrue's May 19:

From your favor of May 19th I quote this sentence, to-wit: "Our Paris office requests me to ask you to give Mr. Timmory the liberty of using his own judgment for the publishing in France of his dramatization of How I became Editor of an Agricultural paper." I hereby accord to Mr. Timmory that liberty [MTP]. *Note:* Same day mail from N.Y. to Dublin was possible, but Sam's reference to his "favor of May 19th" rather than "today" suggests this reply was **on May 20 or after**.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Mr. Paine & Miss Hobby drove up this morning & I went with him over to the Raynor cottage with a view to renting it for the summer. Mother to come and chaperone Miss Hobby who is distressed over any lapse from propriety" [MTP TS 72].

May 20? Sunday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to William Dean Howells.

[Fragment:] "I have such volumes and volumes of things that I want to say that I shan't need any letters for many months to come, and so I don't want the responsibility of having those letters sent here or anywhere" [MTHL 2: 807]. *Note:* Sam had asked for his old letters to jog his memory for A.D.'s See May 18 from Howells.

May 21 Monday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam began dictating again for his Autobiography [MTHHR 607n1]. Sam's A.D. of this day, "The Jumping Frog" gives a short history of the famous frog tale; it was selected for MTE [143-48].

Clemens' A.D. for the day: Early experiences as an author—Publishing of "The Jumping Frog" in volume of sketches—Meeting **George W. Carleton** in Luzerno. His apology for having refused to publish Clemens' book of sketches. Difficulties attending the bringing out of "The Innocents Abroad" [MTP Autodict2].

Robert D. Hanna for the Plasmon Syndicate wrote to advise Sam of a special meeting of the stockholders of Plasmon Co. of America at June 21, 12:30 p.m., #11 Broadway, Room 932 [MTP].

George B. Harvey wrote to Sam. "I find your telegram awaiting me upon my return today from Vermont, where I went to attend the funeral of my mother. You can readily imagine the accumulation of things to do I find confronting me, but I shall worry through them as fast as I can and at the earliest possible moment, probably within two or three weeks, shall pay you a visit" [MTP]. *Note:* for some reason Sam wrote a list of names on the top of the letter: "H.G. Wells / Thos. Edison / Lord Avebury / Carnegie / Write Mr. Doubleday"

May 22 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon's journal: "Mr. Clemens is sitting down stairs in the hall revising the auto-ms. & chuckling with delight over the account of the speech he made 20 years ago at the Whittier dinner. "Oh, it will do to go into print before I die." —and the couch shakes with him & his laughter ~~He sits in his white clothes—so beautiful he is—so pure—~~and he calls out that he must begin at once to read it aloud to me" [MTP TS 72-73].

William Woodward Baldwin for the Plasmon Syndicate wrote in receipt of Sam's proxy for this day's stockholder meeting [MTP].

May 23 Wednesday – In Dublin, N.H. Isabel Lyon wrote for Sam to Frank N. Doubleday.

The Gospel is going to be a fine book. Keep the 250 copies safe & secure. Your share of the swag is 20% whenever we sell a copy—which will not happen for a good while yet; nor until the edition is rare & people

are illing to pay \$300. a copy for it. That is the price, or we hold on & wait ten years—you & my daughters. ... [MTP].

Note: Sam referred to his *What Is Man?* here as “The Gospel.” He “maintained his anonymity by having **Frank N. Doubleday** serve as his go-between with **DeVinne Press**, a New York City firm that published 250 copies of the book in August 1906. Issued without an author’s name, the book was copyrighted under the name of **J.W. Bothwell**, DeVinne’s superintendent” [Rasmussen *A-Z* 510]. Editorial emphasis. See also Trombley, *MTOW* p. 63, who writes, “Twain hoped it would create a literary sensation; instead, it fell flat...he wanted to burn the 240 volumes left.”

Charles J. Langdon wrote to Sam, enclosing a check on the Knickerbocker Trust Co. for \$137.50 on the Duvall County, Florida bonds, held by Sam as executor to Livy’s estate. Charley had been in Hot Springs, Va. and was not well.

“I trust you are all well at Dublin and on your new farm. I suppose you will look closely after the management of the farm and see that the crops are properly gathered when they are ready, if you can tell when that is which I doubt. / With love to you all” [MTP]. *Note:* Sam answered this tease **ca. May 25**.

Clemens’ A.D. for the day: **Charles Henry Webb** states that “Jumping Frog” has been favorably received by that he has received nothing on it because of dishonesty of the American News Co.—Clemens makes contract the American Publishing Co. for “Innocents Abroad” and suppresses the publication of “Jumping Frog” by Webb—afterwards discovered from the American News Co. that Webb had swindled him. Terms of contract with **Elisha Bliss** for “Roughing It” and “A Tramp Abroad” [MTP Autodict2].

May 24 Thursday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

The Gospel proof [“What is Man?”] comes along in batches from Mr. Doubleday & it is so beautifully printed to begin with & so absorbingly interesting that once you begin a galley you can’t stop until you’ve read all the batch. And Mr. Clemens does like it so much! It is his pet book and absolutely true. That & the Rubiyat ought to stand together [MTP TS 73].

In N.Y.C. **William Dean Howells** wrote to Sam.

“What *you* want to read is ‘In Our Town’ by Wm. Allen White. It is like all the middling-sized towns you ever lived in. It is a series of photographs taken with Roentgen rays. McClure publishes it. —Just off for Kittery Point, tonight. / Yours ever”... [MTHL 2: 808]. *Note:* June 24 to White; June 26 to Howells.

Clemens’ A.D. for the day: Clemens tries to buy his contracts from the American Publishing Co. & finally takes his next book, “Old Times on the Mississippi,” to **James R. Osgood**, who published it by subscription and made a failure of it. Osgood next published “The Prince and Pauper.” Clemens buys numerous patents, losing on all of them; also stock in Travelers Accident Insurance Co.—description of Senator **John P. Jones**—Mr. Clemens refuses to buy telephone stock [MTP Autodict2].

May 25 Friday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to **Frank N. Doubleday**.

Y.M. This is too much! I think it is not right to jest about such things.

O.M. I am not jesting, I am merely reflecting a plain & simple truth—& without uncharitableness. The fact that man knows right from wrong proves his *intellectual* superiority to the other creatures; but the fact that he can *do* wrong proves his *moral* inferiority to any creature that *cannot*. It is my belief that this position is not assailable.

Doubleday, please add the above pair of remarks after O.M.’s remark that he isn’t “hoisting” man up to the rat’s moral level [MTP]. *Note:* *What Is Man?* using Y.M. and O.M. for Young Man and Old Man.

Isabel Lyon's journal:

"The Raynor Cottage idea has fallen through. Miss Hobby was impossible in her old-maidish whims. Mr. Paine said he had worked with her for 8 years & never before knew what a damn fool she is. In her stenographic capacity she is excellent, but as a human companion she is impossible—a terror" [MTP TS 73].

May 25 ca. – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to Charles J. Langdon.

The letters which the mail daily brings to me are of 6 kinds—6 definite & distinct kinds. The purport of each kind is always the same, my answer is always the same, & can always be answered in the same old form of words. We keep a stock of these forms written out & on hand, & I have nothing to do but sign them & mail them. There is a 7th kind; it does not come often, but we keep a form for it, too. That is the sarcastic kind. The form for that one is: "Tell him to go to hell." That is *my* form. Miss Lyon translates it into something more Christlike, & away it goes. When she read to me your closing remark about my agricultural abilities, I said, from the force of habit, "Tell him to go to hell." But I take that back, seeing it's you.

I am glad to hear the good news of your health. We are all well here, except myself, & enjoying this Paradise to the limit.

As executor I acknowledge receipt of your check for \$137.50, & return you my thanks [MTP].

May 26 Saturday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

This afternoon when Mr. Clemens picked up the Times & noticed the date, he said, "This is one of my anniversaries—48 years ago I said goodbye to my little sweetheart". He told me then how he had said that he wouldn't see her for years—2 or 3—& she had given him a little gold ring & then he went away. Laura Wright was her name & she was very young. In all these 48 years he had never seen her. There weren't many romances in his life. There were 2 early ones, Laura Wright and Laura Hawkins [MTP TS 73-74].

Harper's Weekly published Sam's memorial: "Carl Schurz, Pilot." **Carl Schurz** died on **May 14**, the day Sam reached Dublin, N.H.

Clemens' A.D. for the day: Mr. Clemens becomes his own publisher and makes **Charles Luther Webster** general agent in firm of Webster and Co. Publishers. Webster publishes "Huckleberry Finn" successfully—**Daniel Whitford** of firm of Alexander and Green draws contract—Lecture tour with **George Washington Cable**—Farewell address on 19th of April [MTP Autodict2].

William Allen White (1868-1944) wrote and sent a copy of his book *In Our Town* (1906). The letter is not extant. The inscription: "*For Samuel L. Clemens / with gratitude for / many happy hours/ from W.A. White / Emporia, Kansas / May 26, 1906*" [Gribben 762].

May 27 Sunday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

Two hours of this morning Mr. Clemens called me & had me make notes. He planned out a course of action to be followed out in his scheme of breaking away from the Harper Contract & selling 50000 words to McClure for \$50000.00 to be syndicated. He wants it to go into the papers—even into the Hearst papers—to reach his "submerged clientele"—~~but I'm not altogether sure about the wisdom of that. I think he is too great for that.~~

This afternoon he read more auto-ms. & after he went to rest Mr. Brush & Gerome came in from a heavy rain. They stayed for dinner where Mr. Clemens reminisced about the "Innocents Abroad" days, the days spent in the Holy Land [MTP TS 74].

May 28 Monday – Clemens' A.D. for the day: Clemens calls on General Ulysses Grant just as he is about to sign contract with Century Co. for publication of his Memoirs on 10% royalty. Clemens dissuades him, and finally decides to publish them himself. Terms upon which they were published [MTP Autodict2].

Frank N. Doubleday for Doubleday, Page & Co. wrote to Sam.

Your letter of the twenty-third, and the paragraph this morning to be inserted after the Old Gentleman's remarks about rats, are safely to hand. The book, I understand, is going on all right now, and will soon be in shape. I have read part of the proof I have with great interest. As philosophy it is unassailable. To me it is very interesting. / Thank you for your remarks about Dr. Van Dyke's Little Masterpieces of Poetry [MTP].

Charles Burr Todd wrote from Redding, Conn. to Sam.

"I am about to issue a new edition of my History of Redding, which will have a chapter on the literary colony and portraits of R.W. Gilder, Albert Bigelow Paine, Ida M. Tarbell and others! As you have lately joined us should like yours if wholly agreeable." Todd wished an electrotype photo of Twain for use and asked if Sam was ready to give his plans for Redding [MTP]. *Note:* enclosed is a sales flyer on *A History of Redding* (1905), and *The Real Benedict Arnold* also by Todd. Also *The True Aaron Burr*. His middle name being Burr, Todd may have been related to Aaron Burr.

May 29 Tuesday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam began a letter to **Charlotte Teller Johnson** that he added to on **May 30, 31 and June 2, 1906.**

I recognized your voice almost immediately in the telephone, although I hadn't heard it since last year when I was leaving for those woods & hills. It was a very welcome sound. I suppose I broke into your work. I wouldn't have done that if I had thought. Next time, I will wait till evening—6 o'clock. I'm not overworking, these days, but you are, without a doubt. I *was* overworking, the whole winter; & the very day that the strain was removed with my last engagement, the collapse came—and the recovery hasn't arrived yet. If it doesn't happen to you when you finish this tremendous tour de force—but it well, & sorry am I.

Indeed I shall be glad to get that carbon print—it isn't far away now. Last night I read myself to sleep with Saint-Simon, & was again astonished at that man's facility in dealing off vivid & delightful portraits with his felicitous pen. And behold, after I talked with you I set about the dreary work of revising some chapters of my autobiography, & made the happy discovery that (I pay myself complements when I stand in great need.) I had to have a listener, for a person can tell very little about a piece of literature without reading it aloud—so I interrupted Miss Lyon's work & made her do the listening—the very service which you shirked, & I forgave you for it, too—I don't know why I am so good, I don't get any credit for it. At least not in this world; but in the next there'll be a good many white marks. You don't know what you lost, Charlotte. I didn't find it a dreary labor at all. I give you my word I haven't come across anything more entertaining in seven years. It is the first time I have ever read anything of my own & not been able to keep from laughing. I mean, when I *knew* it was my own. But you wouldn't have laughed. You are the soberest, gravest [*rest of the page and top of the next cut off*]

The deep stillness & repose of this place is a comforting contrast to the rage & turmoil of New York. The house stands on a wooded hill overlooking the United States, & there are but two houses in sight. I should like to stay here the rest of my days. Which reminds me that I am not properly treated by my tribe. I am never allowed to talk about the human race, & now they have taken to interrupting me every time I try to arrange about my funeral. It is to be in January, a year & seven months from now—January the 4th; if I told you the 6th it was a mistake, it is the 4th; I tell strangers it is the 6th, but I do not intentionally deceive friends. Last night I was arranging about lamentations, & was remarking that friends who cried would get a chromo, but I was as rudely stopped, there, as if I had been committing a felony. Do you know, some people have no feeling. But you are not that way; you know how to sympathise with the down-trodden & oppressed; I will fly to you when I wish to discuss those matters.

10 p.m. It is a homelike place, & delightful. The five places are spacious, & the woods is excellent. I read aloud, nights—and the others grind music out of the machine. I come to bed at 9.30; by 11 my neglected fire

goes out; before morning I catch a fresh cold every time; but I am used to it now, & it doesn't matter. It is an ideal life, & full of satisfactions; & if I could have anything like a fair chance at the human race & the funeral, I should be perfectly happy.

Write—and tell me all you know. You said you would [MTP]. *Note:* Louis de Rouvroy Saint-Simon (1675-1755); see Gribben p. 601-2.

Charles Barmore (“Famous men in fine art portraiture”) wrote from NYC to ask Sam to sign some photos he was sending by a.m. express [MTP].

Frank N. Doubleday wrote to Sam on a letter from the printer, Theodore L. De Vinne & Co., NYC. De Vinne questioned Sam's directive to put a half title to precede Chapter 3 on p. 39. De Vinne's May 29 to Doubleday: “I fail to see the reason for it, unless he wants to make a decided break in the book at this point...” Doubleday asked if they should include a brief title between each chapter [MTP].

Elizabeth Jordan for Harper & Brothers wrote to Sam.

Notes: During the spring and summer of 1906 Elizabeth Jordan, editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, made several attempts to persuade Clemens to write a chapter in a novel of plural authorship suggested to her by Howells for serial publication in the magazine. The story was to be called *The Whole Family*, and its plot concerned “the engagement of an unmarried daughter of the house.” As Miss Jordan described the project, “The Father, (Mr. Howells), begins the story, the Mother, (Mrs. Deland) continues it, the Son, (Mr. Thomas Janvier) tells his side of it, and so on....Mr. Howells and I are very anxious that you write the Small Boy's chapter” (Elizabeth Jordan to SLC, New York, 29 May 1906, MTP). see more *MTHL* 818-19. **Thomas Allibone Janvier** (1849–1913), writer and historian from Philadelphia.

Clemens' A.D. for the day: Webster's fine new quarters—Clemens calls on **General Grant** when he hears that his sore throat has been pronounced cancer—General Grant tells him of the ways in which **Ferdinand Ward** deceived him [MTP Autodict2].

May 30 Wednesday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam added to his **May 29** to **Charlotte Teller Johnson**.

Next night. After all those gay spirits, comes the natural reaction, the inevitable reaction, & I am as melancholy as a dog. All day. This morning came a newspaper from the Sandwich Islands, with an account of a marriage in it. Bride, groom, bridesmaids, groomsmen, their friends, their relations—I knew every one of them! & began to call up their faces out of the past, & their friendly voices, & shapely young forms, & care-free laughter, &—then it occurred to me, “Why, those are the *children* of the young people I knew”—for it was 40 years ago. It was a shock! More was to come: some of them were *grandchildren* of young people I had known; the bride & another were, at any rate. And her grandfather was referred to as “the *late* chief justice.” There is a whole history in it: bachelor, starting in life, in my time; husband since; father; grandfather; chief justice; dead, & buried. All since we comraded together. It made me blue. Human life is a fiendish invention, Charlotte. You admonished me lately to avoid melancholy—and that was wise—but in the same breath you confessed to that temperament yourself. Well, we can't help these things: they are not subject to command, they are purely matters of temperament—for your sake I wish it were not so.

10 p.m. Do I seem to be writing a journal? It is by the master's desire.

This letter reminds me of the time I reformed. I said I would smoke only one cigar a day. Before the month was out I was getting the cigars manufactured specially. They were as long as a crutch [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Holiday from dictating & Mr. Clemens has been reading the auto-ms. aloud & revising it. I am his audience—he has read fifteen thousand words, 2 hours this morning, & nearly the same time this afternoon he has given to it. Susy's Biography was the theme of it & his comment upon her comment is touching ~~so wonderful~~ is he—that all others are bleak, so full of surprises & thought & action that there is no monotony where he is.

Autobiographical Dictations resumed on a regular basis—M-F for two hours during 1906 and 1907

Tonight he read from the first Jungle book—but he was too exhausted after the long reading & revising of the day & so went early to his bed [MTP TS 75]. *Note: The Jungle Book* (1894) by **Rudyard Kipling**.

Edward E. Clarke wrote two letters from Hastings, England to Sam. In the first letter Clarke tells of a tour of the Union Jeanne D'Arc, Rouen, with materials that drew quite a crowd. The president of the Union, **Pierre Drapeau**, had written to Clarke that he had a son in NY, who sought literary work and would like to have an interview with Twain. Lyon notes on the back of the first letter to the effect that Sam was old and "heavily burdened," and that this was one of "a thousand appeals from strangers, to all of which he is obliged to say no." Clarke's second letter was one of introduction for this above mentioned son to Mark Twain [MTP].

May 31 Thursday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam added to his **May 29, 30 to Charlotte Teller Johnson**.

4.30 p.m., next Day. I am as tired as a day; but as jubilant as a whole wilderness of dogs. I have labored 4 ½ hours today—2 at dictating, this morning, & 2½ this afternoon at reading autobiography aloud on the porch to Miss Lyon & Mr. Paine. I will say it again, unto the Lady of Charlotte: you were in the wrong, distinctly in the wrong, unquestionably in the wrong that day, when you so stubbornly & violently & vindictively refused to let me read autobiographical MS to you, for I find it most shoutingly entertaining, I do indeed. It was not like you, it was far from like you to act like that, & I hope that these reproaches of mine will fill you with a consuming & devastating repentance & remorse. In which case you will be forgiven & get a chromo.

I was minded to telephone you at noon, but was out of pretexts—except a riddle, & it would not have been fair to break into your work for that. This is it: it has never yet been guessed:

One says to the Other, "You can refuse me ten thousand requests, but there is one which you will be obliged to grant. I ask that one now. Look in the glass."

The Other looked in the glass, & it was so.

Can you furnish the answer? Examine the glass & tell me the result. I am waiting.

This letter is getting oppressively long for you who are a busy person, but I can modify it with the scissors.

How to Reach a Decision when in Doubt. Arrive at a decision. This will settle your mind, then you will do the other thing. Two hours after we reached Dublin Miss Lyon telegraphed Duneka: "Mr. Clemens decides not to attempt a Carl Schurz tribute." An hour & a half later she telegraphed him: "The tribute is written—make room for 613 words." If I had your gait I could have achieved it in 21 minutes.

The Gospel is actually done. I finished it at 3 o'clock this morning [MTP]. *Note: The Gospel was What Is Man?*

Clemens' A.D. for the day: The lovely morning & the majestic Mt. Monadnock—Clemens speaks freely in this autobiography because he speaks from the grave—Does not believe in immortality—**Charles Luther Webster** a Jew—Bill taken up in Congress on last day of President **Chester A. Arthur**'s term by which **Ulysses S. Grant** was again made a General—Grant's indifference to eulogies [MTP Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

This has been a wonder day. Mr. Clemens dictated out on the porch this morning. In the afternoon he read the auto-ms. to me & then after the tea I started off ~~with Carlyle's French Revolution under my arm to read [several illegible words] anywhere between here & the mountain pasture, a wonder point from which you can see the great mountains sweep for miles in all directions. The trail up is indicated by little piles of stones placed there by Raphael Pumpelly & it is beautiful. Jean had supper with the Brushes & after our dinner here Mr. Clemens read The Rubaiyat to me. Oh what a gifted man he is—what a marvel!~~ In these days he is overflowing with a buoyancy belonging to a man of 45. Strength has come to him in these hills & ~~perhaps it will come to me too~~ [MTP TS 75-76; also mention in Gribben 518]. *Note: Lyon's strikeouts are left in for clarity. Her effusive praise of Clemens is often lined out, as is her more striking emotion, but some struck passages, such as the Carlyle passage are inexplicably struck. Providing them here affords clarity.*

May 31 ca. – In **Dublin, N.H.** Isabel V. Lyon replied for Sam to **Elizabeth Jordan's May 29:**

Autobiographical Dictations resumed on a regular basis—M-F for two hours during 1906 and 1907

The idea is excellent

Mr. Clemens is not acquainted with any of these people & so he would like to have as many of these instalments as he can—In fact he doesn't think he can do it at all until he has half of the instalments for nothing is suggested now, but the small boy talking against vacancy [MTP].

Summer 1906 – Sometime during his 1906 stay in Dublin (**May 18 to Oct. 18**, excluding a few trips), Sam met **Ethel Barrymore**, who was spending the summer at the artists' colony in Cornish, N.H., where she posed for several paintings. The colony, active between 1895 and 1925, was spread out over Windsor, Vt., Plainfield, and Cornish. During its time nearly 100 artists, sculptors, writers, designers, and well-known politicians chose to live there, either for the full year or during summertimes. Barrymore would become a famous actress. She wrote her memoirs in 1955 and mentions her first meetings with Mark Twain:

I went over to Dublin, New Hampshire, which is about fifty miles from Cornish, to visit Joseph [Linden] Smith, the artist. They were having some kind of garden fete and I was to be a sprite coming up from a fountain. Mark Twain was one of the guests that night. He was always very nice to me.

It was the first time I had seen him in white evening clothes. I met him with Bob Collier at dinner in New York shortly afterward, and he was still in his white evening clothes. I saw him again at some big benefit at an opera house where there were booths. He was sitting in the book stall, signing things, when I passed by. He called out, "Oh, there's the water sprite!" [TS by Tenney: *Memories: An Autobiography by Ethel Barrymore* p.154-5]. *Note:* Sam would "come out" in white evening clothes more spectacularly in *winter* in Washington on Dec. 7, 1906 before a Congressional committee. At this point, his dress was in-season.

June – Sam wrote "The Private Secretary's Diary." It was first published in *Fables of Man* (1972).

June 1 Friday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

Dictating: Mr. Clemens will never learn to be prudent about himself. Early this morning—at 7—I heard sneezes & then coughings & he told me when I went to his room to administer Coryza tablets & premonitory whiskey, that this time he had gone into the study to close the window, had found some papers there that interested him & he had stayed there in the cold until the chilliness came, when he went to bed and piled on all the blankets he could get hold of. When I deplored it, he was sweet & gentle as always & said he "hadn't ever done it before". Exactly—It is the things he hasn't done before that you can't plan for [MTP TS 76].

The *Hartford Courant*, p.17, reprinted Sam's article on **Carl Schurz** from *Harper's Weekly* of May 26. Schurz died May 14, the day Clemens arrived in Dublin N.H.

Richard Lloyd Jones for the Lincoln Farm Assoc. wrote to advise Sam of the first annual meeting of the Board of Trustees for the Assoc. on June 7 in the offices of **Clarence H. Mackay**, 253 Broadway, NYC [MTP].

Elizabeth Jordan for Harper & Brothers wrote to Sam. "Miss Lyon's note has reached me this morning, and I am delighted to know that you will write the small boy's chapter" [MTP]. *Note:* Jordan was getting up a collaborative story from well known authors for publication in *Harper's Bazaar*. Sam would find no inspiration for the work.

Clemens' A.D. this day included: **Gen. Grant** wishes Clemens's opinion of the literary quality of his *Memoirs*. Clemens places them side by side with Caesar's "Commentaries." **Chauncey Depew's** best speech. Ex-Confederate General **Simon Bolivar Buckner's** visit to Gen. Grant. General Grant's death. Webster suspects his bookkeeper, **Frank M. Scott** [MTP: Autodict2].

Autobiographical Dictations resumed on a regular basis—M-F for two hours during 1906 and 1907

June 1 ca. – In Dublin, N.H. Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to Edward E. Clarke.

Mr. Clemens requests me to write for him & thank you for the journals & letters you have sent him; but he wishes me to say that he is sorry Monsieur Dropeau [*sic* Drapeau] asks him to do anything for his son, for Mr. Clemens is too heavily burdened in these days to be able to grant such requests, and this one is one of a thousand appeals from strangers to all of which he is obliged to say no [MTP].

Pierre C. Drapeau wrote in a very small hand, and in part French, a picture postcard of Joan of Arc to Sam. He thanked Sam in advance for meeting his son, who wrote Sam on June 24 to ask for an interview [MTP].

June 2 Saturday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam finished his **May 29, 30, 31 to **Charlotte Teller Johnson**.**

LATER. / In a curious way we have discovered that the village hello-girl is prodigiously interested in all messages that proceed from this house, & was as prodigiously interested in them last year. Very well, I did not personally use the telephone at all last year & have personally used it only once this year. I'm done! I was intending to use it again to-morrow, but I shan't. If I ever use it personally again it will be a case of unavoidable necessity

[*Written in the margins:*] Charlotte, the only ambition of my life it to be good & pure & sweet, & so I wish to ask your advice. I find that in this dictated rough-draft of my answer to my brother-in-law General Langdon, I have unconsciously & inadvertently used profanity. I am in some distress about it, & would like to have your advice. I never use profanity except when writing to clergymen. Do you think it wrong to use profanity when writing to other people? If you do, I will not do it any more. I will do just as you say.

Also—another point. To-day the dentist drove here from Keene, 15 miles, to begin some repairs on my teeth, & I liked him so much that I wanted to do something to show it, so I invited him to the funeral. Jean & Miss Lyon were very indignant, & after he was gone, they said I ought to be ashamed of myself for forcing such an attention upon a person I had never seen before. I said I meant no harm, & I didn't tell him the right date anyway; I told him the 6th. Now Charlotte, he *is* nice; do you think I did wrong? If you think so, I will send him word not to come. I will do just as you say, for I think more of your judgment than I do of theirs. You are my friend, while they—well, I regard them as mere accidental acquaintances.

I will remind you that you promised to write me every fortnight—& here it is a month & not a line from you yet. You never fell short of a promise before. I want to hear from you. Are you in good spirits, & cheerful? I hope so. But I think you must be very tired. Is the osteopath threatening consumption again? You intimated it. Is he repeating it? [MTP]. *Note:* Sam enclosed **Charles Langdon's May 23** and his response.

Isabel Lyon's journal:

2½ hours dictating this morning, & the long story of Mr. Clemens's unfortunate alliance with Webster has been finished. Five days he has been at it, *grinding* it out. As he has walked the porch he has made frequent appeals to his watch in sheer weariness, hoping to find that 12 o'clock has been reached.

There are a lot of old bound volumes of Little's Living Age in the house & Mr. Clemens has taken them as his reading, but finding about only one readable article in a volume. It's a pretty dull collection, & solid, not a break made by a remark & today as Mr. Clemens opened one of them he said it was "like looking at an asphalt pavement" for dull monotony [MTP TS 76-77]. *Note:* it was unusual for Sam to dictate on weekends.

Charles J. Langdon wrote to Sam, enclosing a check for \$25 for a coupon of the Atlanta Gas Co, from the estate of Susie Clemens.

You will see that notwithstanding in your last letter you consigned me to the infernal regions because of my kindly attempt to help you in your farming undertaking that I have not yet taken my departure. This is largely due to the fact that I prefer to wait for you as I think you can show me about the place to which you sent me better than most any other guide that I could get [MTP].

Clemens' A.D. this day included: Examination of the books & punishment of **Frank M. Scott**, who had stolen \$26,000—Webster refuses books which Clemens wishes published & accepts worthless ones—He is succeeded by **Fred Hall**—**Charles L. Webster** accepts **Edmund Clarence Stedman's** "Library of American Literature" which caused the firm to fail—Clemens starts on his lecturing tour around the world & in 13 months pays off all his indebtedness—**James W. Paige**, & the type-setting machine [MTP: Autodict2; MTE 186-95].

June 3 Sunday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

The morning bed-talks are vastly interesting. I go into Mr. Clemens's room a little before 9, after he has finished his breakfast. I make a good audience for him to talk against in order to get himself into the dictating swing. The day has passed long since when he discovered he couldn't sting me by his tirades against the superstitions of the church & his disgust at those who worship "a tarbaby of a Jesus Christ" or the "dangling carcass of a virgin", so he lets his speech flow freely on those subjects.

Tonight after dinner when we were talking about fleas & how they never trouble him, he curled up in a splendid spasm of laughter, & then when he unwound himself he told of how when they were traveling in the Holy Land 40 years ago, he bought a pipe & some vile native tobacco from an old woman in Nain. They did some of their journeying by night to avoid the heat, & as they were jogging along he at the head of the procession, he lit that pipe & as the smoke rolled over his shoulder, one after another of the 6 other pilgrims rolled down from their horses, sickened by the vile smoke & he has never recovered from the fun of seeing their misery. He laughed his great hearty laugh, as he sat by the window, stamping his feet on the floor & bending his white head to his white knees in a joy which never diminished [MTP TS 77-78]. *Note:* entries for June 3, 6, and part of 7 have X's across from margin to margin, as if the entries were judged unsuitable in some way, possibly for publication.

Richard R. Bowker wrote from Stockbridge, Mass. to Sam.

"The stage is well set—Senate and House Committees together, Library of Congress Sen. Reading Room—for the copyright hearing Wed. June 6th at 10, and we hope you can take a central place, health permitting, speaking especially as to the life-and-fifty-years term. The bill is very good, tho not all that *all* want" [MTP].

June 4 Monday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to **Frederick A. Duneka**.

I find that this "Library of Humor" is not the one which was compiled by me, but is a new book, in whose compilation I have had no part. Also, I find that this book is being actually "published" & its sale pushed.

Also I find that it is not a cheap book, "with no money in it for either of us," but is cloth-bound & higher priced than my own book.

I only consented that you should resurrect my old book, issue a trifling edition in a cheap form, & make ostensible publication to "save the copyright" from piracy by a Western publisher.

This astonishing violation of a plain & simple agreement is most unsatisfactory to me. I would not have consented to a *real* republication of the book which I myself compiled & was responsible for, neither would I have dreamed of allowing anyone to put my name to a book in whose compilation I took no part.

I must ask you—in fact I must require you—to take this book out of print immediately, & destroy the plates. Truly Yours

[*After his signature.*]

Necessarily I shall expect—and require—20% royalty on all copies of the book sold between its issue & its suppression. I must ask you to send me your check for \$600, as my books have not been advertised in Harper for Jan. Mar. & June [MTP]. *Note:* Sam also complained to H.H. Rogers on June 6 and wanted his opinion on this letter before sending it.

George B. Harvey wrote to Sam. “Dear Uncle Mark, / Alas! alas! I am called back to England to attend to some business and sail tomorrow. I expect to return in about six weeks and to see you then. / Trusting that your behavior is beyond reproach and that you are greatly benefiting from your mountain air, / Faithfully yours...” [MTP].

H.H. Rogers wrote to Sam.

I received your letter in due time and note that the automobiling is good to Dublin. Mrs. Rogers has a new machine of which she is very proud, and it is barely possible that you will see us in New Hampshire before many moons have passed.

Col. Harvey was in here to-day for a chat about matters in general, and particularly because he is going back to Europe to-morrow on the Baltic. Your friend Duneka remained in the hall, and I only saw him at the parting. I wanted to ask Duneka for the money due on the manuscript you have at Harper’s; but hardly dared take the liberty. The Colonel said business was not very good, and he could go away as well as not, which leads me to say that I am of the opinion that they are not particularly prosperous [MTHHR 608]. Rogers cautioned Sam not to do anything to jeopardize the contract.

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

June 5 Tuesday – Marguerite Merington wrote to Sam. “To-morrow –Wed. June 6, at four, Dr. Douglas Hyde, President of the Gaelic League and Mrs Hyde are coming to me at dear Ruth McEnery Stuart’s with whom I am staying. They would so greatly like to see you—Mrs Stuart joins me in warmly hoping that you and the Misses Clemens will come” [MTP].

June 6 Wednesday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam sent a telegram to **H.H. Rogers**. “Yes still am investor to amount formally mentioned Come up here both of you and I will return with you if properly invested”

Sam then wrote Rogers a letter:

I’ve been sending you a line by telegraph.

Harvey was due here on a visit—any time between June 4 & 10—and I was going to talk “Library of Humor” with him. But I shall now have to do the talking with Duneka. Duneka must arrange a satisfactory compromise with me or I will enjoin that book & sue for damages for unauthorized use of my name for the acquiring of money under false pretenses. I wrote him a letter the other day (first to be submitted to your judgment) and I will enclose a copy of in it this. Now then, jump into the ’bile the both of you, & come! We are all ready, waiting, & wanting you. Telegraph me.

This is country here—real country. Yesterday at 6 p.m., I was standing along on the front porch looking out on the distant valley & the frame of mountains, when a buff & beautiful creature—a doe—came loafing as unconcernedly across the grounds as if she owned the property. There—aren’t we in the country? Isn’t that a sign of it? I was quite unarmed, there was no help near, yet I was not afraid. I got under the porch, but that was because it was going to rain.

Yes, the \$10,000 is waiting there for investment—tuck it in for me. I was going to offer Harvey \$50,000 worth of Autobiography for the Weekly, (102,000 words at 30 cents); he would deadline; then he would cancel (in writing) my *right* to take it elsewhere./ With love to you all— [MTHHR 609-10]. *Note:* See June 4 to Duneka for the conflict over the new *Library of Humor* book.

Clemens’ A.D. this day included: The celebration at York Harbor—**Olivia Clemens’** failing health—She entertains, for the last time, the beautiful “American foreigner” introduced by **Carmen Sylva**—The return to Riverdale in invalid’s car—The season of unveracity [MTP: Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

This morning great argument! I had just told Mr. Clemens that yesterday Mr. Paine had told me that he had been married twice, the first marriage beginning in romance, ending in tragedy, & they separated. Mr. Clemens

then took up a cudgel for a woman similarly separated, defending, excusing, & damning the human race for making the defense a necessity. ~~Woman that I am, I always wonder how much of the past cause of the unhappiness must be laid to the woman—unless the man is a drunkard, then I think most of it must be laid to her. She doesn't know her power.~~ Mr. Clemens laid all the faults of all mankind to the mothers for they alone—*alone*—have the teaching of their children. But he didn't mean all that—for it goes *against* his gospel and weakens his position. I sat on that stiff little chair defending the mothers & I couldn't say what I ought to have said because I was blind with the suddenness of his attack. ~~I trembled & wanted to say~~ [page ends] [MTP TS 78]. *Note:* again the strikeouts are instructive; along with the June 3 entry (none were made for June 4 or 5), this entry has a large X-out from margin to margin.

Two copies of the first American edition of *Eve's Diary, Translated from the Original MS* were deposited with the copyright office. The book was released this month [Hirst, "A Note on the Text" Afterword materials p.27, Oxford ed. 1996].

Miranda N. Thomas wrote from Wash. D.C. to Sam, having noticed in a copy of the Digest a few weeks prior, the "optical illusion" of Sam's photo with the imagined little girl leaning to his ear. She enclosed the clipping (not in the file) [MTP]. *Note:* see photo in the Dec. 8 entry when it ran in Harper's Weekly.

June 7 Thursday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to daughter **Clara** at the 21 Fifth Ave. home in N.Y.C.

Clärchen dear, it is good news you send, very good news indeed. I take it that with your voice's progress your health improves, too—may it continue!

I hope you will not have to stay in New York after this month, for I judge you are going to have blistering weather there.

We are living in a solitude, but it is a pleasant one. We have no near neighbors. Yesterday towards sunset I was standing on the piazza when a couple of beautiful young deer sauntered leisurely across the grounds a little distance away, & stopped & took an indolent survey of me, then passed lazily along & disappeared among the trees. Jean is going to put salt on a rock there & encourage them to come again & be sociable & friendly.

I am dictating two hours every morning, & enjoying it—& enjoying fine health, too, but I do no work. Jean drives, & Miss Lyon walks, but I only read & loaf, afternoons.

Mr. & Mrs. Rogers are coming presently, per automobile, & maybe I shall go back with them to Fairhaven for a few days.

With a hug & a kiss & a have-a-good-time, dear ashcat, / Father [MTP].

Sam also sent a telegram to **William Dean Howells**: "Please dont burden yourself with Furness story—I think I Can tell it well enough to answer" [MTHL 2: 808].

Note: the source gives the A.D. for this day as dealing with "the parallelism of the situation in the Furness household, described to him by Howells, with the story 'Was it Heaven? or Hell?' (*Harper's*, December 1902...), and with the elaborate precautions taken in the Clemens household during the winter of 1902-03 to keep from Livy the knowledge that Jean was dangerously ill with pneumonia" [n1].

Clemens' A.D. this day included: The difficulties of **Clara's** position during her mother's and **Jean's** illness—The **Susy Crane** letter—Mr. Clemens' version of **William Dean Howells'** story—Taking **Livy** to Florence, and her death, there [MTP: Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Jean, 11:30; 2:15

Edith

Yesterday Mr. Paine and I went off for a walk, up over the hill in Monadnock direction. We went to find a wonderful pink bush, but were stopped before we could reach the distant spot by a thunder storm. We crept

Autobiographical Dictations resumed on a regular basis—M-F for two hours during 1906 and 1907

in under a hemlock tree & with the rain dripping from our noses, we philosophized. In these days I'm not as happy as I ought to be, & the very unhappiness is teaching me things of course.

Is it the loneliness, perhaps?

Evenings Mr. Clemens reads aloud to us. The Jungle Books now.

Standing alone on the porch, Mr. Clemens saw 2 deer sauntering along close to the house [MTP TS 79; also mention Gribben 378].

John Daniels for the Congo Reform Assoc., Boston wrote to Sam "to ask for further aid in the work of this Association." The urgent appeal to their friends stemmed from a debt of \$5,000. "We must have money." Could Sam at least supply some names of likely donors? [MTP].

Harper & Brothers wrote to Isabel Lyon: "Replying to your favor of June 5th asking us to send one copy of Harper's Magazine, the issue of December 1902 to Mr. S.L. Clemens, Dublin, N.H. we regret that we are unable to comply...as this issue of the Magazine is entirely out of print" [MTP].

June 8 Friday – Clara Clemens' 32nd birthday. She called her father on the telephone, that device he used to swear and rail at in Hartford in the late 1870s [June 9 to Clara].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Santa telephoned for it is her birthday & her voice made us lonelier than ever. When she asked me how things were here I blurted out that it was lonely & Mr. Clemens felt it too, & from his last letter to her she said she could know it. Then later we held a "Lodge of Sorrow"—Mr. Clemens & I—and have pronounced this Upton House as failure. It is remote from all human beings—and wonderful as the view may be, the "human jewel" is more of a necessity than is the view.

Mother arrived in F. from Washington today.

Today Mr. Paine went down to New York [MTP TS 79-80].

William Dean Howells wrote from Kittery Point, Maine to Isabel Lyon that he'd received a telegram from Furness (not extant): "Please tell Clemens...I remember no more of the Furness story now than he does," but a friend of **Pilla Howells** was "acquainted with the precise circumstances" and he would write him again once he saw her in a few days [MTHL 2: 809]. *Note:* the Furness story was a parallel one to Sam's "Was it Heaven? or Hell?" Howells wrote again on June 11.

Samuel S. McClure wrote to Sam. "I arranged with Peter Finley Dunne to syndicate his articles. On the average I got about \$1,250. an article, of which he got \$1,000. and I got \$250. I think that a series of short articles, made up of parts of your autobiography, each more or less completely a story, could be syndicated for at least as much as Mr. Dunne's." McClure offered to take up the syndication and pay Sam an 80% royalty of the gross receipts [MTP]. *Note:* Sam replied **ca. June 11**. He was contemplating dumping Harper's and letting McClure syndicate 50,000 words at \$50,000. See IVL entry for May 27. His unhappiness with Harper's stemmed from their reluctance to publish Christian Science; he also perceived they were not advertising his books properly.

Roi Cooper Megrue for Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Sam enclosing papers for him to sign for him to be come "a member of the Societe des Auteurs et Compositeurs Dramatiques of France. It is necessary that these papers be signed in order that you may receive your royalties" [MTP].

Barbara Mullen wrote from Moberly, Mo. to bring before Sam what she considered to be "a slander that is being perpetrated upon you almost every day in the town where you passed your boyhood..." It seems that the recent new hotel, named after Twain, was so full up daily that the hotel agents were going to the train depot and calling out repeatedly, "Mark Twain's full!" [MTP]. *Note:* Sam answered on June 14.

June 9 Saturday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to daughter **Clara**.

Clärchen dear, many happy returns! it was a joy to hear your dear voice in the telephone yesterday.

This is a special letter. I have a note from Mrs. [Charlotte Teller] Johnson (whom you do not like), saying she has finished the 4-act play which was only in the form of skeleton-notes when I saw it the first of May. Good or bad, this is an astonishing achievement for so brief a time. I am forgetting: I *did* see more than a skeleton, I saw half of an act in completed form. Mansfield has sent for the MS, & Lorraine wants to read it next. This play may not be a good one, but she will write a good one yet. She has talent & industry.

She is going to ask you over to dinner; also Percy Grant, who called, the other evening, & asked to become an ex-resident member of the "A Club"—that group of 13 pen-laborers at No. 3. Perhaps you will decline, but I hope not.

There's been no way to kill time, after my 2 hours of dictation, mornings, & I was likely to die of the boredom of it. But now I am saved. I have come across a story whose two heroes are Bambino and an old Admiral, & am enthused by it, & am going straight to work and finish it. It will take a couple of months; & so, my afternoons will not be dreary hereafter.

With 'bunnance of hugs & kisses & birthday congratulations, / Father [MTP]. *Note:* no recent note from Charlotte Teller Johnson is extant. See June 18 to Clara. The "A Club" at 3 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. was a group of writers living together, including Mrs. Johnson. See Apr. 11 entry for McFarland's description of the "A Club," strictly speaking not a club but a commune.

Sam also wrote to **Charlotte Teller Johnson** at 3 Fifth Ave. N.Y. "It is fine news. I wish I could be present, but shall be delayed until Monday or Tuesday" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

~~These are days of struggle & I can't write very much.~~

Mr. Clemens is not altogether satisfied with the dictating. It comes too regularly & he can never stand routine of any kind.

Oh, but it has been a damned enough day. Jean was insolent to her father. He stayed in his bad all the afternoon. ~~Climaxes are coming—the [illegible word]'s letter came & my great spirit sat & wrote Oh C.C. [several illegible words]; & here I sit waiting for the electric lights to go out at [illegible word] & I'm smoking cigarettes [illegible words].~~

~~June 9, 1906—From Dublin I am writing Miss Hyde for she predicted calamity for me a year hence & the ghost—the demon of that calamity is ever beside me [MTP TS 80].~~

Samuel S. McClure wrote to Sam, thinking it might be profitable to syndicate some of Sam's books, like *RI* and *TS*. He suggested Sam ask **H.H. Rogers** about the idea. Also, he wrote, "Mr. Will Irwin of San Francisco, who rewrote the copy of the New York *Sun* describing the earthquake will call upon you within a few days. I think that we ought to get together and squeeze all the money there is to be had for you out of your work serially. I wish to heaven I were the publisher of your book[s]" [MTP].

D. Willers wrote from Fayette, NY to invite Sam to "Old Home Week" commencing Aug. 19 [MTP].

June 10 Sunday – In the evening in **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to **Charlotte Teller Johnson**.

Let me congratulate, let me shout! I wrote you a good deal of a letter to-day, & took a world of pains with it, in the pretty doubtful hope of persuading you to put the work aside a while & not destroy yourself with it, but I have burnt it without a regret for the labor wasted. Charlotte dear, you have come through handsomely, you remarkable creature! Take a good satisfying rest—you deserve it.

Indeed yes, I wish I could be at that dinner; & it might have happened, too, but for the accident that whereas I made ready yesterday to leave for New York to-day to begin a lawsuit, news came last night that I needn't go for six weeks yet. I felt disappointed. And quite naturally, too, for I did want to escape from this place for a week or two. Most privately & most confidentially I wish to whisper to you that this beautiful, this enchantingly beautiful homestead, is a perfectly heartbreaking solitude. It would be that, even if the summerers were already here—which they are not; for they all live two or three miles away—too far for me.

I've stopped dictating—tired of it. I've stopped reading autobiography & admiring it—tired to death of it! We are tired of each other's faces. "The others find ways—such as they are—to kill the time, but I can't find any way. Jean takes long drives every day—I never do, I detest it. Miss Lyon takes long walks every afternoon over the hills & through the woods—I have not stepped a foot off the piazza in all these weeks—or is it years? I was never so dismally situated in my life before. It is so different from last year! We couldn't get that house this year, but we have spoken for it for next year. Oh, Solitude—think of it! two days ago I was standing on the piazza at 6 p.m. when two beautiful deer came sauntering across the grounds & stopped & looked me over as impudently as if they thought of buying me. Then they seemed to conclude that they could do better for less money, & sauntered indolently away.

.... [cut here is a description of pages he decided not to send, including an "incomprehensible" PS to Dr. Northrup that was "merely a surreptitious letter" to Teller]

I'll study the play several days, when it comes, but I shall be afraid to criticise, because I am not competent.

You wrote a real letter at last, Charlotte, & a most cheerful & inspiring & satisfactory one. / SLC [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

The morning business hour is all the day now. This morning it was quite a wonder—but I felt pretty ill when Mr. Clemens was reading aloud to me "The Brotherhood of Man"—a bit of a ms. he wrote 1½ years ago. I'd been so ill in the night & I couldn't sleep. Jean's insolences—poor child—& the great lonely hours have given the place a new name. The King calls it "The House of Mirth" [MTP TS 80-81]. *Note:* This entry and part of June 11 are crossed out with a diagonal X from margin to margin.

Sumner Bass Pearmain wrote to Sam. "Delighted to have this done for you—This is a copy from the Boston Transcript. I trust you are all well" [MTP]. *Note:* No enclosure is in the file.

June 10 ca. – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote a reply on the June 8 letter from **Samuel S. McClure**.

It may be that I can accept your offer, but I can't tell about that yet. As to the kind of stuff to be taken from the auto[biography] that is not a thing for me but is for some one to do who is representing you—Any time that Bynner can come.

First be necessary for Mr B to find out if the stuff here is the kind that he wants [MTP]. *Note:* **Witter Bynner**, at this time editor for McClure's.

June 11 Monday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to **Charlotte Teller Johnson**, trying to cheer her up; she was discouraged "after a long hard siege of work," as he put it. He regretted his "foolish letter" to her, and acknowledged that her "nerves would be worn" from her "long toil."

That I should vex you, or pain you, of all persons—you know I would not do it purposely; you must surely know that. Take heart. / Sincerely Are you obliged to do the work now? Might not a month's rest be an advantage to you & to it, too? Even if you resent this suggestion I have to take the risk & make it. And at least I mean it in good part. I would say three months if I dared [MTP].

Clemens' A.D. this day included: The beautiful morning—Noble situation of the house—Its one defect, loneliness—The visit of the deer—Sympathy with Adam and Eve in Garden of Eden—Eruption of Vesuvius—Earthquake in San Francisco [MTP: Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Tonight when Nancy Brush was here, Mr. Clemens read aloud "Red Dog"—Kaa's eyes were like "stale opals"—such a good description, he said. I wish Kipling could hear him read those masterpieces & see him read them, for it is a satisfying sight.

Today at half past five Mr. Clemens called me & read to me a fable he has written a short time before. He had concocted the fable in bed this morning, very early, & later he read the fable again to Nancy & Jean. It's about the animals looking in a mirror to see a beautiful something, but each one saw only a reflection of himself & accused the house cat & all the others of lying [MTP TS 81; noted by Gribben 381]. *Note*: "Red Dog" by Kipling, who's phrase was ("the light seemed to go out of his eyes and leave them like stale opals")

William Dean Howells wrote from Kittery Point, Maine to Sam, giving him the full particulars of the **Furness** story: "Mrs. Fiske, who recalled the facts to Pilla, was here yesterday, and repeated them to me" [MTHL 2: 809-10]. *Note*: See June 9 from Howells.

Harper & Brothers wrote to **Isabel Lyon**. "We are in receipt of your letter of June 8th and have sent the 2 copies of EVE'S DIARY. /Harper's Magazine for December 1902 has been out of stock for several years. We shall, however, endeavor to purchase a copy for Mr.Clemens..." [MTP].

Roi Cooper Megrue for Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Sam. "I have your letter of June 8th regarding Mr. Ducquois' application to dramatize "The Californian's Tale". I will write Miss Marbury about it and am sure we will be able to arrange satisfactorily" [MTP].

June 11 ca. – In Dublin, N.H. Sam gave instructions to reply to the June 9 from **D. Willers**: "Tell *him* to go" [MTP].

June 12 Tuesday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to **Samuel S. McClure**. "Just please call on Mr. Rogers & talk your ideas to him about everything. The idea of syndicating those books seems to me a good one & I dont see that it could be objectionable to the publishers at all" [MTP].

Clemens' A.D. this day included: The San Francisco earthquake—**Mme. Sembrich's** experience—The strange absence of fear shown by all who were shaken up by the earthquake—Clemens speaks of the great San Francisco earthquake which occurred when he was living there—He learns through **Richard Williams** of the safety of **Steve and Jim Gillis** [MTP: Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Jean 11:30 violent; 4:20

I have to sleep on Bromidia.

The loneliness here this year is enough to do one a damage, and the loneliness is not because one is alone, either.

Gerome came in for tea this afternoon and told me of [*illegible word*] part of his recent life. What a dear impressionable & beautiful young creature he is. He has not been able to draw much of late, his eyes have troubled him, & so his active young mind has been running along in the producing of plays. He gave me a synopsis of one, which has a pretty invention, with enough of the impossible in it to make it quite taking, I should think.

Mr. Clemens slept a good part of the afternoon & came down with his auto.-ms. to read, but he didn't read it. Gerome was here & then came dinner & then a visit to Jean, & then he went to bed again, tired out [MTP TS 81-81]. *Note*: **Gerome Brush**.

June 13 Wednesday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote one sentence to **H.H. Rogers**, asking him to get his *Christian Science* book from Harper's and put it in his safe until he arrived [MTHHR 610].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Beginning of headache. E

Mr. Paine came back today from his N.Y. trip. He saw C.C. several times & found her the “dearest thing” and “the most beautiful creature” in the world. He told her that this is “the most beautiful place on earth & also the most lonely”, and it is. I’m afraid, in fact I know, that Mr. Clemens is a little tired of him, but he’ll get over that. He must—for Mr. Paine is doing a great work for Mr. Clemens & the children. He is invaluable, for his interest does not slacken in his daily labor.

~~This day I am ill. The nervous terrors of yesterday & the several past days have done their work—and done it well.~~

Tonight Mr. Clemens read from a ms. he wrote 30 years ago: “Captain Stormfield’s Visit to Heaven”. It is a wonderful piece of satire & is written with the same touch, & the convictions of today. It was intended as a satire on “The Gates Ajar” & years ago Mr. Howells wanted Mr. Clemens to publish it & ask Dean Stanley to write an introduction to it. In 1891 just before they left the Hartford house Mr. Clemens read it, but didn’t like it then. Now he does, & the part he read tonight is publishable [MTP TS 82-83]. *Note: The Gates Ajar* (1868) by Mrs. **Elizabeth Stuart Ward** [Gribben 741].

Samuel S. McClure wrote to Sam.

I want to thank Miss Lyon very much for her letter of the 11th. / I regard this matter which we are discussing as of the first importance to both of us, and I would be ready to arrange to spend two or three days in Dublin to look over the manuscript. When I am there I can talk over the other matters which I wrote about [MTP].

Lester Ralph wrote about this day from Warrensburg, NY to thank Sam for his note about the drawings for *Eve’s Diary* and was glad they pleased [MTP].

Abraham Clemens (1831-1915), age 74 and a cousin of Sam’s, was married at Claysville, Pa., 11 p.m. to Mrs. **Elizabeth McFarland**, age 67 or 72. New York papers reported the marriage on June 15, including the *Times* and the *Evening World*. The latter added that “Mark Twain telegraphed his congratulations” (not extant) and gave the bride’s age as 72, and that they eloped: “Mrs Clemens stated that she believed her husband would not require discipline similar to that she used on her last husband whom she kept in a tree for three hours with a shotgun trained on him because of his refusal to comply with her wishes” [*Times*, p.1; *World* p.16]. *Note:* Sam and Abraham were third cousins, their great-grandfathers being brothers.

Clemens’ A.D. this day included: The days of reporting on the *Morning Call*—The advent of **Smiggy McGlural** & the resignation of Clemens—Destruction of *Morning Call* building in recent earthquake—Good times with *Bret Harte* in *Morning Call* office [MTP: Autodict2:MTE 254-63].

June 14 Thursday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to Miss **Martha S. Bensley** (later **Bruere**) (1879-1953), author who had her articles on the Russian revolution published in the Mar. 1906 issue of the A.F. of Labor’s magazine, *American Federationist*.

I am sending you a small book. But I do not wish you to think I approve of the pictures, for I do not. I think they are scandalous. I tried hard to get the artist to put clothes on those people, but he would not do it at any price that I could afford. Please tear the pictures out, then you need not be afraid to leave the book lying around. / With kindest regards and best wishes [MTP].

Note: Sam sent *Eve’s Diary*; he liked to joke about the drawings without clothes. **Apr. 6** entry lists Bensley as a collaborator with **Charlotte Teller Johnson** on a play not performed. A N.Y. *Times* article of Apr. 16, p.1, identifies **Martha Bensley** as “connected with a syndicate which supplies Russian stories for magazines.” She was questioned in the article about the whereabouts of **Maxim Gorky**, who had been turned out of the third hotel after the scandal involving his live-in mistress broke.

Sam also wrote to **Charlotte Teller Johnson** but did not send it; Instead he sent the draft to **Isabel V. Lyon**, writing: “I did not send this, Miss Lyon, but spewing it out relieved me.” The note he wrote to her:

Autobiographical Dictations resumed on a regular basis—M-F for two hours during 1906 and 1907

That Mr. Mansfield should decline your play—or anybody’s play—is matter of business, & cannot astonish me; but that he should do it without the courtesy of a word, is a thing which does surprise me.

For many months I have had the conviction that God Almighty has got loose & is down here somewhere in disguise. Can this be He, do you think? / Sincerely Yours / SL. Clemens [MTP].

Sam also replied to the **June 8** from **Barbara Mullen** in Moberly, Mo. “Don’t you mind that. There is good in it, & no harm. It cheers many a dry traveller with the pleasant thought that there’s at least *somebody* that’s full” [MTP].
Note: Mullen was a teacher at Hannibal High School.

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Bad headache today.

Edith.

Tonight Mr. Clemens read the most readable part of the second part of “Capt. Stormfield’s Visit to Heaven”. It is delightful & he plans to “throw it all right into the autobiography”. Such a wealth of imagination. He read me an unpublishable bit from the same ms. this morning.

[written diagonally across lower portion of page:]

Eve’s Diary has come and it is charming with Lester Ralph’s illustrations. How I watched that book grow a year ago [MTP TS 83].

Sam’s **A.D.** of this day titled only by date dealt with **Bret Harte**’s character and his desire to imitate **Charles Dickens**; the piece was selected for *MTE* [263-8]. *Note:* Entirely about Bret Harte—his appearance, dress, writings, etc. [MTP: Autodict2].

June 15 Friday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Last night Mr. Clemens did not sleep very well. In fact it was one o’clock before he had even a touch of drowsiness; so this morning he did not feel like dictating. I telephoned to Mr. Paine & Miss Hobby & then after our “Business Hour” and I had written a letter or two, I went back to Mr. Clemens’s room at eleven o’clock & he began to read Mrs. Johnson’s play “Mirabeau” which arrived last Monday. ~~I cannot find fitting words tonight with which to praise it.~~ It is a prodigious piece of work & a remarkable one; full of interest & talent right straight through. Mr. Clemens read 2 acts before luncheon & after resting until 3 o’clock, he read to the finish—five acts. His reading it today was inspirational, for by the evening post came a note from Mrs. Johnson asking for it, & it lies ready & stamped to go off by the morning post. Mr. Clemens read it beautifully. He has to read anything like a play aloud to get at its values, & so the day was a good one for me, & for him too, I think. C.C. cannot understand how his presence is always restful for me. And it is. If I’m tired or nervous & he comes in to talk over things, or I go to him in his tobaccoed room, I’m rested before I’ve been with him very long, & then I’m more than rested, I’m refreshed and stimulated [MTP TS 84]. *Note:* see also Gribben 690. See Sam’s evaluation of Johnson’s play in his June 16 letter to her.

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-lo Co. letterhead to Sam.

I returned from England this week. MacAlister sends his love to you. The English Plasmon business is apparently in very good shape....Hammond has kept his word about withdrawing the bankruptcy petition, and has paid the fees of the receiver and trustee amounting to about \$2,000. All suits have been stopped, except my libel and slander suits [He also gave some details about the pin co.; MTP].

June 15 ca. – In **Dublin, N.H.** **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Harper & Brothers**: “If that person was authorized he naturally got his authority from C&W [Chatto & Windus], but Mr. Clemens knows nothing about it” [MTP].

Lyon also wrote for Sam to **Samuel S. McClure**. “Mr. Clemens suggests that what you do look at he would like

you to examine instead of glancing at. There are more than 200[,]000 words—Good little hotel a short half hour away” [MTP]. *Note:* the MS was his autobiography.

June 16 Saturday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam began a long letter to **Charlotte Teller Johnson** he added to on **June 17, 18**. Several portions of pages were cut out.

I am sending you a book. You are not obliged to read it, but you *are* obliged to admire the pictures, for they are just as sweet & cunning as they can be. Perhaps you remember that that publisher insisted that an artist would not be able to get an variety or effectiveness into pictures of human figures where he was denied the help of drapery. I would like to exhibit him without drapery in church & see if it wouldn't change his mind.

It is a beautiful play, Charlo, & is full of life & energy & character. The people are not specters, they are alive. Mirabeau is greatly portrayed; you have missed no detail of his rich & varied nature, he stands forth clear, winning, worshipful, a majestic & benignant colossus. The new Marie Antoinette, unstable, vascillating, sometimes queen, sometimes woman, sometimes both, is a very valuable addition.

I tried reading the play to myself, knowing I should arrive nowhere by that process—and that is where I arrived. I must read it aloud, if I would arrive somewhere. I read a couple of pages aloud to the furniture—of course that was a failure, & embarrassing; the furniture made fun of me. Then I took a liberty which you must condone: I shut off Miss Lyon's afternoon walk, yesterday, & required her to act as audience, which she was properly glad to do. For a first-night, I doubt if any performance ever went off with a more intemperate & sustained enthusiasm. Of course it was a prejudiced audience: half of it would be prone to admire the play in any case, & the other half know it would be much healthier to admire it than to fail of that courtesy; but no matter: after all allowances, the verdict was far from valueless; the admiration was sincere, & the enthusiasm unforced.

Even by the light thrown by that ignorant & ill-prepared first-reading I established on fact, beyond question: that the play *reads* strongly, brightly, movingly; of course these effects would come out still more in a month & much more—forcibly in subsequent readings. I cannot see any room for doubt that it will also *play*. The audience (which includes myself) expressed the conviction that if it were put on the stage it would play *itself*. It was a prejudiced audience, it is true; but it was unanimous, it was hearty; &, the predilections notwithstanding, I attach value to its opinion.

There was to be a second reading to-day, but just as the performance was closing at 6 p.m., your letter was brought up; therefore we hurried the MS to the mail. The letter was 22 hours coming to Dublin; by the grocer's negligence it lay there all day yesterday—10 hours. Per those terms you will not get the MS until Monday. I am sorry for the day, Charlotte, by you see how it happened.

In revising, you will naturally have out the “to-night”—but don't forget it. Let him say, “she is my guest.” It is fine, & must not be weakened by a superfluity.

I am not competent to criticise anything but phrasings, verbal hastinesses, minced metaphors, & so on. By the time you are done revising, there won't be any to criticise. But if by chance you shall overlook one, I shan't. There *is* one bit of heedlessness that you may possibly overlook—but you mustn't. More than once you use the word “court” where you mean the King, or the queen, or both, & not the court at all.

Yes, I want him back when you are done with him. and by & by, in the future, when you shall have finished revising him, I must have him in that form, too. That's the one I am going to put under the verbal microscope, if you don't object.

I am glad you have put him by & sent your steam-hammer going on other work. Don't look at him again for three months, except some theater require it. In three months, unconscious cerebration will have done the revising for you, & there'll be nothing to do but register the product.

I am doing nothing today. That is to say,

[*remainder of page cut off. next page:*]

Against all etiquette this letter—as usual—is stringing out, & stringing out, & will have to suffer what Kipling's Mulvaney suffered. He was a corporal, & for misconduct he was “rejoiced.”

[*portion of page cut out*]

Charlotte, you certainly are clever if you have really guessed that riddle, for I give you my word no one else has ever guessed it. Now try your hand on

[*remainder of page cut off*] [MTP].

Note: the pages cut off begs the question as to who did the cutting and why? If Sam, then perhaps he wanted to delete passages he felt might discourage her, as he seemed to be acting as a sort of mentor or literary counsel, and he did deal with her in a tender fashion. If Charlotte cut the passages, well there's no telling why. Or, perhaps the letter simply got damaged over the years. The notation about the letter taking 22 hours from NY to Dublin, yet spending 10 hours at the grocers, suggests that the normal mail time was 12 hours.

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Petit mal. [Jean]

No dictating today either. For 2½ hours this afternoon Mr. Clemens read auto-ms. to me. It is solidly interesting, & later Gladys Thayer came in for tea & the Beethoven Fifth Symphony. "All drying up for music" she has been. Mr. Clemens sat off in the dining room enjoying it too—but I thought he wasn't there, for of late he has sometimes seemed to avoid music. He moods have been quite at variance with his former self. He is none the less great, but he is living in a world apart [MTP TS 84-85].

June 17 Sunday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam added to his June 16 to **Charlotte Teller Johnson**.

Sunday continued. I've come back to bed—there was no way to put in the time. It is still raining as hard as ever, & is reposeful & contenting. I finished both letters—oh, acres of MS!—make them kill time for me as long as I could. If by good luck Mr. Rogers says yes—but I know he will, & then I shall do as I've said.

And after all, it's only 3 p.m. Read? No, there's nothing I want to read. I think I will discuss with you the human race—as you & Howells phrase it. No—I think I will read. *Roba di Roma*; a good rainy-weather book. Good-bye, Du. /SLC [MTP]. *Note: Roba di Roma* (1863) by **William Wetmore Story** (1819-1895). Sam had read this book in Oct. 1878 in Florence. See Gribben p. 669.

Sam also replied to the June 11 from **William Dean Howells**.

It was wrong to bother you about the [Furness] story. I only needed to say: "This is Mr. Howell's story, turned into fiction-form"—& then insert the tale "Was it Heaven?—or Hell?" I've done that. In fact that was the *only* right way.

The dictating goes lazily & pleasantly on. (With intervals.) I find that I've been at it, off & on, nearly two hours a day for 155 days, since Jan. 9. To be exact, I've dictated 75 hours in 80 days & loafed 75 days. I've added 60,000 words in the month that I've been here; which indicates that I've dictated during 20 days of that time—40 hours, at an average of 1,500 words an hour. It's a plenty, & I am satisfied.

There's a good deal of "fat." I've dictated, (from Jan. 9) 210,000 words, & the "fat" adds about 50,000 more. The "fat" is old pigeon-holed things, of the years gone by, which I or editors didn't das't to print. For instance, I am dumping in the little old book which I read to you in Hartford about 30 years ago, & which you said "publish—& ask Dean Stanley to furnish an introduction; he'll do it." "(Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven.)" It reads quite to suit me, without altering a word, now that it isn't to see print until I am dead.

To-morrow I mean to dictate a chapter which will get my heirs & assigns burnt alive if they venture to print it this side of 2006 A.D.—which I judge they won't. There'll be lots of such chapters if I live 3 or 4 years longer. The edition of A.D. 2006 will make a stir when it comes out. I shall be hovering around taking notice, along with other dead pals. You are invited. / Mark.

P.S.

I think Miss Lyon told you the reason we couldn't send you the Autobiography—there's only one typed copy, & we had to have it for reference, to guard against repetitions. The making of a second copy is now begun; & so, we can presently begin to mail batches of it to you. This book is already perfectly outrageous, in spots, but that's nothing—it's going to be worse by & by if I live beyond my appointed date. I don't care for my other books, now, but I dote on this one as Adam used to dote on a fresh new deformed child after he was 900 years old & wasn't expecting any more surprises. I've written a short Preface. I like the title of it: "Spoken from the Grave." It will prepare the reader for the solemnities within.

I'm in the middle of a history of Bret Harte, but I'll break into that with a newer & hotter interest tomorrow—according to the laws of this book: the newest & hottest interest takes precedence of *anything* I

may be talking about. The rest of Bret will be postponed—like Orion. (You didn't see the last of him; he got postponed & pushed ahead several times, by intruding, warmer interests of various kinds.)

Dialogue the other day, over the long-distance, between Miss Lyon & Clara (bad telephone):

Miss L. Your father wants an MS book which is unfinished. In drawer in his study. (*Yells it 3 times.*)

C. "Oh, an MS *book*? What's the title? (*Yells it 3 times.*)

L. Has no title. First sentence is, "Tell him to go to hell!" (*Yells it many times.*)

C. Tell him to go...?"

L. Yes.

C. Go *where*?

L. Go to *hell*! (*Several times*)

C. I can't get the last word.

L. Oh—*hell*!

C. Can't get it. Spell it.

L. H—e—double—ll HELL! Get it now? Tell—him—to—go—to—HELL!

C. (Shouting.) Tell him to go to hell?

L. *That's* it. Your father wants it.

[*cross-written in the right margin:*] You see we might have been hauled to Court by the telephone company [MTHL 2: 810-12]. *Note:* Sam thought "Was it Heaven?" should be inserted into his A.D. The source gives "Adam's Monument" as the MS yelled for on the phone, DV 309 and 309a, MTP.

Sam also wrote to **H.H. Rogers**.

Dear Uncle Henry: / Certainly I retain you; and—as you suggest—I mean to go to you & begin operations at the source. First, I want M^cClure to see you & explain his scheme—I think he clearly understands that no scheme can be arranged with me until it has secured your approval *first*. He wants 50,000 words of my Autobiography for his syndicate, for \$50,000 cash, or for 80% of the gross receipts. I have now about 250,000 words for him to choose from.

I'd like to see a lot of this stuff in print before I die—but not the *bulk* of it, oh no! I am not desiring to be crucified yet. Howells *thinks* the Auto will outlive the Innocents Abroad a thousand years, & I *know* it will. I would like the literary world to see (as Howells says) that the *form* of this book is one of the most memorable literary inventions of the ages. And so it is. It ranks with the steam engine, the printing press & the electric telegraph. I'm the only person who has ever found out the right way to build an autobiography.

I've had a secret enemy at Harpers from the very beginning. I suppose it is Duneka, that Jesuit. With a sleeping partner, Major Leigh. Duneka has defeated several legitimate projects of mine. Unless he is a fool, he knows there's more advertising for Harper & my books in M^cClure's project than we could buy for the whole Harper income; but if Duneka can defeat it he'll do it.

His conduct in the "Library of Humor" matter convicts him of being not merely a thief, but a particularly low-down sneak-thief. I desire his scalp.

My project is this: go to New York a couple of weeks from now or a shade later, & have some talks with you & Lauterbach, & perhaps a talk with Duneka. Then I propose to get out the yacht & take you up to Fairhaven & play billiards until you have to return to New York; then take you down in the yacht & look over the ground again. Then back to Dublin via Boston.

How does it strike you? / This is the Sabbath day. Try to keep it holy. Ys ever... [MTHHR 611-12]. *Note:* **Frederick T. Leigh**, treasurer of Harpers. **Edward Lauterbach**, Sam's attorney at this time. See June 23 entry of Lyon's journal.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Jean, 8:30. Petit mal all day / Today I lunched with the Danas. It was like a dream to see them again & to see them so little changed. / Mr. Pearmain brought Mr. Ireland over this afternoon" [MTP TS 85].

June 18 Monday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam finished his **June 16, 17** to **Charlotte Teller Johnson**.

Monday. I keep forgetting to warn you that if you write me by way of Ireland I may never get the letter. There's only one way to account for a now-&-then due letter that didn't come: the "*New Hampshire*" was spelt

Autobiographical Dictations resumed on a regular basis—M-F for two hours during 1906 and 1907

out, the P.O. clerks, in their haste, started it for Dublin, Ireland, by way of Hampshire, England. P.O. clerks are not made by God, but by hand. *Now* they're going via France! On May 26 a letter full of bills for payment started from home, addressed "Dublin, New Hampshire," & didn't reach me until June 14. In mid-ocean the steamer's mail-clerks discovered the error & put the letter ashore at Cherbourg for return. It came back decorated with French 15-centime stamps of the "Due" species—and not payable by the United States, who made the mistake, but by me, who didn't. Of such is the human race!

Write it "Dublin, N.H.," with a big, big, *N.H.*, Charlotte. Most P.O. clerks are near-sighted, & the rest are dead [MTP].

Sam also wrote to daughter **Clara** at 21 Fifth Ave. N.Y. enclosing his photo from *The Weekly Digest*.

Clara dear, if any of these photographs are in the house, examine them & see if you can detect this nightgowned child that is whispering in my ear. A lady in Norfolk Va. has made the discovery, but she has emphasized the pillow-wrinkles with her pencil to help me make out the shape. There are 3 different negatives, but the child is in them all.

I am *mighty* glad you are to have Lilly Burbank with you, as long as we can't have her with us, which I wish we could. Now you will be happy, & not lonesome. We are in luck, too. Mr. Allison has been scouring the country for kittens for us, & to-day they have come. Beautiful little creatures, & just weaned; a gray one & two black ones with white gloves & half-masks. They are on my bed helping me write. And so this place is no longer the Lodge of Sorrow (my name for it), nor the House of Mirth (Miss Lyon's name for it[]).

Mrs. Johnson [Charlotte Teller Johnson] sent her play—in the rough, for it was pushed through in 5 weeks—and it is fine & strong & brisk. Five acts. I read it aloud to Miss Lyon Friday, & sent it back—it was needed, for copying—but it will be returned to me presently, then I will send it to Norfolk or will read it to you when you come, whichever you prefer. I'm not overworking—oh, my land no! I dictate 2 hours in the morning, about 4 days per week; and read & revise an hour or two, afternoons, with Miss Lyon for audience. I do nothing, after that, but cripple time—I can't really kill it. I've done about 3 volumes the size of Huck Finn since Jan. 9, & I think they're mighty satisfactory. Love to you, dear; & much the same to Miss Lilly [MTP]. *Note:* MTP catalogs this as "18 or 19 June," though Sam, losing track of the date, headed it June 20. The postmark is 5 a.m., Dublin June 19. Since it is doubtful Sam wrote it earlier than 5 a.m. on June 19, it is placed on June 18. Miss **Emily W. Burbank**.

Clemens' A.D. this day included: The five letters written by three women, twenty-seven years ago, and Clemens' comments upon them. **Bret Harte** again [MTP: Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon's journal: In an old sack of letters sent to SLC from Keokuk about 5 years ago he unearthed a batch of 5 letters this morning which are a romance & a tragedy. Today he dictated in the house & his topic was the 5 letters and their tragedy, a dictation to be published 500 years hence.

Three kittens were brought to Mr. Clemens room by Katherine this morning, & he is going to keep all of them; renting them for \$5.00 for the season with the understanding that good homes are provided for them in the fall [MTP TS 85].

Note: Victor Fischer of MTP enlightens about the 5 letters, objects of Sam's June 18 dictation: "They are not letters to Clemens; they are taken from a sack of letters from strangers to one another that Clemens says he had had for five years. Briefly the letters tell in the first person the story of a young woman who in 1879 claimed that she had gotten pregnant by a married man and pleaded to be taken in and helped by an older woman, after which a complicated story is told, with accusations against her and with her denials."

The letters have been catalogued by the MTP: **Mrs. William Griffiths** to **Mollie Clemens**, Oct. 5, 1879; Mollie Clemens to Mrs. William Griffiths Oct. 9, 1879; Mrs. William Griffiths to Mollie Clemens; Mollie Clemens to **Sylvia M. Hunt** Oct. 16, 1879; Sylvia M. Hunt to Mollie Clemens Oct. 18, 1879.

June 19 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

10:30 p.m. & we are just home from the Handasyd Cabots where we 3 have been to supper & then to hear music later. Mr. Copeland was, there, & he is an exquisite pianist. Mr. Cabot played the cello beautifully & the evening was a delight. Besides ourselves & Mr. Copeland, were Dr. Russell, Mr. Brush, Dr. Porter, Mr. Joe Smith, Miss Putnam &—but that's all. Mrs. Cabot is a very handsome creature; she was in a turquoise blue evening gown, she was a picture. The light fell in a great blast upon her cheek & bare shoulder, & she was lovely to look at.

It was the “deity” that formed the basis of today's dictation & both Mr. Paine & Miss Hobby expected lightning to strike that room. Miss H. asked me later what I thought of Mr. Clemens's views & I told her I was used to them & that I'd been an unbeliever for so many years that to me his views of God were a literary criticism & nothing more. My own belief in the eternal isn't weakened any by his terrific words—neither is his own, I think [MTP TS 85-86]. *Note:* the **Cabot family** was among Boston's Brahmins, also called “First families of Boston,” descended from **John Cabot** b. 1680 who immigrated to Salem, Mass. in 1700. **E. Handasyd Cabot** (b. *ca* 1869), and **Elise P. Cabot (Mrs. E. Handasyd Cabot)** .

Clemens' A.D. this day included: About the character of God, as represented in the Old and New Testaments [MTP: Autodict2].

S.G. Niles wrote from Nashville, Tenn. wanting to know if Clemens' articles on Christian Science had ever been published in book form [MTP].

June 20 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

“There was a row in Silver Street”

Day after day Mr. Clemens is so harassed & tormented when he is reading the dictated matter by continually coming across Hobby blunders, & the worse one—the most exasperating one is where she invariably corrects Mr. Clemens' writing “one thousand” or “one hundred” where he has said “a thousand”, or “a hundred”. Today it passed the limit of his endurance. Through his tightly shut teeth he damned that “hell-fired word” until he was tired; & then he went for “that idiot!”—“that devilish woman!” “I'd like to taker her out & have her scalped and gutted!”

It was such a joy to me to hear Mr. Clemens chuckle out from the living room while Jean & I were at luncheon: “There was a row in Silver Street; Be God I wonder why!” It follows morning discussions of a certain order, or disorder. I sat in my study this morning & listened to the dictating. It struck at the fundamental parts of the Christian creed & isn't to be published for 500 years. Miss Hobby who has strained points in her wish for chaperones, won't need one now I think, because discussion of the Immaculate Conception doesn't leave much uncovered. Not if Mr. Clemens is doing the discussing ~~which he did~~ [MTP TS 86-87]. *Note:* Gribben p.699 gives the Silver Street line as a song.

Clemens' A.D. this day included: The defects about Bibles—Remarks about the Immaculate Conception [MTP: Autodict2].

June 21 Thursday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

Early the King said: “No dictating today.”

~~This was a wonder {two illegible words} telephoned down to~~ telephone Mr. Paine not to fetch up the Hobby horse & then I went back to Mr. Clemens's room & he read auto-ms. until nearly one o'clock. He read to the finish—almost. He read the interesting baneful story of his publishing experiences & disasters & he finished up with the latest dictation—the blasts at theology & creeds & gods. He was in a great mood & gave that mood full swing.

~~This afternoon Mr. Paine & I walked up to the sunset rock & there we sat & talked for a long time. Big black ants crawled around us & he would kill them with his heavy heels. But the talk was good. It always is—for we haven't two topics, but only one. He spoke of the many tragedies in Mr. Clemens's life & then said “But a King's life is always a tragedy.”~~ [MTP TS 87]. *Note:* one may only speculate as to why Lyon struck out the paragraph about **Albert Bigelow Paine**.

Ben L. Bennett wrote to Sam about **Abner Martin**, who had been Chief Mate on the *Pennsylvania* when the boilers blew. He survived and was now 85 or so, with failed eyesight. Bennett did not ask for help for Martin but it may have been his intent [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote at the bottom: “June 18, 1858 - / Was in the death room 2 or 3 times, but they couldn’t fetch him. Wouldn’t take their sleeping medicines.”

June 21 ca. – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam replied to the **June 19** from **S.G. Niles** “Nobody but the publishers—Harper—can answer your question. The book has been in their hands for 3 years awaiting publication—The first half of the book has already appeared in N. A. Review—” [MTP].

June 22 Friday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to **Upton Sinclair**.

In dictating the morning’s chap in my auto one day last week I uttered a paragraph which indicates that I realize the magnitude & effectiveness of the earthquake which “The Jungle” has set going under the Canned Polecat Trust of Chicago.

Also it is noticeable that at last Europe [is] getting uneasy about the condition of our commercial morals and is even beginning to wonder if we really have any. The Sun’s London correspondent undertaker. / Sincerely Yours [MTP]. *Note:* **Upton Sinclair** (1878-1968), prolific author who became famous for *The Jungle* (1906) an expose of the meat-packing industry. He was labeled a “Muckraker.”

Clemens’ A.D. this day included: The brutal Russian massacres of the Jews—Compares ancient & modern massacres—Tendency of present generation to turn its attention to war—Evil influence of the Bible upon children—Present God & religion will not last [MTP: Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

This evening a lot came in for supper & charades. But first there was dictating in the morning, more theology & then after luncheon we sat on the porch & Mr. Clemens read the very first autobiography beginning, written many years ago, about 1877[-]9—44 typewritten pages & telling of his boyhood days, & the farm & the joys of living in. He was deeply moved as he read on & on.

Those who came for charades were Mr. Brush, & Gerome & Nancy & Tribly, Fannie Dwight & Louise Hunnewell, Hildegard & Gerard Henderson, Eleanor Cabot & a friend of hers. Mr. Clemens was one captain, Mr. Brush the other, & Mr. Clemens’s team went out first to act TELEGRAF. Their next word was Intoxicate. Mr. Clemens is a great actor. He inspired those young people & could have done the whole thing all by himself. In the whole word Intoxicate, he & Gerome came in together, locked arms, hats on the side of their heads, & gloriously, roaring drunk. Mr. Clemens had on Jean’s black tam—as the family physician in “toxic” he was very funny—for he blew up the log-of-wood baby with the bellows—reversing its function & calling it a stomach pump—and he *acted*, her really *acted* [MTP TS 88].

Aubrey Boucicault (1868-1913) for the **Green Room Club**, NYC wrote to Sam to ask for signed volumes for the Club’s library. **George Bernard Shaw** and **George Ade** had already sent books [MTP]. *Note:* The Green Room Club of London was primarily for actors, est. in 1877 by none other than the great **Henry Irving**. Evidently several functions were held with corresponding clubs in New York. Aubrey was the son of the late **Dion Boucicault** (1820-1890), who was born **Dionysius Lardner Boursiquot**. See entries for Dion in Vol I & II. On the inside of the letter Lyon wrote, “Mr. Clemens is just leaving Dublin for 10 days—but he will comply with pleasure when he gets back.”

Brander Matthews wrote to compliment Sam on his piece about Howells [MTP].

June 23 Saturday – About this day Sam gave Lyon a memo to write **Witter Bynner**: “Write Bynner that Mr. Clemens feels that McClure is a publisher & not an editor. Can’t you look over that Ms.” [MTP]. *Note:* Bynner was an editor at this time for *McClure’s*. See **ca. June 10** entry.

Another memo was given to Lyon, this for **Samuel S. McClure** likely having to do with the same above reply to Bynner. Both memos carry a “?” for this date: “Telegraph Mr. McClure that Mr. Clemens can see him at noon on Wednesday June 27” [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Mr. Clemens has been harassed ever since we arrived here by what he calls “the Harper treacheries.” They issued the *Library of Humor* last winter. I wondered why Mr. Clemens did not make a fuss about that publication, but he was interested in other things then & he didn’t notice what a damaging book it is. But he knows it now & we are negotiating with Mr. Rogers by long distance telephone to make a plan for Mr. Clemens to go to N.Y. next week & begin operations against the Harpers by making them withdraw the *Library of Humor* from the trade, & destroy the plates—at the same time publishing Mr. Clemens’s repudiation of the book. He grows so angry, so indignant—and every day he makes a fresh plan, every day he outlines a fresh attack on those publishers. He said they are all of them scamps but Mr. Duneka is more fool than knave, the King says, yet he loves all of these men [MTP TS 88-89; also *MTHHR* 612n3 in part].

Note: once he felt wronged, as he surely was in the reissue of *Library of Humor*, Sam could be obsessed and unrelenting in his attempts at retribution. Lyon further pointed out that he felt all publishers were “scamps,” a sore point that went back to the double-books of Elisha Bliss. **George B. Harvey**, upon his return from Europe, quickly smoothed things over.

Clemens’ A.D. this day included: Concerning the character of the real God [MTP: Autodict2].

June 24 Sunday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam gave Lyon instructions to write **Ralph W. Ashcroft** about a perceived “insulting advertisement” by **Harpers**, which stated that he was going to withdraw his Christian Science book from publication. Would Ashcroft look in *Publisher’s Weekly* for April 1903? [MTP].

Sam also replied to the **June 22** of **Brander Matthews** (the note sent by hand to 121 E. 18th, NYC).

I thank you for that hearty word. I am sure we should always like to stand up for each other, but we can’t often get the fitting & unforced opportunity. For instance, in this case I had the right opportunity, but was robbed of it. I didn’t want to say it to his embarrassed face, I wanted to get it into print while he was still in Europe—there was oceans of time—but the Harpers not only beat my game, but beat it by months; & so, took the grace all out of it [MTP].

Sam also replied to the **May 26** from **William Allen White** in Emporia, Kans.

Howells told me that “In Our Town” was a charming book, & indeed it is. All of it is delightful when read to one’s self, parts of it can score finely when subjected to the most exacting of tests—the reading aloud. Pages 197–216 are of that grade—I have tried them a couple of times on the family—and pages 212–216 are qualified to fetch any house of any country, caste or color, endowed with those riches which are denied to no nation on the planet—humor & feeling.

Talk again—the country is listening [MTP]. *Note:* Howells had recommended White’s book *In Our Town* (1906) in his May 24 letter. See Gribben p. 762.

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

This afternoon Gerome came to read his play; but Mr. & Mrs. Joe Smith & Mrs. Putnam arrived at the very beginning of the reading & Gerome & Jean fled to the study. The Smiths knew that Gerome was here, though, for he left his tell-tale Eastern hat on the hall table, & Mr. Smith picked it up. We had a very good time for Mr. Clemens got up from his bed where he had been sleeping, after having luncheon with the Pearmaines & went down to the porch where we all sat & where he told a ~~profane~~ story or two, & I told a

story or two also, about Mr. Clemens & his dislike of “modesty on the premises”. Joe Smith is a delight, & Mrs. Smith is beautiful, slender & straight as a dart [MTP TS 89-90].

Charles J. Drapeau wrote to Sam, enclosing his letter of introduction from **Edward E. Clarke**. Drapeau requested an interview [MTP].

William Dean Howells wrote from Kittery Point, Maine to Sam

Dear Clemens: / I could not have asked to have anything gentler or kinder said of me than you have said in the *July Harper*. I was so eager to see it that I sent into Portsmouth for the magazine yesterday, and I have since read it again and again, feeling more and more that it must be true. Such appreciation convinces even the object of it; if it is not quite true, still it is so admirably expressed, that he hopes it will convince other people anyway. The passages you quoted from me shone with a luster that they never had before, and that came from their cordial setting. Your praise has brought back the good great times when the men, Lowell and Longfellow and Holmes, who held the eminence you now hold, spoke well of me. I think round the world, and I find none now living whose praise I could care more for. Perhaps Tolstoy; but I do not love him as I love you, and the honor he could do me would not reach my heart as the honor you have done me does.

Dear friend of forty years, thanks! / Yours affectionately / W.D. Howells [MTHL 2: 813]. *Note:* Sam’s essay in *July Harper’s Monthly*, “William Dean Howells.”

June 24 ca. – In **Dublin, N.H.** **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to **Aubrey Boucicault’s June 22** for the **Green Room Club**. Sam was leaving Dublin for ten days but would “comply with pleasure” on his return [MTP].

June 25 Monday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to **Charlotte Teller Johnson**.

Dear Charlotte, I am called from this solitude to that of the society of Katy & the butler at No. 21 for a day or two, & am due to arrive there at 6 p.m. to-morrow. If you haven’t registered any crimes against me in the past ten days I hope you will be so good & so kind as to appear at 21 Wednesday morning at 10—if that isn’t too early for you—and let me look at you. Could you? Would you? Will you? [MTP].

Sam also gave the following memo to **Lyon**: “Send Ms. To Coan when it comes” [MTP]. *Note:* Dr. **Titus M. Coan** (b. 1836).

Sam also inscribed a copy of *Eve’s Diary* to **Harriet E. Whitmore**: “Dear Mrs. Whitmore— / This— / with the compliments of / The Authoress / & the love of / The Translator. / Dublin, N.H., June 25/06” [MTP].

Clemens’ A.D. this day included: Only hearsay evidence that there is to be a Heaven hereafter—Christ does not prove that He is God—Takes up the human race—Man a machine, & not responsible for his actions [MTP: Autodict2]. *Note:* if Clemens truly believed this latter idea, then why did he suffer from so much guilt? Also, Christ claimed to be God and refused to give those “a sign” that it was so, due to their unbelief.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Some subite [?] thing cast into my blood and the knowledge that Mr. Clemens was going to be nervous this morning and he was. I stood outside his door, not wishing to enter—and on every count he was at odds. Jean’s slowness in sending for her bonds; the mail—the damned damned mail; the trains tomorrow; his clothes today; the Harpers; this devilish Dublin; Miss Hobby’s slowness. Oh everything. His eyes were shining, his cheeks were flushed. He is often animated by a devastating something in these days—a something destroying his peace of mind. The drama of life I suppose it is. [inserted in pencil: Charlotte Teller]

We sat on the porch after luncheon & Mr. Paine came to make some photographs. Then Gerald Thayer came fresh from his West Indian trip & his adventures there. Gladys came too & we had music. Beethoven & the great Tschaikowski movement & Schubert. I walked with Mr. Paine later over to the cottage & he comforted

my weeping mood. He is a rare good man & how I have needed him this year [MTP TS 90]. *Note:* The last lines about Paine, as well as the first six lines of the June 26 entry, are shown in the TS to have parallel diagonal lines through the text. Also noted in part by Madsen 69n12. Paine had been a professional photographer at one time.

Poultney Bigelow wrote from his farm, “Malden on Hudson.” He’d been reading *TS* and *HF* to neighbors. “Well, there’s no more news in that—but now I’m a farmer here on this Homestead where my father was born and where I’m absorbed in simple things. / Have just finished a string of articles on the Panama things for the *COSMOPOLITAN* magazine.” The book of verse he’d sent to Clemens had come back to him [MTP].

John Larkin, NYC attorney wrote to Sam, sending a check installment of \$105.39 on the Archer County, Texas property [MTP]. *Note:* see Vol. I for the history of this land that Livy purchased.

June 26 Tuesday – Sam left **Dublin, N.H.** and traveled first to **Boston**, then on to **New York**. If his plans went as he’d told **Charlotte Teller** on **June 25**, he arrived home at 6 p.m. (See IVL’s journal entry below). In the evening he wrote to **William Dean Howells**

It is lovely of you to say those beautiful things—I don’t know how to thank you enough. But I love you, that I know.

I read “After the Wedding” aloud to Jean & Miss Lyon, & we felt all the pain of it & the truth. It was very moving & very beautiful—would have been overcomingly moving, at times, but for the haltings & pauses compelled by the difficulties MS.—those were a protection in that they furnished me time to brace up my voice, & get a new start. Jean wanted to keep the MS for another reading-aloud, & for “Keeps” to, I suspected, but I said it would be safest to write you about it.

I like “In Our Town,” particularly that Colonel of the Lookout Mountain Oration, & *very* particularly pages 212–216. I wrote & told White. After “After the Wedding” I read “The Mother” aloud & sounded its human deeps with your deep-sea lead. I had not read it before, since it was first published.

I have been dictating some fearful things, for 4 successive mornings—for no eye but yours to see until I have been dead a century—if then. But I got them out of my system, where they had been festering for years—and that was the main thing. I feel better, now.

I came down to-day on business—from house to house in 12½ hours, & expected to arrive dead, but am neither tired nor sleepy. / Yours as always / Mark [MTHL 2: 814-15]. *Note:* “After the Wedding” was a poem of Howells that would run in the Dec. *Harper’s*; “The Mother” was another Howells poem published in Harper’s Dec. 1902.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: This morning at 6 o’clock we left the house to start on the journey to Boston. Mr. Clemens had overslept & so couldn’t shave—but that didn’t matter. He was so gay & told a delightful story about an experience he had 30 years ago when he was on a train & a farmer introduced a conversation on his own achievement & his crops. Hiram Carey sat & listened as a keen Yankee farmer can. On the train going to Boston Mr. Clemens was in a great mood, he talked steadily saying unforgettable things of which I have made notes elsewhere. Reaching Boston we took the trunk on a cab & drove to the Boston Public Library where we stayed for more than an hour over the Abbey & Sargeant pictures & too the wonder of the Mexican marble entrance was enchanting—the yellows are wonderful. It is so sweet to prowl about any place with Mr. Clemens for he catches & holds the beauties of things and forever he is a joy. As we stood at the entrance of the long reading room Mr. Clemens caught sight of a little girl who was watching him & he sent me to bring the child to him. She attached herself & we went on through the place with the child as guide & when we left to enter the cab again Mr. Clemens kissed her goodbye & left her in a little maze of wonder. I left him at the station for N.Y. & then I went to shop & shop—with a foolishly miserable heart in my breast. It would be so lonely now at The Lodge of Sorrow [Fifth Ave. house] [MTP TS 90-91].

June 27 Wednesday – In NYC Sam went to see **H.H. Rogers** but he was in a board meeting; he talked with **Katharine I. Harrison**. In the evening **Miss Lilly Burbank** and **Miss Mosher** were passing by his house and he had a chat with them at the gate [June 28 to Jean Clemens]. *Notes:* Miss **Emily W. Burbank**

(ca.1869-1934), NY writer and lecturer, and Miss **Florence Mosher**, had been a pupil of Leschetizky. Both ladies were friends of **Clara and Jean Clemens**.

Isabel Lyon's journal: A strange thing happened yesterday. Somewhere behind me I must have left the my loneliness, for as George drove me up the long slope to the house, I was filled with a great sweet sense of coming home and a wonderful peace enwrapped me for the first time this year—here in D.

This afternoon Mr. Paine & I went to the Upper Pasture & we read a bit of his ms. & he made photographs and the talk was steady & full of the interest of life.

He is a wonderful child too—& how many there are in the world [MTP TS 91-92]. *Note:* Lyon returned from Boston to Dublin while Sam was now in NY. The intimate conversations shared with Paine contrasts with their later animus.

June 28 Thursday – At 5 a.m., 21 Fifth Ave, **N.Y.** Sam wrote to daughter **Jean**, still in Dublin, N.H.

Jean dear, it is 5 a.m., this not being a good atmosphere to sleep in. I had a pleasant enough journey, (Tuesday) & went to bed almost as soon as I arrived; but I was not tired & not drowsy.

I saw Miss Harrison yesterday & she was looking very fine; but I did not see Mr. Rogers, he was attending a Board meeting. But I asked Miss H. to tell him to get out the yacht & scrape the barnacles off & I would go to Fairhaven with him tomorrow morning (Friday) & return when I got ready. It is just the weather for the trip.

I could not deposit your bonds, for I had left the key in my room; but I will go down this morning & attend to that.

Last evening Miss Lilly Burbank and Miss Mozher [*sic* Mosher] passed by & I had a talk with them at the gate. Miss M. goes to Clara next week.

Katy & Philip seem to be well, & they take good care of me.

B'gosht'lmighty I think I will go to sleep again. With a hug, / Father [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Augustus T. Gurlitz** of the *NY Journal*.

My dear Mr Gurlitz—your letter [not extant] has just been received. I shall not be in town for the next few months; but if you consider the matters discussed therein should be brought to the attention of Harpers'—will you be kind enough to let them know at once and inform me of the result of your Interview [MTP: Sotheby's, N.Y. catalogs Dec. 11, 1990, Item 384]. *Note:* Sam last wrote Gurlitz on Mar. 26.

In Dublin, N.H. **Isabel Lyon's journal:**

Again this afternoon Mr. Paine & I went to the Upper Pasture. He told me the story of his life. ~~Oh it is so wonderful!~~ Old Fraud!

Tomorrow he goes down to his Redding farm & he will be away probably as long as the King will, which I doubt will not be for a long, long time. How much of solitude that will mean for me [MTP TS 92]. *Note:* the contrast between her opinions of Paine suggests she added "Old Fraud!" sometime later, after relations with Paine had cooled. Edits, deletions and insertions are seen throughout her entries.

Charles Orr, librarian of the Case Library, Cleveland, Ohio, wrote to Sam.

Having seen some letters of the late John Hay, copies of which I enclose, I am somewhat anxious to know the title of the piece mentioned, or whether it is printed in your published writings. / Did you know Alexander Gunn to whom Hay's letters were addressed? / An answer at your convenience will greatly oblige [MTP]. *Note:* the enclosed copies of Hay's letters (esp. June 24, 1880) refer to Sam's piece *1601*.

June 29 Friday – **NYC:** Early in the morning Sam went with **H.H. Rogers** on his yacht *Kanawha* and sailed to **Fairhaven**; He slept on board [June 28 to Jean; 1 and 2 July to Clara].

In Dublin, N.H. **Isabel Lyon's journal:**

[*written diagonally*] I am giving birth to something. The parturition pains are great & the birth is a slow one—weeks & weeks. I know not what shall be born but it will be greater—greater than I, & the shell of me is not worthy to be the mother.

The worst of the pains are misunderstood things, I know. But out of the misunderstood comes the understood, if we are not too dulled by agony to be able to see [MTP TS 92].

June 30 Saturday – In Fairhaven, Mass. Sam rose at 5 a.m. and after luncheon “began to play billiards & kept it up until a quarter past 2 this morning [July 1]” [July 1 to Jean].

Gertrude Natkin's diary: “On June 30, Mr. Clemens sent me Eve's Diary with his autograph” [MTAq 30].

July – *Harper's Monthly* published Sam's article, “William Dean Howells,” p. 221-5 [Budd, *Collected 2*: 1011].

The Reader carried a photograph by Underwood & Underwood of Mark Twain reading in bed [Tenney: “A Reference Guide Third Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1979 p. 191].

July 1 Sunday – In the evening in Fairhaven, Mass. Sam wrote to daughter **Jean** in Dublin, N.H.

Jean dear, I got up at 5 in the morning yesterday at Wuthering Heights [Rogers' home] & after luncheon here I began to play billiards & kept it up until a quarter past 2 this morning. I got up at 8.30 & have been up & talking all day until now. I am not tired, but as I must rise at 7 to-morrow & go aboard the yacht I think I ought to go to bed, now.

So I will say good night & send a hug & a kiss, dear heart, & seek my pillow [MTP].

Sam also began a letter to daughter **Clara** that he finished **July 2**.

Clara dear, I spent Wednesday & Thursday in New York, then slept on board the yacht & sailed for here early Friday morn.

I was expecting to return in the yacht to-night & be in New York a fortnight—till Col. Harvey's return from England—but it isn't necessary. On the way here Mr. Rogers & I discussed my matter, & concluded that he could perhaps take care of it better without me than with me.

And so I expect to stay here a day or two longer, then go home to Dublin direct, by rail. I think I shall leave for home the 4th or 5th, when the Rogerses sail for New York [MTP].

July 2 Monday – In Fairhaven, Mass. Sam finished his **July 1** to **Clara** in Norfolk, Conn.

Monday morning.

Your telegram [not extant] arrived an hour ago, at breakfast. Mr. Rogers decided as follows: I must return to New York in the yacht on the 4th; have some talks with Duneka for several days & get an understanding arranged, to be ratified or opposed by Harvey when he gets back from England the middle of the month; then return to Fairhaven in the yacht next Friday or Saturday & go thence to Dublin by rail. By rail it is only 4½ hours.

With a power of love, dear heart, / Father [MTP].

Samuel S. McClure wrote from NYC to Sam. “My Beloved Friend! / this is not a business letter it is a love-letter. I read the wonderful chapters of your autobiography. All are wonderful, but the chapter about the dear dear child are the finest I have ever read in literature. I wept & loved & suffered & enjoyed.” McClure wished he could publish “this wonderful thing” in his magazine [MTP].

Elizabeth Jordan sent Sam a note. It is not extant but referred to in Sam's July 6 reply [MTP].

July 2 ca. – Gertrude Natkin wrote to Sam, thanking him for *Eve's Diary*, which he sent on **June 30**. She "laughed heartily" over the book. "How good of you to think of me and especially in such a sweet way as I prize very highly any of your works" [MTP].

July 3 Tuesday – Charles J. Langdon wrote to Sam, enclosing a check for \$120 for various bond coupons, property of Susie Clemens' estate [MTP].

Tudor Storrs Jenks for Anti-Child Slavery League wrote to Sam, wishing to use his name in their cause [MTP]. Jenks, (1857-1922), author, poet, artist, editor, journalist and lawyer. Jenks was secretary of the League. He is known today for his popular works of fiction and nonfiction for children and the masses [MTP]. *Note*: not in Gribben, though Jenks was a prolific author. In 1906 two of his many books were published: *A Doll That Talked*, and *In the Days of Scott*. See Sam's ca. July 25 reply.

July 4 Wednesday – In Fairhaven, Mass. Sam inscribed a copy of *Eve's Diary* to **Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. Harry Rogers, Jr.)**: "Mrs. Harry Rogers, jr / with the compliments of / The Authoress / & the kind regards of / The Translator. / July 4/06" [MTP].

In the early a.m., Sam returned with **H.H. Rogers** in the *Kanawha* to **New York** instead of going by rail to Dublin, N.H. as earlier planned [July 2 to Clara].

July 5 Thursday – In the afternoon at 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Charlotte Teller Johnson**.

It is fine, dear Charlotte—fine, & admirably written, felicitously expressed—there's nothing commonplace about the phrasing. If you will let me say it, it is well beyond what I thought you could do. Your manner is mature, facile, practised, confident, & you have the sure touch of a seasoned old professional. I was mightily surprised—I confess it—and as mightily gratified. You have set yourself a high pace—keep it up! The interest begins with the opening sentence, & does not flag afterward. Let Margaret have a show when you can—I mean the sixteen-year-old over the way [MTP].

In Dublin, N.H. Isabel Lyon's journal: "Oh how little wit we have to control anything with. I cast my thoughts toward the ones with whom I would willingly be, but I am Prometheus—and am chained to the rock & daily my soul is torn out of me—no—not my sould—not my soul" [MTP TS 93].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote to Sam. "Don't send your subscription and cheque to the Plasmon Company until you hear from Mr Baldwin or myself" [MTP].

Roi Cooper Megrue wrote for **Elisabeth Marbury** to Sam: "I have just heard from Miss Marbury that she has arranged with M. Ducquois that he will adapt in the French your story of "The Californian's Tale" [MTP].

Charles J. Langdon wrote to Sam enclosing a draft for his 1/3 share of the rent for four months on the Eire Basin property at Buffalo [MTP].

July 6 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to **Elizabeth Jordan**. "I am here for a day, & your note of July 2^d has just reached me. I shall be eager to get those first chapters, & shall hope they will inspire me to do the boy" [MTP]. *Note*: Jordan was ramrodding a collaborative story for *Harper's Bazaar*. Clemens was chosen to do the boy chapter. Sam ultimately could not interest his pen in the story.

Isabel Lyon's journal (in Dublin, N.H.):

Today after Gerald Thayer & Jean started for a walk to Thorndyke Pond I went to the upper pasture, but I was too full of sadness to remain there. Perhaps not all sadness but moodiness. These solitary walks are very good though, for they give a chance to think things out—just as ABP [Paine] says. I had been thinking about moral courage & trying to sift it down, and at dinner we were talking about it. To me it seems to be repression of self. G. said it was a “repression of pity” too, & he’s right. Then he said I’d better read Neitzche’s “Also Sprach Zarathustra”, he recommended. Gerald had his copy with him on ship coming up from Dominica & someone—probably a negro servant—took it—& all his advertising for it did not bring it back [MTP TS 93].

July 7 Saturday – N.Y.C.: Sam was spending his days in Rogers’ Standard Oil office or the lawyer’s office, and his nights aboard the *Kanawha*, which they anchored “about ten miles” out [July 10 to Jean]. *Note:* Harper’s lawyer and Sam’s lawyer Edward Lauterbach were negotiating to settle the dispute about the “unauthorized” *Library of Humor* reissue. See July 10 to Lyon.

Isabel Lyon’s journal (Dublin, N.H.): “When we were young what a fine wit we had for writing down our doings & finding them important. Now that we are grown older, we do not put them down on paper for we know of how little importance they are & life holds a deeper meaning for us in the doings of other people” [MTP TS 93-94].

Calvin H. Higbie wrote from Greenville, Calif. to Sam. The sole typist there promised to type and send his MS sometime the following week. Sam was free to edit it any way he chose [MTP].

July 8 Sunday – Samuel E. Moffett wrote to Sam. “My dear Uncle, / I was in Washington last week, and took advantage of the opportunity to copy off one of those copyright lists.” Moffett included lists of 134 copyrights renewed for 1903 [MTP]. *Note:* evidently Clemens had requested the lists for his work on the copyright cause.

July 9 Monday – NYC: Sam again spent time in lawyers’ offices and at Standard Oil’s office.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Belle Greene is offering me—giving me a very beautiful thing—& as I grow older in these days, I find that it is not a thing to be spurned; for she is giving me a big burst of very lovely affection, & the valuation of it is almost as great as intellect I find. In fact somehow I feel the need of just the strength that affection gives & the friendship of ABP [Paine] is god-born. He stands for a great amount of my strength just now & I wish he might always—for he is a rare creature & strong [MTP TS 94]. *Note:* contrast this sentiment about Paine with her entry on June 28.

Joseph Mills Hanson wrote from St. Louis to ask Sam if he recalled an incident about Captain **Grant P. Marsh** a veteran steamboatman in 1858-9. Marsh was an intimate friend of **Horace Bixby**. Hanson was engaged in preparing the personal recollections of Marsh for publication [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Grant Marsh incident is correct as Mr. Clemens remembers it. It is so long ago that he has no recollection of any of the river men except the few he was associated with for a considerable length of time.”

J.T. Arnold wrote a fan letter from Chattanooga, Tenn., enclosing a newspaper clipping (not extant).

Will expect in the next account of an interview, to find you reading one of Scott’s novels, and crying over the fall of feudalism. Crying over the grave of Adam showed that you had a tender heart in your youth; but crying over the fall of feudalism and slavery would clearly show, that at approaching old age, your heart was still tender, even mellow.

I remain one of your numerous readers and admirers [MTP].

July 10 Tuesday – At noon, 21 Fifth Ave, **N.Y.** Sam wrote to daughter **Jean** in Dublin, N.H.

Jean dear, I spend the days in the Standard Oil & the lawyer’s office, & my nights on board the yacht where it is cool & noiseless. At 6 p.m. (or 5) we go aboard & drop down about ten miles & anchor out in the open.

We come up to East 23^d Street in the morning & go ashore right after breakfast. This evening I shall dine with the Coes, & sleep at home. Clara still has the cold which she caught at Tyringham, 3 weeks ago. I want you to help me the very best you can, to persuade her not to come to Dublin. It is 4 railway trips in the blistering weather of the end of this month, with a rest at Dublin so brief as not to be a rest at all. I want to have her there as badly as anybody, but not at the sacrifice of the small remnant of health that is left in her. Write her & beg her with real earnestness & sincerity not to come—for she is not coming on her own account but solely upon ours.

It is noon. I'm done with the lawyers for to-day. The seances will continue every morning till Friday, when we sail for Fairhaven, & will be resumed next Monday. *That* will be close to the end, I guess. I tell you no particulars, for I don't want them known.

It's hot, hot, hot! / With hugs & kisses / Father [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Isabel V. Lyon** in Dublin, N.H.

I enclose copy of the Harper contract for preservation.

Mr. Duneka is frying in the fire which he prepared for himself, & is a very humble & suffering sinner. His sufferings are not going to end just yet. His lawyer & mine were anxious to bring him & me together for a talk, but I objected to intercourse with his grade of criminal.

We made a step or two to-day. Others will be made to-morrow & next day. By Friday our entire hand will have been revealed. When I get back from Fairhaven Monday morning Col. Harvey will be here from Europe & the real & final business will begin & we shall soon know whether we go to court or arrive at a settlement outside.

Duneka says that in 3 of those Harpers the advertisement was present, but in the back part of the magazine [MTP]. *Note:* Sam had argued his books had not been advertised by Harpers for three months, and demanded payment for lost sales. Also, the delay of publication for *Christian Science* was an issue.

Arthur G. Stedman wrote to Sam. "My Dear Mr. Clemens: / Knowing how highly you appreciate the works of Mark Twain, and that above all others you consider him the greatest humorist and genius of the age, I take great pleasure in introducing this young lady, who is selling a very fine edition of his works. / Yours sincerely..." [MTP: *The Diary of a Book-Agent*, by **Elizabeth Lindley** (1906)]. *Note:* Stedman wrote this note to Miss Lindley, who was "trying on" being a book agent and not getting far with it. She was sent to Stedman's desk as a joke by a colleague. He then wrote the above note and told her to call on a Mr. Clemens, whom she did not know or realize was Mark Twain.

Sam replied to the above from **Arthur Stedman**, after questioning **Elizabeth Lindley**, who at the last moment realized she was the butt of a practical joke, having been sent to sell Clemens a copy of his own work. From her 1906 book, after asking if Mr. Clemens was home:

I was told that he was, and giving my card to the maid, I stepped into the reception room.

A slight noise in the adjoining parlor attracted my attention, and on looking up I was more than surprised to see the original of the picture in my sample copy.

"Clemens, Clemens," I muttered, then it dawned on me that I was the victim of a practical joke. I could feel the angry blood burning in my cheeks, as I thought of the fun those men were having at my expense. But before I could think of what to say or do, Mr. Clemens entered the room, and I found myself tendering him the letter [by Stedman, above]. One glance at his face and I determined to play my part out.

He read the letter through, then over again. A twinkle in his eye, and a slight twitching of the muscles of his mouth were the only indications I had that he appreciated the situation. I stood demurely by, looking innocently down, wondering what was going to happen next.

"Taken many orders?" he inquired dryly.

"I have not taken any yet," I replied. "I have just started in."

"Have you ever done this work before?" The question was accompanied by a scrutinizing look.

"No," I said, with a slight tremor in my voice.

"And you are trying to make your living this way?"

I answered in the affirmative, my eyes filling with tears.

"Then I will subscribe to the work to help you along," he said kindly.

I could hardly hide the triumph I felt, as I thought how those men, who intended only to disconcert and annoy me for their amusement, would feel at the outcome of the joke. Mr. Clemens, who had left me rather abruptly, soon returned, with a check and a letter.

"I have selected the best binding," he observed smilingly, "and I wish you personally to take a set of these books, not later than to-morrow, to the gentleman who sent you here. You may read this note, which you will be kind enough to give him." Wishing me success, he bowed me out.

On leaving the house, I opened the letter and read: [See letter below].

MY DEAR ARTHUR: / You know it has been my custom for the past twenty years to make you a substantial birthday present. I intended buying you an automobile this A.M., but knowing that, like myself, you look upon Mark Twain as the greatest of living authors, I have subscribed to the set of books you so kindly brought to my notice.

I am aware that you already have six or seven different editions, but feel sure you will be delighted to receive this one. / Yours faithfully, etc. [MTP: Elizabeth Lindley, *The Diary of a Book-Agent* 9-10].

Joe Twichell wrote to Sam. He complimented the Howells article in *Harper's* and would have liked to see what Howells said about it. He also liked Sam's obituary for **Carl Schurz**. He added family happenings and plans. After his signature he added: "I have just been writing a note of sympathy (a proper one) to Chauncey Depew. He is an old friend of mine, and I am sorry for him. Think of *me* being sorry for *Chauncey Depew*!!!" [MTP]. *Note*: The object of Twichell's sympathy for **Chauncey Depew** was not uncovered.

July 11 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon's journal (Dublin, N.H.):

The fight with Harpers is keeping Mr. Clemens on & on in the city. But I know that he likes it there. He writes that he spends his nights on Mr. Rogers's yacht. They go abroad early; pull out about 12 miles down the bay—or sound—and so enjoy cool silent nights. This morning I had a sense of anxiety weighing upon me; so great a one that I telephoned down to the city to ask Katie if all was going well with Mr. Clemens. She said that it was—all of it going well. His health is good & his spirits too—so that means that he is happy [MTP TS 94-95].

July 12 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote his plans to **Isabel V. Lyon** in Dublin, N.H.

Checks received & banked.

We sail at 9 a.m. to-morrow, for over-Sunday. [to Fairhaven]

I resume business here on Monday, when Col. Harvey arrives. I shall expect to be here all the week [MTP].

Note: in her **July 13** journal entry, Lyon calls this "a note not so big as a post scriptum."

Isabel Lyon's journal (Dublin, N.H.): Today came a dear little note from Mr. Clemens saying that with no one to watch the barber he had arisen from the chair with short, short hair—and Mrs. Coe wants a "long haired" photograph of him.

I wonder if he is coming back to us at all. The day before he left, when Mr. Paine made the photographs, he told me that he felt that he must make them on that day, for he had the feeling that Mr. Clemens would stay away. He does not like it here I know. He lives in a world away from here, and this Upton place he finds lonely in the extreme. It is that—the isolation of it casts a shadow, a cold shadow over what ought to be beauties. Even the good, good servants find it very depressing [MTP TS 95]. *Note*: Sam's letter of the haircut referred to here is not extant; does not fit the prior letters shown before this date.

July 13 Friday – In the a.m. Sam and **H.H. Rogers** sailed again for **Fairhaven** on the *Kanawha* [July 12 to Lyon].

Isabel Lyon's journal (Dublin, N.H.):

"Zarathustra" has arrived!

And the evening post brought a note not so big as a post scriptum from Mr. Clemens. He was just off for Fair Haven, to spend Sunday there & then on to N.Y. for another week of controversy & with Col. Harvey newly arrived from Europe to settle the matter. Settle it as to whether it is to be settled out of court—or in court. A dear note came from C.C. too, she is in better spirits now than a few days since, and a letter from ABP [Paine] was in the same batch. ~~Such a good letter.~~

~~Today I walked again to the birch “house” in the Upper Pasture. It is so beautiful there, & as wonderful as many cathedrals. Oh it [illegible word]~~ [MTP TS 95-96]. *Note:* again, Lyon deletes lines positive about **Albert Bigelow Paine**, and about the walks she took to the “Upper Pasture” with him, where they had long talks. At some later point it suggests that he lost her favor, and she went in to strike out such passages. July 13 and 14 entries have long diagonal parallel lines through the text, as if she wanted to omit these entries. “Thus Spoke Zarathustra”: treatise by **Friedrich Nietzsche** published in four parts (1883-1885); see Gribben 508.

July 14 Saturday – Sam was at the Rogers’ residence in **Fairhaven, Mass.** for a weekend stay [July 12 and July 16 to Lyon].

Isabel Lyon’s journal (Dublin, N.H.):

Here am I reading “Thus spoke Zarathustra” & I do not pretend to be qualified to say how wonderful I find it. ...

Last evening’s note from Mr. Clemens enclosed within it 2 letters—one from Mr. McClure—that “red hot Presbyterian” and one from Bynner—appreciating the autobiographical ms. that they have been reading. Mr. McClure’s letter was beautiful—a “love letter” to that King [MTP TS 96].

Minnie Maddern Fiske wrote from Santa Cruz, Calif. to Sam. “Dear Mr. Clemmens [*sic*] / I cannot resist telling you of the particular happiness & consolation you have brought to our home this summer.” **Ashton Stevens**, the dramatic critic of San Francisco *Examiner*, “a very gifted young man” had been ill and staying with the Fiskes. They would read to him nightly, mostly from *HF* and *P&P*. Stevens asked her to write Sam and tell him of his enjoyment of the books, and that he had known “the old compositor, [Little] Ward” [MTP]. *Note:* Sam replied on July 27. **Ashton Stevens** (1872-1951), drama critic for Hearst newspapers, including the Chicago *Herald-American*.

July 15 Sunday – Sam was at the Rogers’ residence in **Fairhaven, Mass.** for a weekend stay [July 12 and July 16 to Lyon].

Isabel Lyon’s journal (Dublin, N.H.): “I am alone today;—wonderfully alone! / All the morning I had a rich solitude here in my room, reading Nietzsche & theosophy... / A solitary luncheon—more reading—and then at 4.30 lovely Gladys Thayer came, & we had tea & talk together. I played for her the Tannhauser Overture & Grieg & Träumerer, before she left to hurry home” [MTP TS 96-97].

July 16 Monday – N.Y.C. 10 a.m. Sam wrote to **Isabel V. Lyon** in Dublin, N.H.

“I have just arrived. Please thank my nephew Sam Moffett for me, & say I wonder at his sending a valuable letter to ‘Redding,’ a place I have no recollection of ever having heard of in my life.

Preserve his statistics. / With love to Jean” [MTP].

July 17 Tuesday – **Isabel Lyon’s journal (Dublin, N.H.):**

Jean, 3:30

Poor Jean was very ill today; but the balance was struck—though not for poor Jean—for Mr. Paine came back & spent the morning with me, & he was rich with news of Mr. Clemens & C.C. To give Jean a chance to slip quietly into the house at 11:30, Mr. Paine & I walked over to the Raynor cottage—and talk? How we did talk! & the best of it is that he still has a thousand things to say. Little by little he let out the fact that probably Mr. Clemens will not be back here for a long, long time. Oh, he told me things he didn’t know he was telling me. All about the Harper controversy & McClure’s shiftiness. McClure who could write such a wonderful letter!

In between these facts he told me another story too. The wonderful McClure letter was the one he wrote in appreciation of Mr. Clemens's auto. [MTP TS 97-98].

Clemens' A.D. this day included: Sam's publishers discussed, **Charles Henry Webb, Charles L. Webster, Elisha Bliss, Harpers—Duneka** afraid of Christian Scientists [MTP: Autodict2].

A.L. Steers for Aeolian Co. wrote to IVL c/o Sam.

"Your favor of the 14th inst., enclosing a list of twenty Orchestrelle numbers, is at hand.

"In accordance with your instructions, we are entering Mr. Clemens for a six month's subscription to our Circulating Library and will send him bill for same." They requested that 48 selections be made, not 24 [MTP]. *Note:* this letter went astray as it was mailed to Dublin, Vt. Instead of Dublin, N.H. A follow up was sent to the correct address with a copy on July 24.

July 18 Wednesday – Sam was in NYC. Isabel Lyon's journal (Dublin, N.H.):

What will this day bring?

The grass is down! It was so ripe, so ready, and willing, to be slain. (3 men have been working at it all the morning.) It began to be so tired; & when the scythe swept through it, it lay so still, as if glad and full of rest—like other deaths.

~~This afternoon Mr. Paine came out & after we had talked of many things we walked over to the Roger place again & he talked to me again of Life, & the Concreteness of the Past. I like his thoughts, for back of them there is soul I know. I know it today~~ [MTP TS 98]. *Note:* once again Lyon lined out the passage about Paine.

July 19 Thursday – Sam was in NYC. Isabel Lyon's journal (Dublin, N.H.): "Today we climbed Monadnock—starting before nine o'clock we slowly wound our way up those mighty slopes. I cannot write of the wonder of the mountain—the wonder of the day. It was too great. It was a mighty stroke out of the great drama of eternity. Oh the great soul of that eternal mountain" [MTP TS 98-99].

July 20 Friday – John T. Lewis, hero of Elmira, died on the way to the hospital [Sue Crane to Sam July 23, 1906].

Sam was in NYC. Isabel Lyon's journal (Dublin, N.H.): "Today we read Orion Clemens letters. Some of them written back in 1862. Mr. Paine is [*many illegible cancelled words*]. Oh, the wonder of life" [MTP TS 99].

July 21 Saturday – Sam was in NYC. Isabel Lyon's journal (Dublin, N.H.): "These are such beautiful days. The mountain has brought life to me. Who could have thought within the month there could be an awakening such as mine—an awakening out of black poisoned misery into the meaning of the mountain & the meaning & sacredness of life, whether in solitude or not" [MTP TS 99].

John Crowithin wrote from Blackpool, England to ask where he might get a particular volume that he'd once purchased in 1897 and one he thought was an American edition of Twain's poetry. He named several poems including, however, **Bret Harte's** "Heathen Chinees" [MTP]. *Note:* years before several poked Clemens by writing about this poem as if it were by him.

July 22 Sunday – Sam was in NYC. He signed and inscribed a photograph of himself in his three-piece white suit in a rocking chair, to **Mai Rogers (Mrs. William R. Coe):** "A happy voyage to you dear Mrs. Coe & a speedy return! Sincerely yours, S.L. Clemens July 22, 1906." On the back he wrote, "Shall I learn to be good? I will sit here & think it over" [Skinner Auctioneers Nov. 19, 2006, Sale 2341, Lot 27].

Isabel Lyon's journal (Dublin, N.H.): Jean & I lunched with the Thayers today. The table was spread out on the porch & when the meal was nearly finished Mr. Thayer came from his studio where he had been at

work painting Eleanor Fisher. He was ever so interesting as usual, when he got well started on his protective coloration investigations. Mary Thayer's fiancé Frederick Birch was there too. He seemed a very insignificant young man, but he ceased to be that when he warmed up to his subject of insect life—moths & butterflies in particular, & he brought down a case of exquisitely mounted creatures for our inspection. On the way home we picked up ABP & he & I read Orion letters until nearly seven o'clock. Gerome Brush was here for dinner & he told us a lot about his play [MTP TS 99-100].

Frederic Chapin wrote from Oak Park, Ill., once again inquiring about making a musical comedy of *P&P*. The first time Chapin applied, he'd been directed to **Elisabeth Marbury**; she informed him that **Daniel Frohman** owned the stage rights for the play. He recently wrote Frohman who directed him to write Clemens direct [MTP]. See ca. July 25 for Sam's reply.

July 23 Monday – Isabel Lyon's journal (Dublin, N.H.): "Jean, 9.20 very severe, but cleared up well after" [MTP TS 100].

Susan Crane wrote to Sam, who included it in his A.D. of Aug. 11, 1906. She told of **John T. Lewis'** dying requests and of his decline and death on July 20 [MTP].

July 24 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon's journal (Dublin, N.H.): "Today we read Orion letters down under the apple tree in the field. It was very sweet down there. The Orion letters are monotonous—but they are not either [MTP TS 100].

Major **Leigh of Harper & Brothers** wrote to Sam. "Colonel Harvey turned over to me the matter of the proposed contents for the new volume of the Hillcrest and Trade book, and, as I understand it, the contents proposed for the Hillcrest volume is O.K." Leigh then listed ten articles to be in the new volume [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "To Col. Harvey / Mr. Clemens agrees with Maj. Leigh that there is nothing to object to in his proposal as in his letter of July 24." **Frederick T. Leigh**, treasurer of Harpers.

Samuel Merwin, assoc. editor of *Success Magazine*, NYC wrote to Sam explaining the idea of a "People's Lobby" to guard against harmful legislation by special interests from Congress [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote on the letter: "I am in cordial sympathy with the movement & am as glad to be cordially willing to have my name used. If I were younger, I would take part in the work, but my active days are gone by & I shall never again do anything more than look on & rejoice while others perform the labor. Sincerely..."

A.L. Steers for Aeolian Co. wrote to Sam. "We wrote you a letter on the 17th inst., in answer to yours of the 14th, and not having heard from you we are under the impression that the letter was sent to Dublin, Vt. Instead of Dublin, N.H. as on our duplicate we have Dublin, Vt." [MTP]. *Note:* See the July 17 letter that went astray.

July 25 Wednesday – Sam left Fairhaven, Mass. and arrived back in Dublin, N.H. [July 31 to Teller; IVL journal July 25].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Today the King came home. His hair is shorter than I have ever seen it, and he is a rejuvenated [*sic*] man. Yes—he is in a new world" [MTP TS 100].

Herbert Shearer for Farm, Field & Fireside ("The Great Farm Weekly"), Chicago, wrote to ask Sam if he would confirm a photograph they'd rec'd of his birthplace [MTP].

July 25 ca. – In Dublin, N.H. Sam replied to the **July 3 of Tudor Storrs Jenks**. "In the conditions as no labor is required of me I am very glad indeed to have my name used" [MTP].

Sam also replied to the **July 22** from **Frederic Chapin**:

Now the sailing appears to be perfectly plain. Please write again to Miss Marbury & this letter will be her sufficient authority to go on & make such terms with you for me as shall seem fair. I shall hope to see your work on the stage. Nothing could give me more pleasure than to see the Prince & Pauper in musical dress [MTP].

Isabel V. Lyon replied for Sam to the July 9 from **Joseph Mills Hanson**. "Grant Marsh incident is correct as Mr. Clemens remembers it. It is so long ago that he has no recollection of any of the river men except the few he was associated with for a considerable length of time" [MTP].

July 26 Thursday – Jean Clemens' 26th birthday.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "This morning Jean called Mr. Clemens an old sinner & he said, 'Yes, Adam & I go out every Sunday morning with a basket & gather all the apples we can find!'" [MTP TS 100].

Donchian Brothers, Importers of Oriental rugs, NYC wrote to Sam with a quote of \$381.50 for repairing the rugs from his Fifth Ave. house [MTP].

Charles J. Langdon wrote to Sam enclosing a draft for \$22.17 for 1/3 share of rent for the Buffalo property on Erie Basin for July 1906 [MTP].

July 26 ca. – In **Dublin, N.H.** Isabel V. Lyon replied for Sam to **Donchian Bros.**, New York rug importers. "Told him to put them in a \$250⁰⁰ state of repair. / I.V.L." [MTP].

July 27 Friday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to daughter **Clara** in Norfolk, Conn.

It's a darling lovely letter, you dear child, & not even Howells can surpass it for charm & grace & expression. I'm having typed copies made for Howells & Joe.

Poor Lewis is dead, & I am so glad he is set free from a world that has certain ungrateful imitation human beings in it.

I got back in time for Jean's birthday. I never had a delightfuler holiday in my life; & I did hate to leave Fairhaven. Big Mrs. Rogers is too lovely for anything, & so is little Mrs. Rogers; & as for old Henry himself, he is the finest they make.

Mr. Bynner wants to come & see us next week, & we are very willing indeed.

Let Larkin come to the house—you don't need to go to his office. He is very nice, & you will like him.

With my love & a hug [MTP].

Note: Sam read a long passage from Clara's letter in his July 31 A.D. It may be found in *MTHL* 2: 816n1.

John T. Lewis, black hero of the runaway carriage at Quarry Farm; **Witter Bynner**; see Gribben 120. **John Larkin**, whom Sam described as "my friend and legal advisor."

Susan Crane wrote to Sam, relating John T. Lewis' funeral and his will stating that only Dunker Baptists could give the service, as "he did not recognize as Christians any who did not follow the explicit teachings of the Lord." She added, "He was deeply and sincerely grateful to you...I am thankful the struggles are ended for the lonely man. / The old hill folks are nearly all gone" [MTP]. *Note:* Sam included Sue's letter in his A.D. of Aug. 11, 1906.

Sam also replied to **Susan Crane**.

Your letter has just come, dear aunt Sue, & I am glad to know that our poor old friend is free. It was a curious idea—that funeral sermon—but it is colored nature! The black man, both here & in savagery, has a gaudy taste in funerals, particularly his own. I am just home from a month's absence, & find my tribe prospering.

Here's a romance for you! Forty-eight years, 2 months & 1 day ago I parted from a sweetheart who was 14 years old, & since then I have never seen her nor exchanged a word with her—and to-day I got a letter from her! (I remembered the hand.) She is poor, is a widow, in debt, & is in desperate need of a thousand dollars. I sent it. Still, I am not bankrupt yet, & if you will tell me what sum I ought to contribute to that funeral sermon I will gladly furnish it.

Dear me, the letters I am getting these days! If Livy could only see them! They fairly glow with golden compliments. One is from Clara, & no poet could surpass it.

With ever, ever, ever so much love, ... [MTP]. *Note:* Sam referred to **John T. Lewis** who had just died, and his old sweetheart **Laura Wright (Dake)**.

Sam also wrote (telegraphed?) to **Frank N. Doubleday**: "If not too late please put away ten copies in sheets—for I want to put them in special bindings some day / "What is Man—" [MTP].

Sam also replied to the **July 14** from Mrs. **Minnie Maddern Fiske**, actress and inspiration for Twain's "A Horse's Tale."

Oh, I thank you for your lovely letter, & for giving me that good word from Ashton Stevens. I do hope his health is prospering. Poor "Little" Ward! he was a manly boy, & *such* a fighter! When he passed away I had not seen him for 37 years.

Of course you don't know the name of the story you asked me to write, & you'll not recognize it in the current Harper—but that's the one. It will have no meaning to you till September produces the other half of it. I've been away a whole month & am just back. Your letter has been lying neglected, here, a fortnight. It is my fault & I am to blame; I said "Keep all letters till I return" [MTP]. *Note:* **Lewis P. Ward** of San Francisco days d. in 1903; it's not clear how Fiske knew Ward. "The Horse's Tale" was published in the Aug. and Sept. issues of *Harper's Magazine*.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "We walked up to the mountain trail to pick up a wonderful stone we had hidden on our way up Monadnock last week, and then we found a beautiful mossy bank where we sat & talked for a very long time. We took Orion letters, but we read only 1½ for talk was a plenty" [MTP TS 100]. *Note:* likely the "we" included **Albert Bigelow Paine**, with whom she'd been reading letters from Orion.

Elizabeth Jordan for Harper & Brothers wrote to Sam enclosing under another cover the first two chapters of "The Whole Family," written by **William Dean Howells** and **Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman**. "If they inspire you to write the third chapter, the small boy's, I shall be delighted" [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Tell her that so far Mr. Clemens is not inspired & would like to see some of the other instalments."

July 28 Saturday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

Jean, 10:45, violent. 6:40, long, violent. Petit mal all day.

The King is singing the Marseillaise in lusty tones as he is drawing a bath for himself. When the King sings very hard it means a perturbation of spirit; it means that something is not quite in key, it never stands for happiness.

This morning Mr. Clemens went to work on the porch & kept at it until 2 o'clock. The kittens bothered him with their friendliness until Katherine was called upon to cart them off. When I went to my study later, on the desk I found 8 closely written pages of ms., a speech—Mr. Clemens explained to me at dinner—a speech to be given at a press banquet sometime in September. A speech in which he is taking up cudgels for Standard Oil. It seems that when he was in N.Y. Mr. Melville Stone asked him to do just this thing & as Mr. Rogers's intimate friend Mr. Clemens felt that he could not do it, and brought forward many sane reasons for not doing it, but Mr. Stone could see only the fact that he wanted Mr. Clemens to make that speech & make it so that it would attack the press for "muckraking" every corporation [MTP TS 100-101; mention by Gribben, p. 592].

Samuel Hopkins Adams for *Collier's Weekly* wrote to Sam that at last he was ready to take up the Oppenheimer matter, and would “probably have the article ready for *Collier's* of September 28th or thereabout.” Did Sam have any other material on hand that might be of value? [MTP].

Charles J. Langdon wrote to Sam acknowledging his check from Miss Lyon for \$304.33 which he had forwarded with his for \$608.67 to pay the taxes of \$913 on the Buffalo real estate [MTP].

July 29 Sunday

July 30 Monday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam replied to the June 28 from **Charles Orr**, librarian, Case Library, Cleveland.

I cannot thank you enough for sending me copies of John Hay's delicious notes to Mr. Gunn. In the matter of humor, what an unsurpassable touch John Hay had! I may have known Alexander Gunn in those ancient days, but the name does not sound familiar to me.

The title of the piece of “1601.” The piece is a suppositious conversation which takes place in Queen Elizabeth's closet in that year, between the Queen and Shakespeare, Ben Johnson, Beaumont, Sir Walter Raleigh, the Duchess of Bilgewater, and one or two others; and is not—as John Hay mistakenly supposes—“a serious effort to bring back our literature and philosophy to the sober & chaste Elizabethan standard”; no, the object was only a serious attempt to reveal to Rev. Joe Twichell the picturesqueness of parlor conversation in Elizabeth's time; therefore if there is a decent word findable in it, it is because I overlooked it. I hasten to assure you that it is NOT printed in my published writings.

“1601” was so be-praised by the archeological scholars of a quarter of a century ago, that I was rather inordinately vain of it. At that time it had been privately printed in several countries, among them Japan. A sumptuous edition on large paper, rough-edged, was made by Lieut. C. E.S. Wood at West Point—an edition of 50 copies—and distributed among popes & kings & such people. In England copies of that issue were worth 20 guineas when I was there six years ago, & none to be had. I thank you again and am / Yours very truly....[MTP]. *Note:* Sam likely forgot that **Alexander Gunn** had printed four copies of *1601* in Cleveland in 1880. See **Feb., end** entry for **1882**.

Sam also wrote to **John Larkin**. “Larkin draw up a codicil requiring the auto extension of copyright on the books” [MTP].

Isabel Lyon wrote for Sam to **Elizabeth Jordan for *Harper's Bazaar***.

Mr. Clemens requests me to tell you that he has just returned from a long & tiring business trip, & that just now he cannot say how much he will be able to do with the small boy chapter; but if you can send along some of the other instalments perhaps when he is rested he will feel more inspired than he does now. He was glad to see the two instalments you sent him last week [MTP]. *Note:* see May 29 entry for the story Jordan was after. Also **ca. May 31** and **July 6** entries.

Clemens' A.D. this day included: Clemens returns to Dublin after a four or five weeks' vacation spent partly in New York attending to business matters connected with “Library of Humor,” and partly at Fairhaven with **H.H. Rogers**—The **Laura Wright** episode; first meeting on Mississippi steamboat, & letter just received [MTP: Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Harpers have got to call upon Mr. Clemens's representative when a book's copyright is about exhausted for auto notes to be added to extend the copyright for 28 years.

Larkin drew up a codicil requiring the copyright extension by adding the auto notes unless before that day shall happen the copyright laws have been so liberalized as to make it unnecessary [MTP TS 101-102].

Autobiographical Dictations resumed on a regular basis—M-F for two hours during 1906 and 1907

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote to Sam, enclosing “some correspondence bearing on the Plasmon situation.” He announced that the Int’l Spiral Pin Co. was paying a 6% dividend for the first half of 1906, and that “Utah was quoted at 56 ½ on Saturday, so it is coming up again” [MTP].

W.B. McGarvey for International Spiral Pin wrote to Sam, enclosing a check for \$109.50 in dividends for the first half of 1906 [MTP].

Benjamin E. Smith of The Century Co. wrote to Sam.

A correspondent has asked that we include the word *labrick* (used in the first chapter of “Pudd’nhead Wilson”) in the Century Dictionary. Can you tell me anything concerning the origin of the word, or are you willing to be responsible for the first use of it? I judge, however, that it is dialectal. If the matter interests you, will you kindly let me hear from you concerning it? [MTP].

July 31 Tuesday – **George B. Harvey** of Harpers arrived in **Dublin** and spent five days with Clemens, choosing 100,000 words from the 250,000 of the Autobiography for publication in the *North American Review*. Harvey left on **Aug. 4** [Aug. 3 to Clara]. **Isabel Lyon’s journal**: “Col. Harvey arrived late this evening at 9:45” [MTP TS 102].

Sam wrote to **Charlotte Teller Johnson**.

Dear Charlotte, you are doing wonderfully. I await the coming carbon with strong interest. I returned here July 25th, from Fairhaven, & since then have dictated 4 hours. But I am going to do 2 hours a day, now, right along.

I am dreadfully glad I gave up the syndicate idea, for Harvey has been here several days & has read my entire 250,000 words, & is going to use above 100,000 of them in the newly-organized North American Review—which begins as a *fortnightly* Sept. 1., & will have new features: among them a *purely literary* section—just the place for my Autobiographical chapters. He culled & patched together 5 instalments of 5,000 words each—and very nice culling he did, too. Howells will select for the rest of the twelve-month.

With kindest regards to Miss Bensley, ... [MTP]. *Note*: **Martha S. Bensley**, associated with the support movement for Russian revolutionaries in N.Y.C. and a collaborator with Johnson.

Sam’s notebook: Lists **Robert Henry Newell (Orpheus C. Kerr)** among American humorists who were formerly well known [Gribben: NB 42 TS 7].

Elizabeth Jordan for Harper & Brothers wrote to Sam that she awaited at his convenience the small boy’s chapter for “The Whole Family” and would send the “successive chapters to you as fast as they are written.” In the meantime she would keep sending reminders [MTP].

George H. Tripp, Librarian New Bedford Mass. wrote to Sam. “I very much regret that I was out of the city when you and Mr. Rogers called at the library the other day, on your quest for whaling logs. There is one which I should have liked to show you as an illustration of a very highly decorated whaling log. ...I am going to send it for you to look over...” [MTP]. *Note*: why the men were after whaling logs is anyone’s guess.

Clemens’ A.D. this day included: **Col. Harvey** arrives to-night—Letter from **Clara Clemens**—Sam Clemens receives copy of **Duneka’s** “Library of Humor”—Seventy-eight other humorists contained therein—Letter from **Charles Orr** referring to Mr. Clemens’s reply—Clemens tells why he wrote “1601” and what it is, & of the private printing of several copies [MTP: Autodict2; MTE 200-203].

August – The first of two installments of “The Horse’s Tale” ran in *Harper’s Monthly* for August. The second ran in **Sept.** issue; it would be published by Harper’s as a 153 page book on **Oct. 24, 1907**.

Sam also wrote to **H.H. Rogers**: “Dear Mr. Rogers: I’m accepting...tell me if you can go & if it will pay you to go. S.L.C.” [MTP: Anderson Galleries catalog, 4-5 April 1934, No. 4098, Item 116].

Frances Powell Case (pseud. “**Frances Powell**”) inscribed a copy of her book *The Prisoner of Ornith Farm* (1906) to Sam: “‘He didn’t ever have to tell anybody to mind their manners—everybody was always good-mannered where he was. Everybody loved to have him around, too; he was sunshine—’ / Mr. Samuel L. Clemens / with sincere admiration—and respect / Frances Powell Case / Flotsam / Wainscott, Long Island / August 1906” [Gribben 132].

August 1 Wednesday – **William Dean Howells** wrote from Kittery Point, Maine to Sam.

Thank you for letting me see Clara’s just tribute to you. It is a great thing to have one’s children not rise up and knock one’s head off after reading one’s writings, but it seems that it happens in your family some times as it does in mine. Many people have written me about that lovely and loveable article of yours. Some it seems to have roused to a remembrance of my existence; some it has instructed of the fact; and you did it uot of the goodness of your heart, as well as the soundness of your head.

But I cannot allow Clara to call *Venetian Life* “*Venetian Days*.” You are the only person in the world who may do this and not be destroyed.

Howells then told of a “summer of suffering” of his wife’s health. They had been re-reading *FE* nightly “with a delight truly unspeakable.” He PS’d: “What about that MS of your Autobiography which I was to have?” [MTHL 2: 815-16]. *Notes*: Sam had written an essay titled “William Dean Howells” (published in *Harper’s Monthly* for July 1906) in which he referred to “*Venetian Life*” as “*Venetian Days*”; Clara’s letter used the phrase “*Venetian Days*.”

George B. Harvey for Harper & Brothers wrote to Sam. “We have the pleasure in granting you application for the privilege of printing two hundred and fifty copies of your proposed new book, not yet named, for private distribution” [MTP]. *Note*: this letter appears to be in another hand than Harvey’s, written for him. The book referred to is “What is Man?” On the back of the env. Sam wrote, “Authorization to print privately 250 copies of the “Gospel,” evidently a categorizing note.

August 2 Thursday – **Frederick W. Wile** wrote from the Berlin Bureau of the *Chicago Daily News*:

I wonder if you remember an American newspaper-man to whom you gave a forenoon’s great pleasure in London in the summer of 1900? He had asked you for an interview at Brown’s Hotel and you set the appointment for Kellgren’s massage-establishment, down Victoria-way, where I saw some husky rubbers doing sundry and divers things to you. Then we spent two hours walking and talking through Hyde Park. I am the proud possessor of these recollections, and I am writing to ask if you would not give me a permanent souvenir of them in the shape of an autographed photograph of yourself? [MTP].

The ledger books of **Chatto & Windus** show that 2,000 additional copies of *Mark Twain’s Library of Humor* were printed, totaling 16,000 [Welland 236].

August 3 Friday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to daughter **Clara** in Norfolk, Conn.

Clärchen dear, I first read it to myself—merely to get the hang of it, for nothing is to be found out about a piece of literature by a mute reading of it. Next day I read it aloud to Lyon, & *then* the light broke out all over it & we saw that it was fine & strong & deep & moving. You have done well, dearie—very very well indeed. If others fail to see the piece’s merits it will be only because they will read it mutely—people *always* do that

stupid thing. I can't return it to you yet,—& not for several days—for you must not send any but typed MS. to editors—they won't look at it. It will be several days before Miss Hobby can type it, for we are driving her hard, just now.

The reason is: To go back a piece,. before leaving New York I finally concluded not to syndicate any of my Autobiography, & sent that definite word to McClure. Then Col. Harvey arrived from Europe & we straightened out our snarl in five minutes. He next told me of his great plan: to turn the North American Review into a *fortnightly* the 1st of Sept, introduce into it a purely *literary* section, of high class, & in other ways make a great & valuable periodical of it. He was always icily indifferent to the Autobiography before, but thought he would like to look at it now, so I told him to come up. He arrived 3 days ago, & has now carefully read close upon a hundred thousand words of it (there are 250,000). He says it is the “greatest book of the age,” & has in it “the finest literature.”

He has done some wonderful editing; for he has selected 5 instalments of 5,000 words each; & although those are culled from here & there & yonder, he has made each seem to have been written by itself—& without altering a word. At 10,000 words a month we shall place about 110,000 or 120,000 words before the public in 12 months.

I will bank this money by itself, & you & John Howells can draw upon it up to \$15,000 to build the house with. Then if you find you *must*, you can draw out \$5,000 or \$6,000 more of it.

To-morrow Harvey will carry away one full set of the MSS to Howells & get him to help select instalments. I can't do the selecting myself. The instalments will come to me in galley-proofs for approval, but I guess I will pass them on to you for final judgment after I have examined them.

The house is already named by Miss Lyon. “Autobiography House.” It's a good name, I think.

Miss Hobby is typing the 5 instalments under high pressure; the first one must appear Sept. 1.

Our income for the next 12 months (taking all sources), ought to be \$70,000 or \$80,000.

With many hugs & kisses, dearheart, / Father [MTP]. *Note*: “Autobiography House” would become “Innocents at Home,” and finally “Stormfield.”

Sam also replied to the **Aug. 1 of William Dean Howells**, in Kittery Point, Maine.

I am very very sorry Mrs. Howells's health remains so bad. It is hard enough to have to live with the human race, without that.

As to the Autobiography, you're going to get it—in the neck! as the vulgar say. Harvey will go hence with it, to you, to-morrow. He is going to volley it at the public in the new N. A. Review, which I think is going to be the greatest of the periodicals, & the most conspicuous in America.

I want John & Clara to take hold of that house now, & build it—out of the Review money. I shall bank it by itself for that purpose, as I have just been telling Clara.

“Autobiography House.” How's that for a name for it? Seems good. It is Miss Lyon's suggestion.

The Colonel has done some wonderful editing of this MS. He has selected five 5,000-word instalments, & pieced them together so cleverly that the seams don't show, & each seems to have been written by itself. Ever yours / Mark [MTHL 2: 817-18].

August 4 Saturday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to **Elizabeth Jordan**, editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, unable to be inspired to add to her collaborated story, his contribution being the boy character:

Dear Miss Jordan: / I was hoping & indeed expecting that that boy would look in & report for duty. But it has not happened. After this long waiting he has never once rung the bell. This can only mean one thing—he is not coming; that is if he has a story to tell he is not moved to tell it through me. I could compel him, but the children of the fancy are sensitive, & I do not offend them with compulsions, & so I have given him up, & dismissed the thought of him from my mind, permanently. I would so gladly have allowed him to tell his tale by my hand, but under no conditions would I tell it *for* him. It gives me a sharp pang to say these things & disappoint you, but there is no alternative; the thought of the boy keeps tagging around after me, & interfering with my affairs, & for my own comfort I have to take this course with him [MTP]. *Note*: See May 29 entry; also MTHL 2: 818-19.

Sam also wrote a letter to **Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. Harry Rogers, Jr.)** in Fairhaven, Mass. that he added a few lines to on **Aug. 5**.

You are a very dear partner in crime, & if you have missed me half as much as I have missed you, I am very well satisfied—& pretty vain, too, besides. You've got some exceedingly good new words, & they are genuine, too—I've verified them by the dictionary, & adopted them. Do you know, by & by none but the most learned people will be able to understand you & me. The others will be awed when they listen: they will think we are talking a foreign language. Awed, & envious & hostile—but no matter, they will admire, anyway. It is good that you are going to practice-up on billiards, we'll have strenuous tournaments at 21 [Fifth Ave.]; & I hope the table will be exactly the size of the one at Fairhaven, then you won't have to learn the angles over again. Stick to the English game; you will have a chance to rest while I am making exhibition-runs, & your strength will last the longer, whereas "Chicago" permits no rest.

Sam then wrote of Colonel **Harvey's** visit and of the forthcoming *North American Review* segments of his Autobiography, starting Sept. 1. He liked the arrangement and so would **H.H. Rogers**. He also disclosed that the "boy" for the "composite story" that **Elizabeth Jordan** wanted had "not yet knocked at my mind for admission." Sam wanted to go to Fairhaven for a day about the end of the month, but encouraged Mary and husband **Harry Rogers** to "come 'mobiling up here.'" He finished with:

Oh, if we can only learn to be good, & go to heaven! (There's 7 sabbaths per week, there, y' know. To break.) It just makes a body's mouth water. Do you believe the angels are galactophorous? I hope so.

Now then, on top of all these important things there's still another which - - - - - sho! paper of this size doesn't hold anything.

Why, so she *was* your grandmother! Mine, too. It makes us cousins or something, & I think it's very nice. Good-bye, dear pal. / SLC / Won't you please mail the enclosed to Mrs. Coe for me? [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Today Col. Harvey went off bearing a stack of the autobiographical ms. with him. All the order to which it had been reduced is disordered again & its all a chaos. How the Paines and Hobbys will grieve" [MTP TS 102].

George B. Harvey of Harper's left Dublin with the portions of "Mark Twain's Autobiography" MS he wished to publish in the reorganized *North American Review* [Aug. 3 to Clara]. Before he left, either this day or Aug. 3, Harvey wrote a note of summary to Sam: "I have: / (1) Instalment No. 1 beginning with preface outlining autobiography. / (2) Instalment No. 5 beginning "My Experiences as author." / (3) Copies of complete dictation to Feb 12 inclusive. / Please send: / Instalments Nos. 2, 3 & 4 as soon as finished. / Also copies of complete dictation beginning with Feb. 13 as it proceeds" [MTP].

August 5 Sunday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam added a few lines to his Aug. 4 to Mary B. Rogers:

Sunday. / P.S.

No, gentle pal, return it to me, in the enclosed envelop. I will go over it again (*aloud*, this time, which is the only sure test), before I ship it to Harvey.

(Don't let any outsider see it, it is dangersome.) / SLC [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Joe Twichell**.

Dear Joe: / Certainly archæology comes to the very front, now! this triumph places it at the head of the sciences. You have heard of it?—how Professor Hübner has established beyond shadow of doubt that the Virgin was 47 years old?

I think it is wonderful, perfectly wonderful. He did not need to also prove that she was black, for all Nazarenes were colored people, & are to this day.

Think of it. *Black & 47*. Do you believe there's any temptation He *could* resist? Do you? Are you going to preach about it? When? Yours ever [MTP]. *Note:* refers to Jesus Christ and his mother Mary; trouble is, Jesus

was born in Bethlehem and only lived in Nazareth after Joseph and Mary returned from Egypt after Herod's death. "He was called a Nazarene" but was not one by birth. See Matthew chapter 2. The good archeology professor has not been identified. See also Rogers of Aug. 8.

Sam also wrote to **H.H. Rogers**, enclosing the above note to Twichell. "Upon second thought it will be better for this to come from you. In theological matters Twichell attaches much more value to your commendations than he does to mine. Just copy it in your own hand & sign it & send it to him. It will be all right. Yours ever" [MTP; not in *MTHHR*].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Mr. Clemens, Jean & I lunched with Mrs. Wm. Cabot today to meet Sir John & Lady Carter. I liked them ever so much. Lady Carter is the 2nd wife—a niece of Mrs. Cabot's. It transpired that Mr. Clemens & Sir John had met several years ago in Nassau when Mr. Clemens was yachting down there with Mr. Rogers & Mr. Tom Reid. At luncheon—such a pretty luncheon for there was a table of young creatures—Mr. Clemens told how many years ago when he & Mrs. Clemens were in England they went with Moncure D. Conway out to Stratford-on-Avon, but the destination was an unknown one to Mrs. Clemens. For many years she had wanted to go to Shakespeare's grave & this was to be a surprise to her. At the station when the big station sign was very visible, these 2 men thrust themselves between Mrs. Clemens & the windows so she couldn't read that sign; & they hustled her away from a bus which had "The Shakespeare Arms" in glaring letters along its side; & only when she stood reading the epitaph in the church, did she know where she was.

After luncheon we sat out on the broad porch with the beautiful view of the hills beyond the pines & Gerald Thayer brought around the splendid, radiant, squawking makaw that he brought up from Trinidad for Eleanor Cabot's father to buy for her [MTP TS 102-103]. *Note:* in his NB of Mar. 22, 1902 in Nassau, Sam wrote that he'd known **Sir Gilbert Thomas Carter** before. Sir John may have been a relative. In his NB of June 21, 1899 he was in London and wrote of **John Ridgely Carter** "of our embassy."

August 6 Monday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam inscribed the first photo of himself in the series "Progress of a Moral Purpose" to daughter **Jean**: "*To Jean Clemens / with the deep love of her / Father / Aug. '06. / Truly Yours / Mark Twain*" [MTP].

Sam also replied to the July 31 from Dr. **Benjamin E. Smith** of the Century Co., N.Y.

I am authority for the fact—which is a fact—that the term labrick was in constant use by all grown men except certain of the clergy in the state of Missouri when I was a boy. It had a very definite meaning & occupied in the matter of strength the middle ground between scoundrel & son of a bitch.

Sincerely Yours / SL. Clemens

P.S. But I think you are serious about this. If you are, let me brush aside the ornamental & give you the plain & authentic definition of the word. Labrick is substantially ass, a little enlarged & emphasized; let us say, labrick is a little stronger than ass, & not quite as strong as idiot [MTP].

Clemens' A.D. this day included: Goes back to the failure of **Charles L. Webster & Co.**—First meeting with **H. H. Rogers**—His sympathy, and assistance—Mr. Clemens in 3 years pays off 100 cents on the dollar.—Clemens' income from his books has been as high as \$57,000 a year [MTP: Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon's journal: ABP came out & straightened out the ms. & then we walked to the upper pasture to talk & talk about the King. "I'm so glad he's just as he is. He ought to be just as he is. The King can do no wrong." That is our ritual. We measured off the rooms down stairs with a view to proportions for the new Redding house and if I am good, very good, I am to have a strip of land in Redding to build me there a little house. AB will let me use the strip from his own property. Oh, I must be good—monotonously good. Nancy Brush put on one of my night gowns & porpoised down the hill for Mr. Clemens. Last night she did it in the moon light and it was a dear sight [MTP TS 103]. *Note:* from her **Aug. 7** entry for this evening:

Last evening [Aug. 6] we went to a "Joe Smith" play. It was given in the open air & Ethel Barrymore played in it. Joe Smith was a Jack Frost. Mr. Clemens & I sat on an upper balcony, whence we could look down into the lovely garden and see Jack Frost touch the flowers with baneful hand—his power banished however by the Queen of the Garden—Ethel Barrymore. But first came the old woman of the garden, walking about among her posies, & mourning their approaching deaths. How sweet she was, how dodderingly sweet & touching. The waiting for the carriage afterward was so tiresome & the thing above all others that Mr. Clemens hates so, & this morning he told me that he held himself in—a dozen times he was on the verge of saying his hatred of it all, but he didn't he didn't spoil a good & sweet evening by exploding, and *how* he would hve done it a few years ago! *How* he used to distress Mrs. Clemens & give her heartaches. Then Susie's death came & he learned to control himself for a while, but he said it was only for a while, & once again he broke out into his old ways, so heartbreaking to Mrs. Clemens [MTP TS 103-105].

August 7 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

"Training is everything" he said, "The Gospel is right" & if he controls himself now, it is due to the training of his age, his old age. *Such* a sweet old age it is. Of course, he bursts out sometimes into savage blasphemies. It wouldn't be he if he didn't. Early this morning, before 7, I heard a big guttural God damn from his room & then quietness. Later I learned he was mad at the green shade which had stuck & stuck [MTP TS 103-105].
Note: see the rest of the Aug. 7 entry at the end of Aug. 6.

Clemens' A.D. this day included: Clemens expresses his gratitude to **H.H. Rogers**—Describes the man as one of the 3 handsomest men in America [MTP: Autodict2].

August 8 Wednesday – In N.Y.C. **H.H. Rogers** replied to the Aug. 5 from Sam, confessing that the letter he was to copy and send to **Twichell** about the **Virgin Mary** being 47 and black had been sent along without copying due to the "disordered condition" of his desk on Monday night. Rogers disagreed with Sam on his conclusions about Mary's age and color; he felt sure he'd get a reply from Twichell, which would be his "duty to send it to your address." He related that **George B. Harvey** had been in this afternoon and seemed to be "rather gloating over some great victory" relating to his choice of 100,000 words of Sam's Autobiography. He also related that **Melville E. Stone**, manager of the **Associated Press**, had called "somewhat depressed" due to a letter (not extant) from Sam. Melville was making arrangements for the A.P.'s **Sept. 19** annual dinner at the Waldorf Astoria.

In other words, let me "butt in" and make a suggestion, and I have not a doubt at all but that Mrs. Rogers will approve of what I say, because she never does approve of what you say, and if so, we may be able to influence you. At any rate, Mrs. Rogers is quite angry with you about various matters, and I am sure you will feel influenced when she gets near you. / Yours truly ... [MTHHR 614-15].

Clemens' A.D. this day included: The effrontery of amateur literary efforts—The playing of charades to-night—From **Susy's** biography: the presentation of "The Prince and Pauper" at **Charles Dudley Warner's** house [MTP: Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "The King wanted to see my Zarathustra. It pained me to give him up, but I did it, & after the King had looked through it he said, 'O damn Nietzsche! He couldn't write a lucid sentence to save his soul.' Somehow I am glad he doesn't like Zarathustra. Very, very glad—but I shall be able to quote some passages to him—some telling passages—for Nietzsche is too much like himself" [MTP TS 105; also Gribben 508 using older TS page numbers].

August 8 ca. – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to **Calvin H. Higbie**.

Dear Higbie: / I have read it, & the fact is, I am greatly disappointed. It is mainly second-hand news, worked over. In 'Roughing It' I have already told about the Wide-West blind lead; & about your locating it; & about our dreams of what we would do when we got the money; & about your going cementing & my going off to

nurse Nye; & about the relocating of the blind lead; & about my joining the staff of the 'Enterprise;' & about Lake Mono; & about the robbery on the divide—and so forth & so on. To make the re-telling of these things valuable there is only one way, not two: *they must be better told than I told them*. You have not done that, & any editor would say so at once: & he would add that he *could not use matter, anyway, that had already been used*. I exhausted that ore-pile, & left nothing behind but waste rock.

You have invented some new things—such as the flap-jacks & the ball—but any editor would strike them out, because such things are without value except when funny, & you have not made them funny. And how could you? You are a straight, honest, practical, sincere man, & no schooling, no training, no diligence would ever qualify you to write humorously—it is out of your line; & even if it were not, you could not pick up that exacting art in a day.

You have made me pretty ridiculous, but I shan't mind that if the editors will buy your MS. But I clearly perceive that it would damage its chances for me to offer it to them, for the reason that they would certainly ask me for a paragraph in praise of it & I could not furnish it. In print I have never praised anything which I could not praise with heartiness & sincerity. For in my way I am as honest as you are, Cal.

But there is one thing I can do, & this I will gladly do if you say the word. I can send it to the Herald, through my literary agent, & he can say you passed it through my hands to see if there was anything in it that would wound me, & that I found it innocent of reproach in that respect. Shall I do that? Let me hear from you, old friend. / Sincerely yours, ... [MTP: TS in A.D. 10 Aug. 1906].

August 9 Thursday – Sam wrote to **Frank N. Doubleday** about “What is Man?” and a proposed special binding for ten copies:

If I understand McClure's tentative offer I know Harvey would not consider it. When he was here the other day he said he had told McC that the price offered must be a very stiff one. Thank you very cordially for the pains you have taken with the matter.

Good. Now if Mr. Bothwell will keep that letter-form “standing” it will come in handy in case of future distributions.

Whenever you light upon a luxurious binding for the 10 special copies, *nail* it, old man. / Sincerely...[MTP]. *Note: J.W. Bothwell*, DeVinne's superintendent, whose name was used to keep Clemens' anonymous.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Today Jean, Gerry & AB [Paine] & I went up the mountain. We went slowly up those beautiful heights & rock stretches and we didn't go even to the second peak, so prone we were to nestle down upon that mighty framework & drink in its wonders. I had taken along the Rubaiyat & read from it as we sat around the spring after our dinner. Dear Jean was in a wonderfully sweet mood. Gerry was very beautiful to look at & to listen to, & AB was brilliant & full of philosophy and of himself. It was all *so* lovely. Then to reach home at 7:30 & find the King stretched out on the couch with the two black kittens asleep on his legs was a sweet ending to the day. Gerry spent the night [MTP TS 105].

George B. Harvey wrote to Sam [MTP]. *Note:* not found at MTP.

August 10 Friday – **Melvin L. Severy** wrote from Arlington Heights, Mass. to ask if he might quote from Sam's “King Leopold's Soliloquy” for a publication he was preparing [MTP]. *Note:* The MTP catalogs Sam's reply as “on or after 10 August.”

Clemens' A.D. this day included: Clipping from *Westminster Gazette*, criticizing statement in “Diary of Eve” and calling it irreverent—Clemens replies to this—**Calvin Higbie's** MS—Clemens's reply to him—Extract from Higbie's essay [MTP: Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon's journal: “The King says ‘Damn Nietzsche’ when I offer a quotation for the King's approval. First he damns—but then he approves with his head on one side in his quaint listening attitude” [MTP TS 105-106; also Gribben 508].

Samuel Hopkins Adams for *Collier's Weekly* wrote to Sam. "Your extremely interesting collection of Oppenheimer letters reached me safely, and I thank you heartily for them. That an extraordinary exhibit it is of mixed vanity and carelessness." Adams wasn't sure he had a "definite understanding" of how he might "rightly make use of this material," but would get "at" the material within ten days [MTP]. Sam wrote on the env., "Oppenheimer fraud—S. Hopkins Adams"

Thomas Wentworth Higginson wrote from Lexington, Mass. to ask Sam if he would "unite with Gilder & myself in nominating Mrs. Julia Ward Howe for membership in the National Institute of Arts & Letters?" **Robert Underwood Johnson** also approved [MTP].

Elizabeth Jordan for Harper & Brothers wrote to Sam. "A letter as definite as yours should be accepted as final. Nevertheless, both Mr. Howells and I are so disappointed that I am moved, with his encouragement, to say just one thing: why not drop the whole matter of the boy for three or four months—say until the first of the year? Then let me send you all the chapters that have been written" [MTP]. *Note:* on the collaborative story; see prior entries.

David A. Munro of the N.A.R. wrote to Sam. "The Colonel wished to send these proofs to you yesterday himself, but they were not to be had from the printer until this morning...What a chapter it is! There were tears and laughter as I read it" [MTP].

Melvin L. Severy wrote from Arlington Heights, Mass. to Sam.

I am preparing for publication a work treating of present social conditions and would like to favorably quote from your "King Leopold's Soliloquy." Is it your pleasure that I may? I shall be very grateful for the permission I feel sure you will grant [MTP]. *Note:* on the letter Sam wrote, "I am quite willing / must also write to the Congo Reform. Believe they will be glad."

August 10 ca. – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam replied to **Melvin L. Severy's Aug. 10** request: "I am quite willing. Must write also to the Congo Reform. Believe they will be glad" [MTP].

August 11 Saturday – Of the selections from Twain's **A.D.'s**, DeVoto selected about half of the materials not chosen before by Paine to be included in *Mark Twain in Eruption* (1940); among DeVoto's choices, was commentary, dictated this day, on a newspaper clipping this day of a humorous letter Sam had written years before to **Andrew Carnegie** asking for money to buy a hymnbook [35]. Sam also discussed **Rudyard Kipling**, his reputation and his first trip to Elmira to meet him in 1889; the segment of A.D. was selected for *MTE* [309-310].

Clemens' A.D. this day included: Man incapable of originating a thought; simply receives suggestions from the outside—Note to **Andrew Carnegie**, asking for hymn-book—The pension for **John T. Lewis**—H.H. Rogers' doubt as to the existence of **John T. Lewis**—Two letters from Lewis—**Rudyard Kipling** comes to America—Visits Clemens in Elmira [MTP: Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Dear me, AB thought he straightened out the auto ms. for he found most of it missing. Something must have been wrong with AB for he overlooked it—it was in the ms. box all the time. Chewinks, I think.

We lunched at the Thayers today—the King & we—and the King made merry over meat pie & beans & lettuce. We ate out of doors on the long porch dining room & the King told anecdotes & scolded those who quarreled with the nub of a joke, making it literal. Home the King & I drove so that he could go to bed for a rest before we went to the Club to hear Miss Lowell & Mrs. Joe Smith read tales. The King went to bed for just 7 minutes, then into his clothes & away we went again, he full of the delight of seeing and chatting with people who love him so much. Barry Faulkner came back for dinner [MTP TS 106]. *Note:* chewink: a bird in eastern North America.

August 12 Sunday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

This was to be a busy day for a Secretary’s interests—but the King elected that *his* interests should be paramountest. He elected that she must sit and talk with him—so talk it was—and in the afternoon we went over through the woods to the Pumpellys’. How beautiful it was! The King’s first walk this year. He tipped along back home, prepared to be exhausted & faint-for-sleep, but no, he couldn’t catch a wink—but lay in his bed smoking & reading Roman History [Tacitus]; & keyed up into the resolve to walk *every* day. But of course he won’t do it. I’m sorry to be going tomorrow, for I’d like to keep that resolve so “hot from the bat” going, until it could be a habit; but the King doesn’t have habits. He hates what is a habit [MTP TS 106-107].

Laura M. Dake (Laura Wright) wrote to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens:—

While in Chicago a few weeks ago, on a sudden geneous impulse I wrote to you. In my letter, as you know if you have received it, I asked you to ask your friend, Mr. Carnegie to help me help a young friend of mine who is making an effort for higher things, in the face of Fate. He cut wood and by other means got his degree at Harvard, then, feeling himself *called* to medicine, is making every effort to take the necessary course. I am deeply interested in him,—so much so, that at the risk of being misunderstood by you, I made my appeal to you to cast me a crumb from Mr. C’s millions [MTP].

August 13 Monday – Sam’s A.D. of this day (untitled) declared his admiration for the work of Rudyard Kipling, especially *Kim*; this A.D. segment was selected for MTE [310-12].

Clemens’ A.D. this day included: **Rudyard Kipling’s** 1889 visit to Elmira continued—Some of his books mentioned [MTP: Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

I started for N.Y. Oh joy! By way of Boston I went, & had Mr. George Brush to nestle beside me to talk on moral—socialistic—issues all the way to the city. He is going to send me pamphlets on Socialism for he says I’m a budding Socialist. I wonder?

I found C.C. at #21 & we went together up to talk with Loudon Charlton about the plans for a concert tour this winter.

John Howells dined with us & we talked over the plans for the new Redding house. J.H. has good ideas & high ideals [MTP TS 107].

August 14 Tuesday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote a delightful letter to Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. Harry Rogers, Jr.) in Fairhaven, Mass.

Ho, you miraculous combination of quicksilver, watch-springs & sunshine, how you do dance out from your pen & light up this solemn solitude & set things a-moving! No matter how long you live you’ll never get old, (thanks be!) My wife never did, neither did my mother; & my mother lived to be 88, & always she was all animations & champagne & charm, like you. I think it a most remarkable thing that I was able to draw you (as mother Eve) to the very life, & all by accident. From the first page to the last, there you are; it is your very self, exactly as you would have looked & acted if you had been Eve, with a spang-new beautiful world to flutter around in—and not a detail of you lacking, so far as I can see, but the tawny hair & the clothes. And on pages 69 & 71 you are *concentrated*. I am pretty proud of that accident. No doubt, accidents that approximate it have happened in literature, but his isn’t an approximation, it is a *reproduction*, & stands all by itself, unfellowed.

Miss Lyon went to New York yesterday, to be gone a week & more, & meet Clara there & help her & the architect plan the new house, & see that there is a proper billiard-room in it for you to break records in; Jean has gone with 12 young people to climb Monadnock; so the place is empty & still, & that is the solemn solitude I have spoken of. Would you believe it?—I am developing into a tromper of the woods myself. The

rich twilight of these lonely woodland roads is enchanting. If you would come—but I perceive that you can't. Day before yesterday I covered a very handsome distance indeed, for a novice.

I am so glad you liked that scrap of autobiography, dear pal; & I wish I could send more, since you are willing to read it, but there's only one "set" here, for Harvey carried away the other set to select instalments from. Some day it will come back, & then I will overwhelm you with it unless you stop trying to make out that you are a fictitious pal. There isn't any way for you to be fictitious, you wouldn't know how to go about it. Do you know?—I had the delightfulest letter from your Merlie, & was smart enough to read between the lines that she was really grateful to us for keeping order in that bridge party; & she as good as said she wished she could have all her bridge orgies policed & tranquillized like that. These are not her exact words, but they are very close.

As to that secret. I must manage that—& soon. But how? I have to have your criminal help. I could go to Fairhaven day after tomorrow (Thursday)—& Friday just as well—but shall you be there? And will uncle Henry come up Friday? (He mustn't be allowed to escape to the mountains before this conspiracy is consummated—indeed *that* won't do!—do you hear, Spontaneous Combustion, *do* you?)

Will you telegraph or telephone me?

But if you find it must be put off a week, I will arrange accordingly. Meantime keep your eye on the head senior, & see that he doesn't flee to the mountains.

From all accounts of the cruise, you & Harry must have had a delightful time; & not such a very unsociable time, neither. If I may have the privilege, dear pal, I also am / Yours affectionately / SLC
All this time I've had the help of three kittens—& not dead ones, either [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: C.C., J.H. & I went out to Redding, going by error to Danbury, picking up a sandwich luncheon at the station to carry with us & finding a very good team to take us the 8 miles to Redding. It is a lovely country. It is Connecticut. The King's stretch of land is very beautiful, with a fine site for the house to be built there & many sites beside. J.H. paced off the house foundation & we lunched on the hilltop & everything was delightful. I could only see the chimney of the old shingled farm house & the barns & I don't know where the Paine house is, for we didn't stop there at all [MTP TS 107].

August 15 Wednesday – Frank N. Doubleday wrote from N.Y.C. to Sam [MTP]. *Note:* Sam had asked Doubleday to "put away ten copies" of "What is Man?" for "special bindings some day" on **July 27**. Doubleday replied that he'd been out of town and didn't receive Sam's letter and telegram until Monday (**Aug. 13**).

If Colonel Harvey, as you say, would not consider anything but a stiff order, I should think the subject had better be dropped, as I do not believe that Mr. McClure could possibly get a large price for serializing these books. It is customary for newspapers to buy books of this kind for small amounts of money, it being considered splendid advertising. Mr. McClure is sailing for Europe tomorrow, and not having heard from Miss Lyon could do nothing.

Bothwell has put off the delivery of "What is Man" until the first of next week. For those ten special copies he suggests a perfectly plain crushed levant on the outside... [MTP]. *Note:* Doubleday continued with binding descriptions giving Sam the option of "extravagance" at \$12 per book or a "very nice binding" for "two or three dollars apiece."

Sam's **A.D.** of this day, "A Corn Pone Prayer" dealt with the first day of school in Mrs. Horr's class in Hannibal; it was selected for *MTE* [107-110]. **Clemens' A.D.** this day also included: Praying for gingerbread [MTP: Autodict2].

August 15 ca. – In Dublin, N.H. Sam replied to **Frank N. Doubleday**: "will keep the sheets & not do any binding at present / perhaps order 20—" [MTP].

August 16 Thursday – Independent Magazine published a brief, anonymous review of *Eve's Diary*, p. 397. It was uncritical [Tenney: "A Reference Guide Sixth Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Spring 1982 p. 10].

August 17 Friday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Today came such a drowsy little note from the King to say that the dictating is a burden to him, & so he is flying away down to Fairhaven & pretty Mrs. Harry Rogers, & the yacht, & he is so glad to have the holiday. Dublin is become an impossible place for him to live in” [MTP TS 108].

Harper & Brothers wrote to **Isabel Lyon** asking where they might find “when the following articles first appeared,” as they needed the information for copyright: “The Invalid’s Story”; “The Captain’s Story”; “In Memoriam”; Moffet’s sketch of Mark Twain, etc.

“We purpose taking Vol. 24 Hillcrest—the new volume—and add all these articles in a trade volume so that both Hillcrest and Trade Editions shall be complete and uniform as to contents” [MTP].

August 17 ca. – In Dublin, N.H. Isabel Lyon answered Harper’s **Aug. 17** inquiry: “Mr. Clemens thinks these copyrights are certainly dead. / P.B.P.—Pub by Slote & Woodman...Captain’s Possibly do” [MTP].

August 18 Saturday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

“Whatever is right. Sometimes it’s *just* right.” AB said it today when we sat on a big stone up on the King’s hilltop [in Redding]. Such a hilltop. Such a King. Such an ABP. They’re almost too “just right”. His house is darling & I had such a good time. He & Joy met me at Branchville. We jumped into the little carriage, AB picked up the reins [*sic*] with a great flourish, but the horse didn’t move. There was surprise on AB’s face & a chuckle from a farmer standing near—the horse was still hitched to a great big stone hitching post. We drove through a beautiful rough scrubby road & AB is such a reckless driver, such a dear wild Irishman of a man. He goes like hell & puts all the confidence in the horse, because I don’t think he could put any in himself. We went all over the property, through the old farm house & away up over the hilltop. It is very beautiful [MTP TS 108]. *Note:* **Joy Paine, Albert Bigelow and Dora Paine’s** youngest daughter.

Calvin H. Higbie wrote to Sam.

Yours of no date rec. Am not much disappointed that you condemn the article. I had sense enough to see for myself, that it was a crude affair, and sent it to you for approval, or condemnation, and am glad you condemn it, for the reason that you saw something that would make you ridiculous, [*sic*] and all the money in North America wouldnt tempt me to have it published for that reason alone [MTP]. *Note:* Sam included this letter in his Aug. 28 A.D.

August 19 Sunday – Frederic Chapin wrote from Oak Park, Ill. to Sam concerning existing rights of dramatization for *P&P*, possible claims by **Daniel Frohman**, and of **Elisabeth Marbury’s** position as Sam’s agent. **Frank Pixley**, a good friend of Chapin’s who wrote *The Burgomaster* (1901), *King Dodo* (1902), *The Prince of Pilsen* (1903), etc. was to write the play and lyrics, but objected to having to share royalties with Marbury [MTP]. *Note:* **Frank Pixley** (1867-1919), librettist, collaborated with Gustav Luders on popular musicals; he is not Frank M. Pixley, Am. journalist and politician who d. 1895. Not in Gribben.

Note: The MTP catalogs Lyon’s response as “on or after 19 August.” three days estimated postal time is allowed here, giving **ca. Aug. 23**. Also, a separate sheet dated **Sept. 11** is included in this listing, and is placed in that date.

The New York *Times*, p.SM9 ran a feature article, “The Feminine Magazine Trust” bemoaning the decline of top male writers and the ascendancy of female writers. In part:

Of late the voice of the Muck Rake has been loud in the land. Few monopolistic corporations have failed to feel the cold steel of investigation in their very vitals.

But there is in existence one ruthless monopoly, one that has been reaching out inch by inch, killing competition on every hand with absolute mercilessness, which has so far eluded the keenest eyed of the

exposers. Untrammelled it continues on its way. Unless it be summarily checked it bids fair to do away within a decade with every vestige of opposition.

It is the Feminine Literary and Artistic Trust.

The record of the advance of this combine, appalling in its record of cruelty and rapaciousness, is enough to make strong men weep.

....

Alas! Mark Twain and William Dean Howells are old. Frank Norris is dead—assassinated, men whisper, by emissaries of the trust. Upton Sinclair has been driven into Socialism and Winston Churchill into politics. Henry James long ago was forced to live in England. And now Booth Tarkington and Charles Dana Gibson, fearing for their lives, have also fled the country.

Is there to be no Messiah to cast the chains from man? Will no Washington, no Cromwell, raise the battle cry and lead male authors and artists to victory?

Or will every man be driven from the Eden of literature and art and the power of woman become as absolute and despotic in our magazines as it is now in our kitchens?

August 20 Monday – Sam referred to his *What Is Man?* As his “Gospel.” 250 copies of *What is Man?* was privately, and anonymously published by **DeVinne Press**, NYC.

Sam maintained anonymity by having **Frank N. Doubleday** serve as a go-between DeVinne. The book was thus issued without an author’s name, and copyrighted under the name of **J.W. Bothwell**, DeVinne’s superintendent. Budd points out that the piece was begun in 1898 in Vienna, with a typescript of the first draft prepared there. After making revisions and adding sections both before and after returning to America in 1900, a second typescript was made in 1902. Again in 1905 Sam revised and reordered the piece and had a third typescript made, which was, in time, used as a printer’s copy. After DeVinne set type, Sam read proofs and made more revisions. It was finally published this day [*Collected 2*: 1011-12]. *Note*: See also Rasmussen *A-Z* 510, Trombley, *MTOW* p. 63, who writes, “Twain hoped it would create a literary sensation; instead, it fell flat...he wanted to burn the 240 volumes left.”

August 21 Tuesday – “Tuesday night [**Aug. 21**] there was a very bright play by a lad of 18, & it was done in exceedingly good style by a dozen lads & lassies, none them older than the author” [**Aug. 28** to Mary Rogers].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Here is a day I wonder about. / Jean, 10:00 in my study” [MTP TS 109].

August 22 Wednesday

August 23 Thursday

August 23 ca. – In **Dublin, N.H.**, **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to **Frederic Chapin’s Aug. 19** inquiries concerning *P&P* dramatic rights. At the top of Chapin’s letter, she wrote: “If there is any legal complication it arises out of an affair of ten years ago & Dan. Frohman knows all about it. Please apply to him, for Mr. Clemens is unable to do so.” On the back side page one of Chapin’s letter, she wrote: “Miss Marbury will be Mr. Clemens’s agent & collect.” On the back of page two, a shorthand regurgitation of the entire *P&P*-Edward House-Abbey Richardson-Daniel Frohman-lawsuit mess:

After 203 mos House wrote a whining letter—having a hard time—Koto & Ned arrived—House OC the mahogany room Koto pink room—Were there long time—House made scenario of 1st act for Mr. C to fill out—but he couldn’t [MTP].

Sam then wrote more on this sheet, or Miss Lyon writing in first person as if she were Sam:

In the beginning I proposed to Ned House that he dramatize the P.& P. He said no—& the matter was dropped—Then Mrs. A.D. Richardson wanted to dram. & have Elsie Leslie act—Mr. C Said she could if she could secure E.L. (on nice terms with E.L.’s people) She dram. & then Belasco took her rude copy & licked it into shape & put it on the stage for D. Frohman. Up came House with an injunction. Later he got up a play—

Autobiographical Dictations resumed on a regular basis—M-F for two hours during 1906 and 1907

boy named Russell put it on in Bklyn. Creditors descended for the proceeds—House cleared out for Japan after 1st night—That acted as an abandonment, so his injunction slumped. That left about 2000.00 royalties which went to Mr. C—Whitford was to collect. (a lazy ass) Then Bainbridge Colby was asked to collect—but didn't. Then years later D. Frohman & Mr. C met in the Lotus Club, & chaffed each other about it, each claiming that the other owed money—but they went to playing billiards & dropped the subject [MTP].

August 24 Friday – Isabel Lyon's journal: “Dentist—a new gentile tooth. / The King returned this evening. He came in gay & jolly & darling, & full of his yachting trip to Bar Harbor & Mrs. Harry, & the joy of living. Sly, he was, & like a boy fresh from his wild oats” [MTP TS 109].

Frank N. Doubleday wrote to Sam announcing “Two copies of #11 & 12 of THE BOOK go to you by express today.” He hadn't heard back about the “fine bindings on the first 10 copies” of “What is Man?”

In Dublin, N.H. Sam replied to **Frank N. Doubleday's Aug 24** to point out that “a line had been left out at the bottom of page 131 / Can't it be *written* with a pen & thus added to the 260 copies? I think that would answer quite well” [MTP].

Katharine Boland Clemens (Mrs. James Ross Clemens) wrote from Long Island, NY to Sam.

“My dear Cousin Sam, / I am sending you a photo of the children, so you can become acquainted with the younger generation of the family. I do not think I have ever thanked you for the nice letter you wrote me last summer. We appreciated it so much. We have kept the Courant with all your good times abroad. I am making an interesting scrap book of all the clippings from English and American papers, about you, and some about Clara.” She wished they might meet while living in that part of the country [MTP].

B. Butler Boyle wrote on The Boyle Agency, NYC (Vaudeville and Dramatic) to suggest to Sam a “tour in vaudeville” [MTP].

August 25 Saturday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to **William Dean Howells**.

Dear 'Owells: / If it were my own case I should probably stand upon my innocence, & go on & publish my story “regardless”; but you are not me, & so it is different. You are better, & finer than I am, & it costs you many a pang that I escape.

My idea is this: that I send this letter of yours to Clara & let her submit it to her dear & valued & level-headed friend & mine, Mary Foots [*sic* Sam's nickname for her] (lately decorated by Yale for her art), & take her judgment & advice; (& hers only.) Never mind the rest of the Feet. Mary Foots is a fine human being, of full age, & has more sense than you & me (damn the I), put together. (But no matter what the result may be, you must publish the story, just the same, for the public has a right to it.)

If you will build on my farm & live there, it will set M^{rs} Howells's health up, for sure. Come—I'll sell you the site for \$25. John will tell you it is a choice place.

I have been dissipating on the yacht & at Fairhaven for ten days, & am just back. Day after tomorrow I resume dictating, with your welcome encouragements to brace me up. / Yrs Ever / Mark [MTHL 2: 819]. *Note:* n1 the source explains Howells' “must have asked” advice on a novel he'd written, *Fennel and Rue*, which turned out to be the mirror of a real woman's experience; see n1. **Mary Hallock Foote** (1847-1938), novelist and illustrator; many of her stories portrayed mining life in the West, and often ran in the *Century Magazine* along side her illustrations.

Sam also began a letter to **Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. Harry Rogers)** that he added to on **Aug. 26 and 27**.

Now *this* can't wait, but must be attended to at once, O dear pal & incomparable niece! I am still troubled about those editorial remarks about me which we read in proof yesterday. Naturally it would not be quite

delicate in me to move in the matter, yet I feel that something ought to be done. Now my idea is that *you* could do it, with perfect propriety. Suppose you write Col. Harvey something like this:

Dear Sir: If my uncle knew that I was writing you upon this matter he would disapprove, for he is very delicate in his feelings; so I will ask you not to let him learn about it. To me your praises of him seemed most generous—indeed prodigal, even extravagant; but he is so sensitively organized that to him they sounded cold & indifferent, & they deeply saddened him. He is almost morbidly fond of compliments, & he realizes that these are good ones, but thinks they are over-cautious & thin. When we of the family butter him we do not do it with a knife, we use a trowel. It will profoundly gratify him if you will allow me to add the following paragraph to what you have written.

Very truly yours
Mary Rogers.

===

That is the idea, dear. Just write him that, then follow it with the paragraph. A *warm* one, you understand. And send me a copy of it, so that I can catch him if he tries to leave out any of the adjectives. Do it yourself, dear; don't let Harry help, nor uncle Henry, for they are prejudiced. There will be plenty of time, for the issue-date has been postponed to Sept. 4. I know, for I have just read the proof of the "Virginia-Clemens" instalment. A duplicate has gone to Fairhaven, but I don't need it & you can burn it.

===

It is past noon, now, & time to get up & dress for MacVeagh's luncheon-party. I am going to *walk*, one way, through the woods—it's only a mile. Then there's a lecture at the Club at 4. I'm going to interrupt it.

===

I'm dressed, now. When I looked in the glass I was stunned with admiration; & it seemed to me that if I could have a grandfather like that I could die happy.

===

It was a gay luncheon & a good lecture. I shall lecture, myself, at the Club, soon. I mean to call for a text, & teach the art of after-dinner speaking. COME—so that I can illustrate the blush-science. Shucks, Clara isn't going to sing in Norfolk—so that's off [MTP].

Sam wrote of the luncheon/lecture to **Mary B. Rogers** on **Aug. 28**:

Times are brisking up. Last Saturday [Aug. 25] I appeared on the platform with two pupils, & asked for a text. This one was furnished: "If it were decreed that one of the sexes must be extinguished, which one would it be best to spare?" We debated it for an hour & a quarter on the lines of my Spontaneous-Oratory-System-Without-Preparation, & it was a gay & noisy time.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Oh, the King is back & he's too wonderful & full of his "divine thunder". We had a big talk this morning—a 2 hour talk—for there was mail to go over. A letter from Doubleday, saying that McClure *wouldn't* offer more than \$3,000.00 for the serializing of Tom Sawyer & Huckleberry Finn. (I was to have telephoned him last week but C.C. had me on a train bound for Redding at the appointed hour.) "What is Man" isn't to come out until about Nov. and Bothwell suggested a beautiful binding for the 10 copies to be specially bound. But the King won't decide anything just now. A very good letter from Signor Cecchi came next. He never received my May letter giving him instructions from Mr. Clemens to discontinue the Massiglia suit. The Countess is back at the Villa in Quarto now—but the lawyers aren't going to say that the suit is given up—for you can't ever say what such as the Massiglia might do. They might suddenly become the assailers, instead of the assailed. That point delighted the King. It is such a dear Italian quibble.

Then came a sweet letter from Maude Adams in answer to one from the King written last May. A letter telling her how beautiful a play Peter Pan is & how we were moved & thrilled. She sent the King a copy of the Alexander portrait of Peter. Then the King told me the story of Ned House's connection with the dramatization of the Prince and Pauper. A letter from Frederic Chapin brought it all out.

Today arrived 2 copies of "What is Man?" It is a beautifully made book, but lacks a line at p.131, "Put on a piece of paper what I'm to do. I understand it now, but God knows how I'll understand it 10 minutes from now. I don't think he keeps as close a watch over me as he did."

Lunch at Franklin McVeagh's at 1:30. Came home at 3. Start for the Club at 4 [MTP TS 109-110]. *Note:* **Sebastiano Cecchi's** letter from Apr. 13. Sam saw *Peter Pan* starring **Maude Adams** on Nov. 15, 1905 and praised the play. **Frederic Chapin** wrote on Aug. 19 and Sam replied ca. Aug. 23.

Lillian R. Beardsley wrote from Sound Beach, Conn. to Sam.

Please don't write any more such heart-breaking stories. I have just been reading Soldier Boy's story in Harper's. I don't think I would have read it had I known what was to come to Soldier Boy.

You used to write so differently. The note of pathos, of tragedy, of helpless pain creeps in now, more and more insistent. I fancy life must have taken on its more somber colors for you, and what you feel is reflected in what you write.

You belong to all of us—we of America—and we all love you and are proud of you, but you make our hearts ache sometimes [MTP]. *Note:* She also referred to "The Dog's Tale." Sam's A.D. of Aug. 29 included this letter.

Charles J. Langdon wrote to Sam enclosing a draft for \$22.17, his 1/3 share of the rent for Aug. of the Buffalo property [MTP].

August 26 Sunday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam added to his **Aug. 25** to **Mary B. Rogers**

Sunday, noon.

It is nearly time to get (temporarily) up. Jean came in at 8.30 & delivered her budget of news; Miss Lyon followed with the letters, & the rest of the news. This is a very remarkable society here & you would like it & feel at home in it. Professor Pumpelly & wife, learned people; Mr. Secretary Hitchcock, the best man in the Roosevelt cabinet, I think; several Yale & Harvard professors; two historians—Hart & Henderson; Mr. Cabot, explorer of the Great Lone Land; Handasyd Cabot & wife—music & art; Joe Smith, artist & playwright; George Brush, artist of high repute & an able & interesting talker; Abbott Thayer, capable artist, & discoverer of Nature's *real* color-scheme for the protection of the animals; his daughter, aged 20, a *very* gifted artist; Colton Greave, author—& so on. I wish you would come, & get acquainted. Say the word, Mary! At [Franklin] MacVeagh's luncheon yesterday there was only one idiot. This average cannot be matched anywhere, perhaps.* [see starred below]

Miss Lyon told of a very remarkable exhibition of spirit & character (a duplicate of an exhibition of your own), on the part of a girl-friend of ours. And *of course* her name is Stewart! It does seem to me that the Stewarts have all gotten loose this year. Isn't it curious? Finally—a minute ago—Miss Lyon opened up on Nietzsche; I can't stand Nietzsche, so I dismissed her with some *Don't-Mary* words suitable to the provocation, & I think there won't be any more Nietzsche to-day.

I think I will talk at the Country Club next Saturday, & in the village the following Saturday (Sept. 8). There's a concert (the one I spoke of) on Friday the 7th in the great room at MacVeagh's house, & it will be fine. Do come: I can easily put off both talks until October. Come along, Spontaneous Combustion; be good & don't say no.

* My child, you mustn't say "Were *you* the one?" For that is the *obvious* remark. It is so obvious that it would occur to the cat. Don't *ever* make the obvious remark, if you can stop yourself in time. Leave it to the dull-witted—or to the untrained, shall I say? You are not dull-witted, you are bright; & in the mouths of such the obvious remark is always a crime. And in speaking, do not permit yourself to deal in *commonplace phrasing*. However, you are not guilty of that, you use higher forms; & so this is not an accusation, it is only a reminder. That idiot desolated me with commonplace forms, & with the obvious remark, all through that bright (& often brilliant) luncheon-talk. She was just deadly. It was like sitting beside a persistent & unpleasant odor. Am I too officious, dear, in intruding my wisdoms and schoolings upon you? Don't be offended, I am not meaning any harm or any discourtesy. Males, through pride in their high place, are rather too apt to play preceptor, I am aware of that. I am thankful that you have discarded slang. You have goodness in abundance, you have native frankness & sincerity; you have high ideals—qualities—these of the clean mind & the clean heart: slang has no place in the regal company [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Jean, 2:00 p.m. 5 p.m. Bad

Mr. Clemens wanted to send a telegram to Mr. Rogers this morning. "It is Sunday, Mr. Clemens, and the telegraph office isn't open."

"It *isn't*? And the churches *are*? What a hell of an idea!"

We had such a good talk in the business hour & his presence is such an uplift. He cares a lot about having a good, big & lovely house at Redding—even though C.C. wants to whittle it down ever so much. Mrs. Rogers is going to give him a billiard table for Xmas & his plan was to put it in the library, but a word from C.C. that the library isn't so good a room as his own bed room on the 2nd floor is enough for him. He is quick to see that perhaps his plan is the wrong one—& quick to yield, and because he is never stubborn it seems dreadful not to give him his fullest wish always. This afternoon Mr. Brush & Miss Jane Adams [*sic* Addams] called. We sat on the great porch over tea and the talk drifted on to the Gorky incident. Miss Adams regretted the action of Mr. Howells & Mr. Clemens & the literary men who had taken him up & who dropped him so quickly when he was thrust out of hotels because he was said to be living with an actress who could not be his wife according to Russian law. Miss Adams in her great work, sees the Russians in masses out in Chicago & she sympathizes with them & so feels that Gorky should have been supported. But Mr. Clemens waxed warm upon the subject and showed her how Gorky came over here as a diplomat & not as an individual, or as a literary man. As a diplomat he could not offend against one of our strongest customs. As an artist he could pass into our country & live here unchallenged. Successful diplomats are so, by reason of their tact in never trespassing against the customs of a country. When Mme. Gorky saw how things were going she implored Gorky to send her back to Russia or to send her away, but he refused. "As a diplomat Mme. Gorky was worth forty Maxim Gorkys." Miss Adams pointed out that it was part of the revolution to wage war against the oppressive church which could crush out the liberties of a people & refuse divorce. And again Mr. Clemens held to his point that Gorky came here not as a revolutionist, but as a diplomat. He isn't doing anything for his cause by escaping & coming to this country where he can live in comfort. True, he is banished from Russia & cannot wage his war there; but on the other hand he cannot wage it here where the people will not stand for a relation such as Gorky's & Mme. Gorky's. It makes no difference if they are living pure & beautiful lives. The Americans don't call their lives by that name. They are readier to wink at the horrors & debaucheries of men who live as Stanford White is said to have lived; they will condone immoralities, but not illegalities. It must be the custom—that immorality—running alongside of the custom of legality, for apparently they stand for both—these same Americans.

Mr. Brush gave a gurgling protest when Mr. Clemens said that the American people have no brains. They do *not* think, they feel, without taking the trouble to understand what they are feeling [MTP TS 110-113]. *Note:* Miss **Jane Addams** (1860-1935; of Hull House, Chicago) his actions in dropping sponsorship of Gorky's visit to the U.S. after his marital scandal became known. Addams had been on the welcoming committee with Sam. She was a founder of the US Settlement House Movement.

August 27 Monday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam finished his Aug. 25 and 26 to Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.)

Monday noon. I have just finished dictating the conspiracy-installment, & have put in the Prince of Wales & Gen. Grant—and also a word about W. W. Jacob's delightful "Dialstone Lane." It will go to you soon, & you will sound the Admiral when he comes. There's no hurry, take your time about it. That is, about *that*; but I hope you won't take too much time about sending me a letter. In the Grant anecdote *another* Stewart turns up—Stewart of Nevada.

3 p.m.—in bed. I have resumed my habits, you see. When I am not away from home I live in bed, to beat the lonesomeness. Now then, Mariechan, I have just finished re-reading the Conspiracy-MS which you & I read together, & I believe that the addition of today's dictation will round it symmetrically out & make it readable & discursive, & cover up all signs of *intention*. Polish up your diplomacies, sweet pal, sweetest of pals, & prepare to beat down & defeat all the Admiral's objections!

Please send this aboard the yacht & greatly oblige [MTP]. *Note:* see also Gribben 348 on **William Wymark Jacobs** (1863-1943). *Dialstone Lane* (1904).

Isabel Lyon wrote for Sam to **Samuel Hopkins Adams**. “Mr. Clemens has ‘been dissipating away on the ocean & around’—like” [MTP]. *Note:* The draft ends there.

Sam also sent a telegram to **Emilie R. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers)**.

“I brought away a trunk for a memento & I had to put some of the admiral’s things in it for ballast because it was light & down by the head & wouldn’t steer but God will make it up to him. They were all sorry to see me go, & most of them said so. S. L. C.” [MTHHR 615]. *Note:* this a draft for a telegram in Sam’s hand.

Sam also wrote to **Charlotte Teller Johnson**.

Well, Charlotte, you certainly are tearing along at a great pace. I’ve never reached a 3000-word gait often enough to hurt: I kept it up for a week once in 1902, but I hadn’t done such a thing before for 30 years, & I have never approached it since. Last year my average 6-hour day (with a pen) produced 1500 words & no more. I shan’t ever use a pen again, I think. The mere thought of it tires me. But I enjoy dictating; it is only pastime. And there’s only 2 hours of it per day—therefore I have a deadly lot of holiday hours.

I’ve only been home a couple of days, & I was hoping to find your MS here, but you disappointed *me*. However, I understand the situation & will be patient. Bang right ahead & keep up your courage—I will wait, & expect great things.

Miss Lyon was fascinated with you—a thing to be expected. I threw out a feeler or two & found you had not told her the McClure romance. It is too bad! Why didn’t you? Some day you must tell her the whole bunch of episodes, the whole hurricane; it is too splendid to be hidden away & monopolised by a pair of misers. I shall want to know every detail of your mother’s encounter with him, when I come.

I’ll tell you all about Joan when we finish. We began it last night. I can tell you one thing *now*—La Hire must teach Joan to fence, & must be astounded at her aptitude,—& must do his full share of an audience-enchanting dialogue. Don’t forget it. Write it now!

Write me when you can, Charlotte dear—Keep me posted [MTP].

Clemens’ A.D. this day included: Two instances of remarkable memory for names and. faces—**General Grant’s** and **King Edward’s** [MTP: Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

The King is dictating out on the front porch—Miss Hobby is tucked back into a corner out of a damp wind, & the King paces up and down as is his wont.

This morning I said to the King, “Nietzsche says—“

“Oh, damn Nietzsche.”

“But Mr. Clemens, Nietzsche calls the acts of God, ‘divine kicks.’”

“Hurrah for Nietzsche!” the King shouted, & slapped his leg hard. He was standing in his night shirt in front of the mirror and was lathering his face for shaving. He wears red woolly slippers in his bedroom & his ankles are white & delicate above those red woolly slippers that flap & slap off at the heels [MTP TS 113].

Laura M. Dake (Laura Wright) wrote to Sam.

My dear, old-time Friend:—

Your letter of July 2 reached me a moment since, after having crossed the continent twice.

Oh, *how* can I thank you! How can I, except to ask the Lord, every night as I commend myself to his care, to bless you and yours.

...

I did not dream, my dear old friend, that *you* would respond personally, else I would have not presumed to ask such a thing. Mr. Carnegie [*sic*] gives millions for libraries....

But, I fear that you have embarrassed yourself by your generosity—and, since you have not Carnegie's millions, that you can ill-afford this gift;—therefore, when I go back to San Diego, I will deed to you three lots that I have there in a new addition, and send you the deed. I could not sell them now without a great sacrifice, but they are increasing every day... [MTP]. *Note:* Sam included this letter in his Aug. 31 A.D.

Roi Cooper Megrue for Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Sam. "Will you be kind enough to write a letter addressed to Miss Daisy Andrews at this office, giving her authority to collect, as Miss Marbury's Paris Representative, your royalties on the French production of 'How I became Editor'" [MTP].

Ernestine L. Merrill, in Auburn, Me., disabled but feeling life was worth living, wrote asking for "some autographic remembrance" [MTP].

August 27 ca. – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to **Daisy Andrews**. "I hereby authorize Miss Daisy Andrews to collect the royalties due me on How I Became an Editor" [MTP].

Sam also instructed Isabel Lyon to "add an aphorism" to **Ernestine Merrill's Aug. 27** request for "some autographic remembrance" [MTP].

August 28 Tuesday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to daughter **Clara** in Norfolk, Conn.

Dear Ashcat, I am glad you got things arranged to your mind with Mr. Charlton, & that your outlook is so full of promise, & your heart so full of courage. This is the spirit that succeeds.

I have been away skylarking, & by consequence have been scandalously neglectful in the matter of letters to you & Jean. I've depended on Miss Lyon. Yes, turn my bedroom into a billiard room—I shall be entirely satisfied.

If the new house hasn't spaciousness we don't want it. *This* house is very nice, & is quite roomy & satisfactory, & cost only \$15,000, Paine thinks. John must build one there for \$25,000 or \$30,000. You will find he can do it.

I wake at 5 & 6 & can't go to sleep again. It is the rare atmosphere, I suppose. It is most exasperating. I have resumed my dictating, & need a clear head & hot interest in the work.

It is 7. I will try to get a nap—and shan't succeed.

With hugs & kisses / Father [MTP]. *Note:* **Loudon Charlton**, concert manager, Carnegie Hall.

Sam also wrote to Mrs. **Lillian R. Beardsley** in Sound Beach, Conn. explaining that the purpose of "The Horse's Tale" was to "assist a band of generous ladies & gentlemen of Spain" in their effort to educate children there about the cruelty of bullfighting. He expressed regret that the only way to "move some people to effect" was to wring the human heart [MTP].

Sam also wrote a long letter to **Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. Harry Rogers)**. In part:

Oh, don't mind *me*, dear! I love to see you flash sparkle frisk about & carry on, even when the inspiration of it is malice & I'm the butt!

PARABLE.

All on a summer's day an obese & bristly great tarantula was resting and reflecting upon his merits, with his body crouched against the ground & his several elbows sticking up, whereby one perceived that his aspect was historical & duplicated the wreck of the Maine. Anon came a golden-belted little wasp frisking by, sweet & dear & winsome & aware of it; & he, being without discretion, begged her to furnish him some compliments wherewith to warm up a cold eulogium. But she, mistaking his desire, & supposing he wanted facts; complied, with glad enthusiasm, & walked all over him from stem to rudder-post & from futtock-shrouds to garboard strake, & wheresoever she found a defect in him she darted her stiletto into it & made him shrivel!

MORAL.

What have *facts* to do with a eulogium?

Sam then wrote a series of “Telegrams,” possibly made up, between himself and George B. Harvey, about Mary Rogers’ “testimonial” in his behalf. He then changed the subject:

Tomorrow the premier of England will be 70. & London paper has asked for “cables” from friends. I’ve sent one:

“To the Prime Minister: Congratulations, not condolences. Before 70 we are merely respected, & we have to behave, to keep that asset; but after 70 we are respected, esteemed, revered, & do not have to behave unless we want to. When I first knew you, one of us was not even respected. /Mark Twain.” [Note: Prime Minister was **Henry Campbell-Bannerman**; telegram UCCL # 07519 dated 7 Sept. 1906 is slightly different; one may be in response to an English newspaper, the other direct].

He related speaking at local “club” the previous Saturday (see **Aug. 25** entry for the excerpt).

Tuesday night [**Aug 21**] there was a very bright play by a lad of 18, & it was done in exceedingly good style by a dozen lads & lassies, none them older than the author. We had a luncheon-gang to-day. There’s a local-talent concert tomorrow, & charades at Professor Pumpelly’s Saturday night, & I’m to be in it in my two admired characters (the German emperor—drunk—& a baby 9 months old. Notwithstanding these enlivenments, I miss my pal. I returned, a little while ago (5.30) from my daily compulsory long tramp through the woods. 6 *p.m.* Some visitors are announced; I must get up & dress & go down. 6.25. That’s done. I dictated 2 hours this morning. I am an industrious person, & entitled to great praise. Furnish it! Butter!

===

It is lovely of you to write me such nice long letters & I thank you ever so much. Twice you have apologized for this grace. You *mustn’t*.

===

I have promised by telegraph to speak at the dinner of the “Associated Liars” as you irreverently call them, Sept. the 15th, rest there, & go on to New York the next day. Clara will be there & will go to Norfolk the 19th—where she *is* to sing, on the 22^d. I’ll slip up there unbeknownst, if you’ll go with me? Won’t Harry go too? It’s bound to be interesting, Clara dreads to have me present, but she hasn’t *asked* me not to come, in many words.

Later. A telegram [not extant] from Clara: she has gone home—too cold in Norfolk.

===

No Melville Stone, so far. He is lost or mislaid, I reckon.

===

It is holiday, to-day, but we need another charade for to-night, & women must work & men must pray, you know. How useful the dictionary is! I opened it & found a charade-combination right away, to-wit, *life-like*. I know it will play!

He then wrote a rough outline for a play based on “life-like.” (omitted here)

===

That afternoon concert was fine!

===

This is no holiday!—I will rise & dress. Turn & turn about it has been Jean, then Miss Lyon, then Jean again, all the morning—getting instructions about the charades. Charades are exceedingly important events, Mamma Eve.

I am very glad you take my criticisms in such good part. I shan’t ever hurt you with them *mittingly*, dear niece of mine.

Your affectionate uncle[MTP]. Note: “Associated Liars” was Associated Press, **Melville Elijah Stone** (1848-1929) was general manager, also newspaper publisher, and founder of *Chicago Daily News*.

Clemens' A.D. this day included: **Calvin Higbie's** reply to Clemens' criticism of his article—The holiday at Bar Harbor, where an incident brings to Clemens's memory his scheme for teaching impromptu oratory, which he tried long ago at the Fellow-Craftsmen's Club—The same scheme is tried on board **H.H. Rogers'** yacht at Bar Harbor [MTP: Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Jean, 8:20

AB came back yesterday. This afternoon Mr. Clemens & I walked over to the Joe Smiths, I, to leave him there to discuss the plan for Saturday's little speech at the Club. And there to be met by AB who went steaming down the road past Dr. Stowell's sign where I had told him to meet me, so that we could walk up to the Coply [*sic* Copley] Greene house together. We didn't find anyone there, but we sat out on the porch discussing the Harper contract—the contract between AB & them, & Harry Greene arrived to find us there. Later we walked home, H. Greene wandering along with us. AB was full of interesting talk about the Harpers & Redding & other things too [MTP TS 113-114].

August 29 Wednesday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam finished his **Aug. 28** to **Mary B. Rogers.**

Tuesday, 12.50 noon. [Sam likely lost track of the day; this was Wednesday, following the sequence of the prior passages].

I have been dictating for an hour & 25 minutes. And what is that to you? Ordinarily it wouldn't be anything to you, of course, but maybe it's different this time, because part of it is about our Bar Harbor luncheon. Maybe you will strike it out, but no names are mentioned, & I don't believe you will; I think you will let it stay.

I miss you—dear me, yes!

Affectionately your uncle,
Mark.

Sam also wrote to **Anne Engle Benjamin (Mrs. William E. Benjamin)**

I am going to return that perfectly delightful book presently—as soon as I have finished reading it again.

Mrs. Rogers senior as good as said you would accept my series of moral photographs, so I send them [enclosed] Let Beatrice paste them up in a row in her room & you can't imagine the change that will happen.

Will you kindly pass the other two sets along, for me? One is for Mrs. Rogers senior, the other is for my pal. Both are under contract & cannot escape. I take it Mrs. senior is with you by now, as I sent her an urgent & (un)important telegram to the mountains when I returned from Fairhaven, & as she didn't answer it I know she didn't get it. With very warm remembrances to all, /Sincerely Yours

[*cross-written in the left margin of the first page:*]

I am doing my very *very* best to expect Harry & Mary to-morrow—I think there's going to be some fun—I think so.

[Inserted on another page with the photographs, the note listed below by Paine (in italics here)]

Aug. 29/06 [MTP].

Notes: the seven photographs, were a parody on scientific management and of time-and-motion studies in vogue at this time. Paine writes of their creation:

It was just before one of his departures that I made another set of pictures of him, this time on the colonnaded veranda, where his figure had become so familiar. He had determined to have his hair cut when he reached New York, and I was anxious to get the pictures before this happened. When the proofs came seven of them—he arranged them as a series to illustrate what he called “The Progress of a Moral Purpose.” He ordered a number of sets of this series, and he wrote a legend on each photograph, numbering them from 1 to 7, laying each set in a sheet of letter-paper which formed a sort of wrapper, on which was written:

This series of 7 photographs registers with scientific precision, stage by stage, the progress of a moral purpose through the mind of the human race's Oldest Friend. S. L. C.

He added a personal inscription, and sent one to each of his more intimate friends. One of the pictures amused him more than the others, because during the exposure a little kitten, unnoticed, had walked into it, and paused near his foot [MTB 1316]. *Note:* see all photographs on a fold out between p. 1316 and 1317. Here are the legends on each photograph, the numbers being written in a drawn box:

- No. 1 Shall I learn to be good? I will sit here and think it over.
- No. 2 There do seem to be so many diffi
- No. 3 And yet I should really try
- No. 4 and just put my whole heart in it
- No. 5 But then I couldn't break the Sab
- No. 6 and there's so many other privileges that perhaps
- No. 7 Oh, never mind, I reckon I'm good enough just as I am.

Isabel Lyon's journal: There was a long—a 3 hour dictation this morning—when Mr. Clemens used letters as a subject. (I had given him copies of 2 letters which Mr. Pearmain handed to me on the train going to Boston.) It was beautiful to hear the laughter from the porch; the King's rich laugh, the biographer's falsetto delight & the stenographer's chirping gurgle. I stole out to sit on a wicker thing in the hall & watch & listen. The King in white, the biographer in soft grey & the stenographer in dark blue, with a kitten in her lap. I had Bertina in mind as I sat to watch & listen. This afternoon the King & I went off to the upper pasture. We rested in the shade 3 times on the way up & the King found it all beautiful. He loved the green & grey moss, & the solemn rocks & the dark sighing pine woods & the great final height from which you can see a wide horizon, except in one place where Monadnock shuts off the distant hills. While I was suggesting a modest rock for the King to stand on & so get a better view, he mounted with swift light steps to the top of the big cairn of stones on the highest point of the hill. None of the rest of us have climbed that cairn—but the King would do what none of the rest of his have ever done. We came home for music played to Gladys [Thayer] & Miss Wollaman & Mrs. Whiting [MTP TS 114-115].

Samuel Hopkins Adams for *Collier's Weekly* wrote thank Sam for his help.

Here is a rough draft of the copy about the Oppenheimer Institute. Whatever changes I make in polishing it will be in the nature of cutting down, and will not affect the main points. With certain of the quotations, such as Senator Nelson's, you have no personal concern as they were written to me direct. I mention this to save you any confusion of mind. /

Charles Emory Smith, I am told, has returned to the Oppenheimer fold, but my letter of inquiry has not elicited an answer [MTP]. *Note:* **Charles Emory Smith** (1842-1908), journalist and politician, Postmaster General in the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations (1898-1902).

Frank N. Doubleday for Doubleday, Page & Co. wrote twice to Sam. The first note:

"I have Miss Lyon's letter, and am extremely sorry to hear about the mistake at the bottom of page 131. This is inexcusable, and Mr. De Vinne would not let it go out of his shop for anything. He wants you to send back your two copies of the book, and he will rectify every copy."

Doubleday's second note:

"Enclosed please find copyright certificate for the book 'What is Man[?]' It is rather amusing to receive a letter from the Librarian of Congress, asking us to give them the name of the author so that it can be used for the purpose of cross-reference. Mr. Bothwell was obliged to confess that he did not know the name of the author, so the matter stopped there" [MTP].

Clemens' A.D. this day included: Letter from lady in regard to story, "A Horse's Tale," and Mr. Clemens' reply—Project for composite story—Two letters from lady who tried to aid San Francisco sufferers by contributing her

brother's wife's "oll woole" suit—Reminiscences of Capt, **Ned Wakeman**, and extract from his letter to **Joe Twichell** [MTP: Autodict2; MTE 243-9].

August 30 Thursday – Sam wrote "My Literary Shipyard." It was published posthumously in *Harper's Monthly Aug.* 1922 [Camfield's bibliog.]. *Note:* Sam added to the piece and titled it "When a Book Gets Tired."

Clemens' A.D. this day included: Clemens' method of writing stories—Tells how some of his stories were commenced, how they were sometimes left for several years unfinished—some of them have never been finished—Trouble with telephones—Miss Lyon's long-distance message to **Clara Clemens**—**Mr. Scovil** gives a clause of telephone law [MTP: Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Sack Cloth" & "Ashes"—the King has named the 3 cats, & "Bettina".

The King does wish C.C. would take up Crystal Science. "By God, if she'd be a Crystal Science, I'd learn it myself." It came up because I told him how I've conquered a headache by mental effort & the King has conquered a pain, a continued pain in his right arm by the same kind of an effort. He sat on the edge of the bed swinging his ~~dear~~ bare feet and saying that he "*would* like to hear a drunken man discourse on Crystal Science". Then Anna came in to get some clean underdrawers for him & he talked about the virtues of those underdrawers handling them gently, & saying, "Yes, they're new—they can't be more than nine years old." ~~Oh, he is so sweet & so beautiful to look at & so gentle.~~

Mr. & Mrs. Pumpelly and Mrs. Learned and Mrs. MacVeagh lunched here and we enjoyed them ~~ever so much~~ [MTP TS 115]. *Note:* all strike outs included.

Charles J. Langdon wrote to Sam. "I have a bill for \$4.60 for putting the name of Robert Richardson, as you desired to have done, on the headstone at Susie's grave. If you will kindly send me your check of \$4.60 I will pay the bill and send it to you receipted. / Julie and her little Olivia are with us for a few days so that now all the family are together, except Edward [Loomis], and we expect him here over Sunday. / Best wishes..." [MTP]. *Note:* At the time of Susie's death, Sam could not recall the author of the verses taken from the poem (Annette) placed on her headstone, often said to be an Australian. In his A.D. for Jan. 22, 1907 Sam wrote: "We had found them in a book in India, but had lost the book and with it the author's name. But in time an application to the editor of 'Notes and Queries' furnished me the author's name....it has been added to the verse upon the gravestone." "Western wind" was changed on the headstone to "Southern wind."

August 31 Friday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam replied to the **Aug. 29** of **Samuel Hopkins Adams** of *Collier's*.

Dear Adams: / I think that the majority of the illustrious men whom I questioned by mail as to their reasons for recommending Oppenheimer's policy-shop exhibited themselves as astonishingly careless & dangerous citizens in their replies. They knew that the public believed in them & trusted them, & they were treacherous to that trust, & shamed it. You say that when they discovered how they were being used, they withdrew their names. *In silence.* Do you think that that was sufficient? It does not seem so to me. I think that until they repent over their damaged names the country ought to be as ashamed of them as you will see by their letters that they are privately ashamed of themselves. It is certainly laughable—& also pathetic—to see grown-up men act as these illustrious children have acted.

Sincerely Yours
Mark Twain.

Private.

Print it, if you like [MTP]. *Note:* See **Nov. 1905** and **Nov. 16, 1905** to Depew; Sam had been upset by the claims of the **Oppenheimer Institute** for "curing" alcoholism, especially after sending his manservant **Claude Benchotte** there and having him return inebriated. He wrote several letters, Depew's being illustrative, to "illustrious men" questioning them.

Clemens' A.D. this day included: Clemens appoints 2 pupils and tries his scheme for spontaneous oratory at the Dublin club-house—Tells of his second lecture & the repetition of the **Horace Greeley** story—Tells the same thing

later at Chickering Hall—The series of 7 photographs of Mr. Clemens—Letter from his long vanished sweetheart, **Laura Wright**—Reminiscences of her; of **Youngblood**, the pilot; & of **Davis**, the mate—Letter offering tour in vaudeville [MTP: Autodict2; MTE 196-200].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Jean, 8:20, violent" [MTP TS 115].

Lucia Fessenden Gilbert wrote from Malone, N.Y. to Sam, complimenting "A Horse's Tale" and asking if Sam would send a copy to the Queen of Spain. Sam then wrote on the letter and sent it to **Mary B. Rogers** on or just after this date. "Come, Mariechen, isn't it a nice letter? There's others like it, thanks be! & I've a passion for pettings & compliments. Clara & Jean assert it."

Further, he directed Lyon to answer Gilbert in this way: "I am able to tell her it was written (by request) *for* the children of Spain—to be translated & published there by the Society for the Discouragement of the Bullfight. I am a good person" [MTP].

William Dean Howells wrote from Kittery Point, Maine to Sam.

With all thanks to you for your kind interest and proposition, I have decided, after talking with my wife, not to do anything about that accursed story of mine for the present at least. I must put it by, and perhaps never print it, (unless some fortunate chance should warrant it) till all the Feet have turned up their toes. It is too bad. But we cannot face the notion of a lot of neighbor-women saying, "Isn't it a shame he has put poor H. F. into his story."

I would come and build next to you, but you ask too much for your land. \$25 for a ten acre lot? No, sir.

What a day this is! All blue and gold, and me to the Hammond Typewriter! Yours ever...[MTHL 2: 820].

Roi Cooper Megrue for Elisabeth Marbury wrote a short thanks to Sam for sending the note authorizing Miss **Daisy Andrews**. Also, "I have received the letter from Mr. Timmory and will take up the contents at once" [MTP].

H.H. Rogers wrote to Sam that instead of taking old things from the house, Sam had taken good things, and he wanted the trunk and things back as soon as possible. He alerted Sam that **Melville E. Stone** would visit him in Dublin to confirm Sam's appearance at a banquet on **Sept. 19**, and asked Sam to telegraph him where he would see Stone or telegraph Stone direct. Rogers ended with: "By the way, I have been using a pair of your gloves in the Mountains, and they don't seem to be much of an attraction" [MTHHR 616-17].

September – The second of two installments of "A Horse's Tale" ran in *Harper's Monthly*, and included five illustrations by **Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock**. Harper's would publish both segments as a 153-page book by the same name on **Oct. 24, 1907**.

The first of 25 chapters of Mark Twain's Autobiography selected by **George B. Harvey** appeared in the *North American Review*, and would run each month **through Dec. 1907**, each installment prefaced by an editor's note: "No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author." The New York *Evening World*, Sept. 10, p. 13 reported:

THE MAN WHO IS INTERESTED.

In the opening chapter of Mark Twain's "Autobiography," as given in the current number of the North American Review, there is a particularly fine sentence. This is it:

If I should talk to the stenographer two hours a day for a hundred years, I should still never be able to set down a tenth part of the things which have interested me in my lifetime.

This declaration is as inspiring as a confession of faith. Indeed, it is such a confession. It expresses faith in men and in the world as things worth while. It is the embodiment in simple words of an optimist's creed. It

sets forth one very excellent reason why Mark Twain, having gone past seventy years, is still going at an undiminished rate.

The man of a thousand interests does not travel in a rut. Its worst foe is he who loses himself in apathy.

In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam drafted a telegram to **Melville E. Stone**, President of Associated Press, N.Y.C. This is a reply to Stone's telegram (not extant): "I will make a nonsense speech, but none on a serious topic. I never have a serious hour nowadays. In your program make S. Langhorne speaker number 3 and Mark Twain speaker number 4. I will explain when you come. I shall expect you, your room will be ready for you. Clemens" [MTP].

Sam also wrote on a small card (perhaps for another telegram: "NIGHT MESSAGE") to **Melville E. Stone**. "Give me second place if possible, third place anyhow. If there are to be ladies I may wish to bring a member or two of my family" [MTP].

Critic ran a brief anonymous review of *Eve's Diary*, p. 288. In full: "An attractive account has been made out of Mark Twain's rather brief account of the emotions of Eve in the Garden during Adam's courtship, with alternating pages of drawing and of text. There is no little ingenuity in the development of Eve's character and knowledge of the world, as well as a touch of seriousness which sets off the humor. Possibly the book is less individual than some others by the same author, but there is no little charm in its pages. Every one will wish to read it" [Tenney: "A Reference Guide Sixth Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Spring 1982 p. 10].

September 1 Saturday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam inscribed a "Year Book" to **Simon Wolf**: "*There is no sadder sight than a young pessimist*" [MTP] Note: MTP calls this "*Wolf's Commemorative Book of 1906*." For Wolf's 70th birthday, his daughter, Florence Gotthold, put three books together with over 400 personal messages from famous men of the day, including Twain, Grover Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Robert Montgomery Thornburgh, Captain, Asst. Surgeon, US Army, wrote from Camp Overton, Mindanao, Phillipines, about Clemens' May 26 *Harper's* article on **Carl Schurz**.

The Ben Thornburgh you mention is or was, so I am informed, my grandfather's brother. My paternal grandfather died before I was born—a prisoner in Andersonville—and my father was killed in action with Ute Indians when I was but seven years of age. ... If it would not be too great bother I most respectfully request that you give me what information you can regarding Ben Thornburgh [MTP]. Note: Sam wrote on the top of the letter: "Have had several letters inquiring about B. Thornburgh but that unfortunately I was not able to furnish any information. He was a fine & lovable man, but did not talk about himself & so I am ignorant of his history."

Fatout lists Sam at a "Speech-making Experiment" at the **Country Club in Dublin, N.H.** but gives no further citation [MT Speaking 676]. Note: IVL's journal entry below give more information:

Isabel Lyon's journal: Today the King spoke on Spontaneous Oratory with Mr. Brush & Joe Smith as pupils down at the Club & the show was good. The King was just what he is named & kept the house in a happy clamor of delight. The 2 pupils were more than good too. I sat where I could watch Mr. Dana whose face was a joy. It is such a delight to me to go around with the King, to go to the Club & have him call for me & his carriage & his coat & his hat. I am a part of his institution for a short now. There were a lot of nice people at the Club with whom I chatted afterward. Mr. Montague & Mrs. Dana & Edith Biddle & Harry Greene & [illegible word] & Mrs. Brush and dear Gerome who is wrought into shreds with hard work over the play he has written & which is to be put upon by the small local boards next week. ~~He is working with & coaching the young actors & now he is thin & pale & nervous & beautiful. He took my hand unconsciously, held it unconsciously & dropped it unconsciously after a minute or two~~ [MTP TS 116].

September 2 Sunday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:**

Autobiographical Dictations resumed on a regular basis—M-F for two hours during 1906 and 1907

Mr. Clemens & I walked down to call on Mr. & Mrs. Joe Smith today. It was a beautiful walk through the Harry Greene wood road & we had a sweet time at the Smiths. Mrs. S. is so beautiful & Mr. is so delightful & their house is enchanting with old Italian things in the big living room & lovely Japanese things in the dining room. Mr. Clemens scratched his Mark Twain on an old blue bench with a pair of scissors & I made a wee L↓ a panel or two away on the same blue bench. This morning AB wandered out & after we had chatted awhile the King came down & was in great mood. He sat writing the inscriptions on the series of autobiography ms. [MTP 116-117].

September 3 Monday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam sent a telegram to **H.H. Rogers**, in Fairhaven, Mass.: “God be thanked have found some of the things send another trunk this one leaked / Clemens.” [MTHHR 617].

Sam also wrote to an **unidentified man**, thanking him for his letter of **Aug. 31** [MTP].

Clemens’ **A.D.** of this day included: The debate at the Dublin club house—Spontaneous oratory good scheme for ocean liner entertainments—Susy’s Biography—the sum in arithmetic—Sour Mash, & the other cats— A tribute to Gen. **Grant** [MTP Autodict2].

September 3, after – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote four one-line notes to **H.H. Rogers** [MTP]. *Note: MTHHR 617n1* points out these exist in drafts and may not have been sent, but that “Clemens obviously understood the comic potential of telegraphic, unpunctuated prose.”

“I am afraid I cannot go, I have lost my father.”
Then,
“He was all I had.”
And then,
“Family prostrate.”
And finally,
“Do not send flowers send the money family will select flowers” [MTHHR 617n1].

September 4 Tuesday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to daughter **Clara** in Norfolk, Conn.

I am so glad you like the pictures, dear Ashcat, & will keep them. I like them ever so much. Mr. Paine made 7 negatives in the hope of getting one satisfactory one; & when the samples came back from the developer they were *all* good. It seemed to me that a progressive thought was traceable ~~thru~~ thru them, & after arranging the series in varying order several times I discovered what it was.

I have posted the series into my Autobiography, with explanations—this for the remote future generations.

I hope the concert will be a grand success in *all* ways, barring none. That it will be, I have not a doubt, for by your faithful hard work in the face of persistent difficulties you have qualified yourself to do the requisite, so far as your share of the enterprise is concerned, & I hope & believe the church & the town will do the rest. I’ll drink a *barrel* to you, dear!

[*cross-written in the right margin:*] Thank you for the hug, & I send you a duplicate. Marcus [MTP]. *Note:* Sam here began to use “through” then changed it to “thru,” as it was one of the twelve words Carnegie’s Simplified Spelling convention had urged. They would have loved texting.

Clemens’ **A.D.** of this day included: The supremacy of the house fly [MTP Autodict2].

September 5 Wednesday – Clemens’ **A.D.** of this day included: Items from “The Children’s Record Book,” showing their different characteristics [MTP Autodict2].

Frederic Chapin wrote from Oak Park, Ill. to Sam, enclosing Elisabeth Marbury's Sept. 4 to him. Chapin's long letter to Sam involved the many details, contracts, etc. regarding dramatizing *P&P* [MTP].

Charles Buxton Going wrote to Sam on *The Engineering Magazine*, NYC letterhead, enclosing verses about Joan of Arc. "The lady is so far exalted that I am sure you will feel no jealousy of another worshipper at her shrine. Indeed, I hope you may understand that in offering her homage, I stop to offer it to you also" [MTP].

John Larkin, NYC attorney wrote to Sam about the **Tennessee lands**. "We have reached the following basis of agreement: A New York corporation is to be organized with a nominal capitalization which is to be divided one-half to you and Mr. Moffett and the other half to the Tennessee lawyer and his associate in consideration of their efforts to obtain title to the lands in that state." If the plan was acceptable, would Clemens please let him know [MTP].

September 6 Thursday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

Alone I [*illegible word*] was driven through the starlight over to the Handasyd Cabots where he & Copeland & Sakaloff & Cummings played for a few people. They are four Kings of tone. The tormenting torrent of music that those men swept out of their instruments was mighty enough to come from 40 men when they played the first movement of the quartette by Leken, a pupil of Caesar Franck he was & died before he was 24—but no man could live on for long when he could give birth do such sound—to such a composition [MTP TS 117].

Henry Mills Alden for Harper & Brothers wrote to Sam.

Dear Mark: / I received a few weeks ago from Mr. Thomas Rees some manuscripts offered for sale to us, purporting to be copies of "Snodgrass" papers contributed by you some fifty years ago to a newspaper published by his father. I returned them with a letter which I send you a copy—also a copy of a letter I have just received from him. I think you should have cognizance of this correspondence.

The offer of the manuscripts was accompanied by an affidavit sworn to by Mr Rees, Sr., attesting to your authorship. / Yours faithfully... [MTP]. *Note:* Sam included this letter in his Sept. 10 A.D. Alden refused to publish the letters as he said in his reply to Rees, as they would be 'a distinct injury to Mr. Clemens, after he had so utterly and deliberately discarded the earlier pen-name."

Luther E. Price, correspondent for the *London Tribune* telegraphed Clemens: "British Premier Campbell Bannerman celebrates seventieth birthday to-morrow the London Tribune requests tribute from you Please wire me care New York Herald" [MTP]. *Note:* **Henry Campbell-Bannerman** (1836-1908), British Liberal Party politician and Prime Minister of the UK (1905-1908).

September 7 Friday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam sent a telegram to **Henry Campbell-Bannerman**, English Prime Minister.

Congratulations, not condolences. Before 70 we are merely respected, at best, & we have to behave all the time or we lose that asset; but after 70 we are respected, esteemed, admired, revered, & don't have to behave unless we want to. When I first knew you, one of us was hardly even respected.

Mark Twain [MTP]. *Note:* this is a near exact copy which he wrote into his Aug. 28 to Mary B. Rogers that he wrote he'd sent by request of an English newspaper,

Sam also inscribed his photo to **George Copeland**. "*It is one's human environment that makes the climate. Mr. George Copeland, with kind regards of Mark Twain, Sept. 7, 1906.*" [MTP: Swann Galleries catalogs, 24 Sept 1942, No. 21, Item 116].

Isabel Lyon wrote Sam's instructions for reply to **John Larkin**, attorney. "Much obliged to him for offering to represent Mr. C. in that Co—quite right in supposing that he does not wish to be bothered. Thank Larkin. Send him

the \$75 & tell him to go ahead. But send him something to sign" [MTP].

Clemens' **A.D.** of this day included: The statement made at the banquet of The Ends of the Earth club, "We are of the Anglo-Saxon race, "etc.—Our public & private mottos & morals—Clemens' tribute to British Premier **Campbell-Bannerman** on his seventieth birthday—Meeting **Labouchere**—Anecdote of the lost deed which was to have been presented to Prince of Wales [MTP Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon's journal: I can't do anything this morning but number checks & I blunder at that. It's the wonder of that music—that Leken—I couldn't sleep—I didn't want to sleep. The wild passionate torrent of sound rang through me all the night & today I am weak. This afternoon we went to the concert at Mr. [Franklin] MacVeagh's. The King & I walked over through the woods; his mood was so sweet & I suggested getting him some white stockings to wear with his white clothes. But he won't have *white* stockings; he prefers scarlet—just as an accent [MTP TS 117-118].

George B. Harvey wrote to Sam.

Dear Uncle Mark / I have just visited Heaven with the Cap'n—His account seems exact, truthful and, as you say, godly—too damn godly for a secular paper like the Magazine—I'm sure it wouldn't do to print it now and I guess you're sure too, if you'll tell the truth—The first review is out today & in a few days I'll send you what they all say about it—

I think it is pretty good—

When are you coming home? / GH [MTP].

Sam then wrote instructions for **Isabel V. Lyon** at the top of Harvey's above letter: "Tell him I arrive Monday 17th. Give him some abuse about the Horse's Tale illustrations. Write it in the first person & I will sign it—not to day, but in the morning. *Tell him I arrive 6 p.m.* (It's a hint; I reckon he'll know enough to recognize *that*)" [MTP].

Lyon then wrote for Sam to **George B. Harvey**. "Mr. Clemens is crying—but he's going to bear it for your sake & the magazine's. So please lend the Visit to Heaven back. He expects to arrive down there Monday the 17th &—" [MTP]. *Note:* this latter missive appears unfinished. Perhaps Clemens changed his mind.

Sam also wrote on the bottom page of Harvey's above letter to **Mary B. Rogers**. "You see, dear, your eulogium has scared him; he's afraid of everything, now, even theological disquisitions. This one was written 38 years ago & is still over-warm, apparently. He wanted to see it (for the Xmas Harper). Well, he has seen it. / U.M." [for Uncle Mark] [MTP].

In the evening Sam had planned to go to a concert at **Franklin MacVeagh's**. He had also encouraged **Mary B. Rogers** to come for the event but there is no record that she and **Harry Rogers** did so [Aug 26 to Mary Rogers].

Samuel Hopkins Adams for Collier's Weekly wrote to Sam.

I thank you for returning the manuscript, and particularly for your letter, which I am only too glad to publish. It puts the case so conclusively that I even feel a sort of sneaking sympathy for the eminent name-lenders. I have changed my copy somewhat since I sent that version to you, but not in any essential.

An eminent Methodist authority, by the way, informs me (this I unfortunately cannot use) that Bishop Fowler is a stockholder in the concern, and has gone so far as to commit, in the interests of the Oppenheimer treatment, a moral, if not a legal, forgery. / With renewed thanks for your help..." [MTP].

Agnes Repplier wrote from Phila. to invite Sam to speak before the **Contemporary Club** this autumn or winter [MTP]. *Note:* see Lyon's journal entry of Oct. 12; Sam took umbrage at the manner of the invitation.

Chapter I from “My Autobiography—I” ran in the *N.A.R.* p.321-30.

September 7 ca. – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote to Mr. Pulitzer.

I thank you for the little book; it is bright, condensed compact, & I believe it could get along plenty well enough without the translations. When a reader is so dull that he can't understand our jokes until we explain them to him in chuckling italics & exclamation points, or shrieking capitals, his approval is not a compliment & should be discouraged [MTP].

Note: this is likely **Joseph Pulitzer (1847-1911)**, newspaper magnate and crusader who introduced “New Journalism” in the 1880s and fought big business corruption; though it may be **Albert Pulitzer**, Joseph's brother, who lived until 1909; he killed himself in Florence, Italy.

September 8 Saturday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam wrote instructions for Isabel Lyon to reply to Minnie Maddern Fiske. “Write to Mrs. Fisk. & say it has been suggested that the people in Spain If they together ask that the book be dedicated to the Queen of Spain. It isn't the least likely that it can be done—but we think that you will not be afraid to try” [MTP].

Lyon wrote again for Sam to **George B. Harvey**, but this, another attempt to “give him abuse” also unfinished:

HORSES TALE

The commendatory letters are flowing in & Mr. Clemens is I am obliged to answer & say that the understanding was to be immediately issued after its appearance in the magazine, & he does not know why this agreement has failed. I remember also that the illustrations were to have been in color; they are beautiful as they are, but they would [MTP].

Fatout lists Sam at a “Speech-making Experiment” at the Village of **Dublin, N.H.** but gives no further citation [MT *Speaking* 676].

Isabel Lyon's journal: AB & I went to the Upper Pasture & he read to me a part of his ms. article on the Cartoonists. It begins with a nice sketch of Nast. It was very sweet in the upper pasture & I made some photographs “the full size of him” or as Joy says, Oh winsome little d [MTP TS 118] *Note:* **Joy Paine**, Albert's youngest daughter.

September 8 ca. – Isabel V. Lyon replied for Sam to thank Miss Lucia Fessenden Gilbert for her letter of Aug. 31. “Horse's Tale was written by request & solely for translation & publication in Spain by a noble company of ladies & gentlemen who propose to educate the children, not the grown people, & for that reason Mr. Clemens made it a story about a child as being better able to appeal” [MTP].

September 9 Sunday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

~~Oh these days are too full & so my soul is not moved to anything. I can't keep it up where it ought to be & so I cry & cry.~~

Mr. Joe Smith lunched here, & he & the King talked over the dramatizing for Dublin use—& for next year—“The Invalid's Story”. We sat on the side porch & the King read it aloud amid our happy shouting aches & it is arranged. When Joe Smith left with an Eve's Diary under his arm for Mrs. Joe who couldn't come, the King went up to bed—tired. But at 5:30 he got up & together we went to call on Col. Higginson who is visiting Dr. & Mrs. Mollis. We sat out on the lovely brick floored loggia & had such a ~~sweet~~ happy chat. Col. Higginson called & Campbell Bannerman called too, but he only wrote “Respectful Congratulation” [MTP TS 118].

C.G.A. (not further identified) sent a “Souvenir of Hannibal, Mo.” picture postcard to Sam from Chicago. “God bless your old soul for having lived. C.G.A. / 1454 Monadnock Bld. Chicago.” The card showed

Huck Finn's Home, Twain in the entrance of Mark Twain's Cave, and a photo of Twain. In small print on one end, "Printed in Germany for Savings Bank Dept. Store, Hannibal, Mo. Publishers." [MTP].

Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.) in Fairhaven, Mass. began a letter to Sam that she finished **Sept. 11**. "Today being Sunday dear Uncle Methuselah my thoughts, by antithesis, naturally revert to you, and you season the day for me, not disagreeably you understand, but just tempering my mind to a comfortable wickedness—" [MTP].

September 10 Monday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

Last night we sat out on the porch for a long time to watch the stars. The King & Jean & I. They were very wonderful. It seemed that almost never before were there so many & we couldn't tear ourselves away. Today's dictation was a heavy one. 3½ hours the King kept at it until he was exhausted, & AB had to stay for luncheon because it was too late for him to go home. The King had placed those people in the hall, for the weather is hot & wonderful & only in the hall could he find the proper temperature. This morning as I sat at breakfast reading *Romeo & Juliet*—a sudden thought flashed into my mind. A thought of how impossible it ever is to tell out the truth & strong things of life—people can't stand them. Half an hour later the King called me & said he'd read something so good. That a man can't tell the truth about himself. He couldn't write it, for he wouldn't dare read it if he could & no one could stand the strong truth of it. The King had put that thought in my head. He's always doing that sort of thing [MTP TS 118-119].

Clemens' **A.D.** of this day included: Plan of this autobiography—Capt. **Sellers**—Clemens published no literature until 40 yrs. ago, Two letters from Mr. **Alden** & one from Mr. **Rees** in regard to "Snodgrass" papers—Clemens' comments on same [MTP Autodict2; *MTE* 228-239].

Roi Cooper Megrue for Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Sam.

Mr. Timmory, who as you know adapted in French your story "How I Became Editor of An Agricultural Paper", would now like the right to dramatize for all countries two of your stories which he calls under the French titles of "Le Marchand d'Echos" and "La Revolution de Pitcairn". He would like two years in which to place these pieces. I presume you have no objections... [MTP].

John Larkin wrote from NYC to Sam. "I have your letter of the 7th inst. enclosing check for \$75 for which I am obliged. As soon as the corporation [for TN land] has been organized I will prepare a deed for you to sign, and after the stock has been issued for the deed, those shares to which you are entitled will be forwarded to you" [MTP].

September 11 Tuesday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to **Mary B. Rogers**. Only the envelope survives [MTP].

Sam also sent a night telegram to **Frederic Chapin** in Oak Park, Ill. relative to Chapin's **Aug. 19** concern about producing a play of *P&P* there: "My contract is in the Safe deposit New York. I do not remember the terms—My secretary goes down tomorrow—Wednesday—empowered to examine it & decide definitely with Miss Marbury" [MTP].

George B. Harvey wrote to Sam about a misunderstanding—there were no plans to immediately publish "A Horse's Tale" in book form. They could, however, get it out in a couple of weeks, if he wished, but ordinary they would publish it in the spring. What were his wishes about the tale? Harvey added:

I am not returning "The Visit to Heaven" because I have formulated a scheme for publishing it which I believe to the best ever, but I want to have a chance to talk with you more fully about it than is convenient to write, and, as you are going to be here in a week, suppose we leave it in abeyance until then [MTP].

Sam replied by telegram to Harvey: "Let the tale wait, there is no hurry / Mark" [MTP].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote to Sam. "'Utah' sold yesterday at 62 5/8. / Harpers are using half pages in the daily press to advertise the Autobiography. It's appearance in the 'Review' ought to easily quadruple the circulation of that paper" [MTP].

Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.) finished her **Sept. 9** to Sam. "Tuesday / Father R. said he had a telegram from you last night saying you were going to New York this week—I suppose you will not return to Dublin again this year will you? We expect to move into our Tuxedo house about October first..." [MTP]. *Note:* this is a long, friendly, folksy letter, but somewhat difficult to read.

September 12 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon's journal: "On the train between Boston & New York somewhere. Mrs. George Harvey & Dorothy are in the 2nd parlor coach ahead. I've been in to see them" [MTP TS 119]. *Note:* judging by this and her Sept. 14 entry, Clemens did not go on this trip, the purpose of which is not stated.

Frederic Chapin wrote from Oak Park, Ill. that he'd rec'd Sam's Sept. 11 telegram. Chapin had to go ahead with no contract on dramatization of *P&P* but was secure in Sam's judgment that **Elisabeth Marbury** would be fair in her commission [MTP]. *Note:* The MTP catalogs Lyon's reply for Sam as "on or after 12 Sept." Three days estimated postal time is allowed here, putting the reply at **ca. Sept. 15**.

Joe Twichell wrote to Sam, letter not extant but referred to in Joe's **Sept. 14** [MTP].

Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.) wrote from Fairhaven, Mass. to Sam.

Dear Uncle Mark—/ Father Rogers has asked me to return your scurrilous literature, and to say, that as for him, he will have nothing to do with persons who indulge in anonymous post cards, however much he might feel himself in sympathy with their sentiments.

He hopes that having enjoyed yourself, by taking away your own character, so openly you are ready to suffer the penalty—with meekness, which the law inflicts on those who are caught sending opprobrious remarks through the mail—

Only an autodactyl Hellenist—would behave so rudely— / Your *most* affectionate niece Mary" [MTP].

September 13 Thursday

September 14 Friday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam replied to the (not extant) **Sept. 12** letter of **Joe Twichell** in Blue Ridge, N.Y.

It's all right about the Westminster, I am hoping to get converted, & I don't wish to leave any promising bait unswallowed.

I see that you wish me to help you deceive the guide into believing that you enjoy the distinction of being acquainted with me, & so, out of the weakness of inherent good-nature I consent, though I'm damned if I think it is good morals.

When Miss Lyon arrives at 8 p.m. from New York she will hunt up one of my books & I will autograph it & forward it, with pleasure.

I did get the photograph, Joe, & am glad to have it, though in my opinion it slanders you. This is a common fault of photographs.

I leave for Fairhaven in the morning to go down in the yacht, to speak at the Associated Press banquet Wednesday night. This does not mean I am going to talk myself to death *this* season, like last. I shall keep pretty still next winter.

I shall return home, & Jean & I will remain until toward November, but Clara is already home in New York & will not go back to Norfolk. She found the weather too cold there. / With love to you both / Mark [MTP].

Joe Twichell wrote to Sam, not yet as a reply to Sam's of this date, but as a follow up to Joe's Sept. 12 (not extant).

In writing to you day before yesterday, I forgot something—this viz: shortly before I came away from Hartford I had a call from a gentleman residing in St. Paul Minn.—a leading lawyer of that city—name of White—father of a classmate of Joe's at Yale—whose errand, it transpired, was to invite *you and me* to the Annual Dinner of the Minnesota "Society of Colonial Wars" to be held at St. Paul, any day of October we may choose, expences of the trip to be paid by said society. We are, of course, desired to contribute eloquence to the occasion. I told him to take the business directly to you. He said he hadn't the courage. He was such a nice man that I couldn't refuse to promise my service as go-between in the case. That promise I am now keeping. Will you go? I guess I will if you will. Anyhow, I would think seriously of doing it—which I do not feel the need of doing at present, I confess.

But "*Colonial Wars*"! doesn't the subject fire your blood?

At your convenience please tell me what to say to Mr. White. Really, an answer is due him i.c. from me [MTP]. *Note:* see Sept. 14 *ca.* for his answer.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Watterson has locked horns with Bryan.' a good term. / I return to Dublin to find that the King is packed to go away again to Fairhaven tomorrow morning early. ~~Woe is me The loneliness to be!~~ He took my 'Romeo & Juliet' that I've been reading these days. AB went away this morning—that means more loneliness" [MTP TS 119-120].

Florenze Hartwig wrote from San Francisco to Sam, to share her troubles and woes. She enclosed a notice of a Musicale at Kohler & Chase's Music Hall, Cor. Kearny and Post Streets for Dec. 12 at 3 p.m. It is difficult to decipher just what her complaints were, except that the people there were mean to her [MTP]. *Note:* "No Ans" was written at the top in pencil.

September 14 *ca.* – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote on **Joe Twichell's Sept. 14** "go-between" request letter: "Miss Lyon, tell him NO—I wouldn't make such a journey to see the Resurrection"[MTP].

September 15 Saturday – Sam left **Dublin, N.H.** for **Fairhaven, Mass.** [Sept. 14 to Twichell].

Isabel Lyon's journal: A dash & a rush all day. I got up to see the King off this morning at 5:45 & as I tied his necktie & flicked some shaving lather from his waistcoat & helped him into his overcoat, he told me the little anecdote about a General at West Point who told the young graduates that nothing must be neglected—if they would be sure that the mule drivers fed the mules they must oversee it themselves, & he spoke to them not as if they were to be lieutenants & colonels—but as Commanders-in-Chief. His eyes shone with a wonderful luster [MTP TS 120].

The New York Times, pg. BR568 in "Topics of the Week" remarked on the first installment of "Mark Twain's Autobiography" that "if the entire work turns out to be as good as this it will be a masterwork."

September 15 *ca.* – In **Dublin, N.H.**, **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to **Frederic Chapin's Sept. 12.** "Mr. Clemens is now very busy & requests Mr. Chapin to refer to Miss Marbury in whom Mr. Clemens has confidence & who has full authority to act for him. Mr. Clemens is sure that Miss Marbury will conduct everything on a fair basis" [MTP].

September 16 Sunday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:**

Jean, 10:30—porch. 2 weeks & 2 days.

A dreadful kind of day, for Jean would not let me out of her sight. We tried to walk a little but she was not equal to it. Then I dressed up in a clown costume to cheer her up & then she began to read “Kim” aloud to me. But it was a dreadful kind of a day, for she couldn’t keep it up [MTP TS 120].

A.L. Clarke for the *Los Angeles Examiner* wrote to Sam, enclosing a clipping from that newspaper by **C.E. Van Loan**, “The Virginia City and Placerville Trail—A Golden Memory,” which told of **Hank Monk** and mentioned Twain at the end. “I enclose a clipping from the Los Angeles Examiner of this date containing an interview with ‘Windy’ Miller, an old Virginia Stage driver. / It will perhaps interest you as Mr Miller seems to be peevish over the fact that you and Horace Greeley both overlooked him. / With kindest regards / Your admirer and well wisher...” [MTP]. *Note:* on the env. Sam wrote “About ‘Curly Bill’ stage driver—[*illegible word*] of Hank Monk.”

September 17 Monday – Sam, likely in **Fairhaven, Mass.**, inscribed a picture of a house to an **unidentified person**. “No, it is too stylish, it is not my birthplace” [MTP: MS facsimile: Paine’s 1912 *Mark Twain: A Biography*].

September 18 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

AB came back today, came back tired & brought me “Madame Butterfly”. He’s a thoughtful creature. ~~I was so glad to see him—so very glad for when the King is away the loneliness of this place can be screaming, because I’m not alone. I can endure myself. It’s the rest of the world that chokes me so—a certain spirit world that is disastrous to me~~ [MTP TS 120-121].

September 19 Wednesday – Sam left **Fairhaven, Mass.** on the *Kanawha* for **New York City**. On board he read 10,000 words of **Charlotte Teller Johnson’s** play [Sept. 20 to Lyon].

In the evening Sam spoke at the **Associated Press Dinner** at the **Waldorf-Astoria Hotel** in N.Y.C. The New York Times, Sept. 20, p. 4 reported on the event:

SPELLING AND PICTURES AND TWAIN AT DINNER

The Associated Press Men Hear a Plea for Phonetic Forms.

THE SPEAKERS CARTOONED

So Were the Oysters, Who Couldn't Object—Gen. Porter One of the Orators.



This was the introductory sketch in a series of fancy pictures (not intended as likenesses) which adorned a highly unconventional menu prepared for the annual dinner of The Associated Press in the Astor Gallery of the Waldorf-Astoria last night. It was as quaint a menu as has been seen in this city in a long time. It was in the form of a tiny book, with a cut, like those reproduced here, illustrating every item in the feast and “taking off” every orator on the list. With each illustration went a verse.

There were about 150 members present and about a dozen guests, including Gen. Horace Porter and Mark Twain, each of them being counted for statistical purposes only as one person each.

A dozen or so women sat above the banqueters and watched them and listened to the speakers. Great American flags draped the wall in behind the stage upon which sat The Associated Press men and their guests.

The orchestra obligingly played "In the Good Old Summer Time," which was in keeping with the temperature. All the big windows were open on the north and east, however, and the green palms helped out an illusion that it was cool. Moreover, the picture of the oyster, contemporary with "r" months and lowered temperature, was on one of the first pages of the little menu book, thus:



The bivalve is a funny bird,
For silence he's renowned;
But I have heard an Oyster Bay,
'Tis an odd Long Island Sound!

The dinner was scheduled to begin at 7 o'clock. By 9 o'clock it had got as far as Mousse de volaille a la Montargis and St. Estephe, on the one hand, and Clifford Wiley, baritone, on the other. General Manager Stone of The Associated Press questioned which combination was the better. After Mr. Wiley had sung excellently the Toreador song from "Carmen," Mr. Stone rose and requested that Mr. Wiley sing "The Song That Reached My Heart."

Frank Lincoln, introduced as a talebearer, went along with sorbet de Fantasie, thus hymned and pictured in the menu book:



Here's Venus rising from the sea
Without her Paris bodice;
Quick! Eat her up before she melts —
The sorbet—not the goddess.

[OTHER SPEECHES CUT HERE]

After Gen. Porter, Toastmaster Melville E. Stone rose to introduce "Mark Twain." The diners, turning to Page 13 of the menu, found this picture and verse dealing with the gentle humorist:



His hobby was a hobby-horse
 With wings of driven snow,
 And everywhere that Sammy went
 His hobby too would go.

The band played “For he’s a jolly good fellow” when Mr. Clemens rose, and the people at the tables took up the song.

MARK TWAIN’S SPEECH.

“I am here to make,” said Mr. Clemens, “to make an appeal to the nations in behalf of the simplified spelling. I have come here because they cannot all be reached except through you. There are only two forces that can carry light to all the corners of the globe—only two—the sun in the heavens and the Associated Press down here. I may seem to be flattering the sun, but I do not mean it so; I am meaning only to be just and fair all around. You speak with a million voices; no one can reach so many races, so many hearts and intellects, as you—except Rudyard Kipling, and he cannot do it without your help. If the Associated Press will adopt and use our simplified forms, and thus spread them to the ends of the earth, covering the whole spacious planet with them as with a garden of flowers, our difficulties are at an end.

“Every day of the 365 the only pages of the world’s countless newspapers that are read by all the human beings and angels and devils that can read, are those pages that are built out of Associated Press dispatches. And so I beg you, I beseech you—oh, I implore you to spell them in our simplified forms. Do this daily, constantly, persistently, for three months—only three months—it is all I ask. The infallible result?—victory, victory, all down the line. For by that time all eyes here and above and below will have become adjusted to the change and in love with it, and the present clumsy and ragged forms will be grotesque to the eye and revolting to the soul. And we shall be rid of phthisis and phthisic and pneumonia, and pneumatics, and diphtheria and pterodactyl, and all those other insane words which no man addicted to the simple Christian life can try to spell and not lose some of the bloom of his piety in the demoralizing attempt. Do not doubt it. We are chameleons, and our partialities and prejudices change places with an easy and blessed facility, and we are soon wonted to the change and happy in it. We do not regret our old, yellow fangs and tushes after we have worn nice fresh uniform store teeth a while.

He Was a Scoffer.

“Do I seem to be seeking the good of the world? That is the idea. It is my public attitude; privately I am merely seeking my own profit. We all do it, but it is sound and it is virtuous, for no public interest is anything other or nobler than a massed accumulation of private interests. In 1883, when the simplified spelling movement first tried to make a noise, I was indifferent to it; more—I even irreverently scoffed at it. What I needed was an object lesson, you see. It is the only way to teach some people. Very well, I got it. At that time I was scrambling along, earning the family’s bread on magazine work at seven cents a word, compound words at single rates, just as it is in the dark present. I was the property of a magazine, a seven-cent slave under a boiler iron contract. One day there came a note from the editor requiring me to write ten pages on this revolting text: ‘Considerations concerning the alleged subterranean holophotal extemporaneousness of the conchyliaceous superimbrication of the ornithorhyncus, as foreshadowed by the unintelligibility of its plesiosaurian anisodactylous aspects.’

“Ten pages of that. Each and every word a seventeen-jointed vestibuled railroad train. Seven cents a word. I saw starvation staring the family in the face. I went to the editor, and I took a stenographer along so as to have the interview down in black and white, for no magazine editor can ever remember any part of a business talk except the part that’s got graft in it for him and the magazine. I said, ‘Read that text, Jackson, and let it go on the record; read it out loud.’ He read it: “Considerations concerning the alleged subterranean holophotal extemporaneousness of the conchyliaceous superimbrication of the ornithorhyncus as foreshadowed by the unintelligibility of its plesiosaurian anisodactylous aspects.’

“I said, ‘You want ten pages of those rumbling, great long summer thunder peals, and you expect to get them at 7 cents a peal?’

“He said, ‘A word’s a word, and seven cents is the contract; what are you going to do about it?’

“I said, ‘Jackson, this is cold-blooded oppression. What’s an average English word?’

“He said, ‘Six letters.’

But Was Converted.

"I said, 'Nothing of the kind; that's French, and includes the spaces between the words; an average English word is four letters and a half. By hard honest labor I've dug all the large words out of my vocabulary and shaved it down until the average is three letters and a half. I can put 1,200 words on your page, and there's not another man alive that can come within two hundred of it. My page is worth \$84 to me. It takes exactly as long to fill your magazine pages with long words as it does with short ones—four hours. Now then, look at the criminal injustice of this requirement of yours. I am careful, I am economical of my time and labor. For the family's sake I've got to be so. So I never write 'metropolis' for 7 cents, because I can get the same money for 'city.' I never write 'policeman,' because I can get the same price for 'cop'. And so on and so on. I never write 'valetudinarian' at all, for not even hunger and wretchedness can humble me to the point where I will do a word like that for 7 cents; I wouldn't do it for 15. Examine your obscene text, please; count the words.'

"He counted and said it was 24. I asked him to count the letters. He made it 203.

"I said, 'Now, I hope you will see the whole size of your contemplated crime. With my vocabulary I would make 60 words out of those 203 letters, and get \$4.20 for it; whereas for your inhuman 24 I would get only \$1.68. Ten pages of these skyscrapers of yours would pay me only about \$300; in my simplified vocabulary the same space and labor would pay me \$840. I do not wish to work upon this scandalous job by the piece. I want to be hired by the year.' He coldly refused. I said:

" 'Then for the sake of the family, if you have no feeling for me, you ought at least to allow me overtime on that word 'extemporaneousness.' Again he coldly refused. I seldom say a harsh word to anyone, but I was not master of myself then, and I spoke right out and called him an anisodactylous plesiosaurian conchyliaceous ornithorhyncus, and rotten to the heart with holophotal subterranean extemporaneousness. God forgive me for that wanton crime; he lived only two hours!

"From that day to this I have been a devoted and hard-working member of that heaven-born institution, the International Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Authors, and now I am laboring with Carnegie's Simplified Committee, and with my heart in the work.

A Real Phonetic Letter.

"Now then, let us look at this mighty question reasonably, rationally, sanely—yes, and calmly, not excitedly. What is the real function, the essential function, the supreme function, of language? Isn't it merely to convey ideas and emotions? Certainly. Then if we can do it with words of phonetic brevity and compactness, why keep the present cumbersome forms? But can we? Yes. I hold in my hand the proof of it. Here is a letter written by a woman, right out of her heart of hearts. I think she never saw a spelling book in her life. The spelling is her own. There isn't a waste letter in it anywhere: It reduces the phonetics to the last gasp—it squeezes the surplusage out of every word—there's no spelling that can begin with it on this planet outside of the White House. And as for the punctuation, there isn't any. It is all one sentence, eagerly and breathlessly uttered, without break or pause in it anywhere. The letter is absolutely genuine—I have the proofs of that in my possession. I can't stop to spell the words for you, but you can take the letter presently and comfort your eyes with it."

Mr. Clemens then read the letter which was:

"Miss _____ dear freind i took some Close into the armerry and give them to you to Send too the suffrers out to California and i Hate to truble you but i got to have one of them Back it was a black oll woole Shevyott With a jacket to Mach trimed Kind of Fancy no 38 Burst measure and passy menterry acrost the front And the color i woodent Trubble you but it belonged to my brothers wife and she is Mad about It i thought she was willin but she want she says she want done with it and she was going to Wear it a Spell longer she ant so free harted as what i am and she Has got more to do with Than i have having a Husband to Work and slave For her i gess you remember Me i am shot and stout and light complected i torked with you quite a spell about the suffrars and said it was orful about that erth quake i shoodont wonder if they had another one rite off seeine general Condision of the country is Kind of Explosive i hate to take that Black dress away from the suffrars but i will hunt round And see if i can get another One if i can i will call to the armerry for it if you will jest lay it asside so no more at present from your True freind i liked your appearance very Much."

"Now you see," said Mr. Clemens, "what simplified spelling can do. It can convey any fact you need to convey; and it can pour out emotions like a spellbinder. I beg you, I beseech you, to adopt our spelling, and print all your dispatches in it.

Twain's Serious Word.

"Now, I wish to say just one entirely serious word:

"I have reached a time of life, seventy years and a half, where none of the concerns of this world have much interest for me personally. I think I can speak dispassionately upon this matter, because, in the little while that I have got to remain here I can get along very well with these old-fashioned forms, and I don't propose to make any trouble about it at all. I shall soon be where they won't care how I spell so long as I keep the Sabbath. [Laughter]

There are 82,000,000 of us people that use this orthography, and it ought to be simplified in our behalf, but it is kept in its present condition to satisfy 1,000,000 people who like to have their literature in the old form. That looks to me to be rather selfish, and we keep the forms as they are while we have got 1,000,000 people coming in here from foreign countries every month and they have got to struggle with this orthography of ours, and it keeps them back and damages their citizenship for years until they learn to spell the language, if they ever do learn. This is merely sentimental argument.

No Real Argument.

"People say it is the spelling of Chaucer and Spenser and Shakespeare and a lot of other people who did not know how to spell anyway, and it has been transmitted to us and we preserved it and wish to continue to preserve it because of its ancient and hallowed associations.

"Now, I don't see that there is any real argument about that. If that argument is good, then it would be a good argument not to banish the flies and the cockroaches from hospitals because they have been there so long that the patients have got used to them and they feel a tenderness for them on account of the associations. Why, it is like preserving a cancer in a family because it is a family cancer, and we are bound to it by the test of affection and reverence and old mouldy antiquity.

"I think that this declaration to improve this orthography of ours is our family cancer, and I wish we could reconcile ourselves to have it cut out and let the family cancer go.

"Now, you see before you the wreck and ruin of what was once a young person like yourselves. I am exhausted by the heat of the day. I must take what is left of the wreck and ruin out of your presence and carry it away to my home and spread it out there and sleep the sleep of the righteous. There is nothing much left of me but my age and my righteousness, but I leave with you my love and my blessing, and may you always keep your youth." [Prolonged applause.]

Isabel Lyon's journal: ~~"I'm not well these days. I seem to be exhausted.~~

The King speaks in N.Y. tonight at a big banquet of the Associated Press. Melville E. Stone at the head of it all, and the King's speech will lead along to spelling reform" [MTP TS 121]

John M. Howells wrote to Isabel Lyon c/o Sam. "Thank you for your note of Sept'r 16th. / I regret extremely that Miss Clemens should have been troubled in any way with the matter of the Redding house while she is so busy. / Please tell Mr. Clemens, as to the cost of \$25,000. or \$30,000., or in fact, any price he decides on, it is quite possible to design a house for that sum" [MTP]. *Note:* Howells (1868-1959), son of William Dean Howells, was an award-winning architect Sam hired in 1906 to design "Stormfield." John had studied architecture at *Ecole des Beaux Arts* in Paris.

September 20 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **Isabel V. Lyon** in Dublin, N.H.

Clara & I have just come in from dinner at the Grosvenor, & I am gone to bed.

Day before yesterday I told Mrs. Johnson frankly & in detail our judgment of the Joan play, & she took it in good part.

Yesterday on the yacht I read 10,000 words of the story, & to-day I read 10,000 more—both batches with great admiration & continuous & strong interest.

I sent Philip for 10,000 more & have just received it [MTP]. *Note:* **Charlotte Teller Johnson.**

Sam also wrote a one-line note on a calling card to **Charlotte Teller Johnson**: "Please send me a lot more of the MS. if you can. / It goes WELL. / SLC" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal (Dublin, N.H.): Jean, 11:30

The seriousness of Jean's disease is increasing and I am very anxious about her. AB & I took some ms. down under the apple tree—"The Mysterious Stranger"—we took, but we talked instead.

Tonight I took poor little Jean down to a Cotillion at the Club. Mrs. Wm. Cabot gave it & it was very pretty. I had a long talk with Mr. Brush out on the porch. Soon they are going to Italy for the winter, I believe [MTP TS 121].

Poultney Bigelow wrote from “Malden on the Hudson” to Sam, inviting him, Isabel Lyon, and “one of the girls” to come and “spend a month or two in the land of Rip van WINKLE—under the Catskills” [MTP].

September 20 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. Sam wrote on **Poultney Bigelow’s Sept. 20** invitation or Isabel Lyon to reply to. “Thank him for all of us & say we are sincerely sorry we are not able to come. SLC” [MTP].

September 21 Friday – In N.Y.C. Sam began a letter to **Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.)** that he added to after reaching **Norfolk, Conn. Sept. 22**, where he finished it on **Sept. 23**. Daughter **Clara** was to make her American debut as a concert singer in Norfolk on **Sept. 22**.

[first page of letter written between typewritten lines of letter to SLC from W. M. Vanderweyde:]

21st Sept.

At 3 p.m., I put Clara in her coupè, & started her for Norfolk, then I undressed & went to bed, bringing with me, from my handbag, Clara’s most recent letter, Jean’s most recent & yours. I was reading yours when the photographer entered the room. I dropped my hand & looked up, & he said: “There—don’t move—stay just as you are, the letter in your hand—a good pose! looks just as if you’d been interrupted, & wanted to use language!” I said, “Oh, no, nothing severer than ‘Don’t, Mary!’”—& he laughed the laugh which a person laughs when he pretends to understand but know very well he doesn’t. He made a half a dozen negatives & said he would have couple of finished pictures awaiting me at the house on my return Sunday eve, from Norfolk. I want to trade you one for butter.

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In Disgrace.

===

8 p.m. I was up & out again at 5 p.m. & called on a lady, & would have stayed to dinner, but didn’t, because a pair of distinguished strangers were coming, & this is no weather for exertion, mental or physical. It was providential—for my cravat wasn’t tied. I found it out when I got home. I feel very much disgraced. Still, it was not my fault: my pal was far away, Katy was gone to the station with Clara, there was no one to do the tying, no one to stop me on my way out & remind me that I was irregular. Shall I cry?...I will think about it.

8.15. *In bed, of course.* Katy—bearing news—has come up to pack my luggage for the early train. When I was taking leave of Clara I asked her to let me lead her out before her audience. She said, no—“You’ll get all the welcome, & I none.” But on the way to the station, she told Katy she had changed her mind, & would like to be led out by her father. Mariechen, it’s butter from the butterless! & very gratifying. Next, there’ll be butter from Jean—yes, & even from you; I am not despairing [MTP].

Chapters from “My Autobiography—II” ran in the N.A.R.

William M. Vander Weyde, photographer in N.Y.C. wrote to ask if he might photograph Mark Twain for *The Reader* magazine. It would only take “about five minutes of your time.” He brought the note to Sam’s house on Fifth Ave. [MTP]. See next.

Sam inscribed a copy of *HF* to **William M. Vander Weyde**, photographer: “*Taking the pledge will not make bad liquor good, but it will improve it. Truly Yours Mark Twain. Sept. 21/06. With compliments to Mr. W.M. Van der Wyde*” [MTP].

Henry Watterson wrote on Louisville *Courier-Journal* letterhead to Sam.

Although I sent the enclosed [not extant] to George Harvey yesterday to be shown to you, I send it direct in order to say that the more I think about its suggestion the more it impresses me. Is it true, as I have heard, that you and Sydney Rosenfeld have collaborated on a play on the "Sellers Motif"? If not, have you ever seriously thought about it? My idea is a new play altogether written around the old plot, but brought down to date. Undoubtedly Godwin is the man to play the part.

If you have the address of either of Jim Lampton's daughters, send it to me. I am afraid that one of them, who is the preacher's wife and lives in Dallas, Tex. Is a little out of humor with me. Anyhow I want them to see what I have said about their dear old dad.

Don't let them work you too much, either speaking or writing. Your place in history is made, your fame secured, and I take it you have money enough about your clothes to pay for drinks. That George Harvey is a castiron devil of a hustler and he will never reflect that you are not as young as you used to be.

No, nor Howells neither; to whom my cordial regards [MTP].

September 22 Saturday – At 3 p.m. in Norfolk, Conn. Sam added to his Sept. 21 to Mary B. Rogers.

Norfolk, 3 p.m., 22^d

I have gone to bed—as usual. It is to be hope that you are in bed, too, & that last night's hilarious late hours & this morning's murderously early ones have not broken you down utterly & condemned you to Norfolk again.

I had a marvelously narrow escape from death coming up in the train.

===

Terese has been in, interrupting. She is the lovable Tuscan girl we had with us in Florence. She was at the door when I drove up in the downpour, & the tears were running down her face. I said reproachfully, "Terese, I am hurt, & I am going away; I never expected to see *you* cry to see me come." She looked distressed, & seized me by both hands & exclaimed, "Oh, it is not *that*—it is that I cry for *joy* to see the signor padrone again!"

That is very nice butter, & I know how to make Terese furnish it; for she believes everything I say. She is smitten with death & doesn't know it; no one would imagine it, for she does not look ill. It is very pathetic.

She came up to unpack my things, & put everything to rights & make me comfortable, & now I shall have to do her work all over again, I think, for she has been so busy talking her captivating broken English for half an hour that with all her good intentions she has only arranged to make me *un*comfortable—just as happened with my amended buttonhole flower Wednesday evening—it was much more to my liking *before*.

Miss Gordon (of the 69th street infirmary) was in the train, & she had a box of flowers for Clara. *Why* wasn't I as thoughtful! It is a shame to be so thoughtless as I am.

Clara & I have had a chat. She *is* in bed; she had a fright in the train yesterday. She says I *mustn't* lead her on the stage; also she says I *must*. She has a dread that the house will call for a speech. I said "I will excuse myself." "But they won't *take* the excuse." "Then I will say, "I would gladly respond, but Mr. Luckstone, who was to accompany me on the trombone has unfortunately caught a cold." She said that if I would be sure & stop *there*—& so forth & so forth. We had a most entertaining dispute but didn't really settle anything. I wish you were here, to settle it in your arbitrary way. We reach New York Sunday eve.

At 6 p.m. Sam added that "telegrams of hope and encouragement" poured in for Clara [MTP].

In **Dublin, N.H. Jean Clemens** telegrammed her sister **Clara**: "My love and warmest wishes for the best health, voice and greatest success" [MTP: Jean's Diary, Vol 5].

The New York Times, Sept. 23, p.9 ran a Special report from Winstead, Conn., datelined Sept. 22 about Clara's debut.

MISS CLEMENS IN CONCERT.

Mark Twain Makes a Speech at His Daughter's Debut.

Special to The New York Times.

WINSTED, Conn., Sept. 22.—Before a large audience in the Norfolk Gymnasium, Norfolk, this evening, Miss Clara Clemens, the daughter of Mark Twain, made her debut as a concert singer. A large delegation of the young singer's friends was present from New York and other places. Miss Clemens was assisted by Marie Nichols, a Boston violinist. Miss Clemens, who is the possessor of a rich contralto voice, was enthusiastically received.

Mark Twain made a short speech at the close of the recital. He described his first appearance before an audience in San Francisco and told of a sudden stage fright that overcame him then. He compared stage fright to seasickness and said he wished his choicest enemy could have both at the same time.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Santissima's concert tonight—& the King will be there" [MTP TS 121-122].

E.M. Blaikie, secretary for Rudyard Kipling wrote from Sussex, England to thank Sam for the book *What is Man?* which had reached them [MTP].

Lois Kellogg wrote to Sam, reacting to "A Dog's Tale."

Dear Author / I think you are awfully mean to write such a sad, terrificly [*sic*] sad story, I cried and cried and could not finish it.

I am going to keep the book just the same because I like you, but not as much as before (just now), but maybe I will like you more afterwards, but I really do not see how you can be quite so hard hard hearted.

With lots of thanks and no thanks at all I am / Your friend always..." [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote at the top, "No answer required."

Collier's Weekly ran "The Innocent Endorsers of Quackery" [Camfield's bibliog.].

September 23 Sunday – In **Norfolk, Conn.** at midnight, Sam added to his **Sept. 21 and 22** letter to **Mary B. Rogers**.

Midnight. It's over!,

Sack, it was a distinct triumph!—an unqualified triumph—a triumph without any alloying doubts hanging about it—a beautiful, & blood-stirring, & spirit-satisfying triumph; & I would rather have lost one of my ear than missed it, & I would have contributed the other one to have you there.

Everything was in Clara's favor, even the weather, which was horrible. I was charmed with it & grateful for it, for the delightfulest of all audiences & the most inspiring is a bad-weather audience. It doesn't come for fashion's sake for duty's sake, it comes because it *wants* to. The contrast between that alert & glowing & expectant company & Melville Stone's museum of dessicated mummies was the contrast between an living & the dead. It was all on hand, galleries & all, an hour before the advertised hour (8.30) for the beginning. Rodman Gilder & I arrived at 8.30, according to command, but I was forbidden to enter the greenroom, & also forbidden to lead Clara out. The manager said *no*, this was Clara's show & I couldn't steal any part of it. I was given a seat in the third row & admonished to keep quiet & not try to attract attention. Luckstone's train was late. He arrived at 9, presently led Clara out. She was Egyptian, & lovely. Sack, you couldn't have looked lovelier yourself. I knew she was frozen with stage-fright, but she didn't show it.

Before she reached the middle of No. 1 I saw she was going to win. Then Luckstone turned his head & leaned over his shoulder at her, & Miss Gordon, who sat trembling at my side, heaved a deep relief-sigh and whispered, "There—that's approval!—she's perfectly safe, now."

And so she was. From that time forth to the end she walked in victory. At the end Miss Gordon & I only waited till the house had called her out a couple of times, then we pushed for the stage to congratulate her; & on the stage we met her coming out on the third call, & I kissed her so as to make myself conspicuous, & walked her off with an arm around her waist. Then came the call for your uncle, & Clara led *me* on.

I spoke for 20 minutes, & that is the only speech I have ever made that *entirely* satisfied me. I will rest on that—I shan't ever make another one. Five years from now she will be a celebrity, & I'll stick my nose in the air & say with complacency, "Why, I was present at the very *birth* of this renown!"

Good night (or good morning) dear Sack, it is bed-time [*Note*: Mr. **Isidore Luckstone** was Clara's accompanist.]

At 10 a.m. Sam added more:

Sunday, 10 a.m. I perceive that you are not writing me yet, about your auto-adventures. But you are better employed I think—& hope—sleeping & resting.

Twelve or 15 New York friends came up, & about the same number from Hartford. Clara will repeat in Hartford pretty soon, & in Providence two or three weeks hence.

She satisfied Mr. Bacon her manager, last night. Perhaps that was the main triumph. I hear Clara's voice downstairs—there is nothing melancholy about it. It is about time she was coming up to say good-morning. I don't believe that you or the other member of my family would be so undutiful.

I didn't half thank you, dear Pal, (in words), for the trouble you took to bring me home from the yacht, & you so full of work, but I thanked you deep down, just the same; & I wanted to spare you, too, but I was born selfish, & I *couldn't*.

I am impatient to mail you my news. I think I will telegraph you at your New York home & try to get on your track. Meantime I am your affectionate uncle, just the same as before. / Mark [MTP].

Sam also wrote to daughter **Jean**, describing Clara's triumph in much the same words as he had to Mary Rogers (above). He added their plans, named a few of the guests, and closed at 11:30 a.m.

Clara & I will go Newyorking late this afternoon, reaching home toward 10 to-night.

All the Gilders except R. W. [Richard Watson Gilder] were there. Mrs. Gilder was with Clara all day, & mothered her charmingly, & took her to the hall in the evening, & dressed her there, & was her good angel all through, & she & Rodman spent the night in this house.

11.30. a.m. I hear Clara's voice downstairs—it isn't melancholy. Good-bye, dear heart, with lots of hugs & kisses [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Jean, 11:30" [MTP TS 122].

Minnie Maddern Fiske wrote from White Plains, NY to send praise and thanks to Sam for his story "Soldier Boy" [MTP].

September 24 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **Charlotte Teller Johnson**.

Monday, 6.15 p.m / Dear Charlotte, Mr. Sears has been here, & we chatted an hour & I told him what a high opinion (dam this empty pen) I hold of the book [*The Cage* 1907], & he spoke highly of it himself. When it is all ready to submit to magazines he will carry out your desire & let the magazine have it that will pay you the best price. I will elaborate this to-morrow at your house if I can there; & next day *any how*. / Sincerely [MTP].

Note: **Joseph Hamblen Sears** (1865-1946), writer, publisher and President of D. Appleton's, publishers (1904-1918).

Sam also wrote a letter of recommendation for his coachman the past three years, **George O'Connor**. Since **Clara** was to sail for Germany on **Sept. 26**, Sam wouldn't be needing O'Connor's services. Sam gave his "permanent address" as **Redding, Conn.** [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "I went to pieces & stayed in a dark room all day—suffering" [MTP TS 122].

September 24 ca. – N.Y.C.: Sam wrote to **Maude Adams**, actress. An extract survives:

Autobiographical Dictations resumed on a regular basis—M-F for two hours during 1906 and 1907

....The essential point in the story, to me, is that a young girl, ignorant of the hard world & its ways, who becomes a woman suddenly, is so absolutely absorbed in a man—in his personality, his mind, his work—that she involuntarily devotes her life to him. She does not care whether she is married to him or not; she does not think or care what the world will think or say; she lies for him without hesitation; she leaves her father for him; she sacrifices herself again & again for him & his work. In so doing, she grows to be a woman in a few months. She learns many things; she develops into a knowledge of the world. In so doing, she also teaches the man, who knows the world well, many things of the heart & mind which he had never learned.

It is the story of the heart of a woman so big that all worldly forms are gladly ignored for the love of one man. That is what a real woman would do; & in so doing she would really make the man, too, if he had character to start with. And all of this take place amidst the familiar surrounding of the Chicago of to-day. It is a strong book, Peter Pan, & if you once begin it you will not be able to leave this man & woman until you have finished the story. / Sincerely your friend [MTP].

September 25 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave. in N.Y.C. Sam wrote to **Isabel V. Lyon**, with a humorous end note to daughter **Jean**, in Dublin, N.H.

About 10 last night Clara took the alarm & fled to the sanitarium in 69th street. It was because the tearing up of the avenue made such a pounding racket. I hope she will stay there—for two reasons. Miss Gordon is good company for her, & there's none here; & up there she is close to Luckstone.

Mrs. Johnson was one of the happiest persons in America last night. I sent for Sears, (President & Manager of Appletons) yesterday afternoon, & he came here at once & we talked an hour. He likes her book & is going to publish it; & I asked him to sell the serial rights for her, & he said he would do it with pleasure & give it to the magazine that offers the most. He also said it is his policy to secure a dozen authors permanently—a new book per year—and he believed she was going to be one of them. Lots of love to Jean. / Sincerely Yours / S.L. C.

Jean, I've ad
me air cut [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "E. too. Ill all day" [MTP TS 122].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote a hurried note to Sam. "I didn't hear from Col. Harvey today. / Maybe you did" [MTP].

September 26 Wednesday – NYC: Sam inscribed a photograph of himself sitting up in bed to **Katy Leary**: "*It is your human environment that makes the climate. To Katy Leary, with the affectionate regards of her friend. / Mark Twain / Sept 26/06*" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Petit mal all day. / I got up to lie out in the sunshine with a piteously aching & suffering & quivering spine. AB came out with the mail & he took a lot of it away to dictate answers to Miss Hobby" [MTP TS 122].

C.S. Palmer wrote to ask Sam for an interview [MTP]. *Note:* Sam replied "Pressure of work obliges me to excuse myself / SLC" – Lyon further noted: "This had been one of many requests from a stranger, for an interview, this little note was the basis of a form often used in replying to such."

The man Mark Twain labeled as the "Poet Lariat" on the *Quaker City* excursion died this day in Great Neck, N.Y. **Bloodgood H. Cutter** was 89 years old [NY Times, Sept. 27, p.1].

September 26 ca. – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam replied to the Sept. 26 from **C.S. Palmer**: "Pressure of work obliges me to excuse myself. / SLC" [MTP].

September 27 Thursday – In the evening at 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Ralph W. Ashcroft**.

The Colonel [Harvey] has just gone. I expected he would not be willing that any but Harpers should issue the brochure, & he wasn't.

He wants to put the 7 [photographs on being good] in the Xmas Weekly—a huge & elaborate number—& says he can print them perfectly; so I told him to go ahead. Miss Lyon is suffering a severe nervous collapse [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: “AB came out & made out checks for me & cleared up a lot of work. We did the work in the living room. I on the couch, he scribbling away beside me, occasionally giving the fire a poke” [MTP TS 122].

Miss **Anne W. Stockbridge** wrote from Yarmouth, Maine to Sam, nonplussed that a letter to Sam (handed first to her brother of the University Club in Boston), had been published in the newspaper without the names suppressed. In the published letter she suggested a topic for his talk at the Assoc. Press dinner [MTP].

Brander Matthews wrote to Sam. “That was a most persuasive speech you made to the Ass^d Press. / The Ex. Com. Of the Simplified Spelling Board, at its meeting yesterday, unanimously requested you to allow us to issue it as one of our documents. / Can you revise it for publication?” [MTP].

Dr. Clarence C. Rice wrote to Isabel Lyon.

Will you please remind Mr. Clemens of his promise to send one of his photographs for Miss Edna May, the Actress.

Miss May is a great admirer of Mr. Clemens and I promised her I would get the photograph, with his autograph—I hope you are all well / Very Truly Yours [MTP]. *Note: Edna May Pettie* (1878-1948), actress, singer, and post card beauty.

Two copies of *The \$30,000 Bequest and Other Stories* (1906) were deposited with the Copyright Office on this day, the first edition being published this month [Hirst, “A Note on the Text” Afterword materials p.21, Oxford ed. 1996].

September 27 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.)** crossways on **Anne W. Stockbridge's Sept. 27** letter: “You have seen those queer letters, Mary: well, this is the sequel—& not unfunny” [MTP].

September 28 Friday – About this day Sam went to **Fairhaven, Mass.** for the weekend. His **Oct. 2 to Clara** reveals he left Fairhaven for Dublin on **Oct. 1**.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Jean, 1:30 and 6:00 on porch.

Much of the day I have been out in the sunshine in the open field to the north. Jean's condition being worse I wrote lengthily to Dr. Peterson in Europe. She subconsciously feels my weakness & all her venomous points are to the fore; for it is absolutely essential that a person who is mentally strong should be with her & should fearlessly direct her. But in the afternoon AB came out & found me near the quivering white birch trees & after a good talk he read aloud to me from “Madame Butterfly”. ~~The darlinest saddest movingest little story in the world. Dear AB's voice shook & broke & stopped & he wept over [it.] How sweet it is to see a man weep. I have never seen but one other really sob, & those sobs were so strong, so uncontrollable that the man was transfigured by them & that man was XX.~~ AB knows so much about the strong artistic creatures of America. John Luther Long is a friend of his & today he said, “Long has the soul of an angel.” I don't see

how any man can reach into the heart of a woman as he has done in “Madame Butterfly” & in “Purple Eyes” [MTP 122-123]. *Note:* **John Luther Long** (1861-1927), lawyer and writer best known for his short story “Madame Butterfly,” based on his sister’s recollections, a Methodist missionary to Japan; see Gribben 418; *MTB* 1480.

September 29 Saturday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

I have had to ask Mr. Clemens to come back on Monday.

Today a climax with Jean. In the King’s name I had to forbid Gerry Brush going with her for a long walk & then I collapsed. Jean would not listen to reason. She was far too ill to go. Gerry stayed here all the day & in the afternoon when AB came out & came up to my room—the room which was so hideous to me in May—only because I had nothing but griefs to bring into it—we went over a lot of the King’s mail & then, he sitting beside my couch, we had a wonderful talk.

Gerald Thayer came over at 5 o’clock at Dr. Stowell’s suggestion & will stay indefinitely. Because in Jean’s present condition it isn’t safe for me to be alone with her. She could easily lapse into the violence the doctors fear may come in time. They all came up to my room after tea—Gerald, & Gerry & Jean—AB was here, & we had such a gay time, for Gerry recited nonsense verse [MTP TS 123-124].

The New York *Times*, p. BR602, under “Topics of the Week” commented on the second segment of “Mark Twain’s Autobiography” in the Oct. issue of *North American Review*. “It was no masterwork like ‘Huckleberry Finn,’ but it was full of fresh, original humor.”

The St. Louis *Daily Globe-Democrat* ran a three-page feature, “A Day With Mark Twain,” by **Albert Edward Allman**. Five photographs were included with a description of how Twain passed his day.

September 30 Sunday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

AB came out this morning & packed the 2 ms. trunks for me. I’m weak these days—very weak—& Dr. Stowell says I *must* go away. I don’t see how it is possible. We had a fire in my room and we spent most of the afternoon there, AB staying to luncheon & going on with the packing in the afternoon. I was very tired; tired from yesterday’s battle with Jean; tired from packing today—so I curled up on the couch & AB walked up & down the room, smoking cigarettes & talking about the King & the Biography and he truly says that the King’s life is divided into periods & he rehearsed them to me. AB has a walk so purposeful, too purposeful, so individual, that it is a great satisfaction to me to watch his long stride. Each step counts, & counts for a definite progress. There is nothing wasteful about him [MTP TS 124-125].

Thomas Bailey Aldrich wrote from Ponkapog, Mass. to Sam.

Dear Mark: / Letters and long-distance telephones are requesting me to be “brilliant”. My immediate neighbors make no such demand; they know better. They cynically inquire after my opalescence and wonder how on earth I got these “rose-diamonds” through the custom-house unbeknown to any body. You have about ruined me—as you probably intended to do—by that paragraph in the last number of the *N. A. Review*. A few more paragraphs of that kind will oblige me to retire from the world. I shall retire into a nunnery. I think that would suit me in my old-age. It would have suited me at any period of my life. Meanwhile I want the rest of that delightful autobiography, and I don’t want it on the instalment plan; I want it now. I can’t wait for your convenience. Are you still at Dublin? Shall you come this way—meaning Boston—with your nightingale? We desire hungrily to hear her and see you, who are always dear to us. We purpose to move to Mt. Vernon street in the latter part of October. At present we are sojourning in Ponkapog, where our boy and his bran-new wife are spending a few weeks with us preparatory to taking up their own housekeeping in The Cambridge on Beacon street. The young couple are looking at existence through rose-colored spectacles—just as we did long ago, before we ever dreamed of any other kind of glasses. It is pleasant to watch the kids. They are—to use the language of Rozvelt’s favorite poet—

“2 soles with but a single thot,

Autobiographical Dictations resumed on a regular basis—M-F for two hours during 1906 and 1907

2 harts that beet az 1.”—

Faithfully yours here and hereafter, unless we all are a limited corporation, T. B. A. [MTP].

September 30 ca. – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote on **Aldrich’s Sept. 30** to **Mary B. Rogers**.

Mary, I’m sending you this to show you that there are people who want my admirable biography *now*. It’s butter, my pal! Although I can’t furnish it to him I can unload a chapter onto you now & then, & I mean to do it. And you must read it, & say you like it, whether you do or not. I will go to his Boston house for a few days by & by, & very willingly, but not to his Ponkapog house any more [MTP].

October – Sam inscribed an aphorism in a copy of *P&P* to an **unidentified person**: “*On the whole it is better to deserve honors & not have them, than have them & not deserve them. / Truly Yours / Mark Twain / Oct/06*” [MTP].

Sam also sent a signed aphorism on an octavo sheet to an **unidentified person**: “*Taking the pledge will not make bad liquor good, but will improve it*” [MTP].

Spectator published an anonymous review of *Eve’s Diary*, p. 393-4. Tenney: “ ‘The modern American girl belonging to the monied class is the youngest, and perhaps the prettiest, of Eve’s daughters. The American humorist thinks her like her prototype in the Garden of Eden.’ MT depicts a materialistic Adam and an Eve who is more sensitive, but whose ‘love of beauty is half of it love of possession.’ ‘They are both the offspring of their surroundings, the children of a Pecuniary Paradise,—a lawless pair, whose ultimate fate may be prophesied from precedent’” [“A Reference Guide Second Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1978 p. 173].

Current Literature ran an anonymous article “Mark Twain’s Life of Samuel L. Clemens” [Tenney 42].

October 1 Monday – Sam left **Fairhaven, Mass.** and returned to **Dublin, N.H.** at 8 p.m. He replied to the **Sept. 30** of **Thomas Bailey Aldrich**.

I have just returned from another 3 weeks’ junketing—and still with a good conscience, for “wasted time” is no longer a matter of concern to me; at least in the summer time. I have worked pretty steadily for 65 years, & I don’t care what I do with the 2 or 3 that remain to me so that I get pleasure out of them. I am 300,000 words to the good on the autobiography, & if I add an average of 50,000 a month for the rest of my life I shall be satisfied—especially if I can find ways to put in the rest of the month agreeably. If I had you near by I would make you read a chapter of it every day for your sins.

The truth is, I had no business to leave here, & I must not do it again; for Jean’s health is very bad this last fortnight, & I must stay by her henceforth, for no authority but mine can control her when she is ill—and she is always ill, poor child, these latter months. With greatest love to you all— [MTP; time of arrival in Dublin in Oct. 3 to Teller].

Sam also wrote to **Charlotte Teller Johnson** that he would be down in about ten days, “Meantime cheer up, don’t give it up, don’t be discouraged. It must come out all right” [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: The King has come back—now all things will be right, for I have dropped my responsibility—ordinarily I can carry it, but not when it has sucked out all my strength. He was so beautiful, so gay, so full of his trip & of Santissima’s concert & of his playings at Fairhaven. There is no one who can play so successfully as the King can. He is so fond of Mrs. Harry Rogers & calls her his “Pal.” He made a badge or a coat of arms for the “pals” while he was in Fairhaven this time in a bottle of Saccharine & a candle on a shield with “Sweetness & Light” for the motto. Their partnership was to torment or to provide entertainment for those who were playing cards—Bridge or Poker—by throwing in remarks, personal remarks—and this they’d keep up until one of them would be thrown from the room. But the joy of the restfulness of having him back. I almost cry with happiness & with relief. I sent for him on Sat., for Dr. Stowell said that if I didn’t, he would [MTP TS 125].

October 2 Tuesday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam began a letter to daughter **Clara** that he finished **Oct. 3**.

Clara dear, perhaps you thought I couldn't leave my niece, Mary Rogers, but I did it. I came away from Fairhaven yesterday. Everything is going well here, except that Miss Lyon is still feeble & has to go carefully & not over-exert herself. But she is up & around, comes to meals, chats, laughs, plays the orchestrelle a little, & signs checks. I believe she will soon be quite well.

Jean is strong, hearty, & very sweet & demonstratively affectionate. But it is pretty plain that she has to have at her elbow an indisputable authority. And so I realize that I must stop junketing & stay at my post & not try to delegate its duties & large responsibilities to another. I realize it just in time; for I was planning to give up what is left of my life largely to idling & holidaying, to make up for 65 years of continuous work. I was going 'mobiling in the South of France a month or two in the spring with Col. Harvey (& possibly Mr. Howells.) However, it doesn't matter.

I dictated 3 hours this morning—so my railway journeys yesterday did not tire me. Miss Hobby the stenographer said to Miss Lyon "it was horribly uncanny, & deeply interesting, & funny in places, & touching in others—altogether a great product, & made me laugh & cry, both."

Miss Lyon reports this:

The other day Miss Hobby said to Paine: "I know I couldn't like the New Jerusalem—all jewels & gold & pearls and trinkets." Paine said:

"But it is all right; it isn't for you & your like, it was built for Jews, you know."

Go on resting & recuperating, Clara dear; you have bravely & richly earned a good rest, & it's the best thing for you, & will build you up & put you in good shape for another triumph. That *was* a triumph at Norfolk!

With hugs & kisses galore, / Father.

Aldrich says he is hungry to hear you sing.

Evening. Your letter has arrived. Yes, I am entirely comfortable, & glad to be in the country again.

I am delighted that you netted \$60, & touched by what they propose to do with it—deeply touched & grateful.

Yes, I shall be very glad to pay Mr. Luckstone, & thank him besides for the trouble he so kindly took in your behalf.

Clara dear, I am so sorry for Teresa, whom I hold in great affection; but you must tell her, from me, that she *must* go home, for I cannot take the responsibility of letting her stay here against the doctor's advice & warning. If I allowed her to stay I should feel that I was treacherous to her people, who are trusting me & believe me worthy of their trust.

For a butler, go to the same place where you got Philip. I am sorry he is ill, & also sorry to lose him. My pen is empty. Goodnight / Marcus

[*cross-written in the left margin:*]

Yes, get a room at the Grosvenor. or at Gilder's [MTP].

Clemens' **A.D.** of this day included: Another stolen holiday including banquet speech in New York & visit to Norfolk, Conn. In a letter recd. this morning friend calls—Clemens "the blesseddest 'accident' I have yet met in my life."—Clemens reviews the series of "accidents" during his life which have led up to meeting this friend [MTP Autodict2; MTE 384-93].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Today I asked the King how he came to write "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg", & he said it was the outcome of a protest against protecting the young from temptation; let them be tempted, & let them fall early, that they may know by experience what things are to be avoided. Today AB went away [MTP TS 125-126].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote to Sam having rec'd his of Sept. 27 and was "glad to know that the matter of the photographs is settled. No doubt the utmost care will be taken to produced as nice results as is possible with "The

Weekly'. He was sorry to hear that Miss Lyon was ill, and made a request regarding the title of "The \$30,000 Bequest" appearing on the top of the left hand pages (of the new volume of the Hillcrest ed.) "containing other matter; it may be typographically correct, but it is certainly inartistic" [MTP]. *Note:* the seven photos of moral musing.

Henry Arthur Jones wrote from NYC to invite Sam to "join my party" going to Harvard on Wed. Oct. 31 where he would perform in a play [MTP].

October 3 Wednesday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam finished his **Oct. 3** to daughter **Clara**, in care of John Walker, 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

6, a.m., Wednesday.

Take my bedroom—you will never hear a hoof-click there. And keep it, permanently, if your own room is big enough for a billiard room. I hope it is, & I feel sure it is. I think I *know* it is.

I must telegraph you this to-day, dear [MTP].

Sam also replied to the **Sept. 27** from **Brander Matthews**.

Certainly you can use the speech, & you do not need to copyright it. I have not seen it in print, but if you've a copy of it send it to me & I will revise it.

I am very glad you like the autobiography. We are shoving 9,000 words a month into the Review, & there's 300,000 to draw from, not to speak of the 50,000 which I shall dictate each month until the end of time.

There ain't going to be any volume of speeches, because I am too lazy to collect them & revise them [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Charlotte Teller Johnson**.

Dear Charlotte, I got your first before leaving for the yacht that morning—many thanks for it—and found the Philadelphia one awaiting me upon my arrival from Fairhaven at 8 last night. Miss Lyon is up & about, but not quite able to resume work yet. Mr. Paine & Miss Hobby have been acting as her substitutes for more than a week, & they have kept things up to date, right along; but Paine had to go to New York yesterday, therefore I had to hurry home 2 days before my Fairhaven holiday was out, & resume business at the old stand before I wanted to.

If the contract isn't signed, get it signed & off your mind. And presently when there's a carbon MS that neither you nor Sears needs, let's have it here.

Evidently you are in first-rate spiritual trim for work, now, & I am glad [MTP].

Clemens' **A.D.** of this day included: **Clara Clemens'** debut in Norfolk, Conn.—The episode of her crib catching fire when she was 7 yrs. old—The two other fires on the two following days—**Rosa's** promptness in rescuing the children—Rosa's marriage, and her experience with the scarecrow and the crows [MTP Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Mr. Brush came for dinner.

This morning I showed the King some little photographs I made of him with Sackcloth & Ashes [cats] & when he looked at himself he said—"Well, I can look more different kinds of ways than any bug I ever saw outside of a museum." It's true, too.

My decided misinformation of 2 weeks troubled me by a renewed sleeplessness last night. And at 3 o'clock this morning I [*two illegible words*] that now the only thing to do is to take hold of the condition mentally. I *must* heal it from within & in my own lame way I shall do it. I did quiet the quivering nerves, & this afternoon I lay out in the sunshiny field & slept for an hour. There was such a blessed peace within me when I wakened. Dr. Stowell commands that I go away for a rest cure, but now I think that won't be necessary [MTP TS 126].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-lo Co. letterhead to Sam. "Here is some more Plasmon literature; please read it at your convenience, and then post it back to me. / Yours..." [MTP].

(Harold) Witter Bynner wrote from NYC to confess to Sam that he'd resigned from McClure's and would live:

"on Grub street for six months and then O if I have to I can get something again in some office. / Do I deserve a scolding? —or a fatherly and saintly pat? / Will you in either event do me the inestimable favour of copying for me that Prayer from the little girl's diary? I want it badly. / Dear man, I am ...ever yours" [MTP].

O.W. Norton wrote from Chicago to compliment Sam on "The Horse's Tale," which he thought was "a little gem." He added that he was "an old soldier and an old bugler," and offered criticism that "the bugle call by which the little girl summoned her horse...except the first strain it could not possibly be played on a bugle or trumpet." Also, "The first strain of the 'Soldier Boy' call could be played on any bugle or trumpet, but the following strains or variations could only be played on the cornet or some keyed instrument, and these are never used for bugle calls" [MTP].

October 4 Thursday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam replied to the Sept. 27 from Anne W. Stockbridge.

Dear Miss Stockbridge (if she really exists):

257 Benefit Street (if there is any such place)

Yes, I should like a copy of that other letter. This whole fake is delightful, & I tremble with fear that you are a fake yourself & that I am your guileless prey. (But never mind, it isn't any matter)

Now as to publication. I shall be going home to New York 8 days hence—

21 Fifth Avenue

Suppose you send me, there, type-written copies of as many of "Jennie's" letters as Miss [Grace] Donworth has thus far forged, & I will show them to a magazine editor & put him in correspondence with you if he thinks well of them.

For they ought to be *serialized* in a magazine FIRST.

I think that the swindle that they are genuine ought to be maintained. This is a sin, but that is nothing. The newspapers will attack their genuineness, & this will furnish good & cheap advertising. The Christian publisher likes that. / Sincerely Yours [MTP].

Clemens' A.D. of this day included: **Clara Clemens'** debut as a concert singer, at Norfolk, Conn. Sept. 22nd—Sam Clemens' talk—Difference between speeches & talks [MTP Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Raffael Pumpelly was here for tea.

Tonight the King spoke in the basement of the Unitarian Church for the assembled villages, an audience which appreciated him, but didn't dare show it. I wish AB could have been there, for every time you hear the King it's an event in a lifetime & I wish AB could have seen the people—trying to keep their faces straight. Bless 'em. We drove silently down to the village through the moonlight & the King's face was so beautiful that my heart stood still. He was smoking with all the dignity characteristic of his smoking. He idealizes tobacco. He makes the smoker's action an art—just as he makes profanity an art, ~~but he reduces me to~~ ~~impress~~ even when he even rolls out his curses at a collar button.

He dictated this morning but not for the full session. Earlier, just as he got up to dress & was standing by the washstand, Scott, Jean's horse, which had been turned loose in the field by the house, started off on a mad gallop & the King made a dash for the window to watch the beautiful creature. He didn't see the water pitcher on the floor, so he struck it with his shin, knocked it over & fell headlong. He told me later that if anyone could have seen him, they'd have said, "That cus is going for 3rd base." He didn't even seem to be shaken up [MTP TS 126-127]. *Note:* this entry had diagonal lines through it as well as horiz. & vertical lines.

Frank Nelson Doubleday for Doubleday, Page & Co. wrote to Sam. “Here is a letter and bill which has just come from Mr. Bothwell, of De Vinne’s. Do you want to send out any more books?” He offered to make up a list of interested people [MTP]. *Note:* regarding the anonymous printing of 250 copies of *What is Man?*

Henry M. Flagler wrote from 26 Broadway, NYC to Sam. “The ‘serious’ photographs came this morning, and I want you to believe that I am very much obliged to you for them especially for the signature evidencing their genuineness. / I showed them to one of our trusted men who has had a severe nervous breakdown. You will be glad to know that he left my office completely secured [?] with every good wish believe me” [MTP]. *Note:* 26 Broadway was the office of H.H. Rogers; Flagler was likely in the employ of Rogers.

John Larkin wrote to Sam, enclosing the deed to Sam and other heirs of the **Tennessee land**. Sam needed to sign with a notary and return the signed document [MTP].

Henry Beach Needham for Success Magazine wrote to Sam. The idea of the People’s Lobby had been received positively “by citizens everywhere,” though there had been “a little illogical ridicule in the New York ‘Sun’ and a little pessimism in the New York ‘Evening Post.’” He asked Sam to use his influence to raise funds for the Lobby, and enclosed a list of sixteen on the “Governing Committee,” of which Mark Twain was one [MTP].

October 5 Friday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam replied to the Oct. 3 from **(Harold) Witter Bynner**, supporting Bynner’s decision to devote himself to poetry.

Dear Poet: / You have certainly done right—for several good reasons; at least, of them, I can name two: 1. With your reputation you can have your freedom & yet earn your living: if you fall short of succeeding to your wish, your reputation will provide you another job. And so, in high approval I suppress the scolding & give you the saintly & fatherly pat instead.

Susy’s prayer was “.....I pray that there may be a God & a Heaven—or something better.”

We are comfortable here, as yet, but I expect to retire to New York within ten days, leaving Jean behind for a fortnight. Miss Lyon will stop in Boston a couple of weeks, for a rest, for she has been ill & has lost strength [MTP]. *Note:* see Gribben p.120

Sam signed **Albert B. Paine’s** contract with **Harper & Brothers**, and noted on the last page: “The above terms are satisfactory to me. S.L. Clemens. Oct.5/06” [MTP: Sotheby’s N.Y. catalogs, Dec. 10, 1993, No. 6515 Item 248].

Clemens’ **A.D.** of this day included: Authorship of the two letters concerning San Francisco sufferers traced to Miss **Grace Donworth**—Letter from Miss **Anne Stockbridge** [MTP Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Now I’m not sure that I understand the King at all. Or, rather, there is such a deep side to him that I know I don’t understand him & that I never can. But I don’t want to. It’s the side of him that is unfathomable that helps to make his sweet greatness. This afternoon I went to the Upper pasture, & it’s the sweetest place in the world” [MTP TS 127-128].

Jerome A. Hart, Editor of The Argonaut (S.F.) wrote to Sam enclosing a clipping from “one of the early numbers of the Argonaut some thirty or more years ago. It refers, as you will see, to a ‘farewell lecture’ to be delivered by you in San Francisco, and contains a letter apparently written by you, several others addressed to you which seem also as if they might have been written by you.” Due to the interest in the Autobiography, Hart felt Sam might be interested [MTP]. *Note:* enclosure in file dated Oct. 6, 1906 includes “MARK TWAIN’S LECTURE IN ‘68”.

Chapters from “My Autobiography—III” ran in the <i>N.A.R.</i> p.577-89.

October 6 Saturday – **Isabel Lyon’s journal:**

Autobiographical Dictations resumed on a regular basis—M-F for two hours during 1906 and 1907

All day, wind & rain.

With the afternoon mail came a letter from AB to the King—a love letter & the most beautiful love letter ever written. The King was deeply moved as he read it & when he called me in from my study his voice was shaking as he said, “Superb, superb! and worth waiting 70 years for.” He gave me the letter to read & it made me weep, even as he had wept. ~~I didn’t know A.B. could write so exquisitely.~~

We had a beautiful afternoon, until the King went to his room, for I played the Chopin Nocturne, opus 37. Schubert’s Impromptu, opus 142, no. 2, the “König Stützl” as he calls the Erl König, & some Scotch music and my reward was his deep sigh of contentment [MTP TS 128].

October 7 Sunday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

It’s night now & I’ve just come to my room. The King called a minute ago & when I went to my door to see what he wanted, he stood in his own doorway & with gritting teeth said, “I wish you’d gather together my bobtailed flannel night shirts & *burn* them! I wish they were all in *hell*! I hate them so!”

He has been giving us a lovely evening, for he has been reading poetry for more than an hour—the old English ballads, & war poems

Gerome & Anna Cabot were here for luncheon, & the King didn’t stay with us very long. He went up to bed to read “Henry Esmond” & finds that it drags—& to smoke & loaf to his heart’s content. He was a little spiritless & so stayed with himself until dinner time. At luncheon we were talking of the idioms & usages of the West—the Klondike—& the King spoke of Rex Beach’s telling at the 70th birthday dinner how away out there “you pay a dollar for a drink & they lend you a blanket to throw a fit on.” “How id describes that liquor without saying a word about it,” he said.

Gerome & Anna Cabot were here for luncheon & after the meal when Jean suggested a walk, Gerome said that 3 was a hopeless number & that he’d stay & make me a call if he might. I quoted Nietzsche where he says that there is no comradeship in 3, that one of the number is like a cork bobbing on the surface & never letting the talk drop to any depths, so the split up was accomplished. Gerome & I sat by the open fire, & the talk dropped into the depths & showed me unsuspected beauties in him...[MTP TS 128-129]. *Note: William Makepeace Thackeray’s The History of Henry Esmond, a novel (1852). See Gribben p. 696.*

October 8 Monday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

The King is filled with the idea of defying conventionalities & wearing his suitable white clothes all winter, so he has bidden me order 5 new suits from his tailor; the suits to be ready against the time we arrive in N.Y. He was a creature of inspiration today even to his toe tips. He was a lambent spirit, & the dictating was beautiful. I sat in the study, writing some, but listening most; & drawing checks.

This afternoon we went for a walk. Started along the Pumpelly Road. We were to walk 15 minutes out—15 minutes back. But the trail was beautiful, it was flamboyant in riotous coloring & when at the end of 12 min. we came upon some men tinkering at the MacVeagh water works, the King asked one of them if Mr. [Franklin] MacVeagh was in Dublin now & yes being the answer we went along through the woods to the house to learn that Mr. MacV. had gone to Peterboro. I always carry the King’s black cape for him to sit on when he takes his little rests on a mossy bank or a stone—or to throw around him. Today he sat on a chip-covered stone over in the woods & he talked about the Cathedral of a thousand columns in Spain. Around us were beech trees with boles like granite pillars of some ancient cathedral & so the talk easily fell into that vein. Tonight the King felt so gay that he wanted to learn to dance the Highland Fling. So I picked up my skirts & showed him some of the steps, & he copied them. He was so pretty in his white clothes toeing “side & front & side & back” with his arms up over his head [MTP TS 129-130].

Clemens’ **A.D.** of this day included: Item from Susy’s biography about Sour Mash—Mr. Clemens describes the 3 kittens which he rented for the summer & will return to their home when he goes back to the city—Their characteristics likened to the characteristics of human beings—The ugliness of masculine attire [MTP Autodict2].

October 9 Tuesday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam wrote to daughter **Clara**, in care of John Walker, 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

Clara dear I hope you are sleeping well, now, & without the help of drugs. Certainly broken sleep is a bad thing. I have suffered from it several times lately. Twice it has cost me my day's work. This morning it took me half an hour to dictate a dozen sentences—then I gave it up. A day or two ago I had the like experience.

I can't account for this. I am in perfect health, & there are no noises here—except when Sackcloth & Ashes [kittens] follow me up to bed & engage in a violent romp; but I turn them out when I am ready for sleep.

I have just finished *Henry Esmond*. There are very fine passages in it. On the whole I liked it. Its close is dramatically great. But I had a surprise: from the beginning to the end I found nothing that was familiar to me. It turns out—per the Lyon—that I've not read this book before, but was mistaking "*The Virginians*" for this one.

Jean seems to be getting along very well, now. She is hard at work carving things—to *sell*! At first I was shocked, when Miss Lyon told me, for I feared that the inspiration was need of money. But it isn't that: Jean mourns because she is the only member of the family who has no calling, & is accomplishing nothing in the world. It touches me; it is pathetic. I am glad, now, that she has conceived the wholesome idea of turning what has been an amusement into an occupation.

Our present plan is for me to arrive in New York Oct 20—& maybe the others. We shall see.

If there's nothing in the way on the 27th, I shall be in Hartford (or Farmington) attending (as the only guest) the 30th anniversary of the young girls' Saturday Morning Club. I inaugurated it 30 years ago & have always been its only mail [*sic*] member. I shall notify Annie Trumbull that I shall expect to have a great fuss made over me.

With many many hugs & kisses— Father [MTP]. *Note: see Oct. 7 entry for Henry Esmond.*

Sam also wrote to **Charlotte Teller Johnson** and enclosed his calling card to **Charles Frohman**:

Dear Charlotte, I enclose the card. I think Frohman is usually in his office after 10, mornings. I think it a good idea on your part to make his acquaintance. And if you & Sears fail to make business with him, it would be well to make the acquaintance of his brother Dan, later. I am glad Sears is going to take care of your dramatic matters for you. His *Ben Hur* contract was a monumental achievement.

You are launched, now, & well & prosperously; & I confidentially believe you are going to sail steadily onward to success. I think the doubtful days are ended, I think the tentative days, the experimental days, are over, & that you have an occupation now, & a vocation. And I am very glad. Hoch! as the Germans say.

"The Lioness," as Jean & Clara call her, is about well again, & refuses to take the rest-vacation she ought to take. I think we shall all break for New York about a fortnight hence. It is already coldish here, but not too cold.

Meantime, go on & prosper!

[*Enclosure on his calling card:*]

"Will you do me the personal favor to see the bearer of this on business? / Ys Ever ./ Mark Twain" [MTP].

Clemens' **A.D.** of this day included: Item from Susy's biography about visit in Onteora—Description of the primitive inhabitants [MTP Autodict2]. *Note: this entry conflicts with Lyon's journal below.*

Isabel Lyon's journal: No dictation today. The King tried it—but he had had a bad night, & so he had to give it up. The kittens were too diverting too. The King said we couldn't run the house without those little creatures. They *are* the winsomest kittens that ever were. The King's sweet spirit is shown by this—a day or so ago one of the kittens was in the King's room when he & Jean were talking just after breakfast; the door into the hall was closed & presently the kitten wandered around the room with a mournful little cry. They went on with the chat & the kitten went in a corner & relived itself. When the King told me, & I said, "Oh dear, that's the first time such a thing has occurred," he promptly said, "Poor child! It was trying to make known its wants, but we were a pair of idiots & couldn't see what the trouble was."

Today after Miss Hobby went, the King wandered upstairs, & downstairs & into my study where he sat in the big chair that had my yellow silk shawl thrown over the back, so his glorious head rested against it & made a color scheme of silver & gold & opalescent colors, for his eyes were shining & there was a sweet young pink

in his cheeks & he talked about copper stock—the Utah Consolidated. Then we loafed along into the next room, & he told me the wonderful dramatic story of Jack Reynolds. For an hour he talked. Tonight after dinner he wanted Shakespeare. I took him the 4 volumes I had brought up here & he selected “Julius Caesar” & read to us for an hour & a half. It was fine. The King acts the characters with modified gestures & inflections of voice. Big thunderstorm about 6—it blew out the electric lights & the telephones & prevented Jean & me going to the Thayers to supper and to say goodbye to Mary who is to be married to Mr. Fred Birch tomorrow [MTP TS 131-132].

In **Dublin, N.H., Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Harriet E. Whitmore**, asking if Sam might stay with the Whitmores when he came to celebrate the 30th anniversary of the Saturday Morning Club, which he started in Hartford. He only wanted to stay there, if possible. She requested a lamp be placed on his night table that he could allow to burn all night. She then waxed eloquent about him and gave some family news and other details.

We are to be here for about a fortnight longer I think, and oh, he is so wonderful, dear Mr^s. Whitmore, & so beautiful, & so good & so lovable. Are you seeing the autobiography as it comes out twice a month in the North American Review?

Somebody—Miss Mary Bushnell—has just sent 2 books to Mr. Clemens asking him to autograph them for Mr^s. Slayter’s fair. The Prince & Pauper—& The Yankee at the Court of King Arthur. I mention it for I thought Hattie might like to know.

I’m not ponderously well in these days; Jean has been in very bad shape during the past year, & the strain of the great anxiety made me collapse about 3 weeks ago. So I hope you’ll tell Hattie that I’d have written her about those auto-ed books—only just now I don’t write 2 letters where one will do [MTP].

Katharine B. Clemens wrote from Gore’s Landing, Ontario to Sam.

We have been disappointed all summer for having missed the possible chance of having seen you at Jamestown. Having promised to visit some friends in Michigan we were obliged not come this way and then on account of Jim’s family at Coburg, we found ourselves up here.

Jim had to hurry back to his patients and he left me and the children till November. This is a charming, quaint spot, with an old stage going to and coming daily from Coburg....We are enjoying your Autobiography in the North American Review [MTP].

Clara Marshall wrote from NYC to beg for money to publish her book [MTP].

October 10 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

There was noble dictating this morning. But the King is growing restless here. He wants his playmates & his intellectual associations—mostly the playmates, I think though. He is intellect enough for himself. No, that’s a mistake. After luncheon the King couldn’t think how to “put in the time”. He aimlessly looked about for a book, & then I thought of “Madame Butterfly”. But first I told him a little about John Luther Long & how when it came out in the *Century* he was so moved by it that he wrote out his strong feeling to Long. The first time Long arrived in N.Y. he went to the Century office & hunted out AB & since that day the friendship has kept right on blossoming. The King walked up & down the living room while I talked & he was touched when I quoted the beginning of a recent letter from Long to AB. “How that is nize [?] Paine beloved, that you sent me those letters.” Tonight at dinner the King said he had read “that beautiful, beautiful story, & it is perfect. There is no flaw in it. There is no word to be changed. He makes you see a country you are a stranger to, & he makes you suffer as if you had been in the story yourself.” Later he said that he hadn’t read Purple Eyes yet & that he wouldn’t read it for anything. His delight was half pain. The King went early to bed for Nancy & Tribly were here & the children began to romp. He can’t abide romping—purposeless romping [MTP TS 132-133]. *Note: Madame Butterfly* (1903) by **John Luther Long** (1861-1927); “Purple Eyes,” *Century Magazine* (July 1898). Collected in *Madame Butterfly*. See Gribben 418-19.

Clemens' **A.D.** of this day included: The visit to Onteora; dinner at **Mary Mapes Dodge's**; Clemens's method of quieting the racket at the table; some of the practical jokes which **Dean Sage** played on **Joe Twichell** [MTP Autodict2].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote to Sam about the Mechanical Cashier stock and **Charles Fairchild's** offer to sell Sam more of his own stock. Ashcroft included a lot of details but observed that "At present you have \$40,000 of the stock and \$16,000 of the bonds, the whole thing having cost you \$16,000." He advised, "Please write and tell me to tell Fairchild that you don't want any of his stock. I will do so very gently and courteously" [MTP].

Samuel Brooks wrote from Manchester, England to Sam, seeking the exact words of a toast Clemens once made to "The Ladies." He also wanted to know what Sam thought of "Roosevelt's Spell reform Scheme" and gave many thanks for his books [MTP]. *Note:* on a separate slip in the file Lyon wrote. "that was in England at St Andrews dinner I think it was—in Guild Hall. Has no record of it. 33 or 34 years ago."

Henry Beech Needham of Success Magazine, for People's Lobby wrote to Sam. "Since writing you last week, I have been to Washington, and have seen the President. He has asked the governing committee of the People's Lobby to spend the evening with him when they are in Washington for the purpose of organization. As you know, there is some probability of his going to Panama." Would Sam be able to attend a meeting with Roosevelt on Oct. 22? [MTP].

October 10 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Charlotte Teller Johnson**. "Tell him I would rather only the one to Maude Adams be used" [MTP].

October 10-16 Tuesday – Sam wrote two aphorisms to **Henry Darracott Allison**, of saving work for tomorrows, and of being better to deserve but not receive credit than the other way around [MTP: from Allison's *Dublin Days Old and New: New Hampshire Fact and Fancy* (1952)].

October 11 Thursday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam began a letter to **Mary B. Rogers** that he added to on **Oct. 12, 13, and 16.**

Thursday.

6 pm

Dublin, Oct. 12/06.

It isn't right to pelt you with a letter so soon, dear pal, but there's been a cloud-lift today & I've got to jubilate with somebody or expire with satisfaction. Next, I will write Clara, & between you two I expect to quiet down & become rational again.

When I was arriving from Fairhaven the physician boarded the train—he was on the watch for me—& told [*rest of page is cut off; section of next page is cut off leaving a few words on the right*]

(You little rascal, if you had sent me without writing the part of the letter you wrote on the day & night I left Fairhaven with your victory over Harry, it would have discharged some valuable jollity into this gloom—sure!)

I will say to you & Harry (privately) that during the week that

[*the rest of this page has been cut out, with a few letters left of each line on the left margin*]

At 1 today I put on fresh white clothes & drove—between two very real snow-storms—to a lunch-party at the house of a daughter of Professor Pumpelly—a lady-friend with much of your charm & about your age, & similarly jewelled (2 little children,) She has made several

7 p.m.

In the middle of that luncheon I got a mental-telegraphic shock, & said to myself, "Bad news is arriving at the house!" I knew *something* was arriving, & most likely had, in these days: "Twichell has fallen out of his pulpit & broken his neck—Clara has been run over by a cow—Harry has bankrupted Mary—at any rate *something* has gone wrong with someday."

But it wasn't so! As soon as I was home & in bed (afternoon-habit [*on another page, in MBR's hand: I did not cut missing parts of this letter out—Uncle Mark did this himself—perhaps he was sad—MBR*] at home

but not elsewhere) Miss Lyon came up & reported. She brought your breezy & delightful letter (*winner*, after being so close to irremediable disaster, poor pal!) & Peterson's cablegram from Europe; & not even a rumor of trouble between Clara & the cow! Then Jean came up & sat on the bedside, & the last cloud vanished—
[*section of letter cut out*]

It is pathetic.

Presently she said, "But I am interrupting you, & will go—you are writing to Clara?"

"No, it is to my niece, my pal—stay where you are, & we will talk."

So she stayed, & was sad & subdued, but very gentle & sweet. Which wrung my heart, but threw me into a boiling internal rage—rage against brutal Nature & her hell-engendered crimes against the innocent & the unoffending—for neither your sister nor Jean has done anything to deserve the afflictions visited upon them.

===

10 p.m. As I had eaten luncheon I did not go to dinner, but I dressed & went down after dinner & finished reading the first half of Shakespeare's Julius Caesar aloud to Jean & Miss Lyon—that tremendous poem!—a poor enough preparation for sleep, certainly. I shall lose to-morrow; I lost to-day, & also yesterday. But it doesn't matter—there will be plenty Autobiography before we call the undertaker.

Yes, I can see the picture. I can see you quite clearly, flying around in your chaos & reducing it to order & symmetry. Ask Henry to tell you. There is no other way to keep you from wearing yourself out. I'm glad you beat him! the fact that I am fond of him these many many years doesn't seem to keep me from rejoicing when you skin him in those contests [MTP].

Note: Sam misdated the letter **Thursday, Oct. 12**, and the MTP shows it from **Oct. 12 to the 17**, but Oct. 12 was a Friday; subsequent additions are shown as "*Next Day, 11 a.m.—Friday*"; "*9.30 a.m. Saturday*"; and "*Tuesday*." Assumed then, that Sam had the correct day of the week in these segments and began the letter on Oct. 11, Thursday, making the dates **Oct. 11 to Oct. 16**.

Clemens' **A.D.** of this day included: From Susy's Biography [MTP Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Snow. Letter from Dr. Hunt containing cablegram from Dr. Peterson.

No dictating today. The King began it & then had to stop—it wouldn't come. But again I got the benefit of the lack of inspiration for he talked an hour & more—thundering out his detestations. He *detests* the stranger who applies to him for help. He *detests* the stranger who brings his idiotic reforms before the King's notice in an assinine [*sic*] letter. These creatures insult him & this morning for the first time in many weeks he wished the heavens would open & send down a bolt of lightning to split open his head. "There is always plenty of lightning, but such damned indiscrimination in the use of it." Whenever the King goes to the fresh batch of mail & opens stray letters he is bound to find something to throw him into a rage & make him curse the Human Race. He storms up & down the room & is so beautiful, that you love the torrents of blasphemy & the anger that produce that wondrous beauty.

He lunched with Handasyd Cabots today & Mrs. Cabot photographed him. (8 plates)

Tonight he read "Julius Caesar" again & standing under the light with his black cape on over his white clothes, he was lost in the wonder of the play & unconsciously acted it [MTP TS 133]. *Note:* Gribben adds using an older TS, a section not in this TS: "The King has been reading George Eliot's translation of Straus's [*sic*] Life of Jesus, & is amazed at the great care taken by Straus to trace the genealogy on the father's side. No one—apparently—not even George Eliot remembered that on the father's side he had God, & as the King said he could so easily say 'Papa up there, is enough for me'" [Gribben 673]. Gribben gives no page number.

October 12 Friday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam added to his Oct. 11 to Mary B. Rogers.

Next Day, 11 a.m.—Friday.

What a useful creature you are, Saccharin! When I've lost my sleep & can't dictate coherently & have to quit trying, I can turn for relief to you—I can entertain myself with scribbling incoherently to you, & you have to put up with it. Clara likewise.

Do you know, I'm practising for winter in the matter of clothes. Miss Lyon has ordered a very long gray overcoat to hide them when I am outside—on the street. The night of the great storm I drove to the village through the deluge & talked, in the basement of the church, to a housefull of wet farmers & their families (it's

a gratis monthly function instituted by the ladies of the church) all clothed in sombre colors; & my spectral costume was the only cheerful object in that place. I meant to explain my clothes, but as I was passing to the platform Miss Fanny Dwight—summer-resorter, friend of ours, a person of extraordinary taste & wonderful judgment—halted me & whispered, “Mr. Clemens, you look just too sweet for anything!” I whispered back, “Miss Fanny, I was going to explain & justify these clothes, but in my opinion they don’t need it now.” My, but some girls do have the clear eye! Isn’t it so, Spontaneous C?

2 p.m. I’ve lost it! What shall I do? It was more butter . . . But never mind, I will think it up & tell you.

I’m lying abed to-day. I dictated only 10 minutes this morning—the mill wouldn’t go. I’m going out to dinner. But this is a special & beloved friend—otherwise I would keep my pledge.

I’m almost afraid to send you that Westminster. But I’ll do it, & you must forgive me. Which reminds me that you intimate that you came near not sending your letter, because of the pencil, etc. You mustn’t even think such criminal things! No matter what you write them with—a nail, if you choose—they’ll answer, don’t you doubt it [MTP].

Sam also replied to the **Oct. 3 of O.W. Norton**.

I am just leaving for home after the summer vacation—viz.,
21 Fifth Ave.
New York City A

The right address for your book when you send it; & thank you for it now in advance.

I’m not the least troubled about that mistake! You are the only bugler that will ever see the tale, & the rest of our 83,000,000 will never suspect that I’ve made a blunder. Next time, I’ll make a bugler do anything a 60-piece orchestra can, & you will see that the public will take it at par. When you get to be 70 you’ll know the human being as well as I do. / Sincerely Yours

I am writing a sea-tale in which I make a sailor fall from the garboard-strake & break his neck. You’ll see that a few profane & unreasonable salt-water experts will shed tears when they read about it [MTP].

Sam also replied to a (not extant) from **Rudolph Foster**, secretary White House, Washington, D.C. to decline an invitation from the President, as he was “bound by a New York engagement” for “that date” [MTP].

Sam also wrote a “Lobbying Letter” to **Success Magazine**.

There must have been a mistake. When asked for the use of my name in a good cause, I always say yes, but on the condition that I shall not be called upon at any time to *do* anything. And so I am a sleeping official on many a list. If I should try to do things in one case, I could not in fairness say no in the others, therefore I say no in every case. I have much work of my own to do, & not many months remaining to do it in, for I shall soon be needed in Heaven or elsewhere; wherefore I must confine myself strictly to my own work henceforth.

If I consented to the use of my name in the present case & forgot to add the usual “*provided*, etc.” it is my fault, my blunder; nevertheless—I beg of you—do not put me on any committees or expect of me any service, for I am 71, & henceforth shall devote such leisure moments as I can spare from more serious concerns, to prepare to meet - - - I do not quite know whom - - - but that is a detail which is not important & can be left to accident & circumstance. But I hope to be ready [MTP].

Plans were changed for move back to 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. for the winter some ten days earlier than planned. Packing for the began in earnest in the afternoon. In the evening Sam went to a dinner party at **Franklin MacVeagh**’s and wore his white suit [Oct. 13 to Mary Rogers].

Clemens’ **A.D.** of this day included: **James Redpath** and the jayhawker chief at the Press dinner in Boston [MTP Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon's journal: The King came out of the study this morning with his gentlest smile on his face saying "Tell Agnes Repplier to go to Hell." and I said "Yes, I will." She is the president of the Contemporary Club of Philadelphia & is inviting him to go there & speak before that club & what others—Mr. Dana—couldn't do a year ago, she is confident that she can do now. But it is as the King says—she'll have to "go to Hell."

The dictating didn't work again. The King had a good night & wakened refreshed, but when he was about a quarter through his breakfast his eyes rested on some uncollected auto-ms. which he picked up & before he knew what he was about he was at work upon forming interlineations, forgetting his breakfast entirely & so stopping the proper working order of his "whole damn system." When Miss Hobby arrived he tried to dictate, but it wouldn't come. He walked up & down the living room—finally he said, "I *wish* Paine were here, he'd know the name of that damn jay hawker."

The country is beautiful, but we don't go out much, the winds blow so hard up on these Wuthering Heights, as the King calls this place, that to be out in it makes any tired nerves more ragged yet. But we're going home to N.Y.

Tonight the king dined with Mr. MacVeagh. I was invited too—but I could not go—a home engagement [MTP TS 134]. *Note:* Repplier invited Clemens on Sept. 7.

Alice W. Pearmain wrote to Sam, offering various news about **Benjamin Howe**, about to be engaged. Alice was building her country house and also building at Redding, Conn. Howe had heard that Sam was to build in Redding—was it true? If so, Howe wanted to be allowed to give an estimate—she gave his address and phone in NYC [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote on the env. "Mrs. Pearmain's letter—preserve it. It contains Mr. Benjamin Howe's addresses.

October 13 Saturday – In Dublin, N.H. Sam added to his Oct. 11 and 12 to Mary B. Rogers.

9.30 a.m. Saturday

I have been editing this letter with the scissors—for I had put into it the very dismal news which I had spared you in that recent note. I went to that dinner-party at the MacVeagh's palace last night—in white clothes. All the others of both sexes—in their noblest evening costumery. (But I know all those people familiarly.)

It is a time of surprises.

The packing suddenly began yesterday afternoon & evening, & we are to land at home in New York at 6.30 p.m. next Wednesday evening—instead of 10 days later, as was the most recent previous plan. Clara will be—glad? Yes, but not entirely ready for us, perhaps. If you do not dutifully call me up, Thursday, & say good-morning, I shall be strongly tempted to call you & scold you [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: The King told Mr. MacVeagh last night that I couldn't accept his invitation "because there were a couple of young Bucks dining with Jean" & I had to "stay & protect her". It was too bad—but the Bucks were delightful, being Raphael Pumpelly & Gerry. We had a gay little dinner & then some metaphysical talk later.

This afternoon I had a lovely drive with Mrs. Dana & then a cup of tea with her & Milicent & Kate Hutchinson & Mrs. Collier. The talk ran upon the simplified spelling & Mrs. Dana gave us an irate & good talk on the English tongue & the forms it had gone through, while Mrs. Collier wrung her hands & deplored the complete destruction of the English language [MTP TS 135-136].

The New York Times, p. BR670, under "Topics of the Week" provided a short positive review of *The \$30,000 Bequest and Other Stories*, published in Sept.

The American humorist is as busy as ever this Autumn, and the head of the guild of American humor, Mark Twain, still sets the key for fun. The latest Mark Twain book published by the Harpers, ... contains, of course, nothing that has not been published before; some of the copyrights covering the various contents date from the early seventies of the last century; but many of the selections here reprinted belong to their author's later years. These include his antivivisection argument, "A Dog's Tale," "Was it Heaven or Hell?" and "A

Double-Barreled Detective Story,” one of the elaborate literary hoaxes Mark has perpetrated from time to time. The book also contains the recent “Eve’s Diary,” and such capital bits of genuine American humor as “A Telephonic Conversation,” “Italian Without a Master,” and that delightful alleged review of “Innocents Abroad” “from the London Saturday Review,” with which Mark gulled the readers of *The Galaxy* many years ago. There are some serious things in the book—not counting Mark’s ordinary seriousness, which it is not always well to take too seriously. One of these is a short biography of Mr. Clemens by Samuel Moffat; another is a poem written in memory of Mrs. Clemens.

Henry G. Bayer wrote from NYC to Sam. “I am indebted for your address to the ‘Fulton Monument Association’ of which I am, now, a Member of the Executive Committee.” Bayer’s task was to “form an American Committee of Honor owing to this International Exposition,” and requested to use Sam’s name for such a group [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the bottom of the letter: “Ans. / Dear Sir / I am quite willing that you shall put my name upon the Committee & shall regard it as an honor. / Very truly yours”

William Clemens Beans wrote on *The Wheeling Telegraph* (W. Va.) letterhead to Sam. Beans asserted in two enclosed articles from the *Wheeling Register*, that he did “not remember of having seen so many errors in the same space” as he had in Sam’s Autobiography. Bean’s grandfather was **Abram Walton Clemens** who he claimed “came from the same Western Pennsylvania town and locality your ancestor hailed from” [MTP]. *Note:* although there are several Abraham Clemenses in Sam’s family tree, this may have been Abraham (1769-1841) as he was the son of James Clemens and Hanna Walton, from Penn.

Rudolph Forster for Theodore Roosevelt wrote on White House notepaper to Sam that President Roosevelt had learned of the Oct. 22 and 23 meeting of the governing committee of the People’s Lobby and would be glad to receive members on the evening of Oct. 23. A separate slip, Forster wrote: “If you are to be here on Wednesday Oct. 24th, the President hopes you will take lunch with him at 1.30” [MTP]. *Note:* Sam was in NY on Oct. 24, and in Washington from Dec. 6 to 11.

Henry Beech Needham for People’s Lobby wrote to Sam announcing the Governing Committee meeting would be at 10 a.m. at the Raleigh Hotel, Wash. D.C. on Oct. 22. “Your attendance is imperative, as everything must be done to launch the movement in the best possible way” [MTP].

Thomas Augustine Daly (1871-1948) Philadelphia poet and writer, inscribed a copy of his 1906 book *Canzoni* : “To / Samuel L. Clemens, / Master Craftsman, / with the admiring regards / of his humble servant, / T.A. Daly / Oct. 13/’06” [Gribben 170].

October 14 Sunday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Mrs. William Cabot came out this afternoon for a quiet talk with me, recalling still more of the great depths of Gerry’s nature. Then Mrs. Pumpelly came in with Mrs. H. Cabot. The Pumpellys are leaving next week & expect to sail on Nov. 3rd for Italy. Thence they go down to Egypt for 6 weeks, then stop at Athens on their way back to Italy, where they expect to spend the rest of the winter in Capri.

Jean is in bad shape these days & the plan is fixed for our departure on Wednesday [MTP TS 136].

The *Washington Post*, p. B2, “Gossip of the Stage” reported a midnight supper in N.Y.C. for **Henry B. Irving** given by **James K. Hackett**. Sam attended along with **George Ade**, **John Drew**, **Daniel Frohman**, **William Gillette**, **Nat Goodwin**, **Brander Matthews**, **Henry W. Savage**, **E.H. Sothern**, **Melville Stone**, and **Augustus Thomas**. Clemens may have given some remarks, either formal or informal [Schmidt].

October 15 Monday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Jean, 8 a.m. / The King dictated today & I went over to Keene & dentistry” [MTP TS 136].

Clemens' **A.D.** of this day included: Item from Susy's biography about Sour Mash & the flies—**Livy Clemens'** experiment for destroying the flies in the Hartford house—Soap-bubble item from Susy's biography; Clemens's comments—Clemens' experience in learning to ride-high bicycle—Letters regarding his fiftieth birthday [MTP Autodict2].

Harry V. Snead wrote from Flushing, NY to ask Sam for his autograph. Snead's grandfather was Capt. **Walker R. Carter**, who owned some Mississippi River steamboats, including the *Robert E. Lee*. His great grandfather was **Henry M. Shreve**, for whom Shreveport was named [MTP].

Claudius B. Spencer wrote on *Central Christian Advocate*, Kansas City, Mo. letterhead to ask Sam when Hannibal ceased be his home [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote on the note, "Winter of '52 or Spring of '53"

October 15 ca. – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam replied to a (not extant) from **Leigh Hunt** at the St. Regis Hotel, N.Y.C. "I am ailing & must not venture out at night for the present, but I reach New York soon & will go and see you & T.P. & welcome you back" [MTP]. *Note:* possibly T.P. O'Connor.

October 16 Tuesday – In **Dublin, N.H.** Sam finished his **Oct. 11, 12, 13** to **Mary B. Rogers**.

Tuesday

You hope you will come out of it "a better woman." You don't need it, Mary. You have the clean mind & the right heart, & this is a condition which is not really betterable. It is going to carry you far out of Harry's reach & mine. But I believe—I truly believe—we shall be allowed to call, sometimes, as the aeons drift by on their long course. St. Peter will sniff & say—

"Damn that mobile, throw it over the battlements!"

Angel on Duty:

"It isn't a mobile, my lord, it's brimstone. It's that over-roasted pain that comes begging around every century smelling the place up, and—"

"What do they want?"

"To see Mary Rogers."

"Oh, we can't be always bothering with those cinders. Give them a bucket of ice & throw them over the balusters."

"But my lord, they haven't been admitted far as much as three centuries, now. It is quite pitiful. And really the old one is very nice, & he does want to see his pal very bad."

Peter (touched):

"Oh, well, let him in—I remember the old wreck, & he is very nice—but heave the young one over."

"But my lord, the young one isn't so very very bad; they say there's worse ones down there."

"Oh, tell it to the marines! Still, in the circumstances . . . where is Mary?"

"Thirteenth floor, your Highness."

"*Jesus H.*! my, but she *is* a swell!"

"It is even so, my lord. A whole flat to herself, & doesn't associate with any but archangels."

"Ah, well, we have to strain a point for that kind. Say—does *she* want to see those stokers?"

"*Says* she does."

"Certainly there's no accounting for tastes. Send them up."

"Passenger-lift, my lord?"

"Oh, h—alifax, no! Freight-lift, or let them climb. And *say*—tell them that if they ever come here again I'll heave them in amongst the Presbyterian missionaries & keep them there to all eternity!"

Take warning, Mary. If you go & play your hand for a floor or so higher, we'll never get a glimpse of you again after this life.

Your affectionate uncle [MTP].

Sam also wrote again on Tuesday night to **Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.)** in Tuxedo Park, N.Y.

Dear Pal, there is nothing to write about but dismalnesses, & they would only distress you—so I will wait. I did not know it until 8 this evening, when I had been in the house 24 hours—then I got the history of the last 10 days' happenings.

I will write when there is something cheerful to say. Meantime please dash me off a letter, Wasp, & put as many jabs & jibes & sarcasms in it as you have in stock. The more the better. Blow me a refreshing breeze! / Affectionately your uncle [MTP].

Sam also replied to (not extant) from **Louise Brownell Saunders** in Clinton, N.Y., touched that Louise had named her daughter after the late **Susy Clemens**.

Your moving letter has reached me—& my heart—& finds a grateful welcome. It is a deep pleasure to me to know that you think I am writing worthily of Susy—& her mother—that beautiful & inspiring & pathetic theme. So rare they were! I think they left not many of their lofty rank in the world when they quitted it. I wish, with you, that Livy could have known that your child was to bear Susy's name & keep her dear memory green in your heart.

I thank you, *thank* you, for your letter. [MTP].

Sam also replied to the **Oct. 9** from **Katharine B. Clemens (Mrs. James Ross Clemens)** in Ontario, Canada

Dear Cousin Katherine: / Your letter has loitered a week, but has reached me at last. We have occupied this house five months, & I think we shall return to it next year, for it is charmingly situated among the hills & overlooks a noble landscape; & as for peaceful & reposeful seclusion, it *has* it, our nearest neighbors not being within sight.

Clara is at home in New York; she took a house in Norfolk, Conn., & didn't come here, either last summer or this. We are breaking up, now, and leaving for home (*21 Fifth avenue*), two days hence.

I hope to find your Vogue article there, & shall be glad to see it. Our printed mail-matter doesn't come here, but accumulates all summer.

I think that in the spring we shall begin building a house near New York—therefore we shall want to be far away—even farther than *this* place, part of the time—& so if it weren't for the Autobiography (which requires the presence of a stenographer & another girl (secretary) []), I should certainly pay you a visit up there in Canada; but I'm too old to travel with a *horde*.

Please kiss Jim for me when you see him; & remember that I am your affectionate cousin [MTP]. *Note:* Sam rather regularly drops the closing parenthesis.

Clemens' **A.D.** of this day included: Reminiscences of **Charles Dudley Warner** & Uncle Remus (**Joel Chandler Harris**)—Anecdote of **Jim Wolfe** & the wasps [MTP Autodict2; MTE 136-39].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Mr. Clemens is always so distressed over the sight of open trunks & packing that he wanted to run away to town as soon as he heard that we were to go by the 17th or 18th. I couldn't have him go—for Jean is unmanageable & I must have his authority over her, so I begged him to give me a chance to see how much of the packing could be done out of his sight. All the books have been boxed in the servants' sitting room, all the trunks have been packed in rooms where he never goes & tomorrow morning he will leave at 6:30 for Boston. Gerald & Gladys came in for tea & the great dear King came down to see them & he read us an extract from a letter to Mary Rogers [MTP TS 136-137].

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam. "To hear is to obey. I have changed your address so the periodicals will go to 21 Fifth Avenue after today" [MTP].

October 17 Wednesday – Sam took "The long railway journey from **Dublin**" N.H. to N.Y.C. which he later wrote, "destroyed me for 7 whole days!" [Oct. 24 to Emilie Rogers].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "This morning the King left early for Boston & he was in a dear mood. / Jean left by way of Keene. I took her over & put her on the train" [MTP TS 137].

James MacArthur of Harper's wrote to Sam, enclosing a clipping from a Glasgow, Scotland newspaper about Mark Twain's autobiography that he thought would please Sam. From the article, "If the work as a whole turns out to be up to sample, it will be a masterpiece" [MTP].

Henry Beech Needham of *Success Magazine* for People's Lobby replied to Sam, having rec'd Sam's of Oct. 12. Needham apologized for his "unwarranted attempts to draft you into active service. I understand perfectly the terms on which you gave us the use of your name." He wrote "it would be a very great help" however, if Clemens could be in Washington on Oct. 23 and go with the group to the White House that evening [MTP]. *Note:* Sam did not go to Washington until Dec.

Benjamin O'Chiltree wrote an unusual fan letter from Baltimore, Md. to Sam.

Writing this letter is one of the pleasantest duties I have to perform before leaving for "Hell or Hadleyburg"—which the doctor tells me must be soon now.

In fact I'm living beyond my time—because he said Oct 15 was my last day "on live"—The only reason I didn't die on that date was that I wanted to read your latest story in Harpers. Some people see Naples and die—I prefer to read Mark Twain & die. I've never seen Naples,—and don't expect to. I've read almost everything you've written, and when I finish your whole output I'll give up seeing Naples and die happily without that privilege.

But——

I want to thank you for all the pleasure your books have given me during many years of confinement to my room. Life would frequently have been dull indeed had it not been for the companionship of Huck Finn, Col. Sellers, et al.

When I get to Hell the greatest torture that I will have will be the possible knowledge that you shall have written something else I shall not be permitted to read. / Yours gratefully ...[MTP].

J.P. Tower of St. Jerome's Rectory wrote from Hyattsville, Md. to confess to Sam that he'd read a portion of his Autobiography to his Roman Catholic parishioners last Sunday. He offered God's blessings on Sam and his daughters [MTP].

October 18 Thursday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

Sack-Cloth & Ashes will have a good home with a Mr. Fisher—a clerk in Mr. Allison's shop. The dear little cats have been distraught for 2 days now, for they sense the coming of something.

I reached New York at 9 this evening, fetching along the cook & the waitress, Mary & Katherine, & AB met me at the station. Bless him! He cabbied the girls & then we climbed into one & he told me all the news as we drove down Fourth Avenue. At home I found the King in bed, & so darling. He has shifted into his study for a bedroom, for the old bedroom is to be made into a billiard room [MTP TS 137].

Howard C. Bronson wrote from NYC to see if he might "persuade" Sam to be a guest at a dinner at the Hotel Astor by the American Music Publishers Assoc. on Friday evening at 6:30 pm. for Mr. **T.P. O'Connor** [MTP].

October 19 Friday – Sam's notebook: "19th Oct. '06. This is what Katy is celebrating as her 'anniversary.' We also celebrate it, cordially. She has been with us 26 years" [NB 48 TS 5].

Agnes L. Brown wrote from Ottawa, Ontario Canada to Sam appreciating his article on Howells. She sent Sam two books, *The Cape Breton Giant* by “Mr. Gillis” and another unnamed [MTP]. *Note*: Gillis not in Gribben.

Chris Healy wrote from NYC to Sam. Healy wrote he was an “Irish admirer” who had “traveled 4000 miles mainly to see you,” and requested he call to pay respects. As a boy he was dying in a Liverpool hospital until they gave him a copy of *HF* to read. Since then he had read most of Twain’s books [MTP].

Loudermilk & Co., Rare books, Wash. D.C. wrote to ask which of his books contained “The Invalid’s Story”? [MTP]. *Note*: At the top in light ink, “Answd. Nov 26”

Charles W. Stoddard wrote from Monterey, Calif. to Sam. “Dear Mark. / Do you remember Ina Coolbrith, the California poet, Heart’s [*sic* Harte’s] great friend and mine? / She lost everything she had in the world by that S.F. fire. Her friends here in California are hoping to find a home for her...” and he asked for photographs with autographs that might be auctioned for her benefit [MTP]. *Note*: Sam wrote on the bottom of the letter “4 of Gessford’s photo”

Chapters from “My Autobiography—IV” ran in the <i>N.A.R.</i> p.705-16.

October 20 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave, **N.Y.** Sam inscribed a photo of himself in a rocking chair to **Josephine S. Hobby**: “Let us save to-morrows for work. / For / Miss Hobby— / Oct. 20, 06.” [MTP].

October 21 Sunday – In **N.Y.C.** Sam went “Sabbath-breaking” to **Urban H. Broughton’s**, and beat him five out of seven games at billiards [Oct. 22 to Mary Rogers].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “All day it has rained hard & Mr. Clemens went out to the Broughtons to play billiards. He is restless & finds a great emptiness in life. He doesn’t like this house & finds no comfort outside of his own room. My own little six sided room is the only place I care for—that & the King’s room” [MTP TS 137-138].

Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to **Harriet E. Whitmore**. Unable to go to Hartford this week for the 30th anniversary of the Saturday Morning Club, the event was postponed to Sat. **Nov. 3**. Sam would take Harriet’s suggestion and arrive on Friday, **Nov. 2**; Lyon was to accompany him. Clara was well but not so Jean [MTP].

Jean Clemens, also now at 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y., wrote to a friend, **Nancy D. Brush**. Jean was going the next day to look over **Katonah, N.Y.**, an hour and a half by train; she would go there Wed. Oct. 25 to stay and be treated by **Dr. Amut**. Jean felt like she needed a higher altitude than N.Y.C., having felt “lifeless and tired almost all the time” in the City. She was looking forward to tennis and croquet at Katonah. She hoped Nancy would stop there on her way to Italy [MTP].

George Barr Baker (1870-1948), journalist with *The Delineator*, editor at *Everybody’s Magazine*, author, and activist later connected with international relief agencies, wrote on Players note paper to Sam about a young girl who would become an Angelfish, **Dorothy Butes** [MTP]. *Note*: see Dorothy’s letter Oct. 25.

Note: in his 1925 reminiscences, *Some Memoirs of a Very, Very, Very Old Dutch Treater*, **Julian Street** writes: “Baker was liked by everyone, but at that time no one suspected the extraordinary versatility which has since made him president of the First National Bank, Professor of Dramatic Art at Yale University and Dictator of the Republican Party.” Baker was later publicist for President **Herbert Hoover**.

Isabel Lyon also replied for Sam to the day's letter from **George Barr Baker** "I am seldom absent from this house in the afternoons, & shall be glad to see her any afternoon; if she will name the hour by telephone I will make it a point to be at home [MTP].

October 22 Monday – In the a.m. at 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.)**.

I went Sabbath-breaking to Broughton's, & beat him five games out of seven. Clara tried to stop me from going on such an errand, but I explained to her that She threatened to write you & ask if my explanation had any truth in it, but I said I wasn't afraid, & dared her to go on. I said pals always stand by each other, right or wrong. That was to discourage her, & it may be sufficient. And it may not: there is no telling. However, there is no difficulty in the matter; if she ever brings it up, by speech or pen, all you need to do is to say that whatever I said was true. She will believe you, & that will put me all right & comfortable again.

The fact is, I have to lead a life of chicane & deception with this end of the family, although it is against my nature & principles; & whatever help you can afford me, most dearest pal, will be appreciated, & I will do as much for you whenever there is a chance.

(Indeed she *did* write you a letter & she gave it to me to read & mail, but it seemed to me safest to suppress it—except the part wherein she said "I was very sorry you did not come in, the day you brought my father home, & let us have the pleasure & privilege of knowing the 'Mary' he praises so much & so cordially." Clara is a dear & lovable child, but troublesome. You will like her.)

Jean departs day after to-morrow. It will add to the already sufficient solitude of this house. She doesn't go far, yet she will seem a whole light-year distant—if that isn't too extravagant a figure to use in this connection.

I am enclosing a letter from a Catholic priest. I think it's lovely. (But it's only a bait—to fish a letter out of you; we throw away most letters, but Jean wants this one; & so, it's like that pasementry gown that that charitable woman gave to the Californian sufferer & had to send for it again because it belonged to another person.)

Bedad I'm going to have the privilege of attending the wedding myself! I got the invitation in Dublin—and I took it for friendly & genuine, too, not merely artificial courtesy, for I liked Miss Kane, & I noticed that if she didn't like me she didn't say so. I had a Hartford engagement, of 30 years' standing, for the 27th, but Miss Lyon undertook to get a postponement, & she has succeeded, & now I am free. October 27th, 30 years ago, 20 or 25 girls of 18 & 20 years old & thereabouts formed the Saturday Morning Club (essays & debates) & at their request I framed their rules of procedure & helped them organize. For these services they made me a member & I am a member yet—the only male one they have ever admitted. (But always when the debates began they turned me out.)

I shall see them again. How fresh & blooming & beautiful they were in that far-flown day! Some are dead now, the others are grandmothers. We've got it postponed to November 3^d.

Hang those two books, they are not unpacked yet—but they will be, before long. Harry will read one of them with interest, because it is history, & is authentic; & you are to burn the other without examination.

===

Noon. It certainly is a vexatious world: after all this fuss & trouble & postponement it appears that I am not to get to the wedding at last, unless the impossible shall happen in my favor. But you will wish the pair prosperity & happiness for me, won't you, Mariechen? / Affectionately your uncle Mark [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Jean & I went out to look over Katonah today.

This morning the King had a beautiful letter from a Roman Catholic priest, saying that he had used a part of the 3rd installment of the autobiography as a text for his sermon. It was the part about Susy Clemens's questions about eternity. The King cries out against the Church of Rome as a body, but its separate priests he has love & respect for—so his reply to this one was very beautiful.

Dear me, this morning a Miss Doty from No. 3 Fifth Avenue came in asking for an interview. She was not over pleased when the King declined to give it, or to let her use the stories she had heard him tell there. After she left I told the King some gossip I had heard—gossip going around "The Players"—about other quill

drivers of No. 3 [Charlotte Teller Johnson's address on Fifth Ave.]. Mr. Paine told me. [*on separate sheet of paper*]
 Oct. 22. The King repeated the gossip to the one gossiped about
 Oct. 23. I was summoned to her presence—but didn't go.
 Oct. 24. She came in & the incident is now closed—for it was all talked over. The King sent for me to have me give particulars. I gave what I dared [MTP]. *Note:* the information of Oct. 22 to 24 on the separate sheet involved the rumors about Clemens seeing "too much" of **Charlotte Teller Johnson**, who lived in a sort of artist commune around the corner at 3 Fifth Avenue. These notes are separate from the regular entries.

And, from her Oct. 23 entry about this evening:

Last evening the King and C.C. went to see a first performance of "Cymbeline". William Winter invited them to sit in his box for his son Jefferson Winter is playing part. I asked the King about it & he said that "Viola Allen was enchanting & as full of grace as a cat." Winter was satisfying to look at too, because he was so very bad. G.G. [E.C.?] Stedman was in the box too, but the King cannot endure him, he thinks Stedman is an ass along certain lines. "He can be as bad as Gilder is at his worst, when Gilder tries to be witty."

Hill writes: "The rumors concerned Clemens and Miss Teller, who remembered that,

Mr. Clemens, much agitated, told me he had heard people were gossiping about his seeing so much of me....When I insisted upon knowing just what the gossip was, he sent for his secretary, Miss Lyons, who said that someone at the Players' Club had asked Mr. Paine (whom I never met,) who this Miss Teller was that Mark Twain was seeing so much of.



Clemens asked Miss Teller to move from the neighborhood, but she refused, pointing out that he was as old as her own grandmother; but Miss Lyon, who said she told her employer only "what I dared" of the gossip, might quite justifiably have felt that her meddling was improper. Perhaps she also reflected about what gossip might say regarding her own proximity to Clemens if it could vilify a woman who lived several houses away" [156].

Lystra writes: "Circumstantial evidence points to Lyon as the source of the rumors" [101]. *Note:* Lystra does not elaborate.

October 22-November 10 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Henry Mills Alden** [MTP: *Harper's Weekly Magazine* Dec. 15, 1906]. See letter under Dec. 15 entry.

October 23 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Dihdwo Twe**, a Liberian who visited Sam several times and was deeply interested in the **Congo** reform movement. Sam dictated the letter for Twe to use as an introduction to a pamphlet calling on the world to help the Congo. Basically, Sam wrote, the human race is made up of humbugs; he felt Twe should deal with the human race as it is, not as he wished it to be—it had "no desire for uncomfortable truths, no appetite for them..." etc. [MTP].

Also about this day Sam wrote per Lyon to **Mrs. H.R. Mayo Thorne** of Baltimore. The secretarial memo:

Write the Baltimore woman to look for the person who telephoned you & said he had telephoned me. He couldn't possibly get my telephone address. There's no way.

asked me to say for him that it is all a mistake he has made no Baltimore engagement & makes no engagements outside of N.Y. that can by any possibility be avoided. That the person who proposed to have had speech with him me by telephone was either a deceiver himself or was the victim of a deceiver [MTP].

Sam went to 26 Broadway, the offices of **H.H. Rogers**, and learned that **Emilie Rogers** was expected home the next day. He would write her then [Oct. 24 to E. Rogers].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Mrs. Crane arrived today.

[see excerpt from this entry placed in Oct. 22 entry]

The King dictated to me a long & fine letter to Dihdwo Twe, the young African who has written an article on causes of the failure of Xtianity in Africa. The article is a crude affair, but full of meat. I read it with great interest & the King was interested too, as shown by his careful reply to Twe [MTP TS 139].

Roland Holt wrote from 44 E. 78th Street NYC to invite Sam to "a most informal little dinner to celebrate the return of my sisters," Thursday Nov. 1 at 7:30 p.m. The **Hewitts** and **Mrs. Paul L. Ford** would be there [MTP].

J.P. Tower wrote from Hyattsville, Md. to thank Sam for his note of appreciation for Tower's words from the pulpit that appreciated Sam's love for Susie [MTP].

October 24 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Emilie R. Rogers**.

Dear Mrs. Rogers, it is lovely of you! Yes, Mr. Coe is the very man. He will know the exact size of the Fairhaven table, & can duplicate it. When he examines this room I think he will say it is large enough: it is 15 feet wide by 18 long, & the 18 can be increased to 18.6 if necessary, by removing a bookcase.

The long railway journey from Dublin last Wednesday *destroyed* me for 7 whole days!—both mentally & physically; & there's been heart-burn enough to almost move me to take out a fire-policy. Indeed, to use Uncle Henry's phrase, I've had a hell of a week. At last, the week culminated last night with an assault of a disease I am not much subject to—depression of spirits. But I am all right, this morning, in *all* ways, & your letter comes at a happy time, & I thank you sincerely.

I played billiards with Mr. Broughton last Sunday & had a quite high & holy time.

Clara has been in here to shake her engagements in my face & prove to me that her time is already worth a thousand dollars a month. That doesn't disgruntle me. I am tired working, anyway, & will knock off & be supported. Her illustrious master, Leschititzki, is dying in Vienna, & her conscience is urging her to go over & be at the funeral, but I am persuading her that she would feel very funny if she attended his & missed mine. I guess that that settled it & she won't go; for naturally she wouldn't miss mine for anything.

I did not know Miss Lyon was going to write you, but if I had known it I would have said "go right ahead, Mrs. Rogers will not be offended."

I was at 26 B'way yesterday & learned that you are expected to-day. When you are rested I will come & gamble-off that quarter I won of you. / With love to you both ... [MTHHR 618-19].

It was time for **Jean Clemens** to leave the family for her new sanitarium in **Katonah, New York**, about an hour to an hour and a half from N.Y.C.

Jean's diary: It was desperately hard to leave Father and Clara in order to come out to a totally strange place. I tried my hardest not to cry before them, but as the time of departure began to approach I found it growing more and more difficult to restrain myself, especially when Clara began to cry, too, then it was really hopeless. Poor little Father seemed to feel badly, too, and the whole business was perfectly horrible to me. I wanted to cry hard whenever I spoke to anyone and yet at the same time I wanted to refrain from showing my feelings too plainly [MTP: Huntington Library].

Trombley writes:

Isabel accompanied a weeping, despondent Jean to the train station, and with Jean's personal maid, **Anna Sterritt**, in tow, secured their luggage and saw them off safely on the 11:40 a.m. train. The sadness of the

scene deeply affected Isabel, who called it “heart stretching to have her so & to see her go.” Father and sister did not accompany Jean and Isabel to the station, choosing instead to remain at home [21 Fifth Ave.]. Despite her hysterics before Jean’s departure and her tears that afternoon, Clara quickly recovered and performed that evening for an audience in Irvington, New York. Her little sister would be a resident at Hillbourne Farms for fifteen months [*MT Other Woman* 119-20]. Editorial emphasis.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Miss Edison, a sweet young violinist who is to play a violin obligato with C.C. lunched here” [MTP TS 139].

Thomas Bailey Aldrich wrote from Ponkapog, Mass. to ask Sam if he’d returned to NY and would he be there on the 9 or 10 of Nov.? If so there would be a chance to give him “a night’s shelter under your expensive roof.” Aldrich had a bit of business to transact and would go with Sam to Alden’s birthday reception if he was going [MTP].

Dorothy Butes wrote from the Hotel Majestic, NYC to Sam.

I am writing you this little note to tell you how very very much I have enjoyed reading your books. I first read Tom Sawyer last September, then Huckleberry Finn, and sat in some out of the way corner where I could chuckle over them to my heart’s content. I read “A Tramp Abroad,” at boarding-school in Switzerland last year and so preyed upon my mind that I looked upon myself as the “Tramp,” and why much to be pitied. As soon as we returned, in August, I flew to the Library for “The Innocents Abroad,” and for several weeks afterwards, when ever the librarian saw me approaching, she assumed a most lugubrious aspect, I think I must have hurt her feelings by always going to Mark Twain’s bookcase!” She professed love for the US and only wanted to live in NYC or Bar Harbor Maine in the summer. She signed the letter “Your deeply interested little reader” [MTP]. *Note:* not in Cooley. Butes became an Angel Fish.

J.M. Goggin wrote from El Paso, Tex. to Sam asking whether the **Pamela Goggin** who married Samuel Clemens was Twain’s grand or great grandmother [MTP]. *Note:* on the back in pencil: “Could be your G.G. M. & probably was—doesn’t know which.” **Pamela Goggin** (1775-1844) married **Samuel B. Clemens** (ca. 1770-1805) in 1797. These were Sam’s paternal grandparents.

Charlotte Teller Johnson wrote a note (delivered, not mailed) to Sam.

My dear Mr. Clemens— I went at once to Mr Sears so that he might destroy at once any copy of that letter. He asked me why you had withdrawn it, and I said that you did not wish to be involved in the gossip which was concerned with me. He is, of course, under the impression that you believe the gossip. That gives the final bit of logic to the situation—a sort of finale that I had not foreseen when I went to his office. It takes a great deal to make me see things / Very sincerely... [MTP]. *Note:* **Joseph Hamblen Sears**.

October 25 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Mary B. Rogers** now in Tuxedo Park, N.Y.

Mariechen dear, it must be a Latin word, as it isn’t in the Unabridged. The U. has only “*Accipient* (obsolete) a receiver.”

You shouldn’t come to town & not come to see a body. However, I wasn’t at home to-day. I was taking exercise—on foot. *Daily!* I walk to the Waldorf, sit down a spell & talk to the people, then walk back to 21. To-day I meant to spread clear out to the new Piazza hotel, but at 45th street Miss Margorie Clinton & a young Mrs. Rogers came along in a mobile and gave me a lift down to Dr. Rice’s, where I had an errand. I am waiting till Weston gets to Chicago, then I shall walk out to San Francisco & make him ashamed. He is vain of his age; whereas he is but a lad. I was already 3 years old when he was born.

Do please try and smooth it over with young Miss Walker for me; I am a little afraid to try it myself just yet. I engaged her company for the Virginia reel, then ran off to New York the day before the ball. You can tell her I had to go because I thought it was going to rain. She is very young & will not know but that’s so.

Don't you come to town *again* & act so! [MTP]. *Note:* **Margery Hamilton Clinton** (1887-1980), angelfish and Tuxedo Park neighbor of Mary Benjamin Rogers. This mention of Margery predates the earliest known correspondence between Sam and Margery, *ca. Jan. 1, 1907*; it may be the day of their first meeting.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Today Jean went out to Katonah. It was heart stretching to have her go & to see her go. / C.C. sang out at Irvington [MTP TS 139-140].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote to **Charles S. Fairchild** that Clemens could not take advantage of Fairchild's offer to sell some of his personal stock in the **Mechanical Cash Register Co.** and in fact would like to sell some of his holdings to place elsewhere. Ashcroft sent Sam a copy [MTP].

George B. Harvey and Clarence Mackay sent an engraved invitation to Sam to meet **T.P. O'Connor**, MP at a dinner at the Metropolitan Club on Thursday, Oct. 25 at 8 p.m. [MTP].

October 25, after – **Charlotte Teller Johnson** wrote to Sam. "fortunately Mr Frohman has been out of town and so I have not used the card you sent me from Dublin. I shall simply go to his office directly when I decide that there is reason for my meeting him personally. / Sincerely... [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's card is in the file; written on it, "Dear Charles Frohman: / Will you do me the personal favor to see the bearer of this on business? Ys ever/ Mark Twain"

October 26 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Thomas Bailey Aldrich**.

It is with mighty pleasure that I record the fact that you will spend Nov. 9th & 10th (& as many days thereafter as you can spare), under this roof. We will gather some more stags together & eat, drink & get drunk, understanding that on some happy to-morrow we die & are likely to be damned. I am very very glad you are coming, old man [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

Mr. T.P. O'Connor, Mr. Leigh Hunt, Mr. Rogers & Mr. Gilder dined with the King tonight. He is going to have a series of Buck dinners.

C.C., R.G. [Rodman Gilder], Mrs. Crane & I dined at the Brevoort & then arrived late at the Astor Theatre where we went to see "Cymbeline". It is as the King says, Viola Allen she is utterly charming, beautiful, graceful, moving & satisfying & as the dear King says, Jefferson Winter is a delight too, because he couldn't be worse.

Jean likes Katonah. She says by telephone she's going to play tennis & she has been fishing with the Doctor [MTP TS 140]. *Note:* it was at this dinner that Hunt invited Clemens to spend the winter in Egypt.

Edwin J. Loeb wrote from Los Angeles, Calif. to Sam.

If this note ever reaches you, pray have mercy on my soul. If it doesn't, may God forgive me, since you won't.

Within a few weeks I expect to start out on a trip around the world, with the hope of getting there as my only asset. I am anxious to see if this little joke, this poor little joke, can reach its destination with the same resources to back it up.

Hoping the postal authorities can take a joke as well as knowing how far to carry one, I remain / Sadly yours [MTP]. *Note:* the "joke" was, he only addressed the note to "Mark Twain" without any country, state, city or street.

J.W. George, manager of American Telephone and Telgraph Co., NYC wrote to Sam.

On October 20th we were requested by Mrs. H.R. Mayo Thorne of Baltimore to reach you by telephone at the Lotos Club. The connection was however established in error with the wrong telephone and the party reached in New York misrepresented himself.

You will doubtless recall having received a letter from Mrs. Thorne covering the alleged conversation, which never occurred as far as you are concerned, and we beg to take this means of explaining a matter which I trust has caused you no annoyance [MTP].

Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Sam enclosing a copy of the contract between him and **Frederic Chapin**, the musical composer, for the performance of *P&P*. Marbury expressed optimism that the performance would do “a large business.” Would Sam sign and return the contract? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on letter: “Mr. Clemens thinks the contract which Miss Marbury has made is excellent.”

October 27 Saturday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

The King came down while Mrs. Crane & I were at breakfast to say that Mr. Leigh Hunt has invited him to go to Egypt for the winter—to spend his days & weeks on the Nile, & to take with him whomsoever he will. It will mean to take with him a stenographer & a biographer. He couldn’t take me because I’m needed at this base of action, although he says he wishes to take me. I’m so stunned.

The King went out to a wedding—Miss Kane’s wedding to Mr. Walker’s, at Tuxedo, & late this afternoon there came a telephone message to say that he would stay over night.

C.C. came back from Katonah, much depressed over the place & the great pathos of the situation [MTP TS 140-141].

Sam spent the night with **Harry and Mary Rogers in Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** He “sat up in the club & sipped whisky punches & told lies until half past one in the morning” [Oct. 29 to Jean]. *Note:* this was after he attended a wedding in Tuxedo—see IVL’s journal entry this date. Sam did not go to Hartford to speak at the Saturday Morning Club as reported by Fatout p. 676.

October 28 Sunday – Clemens was still in Tuxedo Park, spending time with Harry and Mary Rogers.

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

The city—ever since I have been here I have been mourning for the bloom, the faint delicate bloom of the hills, a bloom that can be banished away for a whole winter, by one contact with—the city. It is as AB said, “In the mountains there was romance in the very air, but here we must make it.” Here there are no days that “seem to make clocks almanacks & histories of no account”. No, the days are only clocks & almanacs.

The King did not return today [MTP TS 141].

Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Sam.

Mr. Arnold Daly is going to do a very interesting programme beginning November 5th. He proposes to have an invitation matinee on November 7th especially for the prominent literary people in New York. Can you be present at 2.30 on Thursday, Nov. 7th? I know the plays which he proposes giving and I assure you that they are well worth your attention. Will you let me know whether I shall have Mr Daly reserve places for you for this occasion? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “I think I’ll say yes to that.”

October 28-31 – Sometime between these dates **George C. Riggs and Kate Douglas Riggs** sent Sam and Clara Clemens an invitation to meet **Mr. & Mrs. Forbes Robertson**, Sunday, Nov. 4 at 9:15 p.m. [MTP]. *Note:* possibly **Johnston Forbes-Robertson** (1853-1937), English actor, considered the finest Hamlet of the Nineteenth Century. Robertson got his start by playing second fiddle to the great Sir Henry Irving.

October 29 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to daughter **Jean** in Katonah, N.Y.

I am so glad, Jean dear, that you are so pleased with Katonah; you will be sure to improve there. I caught cold at Tuxedo Park—I don't know why or how, for I took many precautions, & even sat up in the club & sipped whisky punches & told lies until half past one in the morning. And yet, notwithstanding, I got a cold & had to stay over Sunday. But it's gone now, I think.

Katy went to the hospital with a cold, but she is home again & well. John Howells is to dine here this evening, & another gent tomorrow evening. And the billiards table arrives tomorrow, & I shall be very glad.

I shall come out as soon as this cold is certainly gone—& on the first fine day, I hope, whether it is gone or not./ With lots and lots of love, / Father [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: The King came back this morning & has the seeds of a cold within him. He is still full of the Egyptian trip & has thought of Ashcroft as a companion and of Mr. Twichell. Mr. John Howells was here for dinner & later played mandolin. R.G. [Rodman Gilder] came in & capered; he always does until he sinks into seriousness.

J.H. is the most polished of young creatures, a pity he is so small & with a face like a Greek mask—which seems always to stand for culture [MTP TS 141].

I. Newbury wrote from the Portland Hotel, London to ask Sam when his book on Christian Science would appear? [MTP].

October 30 Tuesday – In N.Y.C. **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Ralph W. Ashcroft**, in care of the advertising agent for Canadian Pacific railway, Montreal: “Mr. Clemens is indefinitely bedridden with bronchitis & has been persuaded to give up the trip to Egypt entirely” [MTP]. *Note:* see Nov. 7 to Mary Rogers.

Clemens' **A.D.** of this day included: Clemens plays practical joke on **Jim Wolfe**—wasps in his bed—From Susy's Biography—tributes to Clemens on his 50th birthday from **Oliver Wendell Holmes** to **James Russell Lowell** & Major-Gen. **Franklin**—Mr. Clemens not affected by it [MTP Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon's journal: The King's billiard table has been put into place today, but the King has cold & so was unable to make any use of it. Today he saw Mr. Ashcroft, who *will* go to Egypt as stenographer (he telephoned the word) and the King saw Dorothy Butes, a sweet little English girl, & he saw Leigh Hunt too, who has told him that he must “rough it” on the Nile.

Mr. Henschel was here for dinner and D. Gilder. Mr. H. told us how an operetta of Mr. Howells' & his, written many—25—years ago, is to be brought out within the year in London. He told some delightful stories of himself & others. The King went upstairs early & took a surreptitious rap at the billiard balls, but has he said he was going to bed—he had to do it, or be heard [MTP TS 141-142]. *Note:* **George Henschel**, conductor.

Reo Bennett wrote on Astor Theatre, NYC letterhead to ask Sam where he might “get some material on the Play-copyright subject that you were identified with a few years ago.” Bennett was trying to calculate what the royalties would be for all the heirs of Shakespeare, and thought that the fortunes of Rockefeller and Carnegie “would hardly be an afternoon's spending money for Shakespear's great, great Grand-child” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “George Haven Putnam of Copyright League.”

George C. Rohrs for the YMCA, NYC wrote to Sam. They were “getting up a minstrel show” and wondered if Sam would let him “know of some joke or comic thing to do suitable for a darky bride” [MTP].

Charles M. Skinner of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* wrote to Sam, enclosing a manuscript about “Alfred” whom he labeled “another Col. Sellers.” He wrote that he simply sent it for Sam's interest, not for revenge, criticism or any other reason [MTP].

October 31 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam was down with a bad cold.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Today the King really has cold and today the King has given up the Egyptian trip, for he knows that instead of spending the winter in Egyptian sunshine, he'd "spend most of it in an Egyptian cemetery"—Still "There isn't much choice in cemeteries", he thinks. He has been reading Letters from Egypt, in which the bad cold uncertain climate is much dwelt upon & Mr. Hunt's words of "Roughing it," make the King loathe to give up his home comforts. He'd rather "lie between velvet sheets". I am so glad, so selfishly glad that he has given it up [MTP TS 142].

George W. Cable wrote to Sam.

This will be brought to you by Mrs. Hazen wife of Professor Hazen, (chair of history Smith College,) herself a Smith College alumna.

Mrs. Hazen has an errand to you from the college, and if you are resolved in advance not to respond favorably it would be best not to see her, for if you do you will either change your mind or shatter it [MTP]. *Note:* **Charles Downer Hazen** (1868-1941), historian, scholar, and author, including *Europe since 1815* (1910), and *Fifty Years of Europe 1870-1919* (1919).

George C. Riggs and Kate Douglas Riggs finished their Oct. 28 letter to Sam [MTP].

November – In N.Y.C. Sam inscribed a copy of *Eve's Diary* to **Elbert Hubbard**: "*Truth is the most valuable thing we have. Let us economise it. Truly yours Mark Twain. To Elbert Hubbard, Nov./06.*" [MTP: Parke-Bernet Galleries Catlogs, 25 Feb. 1938, Item 40].

Henry Hahn, Sven Riars, Agnede Larsen, Cecilic Kiar, & Bassemig wrote from Copenhagen, Denmark for birthday wishes to Sam [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote on the env. "Answered"; Lyon wrote "Answer / Dec 5"

Marie Fensen, Alexander Bauenzelnik, Henry Hahn, et al (4 others) wrote and signed a note to Sam. "Please accept our best wishes and kindest regards to your birthday from a little party of Denmark's youth, who should be very much obliged to you, if you would be so kind as to acknowledge our friendship" [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote "Answered" and Lyon wrote under this "Answd / Dec 5".

Putnam's Monthly published anonymous remarks about "Mark Twain's Autobiography" p. 217-20. Tenney: "Spurred by current publication of MT's reminiscences in the *North American Review*, describes and quotes his 1871 burlesque autobiography and reprints a long portion of his discussion of simplified spelling. There is almost no editorial comment" [42] The Same magazine ran "An Unpublished Masterpiece" by Charles Orr, p. 250-1. Tenney: "Three letters, dated June 21, June 24, and July 7, 1880, from John Hay to Alexander Gunn, concerning MT's *1601*; there is no clue as to the topic, although its racy nature is vaguely suggested" [*ibid*].

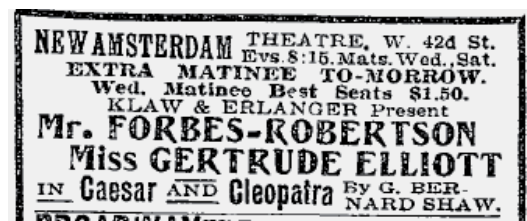
November 1 Thursday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:**

Tonight D. & Francesca Gilder, C.C. & I went up to see Forbes Robinson and Gertrude Elliot in Bernard Shaw's "Cleopatra and Caesar." Beautifully, quite perfectly staged it is, but there are no climaxes, & it ends only because the actors & everyone else is (are) tired, & it's time to go home, so unconvincing it is.

The King is still in bed but longing to get up at the billiard table.

We have had to telegraph to Hartford that the King isn't well enough to go up tomorrow to be present at the Saturday Morning club. It's too sad, for I was going too, to see Hattie Enders & others [MTP TS 142-143].

Note: **Misses Dorothea and Francesca Gilder**, daughters of **Richard Watson Gilder**.



W.H. Fletcher for the Fulton Monument Assoc. wrote to Sam that **Cornelius Vanderbilt**, President of the Association called a meeting on Nov. 14 at 4 p.m. in the State Room of the Waldorf Astoria. Sam was urged to attend [MTP].

William S. Hinckley wrote from Kansas City, Mo. Hinckley's ambition was to become an author and enclosed "a few items concerning my old Colonel 'Kit Carson' and" himself. "My object in writing you is for advice, because I know you are capable of giving it," and it would be appreciated. He enclosed a photo of himself, appearing to be distinguished older gentleman about 60 or more, a small drawing of "Our cabin" some eleven feet square, and newspaper clippings about Hinckley's association with Carson [MTP].

William Dean Howells wrote to Sam.

I am dispatching Miss Lyon's note to John, so that he shall not engage Valet of the Shadow for your Egyptian sojourn. I am sorry you are not able to go, but glad you are able to stay, for I want to see you, and will come as soon as we can get out of this hell of noises which we madly dropt ourselves into last night. Did you ever have your head pounded with a cobblestone? That is what it is like. If possible we shall move today. Yours ever...[MTHL 2: 821]. *Note:* on Oct. 30 Sam canceled arrangements to spend the winter in Egypt upon getting bronchitis. It's not clear just when the Egypt trip was first planned. Evidently Valet of the Shadow was a suggested porter for the trip. Howells had just returned from Kittery Point and the "hell of noises" was the Hotel Oxford, Park Ave. and 58th St.

November 2 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.)**.

Friday Morning / Can it be that I have offended you, dear pal? I do hope not. I would rather offend the Deity—twice over. Was it uncourteous in me not to write & thank you for your invitation to luncheon? I only failed of that because I have been down with bronchitis ever since Tuesday afternoon. Of course I *wrote* the letter, but followed my habit of adding a paragraph per day, & so the book you returned has arrived before it was finished & mailed. The bronchitis assisted the delay.

But whatever my offence is, it was not intentional, & I hope not past mending, & that you will say so. Dear me, why, I *can't* believe I have been guilty of anything wrong! It is unthinkable; & so I want to still sign myself your affectionate uncle until I am formally and officially degraded to the ranks [MTP].

Paine writes that he and Sam played the first game on the new billiards table (from Balke-Collender Co.), a Christmas gift delivered early (by Sam's insistence; on Oct. 30) from **H.H. Rogers**.

So I remained for luncheon and we began, November 2d, the first game ever played on the Christmas table. We played the English game, in which caroms and pockets both count. I had a beginner's luck, on the whole, and I remember it as a riotous, rollicking game, the beginning of a closer understanding between us — of a distinct epoch in our association. When it was ended he said:

"I'm not going to Egypt. There was a man here yesterday afternoon who said it was bad for bronchitis, and, besides, it's too far away from this billiard-table."

He suggested that I come back in the evening and play some more. I did so, and the game lasted until after midnight. He gave me odds, of course, and my "nigger luck," as he called it, continued. It kept him sweating and swearing feverishly to win. Finally, once I made a great fluke — a carom, followed by most of the balls falling into the pockets.

"Well," he said, "when you pick up that cue this damn table drips at every pore" [MTB 1325-6].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

The King got up today & played billiards with AB this a.m., for there is no dictating these days. Then he played alone for 5 hours this afternoon. R.G. [Richard Gilder] & Mr. & Mrs. [Edward] Loomis were here for dinner. Mrs. L. in black is a far too mournful looking creature. Black is a terrible color for anyone to wear.

The King played billiards during the evening with the men & AB came in just as we were on our way upstairs—because he had seen the King shooting alone. The men left & AB stayed on until midnight. The King began to look grey-skinned & tired [MTP TS 143].

Andrew Carnegie wrote a small invitation to Sam. “Mr. Clemens would be happy to have Mr. Carnegie dine with him at 7.30 on Friday evening, Nov. 9th / phone 3907 Gramercy. / Nov 2-06 /” [MTP]. *Note:* upon this “reverse form” of invitation, Sam wrote, “The Beggar’s most humble servant I can scarcely spare a minute But I’ll be yours at dinner time or else the devil’s in it— “and vertically, “Parody Robbie Burns.”

Mrs. **F. Mallery** wrote from Portland, Ore. to send Sam a poem and added not to “say any thing ill of me through the ‘Press’” [MTP].

Chapters from “My Autobiography—V” ran in the *N.A.R.* p.833-44.

November 3 Saturday – Either this day or the next Sam took a train trip of an hour-plus and visited daughter **Jean** in her **Katonah, N.Y.** sanitarium [Nov. 5 to Emilie Rogers].

Andrew Carnegie wrote to Sam. “So glad to learn that you are yourself again, back in town running about able ‘to take sustenance’ . Delighted to attend at dinner. / I hope we are going to snow under that Reprobate Hearst—His article upon Gilder roused my ire. / Yours Ever...” [MTP]. *Note:* see Carnegie’s Nov. 2 “invitation.”

William C. Edwards for Guaranty Trust of NY wrote to Sam. “We have to-day received a letter from your Secretary, Miss I.V. Lyon, requesting us to mail a check for the balance standing to your credit, and we are to-day sending her a check to your order for \$1,853.75.... / We regret exceedingly that you find it necessary to close your account with us...” etc. etc. [MTP].

November 4 Sunday – **Thomas Bailey Aldrich** wrote from Ponkapog, Mass. to Lyon & Sam that he had no plans except Sam’s for Friday night, and intended to leave Boston by morning train Nov. 9 [MTP].

November 5 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Emilie R. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers)**.

The billiard table is better than the doctors. It is driving out the heartburn in a most promising way. I have a billiardist on the premises, & I walk not less than ten miles every day with the cue in my hand. And the walking is not the whole of the exercise, nor the most health-giving part of it, I think. Through the multitude of the positions & attitudes it brings into play every muscle in the body & exercises them all.

The games begin right after luncheon, daily & continue until midnight, with 2 hours intermission for dinner & music. And so it is 9 hours’ exercise per day, & 10 or 12 for Sunday. Yesterday & last night it was 12—and I slept until 8 this morning without waking. The billiard table, as a Sabbath-breaker can beat any coal-breaker in Pennsylvania, & give it 30 in the game. If Mr. Rogers will take to daily billiards he can do without the doctors & the masseur, I think.

I was meditating a descent upon the Coes yesterday afternoon, but learned by telephone that they were not at home. However, the weather was not auspicious for gout, & I am threatened with that, these days. The billiards will knock it out.

We are really going to build a house on my farm, an hour & a half from New York. It is decided. It is to be built by contract & is to come within \$25,000. I have been up to see Jean, & it is a pathetic exile & captivity; I must have a country home for her.

With love & many thanks, / SLC /

Clara is in the sanitarium—till January 28, when her western-concert tour will begin. She is getting to be a mighty competent singer. You must know Clara better; she is one of the very finest & completest & most satisfactory characters I have ever met. Others knew it before, but I have always been busy with other matters.

I shan’t forget the 29th—*sure* [MTHHR 619-20].

The New York *Times*, p.4, dealt with Sam's as yet unpublished *Christian Science*, and included his **Apr. 17, 1903** letter to **Livingston Wright** about who the true author of **Mary Baker Eddy's** book *Science and Health*. Wright's 1901 MS was published on Nov. 4, 1906 and claimed that Rev. **J. Henry Wiggin** was the true author of Eddy's book. Sam had long disputed Eddy's authorship. In the meantime, Harpers was sitting on *Christian Science*, but would publish it in 1907.

Yesterday at his home, 21 Fifth Avenue, Mr. Clemens said that he did not know why his book, which he said is still in the hands of the publishers, had never reached the public. He said that the nature of the work was indicated in his letter [Apr. 17, 1903] to Mr. Wright. Beyond this, he added, under the circumstances he could not talk at present.

George B. Harvey wrote a short note to Clemens, agreeing to dine with him Friday at 7:30 p.m. [MTP].

Frank Phalen wrote on Unitarian Society notepaper, Fairhaven, Mass. to Sam. (Phalen was a minister of that church.) He referred to Sam's connection with Mr. Wright, literary executor of **Rev. J. Henry Wiggin**, who Sam had discovered edited Mary Baker Eddy's *Science and Health*. Phalen agreed with Clemens that Eddy was a sham. He wished to meet Sam when he next came to Fairhaven [MTP].

November 6 Tuesday – Rev. **William Fitz-Simon of St. Mary's Rectory, NYC** wrote to Sam.

It was so kind, and doubtless characteristic of you to remember the clergy. The crown jewels reached me through Rushmore's hands and you have my sincere gratitude.

As I smoked, I was reminded of an old Maryland fellow's inscription to his departed wife. They had not lived in perfect harmony, he found it necessary especially when under the influence to use his fist as a means of correction. Yet he cared intensely, and when she was gone, as expressive of his appreciation, he had inscribed on her grave stone which stands to this day the simple text "Hard to beat" [MTP]. *Note:* "Crown jewels" were gifted cigars.

Jennie S. MacMillan, granddaughter of "old" **Abe Curry**, wrote to Sam. Grandma Curry would soon celebrate her 90th. MacMillan would send him their personal experience of the S.F. earthquake [MTP].

Edward Rushmore wrote from Tuxedo Park, NY to Sam. "The 'Crown Jewels' arrived in safety and put us deeply in your debt....I have asked a number of my smoking friends to try them...." Rushmore divulged that "reproaches have been hurled at this household by the hundred for having kept you in concealment so successfully" during a recent stay [MTP]. *Note:* see also Nov. 6 from Father Fitz-Simon.

November 7 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote his "pal," **Mary B. Rogers:**

Dear pal, there are many nieces in the world, but you are the most patient one there is, & in my opinion the only perfect one.

Yesterday morning came an invitation to Japan, for next March, & I think I came within one of persuading the Admiral to make the trip with me. But he didn't quite say yes, so I gave it up. I *would* like to see Japan, but the journey would be too heavy. On the 30th I made all my arrangements to go to Egypt; then the bronchitis smote me, & before sunset I had canceled them all, by telegraph & telephone. There isn't *any* excursion I am really prepared for, except the final one; but I don't care for that one, personally, though I think St Peter would like to see me. Let him wait; other people have to make sacrifices.

Well—yes—I *was* up a little late, that night, & p'raps a little weary, too, but not too weary to go to your luncheon; it was a trifle of a cold & a threat of bronchitis that lost me that pleasure & gave me a petrifying fright. Mind, I was not frightened at the thought of being killed—I don't care for being killed—but the thought of the usual 6 weeks in bed is a most substantial terror. But I am over that fright now, & shall soon be out on the street again. Clara keeps changing my doctors; yesterday she withdrew Halsey & called

Quintard. I had a persistent & annoying dry bark for him to exploit, & he said he would send a medicine immediately that would modify it with dispatch. It didn't come. The bark continued—the rest of the day & all night. At 9 this morning Clara looked in, & said she had had the serenest night she had had for weeks, & it was all owing to a new medicine sent to her by Dr. Q. By the “Mr. Clemens” on the label I saw that it was *my* medicine, & not hers at all, & not in any way suited to her case, for she only has nervous affections, whereas I have the botts, & the heaves, & the glanders, & some other things like that. Why, Mary, I was near death all night; at one time I did not believe I should live thirty-five years. I did not greatly mind it, on account of St. Peter perhaps waiting up for me & getting anxious, but I couldn't help wishing I could see you once more before I left. Mariechen, the more I reflect upon St. Peter & his solicitude about me, the more I like him. But formerly I didn't care for him.

....

I have dictated a while, this morning—the first time for 19 days. On Simplified Spelling. It's good; I wish I could read it to you. Howells, Aldrich, Carnegie, & Harvey will dine here to-morrow night, & they'll have to listen to it. It goes to the *root* of the matter; proposes a reform of the idiotic *alphabet*. Then the orthography will reform *itself*. By natural compulsion, you see. I wish to God there were some more wise men in the world. I do find it so lonesome.

The new billiard table—pal, dear, you've never seen a table to approach it! You will see, when you come to try it. Affectionately your uncle / Mark

P.S.

My dear child, I've had an awful accident. I have coughed up my conscience. I wouldn't taken \$40 for her, she was just out of the repair shops & had fresh paint on & new rubber tyres & could go like 1830 Groombridge (see astronomy.)

I am prostrated, & not able to address this note, I will ask one of the vassals to do it for me [MTP]. *Note:* the billiard table was meant to be a Christmas gift from Rogers, but Sam rushed it along, and Paine notes they played the first game on it on Nov. 2 [MTB 1325]. *Note:* **Stephen Goombridge** (1755-1832), British astronomer, discovered a star in the constellation Ursa Major. The star discovery was posted posthumously in 1838.

In the evening **Clara Clemens** had some friends in for a dinner party: **Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hapgood, Mr. and Mrs. George Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin), Mr. Rogers (a singer), Miss Lyon, Miss Dorothea Gilder, and Rodman Gilder.**

A very pleasant party and good talk. Some of it violent. Because Mrs Riggs and I do not agree about Jane Austin. She respects Jane Austin, whilst it is the one desire of my heart to dig her up. Notwithstanding, I took Mrs Riggs out to dinner. Otherwise, she behaved very well, I, also, it is thought. By 10 the company went, or 10:30; then Rodman and I played billiards—Dorothea, Clara, and Miss Leighton waiting—until much too late, and I invited everybody to continue whilst I went to bed. I shan't be a party to keeping Clara up so late again.

....

Percy Grant came up to my room at 5 and I made him stay till 7. We had good talk about Pepy's Diary, and about Howells. He is a charming man [Nov. 8 to Jean]. *Note:* Lyon's journal also carries a comment on the “friendly battle” between Sam and Kate over **Jane Austen** [TS 201].

Clemens' **A.D.** of this day included: Simplified Spelling [MTP Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

A dinner tonight. Mr. & Mrs. Riggs—Mr. & Mrs. Norman Hapgood, Dorothea & Rodman Gilder, & Mrs. Francis Rogers. The King & Mrs. Riggs had a friendly battle over Jane Austen, whose books the King abhors & Mrs. Riggs delights in. She looks forward to her annual attack of nostalgia, or something, when she has to lie by & recreate herself, with 2 or 3 volumes of Jane Austen's books. She wore the same little smilex crown that she wore to the King's 70th birthday dinner, a year ago, & she was brilliant & interesting, but not very well. Norman Hapgood sat on my right, C.C. next [to] him. He could sit at the King's table & say that what the King said about Austen was Rot. He could do that. But he didn't say it to the King. Mrs. Norman H. wore

a crown too: her wonderful wealth of black hair—she's a handsome creature, but she looks too much like Teresa Bini [Cherubini, the maid] the Italian ward. She's Teresa very much beautified. I liked the dinner very much, afterward we 5 women sat in the living room & talked about everything, mostly, but mainly Bernard Shaw's "Cleopatra and Caesar" [MTP TS 144].

Frank W.C. Hersey, English instructor at Harvard, wrote to ask Sam if their class might use passages from *HF*; he listed several page numbers, etc., and was also writing to Harpers for permission [MTP].

James A. Renwick wrote to Sam acknowledging receipt of his check for \$291.67 for Nov. rent [MTP].

November 8 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to daughter **Jean**.

It is a gray morning, Jean dear, and I have awakened prematurely.

I have been coughing only 8 or 9 days, yet I am already more than half tired of it. This is because it's not sentimental or sympathetic, but is a dry bark like tan-bark. I do not go out of the house yet; I go down stairs, but not frequent

[segment about the Nov. 7 dinner party]

We find Robert a first rate butler. He makes a dinner go first-classfully. Miss Layongs gave me your telephone message and I was very glad to hear from you, and to know that you are still happy and doing well. I shall be sure to go and *see* you as soon as I get rid of my cough. And so with many hugs and kisses, / I remain your loving Father [MTP].

A letter postmarked this date arrived in care of Sam for **Thomas Bailey Aldrich**. Sam wrote on the envelope: "Opened & read by mistake, but there is nothing improper in it. / Mark" [MTP]. *Note*: Aldrich was arriving for a visit; he was expected at a Nov. 8 dinner; see Oct. 26; Nov. 4, 7 entries.

Clemens' **A.D.** of this day included: From Susy's biography: Clemens thinks he will write no more books—Clemens' inability to remember faces of friends—The exquisite faces and landscapes which his mind draws & paints when he is half asleep—He has not yet written himself out; prefers dictating—Mrs. **Riggs** recalls the episode of **F. Hopkinson Smith** selling the original MSS. at auction—The artists dinner for Hopkinson Smith [MTP Autodict2].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Mary the good little cook went away today. C.C." [MTP TS 144].

John H. Johnston, jeweler, NYC wrote to Sam relating strange happenings about a small oil portrait tht he'd purchased of Mark Twain several years before. It seems that on three separate occasions three different dogs that came with their visiting owners, had howled and barked and growled in front of the painting. Johnston had no idea why the dogs did this but would loan the painting to Sam if he wished [MTP].

Henry Arthur Jones wrote on Hotel Marie Antoinette notepaper to invite Sam to dine with friends on Nov. 15 at 8 at the Saint Regis Hotel. After his signature Jones wrote, "I'd just written this when I received our kind invitation for tomorrow evening which I am delighted to accept" [MTP].

Governors and Officers of the National Arts Club sent an engraved invitation for this evening for the formal opening of the new Club House at 9 p.m. **Charles de Kay's** card is with the invitation [MTP]. *Note*: Fatout lists Sam as giving a speech at this event but offers no citation [MT Speaking 676].

November 9 Friday – **Thomas Bailey Aldrich** arrived at 21 Fifth Ave. for a weekend stay with Twain. He left on Sunday, **Nov. 11** [Lyon to H. Whitmore Nov. 12].

William Dean Howells, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Andrew Carnegie, and George B. Harvey attended Sam's "Stag dinner party" to meet the English dramatist **Henry Arthur Jones**. Sam described the time after the dinner:

...I had to sit still until eleven o'clock—which nearly killed me with fatigue; then I heard Clara in the hall, & rushed out & dragged her in. Everybody had to get up, then, & this gave me a chance to stretch my legs. The others left, & the Colonel [Harvey] and I went up stairs & played billiards till 1.15, & Aldrich umpired the games [Nov. 13 to Jean].

Isabel Lyon's journal: The King had a buck dinner here tonight for Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich arrived to stay 2 nights in the house. Aldrich, the poet, & the author of beautiful Marjorie Daw. Those who came were Mr. Howells, Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, & Colonel Harvey, who with the King & Mr. Aldrich made a batch of immortals. (I don't include Col. Harvey in that & perhaps not Mr. Jones.) However, the King nearly died of the fatigue such a dinner gives him. He flies that sort of thing in misery, & henceforth he says he will give only luncheons, for after the long strain he cannot sleep, & he nearly asks them to go, much as he enjoys the having of them. I peeped through the opening over the portiere, on my way up the stairs at 9:45 and they made a fine picture as they sat around the dining table. But I could see that the King was restless & was perched on the front edge of his chair, leaning forward with his hands on his knees. What an exquisite creature he is.

Mother & AB & I had such a nice dinner at the St. Denis. AB was very handsome & I let my cone blow off in a hot nervous misery & I talked of pent-up things [MTP TS 144-145].

Garth W. Cate wrote to Sam, sending him his copy of *HF* that needed to be rebound. But before it was, Cate requested Sam to "slap in your 'John Hancock' somewhere, or else send a letter back with it that can be bound in" [MTP].

David M. Jones wrote from the Rectory, Brisbane Valley, Australia to appreciate "Eve's Diary" in the London *Spectator*, and thanked Sam for making his weary hours easier. Jones was Welsh, and if they were to meet "on the other side" he would do his best to teach him Welsh, so asked Sam, "Please do not go where no Welshman hopes to go" [MTP]. *Note.* See sam's reply Dec. 27.

November 10 Saturday – Sam wrote of playing billiards until 1:15 a.m.: "I got but poor sleep afterwards & was pretty tired next day. I stayed home at night [Nov. 10] & did not go to the Alden feed. Those who went to it did not reach their beds until 4 a.m.—Howells & Paine included—but Aldrich got here at 2 a.m." [Nov. 13 to Jean].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

T.B. Aldrich is so disappointing in appearance & in qualities of all kinds that go to make up the literary man bearing a high reputation.

"Just Aldrich thou, to thine our manner born, has thou touched aught that thou didst not adorn?"

I went into Mr. Clemens's room this morning with the closing lines of a double sonnet to Aldrich at 70 & I was moved & happy by them, & glad to know that the man who could inspire *that* was in the house. Then pretty soon after the King read the poem aloud, Mr. A. came in. Pudgy he is, & short & red faced & mannerless & irritated because his trunk couldn't go up to Boston on the same train with him. "Why in the deuce *can't* it go up on the same train?" His gift of song seems turned into a worldly complaint, a worldly complaint like this. The students at Smith College "don't belong to the swell set." I'm stunned by the disappointment of it all. Such a sweet reverence I've had these many years & it was broadened by the beautiful tribute the King gave him in the dictation over in Florence. I wanted to sit & listen to the sweet wonderful flow of his speech & the most I heard was that he had lost his spectacles here in the house [MTP TS 145-146].

J. Adelphi Gottlieb for Volunteer Emergency Service Medical Corps, NYC wrote to inform Sam that he had been elected as “HONORARY MEMBER of the International Sanitary & Public Safety Commission; in recognition of the value of your suggestions for public welfare and the cause of humanity” [MTP].

On or after this date Sam replied to **J. Adelphi Gottlieb**. “I thank the committee for the Ex. Board of the Nat. Vol. Emergency Service very much for the compliment they have paid me in making me an honorary member of the Int. Sanitary & Public Safety Commission & I accept” [MTP].

November 11 Sunday – **Thomas Bailey Aldrich** left 21 Fifth Ave. after a weekend stay with Twain. He [Lyon to H. Whitmore Nov. 12].

November 12 Monday – In N.Y.C. **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote to **Harriet E. Whitmore**.

The darling wonderful White King isn’t out of the house yet. It wasn’t a bad bronchitis, but it housed him well & on Saturday when Thomas Bailey Aldrich was here—he came Friday & left Sunday) the King hopped around without many clothes on & so added to his bronchial condition which finished with heavy coughing again. But again he is better.

He was really very much disappointed over not going up to Hartford; for he wanted to go, & he wanted to go a good deal, or he wouldn’t have made the slightest effort if he had been even a little indifferent. In these days he is not by way of making any exertions that can be avoided altogether, or that can be made by me. And my own disappointment can’t be put into words at all [MTP]. *Note:* Sam was to go to **Hartford** on Nov. 2 for the 30th anniversary of the **Saturday Morning Club** of young ladies; Lyon was to accompany him. Bronchitis won out.

Dr. Halsey called on Sam and ordered him to bed a day or two and continue his medicine [Nov. 13 to Jean].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Mr. Doubleday telephoned this morning to ask if he mightn’t publish the C.S. book that the Harpers decided not to publish in 1903. I told him from the King, to apply to Col. Harvey & Mr. Doubleday said, “Oh, pshaw” [MTP TS 146].

Mrs. **L.H. Curtiss** wrote from Rensselaer, NY to Sam. In “a Christian spirit,” she offered a treatment for bronchitis after noting in the Albany *Times-Union* that he suffered from it [MTP].

Absalom Carlisle Grimes wrote from Troy, Mo. and enclosed a Nov. 9 front page article from The Elsberry (Mo.) *Democrat*, picturing Grimes and his wife. The story was about his exploits as a Confederate spy. Also enclosed was a letter from **J. Brooks Johnson** and a squib about “Mark Twain ill with Bronchitis,” likely from the same paper, which prompted Grimes to write. Evidently Grimes was serving time in jail for some offense, judging by Johnson’s reply and the “Sheriff of Lincoln County” letterhead and envelope Grimes used.

My Dear Old Friend Sam, I enclose you a letter which explains itself, it was received yesterday—its contents vividly recalled to my mind—the days way back yonder in June or July 1861...when the scenes of Nuck Matsons Home = the vinegar keg barber chair Old Col Ralls Home = Gordins Mill where Lieutenant Clemens loomed up into existence = the March to Headquarters in the old stable = the Horse trough = which was wont to be the bed chamber of Lieut Clemens = the ignominious return March = The *not much* Dinner at *Col Tinkers* = the nights camp in Col Splawns [?] Barn & the final Disbanding of the *regiment* next day = & return in disgrace again to Martins farm = & last though not least the endurance & Patience of “Paint Brush”[.] [MTP]. *Note:* Grimes mentioned he’d failed to meet up with Clemens during his western lectures. He’d quit the River in 1884. He gives the date of his preliminary trial but does not disclose his offense. “Paint Brush” was Sam’s donkey.

Roi Cooper Megrue for Elisabeth Marbury wrote to ask Sam if Mr. **Timmory** could also adapt “An Encounter With an Interviewer” to the stage on the same basis as the other stories [MTP].

Edward Owen wrote on Confederate Veteran Camp of New York letterhead to invite Sam to their annual dinner in honor of the memory of Robert E. Lee on Jan. 23, 1907 [MTP]. *Note:* written on the left margin in pencil, “Decline beautifully.”

Anne W. Stockbridge wrote from Providence, R.I. to Sam. She judged by reports of the Alden dinner that he was now in NY and was sending at his suggestion eleven letters “forged” by Miss **Grace Donworth** from “Jennie Allen” hoping that he would “find sufficient merit in them to make them worthy of publication.” After her signature she added: “A woman’s postscript / Do you not think they should be published before the public forgets there was an earthquake in California?” [MTP].

November 13 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to daughter **Jean**, in Katonah, N.Y. “Jean dear, since I wrote the other day, conditions have not changed—at least for the better. They stopped me from playing billiards & I have been in bed ever since.” Sam then told of his “Stag dinner party” of Nov. 9, and of being tired on Nov. 10 from playing billiards until the wee hours, and of not going to Henry M. Alden’s dinner party celebrating his 70th. He was ordered to bed by Dr. Halsey. He finished with:

Dr. Halsey was here yesterday & said I must stay abed a day or two longer & continue the medicine.

Mr. Rogers stops in every morning & furnish[es] advice & abuse. Clara is to sing Thursday night, & Quintard is loading her up with medicine as a preparation. Clara’s manager wanted her to be photographed with me, for a literary person who wants to write an article, but she wouldn’t allow it. She told him she wouldn’t be publicly connected with me, but is going to stand or fall on her own merits. The Black Spider [Clara] is entirely right. Go on having good times, dear Jean [MTP].

J.W. Ballard wrote from Binghamton, NY to Sam. “Replying to your favor of the 12th. Would say further that we can afford to pay you \$300.00 to \$400.00 if you would come for the opening night of our Winter Chautauqua, and if you ever change your mind after you have said no, wish you would do so in this case” [MTP]. *Note:* on the letter by Lyon, “No. Mr. Clemens cannot consider it.”

Edward C. Haviland wrote from NYC to Sam soliciting his recommendation for a friend who was considering locating in Tarrytown, NY [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Tell him Mr. C never lived there.”

Minnie N. Hinds wrote to offer another treatment for Sam’s bronchitis [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Answd. Nov. 26”

November 13 ca. – In N.Y.C. Sam wrote instructions for **Isabel V. Lyon** to reply the Nov. 13 from **Minnie N. Hinds**. Thank her very much for kind thoughtfulness Try every thing that is recommended so will try this in its turn which wont come for some months as he is behind hand [MTP]. *Note:* source: **between Nov. 13 and Nov. 26, 1906.**

November 14 Wednesday – **Isabel Lyon’s journal:** “Ill on this day” [MTP TS 146].

Fanny Flint Conradson wrote from Franklin, Pa. to Sam. She, like many others, had read in the NY *Herald* of his bronchitis. She was a lifelong fan of his books since *IA*. Now she was a “twisted cripple” but owed much to his books for lightening her load.

...my narrowed life basks in sunshine caught in book leaves, when house-bound during winter, and how intimate I feel with my pleasure-giving writers, you the peer of all. Long ago, when your Hartford home was

building, the finishing touches only lacking [1874], a mutual friend of yours and mine took me over it. When I saw the double doors of glass between your study and the children's playroom, the father's heart was as transparent as those doors [MTP].

Harriet Whitmore Enders wrote to Sam that the members of the **Saturday Morning Club** deeply regretted his inability to join them for their anniversary luncheon. They wished she would write for them and "express their exceeding regret..." and sent three badges which were "in the place of honor—I send them with the sincere hope from us all that you may be much stronger by this time..." [MTP].

E.E. Helt, superintendent of Vermillion Co. Schools, Clinton, Ind. wrote to Sam hoping his bronchitis was over, and that they were reading his Autobiography in the *NAR*. He obliquely asked for "a little answer" [MTP].

Katharine Lampton Paxson wrote from Graham, Tex. to Sam after reading his Autobiography in the *NAR*. "I must protest against your heralding abroad as fact the exaggerated scene of the raw turnips. It's a moral impossibility for such a thing ever to have taken place in my father's house." She claimed that exaggeration was a trait of the Lampton family, and that Sam had the trait "as high a degree as Papa did" [MTP].

November 15 Thursday – **Isabel Lyon's journal** noted she was still ill [MTP TS 146].

J.G. Babb Secretary for University of Missouri wrote to Sam requesting his portrait, though it must be "approved by a committee competent to pass on its artistic merit" [MTP]. *Note*: Sam wrote on the env. "No answer – the terms of the letter being uncourteous to the verge of brutality."

John A. Lockwood wrote from Syracuse, NY to Sam complaining about asking for *TA* at the Carnegie Library in Syracuse, but being told he already had one fiction book to check out and they wouldn't allow two; he argued it was a travel book, not a fiction book, but she was insistent. "I hope you will tell Mr Carnegie that if he allows your works on travel to be called fiction you will take them out of his libraries altogether" [MTP].

November 16 Friday – **Isabel Lyon's journal**:

C.C. walks out of my room in her blue wrapper & says, "Damn the profession, I don't like anything about it!" Today I went downstairs in the afternoon. The King was playing billiards with AB. C.C. went to sing down in the bowery, & the King & I dined alone; later I played the Lohengrin Wedding March for him twice [MTP TS 147].

Chapters from "My Autobiography—VI" ran in the <i>N.A.R.</i> p.961-70.

November 17 Saturday – **Roi Cooper Megrue** wrote to **Isabel Lyon** enclosing **Ernest Hendrie's** reply to **Elisabeth Marbury's Oct. 29** about dramatization rights for "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg." Lyon wrote on Megrue's letter sometime **after Nov. 17**:

Katherine telephoned

Mr. Timory can have the right to dramatize The Interviewer Mr. Hendrie be may be right, but Mr. Clemens doesn't remember. wrote Mr. Hendrie—Mr.H needn't be surprised that Mr. Clemens has forgotten, for he always forgets everything of that nature.

Note: Sam wrote a note on the letter to Lyon: "Mr. Megrue sent this to me. Please tell Katherine if you remember about it?" [MTP]. *Note*: **Gabriel Timmory** (pseud. **René Wahl**; 1870-1965), dramatist and journalist. .

Isabel Lyon's journal noted she was ill each day, from **Nov. 17 to Nov. 23**, either by "Still ill" or simply "Ill" [MTP TS 147].

Christian L. Pearce sent Sam an engraved invitation to the marriage of their daughter **Maria Christine Pearce** to **Harold Burton Whitmore**, Nov. 17, 1906 at 1 p.m. in Wash. D.C. [MTP].

November 18 Sunday

November 19 Monday – In the morning at 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.)**, enclosing his latest photograph for her opinion; he wanted to put it in a locket for Clara. He revealed his creative method for catching up on mail, since Isabel Lyon was ill.

This portrait looks too holy, perhaps—holier than is my custom to look, except on the Sabbath—but it is because of the new way I dressed my hair for the sitting.

I am finishing a remarkable book, dear pal, by a child of 15. You will have seen reviews of it. It is virile & rugged, & will make a pleasant change for you after the polished clean diction of the Call of the Blood. Will you be good & come & get it, or shall you prefer that I send it to you. (If I may have a choice, it's the former). When is your next singing lesson? Won't you call me on the telephone? I expect to be permitted to step outside the house about January or February.

This isn't good weather, Mary dear; it makes me feel mouldy. / Affectionately your uncle / Mark.

Miss Lyon has been ill in bed a week, & it seemed as if I never *could* begin the burden of clearing off the accumulated mail. But at last I went at it with determination last night & accomplished it in 5 minutes without a pen-stroke. By help of the fire. It show what native talent, unobstructed by principle, can do, when duty calls [MTP]. *Note:* the book was *The Viper of Milan* by Miss **Marjorie Bowen**—see Nov. 2 entry.

Clemens' **A.D.** of this day included: Susy's spelling—More remarks about Simplified Spelling [MTP Autodict2].

J.Q. Adams wrote from Evanston, Illinois to Sam, not liking the bronchitis of Sam's and enjoying the Autobiography in the *NAR*, and mentioned several passages they especially liked [MTP].

Hugh Armstrong wrote from Sawtille Calif. to Sam. He'd just read *RI* and asked if Sam knew "the whereabouts of any of the old boys who were writers in the Territorial Enterprise." Armstrong had followed Sam's "course" and had "been so much delighted" with his writings during his Army service, which progressed from the rank of private to captain. He signed "Your Old Friend" [MTP]. Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd Nov 26"

John I. Raymond wrote from NYC to Sam.

"An article published in the Literary Digest of September 22nd, containing an extract from your autobiography, has just come to my attention. I regret not having read the first instalment of your autobiography when it appeared, so that I might have spoken sooner, a word of defence of my father, John T. Raymond's, memory[.] You have every right in the world to criticise his interpretations of the character of Colonel Sellers, but in doing so, is it necessary to besmirch his memory as you have? My father has been dead twenty years, but I think there are still those left who remember him as the antithesis [*sic*] of all you call him." Raymond asked Sam to "retract the insults heaped upon" his father [MTP].

November 20 Tuesday – Sam wrote thanks from 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. to **McClure, Phillips & Co.**, publishers of: *The Viper of Milan* (1906) by **Gabrielle Margaret Vere Long (Campbell; 1888-1952)**, pseud. "**Marjorie Bowen**" (see Gribben p. 418).

I thank you for the “Viper of Milan.” But that this extraordinary book was written by a girl of 15—or 16—or 17—or 18—or 19—is clearly unbelievable, & I do not believe it. The person who wrote it is at least 25, & has served a regular & exacting apprenticeship to the pen. The Times Saturday Review’s high estimate of the book tallies with mine [MTP].

Note: the book was popular in England and announced as forthcoming in the **Oct. 20** New York Times, “Pages in Waiting,” p. BR693; it was then announced on **Nov. 3** as issued “this week” New York Times, p. BR1, “A Novel by a Child.” A full review was first given in the Saturday Times on Nov 17, p. BR 751, “A Precocious Author,” which Sam referred to. See McClure’s reply Nov. 23.

Clemens’ **A.D.** of this day included: **Georgia Cayvan** dead—Some details of her career—The pension scheme for raising money for charity— Instance where it worked: **Helen Keller**—Mr. **Ellsworth’s** attempt to raise money, by written applications, for **Major Pond’s** little boy, which did not work [MTP Autodict2].

George W. Caldwell inscribed a copy of his book *Oriental Rambles* (1906): “*To the Genial philosopher ‘Mark Twain’ / with the compliments of the constructor / George W. Caldwell / Nov. 20, 1906*” [Gribben 125].

Willibald Gebel wrote to Sam on a picture postcard (of the Breslau Rathaus) from Breslau, Germany. Translation in the file by Robert J. Kleinman: “Dear Sir: As one of your ardent readers who happens to have his birthday on the same day as you, I take the liberty to send you from the far away Germany, the heartiest wishes for your seventy-first birthday. May you celebrate in the best of health still many many times! This wishes you in deepest admiration”[MTP].

November 21 Wednesday – Clemens’ **A.D.** of this day included: Father Hawley, and the meeting at which he presided in Hartford, 30 years ago—showing the ill effects of having too many orators when trying to raise money by public speaking [MTP Autodict2].

Thomas Bailey Aldrich wrote to Lyon asking about his spectacles left there during his visit [MTP].

Elice Pumpelly Cabot (Mrs. Thomas Handasyd Cabot) wrote to Sam. “I am sending some proofs and one finished picture. I like very much the one that is finished and the two in which you are showing. Do you like any of them?” She could have any of them finished for him. Her parents had left for Egypt [MTP].

Alice R. Capers wrote from 41 Huntington, Ave., Boston to announce she was sending a picture of Mark Twain she would like autographed [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon on letter: “Answered Nov. 26; has not arrived here.”

November 22 Thursday – Clemens’ **A.D.** of this day included: The international copyright bills before Congress in ’86—Clemens supported the Chase bill—The young physician (now very old) who by drawing quaint pictures and writing original poems persuaded his little patients to take his odious mixtures, & who afterwards had these published in book form & is still living on income from his book, as he is a citizen of an honest country, Germany—Clemens will be 71 next week—His copyrights will soon begin to expire, therefore he must continue writing [MTP Autodict2].

Carmen Ramos wrote from Buenos Aires, Argentina to ask for Sam’s autograph for their “Golden Album.” She named-dropped **Theodore Roosevelt** as one who had complied. A rubber stamp was pressed before her signature reading “*Commission du, Grand Album d’Or*” [MTP].

John D. Rockefeller, Jr. wrote to Sam, regretting that Sam had been unable to meet with his Men’s Bible Class, and invited him to their annual dinner which would take place on Dec. 5 or 6, or 13; he hoped Clemens might choose a convenient day [MTP].

November 23 Friday – The Charlton Public Library banned *Eve's Diary*, and the New York Times reported the story on page one, Nov. 24:

BAR MARK TWAIN'S BOOK.

A Massachusetts Librarian Draws the Line at "Eve's Diary."

Special to The New York Times.

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 23—"Eve's Diary," by Mark Twain, a copy of which is among 100 books recently bought for Charlton Public Library, has been barred by Frank O. Wakefield, one of the Trustees. The other Trustees, the Rev. G. O. Jenness and Lewis A. McIntyre, concur with him. The other ninety and nine books are all right, but this one book Mr. Wakefield says, is objectionable. That is because there are pictures in the book of a kind to which Mr. Wakefield objects.

Before "Eve's Diary" could go on the circulating shelves, the Librarian, Mrs. H. L. Carpenter, looked it through. She saw the pictures and made known to Mr. Wakefield that she "had her doubts."

On every left-hand page is a picture, fifty of which represent Eve in Summer costume. Her dresses are all cut Garden of Eden style. In one of them Eve is seen skipping through the bushes unrestrained and not at all afraid. The bushes do not seriously cut off the view of Eve.

After looking long and earnestly at one picture depicting Eve pensively reclining on a rock, Mr. Wakefield decided to act.

Mr. Clemens sent out word last night to a TIMES reporter who conveyed to him the substance of this dispatch, that the action of the Charlton library was not of the slightest interest to him.

At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to Miss **Faith Baldwin** of Brooklyn; he suggested if she had provided a self-addressed stamped envelope on her five other attempts at an autograph, she might have then been successful. He signed the typewritten note and sent it on [MTP].

Clemens' **A.D.** of this day included: Clemens tells of his idea in regard to international copyright, which he disclosed to Dr. **Oliver Wendell Holmes** thirty-five years ago [MTP Autodict2].

Elizabeth Jordan wrote to Sam, thanking him for the "privilege of reading these letters. They are delicious; and as I told Mr. Paine over the telephone this morning, I would like nothing better than to publish a few of them with introduction and comments by you. However, I know you are ill...and I can see, too, why you do not care to appear in connection with these letters. / I am therefore returning them to you by messenger to-day" [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote on the back in ink: "Thank Mrs. Frances Powell Case, of Flotsam, Wainscot, L.I. / for her book." **Frances Powell Case**, pseud. "**Frances Powell**" had sent a copy of her book *The Prisoner of Ornith Farm* (1906) in August. This may be another book or a delayed thanks by Clemens. See Gribben p. 132.

McClure, Phillips & Co., signed **N.A.B.**, wrote to Sam, assuring him that the author of *The Viper of Milan* was indeed now only 19 and had written two other novels since *Viper*, when she was between 16 and 17 years old [MTP]. *Note:* Between Nov. 23-26 Sam wrote in the top left, "Send me her picture & let me see."

William O. McDowell wrote on The United Nations of the World, NYC letterhead to Sam. "I have to-day given Mr. Ezekiel Leavitt, a Russian literary man of distinction, a letter of introduction to you. / Mr. Leavitt was compelled to leave St. Petersburg a number of years ago, and has established himself successfully in New York. / You will remember our work together as co-members of the Pan Republic Congress Committee..." [MTP]. *Note:* Sam on the env. "Russian distinguished literary man coming. Am done with *everything*."

Mrs. Harold B. Smith wrote from Worcester, Mass. to Sam enclosing a clipping (not extant). She wrote they enjoyed "Eve's Diary" and also chapters from his Autobiography [MTP].

November 23 ca. – On or after this day Sam directed **Isabel Lyon** to “Thank Mrs. Frances Powell Case, of *Flotsam, Wainscot, L.I.* for her book” [MTP]. *Note:* The book and author, **Frances Powell Case**, pseud. “Frances Powell” author of *The Prisoner of Ornith Farm* (1906). The book had been inscribed by Case in August, 1906. See Gribben 132.

November 24 Saturday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Came to Hfd. —Allyn House” [MTP TS 148]. *Note:* she had been ill since Nov. 14.

Clemens’ **A.D.** of this day included: More about international copyright—Congresses & Parliaments made up of men who know nothing about the matter—Clemens disputes with Lord Thring his statement that there is no property in ideas [MTP Autodict2]. The segment was selected for *MTE* [372-80].

Andrew Carnegie wrote to Sam.

“Wednesday, 18th of December, has been fixt by Boss Gilder and myself for the Dinner which you are to grace, so pray keep that clear, and three days before spend in fasting and prayer so that you shall be fresh as a daisy. We are all looking forward to it with great interest. Hope you are well / Yours” [MTP].

Mrs. **Marion Francis Crawford** wrote from “Sant’ Agnello Di Sorrento” to ask in teeny-weeny handwriting for Sam write his autograph to her on a flyleaf of *IA* [MTP].

David W. McKay wrote on Koy-lo Co. letterhead to Sam, listing the four stockholders with amounts pledged. McKay asked for Sam’s check for \$6,500, payable to the order of the **International Spiral Pin Co.** in payment for the \$19,500 of shares taken by him [MTP].

Ella McMahon wrote from 37 Fifth Ave., NYC to Sam.

I think they have this shocking book at the Young Woman’s Christian Association Library. The librarians gave me an amusing account last summer of a dear old lady who made their lives miserable upon having the original of “Adam’s Diary”: the writer said he translated it, therefore, the original was to be had and the library ought to have it. / I am sending you by this mail, with much pleasure, the “Figaro”’s review of your beautiful, beautiful “Joan of Arc” and a very true editorial on your friend, Howells... [MTP]. *Note* in the file reads: “Anecdote concerning Mary Wilson appeared in the segment of SLC’s Autobiography published 21 Sept. 1906 in the *North American Review*.”

Miss **I.C. Spencer** wrote on Hotel Martha Washington, NYC letterhead to ask Sam if she might use his aphorism about the cat on a postcard with his name: “*A home without a cat, and a well-fed, well-petted and properly revered cat, may be a perfect home, perhaps, but how can it prove title?*” [MTP].

November 25 Sunday – In N.Y.C. Sam inscribed his “bad liquor good” aphorism in a copy of *HF* to **Garth W. Cate** [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal (in Hartford): “Quietly in bed I stayed. Hattie came in in the morning. I saw Leila in the afternoon” [MTP TS 148]. *Note:* see letter to Clemens below.

Isabel V. Lyon wrote a note to Sam.

I was unhappy to have to go away yesterday without the chance of having you speak to me; but the human race was getting it, for you were saying that the human race was a disappointment, & no better than—

or not so good as—the monkey. I went down to the front steps feeling like the monkey—a sorry monkey, & by his looks you know how sorry a monkey can feel.

Hattie Enders came in today after church & she said beautiful things that have to be converted into beautiful messages for you.

I am feeling better after much sleep, but I am still that humiliated, and I am hoping that all goes well with you, and that it goes merrily, too [MTP].

Sam then wrote on Lyon's above note to **Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.)**.

[*crosswritten on second page:*] I was dictating, in the front room, ground floor, when she passed out to take her train. She heard only the opening sentence: "I believe that our Heavenly Father invented man because he was disappointed in the monkey." I have told the stenographer to write and tell her she only heard the gentlest sentence in the whole chapter—wait and see the rest.

You see, I didn't know anybody was overhearing me. I don't mind Miss Lyon, but it might have been you, & it might have been Clara; I don't want either of you around except when I am concealing my real opinion. There's no considerable liberty possible, where there's a niece or a daughter on the bridge.

At this very moment I am only waiting for Clara to depart for her train, then I am going to get up & do some forbidden things & have a pleasant time.

10 minutes later. She has come, & she has gone. I shall have adventures now [MTP].

November 26 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Andrew Carnegie** at 2 E. 91st St., N.Y.C..

Dear St. Andrew:— / I should be delighted to be able to attend that dinner of yours, and would endeavor to come in a proper frame of mind, if the people who are trying to doctor me would let me come at all; but I have had many warnings from them, and from other sources, which convince me that I must stay in the house, hereafter, at night. If I were allowed to go any place after dark, it would be to your dinner [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.)**.

Dear pal, you have a very accurate instinct: I *had* been in mischief—which isn't unusual, even with me— & I was a little afraid to tell you the details. I still think that the crimes I had been committing in your absence will fare better unconfessed, though really I can give you my word they were no worse than usual.

I am not sorry you have read that dreadful book, but my main idea was to have Harry read it; because it is history & in the line of his literary likes & interests. But my! its horrors are the merest trifles compared with King Leopold's bloody doing in the Congo State to-day. I have been arranging for Leopold with St. Peter. Also I got a contract out of him for weather for you, & for the babies. If the weather furnished is not satisfactory, let me know. Peter has promised to advance you a story higher. I asked him to give Harry & me a lift, too, but he murmured as if to himself, "in my father's house are many flats, but we don't need any more just now." Do you think he meant Harry? He wouldn't mean both of us would he, do you think? Would it be courteous—with me right there? He was a little reserved with me, because he had heard about the Charlton library banishing Eve's Diary on account of the pictures, & hadn't yet made up his mind what stand he would take in the matter. He was *very* much interested in the pictures, & was taking as suspiciously long a time examining them as had that clothed but unclean-minded librarianess. Seven interviewer have been here, but I have not seen them & have been careful to send them word that I could not talk upon the matter because I felt no interest in it—which is true; but in one case I forgot myself & said a bright thing. But no harm has come of it. The newspaper doubted the commercial wisdom of printing it, I judge.

Clara's just gone! ordered to the country for 2 weeks by the doctor. She wouldn't consent to go until I made a lot of promises. I mean to keep some of them. But I was to begin last night & I didn't. I caught a fresh cold in the billiard room & had a horrible night. I was outside the house 20 minutes, yesterday, for the first time in several weeks. I was to repeat, to-day—by command—but

This is the House of Gayety! Miss Lyon left for Hartford day before yesterday—ordered by the doctor to remain away & rest 2 weeks. Jean's gone, Clara's gone—there'll be nobody on the premises but the servants & me for a fortnight. And it is a week of anniversaries—this one—and there is nothing else that is so hard to get through with. They are the birth-anniversaries of two of my dead, & of my own birth—and—worst of all—

Thanksgiving Day. Not the dinners—they are pleasant—but the rest of the day, with its cloud of reminiscences & its dim procession of passing spectres.

3 p.m. Last year I was loaded to the eyebrows with public engagements, from October 23 till mid-April. This year I have declined every public invitation, except one. I accepted that one day before yesterday, & have canceled it to-day. Mary, there are few people who are wiser than I—indeed I don't suppose there are *any*. I wish I could have been born the same day with Solomon; just to see if he would still be remembered now.

“Du bist wie eine Blume”—& the rest of it. It all applies to you, dear niece. / Affectionately your uncle [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal (in Hartford): “Today I went to see Mrs. Ingalls.” And for Nov. 27: “And spent today quietly with her.”

Andrew Carnegie wrote to Sam. “Good morning your majesty / It has occurred to us that you stay over night with us upon the dinner night so you shall escape going home in the night air” [MTP].

John G. Carlisle wrote on Manhattan Club note paper to announce the annual dinner of the Kentuckians would this year honor **Henry Watterson**. Since Watterson was leaving for Europe, the dinner would be on Dec. 11 at 7 pm at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel [MTP].

Ezekiel Leavitt wrote to Sam; not mailed, delivered with his letter of introduction from **William O. McDowell**. He was anxious to make Sam's acquaintance. “I am going to write a characteristic of your remarkable literary spirit for a Russian journal, and before sending it to Russia I would like to see you....Under a separate cover I am sending you my latest production “Russian Tales and Poems” [MTP]. *Note:* see Nov. 23 from McDowell.

Joe Twichell wrote that he was to be in NY Monday evening Dec. 3 for a dinner to Mr. Robert Ogden at the Waldorf-Astoria, and requested he might lodge at Sam's house. “I am sure you love me well enough, if anything is in the way of it to tell me so without discomfort. We are grieved to hear that Jean has had to leave home for her health's sake. May it not be for long.” After his signature, Joe wrote, “PS I also am a man of international reputation. A sermon of mine has been printed *in England!*” [MTP].

Owen Wister wrote from Phila. to Sam. “The other day in New York I was coming to see you, when I learned you were ill in bed. This is only to say how sorry I was to hear that; & I hope it's best untrue ever since, & will continue so” [MTP].

November 27 Tuesday – George Chainey wrote a long rambling letter from Williams Bay, Wisc. to Sam, enclosing a flyer on “The Unsealed Bible,” volume 1 of 30 planned [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote on the env. “Crank Letter / Auto”

Elizabeth L. Howard wrote from Anoka, Minn. to wish Sam birthday greetings as her birthday was the same. Her husband was an 80 year old disabled veteran of the Civil War from Michigan [MTP].

John I. Raymond wrote to Sam, feeling that his letter of complaint of Nov. 19 had “gone astray,” and enclosed a copy. Raymond was the son of the late **John T. Raymond**, actor who played Col. Sellers [MTP]. *Note:* in his previous letter John had complained that Sam had besmirched his father's character in the Autobiography.

November 28 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon's journal (in Hartford): “Today I came out here to beloved Harriet Enders. The children are wonderful. John, Bunny, Ostrom, and Elira—yes, they are wonderful” [MTP TS 148].

Theodosius Botkin wrote from the US Consulate, Port Louis, Mauritius, to relay a humorous story about one M. Perrement who suffered as a stutterer. Perrement had waited on Sam when he was in Port Louis

on his world tour. Perrement “called on the Curepipe drugstore one day and tried to ask for some Ipecac. He addressed the lady clerk—‘D-d-d-d-donnez moi de h-h-h-hip-hip-hip——’ and just then the English clerk yelled ‘Hurrray!’” [MTP].

Roi Cooper Megrue for Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Sam enclosing two copies of one contract and another to be signed by Sam for the production of “How I Became Editor” [MTP].

November 29 Thursday - Thanksgiving – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to **John Y. MacAlister** in London (incoming not extant).

It was good to hear from you. Particularly to-day, which is Thanksgiving Day, sacred to humbug & hypocrisy; & so a letter from a sincere source comes as a breath of fresh air to the person who has fallen down the privy.

And it is lonesome in this house. The doctors banished Jean to the country 5 weeks ago; they banished my secretary, Miss Lyon to the country for a fortnight last Saturday; they banished Clara to the country for a fortnight last Monday. And so I'm a solitude. They banished me to Bermuda—to sail next Wednesday—but when I found that Col. Harvey couldn't go with me, I struck, & shan't go. My complaint is permanent bronchitis, & is one of the very best assets I've got, for it excuses me from *every* public function this winter—& all other winters that may come. I wouldn't trade it for your Unique, be you as vain of it as you may.

The cheque for Plasmon dividend, £700 is received & hereby acknowledged, with thanks.

I am glad you like Susy's Biography, I think it is a dear little book, & I have limitless reverence for it.

Well, I wish I *could* go to England once more. I'd have gone to the Aberdeen 400th last September, but they didn't offer me a degree & it made me jealous of Carnegie & I wouldn't play.

Always sincerely & affectionately yours, ... [MTP].

B.L. Willits wrote from Lenox, Iowa to ask Sam where he might obtain “The Soliloquy of King Leopold” [MTP].

November 30 Friday – **Sam's 71st Birthday.**

Gertrude Natkin sent a telegram to Sam. “Congratulations & best wishes with love and blots” (kisses) [MTAq 30]. *Note:* in her diary, Gertrude wrote: “I sent this telegram early in the morning. In the evening I sent Mr. Clemens my birthday gift which was a leather case. Soon after this Mr. Clemens went to Washington on business, that is to try to hve a copyright bill passed to have the rights of the published preserved fifty years after he is dead” [*ibid.*].

At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam sent a telegram reply to **Gertrude Natkin**, 138 W. 98, N.Y.C. “the same to you and good health and happiness” [MTP].

Clemens' **A.D.** of this day included: from Susy's Biography, item about the ducks—Mr. Clemens tells of his young ducks that had their feet chewed by snapping turtles—**Billy Rice's** version of “There is a happy land,” and Mr. Clemens's recollections of the first negro-minstrel shows [MTP Autodict2; MTE 110-118].

Dr. **A.L. Benedict** wrote from Buffalo, NY to Sam, noting that in “a published anecdote” Sam had claimed he was descended from “two or three of the judges who tried Charles I,” one of Benedict's ancestors. If Sam had made a study of his Benedict “would be greatly obliged for information” [MTP]. *Note:* Sam did not answer, as witnessed by an unused stamped env. in the file.

John Larkin wrote to Sam heading the letter “Re Fentress Land Company” and including details about 1000 acres of the Tennessee land [MTP].

December – Sam’s story, “Hunting the Deceitful Turkey,” first ran in *Harper’s Monthly*, p. 57-8 [Budd, *Collected 2*: 1012].

Sam inscribed a copy of *The \$30,000 Bequest and Other Stories* to **Anita Moffett**: “To Anita Moffett / with affectionate Xmas greeting / from her kinsman / Mark Twain / Dec. 1906” [MTP].

Sam also wrote a letter declining to attend a gathering of Kentuckians to honor **Henry Watterson**, his third cousin by marriage.

I am sorrier than I can convey in words that I shall have to be absent when the Kentuckians foregather to do honor to my age-long friend and kinsman, Henry Watterson, but such is the case. My sixteen years of annual bronchial attacks have consolidated in accordance with present-day policy and become a permanent trust, carrying on business all the year around without vacations. Therefore my physician has forbidden me to attend public gatherings at night this Winter. This with the idea of saving what health is left to me.

May Watterson long keep his superfluity of it, since it comes of his being about the best man in the country at the present time, and, as far as I think, the only one without sin [MTP]. *Note*: the letter appeared in the N.Y. *Times* on **Dec. 12, 1906**

The Reader published a photograph of Mark Twain by **Vander Weyde**, on p. 107. without commentary [Tenney: “A Reference Guide Third Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1979 p. 191].

Henry Arthur Jones’ article in the *Atlantic Monthly* issue for Dec., “Literature and the Modern Drama,” refers to Mark Twain as “a not distant kinsman of Cervantes” who uses satire to do nascent American drama a favor—“clearing it at the start from sham heroes and sham heroics” [Wells 27].

December 1906 to 1907 – Sometime during this period, more likely on his 1907 trip to England, Sam enclosed a “Tuck’s Post Card” in a letter (the card itself is not postmarked) to daughter Jean. The card has a printed poem “To Mark Twain” about the “secret little maid,” so that famous picture is likely on the reverse side. He wrote:

Jean dear, do you remember this picture with the accidental child in it?

This is made in Germany, & is good work. I am so glad, so very glad, to hear that you are cheerful & happy, & are going to fight it out on Dr. Patterson’s lines & help him in every way you can to push your improvement along to a cure. Lovingly / Father [MTP]. *Note*: “Patterson” is likely **Dr. Frederick Peterson**. The postcard also bears the following, printed vertically on the left edge: “Raphael Tuck & Sons Series No. 2565. ‘Mark Twain.’ / ART PUBLISHERS TO THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.”

December 1 Saturday – In NYC **Albert Paine** wrote for Sam to **Thomas Bailey Aldrich** in Boston.

Mr. Clemens asked me, this morning, to send you a pair of gold glasses which he found in his evening coat, when he put it on last night for the first time since you were here. He says you will probably suspect that he took the glasses with malice aforethought, intending to sell them, and that he is returning them now because he has been unable to find a market. He declares, however, with his right hand in air, that such is not the case; that the glasses were in reality put into the coat by his butler, supposing them to be the property of this household, and not by any evil intent, even on the part of the butler.

He is aware that this statement has a fragile look, but he cannot improve upon it to any extent. He hopes, therefore, you will accept it without investigation [MTP].

Clemens’ **A.D.** of this day included: Sam’s early experiments with mesmerism [MTP Autodict2; *MTE* 118-125].

Rev. **William Potts George** wrote from Wash. D.C. sending 71st birthday congratulations. He complimented him on his many books and asked about p. 499 in *FE*, the statement made about the Ganges

River “and its fatality for germs”—had this discovery of Mr Henkin been corroborated by further investigation?” [MTP].

Charles J. Langdon wrote to Sam enclosing check for \$25 for coupon of Atlanta Gas Co. belonging to Susie’s estate. He was “delighted” to hear from Sue Crane that he was in excellent health [MTP].

Eugene Fitch Ware (1841-1911), pseud. “**Ironquill**,” poet from Kansas, wrote a short note to Sam. “Dear Mr. Twain: I picked up your last volume. I read it clear through from cover to cover. It was like a bobtailed flush—I could not lay it down. / Yours sincerely, ...” [MTP]. *Note:* see *MTB* 1373-5 for more on Ware. A bobtail flush, also called a four flush, is four cards in the same suit; not a winning hand by itself. See Sam’s reply as printed in the Dec. 6 issue of the *Washington Post*.

Cornelius Vanderbilt for the Fulton Monument Assoc. sent an artistic notice that at the meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria on Nov. 14, Samuel Clemens had been appointed “a member of the Committee on Site,” consisting of “forty distinguished citizens” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the env. “Committee on site Fulton Memorial / Accept / Answerd Dec. 5”

December 2 Sunday – At 21 Fifth Ave, NY Sam wrote a letter of thanks and greeting with a German translation on second leaf to “My far away friends” to an **unidentified person** [MTP: American Art Assoc. catalog, Mar. 3, 1925 Item 98].

Sam also wrote on a calling card to **Robert Underwood Johnson**: “Mouldy 71 thanks the Johnsons a thousand times” [MTP].

Clemens’ **A.D.** of this day included: Sam’s early experiments in mesmerism, continued [MTP Autodict3; *MTE* 125-131].

Edwin M. Beattles wrote from Boston to send birthday greetings to Sam and a clipping from the *Boston Journal* of Dec. 1.

Twain Aged 71 And Alexandra 62

Humorist Says He Couldn't Help Not Being Born Same Day as Queen.

New York, Nov. 30.—Mark Twain, the humorist, is 71 years old today; and Alexandra, Queen of England, who is not a humorist, will be 62 tomorrow. The grand old humorist received hundreds of messages of good cheer at his home in lower Fifth avenue. The white-haired writer is enjoying excellent health for a man who has passed the three score and ten mile-post of his life.

I feel just as young as ever,” was the statement Mr. Twain gave out in reply to an inquiry. He wouldn’t discuss the matter further.

The Queen of England will be 62 years old tomorrow. When asked if he had anything to say regarding the Queen’s birthday, Mr. Twain declared: “I can’t help it that I wasn’t born on the same day as the Queen. I assure you it wasn’t my fault. England’s Queen has much to be congratulated for during her life.” [MTP].

Grace Kramer wrote from the Hotel Lenox, Boston to ask Sam if there was a book available on the Congo situation. She also offered birthday wishes [MTP].

December 3 Monday – Clemens' A.D. of this day included: Mesmerism continued—The Baron F. incident [MTP Autodict3; MTE 131-136].

Fanny E. Coe wrote from Jamaica Plain, Mass. to Sam. She was "preparing a series of reading books for publication" and wished to use the *TS* fence episode [MTP]. *Note*: "Ansd Dec. 6"

Major Leigh of **Harper & Brothers** wrote to Sam. "I beg to hand you herewith statement of your account for the year ending October 30 last. In doing so, permit me to present to you my congratulations" [MTP].

George B. Merrick, accountant for University of Wisconsin, age 65, wrote to ask Sam's permission to quote a quarter page and a half page from *LM*. In the file, a copy of a Diamond Jo Line Steamers booklet, "A 750 Mile Panorama Saint Louis – Saint Paul," which quotes Twain; he does not refer to it being an enclosure; it bears no copyright page [MTP].

December 4 Tuesday – **Isabel Lyon's journal (in Hartford)**: "At twilight I walked through the beautiful rooms of this beautiful house & my heart torn into sobbing shreds by my homesickness for the King" [MTP TS 148]. *Note*: she likely toured the Farmington Ave. house.

December 5 Wednesday – **Francis Trevelyan Miller for Connecticut Magazine** wrote to Sam, enclosing a poem, "To Genial, Whole-Souled Mark Twain," and a copy of the current issue with birthday congratulations [MTP].

Clemens' A.D. of this day included: "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur" written to contrast English life of the Middle Ages with modern civilization—Arrestment of **King Leopold II**—His character contrasted with character of lawyer who cared for John Marshall Monument Fund [MTP Autodict3; MTE 211-213].

December 6 Thursday – Sam replied to the Dec. 1 from **Eugene Fitch Ware** aka "**Ironquill**", the letter later appearing in the Dec. 16 issue of the *Washington Post*, p. E6. which contained Ware's "compliment" and Sam's reply:

Dear Mr. Ware:

I am an old brass-bound, copper-rivited, fire-assayed Presbyterian, with seventy-one years' experience in unworldliness, & I don't understand your metaphor, but I know it was intended as a compliment & I make it cordially welcome. / Sincerely...[MTP]. *Note*: see Dec. 1 from Ware.

Sam "rushed off" to **Washington, D.C.** "to attend hearings before the copyright committee" on **Dec. 7 and 8** [Dec. 7 to Jean Clemens; Dec. 8 to Emilie Rogers]. *Note*: no prior plans for this trip were found; evidently Howells or someone else already in Washington alerted him that his presence might help.

Clemens' A.D. of this day included: **Clara's** pious remark when her wounded hand was being treated—**Jean's** remark when Sam received dinner invitation from **Emperor Wilhelm II**—The emperor's dinner—The official of the Foreign Office, and how he got a desired vacation, and retained it [MTP Autodict3].

Dr. Giovanni Nesti wrote from Florence, Italy, a short note in Italian to Sam [MTP]. *Note*: at the bottom is written "XII. 06."

W.H. Dyer for the Middlesex Club "the oldest Republican Club in Massachusetts," wrote to Sam, giving a long list of luminaries they had entertained, including President Grant. Dyer invited Sam to attend a dinner on the anniversary of Grant's birth, Apr. 27, and to give an after dinner address, for which they would pay his usual fee. Mr. Thorndike Spalding would be in NY the following morning and would telephone [MTP].

Julien Tappan Davies, attorney, wrote from NYC to Sam. He had borrowed Sam's moral question photos from a very good friend, **Henry M. Flagler**, and could not find them to return. "I have had the pleasure of meeting you more than once here in New York," though he thought Sam did not likely remember him. Could Sam send him another set so he could return them to Flagler? [MTP]. *Note*: Flagler to Sam, Oct. 4.

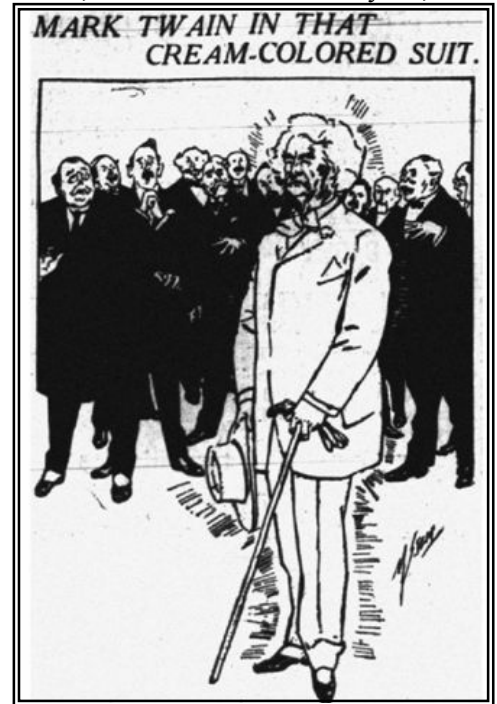
December 7 Friday – Sam was in **Washington, D.C.**, and spoke before the Joint Congressional Committee on Patents in favor of stronger copyright legislation. It was a cause Twain was long chasing. Shelden writes perhaps the most dramatic and telling account of his appearance in his white suit:

On a blustery Friday afternoon in December 1906, Mark Twain arrived for a special appearance at the Library of Congress, trailing smoke from his usual brand of cheap cigar. The temperature hovered at freezing and the skies were gloomy, but he was dressed warmly in a long dark overcoat and a derby from which thick curls of white hair protruded on either side. At the main doors, facing the Capitol, he entered the Great Hall of the Library and made his way down a long marble corridor to the Senate Reading Room, where a hearing was in progress on copyright legislation. The Librarian of Congress—a dapper middle-aged man named Herbert Putnam—was expecting him and emerged from the hearing to escort Twain inside.

All heads turned as the famous guest strode to the front of the chamber, which was full of lobbyists, lawyers, authors, and publishers. Normally used as a private study for senators, the high-ceilinged room had the look and feel of an elegant club.... At a long conference table facing the gathering were the dozen or so members of the Joint Congressional Committee on Patents, chaired by a jowly Republican lawyer from South Dakota, Senator Alfred Beard Kittredge.

...Twain reached his seat and paused to remove his overcoat. By this simple gesture he caused—as one observer later put it—"a perceptible stir." That was an understatement. Against the fading light of the afternoon Twain emerged as a figure clothed all in white. His outfit perfectly matched his hair, from his white collar and cravat—held in place by a "creamy moonstone"—to his white shoes. Among so many soberly dressed fellows in black and gray, he stood out as a gleaming apparition, impossible to ignore [MTMW xvii-xviii]

Insert: New York World, Dec. 8, 1906, p.1.



William Dean Howells was in the audience. Shelden writes he was "so taken aback by this unconventional outfit that the first words from his mouth were 'What in the world did he wear that white suit for?'" [*ibid.*]. *Note*: wearing white in the dead of winter was considered a shocking breach of etiquette, something Sam often relished doing. However, Twain received extensive press coverage for he flamboyant flaunting of such social norms. A composite of Sam's speech based on several sources may be found in *Fatout*, *MT Speaking* p.533-39.

Later, at the **New Willard Hotel.**, Sam wrote to daughter **Jean** in Katonah, N.Y., giving his arrival and explaining the nature of his trip.

Jean dear, I came down yesterday, to attend the hearings before the copyright committee to-day & to-morrow. I was asked to speak, this afternoon, & did it. I enclose my notes for the speech, so that you can see it was a bright one & a good one.

I shall stay here several days & work for the bill, in your interest & Clara's. The Speaker of the House has given me his private room in the Capitol, & a Colored messenger to invite members for me, & I shall talk to every member. It is a large job, & will take some days, but I shall enjoy it. To-day there were a hundred people present, including a couple of dozen ladies, & I was the only man there in snow-white clothes. The others all wore black, & looked gloomy & funereal. But I had a mighty good time talking copyright to them, & Howells laughed the buttons off his clothes. /Lots of love & hugs, / Father [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Joseph Gurney Cannon**, Speaker of the House of Representatives, who had allowed Sam to use his special office.

Dear Uncle Joseph—Please get me the thanks of Congress—not next week, but right away! It is very necessary. Do accomplish this for your affectionate old friend—and right away! by persuasion if you can, by violence if you must. For it is imperatively necessary that I get on the floor for 2 or 3 hours and talk to the members, man by man, in behalf of the support, encouragement and protection of one of the nation's most valuable assets and industries—its literature. I have arguments with me—also a barrel. With liquid in it.

Get me a chance! Get me the thanks of Congress. Don't wait for the others—there isn't time—furnish them to me yourself, and let Congress ratify later. I have stayed away and let Congress alone for seventy-one years, and am entitled to the thanks. Congress knows this perfectly well; and I have long felt hurt that this quite proper and earned expression of gratitude has been merely felt by the House and never publicly uttered. Send me an order on the Sergeant-at-Arms. Quick! When shall I come? With love and a benediction, / Mark Twain [Paine's 1917 *Mark Twain's Letters* 801-2]. *Note:* the letter ran in the *N.Y. Times*, p.1, Dec. 9, 1906.

Sam then wrote to **Kate D. Wiggin (Riggs)**:

Dear Mrs. Riggs: / I have telegraphed you & provoked you to say dam—and I am as sorry as I can be; sorry I can't be there Sunday; & not perfunctorily so, but most sincerely so, for I was going to see you, & have a good time; & moreover I am very sorry to break into your plans. But needs must when duty drives. It is may be that this improved copyright bill can be pushed to success; if so, there is only one way, not two: every member of Congress must be reasoned with individually. I am the only person that is willing to undertake this formidable enterprise, & perhaps the only one who has the gifts to do it 'ansomely. And so, I shall stay here & attend to it. The Speaker gives me his private room in the Capitol, & a servant to send for members, & I shall talk to all the members in urgent favor of the proposed copyright-limit of "the author's lifetime & 50 years after."

Sunday afternoon I shall talk to the President, & try to get him to send in a special message.

Forgive me—but don't forget me [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal (in Hartford): "Today came word that the King went to Washington on the copyright issue, & AB went with him" [MTP TS 149].

Daniel Carter Beard wrote from Flushing, NY to announce he was "the happy daddy of a bouncing baby boy" [MTP].

B.B. Fouts, "collector of relics," wrote from Seabrook, Tex. to Sam. Fouts had a cane supposedly made from the Florida, Mo. house that Sam once lived in. Fouts described the cane and wanted to know if it was authentic [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Never seen the house since he was 2½ years old—wasn't interested in it then & still less now."

Elsie Clews Parsons (Mrs. Herbert Parsons) wrote from 1229 Nineteenth St. NYC to introduce herself and invite Sam to lunch on Sunday at 1:30 p.m. [MTP].

Frederic Whyte wrote to Sam and enclosed an excerpt—**Alfred Russel Wallace's** (1823-1913) advocacy of phrenology—from Wallace's book *The Wonderful Century; Its Successes and Its Failures*. (1898).

Whyte asked for Sam's response, which he published (without Sam's permission) in the London *Daily Graphic* [MTP; Gribben 734]. *Note:* Sam supposed his reply was a "private answer" and would not be used in "a public way." See Jan. 29, 1907 complaint of the publication.

The New York *Times*, ran "Mark Twain in White Amuses Congressmen":

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—Mark Twain spent a busy afternoon at the Capitol today, and for half an hour entertained the newspaper correspondents with a characteristic talk. Despite the blustering wind which swept down Pennsylvania Avenue, the author wore a suit of white flannels. In the members' gallery, which he first visited to watch the proceedings of the House, he attracted general attention.

Later Mr. Clemens visited the Speaker's room, and while awaiting the arrival of "Uncle Joe," entertained a dozen Congressmen, including Grosvenor, Payne, Daizell, and Foster, who hastened to pay him their respects. With the Speaker Mr. Clemens discussed briefly the pending Copyright bill. With William Dean Howells and a party of other authors and publishers, Mr. Clemens came here to be present at the hearings on this bill, which are now being conducted in the Senate reading room at the Congressional Library by the Committee on Patents of the Senate and the House.

With Mr. Howells, Edward Everett Hale, Thomas Nelson Page, and a number of other authors, he appeared before the committee this afternoon. The new Copyright bill extends the authors' copyright after the term of his life and for fifty years thereafter. It is also for the benefit of artists, musicians, and others, but the authors did most of the talking. F. D. Millet made a speech for the artists, and John Philip Sousa for the musicians.

Committee Enjoys Twain's Speech.

Mr. Clemens was the last speaker of the day, and its chief feature. He made a speech the serious parts of which created a strong impression, and the humorous parts set the Senators and Representatives in roars of laughter.

Chapters from "My Autobiography—VII" ran in the *N.A.R.* p.1089-95.

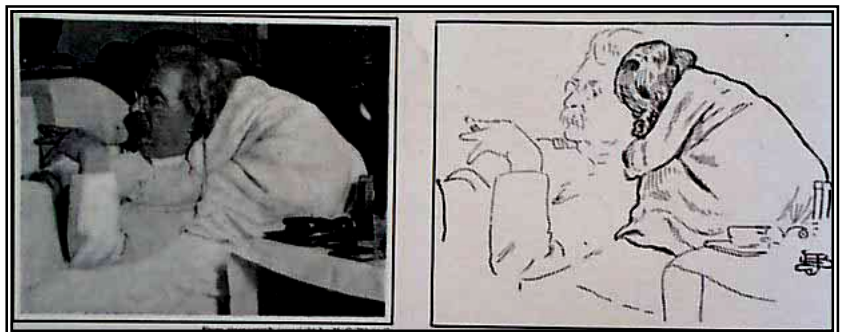
December 8 Saturday – At the New Willard Hotel, Washington, D.C., Sam wrote Emilie R. Rogers:

Oh, dear me I *am* ashamed! I forgot to telephone you (in my hurry) that I must rush off to Washington in the interest of the new copyright bill & couldn't keep my engagement for 5 p.m. yesterday with you. I am dreadfully sorry, & I apologize.

I came down to do a few days' or a week's lobbying, leaving to the others the speech-making before the committee; but yesterday afternoon when I was tired out & asleep in the Speaker's private room in the Capitol I was ordered to go before the Committee & speak; which I did; then I resumed my lobbying again, shall now go on with it from day to day. I tried to persuade Uncle Joe Cannon to smuggle me in on the floor of the House for lobbying purposes, but he won't. However, he has compromised by doing for me what he has not done for a lobbyist before, probably: he gave me his private room for as long as I want it, & a servant to invite members to come in & talk copyright; & so I shall stay here & conduct a strenuous private canvass of the House.

Clara invited you & Uncle Henry but I didn't know, when I left home, whether you had accepted or not. I hope I'll be there when you come, but I may be disappointed, for I must abide here & keep on striking while the iron is hot—for this a very important bill. Lobbying, man by man, buttonhole by buttonhole, is the only possible way to get it through, & there is no one to help me in this. It carried the bill of 22 years ago, & I am fully as shameless a lobbyist as I was then.

With love to you both [MTP].



Harper's Weekly ran a photo of Mark Twain in bed captioned: "The Musing Sage and—" juxtaposed with a drawing of the same scene captioned "The Accidental Little Girl in the Pillow." Under the illustrations a poem by **L.J. Bridgman**, "To Mark Twain." See insert

Muriel M. Pears wrote from Washington, D.C. to Sam.

My greatest and Dear Magician,

Is it possible you are in town and I have only this instant heard it? But I might have known, for only this morning I was thinking of you with a sudden vividness and actuality, so that I said aloud: "I do *wish* I had a little time to sit down and tell that Dear man what I had been feeling over his autobiography..." She asked if he might call on her if he was to be there awhile. She was staying with a friend and would sail for home next month [MTP]. *Note:* written on the letter, "She called at Capitol."

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

December 9 Sunday – **Margaret H. Wentworth** wrote from Wash. D.C. to Sam. She had "two young orphan nieces" under her care and asked if Twain might see them for a minute while in town [MTP].

December 10 Monday – **Isabel Lyon's journal**: "Home again—& the King is still in Washington. The papers are full of him, for he went down there with plenty of white clothes & people love to see him in them" [MTP TS 149].

David A. Munro for the *North American Review* wrote to Sam:

I am in distress over one of the first four pages of the new instalment of the autobiography, and the printer expects me to send them to the press tomorrow. That is why I pursue you to Washington.

On page 1218, Joe Goodman challenges Tom Fitch to duel and "modifies" him.

On page 1219, we expect the major to stand Joe up against Tom Fitch. But Joe is stood up with Steve Gillis and "modifies" Steve. What I would know at the last moment is if that is a slip of the pen....If it is all right as it stands, please telegraph me the words "Let it stand." [MTP]. *Note:* see Sam's reply in the "Dec. 10 after" entry.

The New York *Times*, Dec. 11, p.1 reported Sam's progress in **Washington, D.C.**

MARK TWAIN, LOBBYIST.

He Cuts Loose from Artists and Musicians on Copyright Bill.

Special to the New York Times

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—Uncle Joe Cannon did not comply with Mark Twain's request to get him the thanks of Congress, "in a hurry," so that Mark, in his new capacity as lobbyist, could go on the floor and seek votes for the Copyright bill. Uncle Joe would have done it if he could, for he would do anything for Mark, but even a Czar's power is limited.

However, he did the next best thing. He turned his private room over to Mark Twain today to do his lobbying in. As soon as the Speaker spread the tidings Congressmen began to pour in. Mark Twain talked incessantly for five hours and a half. He saw 180 members, very nearly half the membership of the House. All the leaders of both parties came in, Grosvenor, Dalzell, Payne, Williams, Champ Clark, and all the rest.

Mark Twain did not try to be funny with these 180 Congressmen. He fired solid argument at them, and when he got through he had learned something as well as they. He had learned that the authors had made a mistake in tying up their cause to that of the musicians, artists, and other professional men. He discovered that not even his influence and popularity were great enough to save the musicians and artists; that they were

doomed anyhow, and that the authors were likely to fall with them unless the bill were split. He also learned that if it was split and the authors got a bill of their own before Congress, it would pass.

Alice Terne Glitterman for Public Education Assoc. of Wash. D.C. wrote to Sam, recollecting the time as a “tremulous Freshman in the corridors of Smith College” Twain had asked her the way to “Harry Tyler’s.” “Then she guided you to his awe-inspiring door and fled. Inquiry developed that you were *YOU*, and she always cherished the memory of your quip, and of the little merry walk with you along the halls of Fame.” She felt a beggar asking for “one whole evening of your time and voice” [MTP].

Margaret Lee wrote from Brooklyn to Sam. “I send you a copy of Senator Lodge’s Bill for Perpetual Copyright, and also Mr. C. D. Warner’s argument for it. I read that it was his last important piece of work. I am praying that you will succeed this time in this effort for common justice.” She enclosed several newspaper clippings in support of copyright legislation [MTP].

William A. Wetzel wrote from the High School in Trenton, NJ asking for a “message” for his students of “New Year’s Greetings” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Decline / Thank him for his suggestion”

December 10 after – Sam wrote on the back of **David A. Munro’s Dec. 10**, a likely telegram reply: “Make page twelve-twenty read ‘Joe tumbled Fitch down next morning with a bullet’ etc.” [MTP]. *Note:* Since Munro was up against a deadline, it may be Sam telegraphed him on Dec. 10 or 11. The MTP catalogs as “after 10 Dec.”

December 11 Tuesday – Sam sat for photographer **Frances Benjamin Johnston** (1864-1952) in her **Washington, D.C.** studio. He wore his white suit [Madsen 53]. *Note:* Johnston was a well-established professional who had photographed some of America’s prominent figures, including **Theodore Roosevelt, Susan B. Anthony, Booker T. Washington, Andrew Carnegie, John Philip Sousa** and others; She was the first official White House photographer. See p. 54 or print LC-J601-1305 or 1305A on Library of Congress website.

The *New York Times*, Dec. 12, p.1, “Twain’s Plan to Beat The Copyright Law,” datelined Dec. 11 from **Washington, D.C.** announced Mark Twain’s progress and activities:

He finished his legislative work in behalf of the Copyright bill to-day and will return to New York to-morrow morning.

“My duties as an occasional, unsalaried, professional lobbyist are at an end for the present,” he said.

He spent the day seeing Senators, Mr. Lodge having turned over his committee room for the purpose, as Mr. Cannon had turned over his own room yesterday. In the afternoon he and Albert Bigelow Paine, his secretary, went out to Rock Creek Cemetery for a drive.

Strangers Paw Him.

His stay here has been a sort of triumph. Wherever he has gone crowds of people have hurled themselves upon him to shake his hand. He cannot appear in the lobby of the Willard without becoming instantly the centre of a swarm of men and women, strangers to him, who fairly paw him in the exuberance of their joy.

This morning he registered his opinion of the elaborate thingumbobs out of which one has to pour cream in high-toned hotels.

“Paine,” he said, after he had tried to pour some cream into his cup and had landed it in the saucer, “Damn this—damn—Paine, I am frightfully short of adequate profanity.”

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Conflicting telegrams arrive, but a final one says that the King will arrive tomorrow” [MTP TS 149].

R.G. Casey wrote on R.G. Casey, Safes, Prague, Okla. Letterhead to Sam. “Dear Doctor—It has been handed down to me for generations that I am related to you by blood. Now, if this is true, I am not ashamed of it, if you

are not. I have it this way. Your Mother's name, was Jane Lampton, her mother's name was Peggy Casey, daughter of Col. Wm. Casey of Kentucky. If that is true, your grand Mother Peggy Casey, and my grand father Green Casey, were brother and sister.... He would like to have a picture of the Clemens family and invited Sam to make his home in "sunny Oklahoma" [MTP]. *Note:* if correct, this would make R.G. Casey Sam's second cousin.

December 12 Wednesday – Sam returned to New York, and 21 Fifth Ave. [NY Times - above].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "This afternoon I went out to do an errand & on my return I found the King had arrived. He seemed sweeter & mellow than ever before. He can go away from me, but I shall not go away from him again unless he sends me" [MTP TS 149].

Miss **Curtis Wager-Smith** wrote on Plastic Club, Phila. letterhead to Sam, asking for help for copyrighting machine-made music, listing several organizations she'd applied to which did not know [MTP]. *Note:* on or just after this date Sam instructed Lyon to reply to her:

Apply to Librarian of Cong for bill before Cong. will see that machine made music has been intruded into it, & machine m. music is a matter for the patent office to handle—and has no place in literature If she will obtain & read the existing law she will be satisfied with it. It is perfectly sane—and the only thing desired is that Congress shall say yes or no as to the extension of time required by those who are anxious for it [MTP].

Miss Wagner-Smith also pasted a clipping from *The Press*, Phila. to the letter, "Mark Twain, Lobbyist." The article described Sam's efforts in seeing 180 members of the House of Representatives, arguing for the Bill. It also paraphrased Sam that it was a mistake to tie copyright of literary works up with music. Wagner wrote, wasn't it about time someone did something about copyright protection? [MTP].

Mr. **Vere Goldthwaite** (b. 1870) wrote from Boston to Isabel Lyon, to thank her "the sweet courtesy" with which she received him when he called at Sam's house the day before He apologized for any impropriety. He enclosed a clipping dated Dec. 9, 1906 from the Boston Sunday Globe, which held a large picture of a young and distinguished looking Goldthwaite, "author of a New Book on Ingersoll," yes, **Robert G. Ingersoll**, hero to Twain. The book was yet a MS which may explain why this man chose to knock on Sam's door [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote on the env. "My Compliments." Gribben supplies that this book, *The Philosophy of Ingersoll* was indeed published, though gives no date beyond Sam's 1906 copy. It was inscribed to Clemens:

"To Mark Twain, / with special reference to the following lines, 'I believe in the medicine of mirth and in what I might call the longevity of laughter. Every man who has caused real, true, honest mirth, has been a benefactor of the human race' /and with the kind regards of / Vere Goldthwaite / Dec. 1906"

William Holsten for New York American wrote to Sam that likely he'd seen letters of Col. **Cowalsky**, counsel for King Leopold of Belgium, accusing Sam of acting under a retainer from the British government. Rumors to the effect that Sam was out of the Congo movement due to his friendship with **H.H. Rogers**. "I have made several fruitless efforts to see you in regard to these matters. Will you not consent to make some statement in connection with them?" [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote for Sam on the letter: "If the fool had come to the hotel instead of sending his damn note we could have talked. Even if he'd seen him there would have been nothing to talk about for Cowalsky's suggestion & the other sug. are mere silliness & not worth any attention."

H. Lenare, Jr. wrote from New Morton House, Erie, Pa. letterhead noting Sam's remark in the NY *Journal* of "how ridiculous the dress of the Male sex is." Lenare supported such a movement, perhaps begun by getting "together a number of prominent men such as, Literary, Doctors and Professors who have made health and comfort a study" [MTP].

December 13 Thursday – Clemens' A.D. of this day included: As regards the coming American Monarchy [MTP Autodict3].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

This morning when I told the King apropos of AB's friends that there was one of them that he didn't like & that it was Stedman, he said, "Oh, no, I only despise him, I don't dislike him."

AB is going to live here in the house to be the King's billiard player.

Strength is flowing back into my veins & I am glad to be alive.

Mr. Clemens said that the best bathing he ever did was in Etretat where he could stand out on a porch & pour buckets of sea water over himself & the water ran away through the slits in the flooring [MTP TS 149-150].

The Knickerbocker Publishing Co., N.Y.C. wrote to Sam asking to go over the sketch of his life they were preparing for their forthcoming work the *National American Biography* [MTP]. **On or after this date** Sam replied: "Can come see me / Have nothing to do with blowing my own trumpet except when I do it with my own mouth. I do it in autobiography—don't care how degraded I am in that" [MTP].

James F. Mallinckrodt wrote from St. Louis to support Sam in his efforts at copyright legislation. "Appearing in white attire, in winter, in the capitol of the country, in any one else would have been cranky." [MTP].

Miss **Cally Thomas Ryland** (1868?-1947), Richmond, Virginia's first outstanding journalist-columnist-author, wrote from Richmond, Va. that since a young girl it had been her ambition to meet Mark Twain; now she was 35 and still wanted just as intensely to do so [MTP].

Julia Barnett Rice (Mrs. Isaac L. Rice) for the Society of Suppression of Noise, NYC wrote to ask Sam for his "help in our fight." She enclosed editorials (not in the file) [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote: "Perfectly willing to be on advisory board but can do no work / if younger I would."

Of the selections from Twain's **A.D.**'s, DeVoto selected about half of the materials not chosen before by Paine to be included in *Mark Twain in Eruption* (1940); among DeVoto's choices, was a section entitled "The Plutocracy." Included in that section were nine segments, the first dictated this day and titled, "The Drift Toward Centralized Power." Sam reported the speech of **Elihu Root**, Secretary of State, that prophesied accumulation of power in the Federal government; Sam felt America was drifting toward monarchy; that it was human nature [61-66].

December 14 Friday – **C.B. Fleet**, druggist, Lynchburg, Va. wrote a humorous anecdote prefaced by the tale that Sam once told of a chairman of a lecture committee, complimenting him on "Heathen Chinees," one of Bret Harte's poems. It seems just after a play of Col. Sellers there, a man thought to be intelligent said about the play, "if you've seen one Shakespeare play, you've seen them all" [MTP].

J. Adelphi Gottlieb for the Medical Corps wrote to Sam that they were forwarding a "diploma of Honary member of the International Sanitary and Public Safety Commission," and requested his photo, and "such personal data as you may care to send for the Permanent archives" [MTP].

December 15 Saturday – *Harper's Weekly* published Mark Twain's letter to **Henry Mills Alden** to observe Alden's 70th birthday. The letter was written sometime **between Oct. 22 and Nov. 10, 1906**.

ALDEN,—dear and ancient friend—it is a solemn moment. You have now reached the age of discretion. You have been a long time arriving. Many years ago you docked me on an article because the subject was too old; later, you docked me on an article because the subject was too new; later still, you docked me on an article because the subject was betwixt and between. Once, when I wrote a Letter to Queen Victoria, you did not put it in the respectable part of the Magazine, but interred it in that potter's

field, the Editor's Drawer. As a result, she never answered it. How often we recall, with regret, that Napoleon once shot at a magazine editor and missed him and killed a publisher. But we remember, with charity, that his intentions were good.

You will reform, now, Alden. You will cease from these economies, and you will be discharged. But in your retirement you will carry with you the admiration and earnest good wishes of the oppressed and toiling scribes. This will be better than bread. Let this console you when the bread fails. You will carry with you another thing, too—the affection of the scribes; for they all love you in spite of your crimes. For you bear a kind heart in your breast, and the sweet and winning spirit that charms away all hostilities and animosities, and makes of your enemy your friend and keeps him so. You have reigned over us thirty-six years, and, please God, you shall reign another thirty-six—“and peace to Mahmoud on his golden throne!” /Always yours, Mark

The *Harper's Weekly* article was entitled “Mark Twain Soliloquizes on ‘Being Good’ and Decides to Let ‘Good Enough’ Alone,” p. 1790-1. Tenney: “Photographs of MT in a rocking chair on a porch at Dublin...with his comments. Reproduced in facsimile is his introductory note: ‘This series of 7 photographs registers with scientific precision, stage by stage, the progress of a moral purpose through the mind of the human race’s Oldest Friend SLC’” [“A Reference Guide Third Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1979 p. 190].

Herbert Welsh, a vice-president of the **Anti-Imperialist League**, wrote to Sam to reinterest him in the Philippine cause [MTP]. **On or after this date** Sam replied: “Interests are full to the brim—cannot find the time to add another one, they poison my life. The woes of the wronged & the unfortunate poison my life & make it so undesirable that pretty often I wish I were 90 instead of 70” [MTP].

Miss **Bessie Hupp** wrote from Chanute Kans. to ask Sam where she might get her song published [MTP].

Julia Barnett Rice wrote from NYC to thank Sam for going on the board of the Society for the Suppression of Noise [MTP].

John S. Phillips for American Magazine wrote to advise Sam that they were putting him on their complimentary list for another year. The magazine had changed hands and in many ways was new [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote “Thank them handsomely very much obliged for extending the courtesy of that excellent magazine.”

December 16 Sunday – Mr. and Mrs. Edwin R. Ray wrote, from Tacoma, Wash. to express thanks for *HF*—their two “fine boys” are always “instantly delighted” by having it read to them [MTP].

December 17 Monday – In N.Y.C. Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam and declined an invitation to lecture from **Mrs. Caverly** [MTP].

Clemens’ **A.D.** of this day included: The coincidence of the Kaiser’s and the portier’s appreciation of “Old Times on the Mississippi,” expressed almost in the same moment—The coincidence of Clemens reflecting on the definition of the word civilization, and then picking up the morning paper and finding his very ideas set forth by a writer who attributed the marrow of his remarks to Clemens [MTP Autodict3].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Oh the dear queer foreign people who write such nice funny English to the King. Here is one now, a woman from Argentina who wishes “health & good luck to the Mark Twain. Do the favor to write mi on the present tarjet an idea; thanking you for the same, your humble, S. Monica Victoria Gomez.” I find that tarjeta is Spanish for post card—so of course to her tarjet is the English of it [MTP TS 150].

Frank N. Doubleday for Doubleday, Page & Co. wrote to Sam: “Dear M.T. Here is what Andrew Carnegie says of What is Man. I’ll call on you in a day or two.” Evidently he had sent one of the 250 privately printed booklets to Carnegie, who wrote, in part: “Thanks for the volume. It will startle the ordinary man, but I don’t see that it goes much deeper than we were before. ‘The New Knowledge’, Prof. Duncan (Barnes), you should read. All is electric and one substance—of course the Brain is) somehow governs the Universe, the ant and the man included” [MTP].

Nellie C. Magennis wrote from Randolph, Vt. to ask Sam if he rec’d her prior letter and sheet music. It was all she had to earn money from, writing music, to support her 93 year old mother [MTP].

December 18 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to **Frederic Whyte’s Dec. 7**, which included an excerpt from **Alfred Russel Wallace’s** book *The Wonderful Century* containing advocacy of phrenology. Whyte asked if Sam had studied phrenology (reading of bumps on the scalp).

I never did profoundly study phrenology; therefore I am neither qualified to express an opinion about it nor entitled to do so. In London 33 or 34 years ago, I made a small test of phrenology for my better information. I went to Fowler under an assumed name, and he examined my elevations and depressions and gave me a chart which I carried home to the Langham Hotel and studied with great interest and amusement—the same interest and amusement which I should have found in the chart of an imposter who had been passing himself off for me, and who did not resemble me in a single sharply defined detail. I waited three months and went to Mr. Fowler again, heralding my arrival with a card bearing both my name and my nom de guerre. Again I carried away an elaborate chart. It contained several sharply defined details of my character, but it bore no recognizable resemblance to the earlier chart. These experiences gave me a prejudice against phrenology which has lasted until now. I am aware that the prejudice should have been against Fowler, instead of against the art; but I am human and that is not the way that prejudices set. / Very truly yours ... [MTP]. *Note:* this has been labeled to “unidentified” but fits with date and subject with Whyte’s incoming of Dec. 7, 1906.

Sam also wrote on a card to **James R. Osgood** regarding an appointment. Source gives only “about 35 words,” but does not give the text [MTP: Parke-Bernet Catalogs, 30 Oct. 1940].

Clemens’ **A.D.** of this day included: Clemens and **Albert Bigelow Paine** go to Washington, in company with the members of the League Committee, to plead for the extension of the Copyright bill [MTP Autodict3].

George Barton wrote from Phila. to Sam, enclosing a large page article from the Oct. 16, 1904 issue of *The Oregonian*, “Who is Foremost Private Citizen of America?” picturing Edison, Cleveland, Carnegie and Twain, this last section written by **John Kendrick Bangs** [MTP].

John W. Crampton wrote on Union League, New Haven, Conn. notepaper to invite Sam to their annual dinner, usually on Jan. 17 but which could be arranged to suit [MTP].

A.L. Hardy wrote from Long Beach, Calif. to Sam. Hardy had been on the committee charged with bringing Sam to the Palmer House, Chicago feed for Grant by the Armies of the Tennessee and Cumberland. Hardy described the all night party with only seven left at dawn, and listed all who remained and what had become of each [MTP]. *Note:* Isabel Lyon wrote: “Remember that night very well. The Chicago Press Club was organized that night toward 7 in the morning—is still in existence.” **Nov. 13-14, 1879** see entries.

Helen Keller wrote to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens: / I heard with deep concern what you were doing in Washington the other day, and I have been so full of alarm and solicitude for you ever since, I must needs take the arduous climb to your “seven-terraced summit” and give you an admonition.

I hope you got the copyright law you wanted, and that you will get everything else you want, if it is really good for you. But pray, pray, do not try for a copyright that shall last as long as your books. Three thousand years is quite long enough in all reason. To think of eternal copyright is greed unlimited, and would hardly tally with your avowed purpose of making the Congo Free State a land of bounty—and with your costume in Washington! Were you in that white costume practising by degrees for the Ascension robe? If you were, beware now, take heed what you do, lest you should wear penitential sackcloth.

I have lately had several chapters of your autobiography read to me. I need hardly tell you with what delighted fingers I listened to them. You seemed present in very truth. All your power, all your generous vehemence, your fiery eloquence for the good of humanity were there. For you always are you, and genius is but You made manifest as a spirit, an idea to many. You have made me love your dear wife and daughter as if I had indeed held their hands. You three are united in my heart.

Perhaps my teacher and I may go to New York to attend a public meeting for the blind sometime during January, and then nothing will do but we must see you. What you said in their behalf last March greatly helped, and continues to help the workers for the blind. But you, as a reformer, know that ideas must be driven home again and again. So, although I cannot add anything to the wisdom which you and Mr. Choate uttered, I can chirp where the lions roared last year. We and our cause shall stand sure with your dear companionship for support.

By the way, do you think it will be possible to interest Mr. Rogers in the work? He has done so much for me, I do not like to ask any more, even for others. But if you happen to have opportunity, perhaps you can tell him what we are doing, and let him see that our work is practical, and may appeal to the judgment of a great business man as well as to his heart.

With kindest regards from Mr. and Mrs. Macy, and with loving wishes for a happy Christmas, I am, / Affectionately your friend ...[MTP]. *Note:* Sam replied Dec. 23.

A.G. Welker wrote from Sparta, Wisc. to Sam thinking there might be family connections between them, “that your Father and my Mother’s Father were brothers, My Mother’s Name was Clemmens” [MTP].

December 19 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to the Dec. 13 from Miss **Cally Thomas Ryland**. “I am thankful to say that such letters as yours *do* come—as you have divined—with a happy frequency. They refresh my life, they give it value; like yours, they are always welcome, and I am always grateful for them. / Sincerely Yours ...” [MTP]. *Note:* Ryland used a common device for humorist—she created a fictional “alter ego” who could get away with speaking blunt and outlandish truths, much like Twain’s “Mr. Brown.” She was the society editor for the Richmond *News Leader*. Her first novel appeared in 1904, *The Taming of Betty*, which later became a silent film.

Sam also wrote to “**Champ**” **Clark (James Beauchamp Clark)** (1850-1921), prominent Democrat from the 1890s on; Speaker of the House (1911-1919). “I thank you ever so much for letting me see those cordial & welcome words. Approval is what we live by; without it life is not valuable. And so, I thank you again” [MTP].

Clemens’ **A.D.** of this day included: Clemens gives his reasons for insisting upon an extension of the Copyright bill—arranged in the form of an interview with a member of Congress [MTP Autodict3].

Henry Darracott Allison wrote from Dublin, N.H. to Sam, wondering with the “approach of January 1st” would Sam take the Upton house for the following summer? [MTP].

Georgie Fyfe wrote from Mauritius to Sam, recalling the many happy times she’d spent with the Clemenses in Vienna. She felt his spirit haunting there. She was there recovering from an appendectomy. She still often saw the Stuarts, and “little Daisy has made a great success of her training with Lechetitsky” [sic] [MTP].

December 20 Thursday – **Isabel Lyon’s journal**: “Geraldine Farrar” [MTP TS 150].

Clemens' **A.D.** of this day included: **Capt. Osborn** tells to **Bret Harte**, in a Californian restaurant, his adventure of falling overboard and his rescue. A tramp overhears him, claims to be his rescuer, is liberally rewarded, and afterwards discovered to be an impostor [MTP Autodict3].

William R. Coe sent Sam a large fold out map of Bermuda. No letter [MTP].

Samuel Post Davis wrote from Carson City, Nev. to Sam.

I was visiting Joe Goodman last week at his home 1423 Central Ave. Alameda. I write to tell you that he is on the verge of extreme poverty through the fire and earthquake in S.F. Nearly all his holdings are now non productive and he told me that he was hunting unsuccessfully for something to do and by spring his savings will be exhausted.

It occurred to me that you with your influence with Harpers might be able to secure some congenial employment for him in his declining years. It seems a pity to see one of the finest intellects in the country and the best heart in the living world, doomed to poverty in the sunset of his life [MTP]. *Note:* Davis confided that Joe did not know he was writing about Joe's situation.

December 21 Friday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

Electric music. *Bermuda*.

The King is planning to go to Bermuda if Mr. Twichell can go too, & I'm to go as valet & myself. I've written to Mr. Twichell & now we're waiting. Mr. Clemens would like to go there for the summer & has had me look up the temperature & other things. He thinks he'd like the isolation, but the lack of companionship would make more desolation for him than anything else, for he of all people must have companionship—mental companionship.

This afternoon Mr. Clemens & I went to see the working of the Electrical Music invented by Cahill. They have their intricate & marvelous machinery at 39th Street & Broadway & as we stood in the show room by the intricate keyboard with at least 300 keys, the clear bell like tones came to us from a chandelier or from a great hydrangia plant. Most wonderful of all was the musical wave of sound that came through an arc light. The more intense the light, the greater the sound. Mr. Clemens was deeply moved, as he always is by the wonderful or the impressive or the dramatic; at such times he cannot speak. The men crowded about him for his comment but he hadn't much of any to give. He has asked to have it installed in the house for the New Year's party.

We left Mr. Gardenhire at the house & found Barry Faulkner there on our return. Barry has won the prix de Rome & in January sails for Italy to be away 3 years [MTP TS 151]. *Note:* **Samuel Major Gardenhire** (1855-1923), attorney, author of *The Long Arm* (1906) and others. See Gribben 251.

Clemens' **A.D.** of this day included: Clemens' **A.D.** of this day included: Mainly from Susy's Biography—about the "Christian Union" article; the mother's methods of punishment, etc., with a few comments by Clemens [MTP Autodict3].

H. Levey, Cleanser and Dyer wrote to acknowledge Sam's order for cleaning three 3-piece white suits and cape, totaling \$10; returned Dec. 23 noted on bill [MTP].

Chapters from "My Autobiography—VIII" ran in the *N.A.R.* p.1217-24.

December 22 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to thank **Emilie R. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers)** for the Christmas cigars and the kind remembrance. He would come up "pretty soon" to wish a Merry Christmas in person as he'd "worked off the several-days' engagements which Clara had piled" on [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Mrs. Fiske's play" [MTP TS 151-152].

The New York *Times*, Dec. 23, p.2 ran an article about Mark Twain and the telephone, quoting him from the previous day, Dec. 22:

TWAIN AND THE TELEPHONE

He Hears the Telharmonium and Incidentally Tells a Story.

"The trouble with these beautiful, novel things is that they interfere so with one's arrangements. Every time I see or hear a new wonder like this I have to postpone my death right off. I couldn't possibly leave the world until I have heard this again and again."

Mark Twain said this as he lounged on the keyboard dais in the telharmonium music room in upper Broadway, swinging his legs, yesterday afternoon. The instrument has just played the "Lohengrin Wedding March" for him.

"You see, I read about this in THE NEW YORK TIMES last Sunday, and I wanted to hear it. If a great Princess marries, what is to hinder all the lamps along the streets on her wedding night playing that march together? Or, if a great man should die—I, for example—they could all be tuned up for a dirge."

"Of course, I know that it is intended to deliver music all over the town through the telephone, but that hardly appeals as much as it might to a man who for years, because of his addiction to strong language, has tried to conceal his telephone number, just like a chauffeur running away after an accident.

"When I lived up in Hartford, I was the very first man, in that part of New England at least, to put in a telephone—, but it was constantly getting me into trouble because of the things I said carelessly. And the family were all so thoughtless. One day when I was in the garden, fifty feet from the house, somebody on the long distance wire who was publishing a story of mine, wanted to get the title.

"Well, the title was the first sentence, 'Tell him to go to hell.' Before my daughter got it through the wire and through him there was a perfect eruption of profanity in that region. All New England seemed to be listening in, and each time my daughter repeated it she did so with rising emphasis. It was awful. I broke into a cold perspiration, and while the neighborhood rang with it, rushed in and implored her to desist. But she would have the last word, and it was 'hell,' sure enough, every time.

"Soon after I moved to New York; perhaps that had something to do with my moving. When I got there and asked for a fire-proof telephone, the company sent up a man to me. I opened up all my troubles to him, but he laughed and said it was all right in New York. There was a clause in their contract, he said, allowing every subscriber to talk in his native tongue, and of course they would not make an exception against me. That clause has been a godsend to me."

Speaker published a review by **J. Wylie** of "Mark Twain's Autobiography" in the *N.A.R.* Tenney: "A general, appreciative discussion, especially praising MT's love for Livy" ["A Reference Guide Third Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1979 p. 191].

Harper's Weekly published an anonymous article "Writing His Autobiography" p. 1845. Tenney: "A full page cartoon, showing MT, in furs, writing and leaning against a mile-post reading '71 Years Young'; nearby is an overturned automobile on which the front license plate reads 'Serious Life'" [42].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP as misdated.

December 23 Sunday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied with thanks to the **Dec. 18** of **Helen Keller**.

O, thank you for those lovely words!

Now as to your January visit: we must certainly meet then, & have a talk.

Another thing. You say,

"As a reformer, you know that ideas must be driven home again & again."

Yes, I know it; & by old experience I know that speeches & documents & public meetings are a pretty poor & lame way of accomplishing it. Last year I proposed a sane way—one which I had practised with success for a quarter of a century—but I wasn't expecting it to get any attention, & it didn't.

Give me a battalion of 200 winsome young girls & matrons, & let me tell them what to do & how to do it, & I will be responsible for shining results. If I could mass them on the stage in front of the audience & instruct them there, I could make a public meeting take hold of itself & do something really valuable for once. Not that the *real* instructing would be done there, for it wouldn't; it would be previously done privately, & merely *repeated* there. But it isn't going to happen—the good old way will be stuck to: there'll be a public meeting: with music, & prayer, & a wearying report, & a verbal *description* of the marvels the blind do, & 17 speeches—then the call, upon all present who are still alive, to contribute. This hoary program was invented in the idiot asylum, & will never be changed. It's function is to breed hostility to good causes.

Some day somebody will recruit my 200—my dear beguilesome Knights of the Golden Fleece—and you will see them make good their ominous name.

Mind, we must meet! not in the grim & ghastly air of the platform, mayhap, but by the friendly fire—here at 21.

Affectionately your friend ... [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Very cold & the King started to make calls but came home when he reached 42nd St., because it would be too cold for the coachman. Later he started off to go to Lily Burbank's & there he met Isabel Hapgood—"a devil"—who repeatedly assailed him with her anti Xian Science talk. 3 times she made her attack & he came home hating her cordially—savagely. But we had a dear dinner à deux & then music & talk about the party to come. It's so good to hear the King plan a program & to see his sweetness. I was tired & had a pain in the top of my spine, but the evening with him banished all that [MTP TS 152].

H.B. Magill (Harry Byron Magill, b. 1872; author) wrote from Chicago on Great Northern Hotel notepaper wishing him the best in his fight for copyright legislation.

Your mission to the nation's capitol is being closely watched and read with deep interest by the writer and by many thousands at large. It is a noble struggle for *principle* on your part and when achieved, as it will be, you will not personally participate in the benefits but *knowing* that your children will live to enjoy the fruit of your labor will give you unbounded joy and happiness in your declining years [MTP].

Mark Twain's name was again used by a group lobbying for reform. The *New York Times*, p.SM4, "The Anti-Noise Society," by **Julia Barnett Rice (Mrs. Isaac L. Rice)** reported:

The Anti-Noise Society

The movement to form the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise has met with a response so general, from public officials and citizens in every walk of life, that the day seems to be at hand for a general crusade in that direction. A few days ago Mr. Clemens ("Mark Twain") sent me a charming letter [not extant] through his secretary in which he expressed the wish that he were young again that he might work hard for the movement, but adding that we could use his name in the crusade against noise.

December 24 Monday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

C.C. goes to spend tonight with the Gilders & she'll hang up her stocking. The King wanted to be represented too in that stocking, so he sent me up to Vantine's to buy a pin—it happened to be a jade pin & is good. The barber came to trim the King's hair. The tailor came to try on his new grey suit. I went a'shopping & then Bynner came to dinner. He hasn't been well for a long time. We went up to C.C.'s room & she sang for us. She sang charmingly & Bynner was brought out of an evilish mood by her "queer voice." It is a strongly individual voice [MTP TS 152].

Charles S. Smith for the People's Institute wrote to Sam discussing a "scheme" which he hoped would meet with Sam's approval. He wanted Sam to serve on a General Committee [MTP]. **On or after this date** Sam replied: "I am quite willing he shall use my name in so good a cause, but I take him at his word that it requires of me no activities as I'm too old & too well loaded up to furnish any" [MTP].

Samuel Post Davis wrote again to Sam, discussing plans and projects to help **Joe Goodman** from impending poverty. He was selling stock and had a promise from Duneka at Harpers for \$150 for an article.

We must not delay in this matter.

Money is impossible here in Carson. I can't raise a dollar on state or county warrants and both banks are busted and will not open until Jan[.]

I enclose the letter [not extant] that you may fully realize the necessity of immediate action but I have led Joe to believe that I have written direct to Harpers. I have written you as you are the only one in N.Y. that knows Joe and I am sure Harpers will move when you ask [MTP].

Charles J. Langdon wrote to Sam enclosing a draft for \$88.67, Sam's share of the Buffalo property rent up to Jan. 1. He complained of neuritis and mentioned a trip to New York to take "electrical treatments" [MTP]. Lyon wrote on the letter: "This family wouldn't require him to come here we'd have gone to his hotel if we'd known he was here. Wish him a happy N.Y."

Joe Twichell wrote a short note to Sam. "Yes, indeed, I will go to Bermuda with you, and be overjoyed to. Hurra! Hurra!!" He wanted to know the date of departure [MTP].

December 25 Tuesday Christmas – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam inscribed in a copy of *What is Man?* to **Neltje Blanchan DeGraff Doubleday** (1865-1918) (**Mrs. Frank N. Doubleday**) :

Dear Mrs. Doubleday: / This book has wandered into my hands, & as it is too delicate & pretty for a person like me, & just right for a person like you, I wish to beg you to take it. / With the affectionate regards of a long-time friend—to wit / SL. Clemens / New York, Xmas, 1906 [MTP: Christie's catalogs, May 20, 1988, Item 156]. Note: Mrs. Doubleday often wrote under the pseudonym of **Neltje Blanchan**, and was a significant nature writer and contributor in *Atlantic Monthly* and *Harper's*. See also Gribben 200.

Sam also inscribed a copy of *Eve's Diary* to **Percy Stickney Grant**:

Dear Neighbor Grant: / Do not cast this friendly token aside on account of the pictures. Skip the pictures. I didn't make the pictures. But the letter-press is safe; I made the letter-press. I prefer the pictures, myself, but they have been condemned by the Charlton Village Library, because it has a standard of indecency of its own, & these pictures have failed to reach it. / A merry Christmas to you! / SL. Clemens / Xmas, 1906 [MTP].

Sam also inscribed a copy of *Eve's Diary* to **Katy Leary**: "To Katy Leary with the affectionate regards of her age-long friend. The Author. New York, Xmas, 1906" [MTP: American Art Assoc-Anderson Galleries Catalogs, Feb. 15-16 1934, Item 65].

Sam also inscribed a photograph of himself to **Henry Rawcliffe**: "Truly yours, Mark Twain. Dec. 25, 1906 to Henry Rawcliffe." At the top of the mat Sam wrote an aphorism from Chapter IX of *PW*: "It is easy to find fault, if one has that disposition. There was once a man who, not being able to find any other fault with his coal, complained that there were too many prehistoric toads in it" [MTP: Parke-Bernet Galleries catalogs, Feb. 23, 1954, Item 118].

Sam ate Christmas dinner with the **Rogers family** [MTHHR 622]. *Note:* n1 of source: “Miss Lyon notes in her journal for that day that he was waiting to see ‘what kind of an indigestion’ he would get from all ‘the mince pie and plum pudding mixed together he had eaten.’”

While spending Christmas with the Rogerses, Sam inscribed a copy of *The \$30,000 Bequest and Other Stories* to H.H. Rogers’ youngest daughter, **Mai Rogers Coe**: “*To Mrs. William R. Coe / Merry Christmas! December 25, 1906. / Taking the pledge will not make bad liquor good, but it will improve it. M.T.*” [Sotheby’s NY, June 18, 2002, Lot 128].

Jean Clemens’ diary: “Father’s ‘Birds of North America’ is a beautiful book and will prove very useful indeed” [Gribben 675: TS in DV13a, MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Christmas—and I’ve spent a lot of it with the King—both before he went out to the Rogers’s for dinner—for C.C. stayed a long time at the Gilders’ & it seems dreadful for the King to be much alone—and after he came back I went down to his room & for nearly 2 hours we talked with a solid frankness. He told me how Gardenhire was drawing up papers to make AB literary executor—but that isn’t the place for AB & C.C. would not wish him to occupy it—so he will be surprised to learn of an annulment of that situation. I read a lot of the “Orion” auto-ms. aloud to dear mother this afternoon. She does love it so—and then we went down to the Brevoort for some sweetbreads & a bottle of Sauterne. On the way out I had a surprise for her, for I had asked the King if I might bring her to salute him in his bed & she was in the sweetest flutter of excitement when she went in & he talked to her about the mince pie & plum pudding he had eaten for dinner, & he was waiting to see what kind of an indigestion he’d get out of it [MTP TS 153].

Tryphosa Bates-Batcheller sent a 3”x5” purple card of Merry Christmas and Happy New Year 1907 [MTP].

Gertrude Natkin wrote to Sam. “Knowing how busy you are and also how tired you are I do not wish to make you more so by taking up time but I do want to wish you a very merry Christmas. I hope that Santa has many good things in store for you, the Coming Year, including your copyright law” [MTAq 31]. *Note:* Sam replied, on or just after this day, also by telegram: “Wish you same and good health and happiness” [*ibid.*].

December 26 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.)** in Tuxedo Park, N.Y. After musing over who it was that called and said her name was Mrs. Rogers, Sam offered this fictional dialogue about going to Bermuda in summer.

Naturally I came home yesterday almost entirely convinced that Bermuda-in-summer & suicide are interchangeable terms. By midnight I had almost come to the conclusion to retire from the experiment.

Then I thought I would talk with Abraham about it & be guided by his advice. So I went there, & crept into his bosom, stirred him out of his dreams, & stated my case. He said,

“Who was it that said it was a bad summer climate?”

“Oh, Broughton, Coe, the Admiral—in fact all the family.”

“And your niece?”

“Yes.”

“What do they know about it?”

“They don’t know. But they have heard.”

“Heard?”

“Yes.”

“What kind of evidence is *heard*?”

“I—well, I dunno.”

+ + + (Reflection)

“When were you here last?”

"A little over 3 centuries ago."

"How did you find my bosom then—considered as a climate?"

"Well—er—"

"Oh, speak out!"

"Well, it was pretty damp & sweltery."

"But on the whole, comfortable?"

"Y-e-s—oh, quite."

"You had just come from visiting your Uncle Harry. How was his place, for climate?"

"Oh, insufferably warm & dry!"

"Now then, how should you regard an *average* between my climate & his'n"

"Oh, prime—just the thing!"

"All right—that is exactly what Bermuda in summer is. With this advantage—that there you have sweet sea-breezes instead of brimstone-fumes. It wouldn't answer for your niece, I grant you that. She is young, & unseasoned. But you are old & mouldy & seasoned. Ask Peter about her—he knows. Take my advice: try Bermuda."

===

So that settled it, & made me once more anxious to make the experiment.

11:45 Twichell is ready to go—as per letter just received.

11:50. Miss Lyon has telephoned Will Coe, & he is securing the passages for Jan. 2.

===

It is time to get up.

Many many many thanks for the picture, Mary dear—it is excellent [MTP].

Clemens' **A.D.** of this day included: Clemens' experiments in phrenology with **Orson Squire Fowler**; also in palmistry—General verdict; he had no sense of humor—His speech before the copyright committees of Congress [MTP Autodict3].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Gardenhire came at 2:30. The King & C.C. went to hear young MacMillan play & the King liked him very much. AB came back when we didn't quite expect him. Mrs. Gilder was here for dinner & the King abused the piano as an instrument to his heart's content. He does hate the piano so. This morning came Mr. Twichell's letter with Hurra! Hurra! in it, & the King echoed it—so I rushed up to my telephone to ask Mr. Coe to see about our passage—he got it—& we're to sail on Jan. 2nd. We're going to try to find a house down there for the King thinks he'd like to spend the summer there. They tell him that the atmosphere is so damp there that his boots will mildew over night—but he calmly says, "& suppose they do" [MTP TS 153-154].

Outerbridge & Co. Agents for Quebec Steamship Co. sent a letter of introduction for Clemens and Twichell to Mr. **James A. Conyers**, their agent in Hamilton, Bermuda [MTP].

Minna C. Smith wrote to Sam, having heard from Gilder that Sam would soon be going to Bermuda. She offered a rental there [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on letter, "Would like price / dimensions, situation etc."

December 27 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to the Nov. 9 from **David M. Jones**.

Dear Father Jones: /It is a pleasant & welcome greeting and I thank you cordially for it.

The prospect of studying Welsh Over There does not depress me, no, it cheers me. I have been trying to contrive ways to avoid that end of the hereafter because all its described aspects and conditions are so unthinkable stupid and uninviting, but I feel encouraged about it now, and am going to reform and make a try for it. But, mind you don't fail me. If you do, I shant stay; I will resign my place and come down and join you.

Sincerely yours, and therewith a Merry Xmas to you [MTP].

Clemens' **A.D.** of this day included: Mind Cure comments. The sketch entitled "Luck," and the meeting with **Lord Wolseley**, the hero of the sketch [MTP Autodict3].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Oh the dear King—Tonight when I walked into the billiard room with 2 pair of scarlet stockings—one pair for Bynner—one for the King to wear as Siamese twins in the show—he was so taken with the color that he said he'd like to wear them all the time for he loves gaudy things. In fact he'd "like to dress like a nigger". He was dear at dinner—(C.C. has gone to Katonah for a day or so & AB was the 3rd). We were speaking of Jews when he said, waving his hand in the way he does to express vastness, "The Jews are increasing so, and increasing so, that soon there'll be enough of an audience for another crucifixion." Over the telephone tonight Lily Burbank said that at the little reception on Sunday when people were invited to meet Mons. le Braz, they left Monsieur in a body when the King came in—& they never left him an instant, they loved him so [MTP TS 154]. *Note:* **Anatole Le Braz** (1859-1926), was know as the "Bard of Brittany." He was known for his charm and the Government of France sent him of foreign cultural missions 20 times. In 1906 he lectured at Harvard.

Minnie Maddern Fiske wrote to Isabel Lyon asking for Twain's signature in a copy of *HF* she sent [MTP].

John Temple Graves wrote for *The Atlanta Georgian* to Sam. He pointed out that Clemens had never been to Atlanta, and that there was a dedication of a new Masonic Temple there between Jan. 1 and the Spring that they'd like to have him come for. "I recall most pleasantly that my last meeting with you was on the day on which we were both the guests of the President during the early part of the present year" [MTP].

Joe Twichell wrote to Sam confirming the Bermuda trip. He would "come down Tuesday so as to be there by mid-afternoon" [MTP].

December 28 Friday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:**

"Puppy chew the soap."

"Mr Clemens do you care to contribute to the Booth Memorial Fund?"

"No I don't. I hate this idea of celebrities scratching each other's backs & I don't want anybody to be asked to contribute anything—for me!" [MTP TS 154-155].

Clemens' **A.D.** of this day included: From Susy's Biography: some of the stories Clemens used to tell; tribute to Clemens from **Andrew Lang**—Clemens' speech for **Booth** dinner—the game of pegs for remembering dates—Clemens is found laughing over his own book. He comments upon this—also upon the mystery of style—impossible for an author to conceal his own peculiar style—The coincidence of **Oliver Wendell Holmes** reading of death of relative, remarking that his name was incorrect because Dr. Holmes's father, who baptized him had lost the slip of paper on which name was written, & the finding of the slip by Dr. Holmes immediately afterwards— The coincidence of the **Bessie Stone** letter & the coming upon "Mary" in "Huck Finn" immediately after [MTP Autodict3].

Frederick T. Leigh for Harper & Brothers wrote to Sam explaining their position on advance advertising for forthcoming books, in reply to Sam's complaint that there had been none on CS book [MTP]. **On or after this day** on the back of Harpers' letter, Sam gave instructions to Isabel Lyon how to reply. "Tell him I understand the whole situation now & approve of it. & as to that full lengthened white clothed apparition—does he want to use it in that book—or shall he hand it to some other mag—because they want it" [MTP].

American Assoc. for the Advancement of Science, NY sent Sam a membership card and a certificate for being an elected member, signed by **William H. Welch**, President [MTP].

Manly B. Curry wrote on Army and Navy notepaper, Manila, Phillipines to Sam. Curry had a month's leave coming and wanted to meet Sam [MTP].

Samuel Post Davis wrote to Sam. In part: [MTP].

My Dear Twain. / I have written an article for the Journal and American, of N.Y. entitled "Twain at Long and Short Range." It treats of the Harper feed at Delmonicos, briefly and more of the little lunch of beer and sandwiches at that 14th St joint.

I have requested Sam Chamberlain, of the Journal to submit the proofs to you before running the article with the liberty of revision as well as the right to shelve the entire thing if you wish.

The state of Nevada is putting up a new public library to cost about \$40,000 and last summer I wrote Andrew Carnegie to see if he would not contribute something toward the structure as I knew he was fond of chucking his surplus in that direction.

He was off in Scotland somewhere and I never heard from him. Now it strikes me that a life sized statue of a Comstock miner in the rotunda of that building would be a fine thing. A miner stripped to the waist with his hands on the top of his pick handle ready to tackle an honest days work. I think you might induce Carnegie to give \$5000 for such a broze life size. Some evening we might get him round to your house and persuade him to limber up and if he proves cantankerous we could throw him down and take the money away from him. If we thought it a hazardous job we could send for Steve Gillis and make a sure thing.

I called you up by phone last week as I wanted to call and tell you about that stock but the party at the phone said that you were going out to dine. It was the night that the artists gave you the blow out. If this keeps up you will have [to] sell your dining room set [MTP]. *Note:* nothing directly given about Joe Goodman's situation. Clemens did not care much for Sam P. Davis.

December 29 Saturday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

This morning Mr. Clemens talked about the finances. The coming one will be the last year of assured \$25,000 from the Harpers. Next year will begin the 40% of the previous year's income from the books—which this year has been \$40,000 & the children must begin to realize that if they have only \$25,000.00 a year to live on—they must manage to live on that. Live on the book income, if they can—& try to keep the dividends as a back fund. (He was propped against his pillows, & his beautiful brow quivered with emotion as he spoke of Mrs. Clemens & the children) [MTP TS 155].

Clemens' **A.D.** of this day included: The end of Susy's Biography: the trip to Keokuk. Clemens speaks of the journey—mentions hearing the leadsmen's calls on the Mississippi steamboat—He sees his mother, then, for the last time in life—Gives the details of the romance of her life [MTP Autodict3].

Edith Draper wrote from Lancashire, England to offer Sam her and her husband's appreciation of his books [MTP].

Frank H. Mason wrote from Paris, France to Sam.

To have been thus embalmed in your Autobiography which will be read by generations yet unborn, this is the nearest I have ever come to getting my foot on the ladder of fame....Bless you, dear kind loyal friend, for all you have done for me and mine...I was at Mannheim with poor dear Hay the last three weeks he spent in Europe...He was a choice spirit and I often wonder whether any boys like Hay, Twain, Harte and the rest of that divinely inspired gang are being born and raised now a days [MTP].

Frank E. Tripp of the Elmira Press Club wrote to Sam. "In view of the prominent associations of your illustrious life within the city of Elmira, the members of the Elmira Press Club have taken the liberty of electing you to honorary membership in their organization." [MTP].

December 30 Sunday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

The King was so distressed when I went to him this morning with the news that C.C. had given up all the program for tomorrow eve. I have never seen him so serious—so disappointed. I went to her with the news

Autobiographical Dictations resumed on a regular basis—M-F for two hours during 1906 and 1907

& she telephoned to George Gilder & to Miss Burbank who were to have helped out, & tonight with Witter Bynner they made out a good act for the charade “Champagne” which we acted at the Pumpelly’s last summer. At dinner tonight, Mr. Clemens was telling how at an Edwin Booth Memorial Meeting he sat near Mr. Gilder, & when Gilder asked him if he didn’t think it was a good meeting, Mr. Clemens said “all but the damn poem they read” & he elaborated on the frailties of the verses, while Mr. Gilder nudged him & shifted his chair Mr. Clemens who still kept on until Mr. Gilder whispered to him that the poet was within earshot & hearing all that was said.

Dr. Quintard was here today & the summer Bermuda trip is given up [MTP TS 155-156].

December 31 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote a postcard to **Andrew Carnegie and Louise W. Carnegie**. “Unto / Mrs. Carnegie / & St. Andrew / a happy New Year & repetitions of it.† Mark” [MTP].

Sam also wrote a postcard to **Gertrude Natkin** at 138 W. 98th N.Y.C.: “A happy New Year to you, dear Marjorie, & many repetitions of the like!” [MTP]. *Note:* see Feb. 20, 1907 for her delayed reply.

The New York *Times*, p.1, reported on the New Year’s Eve party thrown at his home for **Clara Clemens**.

MARK TWAIN AND TWIN CHEER NEW YEAR’S PARTY

Humorist in a Siamese Twin Act at His House.

TWO JOINED BY A RIBBON

Twin Gets Drunk and the Joy of it Penetrates to Twain While Lecturing on Temperance.

The last thing Mark Twain did in 1906 was to get drunk and deliver a lecture on temperance, and the first thing he did in 1907 was to glory in the fact that he would be able to rejoice over other dead people when he died in having been the first man to have telharmonium music turned on in his house—“like gas.”

Of course Mark Twain did not really get drunk any more than he delivered a real lecture on temperance. He imitated a drunken man and a temperance lecturer at one and the same time, and took all the glory for the lecture to himself while he blamed his Siamese brother for the jag.

Those who have never heard that Mr. Clemens has a Siamese brother, must be told that he only had such a relative for one night only, and the occasion was a party given to a few friends in honor of Miss Clemens, at the author’s home, 21 Fifth Avenue, last night, or partially this morning, for all well-regulated cases of intoxication last more than fifteen minutes, even the imitations and the imitation given last night and given in such style that even the most ardent admirer had to admit that Mark was at least a close observer, resulted in what might be termed colloquially a “hold over.” During the hold over Mr. Clemens had something to say about politics.

The score or so of guests who had passed the evening playing charades and other games were surprised to see Mr. Clemens enter the drawing room on to the little stage at 11:30, dressed in the white suit he wore recently on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington.

With him, in a similar white suit, came a young gentleman whom the author introduced to the company as his Siamese brother. The two had their arms about each other, and their suits were fastened together with a pink ribbon supposed to represent a ligature. Twain was rather short and broad and his hair was snow white. His brother was very tall and very slight and had black hair. It was easy to see that they were brothers. Mark remarked on the close resemblance almost as soon as he came into the room.

“We come from afar,” said Mark. “We come from very far; very far, indeed—as far as New Jersey. We are the Siamese twins, but we have been in this country long enough to know something of your customs, and we have learned as much of your language as it is written and spoke as—well—as the newspapers.”

“We are so much to each other, my brother and I, that what I eat nourishes him and what he drinks—ahem!—nourishes me. I often eat when I don’t really want to because he is hungry, and, of course, I need hardly tell you that he often drinks when I am not thirsty.

"I am sorry to say that he is a confirmed consumer of liquor—liquor, that awful, awful curse—while I, from principle, and also from the fact that I don't like the taste, never touch a drop."

Mark then went on to say that he had been asked to take up the temperance cause and had done so with great success, taking his brother along as a horrible example.

"It has often been a source of considerable annoyance to me, when going about the country lecturing on temperance, to find myself at the head of a procession of white-ribbon people—so drunk I couldn't see," he said. "But I am thankful to say that my brother, has reformed."

At this point the Siamese brother surreptitiously took a drink out of a flask.

"He hasn't touched a drop in three years."

"Another drink."

"He never will touch a drop."

"Thank God for that."

Several drinks.

"And if, by exhibiting my brother to you, I can save any of you people here from the horrible curse of the demon rum!" Mark fairly howled, "I shall be satisfied."

Just then apparently some of the rum or the influence of it, got through the pink ribbon. Mark hiccupped several times.

"Zish is wonderful reform—"

Another drink.

"Wonder'l 'form we are 'gaged in."

"Glorious work—we doin' glorious work—glori-o—u-s work. Best work ever done, my brother and work of reform, reform work, glorious work. I don' feel jus' right."

The company by this time was hysterical was [*sic*] laughter. Mark was staggering about on the improvised stage, apparently horribly under the influence. His brother still held the bottle and was still putting it to the use for which it was made.

The laughter became so great that it was impossible for the old man to carry on the little farce any longer, and in a few minutes the Telharmonium music, played a mile and a half away up on Broadway, was turned on and it was playing "Auld Lang Syne" when the New Year was ushered in [*Note: of course the party ended on Jan. 1, 1907*].

Paine writes of the evening:

I recall two pleasant social events of that winter: one a little party given at the Clemenses' home on New-Year's Eve, with charades and story-telling and music. It was the music feature of this party that was distinctive; it was supplied by wire through an invention known as the telharmonium which, it was believed, would revolutionize musical entertainment in such places as hotels, and to some extent in private houses. The music came over the regular telephone wire, and was delivered through a series of horns or megaphones — similar to those used for phonographs — the playing being done, meanwhile, by skilled performers at the central station. Just why the telharmonium has not made good its promises of popularity I do not know. Clemens was filled with enthusiasm over the idea. He made a speech a little before midnight, in which he told how he had generally been enthusiastic about inventions which had turned out more or less well in about equal proportions. He did not dwell on the failures, but he told how he had been the first to use a typewriter for manuscript work; how he had been one of the earliest users of the fountain-pen; how he had installed the first telephone ever used in a private house, and how the audience now would have a demonstration of the first telharmonium music so employed. It was just about the stroke of midnight when he finished, and a moment later the horns began to play chimes and "Auld Lang Syne" and "America" [*MTB 1364*].

Isabel Lyon's journal:

June 12—I look ahead to this day with a great solemnity.

All the preparations for the party were completed—electric music, a stage built, an awning out and everything arranged for the guests to appear at 9. At 8:40 in walked Mrs. Lawrence [*sic* Laurence] Hutton and

Mrs. [von] Rottenburg Philps [Phelps], & stood in the hall with Mr. Clemens's baby bottle in my hand and looked the surprise I felt—for one of them said, "Don't be so alarmed, we didn't want to arrive so soon." However, all went beautifully. Pamela Coleman [*sic* Colman] Smith sat between two candles and told some darling Jamaica folk stories, she is a quaint creature and a protégé of Ellen Terry, a protégé—which led some who should have known better to tell C.C. that she was an illegitimate daughter of Ellen Terry. I asked AB about her mother and he knew her, and has known about the family for many years.

The charade went off with great success. Bynner really was the star of the evening for his acting in Sham was excellent. "Pain" was Mr. Clemens as a baby once more, & Champagne was Bynner & Mr. Clemens as twins; B drinking steadily but the effect passing into Mr. Clemens who was giving temperance lecture. Very good it was & there were about 60 people here—but I'm much too tired to write of things as they really were. The telharmonium music was installed & at midnight there was an exhibition of it, for a Mr. Guy was at hand to direct things. It's very wonderful, even though it is not yet perfected [MTP TS 156-157]. *Note:* **Marian Phelps von Rottenburg (Mrs. Franz von Rottenburg; 1868-1922)** only daughter of **William Walter Phelps** divorced Franz sometime after 1900 and remarried **Theodore Peters**; Clemens had been one of 24 invited to the Phelps-von Rottenburg wedding (see May 19 and May 29, 1893 entries); **Pamela Colman Smith** (1878-1951), nickname "Pixie," artist, illustrator, and writer, best known for designing the Waite-Smith deck of tarot cards. She wrote and illustrated several books on Jamaican folklore. She is not in Gribben.

George J. Helmer wrote from NYC to Sam. "Just a word of New Years Greeting and to ask you advice on a very important matter. Mrs Clemens before sailing to Italy expressed a desire that my little boy, Geo. J. Jr. now 4 years old, should have inscribed copies of your books. What I wish to know is how to obtain same with least trouble to you" [MTP]. **On or after this day** Sam gave instructions on the bottom of Helmer's letter to Isabel Lyon: "Have read his letter. dont submit letter. What does he want—3 or 4 books? send vol no 1" [MTP].

*Christian Science Published, Flying Trips to Bermuda – Katonah Visits – Clara Tours
 Damned Human Race Club – Suppression of Noises – Lease Tuxedo Park House
 Aldrich Dies – Redding Plans – Last Trip to Elmira – 1st Angelfish – Jamestown
 Saturday A.M. Club Reunion – Lost at Sea! – “Oxford Would Confer...” – Annapolis
 Actors Fund Fair – Meets “Charlie” – Stevedores Shout – G.B. Shaw
 Hectic Schedules – Postpones Funeral – Ascot Cup Stolen! – Windsor Bash
 Amuses King & Queen – Punch Honors – Doctor Clemens – Oxford Pageant
 Luncheons, Teas, Dinners – Corelli, Offensive Sham – Liverpool – Homeward Bound
 Dorothy Quick, MT Mgr. – Bronchitis – Dorothy letters & visits – HHR Stroke
 Fulton Day, Jamestown – “Goddam Govment” – Knickerbocker Bank Run
 Children’s Educational Theatre– American Plasmon Bankrupt – Howells Send Off*

1907 – Sam wrote a sketch unpublished until 2009: “Telegraph Dog” [*Who Is Mark Twain?* xxvi, 183-98].

Sam also wrote “Little Nellie Tells a Story Out of Her Own Head” sometime during 1907. It was published in *Fables of Man*, Tuckey, ed. (1972). Tuckey offers that this piece is Twain’s recollection of a performance of P&P by children in Hartford, though Sam mistakenly recalled it as in Cleveland in Dec. 1884. Tuckey further fingers Nellie as possibly **Helen Morton Cox**, the young daughter of George Washington Cable’s sister [*Fables of Man* 45-9].

In N.Y.C. Sam inscribed a copy of **Charles A. Young’s** *A Text-book of General Astronomy* to **Mr. Cole**.

Friend Cole: I feel sure that if you will carefully peruse this “work” you will admit “most cheerfully etc.,” that I am correct in my statement regarding the subject of Geometry *as a whole* [MTP]. *Note:* Sam added a PS that if Cole was still in doubt he should read *HF* again and then call upon him if “still in the dark.” Written on the 30th day of some month in 1907.

Probably during 1907 Sam wrote daughter **Jean** :

Jean dear, do you remember this picture with the accidental child in it? This is made in Germany, and is good work. I am so glad, so very glad, to hear that you are cheerful and happy, and are going to fight it out on Dr. [Frederick] Peterson’s lines and help him in every way you can to push your improvement along to a cure. Lovingly / Father [Heritage Auction Lot 35131 ended Oct. 15, 2009]. *Note:* the “accidental girl in the pillow” ran in the Dec. 8, 1906 *Harper’s Weekly*. See entry for the picture.

In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam inscribed a portrait lithograph of an unidentified man to **Charles Dana Gibson**, the illustrator, after a weekend visit to his home: “*To Mr. Gibson / Truly Yours / Mark Twain*” Also inscribed by **Horace Porter**, diplomat, one time chief of staff for General Grant: “*In memory of a pleasant visit to Tuxedo Park...*” [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Harper & Brothers** requesting his *Christian Science* book be sent to the following:

Dr. Quintard, 145 W. 58th
 H.H. Rogers, 3 E. 78th st.
 H.H. Rogers, jr., 26 E. 57th
 Miss Jean Clemens, Katonah, N.Y.
 10 or 12 to S.L. Clemens, 21-5th ave.
 Wm. R. Coe, 6 East 78th st.
 Mrs. Benjamin,

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

Miss K.I. Harrison, 26 Broadway
 R.W. Ashcroft, 11 Broadway
 Mrs. Robert Collier, 20 Grammercy [*sic* Gramercy] Park
 Miss Paddy Madden, 3 W 104th st [MTP].

Sam also wrote his aphorism about saving tomorrows for work to **William E. Schultz** [MTP: *Missouri Historical Review* Apr. 1933: 279]. *Note*: **William Eben Schultz** (b. 1887), Canton, Mo. Native, English teacher and musical composer, who taught for a time at Yale University, and wrote several books in the 1920s and 30s, including *Cantonian: a historical pageant in commemoration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the town of Canton, Missouri* (1930). See also *Missouri Historical Review* (Apr. 1933): 278-279 for Shultz's article, "How I Got Mark Twain's Autograph."

Sam also inscribed a copy of CS to **Augusta Emma Stetson** (1842-1928): "*This book is dedicated to a noble human success & proved she is another General for God—Augusta E. Stetson. Sincerely Yours. Mark Twain. 1907*" [MTP]. *Note*: Stetson (nee Simmons) rec'd the degree of Doctor of Christian Science (C.S.D.) in 1884 from the Mass. Metaphysical College. In the early 1900s she raised over one million dollars to build a structure for the First Church on W. 96th Street. It was dedicated free from any debt, a feat Twain would likely have admired. In 1909 she was excommunicated by the Boston church.

Sam also wrote to **Vitagraph Co. of America**. "Gentlemen: I authorize the Vitagraph Company of America to make a moving picture from my 'Curious Dream.' I have their picture of John Barter, examining his gravestone, and find it frightfully and deliciously humorous" [MTP: Lewis Jacobs, *The Rise of the American Film, etc.* 1968, p.76]. *Note*: Vitagraph made one reel silent films at this time, and increasingly needed to borrow and adapt stories from literature.

Sam also wrote his aphorism about saving tomorrows for work in *The \$30,000 Bequest* to **Katy Leary** [MTP].

Sam also wrote his aphorism about taking the pledge improving liquor in *HF* to **Ashton Stevens** (1872-1951) American drama critic, whose column ran in the S.F. *Examiner* and later in the Chicago *Herald-American* [MTP].

Paine writes of a letter (not extant) from **Steve Gillis** sometime during this winter:

Once that winter, when a letter came from Steve Gillis saying that he was an invalid now, and would have plenty of time to read Sam's books if he owned them, Clemens ordered an expensive set from his publishers, and did what meant to him even more than the cost in money—he autographed each of those twenty-five volumes. Then he sent them, charges paid, to that far Californian retreat [MTB 1373]. *Note*: see also the **June 7** inscription to Gillis on an unspecified book.

Letters of Dr. John Brown, With Letters from Ruskin, Thackeray, and Others (1907). Tenney: "On pp. 351, 353-354, 357-358, and 360-361 are letters to the Browns from MT and Olivia Clemens, mostly on predictable topics as they express the wish that the Browns could visit them in America and MT expresses sorrow on Brown's death (1 Jun 1882), and praises his book RAB AND HIS FRIENDS (11 Feb 1890)," etc. [Tenney: "A Reference Guide First Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1977 p. 334].

Underhill & Underhill published a little book entitled *How to Tell a Story*, a republishing of Sam's 1895 story [eBay 4000797684 Oct. 24, 2009].

Stephen M. Griswold's *Sixty Years with Plymouth Church* (1907) included a chapter, "Quaker City Excursion," p. 153-66. Tenney: "Describes the tour on which IA was based; briefly mentions MT. Quotes at length

the account of the visit to the Czar at Yalta in Mrs. Griswold's *A Woman's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land* (1871)" [44].

Brander Matthews' *Inquiries and Opinions* (1907) included a section, "Mark Twain," p.137-66. Tenney: "A biographical and critical account by one of MT's early advocates in the academic world. This was written as the introduction to a complete edition of MT's works, and appears in *Innocents Abroad* in the Author's National Edition [44].

Aaron Watson's *The Savage Club* (London 1907) included "Artemus Ward and Mark Twain," and "Mark Twain's Own Account," p. 119-35 [Tenney 45].

Capital Stories about Famous Americans: A Budget of Tales of Love, Heroism and Adventure, Rev. **Louis Albert Banks**, ed., contained "How Mark Twain Plagiarized Holmes," p. 207. Tenney: "...from a birthday-dinner speech quotes MT's account of accidentally borrowing the dedication for *IA*. 'Mark Twain: His Good Deed to General Grant' (486-91) retells 'Hamilton' (sic) Garland's account 'in the *Success* magazine some years ago' of MT's becoming publisher of Grant's *Memoirs* and paying royalties that assured the financial security of Grant's family. Picture of MT, 478" [MTJ Bibliographic Issue Number Four 42:1 (Spring 2004), p.9].

Mrs. C.E. Aaron sent Sam a British picture postcard of the Cunard Line's *S.S. Mauretainia*. "Dear Mr. Clemens/ this is to let you know that Mr. Aaron & myself have crossed again this year unexpectedly. Ship is beautiful ... [the last sentence has flaked off, but up the left side: "Dorothy, Grandma"] [MTP]. The year and day ("5") are clearly visible on the postmark, but the month is not.

Gilbert Holland Montague sent Sam a 3"x5" Union League Club note card announcing his engagement to **Amy Angell Collier** of New York. "She is a niece of President Angell of University of Michigan & an old friend of Mr. A.B. Paine. She is a cousin of Chester Aldrich, whom I believe your daughters know. I beg to be remembered to all your family & household" [MTP].

Gladys B. Kyd wrote from Edinburgh, New Brunswick to ask for Twain's autograph. She also sent her book for him to sign, plus a money order to cover return shipment [MTP].

Written on **Isabel Lyon's journal** title page for 1907 (which is called a "Date Book"): "The King says of billiards that 'It exercises all your body & half of your soul'" [MTP].

January – **James Logan** (1852-1929) mayor of Worcester, Mass (1908-1911) wrote to Sam, sending him a translation of Omar Kayyam by **Eben Francis Thompson** [MTP] *Inscriptions*: the portrait of E. F. Thompson is signed "Faithfully yours" by Thompson. Volume is inscribed: "To 'Mark Twain'/Please accept this book as a partial payment on account for the many happy hours and hearty laughs which you have given me. With kind regards/faithfully yours/James Logan./Worcester, Mass./Jany. 1907." Volume also signed: "SL. Clemens/1907." Note: See Feb. 2 to Logan for more on this book; also Gribben 517. Logan was born in Glasgow, Scotland and is said to have influenced Andrew Carnegie in donating libraries.

Robert Reid wrote from NYC to Sam. "Dear St Mark. / 'It is terrible death to be talked to death'—and you had a close call the other day!—Please forgive me.—Our friend lends me word that he is going to 'advance some[?] more' so the work can go on—if not merrily..." [MTP].

January 1 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to daughter **Jean**, about how he rang in the New Year:

Jean dear, we had grand times last night: "Sham," played by Clara—burlesquing grand opera—assisted by [Witter] Bynner & George Gilder & Miss Burbank—most delightfully played. "Pain" played by me as a baby, with Miss Burbank for the mother & Miss Lyon as nurse. "Champagne" played by Bynner & me as the Siamese Twins" (I getting drunk on wine drunk by him.)

At 11.55 there was a prepared surprise: lovely music—played on a *silent* piano of 300 keys at the corner of Broadway a mile & a half away, & sent over the telephone wire to our parlor—the first time this marvelous invention ever uttered its voice in a private house. Two weeks from now it will go by wire 1,000 miles to Chicago & furnish the music for the Electrical Convention, & within a year or two the artist will play on those dumb keys & deliver his music into 20,000 homes—& cheap as water; only 20 cents an hour, & shut it off when you please, like the gas.

The company left at 1, & Mr. Paine & I played billiards till 3 o'clock. I am tired.

Mr. Twichell will arrive this afternoon, & he & Miss Lyon & I will sail for Bermuda tomorrow morning, to be gone a week. Dr. Quintard has engaged us to find us a furnished house in your neighborhood for next summer. Last night I wore for the first time the little gold studs which you gave me for Xmas, & found them to be just exactly what I wanted. I thank you for them, dear.

Happy New Year, & a heap of hugs & kisses.

[enclosure, written on a card with a picture of a woman wearing a hat:]

A happy New Year to you, dear dear Jean, & many of the like to follow!

By your letters, & by all reports, I know that you are happy, & may you continue so! From your loving / Father [MTP: Sotheby's NY catalogs, Dec. 12, 1991, Item 25]. *Note:* See NYT article Dec. 31, 1906

Sam also wrote to **H.H. Rogers** after he stopped by, and gave an accounting of his income and expenses totals for 1906: He'd made \$40,000 from his books and lived on \$32,000; he had \$40,000 in the bank to invest upon return from Bermuda with **Joe Twichell** [MTHHR 622-3]. *Note:* see source for a page of details on Sam's finances and investments.

Isabel Lyon's journal:

We wished each other good morning.

All this day was a grand hustle getting ready to sail away to Bermuda tomorrow—only a week we shall be gone—but we'll be beyond communication, so there are heaps to do.

The King has been in a sweet & lazy mood. He played billiards until 3 o'clock; after the guests had gone he tackled AB [Paine], who had come in from seeing Pamela Smith to her next party, & they played until after C.C. and I were in bed.

Mr. Rogers came in and Mr. Clemens is getting ready for another investment. AB went home to stay there while we were away. Mother has been here all day helping me—valeting me—who never have a minute to repair my staggering-to-death garments.

The King needs the trip away—& I need it. Mr. Twichell arrived today, & he needs it too, for he was tired out with his Xmas clerical duties [MTP].

Mrs. S.B. Elder wrote from New Orleans to express her "appreciation and enthusiasm although late" for "Joan of Arc" in the *Harper's* of Dec. 1904 [MTP].

George Iles wrote from Park Avenue Hotel, NYC to Sam. "I have had a rare treat this afternoon in reading WHAT IS MAN? ... The book with both logic and humor clears up the fog that has long confused Egotism and Altruism, the pleasure of eating strawberries and the greater, or less, joy of seeing said berries eaten by some hungrier man." [MTP].

S.A. Keen wrote on YMCA, Columbus, Ohio letterhead to invite Sam to offer a letter of advice to young men there "who are without local home ties" [MTP].

January 1 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote a Happy New Year message on a picture card (a woman with a dog) to Miss **Margery H. Clinton** [MTP: James Lowe Autographs, 1977]. *Note:* Margery was a friend and neighbor of Mary Rogers in Tuxedo Park, N.Y.

Sam also wrote a Happy New Year message on a picture card (a woman wearing a hat) to to **Miss Herrick** [MTP: James Lowe Autographs catalogs No. 30, 1985, Item 32].

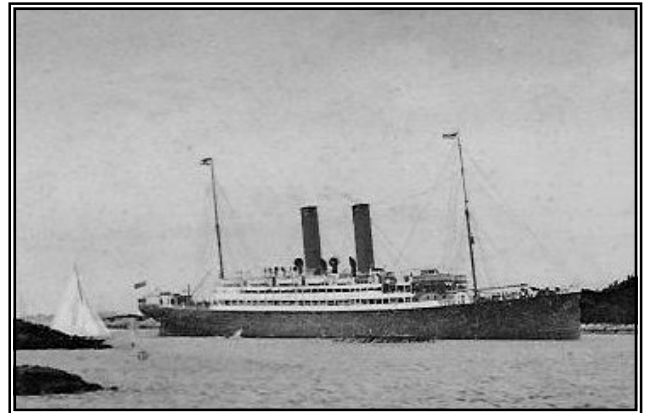
Sam also wrote on a printed card to **William Dean Howells**: “‘Appy New Year to Mr. ‘Owells & his’n. /Mark. / 1907.” [MTHL 2: 822].

Sam also wrote to **Barbara Mullen** (written on a card with a picture of a woman holding a bird): “A happy New Year to Miss Mullen! / SL. Clemens / 1907.” [MTP].

Sam also wrote instructions to Miss Lyon to answer **S.A. Keen’s Jan 1** request: “Can’t do it. Furnish reasons” [MTP].

Henry Meade Bland’s article, “Mark Twain” ran in the *Overland Monthly* for Jan., p.22-7. Tenney: “Praises MT’s tenderness and his ‘sternly philosophical side,’ notes his friendship with Charles Warren Stoddard; a popular account providing no new information or unusual critical perception. Illustration (p.22): ‘Mark Twain, drawn by Alice Resor from latest copyrighted portrait by Rockwood, N.Y.’”

January 2 Wednesday – Sam, **Joe Twichell**, and **Isabel Lyon** sailed on the *S.S. Bermudian* for **Bermuda** for a “flying trip,” a three-day stay. The voyage now took two days; 30 years before it had taken three [D. Hoffman 69; MTHHR 577]. *Note:* The steamer *Bermudian*, a twin-screw vessel, was first launched in Jan. 1905 and continued in service until WWI. Sam would take this same ship to Bermuda in Jan. 1908. See insert S.S. Bermudian.



Isabel Lyon’s journal: We sail. Bermudian

We are on our way now to Bermuda. The sea is so still & so restful that I have relaxed too entirely. Robert left at 8:30 with the trunks. I left a bit later in a cab to look after things—shifting of tickets, etc., for if there was not a full ship load we were to have a cabin each, & we have it—to my satisfaction—for as I look around I cannot see a soul that it would be possible to room with except a nice English boy. The gulls followed us until late, late in the day. It is beautiful voyaging. Just before the King arrived, a sorry young steer got loose & scared us all as he plunged up & down the wharf. They closed the big doors & the King had to wait outside in his carriage until the creature was captured. We have all been sleeping a good deal. The decks are beautiful, & we have plenty of room everywhere.

This morning before sailing the King received a letter from T.B. Aldrich who lost his glasses which were finally found in the King’s dress coat. For a month the King hasn’t been satisfied with that coat because the sleeves are so long, & the tailor took the coat away to shorten it. This morning’s letter from T.B. is to say that he had carried away the King’s coat—& the King has been wearing T.B.’s—& having it altered, etc. Oh joy, how the King shouted [MTP]. *Note:* Aldrich’s letter not extant, but see Dec. 1 from Sam/Paine.

Witter Bynner wrote to Sam. “Dear Mark Twain! / Here’s thanks for letting me in on that ligament and for a good time generally. / I hear you’ve brought ‘em to the point of publishing the Christian Science book. Bully for you! You might dedicate it to the subject,—not to Mother Eddy but to *Auntie-Christ!* / Ever your /Other Twin” [MTP].

George H. Guy wrote on New York Electrical Society letterhead to Sam, pasting a clipping on his letter: "Can you spare a moment to pass your eye over the enclosed clipping? Is this a remarkable coincidence, or an indication of some subtle pervasiveness in unsuspected directions of human example?" [MTP]. The clipping told of cats "Tom and Jennie" becoming tipsy after eating mice tipsy from eating fruit cake seasoned with brandy.

Anatole Le Braz (was LeGray) wrote on Hotel Brevoort notepaper in French:

Hotel Brevoort
Anciennement Brevoort House
Coin de la 5me Avenue et de la 8me Rue
CABLE ADDRESS, LAFBREVORT
New York, le 2 Janvier 1907

Cher Monsieur,

Je suis confus de ne vous avoir pas encore remercié de l'envoi de votre livre que j'ai été bien heureux de trouver chez Miss Mosher. Mais voici le premier moment de loisir don't je dispose, depuis trois jours. J'aurais voulu, en même temps que ce mot vous offrir un de mes volumes; malheureusement, Brentano, quand je me suis présenté chez lui, n'en avait plus un seul exemplaire. Je viens d'écrire à mon éditeur en France pour lui demander de vous expédier le *Pays des Pardons*. J'espère qu'il vous parviendra sans trop de délai.

Veuillez, en attendant, trouver ici l'expression de ma meilleure gratitude, comme aussi de la vive satisfaction que j'ai eue de

[next page]

connaître un écrivain qui n'honore pas seulement la littérature américaine, mais qui est encore une incarnation de l'Esprit dans le monde entier. J'espère qu'il me sera donné de voir revoir, lors de mon retour à New-York, dans le courant de mars, avant mon départ pour la France et je vous prie d'agréer la vive gratitude, ainsi que la profonde admiration de votre

A. Le Braz

Hotel Brevoort
Formerly Brevoort House
Corner of 5th Ave and 8th St
CABLE ADDRESS, LAFBREVORT
New York, 2 January

Dear Sir,

I am embarrassed that I have not thanked you for having sent your book that I was so happy to find at Miss Mosher's. But this is the first free moment I have had in three days. I would have like to offer you, together with this note, one of my own books; unfortunately, Brentano, when I went there, did not have a single copy left. I have written to my publisher in France to ask him to send you *Pays des Pardons*. I hope that it will reach you without too much delay.

In the meantime, please accept the expression of my my highest gratitude and a strong pleasure I have had

[next page]

in getting to know a writer who does not only appreciate American literature but who is also an incarnation of Wit in the entire world. I hope that I will get a chance to see you again when I return to New York during May before my return to France, and I ask you to accept my deep gratitude as well as my deep admiration

A. Le Braz

[MTP: Translation and notes by Holger Kersten, 2012]

[1] Anatole le Braz (aka **Anatole-Jean-François-Marie Lebras**; 1859-1926) was a folklorist, novelist, and poet. He spent the winter of 1906/07 in the United States lecturing at the universities of Harvard, Yale, Columbia and in various other parts of the country ["French Diplomat Here," *New York Tribune*, April 02,

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

1907, 5]. He later returned to the U.S. in 1910/11, 1911/12 and 1914-1919 [G. Dottin "Nécrologie: Anatole Le Braz." *Annales de Bretagne* 37:3, 458-472, 460].

[2] Brentano: **Brentano's Bookstore** on New York City's Fifth Avenue, the largest bookstore in the city and the third largest in the country, with 250,000 books for sale in its 31,000 sq. ft. The bookstore chain had some 20 branches from Chicago to San Francisco. One of the oldest and most respected booksellers, Brentano's owed its success to its vast assortment of books, the elegance of its premises, the dedication of each successive family member to the business, its erudite, hand-picked staff, and its remarkably cordial service. ["Brentano," The Jewish Virtual Library. <http://www.jewishvirtuallibrary.org/jsource/judaica/ejud_0002_0004_0_03504.html>] Brentano's had a specialization in French literature.

[3] *Au Pays des Pardons*: book by Anatole Le Braz in which he recounts legends and popular beliefs of his native province, Brittany. First published in 1894, 2nd ed. 1898. 3rd expanded ed. 1901.

Claire Oddie wrote to Sam. "You wrote my cousin Mr Conner a letter – consequently I feel that I may reach you in the same manner. / Sometime before Xmas, Bretanos sent you a copy of "Eves Diary" with a note from me—asking you to make it famous! But silence still prevails. / If you have been able to decipher this—let me know & thank you in advance. "—In the name of —? "Cousin Joe" !!/ sincerely" [MTP]. *Note*: Lyon wrote: "It was put aside away / things to be attended / it had known she had any association with Uncle Joe—would have got up at midnight & interrupted his prayers to attend to it right away. Never interrupt prayers for any one but Uncle Joe"

James A. Renwick wrote to Sam acknowledging his check of \$291.67 for January rent [MTP].

January 3 Thursday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

It has been such a sweet, long, drowsing day, with a beautiful smooth sea; the King has slept, & so has Mr. Twichell ... (there goes the dinner trumpet.) the picking up of loose ragged ends; getting ready for Hobby who will look after the mail while I'm away; & getting ready for & over the party. Of course I have relaxed. The King brought along 2 batches of Auto Ms. to correct & this morning he sat on deck & smoked for a long time. He didn't like his chair over in the long line, so when I found him sitting on a bench aft of everybody, & where he could watch the sea, he bade me sit down & we talked for a long time about the way the auto. Should be used to perpetuate the copyright of the books, & he was glad when I told him that C.C. appreciated his plan. I didn't tell him though that I was sorry he had let newspaper men get hold of the scheme. Some how I think it would have been nice to keep it quiet; though of course it originated with Sir Walter Scott. People are not disturbing the King. The one woman who tried to, I told [her] that the King wished to be let alone, *must* be let alone, because he had come away exhausted. Mr. Twichell tries him beyond words—so that the King almost loses patience [MTP]. *Note*: Twichell had grown deaf and Sam had to yell at him to be understood.

E.B. Overshiner for the Adjustarest Co. wrote to advertise their adjustable bed to Sam [MTP]. **On or after this date** Sam replied: "Should like to have it & if it comforts me I shall speak of it to friends but not to you or to the public" [MTP].

J.H. Brookes wrote for **Abner Martin** (age 88) from East Liverpool, Ohio to Sam.

...Mr. Abner Martin, formerly mate on the steamboat Pennsylvania, which blew up below Memphis in 1858...Mr. Martin (who sits at my elbow) tells me that in your book...[LM]...you mention the fact that you saw him carried into the death room on three separate occasions. ...Some time ago Mr. Martin received a letter from a colored man named Jerry Brown. This man is the son of Brown, the porter on the Pennsylvania, who Mr. Martin assures me you will remember. At the time of the explosion he was a boy seventeen years old and was on the Pennsylvania, and Mr. Martin believes that Brown and himself are the only survivors now living. / Mr. Martin has from time to time recited to me a number of anecdotes concerning "Mark Twain" which I have been unable to find in my careful reading of your works, but nevertheless have no doubt but that they actually occurred. / He remembers with much pleasure his last meeting with you at the

Monongahela House, in Pittsburg, when you were considerate enough to have him come up to your room and spend an hour or more in enjoying a good smoke and in talking over old times [MTP].

Will Caeleton wrote from Brooklyn to invite Sam to an Author's Matinee benefit for The **Mary Fisher Home**. Caeleton mentions going with Sam to Albany that time to lobby for osteopathy [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on back: "Decline by telegraph."

Mrs. **Margaret Christensen** wrote from Brooklyn to Sam. She had put a clipping from the *NY Journal*, "Mark Twain's Loving Tribute to His Wife" on her bureau and saw it daily, seeking to "possess such a character" as Livy's. She caught a glimpse of him on Broadway one day and wished she could hear him speak. "Surely at heart you are still a boy." [MTP]. *Note:* Sam answered on **Jan. 18**.

Emily McLean for the National Society of the D.A.R. wrote a 4"x5" card to Sam. "If you but knew my dear 'Mr. Mark Twain!', the ardent admiration for yourself, which pulses in my mind & heart, which fills the soul of my young daughter & — in a more general sense—the souls of fifty thousand 'Daughters' (over whom I preside), you would come & be welcomed by us!" [MTP]. *Note:* In other words, they liked him.

January 4 Friday – The *S.S. Bermudian* reached **Hamilton Harbor, Bermuda** at 6 a.m. and docked about 9:30 a.m. The Clemens party registered at the **Princess Hotel**, next to the water just west of town. D. Hoffman writes:

It was the largest wood building on the islands, and its structure had been advertised as "a sure *guarantee* against the dampness usually found in houses." The dining hall opened through glass doors to a long and deep veranda overlooking the harbor. Another amenity, the billiard room on the ground floor, also came close to Clemens's heart. He had been spending an immoderate amount of time at billiards. As he grew lonelier, the games got longer. They sometimes lasted for as much as ten hours, Miss Lyon wrote [71].

The three took a long carriage ride to **Harrington Sound**; Miss Lyon detailed, below:

Isabel Lyon's journal: Bermuda, Princess Hotel. Such happiness.

Distant land was sighted at 6 o'clock and when the breakfast bugle sounded we were abreast of Ireland Island & the water began to take on its wonderful colors. We docked about 9:30, I think. The King is not feeling very well because he ate too heartily of baked beans & bacon & cabbage & milk yesterday at luncheon, so he has had indigestion ever since. I had forgotten how beautiful Bermuda & its waters are. The white houses grew here a thousand years ago—somehow you do not feel the hand of man in their construction, because there isn't anything inappropriate about them. This afternoon we drove over to Harrington Sound, a 2 hours drive, & enchanting. I sat with the King, & Mr. Twichell on the front seat asked the darkey driver hundreds of questions. There are many flowers blooming, hibiscus, lantana, roses & strange flowers of various kinds. We went into the Devil's Cave where the King was interested in the big groupers & beautiful angel fish, & butterfly fish & parrot fish. An old Englishman described the wonders of the place to us & how the groupers change color after they've eaten. But most of all, I was in heaven as I sat beside the King & drove along those beautiful roads—the great cut near Govt. House, all lined with beautiful trees. The King wears grey clothes now & they are very becoming. Later Mr. Twichell & I took a walk along quiet roads which led to nowhere but a hill top & I remember now that I made the same walk 18 years ago with little Juliet Claghorn, who now is dead [MTP].

T. Fisher Unwin wrote from London to send Sam "the last edition of my general catalogue" of books. He solicited Sam's visit when in London [MTP].

Chapters from "My Autobiography—IX" ran in the <i>N.A.R.</i> p.113-19.

January 5 Saturday – Bermuda: the Clemens party of Sam, **Joe Twichell** and **Isabel Lyon** chartered a boat, the *Nautilus*, and spend two and a half hours sailing in and out of the bays and inlets. Lyon details:

Isabel Lyon's journal: It has been a wonderful day, for this morning the King decided to go a-sailing. He sent me down to charter a boat & I found a cedar boat called The Nautilus with a young black man at her helm. We started at 10 o'clock, sailed for 2½ hours through the bays & inlets of this most wonderful water, enraptured by the beauty & the peace & the softness of the atmosphere. The King smoked & smoked & talked about Marconi & Tesla & Joe Jefferson & of how 40 years ago out in Nevada when he had prospected for gold & didn't get it after all their hard work, it was because they had turned in the wrong direction—for years later gold enough was found close to their place—gold enough to throw away. It was a pity to come home, but we had to. After luncheon the King had an interviewer come in from the Bermuda Colonist & I went down to the town with Mr. Twichell. When I came back I found Mr. Clemens on the porch & we jumped into the same cab. We drove to the Bermuda Yacht Club where Mr. Clemens left his card. I went shopping for souvenirs for C.C. & Jean & then the King & I had a charming drive up past the Government House road & so on home. He is so gentle & gay when Mr. Twichell doesn't make him too nervous. The roads are so hard & white & clean, the houses are so neat & nestling & now we're sorry it isn't going to be possible to spend the summer down here.

The King fell over his ship trunk in the dark as we were going down to dinner & skinned his shin. I had some surgeons' plaster with me & later I fixed it up for him [MTP TS 4-5]. *Note:* the interview with the Bermuda Colonist is not in Scharnhorst's *Complete Interviews*.

Fred Hughes wrote from London, England to Sam. "Having met with frequent allusions to the authorship of 'Mark Twain' in translations of your works into French, by my late cousin William Little Hughes of Paris, I am interested to know whether you were personally acquainted with him, or possess any little mementoes" [MTP]. *Note:* **On or after this date** Sam replied on Hughes' letter: "Had no acquaintance with him[.] the business has always been attended to by my London publisher"

January 6 Sunday – Bermuda, the last day. The group spent the day riding through **Paget** and **Warwick**, then to **Hamilton Parish** and to **Joyce's Dock Caves**, which were "brilliantly lit with acetylene gas, showing stalactites of enormous size." Later in the day Sam and Joe tried to find places they'd been back in 1877, when they stayed in a boardinghouse run by **Emily Kirkham**. They asked about and found the woman, now 48. This search became a subject for his Autobiography, and evidently Sam dictated segments to Miss Lyon during the trip and the voyage home [D. Hoffman 72].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Paget—Warwick—Joyce's Cave—out all day. Kirkham.

Mr. Clemens pointed it out to a passenger who has spent much time in Bermuda in its varying seasons. The passenger said, "Oh, you couldn't stay in Bermuda in the summer, your shoes would mould over night." That didn't disturb the King; he replied, "That's all right, I'd wipe them off & put them in the sun every morning" [MTP TS 6].

Daughters of the American Revolution sent Sam an engraved invitation to the Anniversary of General Washington's Wedding Day, a dinner at 6 p.m. on Jan. 6 [MTP]. *Note:* Sam drew vertical wavy lines down the 6x6" invitation and wrote in a box at the top, "Too late" after first writing "maybe" then scratching it out.

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

January 7 Monday – The Clemens party left **Bermuda**, again on the *Bermudian*. D. Hoffman writes:

As the ship sailed from the pier, the flag was dipped three times, and the King "lifted his head high and saluted with grave beauty," Miss Lyon wrote. She said the little person at his side was Paddy, a pretty girl from the Upper West Side who had been on the same voyage to the Islands. "We spent most of the

day on deck—even into the night....The King and Mr. Twichell walked up and down, but it wasn't comforting companionship for the King as Mr. T. is so deaf and can only hear when he is shouted at." Paddy Madden evidently amused Clemens, and gave him relief from the reverend.

At sea, he also took refuge in continuing to dictate his autobiography [75-6].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Off for home. Today we sailed away from Bermuda. The Consul had the flag dipped 3 times in the King's honor as we left the pier & the King standing with Paddy lifted his head high & saluted with grave beauty. We were forever getting away, & Mr. Twichell thought the big boat was stuck in the mud but we were waiting for the mail, the mail supposed to be ready at 9 o'clock and we were waiting for it at 11:20. Such a cosy & gemütlich place. No hurry anywhere, no trains, no motor cars; just lazy bliss. It's delightful to sail that tortuous channel out to the open sea; it's so narrow & so exacting that merchant ships once venturing in & getting out successfully won't try it again. The King has been offered an island with a house on it by Mr. [W.W.] Denslow, a friend of Dr. Herring. The Dr. pointed it out to us as we sailed quite near it on our way out.

I got the King's things ready for rough weather, but there wasn't any; the sea was like the Mediterranean, & there was a beautiful sunset, a copper strange sunset, which made the sea like molten metals. We spent most of the day on deck—even into the night. The King & Mr. Twichell walked up & down, but it wasn't comforting companionship for the King as Mr. T. is so deaf & can only hear when shouted at [MTP TS 6-7].

Note: **W.W. Denslow; Dr. W. Conyers Herring**

Winifred Holt, secretary for the NY Association for the Blind sent Sam an invitation to an event with **Helen Keller** and Mr. & Mrs. **John Albert Macy**, on Jan 14 at 7:30 pm. [MTP]. *Note:* **On or after this date** Sam wrote on the invitation, "can't go." On the back of the letter Isabel Lyon wrote:

Miss Holt's unconscious attitude would be What the Hell do I care about his health so that I carry out my plan.

Tel Mrs. Hutton

The Holts have made it so that He's soured on the cause

write Miss Holt that Mr. Clemens cannot break thro the rule—nearly wrecked his health a year ago.

appoint a time in the daytime when he can go up to her shanty & see Helen Keller. / Can this be entirely private. / Miss Holt is so persuasive. The cause is so good & Mr. Clemens must not come under that temptation—[MTP].

J.J. Halsey for New York Press Art Bureau, NYC wrote to Sam, seeking again a photograph they might use for newspapers and magazines. Could he call for five or ten minutes at The Marceau Studio, 258 Fifth Ave in the next few days? [MTP]. *Note:* A note on the letter suggests he sent photographs.

Edward F. Harkins wrote from Boston to Sam, seeking to confirm what he'd read in several New York newspapers, that Clemens was the first person to have a residence telephone. Harkins professed to be a "student of telephone history" and asked for details, as he'd been under the impression that "a man named Williams in Somerville, Mass." was the first sometime in Apr. 1877 [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote: "Cannot at all be sure of dates...it was very early in 77 that the tel was put in & were told at the time that it was the first time a telephone had been installed for practical business purposes & not as a curiosity or a toy"

W.H. Jones wrote from NY to Sam, recalling being present for Sam's "Babies" speech at the Palmer House in Chicago for **General Grant**, and recalled the guests there insisting that Sam stand on a table to deliver his address. Jones wished for Sam to go with him and his wife any Wed. evening at 7:15 "to the beautiful million dollar Christian Scientist Church 96th St & Central Park West and note the wonderful service. Will you go?" [MTP].

January 8 Tuesday – Sam was at sea en route from **Bermuda** to **New York** on the *Bermudian*.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "The King is so amusing, so paralyzing. [*written diagonally*]. See notebook" [MTP TS 7].
Note: Lyon continued, likely at a later time, to strike out words, phrases and even whole segments, seemingly toward publication, which never, until now, has taken place.

F.R. Hulbert wrote from Port Sudan on the Red Sea to ask Sam's permission to republish the poem with 66 names of Australia and New Zealand [MTP]. *Note:* On the back is a directive to Harpers for permission.

January 9 Wednesday – In the morning Sam, **Joe Twichell** and **Isabel Lyon** arrived back in **New York** [D. Hoffman 77]. Twain told the press, "Please don't say I have been away for my health. I have plenty of health. Indeed, I'll give some of it away to anybody who needs health" [New York Times, Jan. 10, 1907].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "We anchored at Pier 47 this morning, but were a long time doing it because we had to avoid a sunken ferryboat. The week has been one of unbroken peace" [MTP TS 7].

Annie A. Abrams wrote on Hotel Belmont, NY notepaper to Sam. She had just purchased four sets of his books for her children. Her late father, **F.E. Andrews**, was on the *Quaker City*. Could he reply with a line about him? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote: "He was a pilgrim in the Quaker City excursion. Remember him very well."; listed on the passenger list, **Dr. Edward Andrews** [MTL 2: 385].

Moncure D. Conway wrote to Sam, proposing they meet for lunch at the Lafayette restaurant, corner of 9th Street and University Place. He wanted to bring his children, **Eustace and Philip**, to meet Twain. It would be the last time the two men met; Conway died alone in his Paris apartment on Nov. 15, 1907; his body was returned to the US where a funeral was held on Dec. 14 [MTP: Welland 227; IVL Jan. 12].

Emarinne Harly Moore wrote from California, Mo. to ask Sam for his picture. Her father was Capt. **Sam Harly**; her husband was often compared to Twain [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

January 10 Thursday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:**

We had such a busy morning, the King & I, for there are always so many things to be talked over & telephoned about. Just now it is Helen Keller who is coming to town next week, & Miss Winifred Holt had bombarded the King with invitations to meet her & to again become involved in the Blind Association as a year ago. But Miss Holt overdid it all a year ago & now the King swears hard at the mention of her name. Now we are telephoning Mrs. Lawrence [*sic* Laurence] Hutton to make a quiet engagement to meet Helen Keller here, perhaps, & probably with Mr. & Mrs. Mason.

This afternoon we went out to Katonah to see Jean who was in a torrent of impossible moods & distressed her father until he was ready to weep. All the way out in the train he had talked & he bought a world almanac & read railroad accidents in the U.S. for the past nine years. He had been dictating on that subject this morning & had made a note on his note book for me to get him that almanac, when the same day one walked into his hand. The train was so hot, so fearfully hot that the King tore off his overcoat saying, "We've arrived in Hell ahead of time" [MTP TS 8]. *Note:* Sam and Isabel Lyon's quick trip to **Katonah** to visit daughter **Jean** was followed by Sam's letter to Jean. the next day (**Jan. 11**) and also on **Jan. 14**.

Hill writes of this visit and of Jean's "increasingly temperamental" nature:

She wanted her horse, Scott, which was promptly shipped to her, and then her father bought her a carriage to use. She recorded a romantic interest in one of her physicians at her sanitarium, a Dr. Hibbard, in her diary:

I don't in the least hope to win him, fond as I am growing of him, but I can't help wishing that if he is engaged I didn't have to be thrown with him so incessantly as I am....That desperate hunger for love does not leave me and doesn't seem to intend [to]. Doubtless for that very reason no one will ever care for me and I shall have to drag my useless, empty life out by itself. Oh! is there no hope whatsoever for me? What can I do! I feel as tho' I must find some means to prove attractive to a person that I can also learn to love [167]. *Note:* see Hill for more on Jean's condition during this period. See also Jan. 17 to Jean, which reveals the carriage wasn't purchased until after Jan. 17.

John J. Flinn for the Chicago Press Club sent a telegram to Sam. "CHICAGO PRESS CLUB BANQUET FRIDAY EVENING JANUARY 11 CELEBRATION OF 27 TH ANNIVERSARY WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE WORD OF CHEER FROM YOU KINDLY ANSWER FREE" [MTP]. *Note:* **On this day or the next** Sam answered Flinn's telegram: "What the Hell can we say / Eat, drink, & be merry for tomorrow you may be out of your job. / Mark Twain" [MTP].

Andrew Carnegie wrote a 3x5 invitation card to dine and meet the **Rev. Robert Collyer**, on Fri. Jan. 10 at 7:30 [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on side: "The dinner I let go. / Clemens forget"

James C. Fernald wrote from Wash. D.C. to ask Sam, "...in which of your works you have illustrated the reverse of Whitefield's progressive mastery of Franklin's benevolent impulses, when the orator's plea drew from the calm philosopher all his money, contrary to his fixed intention" [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote: "infernal nuisance"

R.H. Kitchner wrote from Boston to ask Sam where he might find "The Golden Arm" in Sam's works [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "How to tell a story. / Vol 22 / Hillcrest"

January 11 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y., after dictating and playing billiards, Sam wrote to daughter **Jean** in Katonah.

Dear Jean, I do hope you are feeling happier, by this time, it wrung my heart to see you so disappointed, & I could not help thinking all the time how grieved your mother would have been to see you long for a thing—anything—and have to be denied it.

[in a paragraph, Sam encouraged her to see the best in people; that she'd be happier that way]

....

We shall do all permissible things we can that can give you comfort & pleasure. Although you will not be able to drive with George in snowy times, you can make up for this by skeeing & coasting, no doubt.

Clara sang in the church in Elmira, last night, to a silent house—by the program, applause was not allowed. It was an amazingly funny idea—it could have originated in no place on the planet but Elmira, I reckon. But no matter, Clara sang at her very best, Katy says. Katy is enthusiastic about it.

Miss Lyon was sick yesterday, with a headache, but is better to-day.

I hope you will make my compliments to the doctors, & to all whom I had the pleasure of meeting there.

Be pleasant with Anna—do your very best to be pleasant with her, & don't let a prejudice against her grow up in your heart. You would hardly find a better person to take her place. It is not an easy place, dear heart, & you should consider that.

I have been trying to think of some way to dispose of your bird. Would you try the cat? I think the cat would like that kind of a bird.

I did my day's work to-day, & played billiards 8 hours, besides.

Be as cheerful & contented as you can, dear heart, for your mother's sake & mine. I love you, dear, & I send you many hugs & kisses. / Father [MTP]. *Note:* **Anna Sterritt**, Jean's maid.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Mrs. Hutton seems so dictatorial. My experience with her has been only over the telephone & when I asked Mr. Clemens what kind of a woman she was, he replied, "She's a gentleman, & wears feminine attire as an affection" [MTP TS 8].

Professor **William Lyon Phelps** of Yale lectured in Bridgeport and called Mark Twain “easily the greatest American novelist in the history of this country’s literature” [NY *Times*, Jan. 12 p.8].

January 12 Saturday – The New York *Times*, p. BR21 ran a short notice of Sam’s new book:

Mark Twain’s Latest.

Mark Twain’s newest book is entitled “Christian Science,” and the Harpers announce it for publication early in February. It is especially stated that the book is not primarily a luminous work. Quite the contrary, and it is admitted that Mr. Clemens is not an advocate of Mrs. Eddy’s system. In fact, he opposes Christian Science with characteristic vigor and sincerity, taking in his opposition a line of his own, which is interesting whether the reader is or is not inclined to agree with the views expressed. The serious body of the work is, of course, lightened with a good deal of that quaint humor which is Mr. Clemens’s favorite weapon and the chief delight of his readers.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: This morning Jervis Langdon was here—he’s very charming—& Mr. Clemens called me in to hear him say that the house is to be built for \$25,000, out of the auto-biography money, & then he said that he was going to make an investment for the children—not for himself. After Mr. Langdon left, Mr. Clemens told me that it was to be a \$5,000.00 in an organ association.

Today it rains & the King has gone to Lafayette Restaurant to lunch with Moncure D. Conway & his children. He has been depressed since we went out to see Jean, & wanted the solemnest music before he left. Tonight at dinner he told when they were going round the world & would arrive at Australian or other ports, he would go off with the mayor & Mrs. Clemens would go to the hotel. On one occasion Mrs. Clemens was induced to go with Mr. Clemens & the mayor because there would be another lady there. Mrs. Professor Gibson. They found Mrs. Gibson to be a heavy coarsely dressed woman & finally discovered that she had a panorama of the Innocents Abroad & to help out the show would throw in a song & dance & sell patent medicine concocted by her husband. She was so sorry they couldn’t stay to see her show [MTP TS 6]. *Note:* **Moncure D. Conway** wrote on **Jan. 9** asking for the luncheon and for Sam to meet his children, **Eustace and Philip**. It would be their last meeting. See entry.

Neltje de Graff Doubleday (Mrs. Frank N. Doubleday) wrote on board the SS *Cedric* to thank Sam for his inscription her husband has secured for her, which made her “squeal for joy” [MTP]. *Note:* she referred to the volume as “The Old Man’s Philosophy” when she’d read the galleys last summer; likely “What is Man?”

A.L. Hodgdon wrote from Pearson Post Office, Maryland to Sam. Her father, Capt. **James Hodge Hodgdon**, was commander of the *Quaker City* before the Civil War—was that the same ship Sam excursed on? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Yes.”

January 13 Sunday – Mark Twain’s Plea for setting apart the birthplace of **Abraham Lincoln** ran on p.8 of the New York *Times*, “A Lincoln Memorial.”

Sam wrote to **Jean Clemens** on **Jan. 14** of his dinner company for this evening:

We ran late, last night [Jan. 13]—billiards & dinner. Present, Daniel Frohman, Margaret Illington, Mr. & Mrs. Wayland, Mr. Wark, Clara, Miss Lyon & I. Next Sunday this service will be repeated at the Wayland home; at our house the Sunday after. Next winter the alternating will continue. No other engagements can be made for Sunday evenings by these people [MTP]. *Note:* see Jan. 14 for the rest. **Charles E. Wark**, 29, native of Ontario, Canada, and Clara’s new piano accompanist. He also accompanied her in a few other indoor pursuits, which, by the help of **Isabel Lyon**, nearly became a scandal. See Sheldon on the Wark-Clara Clemens relationship.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Yesterday Mary Newcomb with to C.C. to Luckstone to have her voice tested. It had been quite beautiful once & she was ready for the operatic stage—really ready, for she had a conductor & roles, and then the voice broke down. For 2 years she has been living with her dead voice—but Luckstone says it isn't dead at all.

The King does get so mad at the Hobby (she did stupid things with his ms.) & here on this day full of “pretty weather” which he wants to go out in to call on the Coes, but first must read Friday's dictation which Hobby should have sent yesterday & didn't. He says, “God will knock her gully est someday.”

Oh, the billards! Today the King played for ten hours. There come shouts from the billiard room, for he loves it so, & now that AB is beginning to swear the King says he has become so much better company—in fact he is unsurpassable. I go in & sit—“perch”—on the arm of the red sofa to watch the game & the King smokes every minute. He makes such a pretty bridge of his hand, which is so beautiful & in his white silk coats which he had made at Vantine's, he is as wonderful as an ivory soul. He's too beautiful for a human man, & yet you never get away for an instant from the fact that he is a man & a very very strong one. Today I told him how the perfume of his pipe makes me long to follow Dr. H's advice to smoke one too, & how AB said he'd get me a little one, & when I asked the King if his secretary might smoke it, he said, “The secretary can do any thing she wants to, provided its proper, he gave me my first little meerschaum” [MTP TS 9-10].

John Howard Moore wrote from Chicago to Sam. “I am asking the publishers to send you a copy of my book, ‘The Universal Kinship’. I do not know that the book will appeal to you at all, but I thought that it might.” He praised Sam's pen and his wit [MTP]. *Note: Universal Kinship*; see Feb. 2. See also Gribben 482.

Doane Robinson wrote from Pierre, S.D. to Sam. “I wonder if you have grown beyond the point where such notes as the enclosed, contribute to warm the ‘cockles of your heart?’” [MTP]. *Note: no enclosure extant; Note: Lyon wrote on the letter: “Answered Jan. 17, 18” No answer extant.*

Lyman Beecher Stowe wrote from NYC to Sam. “My dear Mr. Clemens / I am very anxious to secure an editorial position on some one of the magazines in town. You, of course, know many editors and makers of editors, and if you would give me a line of introduction to one or two of them I should very greatly appreciate your kindness.” Stowe had met him once at cousin **Alice Day's** and once at Sam's New Year's party “and very likely several times...[as] a small boy” [MTP]. *Note: Sam wrote a short letter of intro for Stowe and lists Burlingame, Page, Hapgood, McClure, Gilder, Colonel (Harvey) Davis, and Dunne.*

January 14 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Isabel Lyon wrote a letter of introduction from Sam for **Finley Peter Dunne** to **Lyman Beecher Stowe** [MTP].

Sam also wrote a letter to daughter **Jean**. After relating the dinner company for the previous night (see **Jan. 13** entry) he wrote:

Miss Lyon has gone to Redding with John Howells.

That lady *did* find me in the train, after my pleasant visit to you, but not until we were within 30 minutes of New York.

The stenographer has arrived (10.30 a.m.), & I must go to work.

Goodbye, dear heart—with lots of love & kisses— / Father [MTP]. *Note: Sam visited Jean in Katonah shortly after returning from Bermuda.*

Isabel Lyon's journal: I think the King grows lovelier every day of his life. This morning he was so interested in a sermon, no, a lecture by Dr. Crapsey appearing in today's “Sun.” A letter courageously setting forth Dr. C.'s opinions of the God depicted in the Bible, & it's a great & wretched pity that I cannot remember to write down every word that falls from the King's lips. He said that Dr. Crapsey has expressed well, what he expresses brutally. (He doesn't ever do anything brutally—but he does express himself with strength.) All the afternoon he played billiards until Mr. Larkin came to make a change in Mr. Clemens's will—i.e. giving C.C. full authority over all literary remains. The King talks so much about his death in these

days. About seven o'clock he called for the organist—I am that—& I played to him Beethoven's 5th Symphony and Schubert's Unfinished Symphony until dinner time. Then after dinner when I had played the Lohengrin Wedding March 3 times while he lay curled up in a corner of the couch with his black cape wrapped about him, we talked a little about music, then he talked about what he wants done with the parts of Susy's biography of him as it appears in his Autobiography. When he is gone he would like to have it published in book form, Susy's biography of him & his comment upon it, for that will stand as a memorial of her. The King was never able to write a memorial of her. It was never anything but a Lament & couldn't ever be anything but that. But this is different—it is her word of him, which reveals herself, & he comment of her which reveals the King [in] him [MTP TS 10-11; also Gribben 505]. *Note:* NY *Sun*, a paper Clemens usually read. **Algernon Sidney Crapsey** (1847–1927) was an Episcopal priest, who was found guilty of heresy in 1906 and stripped of his office. Like Twain, Crapsey did not believe in the divinity of Christ.

Thomas Fitch wrote from Law Offices of Thomas Fitch, Tucson, Ariz. to Sam. In part from a wonderful letter that appears to be a reply:

You did not know that while negotiations were pending for your duel with Laird, that gentleman came to me, and said that he was weary of journalism and its acerbities, and wanted to return to the bloodless east. He offered to sell me one third interest in the Union at the low figure of \$6000 and sell it entirely on credit, taking his pay from one half of the salary of \$50 per week that the other partners would allow me for editing the paper, and I to pay interest on the purchase money out of the other half, at the rate of 2% per month. As a condition of the purchase I was to buy his duel, and take his place on the field of honor.

Financially the proposition did not appeal to me. The Union was just about paying expenses and salaries. [He then showed he would receive nothing the first year and increasing amounts each year to the sixth year and beyond.]

As for the accompanying proposition to buy the duel, I rejected it with scorn. The mines of the Comstock would not have tempted me to shorten your young and beautiful life, to say nothing of the chance of shortening my own. I was then still limping from the effects of my collision with Joe Goodman. As a duelist I had had pie enough. I had given up Journalism for law, and the *Cacoethes Scribena* no longer titillated the hemispheres of my brain, and so your life was saved to the world, which for that act of thoughtful mercy owes me many delights.

Joe Goodman and I afterwards became warm friends, Is he there? I last saw him 20 years and more ago, he was then raisin-ranching at Fresno. Later I heard of him deciphering hieroglyphics, and searching for prehistoric bugs in Central America. Daggett, Myers, Wright, Mrs. Cory, and Mrs. Fitch, who formed with you and me the occupants of the club on the third story of that brick building, forty four years ago are gone. I shall soon be 69, and while I am not weary of life and am hale and sound in body and mind, I would yet stretch out welcoming arms to the messenger who would summon me to my waiting palace among the stars. There I shall see you again old boy, even if to do so I have to put on asbestos garments, and come down stairwise with a fan in one hand and an iced julep in the other [MTP].

Francis Wayland Glen wrote from Brooklyn, NY to thank Sam for his "timely warning to the citizens of this Republic in the January number of the North American Review." Glen wanted to meet him. "We are entering upon a revolution throughout the world in finance, commerce, industry, politics, religion and the arts and sciences, and when peace is finally restored there will not be a throne left in Europe which has not been cast into Irish, Atlantic, Baltic or Meditteraen [*sic*] Sea [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "The thrones come back again. There's only the human race left—& its such a dam fool"

William Rutherford Mead wrote to invite Sam to the Sixth Annual Dinner of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, Jan. 18 at 7:30 p.m., the guest of honor Sir **Ashton Webb** [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Ansd"; Webb (1849-1930), English architect, was the first recipient of the American Institute of Architects Gold Medal in 1907.

Joe Twichell wrote to Sam with thanks and praise for the Bermuda trip and also for Miss Lyon, whom he called, “A daisy—a bouquet of daisies—a bushel of ‘em, is she!” He noted a former college acquaintance begged him to “dissuade” Twain from writing against Christian Science [MTP].

January 15 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam began a letter to **Edith Draper** in Lancashire, England that he enclosed a photo he signed on **Jan. 17**: “I will comply with pleasure, dear Mrs Edith. My secretary will choose a photo which will go handily in the mail & I will autograph it. / Indeed I shouldn’t regret it if I were an Englishman—& particularly a Lancashire man / Sincerely...” [MTP]. *Note*: Lyon remarked about this note on a sheet inserted into her journal: “Here is a proof of the sweet & courteous answer Mr. Clemens writes personally to one who calls herself ‘only an English cottager.’ He is beyond words, gentle & darling to the simple ones of the earth who write from their hearts; whose letters are ‘literature’—because they come from the heart. He always appreciates them, & says so with his pen & to the writer.”

Isabel Lyon’s journal: This morning the King went down stairs with his white necktie on wrong side out, & he wouldn’t let me change it, because he preferred it that way. He preferred the shining cheap satin surface & is going to instruct Robert the Butler to arrange them that way. Again he was upset at the Hobby “because she did not arrive on time”, so he fumed himself into a splendid mood & was so full of dictating that he burned away from 11:30 until 2:30.

Tomorrow evening Helen Keller is to dine here, & some people are coming in afterward.

Today Mr. Paine brought me a little meerschaum pipe—from the King. The King has been having a touch of gout on his left foot—so I’ve been painting it with iodine. When he walked down the stairs he limped & I remarked that he seemed lame, when he said yes, he was a little lame, he couldn’t step on the fo’castle of his foot. Bless him!

Of the selections from Twain’s **A.D.**’s, DeVoto selected about half of the materials not chosen before by Paine to be included in *Mark Twain in Eruption* (1940); among DeVoto’s choices, was “Purchasing Civic Virtue,” dictated this day, which compared America to Rome. Sam railed against Roosevelt’s Executive Order 78, which gave veterans, disabled or not, between 62 and 70, a pension; Sam saw this as a naked grab for votes.

January 16 Wednesday – Sam hosted a small party for **Helen Keller; George Iles, and Mrs. James Sutherland** were also present, Sam autographing his portrait for the latter [MTHHR 577; Jan. 17 from Iles; IVL TS 13 below].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: With the first Jan. number of the N.A. Review, the magazine was cut down from 128 to 112 pages & so Col. Harvey feels that he must cut out some of the Autobiography. The Auto *must* pay for the Redding house & the King was planning to put just that money \$30,000.00 into the buildings. ~~On~~ ~~clear—Then~~ it the additional cost will have to come out of the Utah Consolidated. But the King is cosy in his bed, after 1½ hours with Tschaikovsky that evolutionist, who came in promising to stay 30 minutes. The time dragged on & I could hear the King’s voice growing tired & hoarse; I made 2 or 3 excuses to get into the room, & finally wrote him a little note, “You remember you have an appointment in 15 minutes,” & he pretended, “Yes, I’ll do it (fill that imaginary appointment) I’ll get right up—” & so off ran Tschaikovsky, so the King is cosy & smoking in his bed.

Helen Keller came tonight. At half past seven she arrived with Mrs. Macy & when the King, who had been pacing up & down the room, went to the library door to meet her as she came in with short hesitating steps, she threw her arms around him & buried her head in his neck & felt of his hair, when Mrs. Macy told her that he was still wearing his halo, the King ~~cried & I cried, too~~ wept [MTP: IVL TS 13]. *Note*: **Mrs. John Albert Macy (Anne Sullivan Macy)**.

Miss **Louise Gardner** wrote from Tarrytown, NY to thank Clemens for signing a picture. She also thanked Miss Lyon for writing and explaining the delay [MTP]. *Note*: this appears to be a young girl’s hand.

Mrs. **Rachel A. King** wrote to Sam from Croft-an-Righ, Edinburgh, Scotland, remembering her brother, **David Redding** who was living on the Sandwich Islands when Twain was there, and now dead for 40 years. “Knowing his great friendship for you in the long ago, I always feel greatly interested as to your movements.” She shared her and her husband’s love of *RI* [MTP].

Logan Grant McPherson (1863-1925), author, lecturer on transportation, wrote on Players Club notepaper to Sam.

That first night of Cymbeline when we stole from the Winter’s box to the front row of the balcony, I was pining not only to tell you how I had read Tom Sawyer but to make a suggestion I was sure you would accept. That was that you collaborate with me in a book I was then writing, to the extent of putting in some joke of which it is sadly in need.

The fear however that the audience who saw us pacing up and down the aisles and through the lobbies thought we were a Before Using and After Using advertisement for some hair tonic so flustered me that I went ahead and completed the book myself.

To show you the extent of the calamity you might have averted I send you a copy of the book as it is—and also to show you that in that colloquy between you and me, you were not the only literary man present. / Yours in the remembrance of what to me was a memorable evening....PS Pray do not think that I expect you to read the book [MTP]. *Note:* not in Gribben.

Miss **Paddy Madden** wrote to Sam, “surprised and delighted” to receive his picture [MTP].

January 17 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to daughter **Jean**, whose incoming is not extant:

Why yes, dear Jean, your character—as I saw—had indeed softened, but the other day, it seemed to have hardened (temporarily only, I think) toward Anna & the others, on account of what [you] regarded as unjust conduct toward you. But I did not seem to blame & reproach you, did I? I could not mean that; in my heart I have no reproaches for you, but only mournings for your unearned estate.

What I would like, for your best sake, would be for you to force your mind away from your self & concentrate it upon a trying but valuable task: the task of making some difficult subject happy—Anna, for instance. The very best part of the Christian Science philosophy is that very thing: driving one’s mind away from its own concerns and riveting it upon something else—and closely watching it & *keeping* it there. You can do this—we all can—and it brings healing to the spirit & is inestimably valuable.

I do hope you are happy, dear—out of my heart I hope it. I welcome this snow-storm, because its flakes are falling about you & you are already outside & getting joy out of them.

We are not forgetting nor neglecting the horse-&-carriage matter—and shan’t. We are telegraphing George to come down here & consult; also we are on the track of a carriage.

With boundless love, dear heart, / Father [MTP]. *Note:* **Anna Sterritt**, Jean’s maid.

Sam also inscribed his photo to **Edith Draper** and enclosed it in his **Jan. 15** note: “To / Mrs. Edith Draper / with the best wishes of / Mark Twain / New York / Jan. 17/07” [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: I didn’t expect to find her [Helen Keller] as she is. I believed she would be blasé & spoiled a little because of her great fame; but she isn’t spoiled a bit. The signs of her great afflictions are always present, because she is so dependent on others. She waits with a sweet, almost breathless attention, while Mrs. Macy spells with inconceivable rapidity the sentence or remark that has just been uttered, & when it is finished her face ripples with delight & she gives a sweet little shiver of pleasure, & in her expression you can see that she has understood perfectly. Helen & Mrs. Macy are the guest of Mrs. Lawrence [*sic* Laurence] Hutton & while we were waiting for Mr. Macy who is staying in some other place, to appear, it was suggested that I play something on the orchestrelle to see if Helen could detect the musical vibrations. I took the *Erkönig* & at the first deep trembling of the bass, she turned instantly to Mrs. Macy & said “Music”. She was fully conscious of its shadings, for she said that it reminded her of the rising and falling of winds or waves. She wore a white gown trimmed with a great deal of soft lace, & a string, a long double string of coral beads.

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

Her face, particularly the left side of it, is very noble, as Mrs. Percy Grant pointed out to me later. But I had been struck with the nobility & the womanliness & the great play of intellect & affection & emotion & seriousness that make it what it is. The King says of her that “she is a mine” [MTP: IVL TS 13-14].

Claire Oddie wrote from 124 W. 11th St. NYC to Sam. “My faith in you remains unshaken, though it ‘niggled’ just a bit! / I am glad to know that your prayers ascend at midnight—mine will go then, so that they always creep in, under the mantle of yours [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “They’ll set the dog on ‘em in a minute—St. Peter will—“

Sam also inscribed in *Eve’s Diary* to **Claire Oddie**. “Jan. 17. 1907. / Dear Miss Oddie: / I was born lazy & procrastinacious, but if I had known you were kin to Uncle Joe I would have gotten up at midnight & interrupted my prayers to attend to this matter. You didn’t tell me you were kin to anybody, & so I didn’t suppose you were. Forgive! / Sincerely Yours / Mark Twain” [MTP].

George Iles wrote on Park Ave. Hotel notepaper to Sam.

You gave me one of the great treats of my life as you entertained Miss Keller and the rest of us last night. How her face beamed at your stories, especially as you told about the miraculous kerosene!

You were so kind as to say that you would sign a portrait for Mrs. James Sutherland who will, I trust, send a check to Mrs. Treasurer Barnes in aid of the Association for the Blind [MTP].

Frank Nicholls Kennin wrote from Toronto, Canada to Sam.

“In a collection of poems, ‘Beyond the Hills of Dream’ by the Canadian poet **William Wilfred Campbell**, at page 66 (Houghton, Mifflin, The River Site ... 1899) is a poem, ‘Love’, I think it is called, —I haven’t the book at hand and write from a careless memorandum—which consists of the two verses which you found in one of Miss Susy’s own books, with the quotation marks inadvertently omitted” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Thank him very sincerely; I shall at once make the correction in the book— / Send & get the book”; at the top, “Used Jan. 22”. Editorial emphasis.

Joseph Robinson wrote to Sam on Franklin College, Dept. of English, Franklin Indiana notepaper to ask for an autograph they might frame for the walls of the English Dept. [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Mr. Clemens wrote: Consider well the proportions of things; it is better to be a young June-bug than an old Bird-of-Paradise.”

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

January 17-20 Sunday – In N.Y.C. **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote instructions from Sam to write to an **unidentified man**: “Write Mauritius man & say it isn’t Mr. Clemens’ story but it couldn’t be any better if it bore his trademark” [MTP].

January 18 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to the **Jan. 3** of **Margaret Christensen**.

“Dear Madam: /I thank you gratefully for your welcome letter, which has deeply touched me. Nothing could be more gratifying to me than to know that my dear lost wife’s beautiful character has spoken to you from the grave & that you have treasured the message” [MTP]. *Note:* From Brooklyn.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: The King dined with Mr. & Mrs. Broughton tonight & he enjoyed it for he had a good talk with Peter Dunne who is loud in his praises of Roosevelt, & he is younger than he is loud in his praises. The King read him a philosophical lesson or two about the President’s impulses, but the air is still vibrating with the Dooley bomb of praise.

A.B. is going to Redding tomorrow & Mrs. Dunne asked the King to look after Mr. Dooley [Dunne] a bit—to use him—to billiardist him & when I told AB he felt that that Dooley editor oughtn't to be playing billiards in the afternoons, even if they don't want to.

Mother AB and I went to Fonfarone's tonight & were amused by the crowd & the tenor who flatted, & the oldish pianist who touched the piano keys lovingly, & with all the humor of a virtuoso & then later AB & I practiced billiards & I have learned a little of the game. I made some shots [MTP: IVL TS 14-15].

Julia Langdon Barber wrote from "Belmont" in Wash. D.C. to ask Sam if he would sign the Hillcrest Edition volumes she was "about to order," and to include her name in the inscription. She asked that especially *L4* be inscribed as she was one of his "favored listeners to the reading of the manuscript, upon the return voyage of the Quaker City via Bermuda" [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Tell her there may be some delay about it for he has to do a great deal of autographing & is obliged to put it aside until he can devote a ½ day to that sort of thing. Then he'll write his nom de plume in it with pleasure—not a Dam sight of pleasure but just pleasure."

Mr. & Mrs. **Urban H. Broughton** sent Sam a formal invitation to dine on Friday January 18 at 8 pm [MTP].

Edmund D. Morel of the Congo Reform Assoc., London sent Sam "the second edition of 'Red Rubber' which you may be interested to see. I hope the first edition reached you safely." [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Yes—& has been in constant use as a window prop—"; also "Tell him that Dihdwo Twe that darkey has got a saner head on him than any missionary that ever went to that country or any other."

Frederic Whyte wrote from London to Sam. "Accept my best thanks for your kindness in complying so promptly with my request for a contribution to the *Daily Graphic*. I have much pleasure in sending you a copy of the issue in which it appeared" [MTP]. *Note:* see Sam's protest (**Jan. 29**) of Whyte's use of what was thought to be a private communication.

Chapters from "My Autobiography—X" ran in the <i>N.A.R.</i> p.113-19.

January 19 Saturday – The **Hope-Jones Organ Co.** was incorporated in **Elmira, New York**, with capital stock of \$250,000 in 750 shares of 7% cumulative preferred shares and 1500 shares of common stock, all in \$100 shares. The three directors: **John Brand**, **J. Sloat Fassett**, and **Robert Hope-Jones**. **Jervis Langdon II** was president and treasurer, and Hope-Jones vice-president. Jervis' Uncle Sam Clemens subscribed to \$5,000 worth, payable over time on "calls," as did **Edward E. Loomis**, vice-president of the Lackawanna Railroad (and husband of Sam's niece, **Julia Langdon Loomis**); and **Theodore Vail**, president of AT&T, and numerous other investors. The factory was in Elmira, a 30,000 square foot building on the corner of Madison and Fifth; an office was also opened in N.Y.C. For Sam this was an investment he made for **Clara and Jean** [Ensor, *MT & Hope-Jones* 5-6]. *Note:* see Mar. 12 from Jervis, also Apr. 3 entry.

Isabel Lyon's journal: A flutter—no, a serious upheaving of the King's anxieties over the fact that the *N.A. Review* is cutting & cutting down the instalments of the Autobiography. He feels that the Harpers must be near collapsing again or they would not cut out 16 pages of reading matter of a magazine that is only 5 months old. Mother & I went to hear Gabrilowitsch play this afternoon. It was a performance to charm one. It charmed me, all but the Arensky number—but I think I didn't understand it, & I was exhausted by then, for the Chopin Sonata was wonderfully played and didn't leave much of me. Gabrilowitsch came in this evening to see C.C. & we had a pleasant chat. He quite agreed with the King that the driving around the "Spoon" to reach the front door of the Hartford house was an impossibility, until C.C. proved that it wasn't an impossibility, by walking with Gab. around the scrap basket which was the "Spoon" to the Barberini chair which was the house.

The Republican party is on a stump & the Democrat dogs are barking all around it & having such a good time. Foraker speech, Tellman speech, Blackburn endorsement of the President's position [MTP: IVL TS 15-16].

Mrs. A. Wilkinson Besley wrote from Chattanooga, Tenn. to Sam, enclosing her poem she felt was “suggested by reading ‘King Leopold’s Soliloquy’” [MTP].

Rule Letcher wrote from Bremerton, Wash. to Sam. Being a fellow Missourian, Letcher asked “how the natives of that state came to be called, Pukes?” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Should be glad to furnish the information but do not possess it.”

Anna L. Pederson for the N.Y. Wellesley Club wrote to invite Sam to their annual luncheon on Jan. 19 at the Manhattan Hotel to “tell us in a few words your experience as a lobbyist” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “decline”.

F.W. Shumaker for Sterling Debenture Corp., NYC. wrote to solicit Sam to purchase shares in the American Telegraph Company, which combined features of the telephone and the phonograph, recording speech [MTP].

January 20 Sunday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Early—at 9—C.C. went back to Katonah. R.G. [Rodman Gilder] went with her. At ten I went into the King’s room, he had a waiting look within him & after I had gone over some mail—a late yesterday batch—he picked up the paper & read a political article from The Times, seasoning it all along with the keen comment that is his. I do not become *accustomed* to his wisdom; no, daily I am amazed at his insight into men & political situations. He gave me a long & splendid political talk; and then I handed him a letter from a Canadian, one Mr. Kennin who wrote to say that the sweet verses Mr. Clemens had believed were written by Susy, were written by [blank space] & that he believed Mr. Clemens would be glad to know it. And he was. For as the King said, he would not want Susy to be claiming from the grave a thing that was not hers. He went on to say that the particular reason for his dislike of Stedman is due to the fact that the King wrote him, just after we came home from Italy, asking if he could tell him who wrote the verses & Stedman wrote him such an indifferent letter, one claiming all honor for Stedman the Anthologist & evincing no interest for anyone’s but Stedman’s poems.

Along about 12 o’clock the King got into & out of the tub & went to his room & his bed again. “The Librarian” as he calls Katherine, is away just now for she isn’t well—but when she’s here she rubs the King’s head dry after his bath & so I took her place & rubbed his damp hair into a glory of a white & beautiful fluff. He worked later on Auto batches & later still Col. Harvey came in and the King’s worries are at an end over the *N.A. Review* & its dockings of the Ms. The plan has been made to pay the King \$2,000.00 a month until one hundred thousand words have been turned in, & that will provide the needed amount to build the house at Redding.

At 6 o’clock the King started in Mr. Rogers’s auto for the Rogers house where he is to spend the night. He can’t drive out any more & come home too. It racks him so for the next day, & fixes him so that he cannot dictate. It is so lonely without him, when he goes to spend a night away. I went into his tobaccoed room, & it was better to be there than to be in a thousand chapels with incense. Yesterday I told C.C. that perhaps the King will take her over to Europe in the spring. The King & I, it would be, & she was glad [TS 16-18].

January 21 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote an aphorism to an **unidentified person**: “Consider the proportions of things: it is better to be a young june-bug than an old bird of Paradise. / Truly Yours / Mark Twain / Jan. 21/07” [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Dr. Herring came, says Bermuda is better in summer than in winter.

Yesterday morning the kind said that in spite of all the builders might say to the contrary “the skyscrapers wouldn’t have any more show in time of an earthquake than a cat without claws would have in Hell”.

It was that remark of his which set me dreaming last night ... [*her related dream cut here*]

Gerry Brush came in this afternoon & stayed on & on with me until 9:45. The King dined with the Robt. Colliers & came home at 10:30 with freesia in his button hole, & smoking a long thick cigar. He dropped into his big brown chair & told how Mr. Dooley was there, & what a pleasant time it was [TS 18-19].

The **H.W. Gray Co.** sent under separate cover a copy of *The New Music Review* and a subscription blank [MTP].

Nat Haddow wrote to Clemens from Melbourne, Australia to relate his memories of seeing, with his late mother, Sam's lecture in Melbourne. "My mother was a very religious woman & without humor." After the lecture he "said, well Mother what do you think of Mark Twain? My son (she said) I hope you will never take me to such a place again. 'He just simply stood there telling lies'" [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "We get all sorts of criticisms & we are very much delighted with this one."

J.J. Halsey of the New York Press Art Bureau, replied to Isabel Lyon and indirectly to Sam that they couldn't send a photographer to his house as he'd suggested "because we could not get the results adapted to reproduction purposes, and would much prefer to wait until Mr. Clemens could find it convenient to call at The Marceau Studio" [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Cannot go / The effects can be got here perfectly well"

January 22 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

The King dined at the Coes & will stay the night.

But today he told me more about the Collier dinner than he did last night. Mr. Collier had an unpublished Kipling poem which is to appear soon in *Collier's Weekly*, & he asked Mr. Clemens to translate it, but he couldn't do it, because he said that if almost anyone but Kipling had written it, it would be a satire, but Kipling is so orthodox in his beliefs & this poem is about Mary and Martha—so the King thinks it will have to go with "They" "They" was never a mystery to me, & now that the story has appeared in book-form, Kipling who wouldn't ever enter an explanation of a story of his, has prefaced it with a beautiful poem which must forever wipe [a]way any doubt as to the meaning of the story. In so subtle a way he has clarified & beautified that little gem. When I said that I couldn't see why Kipling with his breadth of intellect should still be orthodox, the King explained how it is his training that makes him cling to his early beliefs; then he loves power & authority & Kingship—and that has to show itself in his religion. All the time he was talking he walked round the billiard table knocking 4 pool balls & making such good shots—and scoring such good runs—and he went on to say that the time could easily come that if his mind became enfeebled from an enfeebled body, that on a lingering death bed, he could probably call for Joe Twichell & a bible & do a lot of repenting [TS 19-20]. *Note:* a short newspaper clipping, datelined Stockholm, Aug. 19 is pasted here, "Nobel Prize for Kipling; Mark Twain Was, It Is Said, Suggested for the Honor This Year."

Charles Hopkins Clark wrote from Hartford to invite Sam to a "dinner call" on Mar. 6 [MTP]. *Note:* see after Jan. 22 for his reply.

W.W. Denslow wrote from NYC to Sam, desirous of seeing him and talking about Bermuda, and his island in particular, "as Dr. Herring of the Bermudian tells me you are interested and intend to return to the Sunlit islands" [MTP].

Charles J. Langdon wrote from Elmira, NY to Sam, having just rec'd a property tax bill on the Buffalo property. Sam's one-third would be \$43.99. Also, he wrote that Jervis "had a delightful time with you. He thinks it is much more fun to do business with you than it is to work at anything else" [MTP].

John Trotwood Moore wrote to Sam on Taylor-Trotwood Publishing Co., Nashville, Tenn. letterhead.

I inclose a clipping about you & I am sending you this by mail a copy of my magazine containing the story Rumany Riss which I thought ou might like to read.

I should love to have a line from you telling me just how much rest and sleep you take. It is not impertinence but my drive to know how much a man of your great brain work needs after hard creation or other brain work. / with personal regard... [MTP]. *Note:* no clipping is in the file. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Have to keep these secrets to myself. If they re likely to get into print—for Harpers wont have it— / Harpers is not my address for 2nd class mail—All such mail sent there never gets any further. For the express & extra postage charges in the summertime would bankrupt me"

S.F. Battarns for West Point Military Academy wrote to Sam: "It gives me pleasure to inform you that the privileges of the West Point Army Mess are extended to you for the ensuing year" [MTP].

In Sam's **A.D.** he explained about not being able to identify the author, **Robert Richardson** (d.1901), of the lines which had been chosen for **Susy Clemens'** headstone: "We had found them in a book in India, but had lost the book and with it the author's name. But in time an application to the editor of 'Notes and Queries [NY *Times*] furnished me the author's name...and it has been added to the verses upon the gravestone" [Gribben 508].

January 22 after – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam wrote on the Jan. 22 invite from **Charles Hopkins Clark** (of the *Hartford Courant*), declining a "dinner call" in Hartford. "Can't go have no sufficient good excuse except that I have retired—never again accept a banquet invitation that in my heart I do not feel obliged to attend from a sense of duty or for some higher reason" [MTP].

Sam replied with thanks to **S.F. Battarns**, for "the honor you confer in extending to me the privileges of the West Point Army Mess for the coming year. I accept them with pleasure & hope I may be able to use them" [MTP].

January 23 Wednesday – At 5 p.m. at Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sam fell up the front steps and skinned his "starboard shin" [Jan. 26 to Jean].

Isabel Lyon's journal: More about Aldrich's coat—label gone.

This afternoon Mr. Clemens went up to Mrs. Nathan's to see a clever clairvoyant Prof. Bert Rees a big-faced German who read the contents of folded bits of paper in quite a wonderful way. He told the King among other things that he would live to be 98 years ten months & 2 days old—and the King wants to swap off some of those years & months & days.

Today C.C. had another letter from T.B. Aldrich about that coat, & how the complaint is that the London label has been taken out, & how could it have happened—a poet—a man of letters—harassed by the loss of a tiny coat label—it is unthinkable; but again it shows Aldrich as he truly is & not as the finely sensitive creature that strangers believe him to be. The creature whose mentality is of a quality to keep him above the region of coats, let alone a label [TS 18-19]. *Note:* **Mrs. Nathan** may be **Maud Nathan (Mrs. Frederick Nathan)**. See 24 Dec. 1909.

George B. Cortelyou wrote on Postmaster General, Washington DC notepaper to invite Clemens to the annual banquet of the University Club of Washington on Feb. 16 [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Shouldn't be able to come now in old age, but in any case have an engagement for that date."

John C.G. Cumming wrote from Falkirk, Scotland to Sam, insisting he was not an autograph collector and thanking him for his many books. He also told a tale about corpses being dug up in China and gorgonzola cheese, that "looks like a variation of one of yours, Sir, but it isn't" [MTP]. *Note:* see Sam's reply Feb.2-6 entry. Also IVL's journal Feb. 4 entry.

George H. Himes wrote on Oregon Historical Society, Portland, Ore. letterhead to Sam. After reading one of the recent Autobiography articles in the *NAR*, Himes recalled he'd written Sam about "a journeyman printer named [**Urban East**] **Hicks**, who worked in the office of your Brother Orion at Hannibal, in he late 40's; and the fact that I wrote to you about him perhaps 18 years ago, when he was in my employ." Since Sam had inquired of

Hicks, Himes told what became of him and the various places he lived in his declining years; also of his death at age 78 when a train ran over him. He added a page of his history with Hicks that began in the late fall of 1853 [MTP].

George W. Jepsen wrote for The Danish Dramatic Society, NYC to announce that **Mrs. Oda Nielsen** from Copenhagen, Denmark has arrived in New York and would go on tour in the US. She could “sing in almost any language, and she has a manner of interpreting her songs, which is unknown here, and which has made her famous in Europe.” Sam was invited to be the guest of honor to meet her on Jan. 27, 8 p.m. [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP as “really two dictations.”

January 24 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. the back of a chair gave way with Sam in it. He fell backward striking his head, his feet in the air, his chin crushing his chest. He was not injured, though he wrote he couldn’t do that again without breaking his neck [Jan. 26 to Jean].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: W.W. Denslow came at 5 to talk about that island of his in Bermuda but it seems that he will want it in August & if the King goes to Bermuda he will want to stay until October anyway. The King had wanted Denslow to come for luncheon. Luck prevented my reaching him by telephone to give him the invitation, & now the King tells me that Denslow is coarse & vulgar. I suspected it by his voice when he telephoned me this morning. In fact I fancied perhaps he was a little drunk—but I imagine it was just Denslow. The King sat in an ordinary straight backed chair while they were talking in the billiard room & in his interest of the subject he threw himself back in the chair. There was a crack and a crash; the chair-back split off & the King fell over backward striking his head on the floor. He told me that he had his “prayer” all ready & got it out before he touched the floor, fearing he’d land in Eternity first. He knocked the billiard balls around while he talked to me, in a soft light, & made wonderful shots [TS 21-22].

William J.C. Dulany, Booksellers and Stationers, Baltimore, Md. wrote to ask Sam who the publisher was for his “little booklet entitled ‘King Leopold’s Soliloquy’” [MTP].

Arda Bates Rorison wrote to invite Sam to the opening performance of *Jeanne d’Arc* Jan. 29; they could call for him at 7 pm [MTP].

January 25 Friday – Sam played billiards with **Peter Dunne** (“**Mr. Dooley**”) [Jan. 26 to Jean]. Lyon wrote:

Isabel Lyon’s journal: The King said “I am just thirsting for blood & Mr. Dooley is going to furnish it!”—Billiards!—Mr. Dooley is coming for luncheon. But the King is walking up & down the billiard room with quick light eager steps—ready for dictation, but readier for the blood of Mr. Dooley [Peter Dunne]. Later: He got the blood, for he and Mr. Dooley played all the afternoon & while Mr. D isn’t a good billiardist, he is good company, & the King was quite happy, I think. Mr. John Howells came in with some nice plans for the Redding house [TS 22].

Chatto & Windus wrote to Clemens, enclosing a statement and check for £123:2:7 for sales of his books for the half-year ending Dec. 31, 1906 [MTP]

Howells & Stokes Co. (John M. Howells) wrote to Miss Lyon with details of the proposed Redding house, working within the \$25,000 allowance [MTP].

January 26 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to daughter **Jean** in Katonah, N.Y.

It is good news, Jean dear, that you are having healthful outdoor times, & especially good news that Dr. Hunt perceives that your condition is improved. It is *very* good news.

Miss Lyon is sure you will like the carriage. From the description of it I am of the same opinion. George & the carriage & the horse will doubtless soon be on their way to you.

I am glad you enjoy your carving-work. Your pigs were cunningly & artistically done, & mighty attractive. If I could do such things I should greatly enjoy it.

John Howells has planned a house which is going to be very satisfactory, I think—in all ways, cost included.

Dooley came & played billiards yesterday & I won a dollar, & Clara tried to make me give it back to him. She does everything she can to make it difficult for me to support the family [MTP]. *Note:* he also told of skinning his shin and also falling backward as a chair gave way; not being able to do it again without breaking his neck. **Dr. Edward Livingston Hunt.**

Sam also wrote to **Joe Twichell**. Dear Joe: / All the periodicals have refused this poem—ever since election day. Get Charley Clark to put it in the *Courant*.[Enclosed:]

The Battle of Ivoy
Man For His Own Hand.
====
Being a Campaign Anthem.
====
Air—Jerusalem the Golden.
————

Ho, burghers of Dutch Albany,
Ho, buggers of New York,
Ho, sons of bitches from the slums
And painted whores from Cork,*
Ho, gallows-birds from Hell's Delight
And convicts prison-nursed,
O, gather, gather to the polls
And 'lect the bloody Hurst!
====

* A poetically-licensed divergence from fact. They don't come from there [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Benjamin dinner. A.B. back & the King glad.

This afternoon Mr. Clemens went up to see "Fletcher" the palmist. At 4 o'clock he came home full of the amusement of it. Fletcher told him that he was to live close onto a century. That he had 2 investments connected with the ground—one of which was to be of great importance in about 2 years time, and that he'd be advised to sell out, but that he mustn't do it. The King said "There's the Utah [Consolidated stock] & the Farm [Redding house]". We sat on the red sofa in the billiard room while he told me about his visit there & then he read a little of Omar Khyayyam aloud. It's a new translation just sent to the King & translates 8 of the quatrains. Of course it doesn't tally with FitzGerald's exactly, which made the King remark that "Omar had changed his principles" [TS 22-23]. *Note:* see Feb. 2 to **Eben Francis Logan**, who sent the book. Gribben p. 517 was working with an older TS here, so his page numbers are different.

In the evening Sam attended a banquet in honor of Senator from Montana, **William Andrews Clark** (1839-1925). Clark made a fortune in Montana in mining, banking and railroads, and owned a magnificent house on Fifth Ave., containing a wealth of art treasures. The *NY Times*, Jan. 27, p. 13:

DINNER TO SENATOR CLARK.

A dinner was given in honor of Senator W. A. Clark by the Art Committee of the Union League at the clubhouse last night [Jan. 26] as a mark of appreciation for the loan exhibition of the Senator's pictures which recently closed there. Among the other guests were Mark Twain, Frank R. Lawrence, President of the Lotos Club; George R. Sheldon, Robert C. Ogden, and Albert H. Wiggin.

There were thirty canvases in Senator Clark's exhibit, representing \$1,000,000 in value. The members of the Art Committee who gave the dinner were Col. H. B. Wilson, Herbert S. Carpenter, Paulding Farnham, Thomas E. Kirby, Col. Harrison K. Bird, and A. A. Anderson.

Note: Fatout lists this as a speaking engagement for Twain (p.676), but from Sam's narration of the day and event in *MTE* (p.70-77), he clearly did not:

I went to the dinner, which was served in a small private room of the club with the usual piano and fiddlers present to make conversation difficult and comfort impossible. I found that the Montana citizen was not merely a guest but that the dinner was given in his honor. While the feeding was going on two of my elbow neighbors supplied me with information concerning the reasons for this tribute of respect to Mr. Clark. Mr. Clark had lately lent to the Union League Club, which is the most powerful political club in America and perhaps the richest, a million dollars' worth of European pictures for exhibition. It was quite plain that my informant regarded this as an act of almost superhuman generosity. One of my informants said, under his breath and with awe and admiration, that if you should put together all of Mr. Clark's several generousities to the club, including this gaudy one, the cost to Mr. Clark first and last would doubtless amount to a hundred thousand dollars. I saw that I was expected to exclaim, applaud, and adore, but I was not tempted to do it, because I had been informed five minutes earlier that Clark's income, as stated under the worshipping informant's breath, was thirty million dollars a year [*MTE* 72-3].

Susan L. Warner (Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner) wrote to Sam upon learning he was to be a pallbearer for Mrs. Hooker. Would he stay with **Mary Barton** and herself over night? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "I thank you ever so much but am not able to come."

January 27 Sunday – Isabel Lyon's journal:

This morning I had no mail for the King so we had talk instead & he read me Mr. Dooley's ideas about the Army Canteen which appears in today's *Times*. He sat up in bed & rolled it out so deliciously, gurgling with delight. I wish Peter Dunne could have seen him. I wish Kipling would see him read those immortal Jungle Tales.

C.C. went off to Boston at 12:30. Such a bustle to get her off & then as A.B. & I sat by my open fire, I bade him stop talking for I heard a wail a lamentation. It was the King singing. I flew down stairs & I told A.B. that the King was lonely, for he sings like that only when his spirit is calling for lost companionship. I found him cursing the loneliness of the house—the first floor—and it is that way. There's nothing gemütlich about those rooms, but they could be made so—oh easily. However, we lunched & the King was brilliant. Then he played billiards—a left handed game—all the afternoon with A.B. & all the evening too. I watched for a little while, & so rested myself, for I'm very weary sometimes. And the King always rests me—always [TS 23]. *Note:* gemütlich: German adj.: Warm and congenial; pleasant or friendly.

Gertrude H. Baldwin wrote inviting Sam to some function [MTP]. On or just after this date Sam replied:

"Don't go out at night any more except when I feel obliged to do it & that will be exceedingly seldom. If I haven't done my share of work I have at least reached the time limit when I ought to have done it" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Sam was "cursing the loneliness of this house" [Hill 165].

Robert Reid wrote a rather illegible letter to Sam that begins, "I wanted to see you—I didn't know you were going to see Mr R." (H.H. Rogers) The rest is only partially readable [MTP].

January 28 Monday – In his **A.D.** Sam referred to songs: "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," as he had in Ch. 11 of *PW* back in 1894 [Gribben 236]. He also referred to the **Jan. 26** dinner, when Senator Clark of Montana "rose to the tune of ... 'God Save the King,' frantically sawed and thumped by the fiddlers and

the piano” during Union League Club speeches [263]. “The Star Spangled Banner” [370]. *Note*: Devoto selected this day’s dictation for inclusion in *Mark Twain in Eruption* (1940) p.70-77.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “They” poem. Englishman

The King played billiards all the afternoon & all the evening. At luncheon when we were talking about Kipling again & the obscurity of “They” I told the King how the story is now in book form & prefaced by a beautiful explanatory poem & ran upstairs to get it for him. He read it aloud as we sat at the table & he was deeply moved by its beauty & by the last part of it especially.

[written diagonally and in red pencil:]

The poem in my Kipling—“Traffics & Discoveries” [TS 24].

In Sam’s **A.D.** he mentioned **Finley Peter Dunne** (pseud. **Mr. Dooley**); he “is brilliant; he is an expert with his pen, and he easily stands at the head of all the satirists of this generation” [Gribben 209].

Davis Johnson, attorney in Van Wert, Ohio wrote a Mark Twain fan letter to Sam, confessing that reading *TS* and *HF* now to his own children gave him the same pleasure it did when he was six [MTP].

January 29 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to Miss **Eleanor Robson**, who was raising money for the support of **Bret Harte’s** daughter, **Mrs. Jessamy Steele**, who, Miss Robson wrote this day was “in dire need and in the Portland Me. Almshouse.”

I feel that the American people owe a debt of gratitude to Bret Harte, for not only did he paint such pictures of California as delighted the heart, but there was such an infinite tenderness, such sympathy, such strength, and such merit in his work that the commanded the attention of the world to our country, and his daughter is surely deserving of our sympathy [NY *Times* Jan. 30, 1907, p.18 “Aid for Harte’s Daughter”].

Note: **Eleanor Robson Belmont** (1879-1979) was an English stage actress who was currently playing a role in a Bret Harte play, *Salomy Jane*. She made her New York debut in 1900 and was popular in the US until 1910, when she retired after marrying **August Belmont, Jr.** (1853-1924) financier and builder of New York’s Belmont Park racetrack.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Miss Minah Smith came with her plans of her Bermuda house—\$125 a month & darling. I carried them up to the King who was in his tub—so I waited on the stairs until he came out of the bathroom. He Swore roundly at something in there & come to find out he had dropped 2 cakes of soap in the tub & they were so slippery he couldn’t get hold of them. I rubbed his head dry while I told him about the plans & the nigger servants & how he’d be living close to the archbishop and he wondered if anyone would be good enough to induce the archbishop to move away.

A Mr. Leander Richardson came in a short time ago to ask Mr. Clemens to allow his name to be used in a testimonial Miss Eleanor Robson is getting up for one of the Bret Harte’s daughters who is in a poorhouse, & the King is willing.

The King went up to the Rogerses for dinner & to spend the night. It is Mr. Rogers’s birthday & the King took up an ash tray with an angel fish enameled upon it. Mother & I went out to the Brevoort & later AB came in and we had a sweet and cosy talk in my room. He is such a frank creature & looks fate in the eyes & believes in the great fabric of life [MTP TS 24-25].

Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to **Frederic Whyte**. “Mr. Clemens asks me to write for him & say that he has received both your letter & the Graphic; and that he supposed there was nothing about your first letter that indicated you would use his private answer in a public way. It has made him violate a contract with his publisher, which he naturally regrets” [MTP]. *Note:* Whyte had written on **Dec. 7, 1906** asking Sam’s reaction to the endorsement of phrenology by **Alfred Russel Wallace**; Whyte then published some of Sam’s remarks in the London *Daily Graphic* without permission.

Rachel A. King wrote from Scotland to thank Sam for his kind letter and photo. On his next birthday she promised to send “something that will remind you of your boyhood” [MTP].

Mrs. **F.B. Powell** wrote from Woodstock, NY to ask Sam for a “few lines” [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

January 30 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Tearing headache less than 3 weeks since last.

Yesterday the King gave permission to have his name used in the Eleanor Robson benefit for Bret Harte’s daughter, but today he has revoked it, for he sees through the whole thing as being mainly an advertisement for Eleanor Robson. He is so impulsive, & continually has to withdraw from propositions that he has gone into with enthusiasm [MTP TS 25].

Henry Meade Bland wrote from San Jose, Calif. to Sam, enclosing a clipping from the *Overland Monthly* of Jan. 1907, and a clipping from the *San Jose Times*. (The former in the file.) He had his artist, Miss Alice Resor, make a drawing from the photo Sam sent. He requested the honor of meeting him should Sam ever venture out West again. The article enclosed by Bland discusses the friendship between Twain and **Charles Warren Stoddard**, then expanded into a brief biography [MTP]. *Note:* after this date Sam replied to Bland, writing a note to Lyon on Bland’s letter: “not likely to ever go away from NY City again but if he comes East would be glad to see him” [MTP].

John Mead Howells wrote to Isabel Lyon enclosing “a new set of sketches embodying all the points we discussed yesterday” on the Redding house [MTP].

Jervis Langdon II wrote to Sam that the director meeting for the Hope-Jones Organ Co. on Jan 25 had issued a call for 15% on the subscription of stock. He requested Sam to send \$750.00 [MTP].

Eleanor Robson wrote to Sam [MTP]. Letter is missing.

Abbott Rose wrote from NYC to Sam. She was secretary for the new organization, the Mark Twain Literary Society. She requested an autographed letter authorizing the use of his name [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: Answd Feb. 21, ‘08”

Harriet E. Whitmore wrote from Hartford to praise Sam for his books and to castigate those in Massachusetts library who restricted *Eve’s Diary* [MTP].

In his **A.D.** Sam referred to **King Charles II** as one who lowered English standards of “official and commercial morals,” which had been raised by **Cromwell** [Gribben 237].

Of the selections from Twain’s **A.D.**’s, DeVoto selected about half of the materials not chosen before by Paine to be included in *Mark Twain in Eruption* (1940); among DeVoto’s choices, was “The Teaching Applied,” dictated this day, which blamed **Jay Gould** and his successors for the corruption of the American moral system. He also accused Colorado Senator **Simon Guggenheim** (1867-1941) of paying for his office from the state legislature [81-3]. Also in *MTE* was another dictation, “The Little Tale,” of this date. It was a story of a book collector’s find of a First Folio of Shakespeare in a farmer’s house and a purchase for a price far below its value. Sam compared this to the honesty of **James Hammond Trumbull**. Sam likely noted the tale, told to him at the Union League Club dinner for Senator Clark, because the collector was a clergyman [91-6].

January 30 ca. – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to the Jan. 3 from **Eleanor Robson**.

It might be better taste to leave me out. For the past 30 years we were not friends. In the circumstances I do not want a prominent place—never heard of any member of the family who differed much from Bret Harte. I despised him. If there are going to be a lot of names, then well & good [MTP: MS draft]. *Note:* may be a first draft effort for the **Jan. 29** to Robson.

January 31 Thursday – *Life Magazine* ran a cartoon of Mark Twain sitting “on a barrel of cigars and smoking, with text praising him in general terms for his good humor and his attacks on folly and vice” [Tenney: “A Reference Guide Sixth Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Spring 1982 p. 10]. *Note:* compare this to the Dec. 21, 1905 cartoon in *Life*, celebrating his 70th birthday.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Chinatown and the beads. / The King’s watch is gone” [MTP TS 25].

Jervis Langdon II wrote to Sam on Hope-Jones Organ Co. of NY and Elmira letterhead, asking him to sign and return enclosed papers in complying with the law in the matter of organization. They were already building an organ for Troy, N.Y and expected other contracts [MTP].

Laura J. Kreps wrote from Pittsburg, Penn. to ask Sam to “revise or help” with a short story she and her daughter had written that had been rejected by two editors [MTP].

January, late (before Feb. 1) – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to the Jan. 2 of **Witter Bynner**:

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: It might have been.
Ah say not so! as life grows longer, leaner, thinner
We recognize, O God, it might have Bynner! [MTP].

February – Sometime during the month Sam dined with **William James**, who wrote to his brother **Henry James** afterward: “Poor man, only good for monologue, in his old age, or for dialogue at best, but he’s a dear little genius all the same” [J. Kaplan 379].

The first edition of *Christian Science, with Notes Containing Corrections to Date* was published in February, 1907; two copies were deposited with the Copyright Office on **Feb. 7** [Hirst, “A Note on the Text” Afterword materials p.13, Oxford ed. 1996].

Sometime after the release of CS, an **unidentified person** wrote to him about the book: “Wishing you success in your good work of shining the absurdities and hypocrisies of Christian Science” [MTP]

Sam signed his photo to an **unidentified person** [MTP: Maggs Bros. catalog, No. 1257, Item 38].

Stuart Gould’s article, “Samuel L. Clemens” ran in *Broadway Magazine* (later *Hampton’s Broadway Magazine*) for Feb. [Tenney 44].

February 1 Friday – Anticipating the **Feb. 2 Players Club** luncheon with **Eugene Fitch Ware**, Sam spent most of the day reading *The Rhymes of Ironquill* [MTB 1374].

The New York *Times*, Feb. 2, reported on Sam’s appearance at Police headquarters:

TWAIN VISITS BINGHAM. Delights Police Headquarters by Wearing His White Flannel Suit.

Wearing a white flannel suit, just like that in which he first appeared on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, Mark Twain went to Police Headquarters yesterday. When he alighted from his carriage at the curb on the Mulberry Street side of the building a tattered man, who looked as though he might have strayed from a Bowery saloon, yelled:

“Hello, Mark!”

The humorist looked at the man, smiled genially, called back “Hello” in a pleasant tone, and hurried up the steps.

After spending about fifteen minutes in Commissioner Bingham’s office Mr. Clemens returned to his carriage. Before entering it he explained that it was just a social call he had made on the Commissioner, whom he knew very well, he said, having met him in Germany and several times in Washington. No, he had not found any fault with the department, he said. He did not think the police needed advice so much as some members of the highest legislative body in the land.

[*Note*. **Theodore A. Bingham** (1858-1934) Commissioner from 1905-1909; see entries Vol. II. Bingham was in the West Point class of 1879 and may have met Twain there. Leon puts “at least three visits” to West Point by Twain as early as 1876, p.37].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Frederick [*sic* Frederic] Thompson the hypnotized (?) artist came to the house today to tell a wonderful story about the strange influence that the spirit of Swain Gifford has had over him, converting him from a silversmith to an artist. Prof. Hyslop [*sic*] has become interested in his case. He came to see Mr. Clemens because he had been told that the King is interested in psychic things. The King didn’t see him, but I listened with the greatest interest to his story & AB, who came in while he was here, listened also with interest [MTP TS 25-26]. *Note*. Dr. **James Hervy Hyslop** (1854-1920), author, educator, considered by some the leader of psychical research in America. Ex-professor of Logic and Ethics at Columbia.

Witter Bynner replied to Sam’s poem (before Feb. 1) with one of his own “To Saint Mark.”

Archangel of Profanity,
of Blasphemous Urbanity,
Shall be your name and post!—

You shall be king of carpers,
At all the heavenly Harpers—
You’ll make a bully Host!

At every feather-tip, an oath
Ascended from the behemoth
Shall hang and sparkle plain,

And the Creator, staying near,
Shall beg you – with attentive ear –

To take His name in vain [MTP]. *Note*. Clemens wrote on the letter “His laugh is a search light attained to audibility—; Offered the compliments of a box on the 16th of Feb—& he proposes to gather a friend or two go.”

James Clarence Harvey wrote from NYC to Sam, hesitant to “desecrate” the *P&P* play because the managers of some club suggested more comedy, “which in managerial parlance means more loud laughs...” Harvey wanted to check with Sam before letting it “go by the boards” [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

Chapters from “My Autobiography—XI” ran in the *N.A.R.* p.225-32.

February 2 Saturday – **Albert Bigelow Paine** gave a private luncheon at the **Players Club** for Clemens and **Eugene Fitch Ware**, who wrote poetry under the name “**Ironquill**.” Also at the luncheon were **Peter Dunne (“Mr. Dooley”)**, and **Robert J. Collier**. Paine notes that Sam had “long been familiar” with Ware’s poetry, which had a “distinctly ‘Western’ feeling....” “There was in his work that same spirit of Americanism and humor and humanity that is found in Mark Twain’s writings....” [MTB 1374]. *Note*: see Dec. 1 incoming from Ware.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: AB’s luncheon at the Players. / He gave a luncheon for the King & for Ironquill—Ware. There were Robert Collier & Mr. Dooley beside the first 3, & they had a noble time. Ware wrote in the King’s volume of poems—Ironquill poems—“The man that is frozen to death dies hard.” It delighted me—but the King didn’t find it clever at all [MTP TS 26; also Gribben 743]. *Note*: Clemens never cared too much for puns.

At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **James Logan**, thanking him for sending “Mr. Thompson’s book,” sent in Jan.: “I owe you many thanks for sending me Mr. Thompson’s book. I read it with strong interest & pleasure, & shall continue to drink from it, for the more a disciple gets of Omar the thirstier he gets” [MTP; Gribben 517]. *Note*: *The Quatrains of Omar Khayyám of Nishapur, Translated from the Persian into English Verse, Including Quatrains Now for the First Time So Rendered by Eben Francis Thompson* (1859-1939). Intro. by **Nathan Haskell Dole** (1852-1935). Worcester, Mass.: Privately printed, 1906. See Jan. entry for inscriptions. See also Jan. 26, for Sam’s comment on the book.

Sam also replied to the **Jan. 13** letter and book from **John Howard Moore** (1862-1916), instructor in zoology, Crane Manual Training High School, Chicago.

Dear Mr. Moore,—The book has furnished me several days of deep pleasure & satisfaction; it has compelled my gratitude at the same time, since it saves me the labor of stating my own long-cherished opinions & reflections & resentments by doing it lucidly & fervently & irascibly for me.

There is one thing that always puzzles me: as inheritors of the mentality of our reptile ancestors we have improved the inheritance by a thousand grades; but in the matter of morals which they left us we have gone backward as many grades. That evolution is strange, & to me unaccountable and unnatural. Necessarily we started equipped with their perfect & blemishless morals; now we are wholly destitute; we have no real morals, but only artificial ones—morals created and preserved by the forced suppression of natural and hellish instincts. Yet we are dull enough to be vain of them. Certainly we are a sufficiently comical invention, we humans. / Sincerely Yours / S. L. Clemens [Paine’s 1917 *Mark Twain’s Letters* p.804-5; Quoted in MTB 1363]. *Note*: Moore’s book was *The Universal Kinship* (1906) [Gribben 482].

Norman Hapgood wrote from NYC to Sam. “William James is dining here next Saturday, the 8th. Would you be one of a very small bunch to meet him?” [MTP]. *Note*: **After this date** Lyon replied for Sam, summarizing Sam’s wishes on Hapgood’s letter: “doesn’t want to have this / unspeakably glad it’s a very small bunch for Wm James & Hapgood are bunch enough in themselves / above 3 guests / strong” [MTP].

Minnie N. Goodwin (Mrs. Frederic S. Goodwin) sent Sam an invitation to a Feb. 16, 7 p.m. banquet of “uncooked food” at their studio 467 Central Park West. She had had “a little chat” with Sam “on the stage at the last Vassar Aid Benefit.” She also wrote “I honor you for exposing that colossal fraud—old Mother Eddy”[MTP].

At the annual dinner of the New York University School of Commerce at the Hotel Astor, Mark Twain’s publisher, **George B. Harvey**, related an exchange between Sam and **H.H. Rogers**. The *New York Times*, Feb. 3, p.4 “Wants a Business Man in the Hall of Fame,” reported:

...

Col. George Harvey, editor of The North American Review, told a story in the course of his address that threw light upon the relationship that exists between Mark Twain and H. H. Rogers of the Standard Oil Company. According to Col. Harvey he overheard a conversation between the two over a telephone, which was carried on through the aid of the author's servants.

"I found Mark Twain in bed—as usual," said Col. Harvey, "and as I went into his room I gathered that he was carrying on a conversation with some one over the telephone. As I waited I heard Mr. Clemens say to his servant, 'You tell Henry Rogers that I am not feeling very well this evening and that I should like to take dinner with him at his home.'"

"The servant went to the telephone, and returned saying that Mr. Rogers had replied he would be glad to have Mr. Clemens as his guest at dinner.

" 'Well, you ring up Henry Rogers again and tell him that I have a cold and can't go unless he sends his automobile for me.'"

"The servant did as he was bid, and returned with a satisfactory answer.

" 'Now, you ring up Henry Rogers again, and tell him that I can't go unless there is a bed convenient; it's too cold for me to return in the night air.'"

"Again there was a satisfactory reply, and I believed that negotiations were at an end, but I was in error.

" 'You ring up Henry Rogers again,' said Clemens, 'and ask whether I shall fetch night robes, or shall we waive etiquette.' "

February 2-6 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam gave instructions to Isabel Lyon to reply to the Jan. 23 from John C.G. Cumming in Scotland and "Thank him for the cheese letter" [MTP].

February 3 Sunday – The New York Times, p. SM7 ran "Mark Twain Pays His Respects to Mrs. Eddy and Christian Science," which announced the publication this week of *Christian Science*.

Isabel Lyon's journal: The King set sail in his white clothes for Mrs. Laffan's, , so that he could arrive in time for luncheon, which he did & he came home gay & happy. Mrs. Paine & Joy & Louise came in this morning. I played on the orchestrelle for the children, but it was a trying occasion, for Mrs. Paine is jealous of this whole situation & it was difficult to break away from the frozen crust she banked herself behind [MTP TS 26]. *Note:* Joy and Louise were daughters of Mr. & Mrs. Albert Bigelow Paine.

Mrs. **Elizabeth R. Baucert** wrote from West Newton, Mass. to advise Sam of a review of CS in this day's *Boston Herald*. Sam had written that the Boston Christian Science Trust "gives nothing away; every thing it has is for sale." Baucert advised that she'd noticed a sign on the First CS church there "*Free Reading Room*," and mused that it might be free to get in but not to get out. "Your suggestion of their worship of Dollar—so prominent in Mrs. Eddy's *Science* reminds one of the advice of the immortal Josh Billings, "Git money, my son, *honestly* if ye can—but git it" [MTP]. *Note:* clipping from the Boston Herald is in the file, date handwritten on side of Feb. 4, "Motto is 'Down with Reason'". Twain is not mentioned.

Mary Mewell Eaton, a NYC highschool teacher wrote to Sam, trying to "awaken in one hundred youngster's hearts a love of good literature," asked for his autograph [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter from Sam: "Thank her for her letter"

February 4 Monday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** All day in Katonah. Jean was very sweet & I had a lovely time with the dear bruised child for last Friday she fell.

This morning I had a good hour with the King who read with delight a letter from a Scotchman who told a story of the disinterment of a Chinese corpse in Amoy. The King will use it as an autobiographic note covering the mail of the day [MTP TS 26-27]. *Note:* **John C.G. Cumming** wrote from Falkirk, Scotland on Jan. 23.

J.C. Tebbetts wrote from Pittsburg about CS, which he had studied for years and which he thought was "the idiocy of Mrs. Eddy's teaching." However, Tebbetts seems to defend Eddy and quotes Scripture in doing so [MTP]. *Note:* Sam would reply on Feb. 7.

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

Mr. Eddy of NYC wrote a postcard to Sam after seeing yesterday's NY *Herald* about Mrs. Eddy, which did him "\$10 worth of good" [MTP]. *Note*: evidently, this Eddy unrelated to Mrs. Eddy.

John E. Fellers wrote from Chicago to Sam, pasting three short clippings about Christian Science, advising him not to publish CS. "The writer of this letter was raised in Missouri not far from your old Hannibal home. He has always felt a pardonable pride in your growing popularity. Many of your old friends are my friends too. It will be easier for us than for thousands of others, to forget the mistake you are about to make in publishing this book" [MTP]. *Note*: see Sam's reply (Feb. 8-11).

Jeannette L. Gilder wrote to Lyon, wrong about the date of the *Jeanne D'Arc* matinee—it was the 23rd, not the 16th and so she was "holding a box for Mr. Clemens for Saturday Matinee Feb. 23rd" [MTP].

Brander Matthews wrote from NYC to Sam, observing he hadn't had a visit for some time. Could Sam "come up at half past one on Friday of next week, the 15th? I'm asking Howells, of course, and Bronson Howard,—only eight in all" [MTP].

Roi Cooper Megrue for Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Sam, enclosing contracts between Clemens and **Gabriel Timmory**, French playwright, for the adaptation of four other stories, all but one in French [MTP].

Mrs. L.E. Skeels wrote from NYC to ask Sam for an agency for his CS book, confident that her sales would be "very large" [MTP].

In Sam's **A.D.** he emphasized the importance of temperament in determining behavior, noting it accounted for "the plight of Bret Harte's daughter, who reportedly had been committed to a home for the indigent and friendless in Portland, Maine" [MTE 268-92; quotations are Gribben's 403]. *Note*: MTP notes: "Datelined thus; but really 5 days' ADs"

February 5 Tuesday – The New York *Times*, p.9 ran this squib:

Mark Twain has consented to take part in the benefit for the Keats-Shelley Memorial in Rome, Italy, that is to be given at the Waldorf-Astoria on the afternoon of Feb. 14. He will read Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark."

Ross Clark wrote from Portland, Ore. to ask if Sam had written a book titled *Through Dust and Foam*. If so, where could he get a copy? [MTP]. *Note*: Lyon on letter: 'Answd Mch 13, '07'; the 1876 book was written by R. Hook and G.D. Hook.

February 6 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Willam Dean Howells, Finley Peter Dunne, and George B. Harvey**. He wanted to form "The Damned Human Race Club":

The Human Race will meet at the above address on St. Valentine's
Feb. 15th at 1.15 p.m.

This club consists of 4 members—to-wit:

Howells
Dooley [Peter Dunne]
Harvey
Clemens

Officers:

President pro tem—Clemens

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

Invitation Committee—Harvey

Hon. Sec. — — Miss Lyon.

The President pro tem. hopes that all the membership will be present.

By order—

I.V. Lyon, Hon. Sec. [MTP; not in *MTHL*]. *Note:* the club never managed to fully convene:

<http://bancroft.berkeley.edu/Exhibits/mtatplay/sociallife/clubman.html>

In Mark Sullivan's memoir, he spoke of the chumminess between **Richard J. Collier**, **Norman Hapgood** and **Peter Dunne** that led to the formation of the **G.D.H.R.**, the “God Damned Human Race Club”:

There was close friendship between Mark and three of the Colliers' coterie, Hapgood, Robert Collier and Peter Dunne. Dunne was the only person I ever heard call Clemens “Mark” to his face, though all of us, a generation younger, spoke of him among ourselves as “Old Mark.” Hapgood, Mark had taken into his circle as a family friend; Dunne he had taken in as a fellow humorist, one of whom Mark respected; Collier he took in as a young man he liked. Collier told me that after some early contacts Mark had said to him: “You look to me like a promising young fellow; if you continue to improve on acquaintance I'll invite you to become a member of my club.” To Collier's questions, Mark said the name of it was the G.D.H.R. Club, but the meaning of the initials Mark said he would not tell until he was satisfied that Collier was qualified to be a satisfactory member. The full name of the club, it turned out, was the God Damned Human Race; and the revelation of the name was occasion for Mark to blow off to a friend a bitterness which an honored author must not reveal to the public. “The God damned human race,” he would say, “look at them!” Watch a crowd of them coming out of a subway station, potbellied, snaggle-toothed; compare them to horses; compare them to collie dogs” [The Education of an American 231].

Isabel Lyon's journal: “Today the King went up to call on Mrs. Mary Rogers” [MTP TS 27].

Frederick Palmer wrote from NYC to invite Sam to a dinner next door to Sam at the Brevoort Hotel on Feb. 11 at 7:30 p.m. **Frederick McCormick**, “who was with the Russian army from the start to the finish of the war, and myself, are to give a dinner to **Robert Collins** who was my tent-mate on the Japanese side in the Manchurian campaign. The occasion is Mr Collins' departure to take charge of the Associated Press Bureau in London” [MTP]. *Note:* Editorial emphasis. After this date Sam gave instructions to Lyon: “If you will let him come in at nine or 9.30 I would like to be there”

James DeConlay, Jr., a roving correspondent of the Australasian Press and temporarily in NYC, wrote to ask if he might meet Mark Twain [MTP].

M.C.B. Hart wrote from NYC to Lyon, to thank Sam for autographing “the book and photograph” [MTP].

John Y. W. MacAlister wrote to Sam. “Fisher Unwin is bringing out a History of the Savage Club, and is anxious to have an authentic record of your connection with it...they want to know about your first visit, somewhere in the seventies...” [MTP].

Frank A. Munsey & Co. wrote on “*The Scrap Book*” letterhead, NYC, to ask Sam his opinion of “the greatest figures in American history” [MTP].

J.A. Nolan wrote on **New York Electric Music Co.** letterhead to Sam. “Please find enclosed contracts for Telharmonic music sent you at the suggestion of a friend” [MTP]. *Note:* Sam had engaged the company to pipe music through his telephone for his prior New Year's Eve party, and was quite taken with the technology.

February 7 Thursday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** “Santa home ill” [MTP TS 27]. *Note:* “Santa” was Clara.

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

Two copies of *Christian Science* were deposited with the copyright office [Hirst, "A Note on the Text" Afterword materials p.13, Oxford ed. 1996].

In **N.Y.C.** Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to **James K. Paulding**. "Mr. Clemens asks me to write for him to say that he is willing to have his name used as one of the committee arranging for the memorial meeting for Ernest Howard Crosby" [MTP]. *Note*: Crosby, active in the Anti Imperialist League, died on Jan. 3 in Baltimore at age 50.

Sam also inscribed a copy of CS to **Isabel V. Lyon**: "*To / Miss I.V. Lyon / Hon. Sec. G.D.H.R. / with affectionate best wishes of / The Author. / God's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn. / Truly Yours, / Mark Twain / N.Y. Feb./07*" [MTP].

Sam also noted for Lyon what is probably a reply to **J.C. Tebbetts' Feb. 4** about CS. "I accept his letter in the spirit in which it is sent, but I perceive that he has not read the book but only scrappy reviews of it, & therefore he is not in a position to form an opinion of it" [MTP].

Sam also replied to the **Jan. 30** of **Harriet E. Whitmore**.

But the truth is, that when a library expels a book of mine & leaves an unexpurgated Bible lying around where unprotected youth & age can get hold of it, the deep unconscious irony of it delights me. But even if it angered me such words as those of Professor Phelps would take the sting all out. Nobody attaches weight to the freaks of the Charlton library, but when a man like Phelps speaks, the world gives attention. Some day I hope to meet him & thank him for this courage for saying those things out in public. Custom is, to think a handsome thing in private but tame it down in the utterance.

I hope you are all well & happy; & thereto I add my love [MTP].

C.R. Eastman wrote to Sam on Museum of Comparative Zoology, Cambridge, Mass. letterhead. After reading the several recent articles on Christian Science and Sam's attack on it, Eastman inquired "whether it would be agreeable to you to have your findings considered from the standpoint of a professional scientist..." Eastman noted that he was not allowed to take notes or copy extracts from the materials at the "Free" CS reading rooms, "not even a line or word." His notes were demanded of him and taken by a "frizzle-haired harpy in charge, who clearly 'missed the boat with Noah'" [MTP].

John Gelert, sculptor wrote from NYC to ask Sam if he would sit for a bust [MTP].

William J. Paine wrote from Orange, NJ (c/o Edison's Laboratory) after reading Clemens' opinion of Christian Science in Sunday's NY *World*. Paine knew "positively from experience that a part of Science and Health was written by someone thoroughly posted on [The Secret of] *Secret Service* & I do not think that Mrs Eddy was the person..." If he could have an interview he could explain [MTP].

James A. Renwick wrote from NYC to receipt Sam for Feb. rent. \$291.67 [MTP].

Count **Arthur de Jcherep-Spiridovitch** (1858-1926) wrote a postcard to Sam from Moscow, Russia, sending compliments and noting that Miss Lyon had forgotten to send Twain's photo [MTP]. *Note*: The Count claimed to be a Major General in the Russian Army and President of the Slavonic Society of Russia and also of the Latino-Slavic League of Paris and Rome. Sam would attend his luncheon on Mar. 27. **Nikolai V. Chaikovsky for Friends of Russian Freedom** would dispute Spiridovitch's claims in a Apr. 1 and other later letters to Sam.

February 8 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Samuel E. Moffett** in Mt. Vernon, N.Y. (only the envelope survives) [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Gabrilowitsch here. / Gilders – Tom Janvier – Drake Collection" [MTP TS 27]. *Note:* Thomas Allibone Janvier.

Frederick Palmer wrote a card (delivered not mailed) to Miss Lyon and Sam, thanking for the consent for Sam to be at the dinner at the Brevoort Hotel on Monday, Feb. 11 [MTP].

George W. Reeves for Hoyt & Co. wrote to Sam, enclosing a letter from **George Griswold**, Tuxedo park about houses for rent [MTP].

Caroline A. Skinner wrote from NYC to advise Sam that Mr. & Mrs Rogers were to dine with her on Thursday the Fourteenth, and she "would be delighted if you could come too" [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote: "Sorry have /dinner engagement"

Edward B. Taylor wrote from Pittsburgh, Pa. to Sam enclosing a pamphlet, "Vision of Joseph Hoag" that Taylor thought might be of interest "in connection with your reference to the 'Coming American Monarchy'...in his autobiography in the *NAR* of Jan. 4, 1907 [MTP].

February 8-11 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to the **Feb. 4 of John E. Fellers**.

You will be able to comment upon the book more intelligently after you've read it, at present you dont seem to know any useful thing about it. Of the bushel of letters from Commentators on the book that have reached me not one of them has read the book— Consequently not one of them is entitled to have an opinion [MTP].

February 9 Saturday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** "King dines at Norman Hapgood's" [MTP TS 27].

Actors' Fund wrote to Sam [MTP]. *Note:* **On or after this day** Sam replied to **Daniel Frohman**.

Dear Frohman:—Why certainly, use my name and use it freely. Use it in any way you can think of that can help to raise money for that Fund which not right feeling and grateful human being can even hear named without a leaping of the pulses and a warming of the heart.—Forget it if you want to. Yours ever, Mark Twain [MTP: Charles Agvent catalog, No. 4, Item 188].

Herman Spencer's article, "Mark Twain and the Cat," ran in *Harper's Weekly*, p. 194. Tenney: "A general discussion of the pervasive reference to cats in MT's works" [Tenney: "A Reference Guide Third Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1979 p. 192].

Nikolai V. Chaikovsky wrote from NYC to Sam. "My American Executive Committee suggests that I should induce you to preside over the public meeting in the interest of the Russian Revolution, to be held at Carnegie Hall on the 19th inst. evening, on the occasion of welcoming to this country Mr. A. Aladin, the peasant ex-member of the late State Duma, who is coming here to work with me in the same interest" [MTP].

Emma W. Durkee wrote from NYC to advise Sam he had been elected as "permanent guest" of the **Smith College Club**, and to invite him to their annual luncheon at the Hotel Astor, Feb. 23 at 1 p.m. [MTP].

Norman Fraser of Pearson's Weekly wrote from London, England to Sam. "You are, I believe, of opinion that the United States will eventually become a monarchy. Would you care to write a short article—of about 1200 words—on this subject for *Pearson's Weekly*, & if so what would be your fee?" [MTP].

Charles J. Langdon wrote to enclose a draft for \$44.33 to Sam, his 1/3 share of rent "for the premises at the foot of Genesee St. in Buffalo to March 1st, 1907" [MTP].

Joseph F. Taylor of J.F. Taylor & Co., Publishers & Importers wrote to Sam. “Mr. Paine very kindly gave me your portraits and autographs. I am indeed glad to possess these and assure you I appreciate them highly. I hope soon to hve the pleasure of meeting you...” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “This is the rubber man”

February 10 Sunday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Mr. North, director of census at Washington—today called to see Mr. Clemens with a personal message from the German Emperor” [MTP TS 27]. *Note:* **Simon Newton Dexter (S.N.D.) North** (1849-1924) of Boston was Director of US Census at this time.

The New York *Times*, p.6, “The Suppression of Noises” included Mark Twain with “Gifted intellects in New York, as well as the suffering sick,” in opposition to “megaphone trumpetings, hucksters’ cries, the pounding of ‘flat’ car-wheels in the still watches of the night, assorted apartment house nuisances, and, especially, undue noisemaking in the vicinity of hospitals.” **Mrs. Isaac L. Rice’s** bill had passed to “abate the whistling and screaming of sirens on the river.” Also named were **Richard Watson Gilder, Prof. John Bassett Moore, President Nicholas Butler of Columbia, Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, Dr. John Allen Wyeth** (1845-1922) , and **Dr. Charles E. Dana** (1843-1914).

C.R. Eastman wrote on “The Harvard Union” notepaper to thank Sam “so much for your word of encouragement” [MTP].

Stanford E. Moses wrote an appreciative fan letter to Sam from the *USS Georgia*, Boston Navy Yard, specifically praising *TS, HF, JA* and “Concerning the Jews,” of which Moses was one [MTP].

February 11 Monday – In N.Y.C. Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to **Calvin H. Higbie**.

Mr. Clemens asks me to write for him & say that within a day or so you will receive a letter from his biographer Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, who is planning to make a journey out to California in the early spring to collect material for his biography.... [MTP].

Paine quotes from his notebook for this day about memory:

February 11, 1907. He said to-day:

“A blindfolded chess-player can remember every play and discuss the game afterward, while we can’t remember from one shot to the next.”

I mentioned his old pilot-memory as an example of what he could do if he wished.

“Yes,” he answered, “those are special memories; a pilot will tell you the number of feet in every crossing at any time, but he can’t remember what he had for breakfast.”

“How long did you keep your pilot-memory?” I asked.

“Not long; it faded out right away, but the training served me, for when I went to report on a paper a year or two later I never had to make any notes.”

“I suppose you still remember some of the river?”

“Not much. Hat Island, Helena and here and there a place; but that is about all” [MTB 1370].

Fatout lists a dinner speech for Sam at the **Robert Collyer Dinner**, N.Y.C. and gives these particulars about Collyer:

Robert Collyer (1823-1912) was a British-born Unitarian clergyman. An abolitionist, active on the Civil War Sanitary Commission, he was afterward pastor of Unity Church, Chicago, then of the Church of the Messiah, New York. He was a great success on the lyceum circuit with his popular lecture, “Clear Grit” [MT Speaking 676]. *Note:* Fatout gives no particulars of Sam’s speech.

Henry Blanchard wrote from Portland, Maine to advise Sam of an old schoolmate at Tufts College, who later became a Unitarian minister, **J. Henry Wiggin**. Blanchard quoted Wiggin that he had edited and rewritten

much of the MS for Eddy's *Science and Health*. Blanchard also mentioned he'd met Clemens in 1869 at the Bates House in Indianapolis and remembered Sam's drollery [MTP].

Ted D. Marks, "International Amusement Promoter" wrote to Sam, reminding him they'd both been on a ship across the Atlantic, and Sam had been chairman of the concert Marks had "got up for the Benefit, for Seaman's Orphans." Marks had a "little business proposition" for Sam and asked to meet him [MTP].

Frank J. Symmes to Sam wrote on "The Merchants' Association" letterhead, San Francisco to invite Sam to the Apr. 18 Annual Dinner at the Fairmont Hotel, S.F. [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

February 12 Tuesday – In N.Y.C. Sam wrote instructions for **Isabel V. Lyon** to reply to Rev. Dr. **Henry Blanchard** in Portland, Maine—thank him for confirming statements made in a letter seven years before by Rev. Mr. Wiggin when Clemens was in England; he'd lost Wiggin's letter long before [MTP].

Henry Darracott Allison wrote from Dublin, N.H. to Miss Lyon. "Your favor of the 6th, received. I have been to the house and got the hat, livery &c. and the bag from Mr. Carey and have to-day shipped them in one box, all together to Miss Jean Clemens, Katonah, New York, care of Dr. Sharp." [MTP].

Laura M. Dake (Laura Wright), Sam's old sweetheart wrote to him:

My dear, old friend, this is just a line by way of remembrance. I keep pretty well in touch with you through your autobiography which I am enjoying very much. Your photos, also, have been enjoyed and much admired. They are so easy, and so natural, that one feels right *there* and waits to hear you speak.

The protégé is making fine progress in his studies. I hear from him often, and I have such faith that he will climb to the topmost rung of the ladder. Money *surely* is the lever that moves the world! I could never wear diamonds or costly furs etc. etc with any comfort, because human souls, struggling to reach higher planes, would always be peering at me from behind them. "A socialist," I hear you ask. Well, no—I think not, but a humanitarian.

If you knew how grateful I am to you and how grateful the *protégé* is for the means of working to the end desired, without being harassed by the pinches of poverty or having to curtail his studies by working after hours—you would feel such a blessed peace stealing into your heart that you will understand better when you have found such a peace in Kingdom Come.

I write, to night, chiefly to tell you of this gratitude, lest you think by my silence, that I have forgotten.

I keep in fairly good health this winter and am able to work for which, of course, I am thankful.

Some fine day you ought to take a run out to California and go once more over your old stamping ground. I cannot say that San Diego offers any attractions, but Los Angeles is simply delightful. If I ever reincarnate, I hope my karma will bring me to pass my days in Los Angeles. I sent you a line of congratulations on your birthday. I hope it reached you. I have quit counting mine, long ago. It does seem hard that old Noah and other chaps of those old days, should swing around the circle of centuries, as easily as we do decades. Oh, for the secret! Even though life be what Matalini called "a demnition grind," it is better than the Unknown beyond, for me. What think you? Yet, hold! I do not expect you to tell me, my ancient friend, when every word of yours is 30 cts! Why it makes me dizzy to think of it. Why I would write, even in my sleep if I could get 30 cts a hundred.

If ever I have a little cabin, and am "settled," I hope you will send me a few of your books, with your name in your *own* hand writing. I will have a "Clemen's Corner," though ever so small. Not now, however, while I am on the wing, so to speak.

I sometimes hear from your old friends, my cousins, the Youngbloods. They are well and fairly prosperous. Laura is a noble, generous woman, and the mainstay of the family. I enjoyed them very much during my brief visit last summer.

But I must not let my gossiping quill meander over the pages too freely, so I will dip it for the last time, to night, and say Adios, and with innumerable good wishes for your continued health and contentment of mind.

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

As always your friend now as in Auld Lang Syne / Laura M. D— / San Diego, Cal.

P.S. I dip my goose quill once more to tell you that our embryonic physician has one more year after this to study, and then—the “bread cast upon the waters,” will surely return [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote at the top of the letter: “Have Paine write her—”

Amos F. Eno wrote a hand-delivered card to Sam inviting him to a meeting of the **Neighborhood Club**, Tuesday, Feb. 12th at 9 p.m. [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the card, “Decline”

Ella Harrison wrote to Sam from Chattanooga, Tenn. on mourning stationery asking him to put his name on a teaspoon she was collecting [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote “No Ans.”

Joseph Abel Morris wrote from NYC to Sam, enclosing an address Morris gave on Oct. 25, 1906 at Columbia University for the presenting of the honorary LLD degree to Samuel Clemens [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon attached note: “Mr. Clemens had already seen this.” Also: “an affront / no reply to make”

William Smith wrote from NYC to ask Sam’s support in “behalf of an innocent man, Patrick.” Smith referred to a reprint of “The Sunnyside” article, and asked Sam “to write a brief letter” after reading the article, “stating your opinion and address it to Judge W.M.K. Olcott, 170 Broadway” [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

February 13 Wednesday – **Isabel Lyon’s journal:** “Gabrilowitsch lunched—C.C.—Atlantic City [MTP TS 27].

Edward H. MacDonald wrote to Sam from Charles Town, W. Va.. MacDonald had temporarily lived in Hannibal with an uncle in 1847 and recalled a fight over a ball game [MTP]. *Note:* **On or after this day** Lyon wrote on the letter for Sam: “I remember the name Angus McD very well—although couldn’t have known him as I was a small boy—I could not have been in the fight for the reason that I was not in Hannibal in the year 1847 after my father’s death in Mar.” [MTP].

T.C. Bigelow for Illustrated Press Bureau wrote to ask Sam for “really good photographs,” especially in his “cream-colored suit” [MTP].

George B. Harvey wrote a confirmation to Miss Lyon that he would be at the meeting of the **Damned Human Race Club** at 1:15 p.m. on Friday, Feb. 15 [MTP].

Mary Alice Haslehurst (Mrs. J.W. Haslehurst) wrote to Sam. “A coupe will call for you tomorrow—Thursday—at 2 p.m. to bring you to the Waldorf-Astoria, for the Keats-Shelley Matinee, and if you will kindly tell the coachman at what hour you desire to return home, —he will be at your disposition...” [MTP].

February 13-19 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Brander Matthews**.

“This came to me some time ago & I didnt reply to it—it seemed to me a most strange thing if it was sent by a sane person. And now he has called in person—L[yon] has seen him appeasable wanted to know who selected ~~him~~ the King president pro tem—” [MTP]. *Note:* a draft.

February 14 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to daughter **Jean** in Katonah, N.Y.

I am very very glad, Jean dear, that you are having such wholesome & healthful good times & are so contented & happy. Poor little Clara isn't so fortunate; she has been laid up with a bad throat & hoarseness, but she went to Atlantic City yesterday & will soon be in shape again she thinks.

To-day I am to appear in public again, to my discomfort. I am weary of public appearances. But Mrs. Gilder asked me, & I wouldn't refuse Dorothea's mother any reasonable thing; I *couldn't*. I am to read Shelley's Skylark. I have never done anything of quite so serious a nature before, & would rather not be so serious this time—but I must obey orders.

My Autobiography has reached 400,000 words at last, & now I have no more solitudes about it & can go slow & easy & take my time henceforth if I choose.

I knew the elder Park Benjamin quite well. This Mrs. B. is the wife of a son of his, I suppose.

Good-bye—with worlds of love—[MTP]. *Note:* Jeans' incoming is not extant.

The New York *Sun*, Feb. 15, p. 6 reported on a reading Mark Twain gave at the **Waldorf Astoria Hotel** for the **Keats-Shelley Memorial** in Rome, Italy:

Mark Twain read Shelley's "To a Skylark," and Browning's "Memorabilia"—a word, he said, that he never could pronounce. Before "To a Skylark," Mr. Clemens said, "In that long ago time, the happiest of my life, I read that poem more than any other to my wife. Hers was a beautiful nature. Her heart touched this poem and it is sacred to me. I think it is not only the most famous lyric in the English language, but the most beautiful in any language." [*Note:* Fatout (p.676) lists this as a reading for Mrs. Gilder, but she isn't mentioned in either this article nor the *NY Times* for Feb. 15, p.11, "Keats-Shelley Meeting Pleases"; however, in his letter to daughter Jean, Sam revealed Mrs. Gilder asked him to speak at the event; Isabel Lyon recorded the two readings in her journal: Gribben, p.94].

Isabel Lyon's journal: The King dined with Miss Herring at the Arts Club. Spencer Trask was there & he & the King compared Secretaries.

But first the King read Shelley's "Skylark" at the Shelley-Keats Memorial at the Waldorf. He was bored to extinction & hated it all. I sat away back in the hall,— ~~with Ashcroft sitting beside me~~—& after the King's reading, which came 3 rd—we all slipped away. These days I cannot stand a crowd of people. I must have solitude & a remoteness from herds, if I cannot have my own—my own?

The King said that he suffered trying to get those people onto the platform. He worked with Stedman, the chairman, & agonized over it—& finally said that if *they* wouldn't go on, he'd "be damned if he didn't go on alone!" & he'd have done it too. Before he started he was chilly, so he took some whiskey & just enough to bring cobwebs to make him forget the things he planned to say, but he made a beautiful little speech mentioning Mrs. Clemens in it, before he read "The Skylark" & Browning's "Memorabilia". After the readings, Hopkinson Smith who was on the platform kept on talking while Mr. Stedman was addressing the audience, & the King said to him—"Will you shut up?" Smith looked at him saying with the look—"Do you mean that as an insult?" & the King's look fired back, "Yes, that's just what I do mean." All this he told me as we rolled down Fifth Avenue in the cab. He was cross & irritated & hated it, & was glad to be through. He came in & called for Paine & billiards—but Paine was out, so the King went to bed until dressing for dinner-time came.

After a cosy dinner a deux, AB & I came up to my study where we went through a lot of negatives & had an illuminating talk. He is going to California & out to see old companions of the King—Joe Goodman & Horace Bixby & Cal Higbie & Tabitha Greening & Laura Dake & others too, if he can find them, to glean from them memories of the King's early life [MTP TS 27-29; Shelly mentioned in Gribben 640].

Gertrude Natkin sent Sam a valentine [MTP; not in *MTAq*].

February 15 Friday – Isabel Lyon's journal: "Chinatown" [MTP TS 29].

I.P. Moore wrote from London, England to inquire if Sam was his first cousin, since Moore's mother was a Clemens [MTP]. *Note:* **After Feb. 15** Sam replied that he knew nothing about his family tree before his father, who was

born in Virginia in 1799; genealogical sources give Aug. 11, 1798 in Campbell Co. Va for the birthdate of **John Marshall Clemens**. www.accsolinc.com/familyroots/RobertClements.pdf

H. Victor Rievenhardy wrote to Sam, behind \$8 in his rent and wishing to paint Sam's portrait to earn the money [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Mr. Clemens gave him \$5. Col Harvey gave him \$5."

Chapters from "My Autobiography—XII" ran in the *N.A.R.* p.337-46.

February 16 Saturday –**Witter Bynner** offered box seats to Clemens on Feb. 1 for an unspecified performance for this day. No record was found of Sam's attendance to a performance for this day or evening. Lyon made no entry in her journal for Feb. 16, so it is unlikely Sam took Bynner up on his offer.

Laura M. Dake (Laura Wright) wrote to Sam that she as arranging to move "into the heart of Yosemite," where she could obtain a teaching job [MTP]. *Note:* in a letter to A.B. Paine this date, she wrote, "I have always regarded him [Sam] as one of the noblest and best of men."

Arthur E. Wood wrote on University Club, Baltimore stationery to Sam, grateful for the work done on CS [MTP].

February 17 Sunday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** "A dear & lazy day. The dear King has been fussing a lot in these days over the auto instalments, but now he has nearly enough for the full year" [MTP TS 29].

Mrs. M.F. Cunningham wrote from Salt Lake City to Sam, thanking him for the pleasure his stories had given her and her son [MTP].

February 18 Monday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** "Thompson brought 2 beautiful pictures, & I think the King will buy the moonlight one" [MTP TS 29]. *Note:* on Mar. 12 **Frederic L. Thompson** wrote to thank Clemens for buying two of his paintings. See the strange case of Thompson-Gifford. Thompson was a goldsmith who "suddenly and inexplicably seized with an impulse to sketch and paint pictures":

http://www.aspsi.org/feat/life_after/tymn/a089mt-e-Thompson-Gifford_Case.php

Helen M. King wrote from Brooklyn, NY to Sam. "Your statement about charity and Christian Science I wish to refute" [MTP]. *Note:* **After Feb. 18** Sam wrote on King's letter, perhaps as instructions to Lyon. "Wrote the book 5 years ago at a time when the church gave nothing in charity & my neighbor an ardent C.S.ist told me the same thing. If they have improved since then I am glad of it, & the book will help them to improve still farther" [MTP].

Henry T. Elmore to Sam wrote on Fuller-Holway Co. Grocers, letterhead, Augusta, Maine, asking for **Clara Clemens'** present business address. Henry was **May Elmore's** brother and they knew that Clara was soon coming to Portland and Lewiston and wished to meet up with her. Sam might telegraph her address [MTP].

Helen Keller wrote to Sam.

My dear Mr. Clemens: / I have had many a sharp twinge of self-reproach at the thought of not writing to you all these weeks. But correspondence has been almost out of the question for me until now. On our return from New York the first thing I did was to arm and equip myself for a fight against bronchitis. The attack was slight, but persevering. When it finally ceased, my teacher was taken very ill, and I was filled with trouble and anxiety, as she suffered greatly. But she is now recovering, and I begin to see daylight through a mist of happy tears.

I shall always, always remember the evening we spent with you, and had you all to ourselves for two precious hours! I think sometimes that there is nothing in the world so precious as a beautiful memory. I have many of these memories to gladden the dull days that come to all of us. They return to me often as I sit apart.

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

While others chat and gossip, I am in the midst of the throbbing, odorous woods. The range and the sweep of the winds are mine, and the world and my soul are lit with the sun. My heart thrills with a strange joy when I recall the first time that I read Lanier's Hymn of the Marshes of Glynn. Very near this cherished memory is that of the evening we spent with you. How it all comes back—the beautiful room, the music that stole into my soul through my finger-tips, the pleasant company and he of the magic gift, the dispenser of happiness to every one who has heard him speak or read his books. The thoughts that I have treasured of that evening are sprinkled with the jewel-dust of your wit, and can never fade or grow less brilliant. I wish I could sit beside you oftener. For there is something about you so vital and simple and nothing-withholding that somehow darkness and silence seem no longer to be. I seem to know without word or look what you are talking about, be it the extremest nonsense or the deepest wisdom or a flash of indignation against some wrong, or pleasure over an honest, interesting letter like the one you read from the young Englishwoman. Heaven preserve you to us long; for there shall not be another like you.

It is good once in a while to plunge into the whirl and gaiety and brilliancy of New York life. I love fun and gaiety, I cannot help it, and I do not want to help it either. But it was sweet to get back to the sunny quiet of our home in Wrentham.

I returned well pleased and encouraged about the cause of the blind. I know there are still obstacles to be overcome, friends of the sightless to be convinced that nothing to do but sit in the dark all day long and fritter away one's energies in useless thinking is worse than blindness. All efforts to help the world along toward betterment seem to pass through three stages: first, vehement denial that help is needed, second, the declaration that the Lord God hath made it so, and it is contrary to religion to change it, third, that it is just what we always thought. I am sure that we shall get to the last stage if we persevere. Only it is tiresome waiting, one would like to skip one stage or two. But I think I see the day approaching when there shall be no more needless dark hours for the blind. The silver lining has been turned for them, and for me the darkest cloud is breaking into a thousand gleams of hope.

Please remember us kindly to Miss Lyon, and pray, do not forget the picture you promised my teacher, or you may lose some of that beautiful halo one of these fine mornings.

With affectionate messages from us all ...[MTP]. *Note:* Helen's letters are always typed with her signature in her own hand, a block printed style. At the top of the letter in Sam's own hand, but not likely related to this letter: "Add Ned Wakeman's Englishwoman's & Susy's & Western Girls?"

Mally Graham Coatsworth Lord wrote from NYC to Sam. "You ARE a DEAR to say you'll come and be adored on Friday from four thirty to six. / And then I want you to stay for dinner and decorate the family meal. You can devour the dinner and we will devour you" [MTP].

George E. Sullivan wrote to ask Sam who was the party that dramatized "Colonel Sellers" with **John T. Raymond** years ago; he wished to read a copy of the play [MTP]. *Note:* **On or after Feb. 18** Sam wrote on Sullivan's letter: "should like to read a copy of it myself—but so far as I know there is no copy of it in existence. The dramatization was made by Densmore of San Francisco. He was editor of the "Golden Era" in those days I think" **Gilbert S. Densmore** adapted *GA* to a play in 1874; see May, early and other entries in Vol. I.

February 19 Tuesday – **Clara Clemens** left for another concert tour, with stops of: North Adams, Elmira, Hartford, Bangor, and Utica. She would return on **Mar. 25** [Hill 165, 170; IVL TS 30].

Gallantz J. Bishop wrote from NYC to invite Sam to a banquet of the New Club of America, Hotel St. Regis, Mar. 14, and hoped Sam would "favor" them with "a few comments" [MTP].

Nikolai V. Chaikovsky wrote to Sam, enclosing a draft petition he wished Sam would sign, a protest to be brought before the US Congress by the Friends of Russian Freedom [MTP]. *Note:* Petition is in the file.

Robert Fulton Cutting, Edward T. Devine, David H. Evans, et al wrote to invite Sam "to an informal meeting Thursday afternoon, February 21, at 4:30 pm. In the rooms of the New York School of Philanthropy....Mr. Nicholas Shishkoff of Samara, Russia...will be present" [MTP].

George B. Harvey wrote to Sam. “About a dozen of us are going to partake of food and drink with Mr. Howells on his birthday, March 1st, at the Metropolitan Club, at seven thirty. This is an invitation to you to grace the occasion with your presence” [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

February 20 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to the Feb. 19 of **Robert Fulton Cutting and Others**. Declining an invitation sent on **Feb. 19**: “I do not go out this winter when I can avoid it” [MTP].

Sam also replied to the **Jan. 17** from **George Iles**.

Goldwin Smith understands a part of the matter, but he has no clear & limpid understanding of even that fraction. When Smith understands a thing, he is eminently competent to state it in clear & definite terms; when he doesn't understand a thing, he is like anybody else in the world, he makes a wordy fog of it—just as he has done in this instance.

I thank you very much for sending me the paragraph [MTP].

Note: **Goldwin Smith** (1823-1910), British-Canadian historian and journalist; after 1868 a professor at Cornell; in 1871 he moved to Toronto and edited *Canadian Monthly*, then founded the *Week* and the *Bystander*. It is likely that the paragraph Iles sent was from one of these latter publications.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Pamela Smith has been here for luncheon. Pam—with her drawings (& her clothes, such queer dear clothes)—but her drawings! This morning I told the King that she was going to bring drawings & he said “That is dreadful—I hate drawings!” But Pam's drawings kept him riveted so he never came in to luncheon at all, and I nearly wept at the sight of him down at the end of the library, bending over those beautiful creatures of her fancy. After dinner she sat on the floor & recited some of her Anancy [*sic*] stories. She says she will come again, for I played some for her & she made a sketch to go with the Schubert Impromptu. Aunt Lou came in this morning full of news of the Good Spring people. She was dressed in very simple black & her hair is like a wonderful silver halo [MTP TS 30]. **Pamela Colman Smith**, nicknamed “**Pixie**” (1878-1951), artist, illustrator and writer, best known for designing the Waite-Smith tarot cards. She worked with the Lyceum Theatre group led by Ellen Terry, Henry Irving, and Bram Stoker. Among her several books was *Annancy Stories* (1902). Not in Gribben. **Aunt Lou** is not further identified.

Mrs. Delle W. Perry wrote from Ann Arbor, Mich. to remark on Sam's white suit and praise his writings [MTP]. *Note:* **After Feb. 20** Sam replied on Perry's letter: “merely say “to be likened to be likened to the Apollo Belvedere is compensation & healing, & comes at a fortunate time when another friend of mine—Mr. Howells—who hasn't any white clothes & therefore is envious & malicious, has been calling me a whited sepulcher” [MTP]. *Note:* **Apollo Belvedere**, also called the **Pythian Apollo**, was a classical marble Sculpture by Leochares, *ca.* 350-325 B.C.; Mrs. Perry is not further identified.

Gertrude Natkin wrote to Sam.

Although this is very late, to thank you for your sweet New Year greeting and also wish you a Happy New Year, I know that you will forgive me after I tell the reason of this delay.

A very sad misfortune has occurred in our family which naturally has upset us all. My sister (who you met and) who was with us at the Majestic Theatre on that memorable afternoon died. I wanted to write sooner but I had not the heart to write on such a sad occasion and thought I would wait until I became more reconciled to this loss.

My mother has not been well since this misfortune happened and is now in Lakewood but I hope she will come back in better health.

Now I know that you will accept my greetings for this New Year even though it is late / Your little Marjorie [MTP].

Albert Bigelow Paine wrote from NYC to Sam:

To S.L. Clemens, Billiard Champion and Adviser.

Pupils taken, and Impoverished.

Our motto: It is easier to give advice than to receive it; also, less expensive.

To two errors in judgement; @ .50 each,.....\$1.00

[MTP: Cushman]. Sam wrote on the faded letter: "Received, as the presence of the money herewith is evidence. / SL. Clemens"

Leslie W. Quirk, editor of *The Editor*, NYC sent a list of 6 questions to Sam advising the young story writer [MTP].

February 21 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to daughter **Jean** in Katonah, N.Y.

Jean dear, Ashcroft's people have added another spiral-pin device: it is to secure jewels in the hair without having to *wire* them in, as at present. The next time Anna comes down, I want her to remember to ask us for one of these & carry it to you.

I have bought 2 oil paintings for the Redding house for \$250—charming pictures, by an elderly artist who has had no art-instruction, but lends the use of his hands to a dead artist who is residing in the spirit world. This gentle & simple-hearted old proxy has been a silversmith all his life until lately, but you can see by his pictures that he is a born poet—or maybe it's the dead artist (Swayne Gifford) that is the poet.

Clara is away—warbling around the country. There is a small portrait of her in Harper's Weekly.

I'm to go out to dinner this evening—in white clothes, by request. To-morrow I go to a lady's-tea at Prof. Lord's of Columbia—in white clothes, by request of Mrs. Lord.

Pamela Smith lunched here yesterday, & sat on the floor & told a lot of delicious Jamaican folk-lore tales in a lovely negro dialect. She is in several ways a genius, of high order.

This is only a note to say I love you dearly & am sending hugs & kisses [MTP].

Note: **Anna Sterritt**, Jean's nurse. **Robert Swain Gifford** (1840-1905), landscape painter who focused on New England landscapes. The elder artist who claimed to channel Gifford is not known. **Herbert Gardiner Lord** (1849-1930), Presbyterian minister (1878-1895); professor of philosophy at Columbia (1900-1922). Undergraduates more than once voted Lord their favorite professor. **Mrs. Mally Graham Coatsworth Lord** (1861-1934). The Lords had a summer house in York Harbor, Maine [NY *Times*, Mar. 13, 1930, p. 21; June 25, 1934, p. 15]. **Pamela "Pixie" Smith**.

Sam also wrote per Isabel Lyon to **George B. Harvey**: "There will be a quorum of the Human Race there on the 1st—so it would be made a Human Race occasion by usurpation" [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's "God Damned Human Race Club" which never managed to meet.

Sam also wrote to **John Y.W. MacAlister**, enclosing some material taken from his Autobiographical dictation "pile" narrating his first visit to England. MacAlister was an editor besides being Sam's partner in the Plasmon efforts.

This has been delayed in many ways; but I will have Miss Lyon hurry it to the mail at once.

Use it—or part of it—or none of it—just as you please. There has been no time at my disposal in which to write something special, so I have taken this out of my vast pile of autobiographical MS. It will appear after my death, along with the rest of my Memoires. It lacks smoothness in spots, but I seldom apply an after-polish, for dictated things are *talk*, & talk is all the better & all the more natural when it stumbles a little here & there [MTP]. *Note:* the piece Sam sent included his 1872 train trip in England where he observed a man

reading *LA* who did not smile; then his first evening at the Savage Club and misplacing some five-pound notes which the servant later found in his tail-coat pocket.

Isabel Lyon's journal: The King dined at the Robt. Colliers' & met there Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney & Mrs. Astor & an artist & his wife. He can't remember the artist's name. The King never can remember names. Mrs. Collier asked him to wear his white clothes, & the King believing it would be a tiny dinner did so, & felt uncomfortable for a while—but he got over it.

Tonight AB & I spent alone with Chopin funeral march & the Cavaleria Rusticana & then a great deal of wonderful talk. How well I know him now. The King gave me his Christian Science book this morning with a maxim in it—Oh, the King! [MTP TS 30-31].

Emil Leopold Boas (1854-1912), head of the **Hamburg-American Line** wrote to Sam, advertising trips south with various ships [MTP].

Mrs. Louie P. Capper wrote from Aberdeen, New Brunswick to ask Sam where she might find another copy of the "Mark Twain's Birthday Book." She enclosed a stamped envelope [MTP]. *Note:* "Answd. Mch. 11"; Lyon replied for Sam on Capper's letter: "Has seen the book in England once—but does not know the publisher. Should imagine it might be Chatto & Windus as much of the matter is copyr". Sam also wrote he'd seen the book once in England so referred her to Chatto & Windus.

John B. Downing (Major "Alligator" Jack Downing) wrote from Daytona, Fla. to Sam.

Dear Sir:—On coming to our winter home here from Middleport Ohio, we remained in St. Louis a few days to see old friends and the many changes. I soon learned that the only star gazers left to make a long crossing in the fog was yourself, Horace Bixby and the writer. This day am in receipt of the Daily Globe Democrat containing an obituary of my old friend Capt John N Bofinger the first man for whom I turned a wheel from St Louis to New Orleans, and I think he was Capt of the Edward J Gay with Bart Bowen and Squire Bill pilots when you, Ben Thornburg, Thad Sederburg, Beck Jolly and myself went to Cairo to look for changes in the river. Now can you advise me the year we made that trip. Am writing some historical events for our Palmetto Club and require data. Again, should you at any time decide to leave New York during the cold weather and visit the most beautiful place in Florida, come here any time before the 1st of April—we leave May 1st—and advise me by letter or wire, and while we will not meet you with a Band Waggon at the Depot will give you a warm reception. The Palmetto Literary Club has a nice house built the past year and I think will seat 500, and I have no doubt of the happiness and profit you would receive from your *many* friends. Hoping to hear from you soon, subscribe myself, Yours very abundantly...[MTP].

William Dean Howells wrote to Sam.

I am at least out of bed, and so far on a par with that branch of the human race which is being tried for matricide, and other venial offences. But you will have to welcome that British Ambassador without me. Tell him we are not so bad as we paint ourselves—couldn't be.

It was good of you to come and see me, you fine old paranoic. I don't know how you've escaped arrest up to this time. It shows you were always right about the inefficiency of of our detective system. Good bye, you whited sepulcher / Yours affectionately ...[MTHL 2: 822-3].

February 22 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote instructions and a draft for **Isabel Lyon** to use to reply to **Laura M. Dake (Laura Wright)**, who had written on **Feb. 12 and 16**.

Idle as he seems to be he's representing Satan & he always finds something for Mr. Clemens to turn his attention to, and wants to keep on his good side so has to attend to business

Put in the customary glads and sorrys

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

Glad the protege is progressing to her satisfaction—

Sorry that her health & circumstances are not what they would be if our Heavenly father really lived up to the character given him by an overcharitable & limitlessly stupid pulpit.

We mustn't go too deep—we must stop on the verge—but have to say something about God's inhumanity to man.

When she's settled she must say so & then we'll send her some books [MTP]. *Note:* David "Wattie" Bowser had been Laura's "protégé" student back in 1882, and she may have reported his progress as a man.

Sam also wrote to **George B. Harvey** about a paper his nephew, **Samuel E. Moffett** had written for the NAR. Sam thought it good but realized Harvey was "the final court." He was embarrassed to ask **Thomas Bailey Aldrich** to look at the paper. Would Harvey ask Aldrich or show it to **David A. Munro**? [MTP].

Sam also wrote to an **unidentified person**. "If I've become a Whitmanite I'm sorry—I never read 40 lines of him in my life—but I contributed \$200 toward building a cottage for the old man to die in." On the flip side Isabel Lyon wrote: "A letter came from a woman who had sent him Extracts from Whitman but he never rec'd it" [MTP].

Hill has Sam entertaining (**John**) **Gutzon de la Mothe Borglum** (1867-1941), American artist and sculptor on this day. Borglum was most famous for the Stone Mountain and Mt. Rushmore projects [164]. Fatout lists a **ladies tea** Sam attended at **Columbia University**, where he made a few remarks (likely an error) [676]. Lyon makes no mention of the tea in her journal but does mention Borglum's visit. See her entry below.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Gutzon Borglum came in to see the King this afternoon & when we spoke of him at dinner the King said that he removed only that part of the statues on St. John's Cathedral that could not be used, & that he didn't destroy anything. He has sent 2 photographs of a statue of John Mackay & one of a statue of Ruskin, that are fine.

This morning at eight o'clock AB went away & the King is so lonely without him that he has gone to bed. AB's as bad at spoiling me as Stiatessi ever was, he gives me books & books, forever [MTP TS 31].

Albert Bigelow Paine left for the West to gather biographical information on Clemens [Hill 165]. *Note:* Paine puts his departure to March, 1907. He would interview **John Briggs**, **Joe Goodman**, **Steve Gillis**, and **Horace Bixby** [MTB 1376].

Edward Livingston Hunt, M.D. wrote from NYC to Miss Lyon. "I thought it would interest and please Mr. Clemens to know that Miss Jean, whom I saw to-day, had in the last three weeks suffered from only one slight attack and that one of the petit mal type" [MTP].

The Columbia (Mo.) *Statesman* ran a brief, anonymous item, "Mark Twain's Snow-White Garb." Tenney: "...describing the broadcloth coat (and broadcloth-covered buttons), and white silk lapels and lining and zig-zag embroidery around the edges; there is white-silk braid down the outside seams of the trousers" [Tenney: "A Reference Guide Second Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1978 p. 174-5].

February 23 Saturday – Isabel Lyon's journal: "Joan of Arc" [MTP TS 31].

George J. Helmer, the family's NY osteopath, wrote to ask Sam for his continued support "just by speaking the word" for the bill on Osteopathy in Albany. On this day Sam replied on Helmer's letter: "gave 2 or 3 days of time without object[.] Did for the cause once what wouldn't have done for any other cause for 10000—Didn't do any good & doesn't care to repeat that experience" [MTP].

Arthur E. Bullard for Friends of Russian Freedom wrote to Sam, enclosing tickets for the March 4 Carnegie Hall program [MTP].

Harriet E. Whitmore wrote to Sam, enclosing her letter to Dr. Phelps of Yale, who spoke on Keats at the recent Saturday Morning Club. She refers to a letter from Sam she gave to Phelps about the library's rejection of *Eve's Diary* [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon: "She has carried out my intentions I am very much obliged to her"

Lizzie E. Wooster wrote on Wooster & Co. School Book Publishers letterhead, Chicago. She asked for photo she might include in a series of school readers [MTP].

The New York *Times*, p. 14, "Ernest H. Crosby Memorial" announced a memorial meeting of the **Social Reform Club** in the **Cooper Union** on **Mar. 7** in the evening, and listed Mark Twain and **William Dean Howells** among several others in charge of the meeting [MTP].

The *Times* also interviewed Twain on the occasion of **Longfellow's** centenary birthday. The article ran the next day, **Feb. 24**, "Reminiscences of Longfellow and Others" [Fatout *MT Speaking* 543]. *Note:* Sam's acquaintance with Longfellow was slim, but he vividly remembered the fiasco of his burlesque at the 1877 Whittier dinner.

February 24 Sunday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to daughter **Clara**, now at the Hotel Worthy in Springfield, Mass. on a singing tour.

I shall watch with interest for your code-signals, Clärchen dear, & shall hope that they will bring good news from my self-banished exile.

I like Mr. Wark & his honest blue eyes ever so much. I think you are fortunate to be in his guardianship.

To-day I have received the golden-wedding cards of the Murat Halsteads. They had been married 21 years when we crossed with them & the Bayard Taylors in the Holsatia in 1878. However, you were only 4 years old & will not remember them.

This is a deserted house—nobody in it but me. I wandered into this parlor of yours, & I thought I would drop you a line from your desk. The Colonel [Harvey] was to come up & play billiards, but he has gotten mislaid, I reckon.

I am going to Candace Wheeler's on the 28th. In fact I go out very frequently & exhibit my clothes. Howells has dubbed me the Whited Sepulchre.

Only one person asked after me! Oh, well, I'll send you Candace Wheeler's letter & take some of the self-complacency out of you.

Take good—good—*good* care of yourself, precious Ashcat [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Rogers to dinner. Drake Brass Collection" [MTP TS 31]. *Note:* published in 1907, was a booklet, *The Notable Collection of Brass and Copper*, by A.W. Drake, American Art Galleries, Madison Square South, NYC. **Alexander Wilson Drake** (1843-1916), artist, collector, and critic, whose large collection sold at auction in 1913. A sale of lesser import was held on Feb. 27; see Lyon's entry.

William Laffan Mackay wrote to Sam. "Dear Mark: / You might not see the *Cosmopolitan*, so I tear this out and send it to you. Coming from an Earl you must feel it a rebuke. / Read about the island—good big island too—in the S. Pacific; and the rum epidemic. Curious the reticence of the Scotch earls; no name for his island, no name for the vigorous ailment, no name for the city and none for the steamer. Can an Earl lie?" [MTP]. *Note:* Mackay referred to "The Truth About Christian Science" by the Seventh Earl of Dunmore (**Charles Adolphus Murray** 1841-1907) in the Mar. 1907 Vol. 42 of *Cosmopolitan*, p. 541-44. The heading states: "With his family he is a firm believer in the principles of Christian Science...He has been most influential in the spread of Christian Science throughout Great Britain..." Twain is not mentioned in the article.

Sam attended another tea at **Mally Graham Coatsworth Lord's (Mrs. Herbert Gardiner Lord)**, helping her "receive 200 women & girls." Before the event he fell on the ice and tore his white pants and had to stand with his "back to the wall" during the reception [Feb. 25 to Jean]. Or did he? [Mar. 5 to Jean].

February 25 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to daughter **Jean** in Katonah, N.Y.

Your news about yourself in your letter of yesterday is exceedingly welcome, & tallies with what Anna said when she was here the other day.

Exodus the Shulamite never said a truer thing than when he said—"Wonders will never cease." Last week Alice Day's old tomcat Ben Hur had kittens—one basketful on a Saturday & another one next day; the very same day a sunspot twice the size of the United States appeared far away up in the remotest nor'west corner of the great disk & was at first mistaken for a fly; right on top of that came Washington's birthday, when nobody was expecting it; & right on top of *that*, before you could get your breath, Tuesday fell on a Saturday, & then everybody was appalled & awe-stricken, & said Well I'm dam'd, & turned over a new leaf. If these marvels had happened in Caesar's time it would have meant nothing less than the caving-in of the Universe; but in our late day it only meant that I was to fall on the ice yesterday & rupture my white pants & have to stand an hour with my back to the wall at Mrs. Professor Lord's & help her receive 200 women & girls. I think it is wonderful, the way Nature can foretell events that way. It appears, now, that Ben Hur is booked for another basketful: I wonder what *that* forecasts? Heaven knows, we live in parlous times.

Jean, I did not overstate that shell-fragment incident because it didn't need it: I perfectly understood what Lady Innes (who was not writing literature, but only a diary) had supposed she was saying.

Dr. Hunt gives us a splendid report of your health in a letter to Miss Lyon. It is good news indeed.

I'm going to the Joan of Arc matinée now, but not in white [MTP]. *Note:* in his Mar. 5 to Jean he wrote that he didn't fall on the ice but only *said* he did. **Lady Sarah Innes (Hodges)** (1737-1770), subject of a portrait by Gainsborough.

Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to **Candace Wheeler**: "Mr. Clemens expects to be there. Thank her for her most dear & welcome letter" [MTP]. *Note:* Sam had written daughter Clara that he was going to Candace Wheeler's on **Feb. 28**.

Lyon also wrote for Sam to **Harriet E. Whitmore**, inviting the Whitmores to visit the following week, Monday the 4th or "any time during the week & stay ...a few days" [MTP]. *Note:* they stayed three days in March.

On Feb. 25 or 26 Sam replied to the **Feb. 21** invitation from **Emil Leopold Boas**, head of the **Hamburg-American Line** in America. "It is very enticing but duty requires me to stay here, therwise I would be one of your passengers./ With pleasant remembrance of that long-ago dinner...." [MTP]. *Note:* the dinner has not been dated.

Theodore E. Busfield pastor, First Congregational Church, N. Adams, Mass. wrote to Sam. "The Ladies' Aid Society of my church has been fortunate enough to arrange with your daughter for her appearance here next Monday evening in a concert recital, and there is a very general desire to have you...introduce her" [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon: "No Ans"

Effie F. Cutting (Mrs. C.H. Cutting) wrote from N. Adams, Mass. to urge Sam to come to the Monday evening concert at which Clara would perform [MTP].

Albert B. Paine wrote to Miss Lyon: "I am glad the King said that—gladder still that he can think it. His good opinion is very precious to me. I must try to deserve it" [MTP].

In Sam's **A.D.** he quoted the N.Y. *Sun*'s account of "three or four days ago" about the shipwreck of the *Berlin* [Gribben 505].

February 25-28 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to the **Feb. 21** from **John B. Downing**, (“Alligator Jack”).

The year must have been 1860 I think, though it could have been the fall or winter of '59. In June '58 Bart Bowen was Captain of the A. T. Lacey; for I went from New Orleans to Memphis with him to find & care for my brother who had fallen a victim to the explosion of the Pennsylvania's boilers. I was a cub at the time. I could not have risen to the dignity of going down to look at the river in such aristocratic company as that of licensed pilots earlier than a year later, for I would have to be of the elect myself in order to attain to that distinction. I was under the impression that I never saw Bart Bowen in life after he disembarked me at Memphis. I was also under the impression that he never stood a pilot's watch after he stepped down a grade & became captain. Do not let this language mislead you. I never lost any part of my respect & affection for him on account of that of retrogression; no, he was a high-minded, large-hearted man, & I hold him in undiminished honor to this day. I seem to remember the river-inspection trip you speak of, & that the boat was the Edward J. Gay; but it is very, very dim & uncertain—as vague & shadowy as are the long-vanished faces that looked out over the breast-board, & whose blurred features you have called up out of the grave of my memory.

I thank you cordially for your most kind invitation, but I do not think I shall ever make another land journey, except by request of the Court & the Sheriff [MTP]. *Note:* See **Aug. 15, 1881** and **Aug. 18? 1881** entries for information on Downing.

February 26 Tuesday – With **Clara** and **Paine** gone, the house was rather empty and **Isabel Lyon** was unable to find social contacts for him. **Isabel Lyon's journal:**

This is too dreadful, this loneliness for the King. The evil month of March is coming galloping along, when he is usually tried beyond some kind of endurance; if it isn't physical, it is social, & I'm afraid for him. I telephone in every direction to get hold of people to come in for billiards, but no one is to be reached. Mr. Dooley is south, Col. Harvey is busy, or skittish, Dr. Rice is busy, the Coes are in Florida, the Benjamins in Lake Placid, the Broughtons en route for some southern place, & the rest of the world can't play. When I go to his room to tell him that these people are all otherwise employed, he says “It doesn't matter—” but it *does* matter; it matters very much indeed; and AB's going away to California just now is either devil's work or angel's [MTP TS 31-32]. *Note:* Hill and other sources quote this but change the “&” signs to “and”s.

Cornelius Vanderbilt for the Fulton Monument wrote to Sam quoting the resolution to be presented to the legislature for a piece of land near Columbia University on the East River [MTP]. *Note:* **After Feb. 26** Sam replied and declined to be appointed a member of the Legislative Committee [MTP].

Arthur Benjamin wrote from Spokane, Wash. to Sam, enclosing a clipping of criticism from a Seattle paper, and praising the works of Mark Twain [MTP]. *Note:* “Thank him & say that the criticisms do not distress me because I never read them—& so haven't read the clipping”. Likely about CS.

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam, enclosing the original copy of “An Extract from Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven”, “in compliance with your request” [MTP].

In Sam's **A.D.** he again quoted another *Sun* article about about the *Berlin* shipwreck [Gribben 505].

February 27 Wednesday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** “Drake sale—Tuxedo” [MTP TS 32].

Emil Leopold Boas of the Hamburg-American Line wrote to Sam. “It is too bad. Can you not shirk your duty for once? It would give me great pleasure to have you as one of our guests on one of those trips. / With kind regards...” [MTP]. *Note:* Sam replied Feb. 28.

Arthur E. Bullard for Friends of Russian Freedom wrote to Sam enclosing a revised copy of the petition Sam had agreed to [MTP].

Sheppard Friedman for the *NY Evening Journal* wrote to Sam. "I thought it might be of interest to you to know that you are not the only 'Mark Twain.' There is another." He referred to a Mexican mine by that name he'd invested in. "The particular claim...is said to be rich in gold, copper and silver as the original of its name is in wit, humor and pathos....You may not consider this high-handed procedure fair to you. Any way, 'it suits Tom Sawyer.' Will you let us know if it suits you?" [MTP].

William Dean Howells wrote to Sam.

I have been trying, all through my fortnight of grippe, to give my friend Mr. Fowler an introduction to you. He wants to paint your portrait and though he cannot hope, on account of the subject, to make as good a picture from you as he made from me, he will make one of the best possible. He is a good painter and a good fellow. Yours ever ... [MTHL 2: 823].

George E. Sullivan for the Carroll Institute, Wash. D.C. wrote to Sam asking to borrow the MS for a stage production of "Colonel Sellers" [MTP]. *Note:* Sam had previously written that no MS existed that he knew of.

In Sam's **A.D.** he quoted several *Sun* articles about **William Whitely** [Gribben 505].

February 28 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to the Feb. 27 from **Emil Leopold Boas**. "No, I should not know how to go about it. I once tried to shirk a duty, 25 years ago, & to this day I still suffer agonies of remorse every time I think of it" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "AB home. Candace Wheeler – Mrs. Stuart. Drake Sale" [MTP TS 32].

Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to **George Griswold**, real estate agent. The house Griswold had shown to Lyon and the description she'd given of it to Sam, would "meet his requirements" but he did "not care to pay over fifteen hundred dollars for a house for the Season—May 1st to Nov. 1st, and to ask if you will make that offer to the owners of the place" [MTP].

Sam also wrote instructions to **Isabel Lyon** to thank **Georgiana R. Laffan (Mrs. William Mackay Laffan)** for the Christian Science article, and to ask the Laffans for "dinner or luncheon" [MTP].

Archer H. Barber wrote on Berkshire Club stationery, N. Adams, Mass. to urge Sam to accompany **Clara** when she gave her concert there on Monday evening next. He enclosed a ticket to use the club [MTP].

Redmond S. Cole, editor-in-chief of *The Independent*, published by the students of the Missouri University wrote to Sam. "The St. Louis Post-Dispatch for Feb. 25, 1907 has in it a statement to the effect that you, along with Senator Thomas H. Benton and General Frank P. Blair, favor the pronunciation of Missouri as though it were spelled Mizzoura." Could he confirm? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote for Sam: "Yes the Post-Dispatch was correct & I still adhere."

Samuel S. McClure wrote to Sam. "I expect in time to publish in McClure's Magazine a thorough and clear investigation of osteopathy....unless osteopathy is legalized by the legislature...it will be impossible to practice it in this State....Therefore, I want you to give me a word about osteopathy. I am sure that the Messrs. Harpers will not care to publish what you write about it" [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon for Sam: "For various reasons (& indignations) the subject does not interest me". Osteopathy had lost its appeal to Clemens by this time.

Jennie Pomerene for the Women's College Club (NY) wrote to invite Sam to sit in a box with **Dr. James Monroe Taylor**, Vassar President, General **Nelson Appleton Miles**, General **James Grant Wilson**, ex-Ambassador **Joseph Hodges Choate**, and Dr. **Nicholas Murray Butler**, President of Columbia University—at their matinee benefit Tuesday, Mar. 12, 2:30 p.m. [MTP].

Frank D. Stafford, Mayor of North Adams, Mass. wrote to Sam, having learned of **Clara's** performance there the following week. He extended “a cordial invitation” for Sam to come [MTP].

Stony Wold Sanitorium sent Sam a program for an afternoon concert to benefit their farm fund, Waldorf-Astoria, Feb. 28 at 3:30 p.m. [MTP].

George E. Sullivan, Wash. D.C. attorney wrote to Sam. “I beg to thank you for your favor of the 26th inst. written by your secretary...If I am successful in securing a copy of the dramatization [Col.Sellers] I will be only too glad to let you read it.” He had written the day before from the Carroll Institute, that wanted to put on the dramatization [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

March – At 21 Fifth Ave, **N.Y.** Sam wrote to **Osip I. Feldman**, hypnotist. “This bust is better than the original. At least it seems so to me; & it also seemed so at the time that the gifted artist made it 9 years ago in Vienna. I am glad to see it again [MTP: Levidova, *Mark Twain: A Bibliographic Catalog of Russian Translations, etc.* 1974 p.133]. *Note:* At least two busts of Twain were made in Vienna: by **Theresa Ries** in Dec. 1897 and by **Ernest Hegenbarth** in Jan. 1898.

Sam also inscribed a copy of CS to Dr. **Robert H. Halsey**: “*To Dr. Halsey with the Kindest regards of the Author. March 1907.*” [MTP].

Sam also inscribed a copy of CS to **Franklin G. Whitmore**: “*To / Brer Whitmo' / with the warmest regards of / Mark Twain / March/07.*” [MTP].

Current Literature ran an anonymous article, “Are We Standing at the Birth of a Great Religion?” p.321-4. Tenney: “In part a descriptive review of MT's CS, but chiefly devoted to a broader treatment of the topic, giving background on **Mary Baker Eddy** and newspaper discussion of her work [42].

March – May? – At 21 Fifth Ave, **N.Y.** Sam wrote to **Leonard Henslowe**. “I am shut up with illness; but even if I were well I would not be interviewed by any but an enemy, & I am sure I do not take you for that” [MTP]. *Note:* Henslowe's incoming not extant.

March 1 Friday – Fatout lists a speech for Sam at the **William Dean Howells** dinner [MT *Speaking* 676]. *Note:* On Feb. 19, George B. Harvey had invited Sam for a Mar. 1 birthday dinner for Howells at the Cosmopolitan Club. No record was found for the contents of Sam's remarks. See Feb. 19 entry.

Sam wrote “to any friend or acquaintance of mine” [MTP]. *Note:* not found at MTP.

Isabel Lyon's journal: “Terrible headache” [MTP TS 32].

Brander Matthews wrote to Sam advising him that the Simplified Spelling Board would have its first meeting in April, a dinner at the Waldorf on April 3, Carnegie presiding [MTP]. *Note:* **After Mar. 1** Sam wrote instructions to Lyon for a reply to the invitation: he wouldn't go to any banquet, not even the Lotos, if he had to “feed

through”; he didn’t accept night events but “should like to have the privilege of dropping there toward the end of the banquet” [MTP].

Calvin H. Higbie wrote from Greenville, Calif. to Sam, noting that Paine and Isabel Lyon had written about Sam’s Autobiography, asking him to contribute all he knew about his dealings with Twain in the old days. A fire had destroyed his old MS and he asked if Sam could send his copy [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon answered on Mar. 11, sending Sam’s copy.

Jean Jewel Hotchkiss wrote from NYC to Sam, also sending in another letter articles written by her daughter on “New Metaphysics.” Her daughter **Elizabeth Hotchkiss** (Bessie) was born in Elmira and graduated from Elmira College, gaining a A.M. and a PhD. Could Sam advise as to how to make money from her articles? [MTP].

Robert Underwood Johnson for Century Magazine wrote to thank Sam for presenting to the Keats-Shelley Library “your volume from which you read the ‘Skylark’ and send you a duplicate so that your set may be complete” [MTP].

Hamilton W. Mabie sent Sam a bill for \$5 for his dues in the **American Academy of Arts and Letters** for 1907 [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

Chapters from “My Autobiography—XIII” ran in the *N.A.R.* p.449-63.

March 2 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote congratulations to **Murat and Mary Banks Halstead** on their 50th wedding anniversary. The letter is not extant but was reported by the *New York Times*, Mar. 3, p. 7 “Halstead’s Golden Wedding.”

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “The Chorus Lady. King spent night at Rogers” [MTP TS 32]. *Note:* *The Chorus Lady* written by **James Forbes** and produced by **Henry B. Harris**, played at the Hackett Theatre, NYC.

HACKETT Theater, W. 42d St. Ev. 8:20.
ROSE STAHL Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:15.
in **THE**
CHORUS LADY.

Theodore Cornelius Bates wrote from Worcester, Mass. to Sam. “My daughter, Mrs Tryphosa Bates Batcheller, requests me to send to you a copy of her book—“Glimpses of Italian Court Life” but did not have Sam’s exact address [MTP]. *Note:* not in Gribben. **Tryphosa Bates-Batcheller** (1876-1952), socialite and concert singer: *Glimpses of Italian court life; happy days in Italia adorata*, Doubleday, Page & company, New York (1906).

J.F. Flanigan wrote to Sam from Hot Springs, Ark. For the 53rd Convention of the International Typographical Union, acknowledging receipt of “your article intended for publication in the Souvenir of the ...Convention.” [MTP].

J.W. of Golds Limited wrote from Birmingham, England to ask Sam if he had an objection to their selling a brand of American tobacco on the English market by the name of “Mark Twain” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote: No objection to your proposition”

Murat Halstead sent Sam an engraved invitation for Saturday evening, Mar. 2, at 8 p.m. (likely sent earlier) [MTP]. *Note:* the Halsteads were celebrating their 50th anniversary.

Ireland Advertising Agency sent a telegram to Sam. “Do you have your white suits washed with fels naptha soap in cold or lukewarm water reply paid” [MTP].

Harrie C. White wrote from Bennington, Vt. to Sam responding to a call from Lyon that they had run a photo in *Harper’s Weekly* without his permission. They denied doing so and upon investigating, discovered the publisher had put their credit under his photo in error [MTP].

March 3 Sunday – In the evening Sam dined with the **Robert J. Collier’s** and a “dozen other guests.” He wore his “full evening dress of *white broadcloth*” and called it “just stunning!” [Mar. 5 to Clara; Jean; IVL TS 32].

Stella B. Leighton wrote from NYC to ask Sam if he’d known the late Captain **L.Y. Batchelor** of steamboat days on the Mississippi [MTP]. **After Mar. 3** Sam wrote information on Leighton’s letter for Lyon to reply: “The Clemens to whom she refers was without doubt an Ohio river pilot of that day whom I did not know & who was not related to me— Her father was a Capt—river etiquette would not have allowed him to waive rank & associate with a cub pilot which is what he was” [MTP].

Charles Forster wrote on Deutscher Liederkranz stationery, NYC to enclose season tickets for the 7th Annual Billiards Tournament. He would have other tickets should Sam wish to bring a friend [MTP].

Clara Helms wrote from Egg Harbor City, NJ to Sam. Helms felt “so forlorn and forsaken...like blowing my brains, if I have any, out.” She wrote three little stories upon her return from Central American and could he look at them “and see if they are good enough for some New York paper?” “Will spit on this three times for good luck” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote: “Answerd. Mch 13, ‘07”

The *Detroit News Tribune*, the *Washington Post*, and other syndicated newspapers ran an interview with **George B. Harvey** about Mark Twain’s earnings. From the interview, Harvey observed:

Earns \$1,000 in Three Hours.

“Until recently he wrote wholly by hand. Quite unexpectedly he found that he could dictate to a secretary. He was as pleased over the discovery as was President Roosevelt when he happened upon Mount Sinai, Moses, and the Ten Commandments. Now he lights a cigar after breakfast, sits down in his library and dictates for three hours on his autobiography. When he gets up he has earned \$1,000. He is a great man, and will live longer than Thackeray, who was verbose, for one thing, and whose vision was confined to a single phase of social development in a single country. Twain is world-wide in his breadth of view. A man of critical judgment said not long since that he is the first novelist of the age. Whatever his rank may be, I am sure he will remain in our literature when brighter stars have lost some of their splendor. He is now free from the worry about money, and is at his best.”

March 4 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Emilie R. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers)**.

In packing my things in your house yesterday morning I inadvertently put in some articles that was laying around, I thinking about theology & not noticing, the way this family does in similar circumstances like these. Two books, Mr. Rogers brown slippers & a ham. I thought it was ourn it looks like one we used to have. I am very sorry it happened but it shant occur again & don’t you worry He will temper the wind to the shorn lammb—and I will send some of the things back anyway if there is some that wont keep. / Yores in jesus [MTP: *MTHHR* 613 as only “summer 1906”]. *Note:* letter headed “Tuesday” but Mar. 4 was a Monday.

Isabel Lyon wrote for Sam to **Harriet G. Whitmore**.

Mr. Clemens doesn't want to have you & Mr. Whitmore go away on Saturday. He says that from Thursday to Saturday is no kind of a visit & that he must have you stay until Monday, & you will do that, won't you? For his blessed, blessed sake? You can sleep in separate beds, if your habit requires it; I'll have them ready for you. And you can't think how beautiful it will be for Mr. Clemens to have you two here. I'm not mentioning the secretary's prejudiced views [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Colliers & Russian meeting. Aladin.

Mr. Clemens & I dined with the Collier's this evening for we were to take them up to the Russian meeting & the dinner was very lovely. Mr. Collier has 2 parrots & he took a young one out of the cage & put it on the dinner table, & the graceful (graceful because he was so awkward, the way he turned his toes,) thing walked around & upset the bon-bon dishes & Mr. Collier's cup of coffee. At the meeting, much the best thing—the only best thing—was Aladin speech; it was a very great speech. His English, his gestures & his spirit were beautiful & moving & the audience shouted & waved its handkerchiefs at the strong young graceful creature. He spoke of the “crahdle of liberty” but there wasn't anyone there who wished he had called it a cradle.

This afternoon the King & I drove up to hear the Weete-Mignon [*sic*] piano player. The King thought he'd like to have one at Tuxedo—but the price is too high, \$1500, & they're not entirely satisfactory [MTP TS 33]. *Note:* insert, the keyboardless reproducing piano by M. Welte & Sons.



Fred H. Clifford wrote to Sam from Bangor Maine about **Clara's** concert there on Mar. 21. Would Sam come? [MTP]. *Note:*

Lyon wrote: “Tell Clara she has added a new burden to life / Quite a mistake Mr. Clemens was present only once.”

Frank B. Cole wrote to Sam from Tacoma, Wash.. He'd recently read Sam's Autobiography in the NAR and had known **Orion** in Keokuk, whom he called “a very odd man” [MTP].

George Griswold, managing director of the Tuxedo Park, NY Assoc wrote to Isabel Lyon about the price of **William Voss'** house rental there [MTP].

Katharine I. Harrison wrote to Sam enclosing a check for \$350, preferred stock dividend from US Steel Corp. “Would it not be a good idea to put this in your own name, now that you have all the stock?” [MTP].

Walter W. Price for The Lambs Club, NYC wrote to invite Sam to a breakfast next Sunday at 1 p.m. Would Sam be the guest of honor? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote: “Thank them as elaborately as want to / don't go unless duty commands this year”

Cornelius Vanderbilt for the Robert Fulton Memorial Assoc. wrote to reassure Sam that **William R. Stewart**, Chairman of the Legislative Committee, would not call upon Sam “for any active work” but would be pleased if Sam accompanied them to Albany [MTP].

Emma N. Warfield (Mrs. Edwin Warfield), wife of Maryland's governor, wrote to Sam asking him to give a reading during his May visit. Dr. **Henry Van Dyke** had urged her to write Clemens directly [MTP].

March 5 Tuesday – In the morning Sam signed the lease for **William Voss'** house in **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** (about 30 miles from N.Y.C.) from **May to October, 1907** [Mar. 5 to Jean; Hill 164]. The house was near **Harry and Mary Rogers**. Trombley writes that Sam carried on “an extended negotiation” with Voss reducing the rent from \$2,400 to \$1,500 [MTOW 133]. *Note:* the gated community was built in 1886 by **Pierre Lorillard IV** (1833-1901), the tobacco magnate, as a retreat for his rich New York friends. **Bruce Price** (1845-1903)

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was the architect for the gatehouse and the first thirteen houses. He had a daughter, **Emily Post** (1872-1960), who later became famous for her etiquette. The formal tuxedo was first worn at Tuxedo Park.

At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to daughter **Clara** at the Hotel Johnsonia, Fitchburg, Mass.

Clara dear, it is very very splendid news, from Katy to Catherine last night. You are in the swing at last, dear child, & now you will GO. Remember, the audience most surely & powerfully stirred is the *small* audience, when you've learned all the deep arts of your trade. They rise in their might when you let them see that theirs are welcome faces & that you are not ashamed of them for being a small house. I'm not talking about your North Adams house, but only about *small* ones.

I dined with a lot of people at Robert Collier's, Sunday night, & was conspicuous; for I wore full evening dress of *white broadcloth*—just stunning! To-day we took the Tuxedo house & signed the lease. So *that's* off our minds.

By the occasional letter which drifts in I have come to be quite entirely satisfied with my Shelley Skylark of the other day, much as I was depressed about it at first. Privately I knew there wouldn't be any other readings there that could come up to it, but I was troubled because I didn't hear any one *say* so. It's all right, though—plenty have said it since. More than that—I saw more than fifty women crying, but I had forgotten about that.

Sometime I must recite it & you play a soft accompaniment. I hope you will look in on us soon, dearheart—meantime I enclose hugs & kisses— [MTP].

Sam also wrote to daughter **Jean**.

Oh dear me, child, what *are* you talking about? I didn't fall on the ice, I only *said* I did. It is a great difference. You ought to be more careful about imputing to people's statements interpretations which they cannot properly bear.

Apparently—as per telephone from Katy to Catherine right after the concert—Clara had an enthusiastic good success at North Adams last night.

I've told Miss Lyon to remind you & Clara that when you want any jewelry-tinkering done, to send it to *us* & we will get it *well* done for half the money you pay Tiffany's clumsy blacksmiths to do it ignorantly & assfully.

This morning we took the Tuxedo [Park] house from May 1 to November 1, & signed the lease & sent the check.

I am taking life easily & comfortably these days. I dictate only an hour or an hour & a half, mornings, & am busy the rest of the day at luncheons, matinees & private dinners—and get to bed by eleven.

Sunday Night I dined with a dozen other guests at Robert Collier's & was “de queen o' de Magazines,” as aunty Cord used to call your mother; for I was in full evening dress of *white broadcloth*, & was as white as a ghost. It is a very beautiful costume—and conspicuous.

Jerome sat opposite, at the table, & I asked him if he heard the stupendous dynamite explosion at 12 minutes after midnight. He said no—and added:

“Yesterday (Saturday) when I got up in the morning my wife asked me if the mighty explosion woke me at midnight, —& I said no.—which surprised her, for she said it was an awful noise & ought to have wakened a bronze image. We examined the morning paper—there was no explosion in it. So she had dreamed it. But the odd thing was, that she dreamed it exactly 24 hours before it actually happened.” It is a very striking incident, certainly.

Take care of yourself, dear, & don't slip on the ice. I never do. With lots of love & kisses— / Father [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Tuxedo lease signed.* Billiard match.

There is a billiard match going on at the Liederkrantz Hall & after the King canvassed around among his friends & didn't find anyone to go up with him, he took a cab & went alone to watch the game. We had music after dinner, & just as the King was slipping off to bed Mr. Loomis came & we went to the billiard room where they played—the King playing 3 strings to Mr. L's one. The points just dripped out of the tip of the King's cue; for the afternoon's watching had given him ideas & he was just the game itself as he tripped like a spirit around the table.

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* Mr. Voss, the owner of the house, dropped from \$2400 to \$1500 & so now we are going to spend the summer in Tuxedo [MTP TS 33-34].

In the evening Sam attended another billiards match in the concert hall of the **Liederkrantz Club**, and his appearance was cause for the *New York Times* to report on p.7:

WON AT BILLIARDS BY SINGLE POINT
Gardner Beat Conklin in National Tournament Game 300 - 299.

MARK TWAIN WAS THERE

Night Winner Made Highest Average and Run of the Series at Liederkrantz Club.

Dr. Leonidas L. Mial and Edward W. Gardner were the winners yesterday in the continuation of the National amateur billiard championship tournament at 14.2 balk line. Dr. Mial worked a reversal of form by defeating J. Ferdinand Poggenburg 300 points to 200 in the evening contest, while Gardner, the present champion, defeated Charles F. Conklin 300 to 299 at the matinee session. The former's average was 13 1-23, while Gardner, in a long-drawn-out game, fell to 6 24-46.

Mark Twain, attired in a pearl-colored sack suit, witnessed the greater portion of the Gardner-Conklin match, in the concert hall of the Liederkrantz Club, Fifty-eighth Street, near Park Avenue. He arrived while Gardner was at the table, and the cheering so disconcerted the champion that he missed an easy carrom. Mark Twain waved his hands and smilingly acknowledged the greeting. He watched the play, and at the good shots puffed furiously at a big black cigar.

J.E. Art for the New Life Society, Phila. wrote to solicit Sam to be on their "regular list of attractions," in other words, speak on their circuit [MTP].

Miss **Isabel Florence Hapgood** (1851-1928), writer and translator of Russian texts, wrote to solicit Sam's autograph in an album for hypnotist Dr. **Osip Feldman** [MTP].

John Mead Howells wrote to Lyon concerning details of the construction of the Redding house, and how payroll was to be made during construction [MTP].

George Mayr wrote from NYC to invite Sam to a private viewing of a painting by **Jacob Isaackszoon van Ruysdael** (c. 1628-1682) an Old Dutch Master landscape painter [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote: "Thank him while it's not likely that can get the opportunity, should be glad to see it." Card in the file shows Mayr as "Private Secretary to **C. Oliver Iselin**" 36 Wall St.

James A. Renwick wrote to receipt Sam for March rent, \$291.67 [MTP].

Walter K. Williams wrote from Lincoln, Nebr. Sending a poem about dress fashion and "Dear old adolescent Mark Twain in 'full dress' made of white ducking / the humorist joking again" [MTP].

March 6 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon's journal: Letter from Isabel F. Hapgood.

Miss Hapgood came this afternoon to bring a big album (belongs to Dr. Osip Feldman, a Russian) for the King to write in. The King cannot endure that woman & was so glad to have an excuse to stay in bed, but he wrote in the album, & put in one of the photos I made up in Dublin. She was prosy, but I found her interesting, for she has known so many find Russians. I was full of Russian coppers & brasses for I'd been around to my Armenian friend's shop & found a lot of old pieces there at prices far lower than the prices of their terrible new things, so I got some [MTP TS 34].

George Griswold wrote from Tuxedo Park, NY to Isabel Lyon, acknowledging her note of Mar. 5 covering duplicate copies of the lease, signed by Clemens and his \$500 check as first installment of rent [MTP].

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W.T. Hall wrote from Dothan, Ala. to Sam, having just found a copy of “Editorial Wild Oats.” Did Sam have any other books not published through Harpers? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote: “Answrd Mch 11th”

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

March 7 Thursday – Sam did not attend the memorial meeting for the late **Ernest Howard Crosby**, one of the founders of the **Social Reform Club**, but sent a letter (not extant), as did a few other luminaries. Sam was listed in the Feb. 23 *NY Times* article as being among those in charge of the meeting in **Cooper Union** [NY Times, Mar. 8, p.2 “Honor Crosby’s Memory”].

Franklin and Harriet Whitmore came for a three-day stay with Sam [Mar. 12 to Clara; Hill 165; IVL TS 32].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: This evening Mr. & Mrs. Whitmore arrived. It had been a harassing day for Mary Cook developed a very bad mastoid condition of ear & Dr. McKernon came, pierced the poor creature’s ear drums & then they took her away to the hospital. I was quivering with misery over her suffering & I’d been trying to keep her illness from Mr. Clemens when Dr. Halsey went into the King’s room (his door was open & he lay on the bed) & told him of Mary’s condition. “However, it’s all right, there are no mistakes in the fabric.”

The King & Mr. Whitmore played billiards until late, & it was a delight to hear the billiard balls clicking again. The King flitted around the table, with pink cheeks & bright eyes, while Mr. Whitmore plays a ponderous but beautiful game [MTP TS 32].

Fred H. Clifford wrote from Bangor, Maine, disappointed that Sam would not come there during Clara’s tour; he sent a copy of the *1906 B. & A. R.R. Guidebook*, “which is fairly suggestive of recreation life in northern Maine” [MTP].

C. Henry Fosgate wrote to Sam, having just purchased the Mark Twain Hotel in Hannibal. He enclosed a clipping from this day’s *Quincy Herald*, which offered Twain \$5,000 a year just to come and live in the hotel, the idea, Fosgate wrote “of the ambitious editor” [MTP].

Alex Mackay-Smith wrote to Sam from Phila., enclosing an extract from the Encyclopedia Britannica on one **Joanna Southcott** (1750-1814) a self-described prophetess similar to **Mary Baker Eddy** [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote: “Mentioned in the beginning of C.S. Long ago disappeared. They don’t mention her any more.”

Albert B. Paine wrote from Kansas City, Mo. to Sam and Isabel Lyon.

Dear King and Secretary: / No disasters to date except the eating house at London Ontario, where in her haste to escape, Joy left her doll’s handbag, which thus far has not caught up with us, making it necessary for her doll to sleep in a garment which I, like Katy Murray, am far too modest to name [MTP]. Paine also compared K.C. with Chicago. **Joy Paine** was his youngest daughter.

James K. Paulding sent Sam a printed notice for a memorial meeting in honor of **Ernest Howard Crosby**, Mar 7. Paulding would be pleased to use Sam’s name as a member of the committee arranging for this meeting [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote: “I am willing”

Frederick E. Pierce for Lincoln Farm Assoc. wrote to Sam, enclosing a letter by **Clarence H. Mackay**. The work of the Assoc. “is going forward splendidly,” and he solicited the use of Sam’s name on a list of prominent men in Connecticut [MTP].

Robert Reid wrote to Isabel Lyon.

I can't tell you how shocked and distressed I am by your letter. I seem to have driven one more nail into the coffin of the lovely (to me) friendship of dear St. Mark—by expressing my letter to him so badly as to have it entirely misinterpreted. I simply asked him, as a friend of both—whether he thought My telling Mr. Rogers a certain fact would—or could not—further my nearly hopeless cause. / And he doesn't even congratulate me!! / Most sincerely... [MTP]. *Note:* On the same day Sam gave the following instructions to Isabel Lyon for a reply:

Tell Robert Reid am not willing to speak to Mr. Rogers again. I did not get enough encouragement the last time I spoke to him to make me want to. There is nothing I could say to him that I have not already said—and indeed repeated. If it were some one else, another repetition might do good, but I think that with Mr. Rogers's make it would most probably fail again [MTP].

An **unidentified person** from NYC wrote a nonsensical, crank letter to Sam [MTP].

George Thomson Wilson for Pilgrims of the U.S. sent a printed invitation to Sam for a banquet by The Pilgrims, Mar. 23 at 7 p.m. in honor of **James Bryce**, O.M., English Ambassador to the US [MTP].

March 8 Friday – Isabel Lyon's journal: Mr. & Mrs. Gilder were here for luncheon today, & the chat was pleasant. The talk after luncheon fell on the Shelly Keats Memorial & the part Mr. Clemens took in it & Mrs. Whitmore asked him to read Rabbi Ben Ezra to us—which he did. The King may deny that he has a religion, but he has it; the very tones of his voice are vibrant with it when he reads a poem like that, or when he looks at a distant view. (And my mind goes back to Dublin & the hallowed days we spent there.) The King & Mr. W. played billiards nearly all day, & again in the evening, while Mrs. Whitmore & I went over to see the Gilders in the evening. There were only one or two there, which made it very delightful. This afternoon Mr. Gilder told how he had met Browning once or twice in a London Club & how Browning came roaring down the hall, & was vigorous in his greeting & how he pointed out Darwin & Herbert Spencer & other big men who were in that club that long ago day [MTP TS 35; Gribben 105]. *Note:* "Rabbi Ben Ezra" by **Robert Browning**.

John J. Chapman wrote from NYC to invite Sam to join **Tchaykovsky** and others to dine with her at the Century Club Mar. 16 at 7:30 p.m. [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote: "Declined"

J.M. Dean, El Paso, Tex. attorney wrote to Sam, praising *IA* some "36 years late," and also praising Sam's Autobiography in the *NAR* [MTP].

S.A. Duke wrote from Baxter, Ark. to Sam. He was just past his 79th birthday and one of the old friends who came out of the woodwork reading Sam's *NAR* segments.

My dear old colleague (of the Keokuk Lyceum) / I called at your home last summer and was told you was "in the Arctic regions shooting moose." I regretted that this time you was "too far away." / I am reading your biography with much interest, and think I can dimly see why when you was put on for regular exercise at our [*illegible word*] meeting you was never on hand [MTP].

George Griswold wrote to Lyon: "I return herewith lease, executed by Mr. Voss" [MTP].

Jervis Langdon II wrote from Elmira on Hope-Jones Organ Co. letterhead to Sam, announcing they were "progressing splendidly with the organ enterprise..." They'd won \$18,000 in orders the first month of business. Jervis made a second call for stock subscriptions, which in Sam's case was \$750 [MTP].

Lillian Gertrude MacQuillan wrote from Providence, R.I. to solicit Sam to speak at Brown University to raise an endowment for their new gymnasium [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote: “Answd. Mch 13, 07”

Floyd M. Shoemaker wrote from Elmira, NY to solicit Sam’s autograph in a limited edition of his works [MTP].

March 9 Saturday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Yesterday came a letter from AB containing a beautiful tribute to the King. I’ll keep it right here. The King was sweetly moved by it. He lies in bed a lot these days when he isn’t flitting around the billiard table. He played all the afternoon, or much of it after Mr. Stanchfield who had been lunching here left us. This morning I sat in the King’s dressing room while he shaved, & went over the batch of mail there. He has had a very pleasant invitation from the Governor of Maryland to visit Annapolis, & inadvertently “Boost up a Presbyterian Church—but it’s right in my line for I’m nothing if not a Presbyterian!” He has never been to Annapolis, & so is trying to find an excuse to go. He wrote the Governor’s wife, Mrs. Edwin Warfield, a ~~very~~ sweet & gracious letter. What a happy woman she will be when she gets it. I couldn’t get theatre seats for Mrs. Whitmore & me, so we sat cosily in the billiard room & watched the men play. Their big bantor [*sic* banter] is very good and it is great to hear the King’s rich laugh [MTP TS 36].

R.E. Gunning wrote from Memphis, Tenn. to praise CS and to submit a MS for Sam’s review [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote: “Answd. June 6, 07—”

Isabel Florence Hapgood wrote again to Sam. “Did you have your photograph taken last season with Maxim Gorky? ...will you be good enough to tell me where I can obtain a copy? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote: “There was one taken—a flash light—the King says.” Clemens: “Don’t know anything about it. Think there was a picture taken, but is not here”

March 10 Sunday – Franklin and Harriet Whitmore ended their three-day visit at 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. with Sam [Mar. 12 to Clara].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: The King & Mr. Whitmore played billiards this sabbath day & then at 3 o’clock in a big snowstorm, Mr. & Mrs. Whitmore started for home. It was a pity their visit had to break off so soon; for Mr. Whitfield plays a beautiful game of billiards—“25 to 30% better than I can play”, the King says, & to lose so good an antagonist is a pity. This afternoon the King was droopy & had a touch of gout, which means that he is tired & he ought to have a change. Tonight at dinner he talked about the Tichbourne Case & he told me one or 2 stories which he has been reading from “Causes Célèbres”, one of a set of queer & battered little volumes that he ran across in the library. Mrs. Whitmore said that his mind seems keener than it ever did, & broader & fearlesser. I painted his right foot with iodine, for that wretched twinging has to be taken in hand early. Dr. Halsey reports a continual improvement in Mary’s condition [MTP TS 36-37; also Gribben 462]. *Note: Recueil des causes celebres, etc. by Maurice Mejan (1765-1823).*

The Carnegie Institute sent Sam two invitations, likely before Mar. 10. One to the dedication of the Carnegie Institute’s new building in Pittsburg on Apr. 11-13, and also one for the conferring of degrees at the Carnegie Music Hall, Pittsburg on Apr. 13. A third card requests an RSVP by Mar. 10 [MTP].

Mary R. Davis wrote from Stamford, Conn. to ask a favor of Sam. She was a post graduate student at NYU and president of Pi Alpha. She requested he visit and speak to the university students [MTP].

Charlotte A. England wrote on Detroit, Mich. Normal School stationery to secure Sam as a speaker [MTP].

Fedem (not further identified) wrote from Vienna, Austria to solicit Sam’s help in some injustice she compared to the Dreyfus case, but in Italy. The exact cause she was championing is not clear [MTP].

Jennie Pomerene wrote to Sam, enclosing a ticket for the College Women's Club debut Scholarship Matinee, Tuesday Mar. 12 at 2:30 p.m. And, of course, the women were "great admirers" [MTP].

March 11 Monday – In N.Y.C. **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to the Mar. 1 request from **Calvin H. Higbie**, enclosing the MS Higbie had sent the previous summer. Higbie had lost his copy. Sam also wanted to clarify **Albert Bigelow Paine's** legitimate position as his biographer with Higbie, who evidently had misunderstood his role. Paine was "well on his way to California" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: The King is restless—the gout seems better, & I painted the foot again tonight. (I hear him sneeze.) He cannot dictate & he is much in need of a change. We have been talking up a trip to Bermuda. We should have but one night there, for the *Bermudian* sails every Saturday from here, but the King won't care. He will have 5 days away from home & so I telephoned first to Mr. Howells to ask if he were not planning to go to Bermuda, but he isn't, & then after foraging about in his thoughts he suggested Paddy Madden, & I telephoned the invitation to her & delighted her soul. So the plan is to leave here on Sat., arrive in Bermuda on Monday, sail back on Tuesday, & reach New York again on Thursday the 21st.
 "Robert Undershirt Johnson—The great American undertaker—He'll undertake anything that can add to his popularity" [MTP TS 37]. *Note:* see Sam to Clara, Mar. 12.

The Junior English Class of **Beloit High School, Beloit, Kans.** wrote to ask Sam who was the greatest living author? They were unable to agree so would put the matter to him as "competent to judge" [MTP].
Note: Lyon wrote: "Doesn't know who is the greatest living author"

Adelaide Earle wrote from Elizabeth, NJ to ask Sam if he would give a lecture there in April or October [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote: "Answd Mch. 13 '07"

Clara C. Fuller wrote on Ossining School on the Hudson stationery to ask Sam to come to the school and speak to the girls [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote: "Answrd. / Mch 13, '07"

Theodore E. Lyon for Barnard School for Girls, NYC wrote to ask Sam to speak to their graduating class on June 5 [MTP].

Carl M. Pihl wrote to Sam on NY Electric Music Co. letterhead, NYC asking for "a few words of recommendation" for the "Electric music that you had at your residence on last New Years Eve" [MTP].

Erica Woltereck wrote on Knox School, Lakewood, NJ stationery to Sam, "fascinated" by Sam's Autobiography and wishing to translate it to German [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote: "Write to Harpers / Answrd. Mch. 13, '07"

March 12 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to daughter **Clara**, who evidently had chided him for wearing his white suit in public.

Clara dear, your impression was right. The white clothes are for home use, and are not to be worn outside, except at the tables of very intimate friends.

Your growing popularity does certainly give me a good many pangs, and yet I want it to continue, and increase. It is curious, but I feel just so about it.

[Sam advised her not to use a program and related his negative experiences with them].

....

When I read in Carnegie Hall a year ago I refused to allow a program to be distributed. I carried one with me, but used only two-thirds of it. I am going to read in the Governor's mansion in Annapolis about the 1st of May, but there will be no program. Discard it, Clara dear—abolish it. You can never tell with certainty what to sing until you have seen your audience; a song-program is much more hampering and disastrous than any

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reading program can be. You are coming to realize that your first duty, both to yourself and to your house, is to win your house and carry it along with you; the result is going to be (programs being abolished) that you will carry your houses by storm.

I am very glad your audiences are liking you; it was sure to come to that. I am delighted to know that you will spend Holy Week with us. You will be most extremely welcome, dear Ashcat.

I have lost interest in everything, and am in deadly need of a change, and so Miss Lyon and I decided last night to sail for Bermuda next Saturday and be gone five days. We invited Paddy, by telephone, to go along with us, and her father had given his consent.

The Whitmores have been here for a day or two, and we had good times with them. It is a pity I never thought, long ago, to dictate my letters, and thus make them easy to read—but I mean to be more heedful now. Forgive me, dear, and receive a large cargo of love and kisses [MTP].

Note: **Paddy Madden** had been on the *Bermudian* with Sam and **Joe Twichell** in the three-day January trip. D. Hoffman identifies her as “a pretty girl from the Upper West Side” of N.Y.C. who had “evidently amused Clemens, and gave him relief from the reverend” [75-6]. D. Hoffman writes that Paddy was invited by telephone and accepted. The party of three left on **March 16** [78].

Fatout lists Sam giving a few remarks at the **College Women’s Club, N.Y.C.** [MT *Speaking* 676]. **Isabel Lyon’s journal** entry gives details:

Mr. Clemens dined at the Hoyts where Gen. Miles was a guest, he had a very good time. The lady who sat on his right “was very intelligent, she talked about adultery as if she knew all about it—she was from 45 to 50.” He didn’t know her name & never reached the point of asking what it was. But it wouldn’t make any difference—he wouldn’t remember her, probably.

In the afternoon we went up to the Hudson Theatre to the College Club Benefit. The King sat in a box with **General Miles**, a fine looking creature, & **Gen. Wilson & Edwin Markham**, a sweet-faced man with a short good-natured nose, & **Count [Alexander] Spiridovitch** who is in this country on a diplomatic mission. The King made an explanation of why **Miss Fisher** didn’t arrive, & the best part of the program was **Ethel Barrymore** in *Carrots*, a darling creature. I sat close enough to the King to touch him, just outside the box [MTP: TS 37-38]. *Note:* did Sam make remarks to the audience or to those in his box? Editorial emphasis.

George Wharton James wrote on Bradley Studios letterhead, NYC: “I have just seen Mr. Bradley & he agrees to your terms. He will give you for the Colbrith Fund 75 large photos & 25 of the medium size if you will pose for him.” [MTP]. *Note:* he also wrote to Lyon.

Jervis Langdon II wrote to Sam, urging him to come to Elmira the next month for a demonstration of the Hope-Jones organ, newly installed at **Elmira’s Park Church**, in honor of Rev. **Thomas K. Beecher**, who had passed away in 1900. Sam had purchased an interest in the newly-formed **Hope-Jones Organ Co.** upon its incorporation (see Jan. 19).

We want you very much to be here for April 3....We all want you to hear the organ so that you will know what the company which you are part of is preparing to put on the market, and it would be the greatest possible aid to the company in connection with this advertising scheme of April 3 if you could be at the church for a little while that morning to informally meet and chat with these very delightful New Yorkers and to hear some of the music. We would not ask for anything exacting but what it to be as much of a pleasure to you as it would surely be to all these men and ourselves to have you here at that time [Ensor, MT & *Hope-Jones* 6-7].

Note: Ensor writes of the “grand scheme” to advertise and legitimize the unique Hope-Jones organs:

A special railroad car would be used to bring to Elmira about forty prominent organists from New York City and the surrounding area for a demonstration of the Park Church organ. Among these would be the

organists of New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Trinity Church on Wall Street, Fifth Avenue Presbyterian, the Brick Church, the Broadway Tabernacle, the Church of the Heavenly Rest, and other churches [*ibid*]. *Note*: Jervis' father, **Charles J. Langdon** added a P.S. agreeing with his son—Sam's "presence would be a mighty good factor for the organ co. and a more welcome guest could not possibly come to us" [7]. See Apr. 3.

John A. Lewis sent a telegram from Carson City, Nevada to Sam: "PAINE IS TRYING TO PLAY BILLIARDS NEEDS INSTRUCTIONS SAYS YOU ARE ABLE SEND ADVICE" [MTP]. *Note*: Lyon wrote: "His father was probably Editor Proprietor Composer & pressman of the Silver Age in Mr. Clemens's day in Carson City." See MTL 1:172n5 for more on **John C. Lewis**, this man's father.

W.D. Lowe wrote from Durham, England to ask if there were any historical foundation for *P&P* [MTP].

Frederic L. Thompson wrote from the Bronx, NY, thanking Sam for buying two of his paintings [MTP].

March 13 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon's journal: The check has gone off for the Bermuda tickets, & we are to sail on Saturday. Mr. Howells came in to see the King this afternoon & said that Mrs. Howells is proposing to go to Bermuda on the 28th, but that he has to pretend indifference, otherwise she'd back down at once. For tht's what she always does. It's her illness that causes her to oppose anything that Mr. Howells wants to do. And the King observed as he walked around the billiard table doing random shooting, that it was suh an easy trait to acquire; he used to have it himself in an exaggerated form & now he knows that Mrs. Clemens used to use all her diplomacy to get him to do what she wanted him to do. It makes him miserable & sick when he thinks of it now[MTP TS 38-39].

William Thomas Stead of The Review of Reviews, London wrote to Sam sending a current number of the publication and asking if they might "hope to have" his "presence as one of the Pilgrims..." [MTP]. **On or after Mar. 13** Isabel wrote notes for answering Stead's letter. "was a time when he was young enough to do such a thing & should have been glad enough to take part in it, but now does not take any journeys that can be avoided, nor take a practical interest in any movement, good or bad" [MTP].

Percival E. Fansler wrote to ask Sam which of two phrases was correct: "You would best stop at the Waldorf-Astoria," or, "You had best stop at the Waldorf-Astoria" [MTP]. *Note*: Lyon wrote: "Out of my line. / Answrd Mch 14, '07"

James Forbes wrote on "Offices of Henry B Harris, Hudson Theatre New York" letterhead to Sam. "Miss Janet L. Gilder made me very happy the other day by the news that you had witnessed Miss Rose Stahl's performance in my play, "The Chorus Lady" and had enjoyed our joint effort. / To have won the approval of a mastercraftsman is the greatest tribute that a novice like myself could have received" [MTP].

John M. Howells wrote to Sam about the Redding house plans. "Persuant of our telephone conversation to-day with Miss Lyon, we write covering several points discussed." John covered drawings for piping of acetylene gas, electricity, and quotes from 3 general contractors. "We will take up the specifications next week and believe that all will be ready to take figures by the end of the month" [MTP].

Arthur Leonard wrote from Liverpool, England to Miss Lyon on "The West African Mail" letterhead. Morel had been away on Congo matters a long time but would be very glad to see **Dihdwo Twe** when he passed through Liverpool [MTP].

Roi Cooper Megrue for Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Miss Lyon, enclosing a letter in French concerning a dispute over the dramatization of Sam's tale, "The Californian" [MTP].

Barbara Mullen wrote from Hannibal, Mo. to Sam, praising the Mar. 1 segment of his Autobio. in the NAR [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote: “Write her a thank you of some kind or other. So pleased to find that there are a good manyh people—Southern people here who recognize the truth / Answrd Mch 25, ‘07”

Emma N. Warfield (Mrs. Edwin Warfield) wrote to Sam on Executive Mansion, Annapolis, Md. Stationery. “The Governor and I are inexpressibly touched by the hospitality you have extended to us. / We expect to be in New York on the twenty-first and the twenty-second of March, Thursday and Friday of next week [MTP]. *Note:* Sam had invited them to dine.

Richard B.B. Wood wrote from Keokuk, Iowa to Sam, enclosing “Orion Clemens’ Lunch”—the story about Orion eating a bowl of yeast by mistake. Wood had sent it to the NAR but they returned it and suggested he send it to Clemens [MTP].

March 14 Thursday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: This morning I mentioned R.U. Johnson not being at a meeting & the King let on to be astonished, & he said “Oh Jesus, No Johnson. Undershirt!” Mr. Rogers arrived pretty early & the King was in the bathroom; he came along the hall in his night clothes & his old red slippers, saying “Oh yes, oh yes, I reckon you’ll find that somebody else is up just as early as you are” & then as the door closed, followed the usual affectionate abuse of each other.

Robt. Collier & Mrs & Mr. Walker dined here. But—After dinner the King read “Interpreting the Diety” aloud, & then followed a discussion as to whether it should or shouldn’t be published. It should be, of course; but there isn’t a publisher who would have the courage to print it. Although, as Collier said “The publisher ought to want to publish it, & doubtless would want to.” But it’s just as the King says, we are all slaves in one degree or another. The King is a slave because he mustn’t submit to it because it would be bad for his children [MTP TS 39-40].

R.G. Chase wrote from West Medford, Mass. to ask Sam for “a few selections for reading” on his evening with his Reading Club. He planned to give his club an account of Carleton’s “estimate of himself for declining the publication” of *The Jumping Frog* [MTP].

Anna Palmer Draper wrote from NYC to decline Sam’s dinner invitation of Mar. 22, as she had to be on Boston that day [MTP].

Hugh McLellan wrote from Champlain, NY to Sam, “at last” thanking him for *Tom Sawyer* [MTP].

A. Emilius Outerbridge & Co., Agents for Quebec Steamship Co. wrote to Miss Lyon: “We acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 13th inst. enclosing check for \$273.36 for which we return herein the tickets and advise having booked Mr. Clemens and party in rooms 29 and 62 from Bermuda March 19th” [MTP].

Victor Robinson for *Alturia Magazine* wrote to Sam asking for his 10 favorite humanitarians of the 19th Century [MTP].

Maryland Governor **Edwin Warfield** wrote to Sam, accepting his invitation for dinner, and expressing pleasantries that he was finally able to get to know Mark Twain [MTP].

March 15 Friday – Sam sat for **A.F. Bradley**, a New York photographer. **Isabel Lyon’s journal** recorded the event:

I went up to the Bradly [*viz*] studio with the King at eleven this morning, & Mr. Bradly must have made 25 exposures of the King. He was in his white suit & very very beautiful. Now at 1:30 I slipped down to his room to see him lying asleep with his glasses on & his hands clasped over his breast and over a volume of

“Plutarch’s Lives”. His body is so sweet, so gentle in these days, but from the flash of his eye you can see the strong active crusader-like life he is living in his mind [MTP TS 40].

North American Review published a review of *Christian Science* by **Charles Johnston**, p. 641-5. Tenney: “Argues that Mary Baker Eddy is indeed a psychic, though lacking the character to fully cope with what has been revealed to her. She has her virtues (amply proclaimed by her disciples and by herself), but also her failings, and ‘it is natural and right that Mark Twain should lay more stress on the sordid despotism, the vanity, the pretence, which he makes exceedingly plain in his earnest and disinterested study. He is absolutely right in underlining the passion for money, backed up by claims of immediate divine guidance....’” [Tenney: “A Reference Guide Third Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1979 p. 192]. Also, in the same issue, Charles Klein, p. 636-41, offers a point-by-point defense of Eddy and Christian Science [*ibid.*].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote from NYC to acknowledge blank check from Sam to be used, “if at all, in the purchase of Utah Consolidated shares” [MTP].

Arthur Judson Bleazby wrote from Lynn, Mass. to Sam. “In dealing with the subject of Christian Science, which you have not understood, but misjudged, error alias the devil has compelled you many ‘miles’ and you have misinterpreted the meaning of Matthew, 5th Chapter, and 41st verse. The last word is an adjective not a proper noun and name” [MTP]. *Note*: Matt. 5:41: “And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.”

William Augustus Croffut, a Redding Conn. native, wrote to Sam, noting from newspapers that Sam was going to “boom” Redding, by building there—“the last town in the world” he would have expected Sam to hide in. He looked forward to seeing Sam there in the summer [MTP].

E.L. Hale wrote to Sam about p. 461 in the *NAR*, where Sam claimed to be able to crack hickory nuts & walnuts with the kernels delivered whole. What was the secret? [MTP]. *Note*: Lyon wrote: “Place edge up, not the flat side, so that the nut splits open into 2 halves & delivers those kernels whole”

Jean Jewel Hotchkiss wrote from NYC to Sam, having had no answer to his letter two weeks before [MTP].

Chapters from “My Autobiography—XIV” ran in the <i>N.A.R.</i> p.561-71.

March 16 Saturday – Sam, **Isabel Lyon**, and the “pretty young girl” **Paddy Madden** left on the *Bermudian*. The trip would be a five-day getaway for Sam, who was suffering from gout, but all but one day would be on board the ship. Also on the outward voyage **Charles W. Eliot** (1834-1926), president of Harvard, and **Thomas D. Peck**, woolen manufacturer from Pittsfield, Mass., were on board. Sam and Peck conducted a lottery on the ship to benefit the Cottage Hospital in Bermuda, the only civilian one there [D. Hoffman 78-9].

Note: Peck’s wife, **Mary Allen Hulbert Peck**, was a socialite who often wintered in the islands; she would have a dalliance with the future president, **Woodrow Wilson** in Bermuda. Wilson arrived in Bermuda on Jan. 14, a week after Sam’s last trip, and was introduced to Mrs. Peck on Feb. 5. Mary would sue for divorce in 1911, claiming desertion; the couple had been separated since 1907 [NY *Times*, Dec. 9, 1911, p.1]. The *Times* of Mar. 17, p.9 “Ocean Travelers” mistakenly reported this as a six weeks’ stay in Bermuda for Mark Twain; and lists other passengers as: **Joseph W. Bullard, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Curtis, Dr. and Mrs. Charles W. Eliot, Mr. and Mrs. F.J. Frey, Lawrence Haight, J. Donaldson Nichols, A.R. Outerbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ransom, Mr. and Mrs. Martin H. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Slack, and Frank T. Wadsworth.**

Isabel Lyon’s journal: On Mar 16th we sailed for Bermuda. The King, Paddy Madden & I, with a good big & interesting looking ships company. President Elliot [*sic*] of Harvard. It didn’t mean anything to me for

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

within an hour the exhausted headache I had wakened with had boiled into something unprecedented & I was alarmed—Dr. Herring gave me a drug to dilate the arteries. It did it—or did something—and the bad condition increased steadily. However, I begged him for an emetic; he finally consented to give it—but it couldn't work—and lay in my system harboring impossible conditions [MTP TS 40-41].

Elizabeth G. Jordan sent Sam an engraved, postcard sized invitation for Saturday, Mar. 16 at 9 p.m. when Miss **Katherine Everts** would read “My Lady’s Ring” by **Alice Brown** [MTP].

Albert B. Paine wrote from Carson City, Nev. to Sam and Lyon that he was “having very good success in finding old friends and landmarks & material for reconstructing the past” [MTP].

Adair Wilson attorney in Durango, Colo. wrote to Sam, having had his memory jogged by Sam’s *Autobiography in the NAR*. “...recalled the never-forgotten ride which you and I took at a very unseemly hour in the morning down ‘Six Mile Canon’, expecting to witness the duel between Joe Goodman and Tom Fitch.” Wilson had been caught in the 1906 San Francisco earthquake and his nerves had been shot from it since [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “was a man who justified Horace Greeley’s remark Go West, young man, Go West. He was a reporter & then studied law with a shyster lawyer & then practiced & finally became a judge. Ran for Gov. too—Ruggles was another. Ruggles was long & lean & popeyed & in 1853 was setting type in St. Louis—and he went West to grow up with the Country.”

March 17 Sunday – Sam was en route to Bermuda on the *Bermudian*. It was now a two-day voyage.

Isabel Lyon’s Journal: Sunday afternoon I went up on deck to find the King with a Mr. Wilcox and then to find that he and Paddy had been enjoying a Mr. Binny, who was out at Katonah for awhile this winter, in Jean’s sanitarium. We also met *his* friend Mr. Aertsen. Both men are delightful and that pretty creature Paddy, proves a delightful bait for the very nicest men on board. She sat beside President [Charles W.] Eliot and seemed to delight him with her empty little remarks. She loves ice cream, but not candy, and she never drinks coffee, all of which she says with a conviction that makes you interested in what she is saying. She wears white when the fellows come to see her. She says a 5 page prayer to the virgin 5 times a day when she isn’t too sleepy and so on and so on, and she is so pretty” [MTP TS 121; also in part, D. Hoffman 78]. *Note:* Mr. Binny was **Witter Bynner**.

Mildred C. Sawyer wrote from NYC to invite Clara and Sam for supper on Apr. 2 at 11 [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Answrd. Invitation wd. Be referred to Mr. C. immediately upon his return. / Yes for C.C.”

March 18 Monday – Sam, **Isabel Lyon**, and **Paddy Madden** reached Bermuda.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: We reached Bermuda sailing in along that darling channel about 9:30. We hadn’t any packing to do, so we could enjoy every moment of it, for we were going to spend the night on the ship. We drove at once to the Princess Hotel to call on Mildred Howells and on Mrs. Stevens, and then we went for a sail among the islands in one of the sweet native boats. A hasty scramble of a luncheon, Paddy and I eating spinach and potatoes left by Mr. Binny, and we jumped into a cab and we went to the Court House to attend a meeting which is to decide whether or not Bermuda shall have the right to have electric power and lights and all the other hideous modern things. The removal of the Garrison has been a bad thing for the island, for with the removal of the Garrison, England stops the payment of over a million pounds for the support of the island, and the condition there is a grave one. We were too late for the meeting and so drove over to call on Mrs. Peck who lives in an old, old house on the Paget side. The house is infinitely charming, with a good deal of nice old furniture in it, and long ago was Government House. On either side of the drawing room fireplace are 2 recesses, really little rooms with a high window in each, and these were known as the powder rooms, for the ladies used to withdraw into them to rebeautify themselves when balls and plays were given there by the Governor. Mr. Peck went down on the *Bermudian* with us, and Mrs. Peck lives there all the winter through. Then the King was tired. I saw the weary sagging arrive all over his body, and the grey look came into his

face, so we drove hastily home to the ship, after making some photographs of him as he stood on the pretty porch, and he went to sleep. At 7:30 we dined at the Princess [Hotel] with Mr. Aertsen and Binny as guests. Had such a good dinner and then again the weariness crept over the King, he swore at his salad, because he couldn't cut it with a dull sided fork, and then back we went to the ship. It was so sweet and so quiet, and although the darkeys were loading potatoes and carrots half the night, we heard no sound of it and slept until morning [MTP TS 122-123]. *Note:* Mr. Binny was **Witter Bynner**.

D. Hoffman writes:

With so little time to spend on land, Clemens and Miss Lyon had no need to unpack; they would spend the night on board. They rode at once to the Princess Hotel, where Mildred Howells, the daughter of Clemens's old friend, had been staying since the previous Monday. After a sail about the Islands, they took a carriage to Paget and called on Mrs. Peck. She had been at Inwood "all winter through," Miss Lyon noted. Clemens got tired, and retreated to the ship for a nap. That night when they dined at the Princess he grew tired again, Miss Lyon wrote, and "swore at his salad, because he couldn't cut it with a dull-sided fork." Their few hours on the Islands resulted in another absurdity. The same Tuesday edition of the *Royal Gazette* reported Mark Twain's arrival and Mark Twain's departure [80].

E.S. Duryee wrote from Springfield, Mass. to ask Sam about his note on p.178 of CS that he knew of "a simple method for curing the drink habit." Was it the Oppenheimer Institute's method? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "It is not the Oppenheimer Ins & you will find the method he speaks of in a very early chapter in *Following the Equator*"

March 19 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon's journal: We sailed away again this morning. We had a darling time when leaving time came, for every one way paying court to the King, and photographing him. We flew over to Trinningham's [D. Hoffman shows this as Trimmingham's] and bought him a nice panama hat, one like Binny's, and Binny was struggling with an Irish flag to hoist to the top of his hired boat in Paddy's honor and altogether it was charming. The afternoon before there had been some good talk with Mr. Aertsen about the King, who all his life had been longing for just a chance to look at him even from a distance [MTP TS 41]. *Note:* Binny was **Witter Bynner**.

The Clemens party sailed from **Bermuda** on the *Bermudian*, bound for N.Y.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, age 70, died in Boston. His last words were, "In spite of it all, I'm going to sleep." Sam learned of his death upon return to New York.

James DeConlay, Jr. of the Australasian Press wrote to Miss Lyon asking for Sam's autograph, and enclosing a small Australian flag as her "graft" [MTP].

Samuel A. Eliot for the International Council wrote to invite Sam to be an "honorary Vice-President of the Congress" that would meet next September in Boston [MTP].

March 20 Wednesday – Sam was on the *Bermudian* en route to N.Y.C. **Isabel Lyon's journal:** "A beautiful rough day" [MTP TS 41].

Arthur E. Bullard for Friends of Russian Freedom wrote to advise Sam they were organizing on a national basis and requested he be on their executive committee [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "I am in full sympathy with the movement & am willing to have my name used, but as I am too full of duties I cannot furnish any active service"

Ernest Hendrie wrote from London, England to ask about dramatizing "The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg" [MTP].

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Robert McClellloch for the Confederate Monument wrote from St. Louis to ask Sam if he would lecture with the ladies of the St. Louis Chapter of the **Daughters of the Confederacy** [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Answrd Apr. 16 ‘07”

W. John Murray wrote from NYC to Sam having read various reviews of *CS*, which he discussed at length, criticizing those that hadn’t read the whole work [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Glad the reviews interested him. They never interest me, so I never read them & am therefore not aware of what he is talking about”

March 21 Thursday – The *Bermudian* docked in N.Y.C. Sam returned home to 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. and sent a telegram to **Lilian W. Aldrich** in Boston:

“I have just learned to-night with the deepest sorrow of your heavy bereavement & I tender the heartfelt sympathy of an old friend who always loved him, & who would comfort you if any words of his could do it” [MTP].

Lilian W. Aldrich wrote to Sam from Boston after the loss of her husband. “We have been kinsmen through many years in affection—now the tie binds closes through grief. You and I know the appalling isolation that closes about us when all that really made our life is taken from us...” [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Ach Gott. Once more I am in my own room, in my own bed, and no one *could* be gratefuller. Today the first news we heard upon our arrival was the death of Mr. Aldrich [MTP TS 41-42].

George H. Mifflin sent a telegram to George Harvey: “Please convey to Mr Clemens, Mrs Aldrichs, Hope that he will be able to serve as honorary pallbearer tomorrow noon arlington street church” [MTP].

March 22 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote an introductory note for **Frederick Upham Adams** (representing Harper’s) to Dr. **John S. Billings**. The introduction was “upon library business” [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Gov. and Mrs. Warfield, Dr. and Mrs. Kinnicutt, Miss Herrick, Dorothea G., [Gilder], Count Spiridowitch and Melville Stone dined here this evening, and it was all so satisfactory and delightful. Roses and freesia we had for flowers, and Katy Laundress cooked a delicious dinner and every thing was right—exactly right. All these people were strangers to me, but I soon lost my shyness. Gov. Warfield sat on my right and told about his plantation home, and about Annapolis. He is the 13th Governor who has lived in the new executive mansion. And we are to go down there in May and visit them. The King found Mrs. Warfield very sweet and very behind the times, oh, very! for she believes that the animals were put here as food for us. I reminded the King that she was a Presbyterian and he said that he was too, but a pretty pale Presbyterian beside her. The King reminisced about his early days as a reporter and about his experiences in boarding houses in the far west.

I am too exhausted to remember much about it. Once or twice today I felt that I must give up & find some one else to take my place tonight, but things revived me. When we went down to wait the arrival of the guests, Mr. Clemens found a letter from a man who has been reading the C.S. book and who came across the sentence: “and naively explaining which Sir William Wallace it was; lest we get the wrong one by the hassock.” He was troubled, so sat down at once to explain what a “hassock” is, then thinking the King meant “cassock”, he explained the meaning of that word too. The King enjoyed it ever so much but was sorry that the writer was a Scotchman [MTP TS 42-43].

James E. Gallagher wrote from Berkeley, Calif. to Sam, enclosing a clipping (not in file) and asking, “Are they correct in attributing to you the ‘Punch with care’ verses? I had always thought Mr. Isaac (‘Ike’) Bromley—my old friend and doubtless yours, too, wrote them” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “They ingeniously combined the signs around in the horse car— / Mr. Bromley & Noah Brooks patched together those rhymes & published them. I

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took the rhythmes & commented upon them & published them. / The jingle drove me mad & I wrote the sketch in order that it might drive some other people mad.”

John Mead Howells sent Sam “notes of decisions reached at meeting at Mr. Clemens’ House / March 22nd, 1907.” Details about windows, screens, weather stripping, floors, window trim, call bells, etc. [MTP].

Franklin G. Whitmore wrote to Sam. “Dear Brer:—/ You will have overlook my shortcomings in not writing you before this late hour and telling you how much pleasure and enjoyment you gave me during my visit with you. It was...like old times to be playing billiards with you again...” [MTP].

March 23 Saturday – Fatout lists Sam giving a Pilgrim’s dinner speech at the Ambassador **James Bryce Dinner, Waldorf-Astoria, N.Y.C.** [MT *Speaking* 676]. Particulars below:

The New York Sun, Mar. 24, p.4, “Bryce Guest of Pilgrims” reported the event but does not mention any speech by Mark Twain. In part (with all mentions of Mark Twain):

BRYCE GUEST OF PILGRIMS.

GREETINGS AT DINNER TO THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

Notable Assemblage Turns out to Praise and Listen to the Praise Of the New Diplomat—Chaote and Hughes Among the Speakers—Bryce on Friendship.

The International Bonds of Friendship Cement Company, better known as the Pilgrims of the United States, poured the Waldorf-Astoria just full and running over with enthusiasm and welcome last night [Mar. 23] in honor of His Excellency, the Right Honorable James Bryce, the newest Ambassador from Great Britain to the United States of America. It was the first semi-public appearance of the Ambassador since his arrival in the country and in his honor the grand ballroom was crammed with what is sometimes described as the wit and wisdom of the city.

....

W. Butler Duncan, as president of the society, sat at the middle of the great table on the dais, flanked on either hand by Ambassador Bryce and ex-Gov. Levi P. Morton.... On Ambassador Bryce’s left sat Gov. Hughes, while close by were notables almost without number.

They included ex-Secretary of the Treasury Leslie M. Shaw, President Wilson of Princeton, Bishop Worthington of Nebraska, Rear Admiral Coghlan, Gen. Horace Porter, ex-Ambassador Joseph H. Choate, Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, Paul Morton, Alton B. Parker, Justice Patterson, Police Commissioner Bingham, Senator John C. Spooner, President Alderman of the University of Virginia, Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, Major General Frederick D. Grant.

At one end of the table Mark Twain endeavored to impress Comptroller Metz with the humorous side of finance, while District Attorney Jerome pattered about endeavoring amiably to sidestep everybody who wanted to know, in strict confidence of course, “all about the inside of the Thaw case.”

....

There was a little less than a polite riot when Ambassador Bryce, his health having been drunk, arose to face the great roomful of his friends. Everybody in the ballroom rose to his feet and the air was full of waving napkins, handkerchiefs and flags. The Ambassador stood with his eyes cast down, visibly affected, until the noise had died away, which was some little time. Even Comptroller Metz left off asking Mark Twain how he thought a white flannel suit would suit his complexion [Note: **Edwin Anderson Alderman** (1861-1931), first president, University of Virginia (1904-1931); Alderman beat out Woodrow Wilson for the job. **Herman A. Metz** (1867-1934), Comptroller of NYC (1906-1910) and Congressman from NY (1913-1915). **Dr. George Worthington** (1840-1908), Episcopal Bishop of Nebraska. Rear Admiral **Joseph Coghlan** (1844-1908), active in the Manila Bay campaign.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Before he went away AB brought to me a magazine (Scribner's) containing Elizabeth Jordan's story "Varick's Lady o' Dreams." & he insisted that I read it, for I'd find it exquisite. It's more than that.

~~It's so sweet to be alone this evening—for my trip exhausted me, & last night's dinner did too.~~

~~The King has gone to a Pilgrim Banquet for Mr. Bryce—and as he slipped sweetly out of the house, the feeling the back of my head, that he is the best ever, & that I'm the most fortunate, pounded away at me & gave me great happiness.~~

Last night Mrs. Kinnicutt said a thing that interested me. She said that when Karl Schurtz [*sic*] was writing his autobiography he was unable to write the early part of it—his German life—in English; he was obliged to write it in German and have it translated. Mrs. Kennicutt [*sic* Kinnicutt] said he would labor with it and write in stilted English, impossible English, and finally would give it up and go back to the German. Mrs. Kennicutt is a wonderful woman. Melville Stone was much impressed with her [MTP TS 43]. *Note:* Lyon often struck out, perhaps much later, the more effusive passages about Clemens.

Robert Fraser Standen wrote from Dover, England to Sam. "I have been awaiting the publication of your book [CS] before acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 25th of February last year, but now that your publishers have agreed with you as to the psychological moment at which to produce your assault on Mrs Eddy, I'm sure you will forgive me for writing again, since I can cheer you by enclosing this inimitable paragraph from the fertile pen of 'Tay Pay' O'Connor. / It takes an Irishman to see a joke, after all!" He thanked Sam for Huck Finn [MTP]. *Note:* **T.P. O'Connor**, member of Parliament.

March 24 Sunday – Isabel Lyon's journal: ~~A lazy recuperative day, I think. I have never been so exhausted as just now.~~ I was telling the King this morning how mother who spends her winters near here changed her boarding house by herself and got into a house of questionable character and he told me of how when Mr. And Mrs. Twichell were in London many years ago, they spent a week in a house of prostitution and would probably be there yet, if some friend hadn't taken them out [MTP TS 44].

March 25 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to Miss **Marjorie Bowen** (pseud.)

Indeed I shall be more pleased than you can think, to have "The Master of Stair" dedicated to me. It is lovely of you to conceive of this fine compliment for me, & I highly value the impulse that moved you to it. You are a wonderful girl, & I hope there is a long life before you to keep on proving it in. / With the very best wishes [MTP]. *Note:* see Nov. 20, 1906.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Nearly all day in Katonah. Jean is improving and is full of plans for the future home in Redding" [MTP TS 40-41].

Lyon's journal of Mar. 26 puts **Clara Clemens'** return from her tour to late this evening [TS 44].

Julia Barnett Rice (Mrs. Isaac L. Rice) for the Society of Suppression of Unnecessary Noise wrote to Sam. "I enclose a few clippings about our Society which may interest you." She solicited "a few words" from Clemens for their meeting [MTP]. *Note:* many clippings from Paris, London, and the US are in file.

Sam's **A.D. of Mar. 26** recalled a visit this day from **William Dean Howells**, and how they reflected on the passing of so many, including **Thomas Bailey Aldrich**:

"Of the gay company of us that used to foregather in Boston, thirty-five years ago and more, not one is left but himself and me; and of the New York contingent of that day we could call to mind no conspicuous member still in the flesh except Stedman" [MTHL 824].

March 25 ca. – **Charles Dexter Allan** wrote on The Grolier Club stationery, NYC, to advise Sam that a good friend of his, **Seumas McManus** (1868-1960), noted storyteller of Ireland, was in town [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Mr Clemens finds he is in town & would like to know him. (at top:) Invite him here to luncheon Monday or Tuesday.” McManus wrote on this day to Miss Lyon, advising he would give a reading on Apr 30 at the National Arts Club—would Sam honor him by attending?

March 26 Tuesday – **Isabel Lyon’s journal:** A long and enthusiastic letter from AB, who finds Carson City very interesting and so full of matter than he had to send for Mrs. P and Joy [his youngest dau.] to see it with him. C.C. came home late last night. She is a made over creature with happiness and success and music running rampantly through her veins. What a creature she is, and how beautiful [MTP TS 44].

Ferris Greenslet of Houghton Mifflin & Co. wrote to Sam, advising that beginning June 1 he was preparing a memoir of **Thomas Bailey Aldrich**. He requested any letters Twain might have—he could have them transcribed and return them promptly [MTP].

Alice Minnie Herts for the Children’s Educational Theatre wrote to Sam. “Your letter has made us all so happy, inspiring new spirit and ardor into those who are rehearsing your play. The knowledge that you are really truly coming to us is going ... among the children...” [MTP].

March 27 Wednesday – Sam attended a luncheon at the **St. Regis Hotel** given by Count **Arthur de Jcherep-Spiridovitch** (1851-1926), who eulogized the Russian Czar. Sam paid some compliments in introducing the Count. The *New York Times*, Mar. 28, p.9 reported the event. Evidently, Mark Twain’s remarks were not recorded.

John Mead Howells presented the plans for the new house in **Redding, Conn.** to **Clara Clemens**, who approved them. Hill writes that Sam “refused even to discuss the subject of the new construction” [171]. *Note:* The builder of the Redding house, **Philip Nichols Sunderland**, recalled first meeting Twain when he went with John Mead Howells to get the contract signed. This may have been that day, but likely somewhat later, after Clemens had had time to study the plans. He mentioned having signed the contract in a letter to H.H. Rogers on May 29, 1907.

Isabel Lyon’s Journal: I went down to the cellars of the Equitable Building, 120 Broadway to go over 11 cases of books and papers belonging to the Webster Publishing Co. There were great hydraulic engines all about me and their companionship and the companionship of the grimy engineers was pleasant. I condemned 5 cases which were just old ledgers, but among the other cases of letters, etc. I’ll find something. I ran upon a sketch of Mr. Aldrich’s life in ms. written by Mr. Howells which I brought home, and there are a lot of G.C. Stedman letters.

The King lunched with Count Spiridowitch at the St. Regis. Gabrilowitsch came in about dinner time and we had a chat about Count S., who they say isn’t a count at all. Miss Harrison and Dorothea G. dined here. Dorothea was very charming, C.C. was beautiful, very beautiful in a pale violet gown with a great bunch of violets at her belt, and Miss Harrison was as stately and handsome as a Duchess of Towers. John Howells lunched here to show the house plans to C.C. When we were up in the garret looking at the carved mantel there, he suggested green for the big living room. But the King hates and hates and damns green. Oh, it mustn’t be [MTP TS 44-45].

W.J. Armstrong wrote from Patterson, NJ to Sam, announcing he’d rec’d a patent on an adjustable chair that he wished to show Clemens [MTP].

E.H. Hawley wrote from Danbury, Conn. that he’d been informed of a need for a manager of Sam’s farm at Redding; he was looking for such a position [MTP].

Emily Ladenburg (Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg, widow) wrote on “The Warrington / 161 Madison Avenue” letterhead to Sam. “I am so glad you are coming to me on Friday. It will be such a pleasure to have you and Colonel Harvey with me” [MTP]. Adolf was mysteriously lost at sea in 1896 after boarding the Niagara at Nassau for a sea return to New York [NY *Times*, Feb. 24, 1896, “Banker Lost at Sea”]. The widow was likely a friend of Harvey’s. She went to London in 1922 and no later death notice was found in the *Times*.

Sometime shortly **before Mar. 27** Major General **Count Arthur de Jcherep-Spiridovitch** sent Sam a postcard invitation to lunch on this day at 1 p.m. [MTP].

Emma N. Warfield (Mrs. Edwin Warfield, Governor) wrote on Executive Mansion, Annapolis, Md. stationery to thank Sam for the warm welcome, the delightful people and charming dinner; she urged Lyon and Clara to spend time with them when they came; and offered a day of sailing on the Chesapeake should Clemens come that way [MTP]. *Note:* on Apr. 4, Edwin Warfield wrote to Miss Lyon with his thanks.

Rolla Wells, Mayor of St. Louis, wrote for the **Daughters of the Confederacy** to again invite Sam to speak at the erection of a memorial monument in St. Louis [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Answrd Apr. 16, ‘07”

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

March 28 Thursday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

Oh, the King is so great. C.C. has come back from her tour, it has cost at least \$2,500.00—a financial loss, but when I talked with him this morning about the chances of proceeding for another 4 weeks, he said, “Pay the bills and tell Ben to go ahead.” He was shaving and with his face covered with lather he said in substance that she was still learning her trade and the only way she can learn it is to know how to sail her ship in adverse winds. He said that if she had come home with twenty thousand dollars in her purse it would not be of the value to her that this experience has been; smaller cold audiences that you win over are the ones that help you most.

Seumas MacManus lunched here today, and he is a sweet and genuine Irishman, full of the problems young Ireland is trying to solve. He is poetic and when he is interested he drones his speech and makes of the word “love” a word as long as a long, long sigh.

I had a beautiful and affectionate letter from Mrs. Warfield [MTP TS 45-46]. **Seumas McManus**.

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

March 29 before – William L. Bryan (1860-1955), philosopher, author, president of Indiana University (1902-1937), wrote to Sam. Bryan was a cousin to Joseph Bryan, a friend of Twain’s and a Mississippi River pilot from 1850-1900.

Here is a question. A man writes. Succeeds. Wins admiration far and wide. Wins finally the deep affection of thousands of men and women. A few of these can let him know. A few others try and fail, blundering about in the attempt. Most of the thousands are necessarily forever silent. Their feeling for him is an immeasurable electric charge which can never strike his lightening rod. / But does it? That is my question. Does he somehow sometimes *sense* the innumerable unknown friendships which he has made? Does he sometimes in the most sorrowful night of loneliness pick up like a Marconi tower the streams of attention, of friendliness, flowing toward him? / My scientific Geist says no. But I hope he may have some equivalent experience [MTP].

March 29 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Lilian W. Aldrich**.

I cannot realize it. That that lovely spirit has gone out of our lives for ever, does seem so impossible. And we never shall realize it—this I know, for I have learned. The day will never come when we shall cease to hear his step & see his smile. How we loved him!

It grieved me that I could not go to Boston; but I was not well, & was exhausted by the sea-passage, & should have been obliged to take a midnight train—prohibitory conditions when one is old.

There is only one comfort for you & me—our stay here is not for long [MTP].

Sam also replied to the before Mar. 29 of **William L. Bryan**.

Assuming that I am that person, I think I may say that it is like this: when a fragment of star-material falls into our atmosphere it catches fire & lights up & smiles a friendly greeting to us as it passes—& we infer that there are others of its gracious disposition where it came from. We reason that they are there although we cannot see them. In my case I reason so—in recent times. For now that I have lost my star, my wife, & need kindnesses; & am old, & need the friendly word, letters like yours are coming to me—with increasing frequency—& I allow myself the very precious privilege of inferring that these letters do not speak for their writers alone, but for many friends who are invisible only because they do not cross my orbit. And so I *do* “sense the unknown friendships;” & not merely at intervals, but every day & all the time—& rightly & limitlessly thankful am I that this is so. My life is hardly real; it must surely be a dream, a fairy tale.

I thank you for those welcome words [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “The King started for Mrs. Ladenburg’s Westbury L.I. home at 3:30. He’s going down with Colonel Harvey” [MTP TS 46]. *Note:* see Mar. 27 from **Emily Ladenburg**.

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on International Spiral Pin Co. letterhead to Miss Lyon.

“I enclose Telegraphone certificate of reservation of 100 shares of stock, good until April 1st. There has been no agreement on our part, as yet, to take the stock. / When Mr. Clemens returns on Monday, tell him to ante up or throw in his hand, as that day is April 1st. Rather a bad day to make an investment, I think!” [MTP].

James B. Gantt and Leroy B. Valliant wrote to Sam on State of Missouri Supreme Court letterhead, urging him “to deliver a lecture in aid of” the **Daughters of the Confederacy** in St. Louis [MTP].

William Dean Howells wrote to Sam.

Dear Clemens: / I have not the time or strength for the long wrestle with the Buon-Martini problem, and I am sending back the pamphlet. There would be glory in it, and I should like to share that with you; all the more glory because on the woman’s side the sorrow seems slopped up with sentimentalism, as I read the case; and sentimentalism is a part of every good woman which ought to be defended. However, I have merely sketched the thing through, recognizing my inability to co-operate. Yours ever ... [MTHL 2: 824-5]. *Note:* source says the pamphlet and problem are unidentified. It may refer to a linguistic problem in Dante.

F.W. Moore wrote from Brooklyn, NY to Sam. For many years Moore had recited Sam’s sketch, “Buck Fanshaw’s Funeral” and never understood the phrase “...you see he’s dead again”—why again? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “adding that word ‘again’ was a common thing out there—It can’t be explained & nobody knows how it came into use.”

March 30 Saturday – **Isabel Lyon** replied to **Ferris Greenslet’s Mar. 26** request for letters of **Thomas Bailey Aldrich**: “We are a homeless family for so many years that not many letters were kept—but such as he has you are welcome to take—when Mr. Paine comes back in about a month” [MTP]. *Note:* this is catalogued “after Mar. 27,” the day of receipt, but is specifically given to Mar. 30 by Greenslet’s May 21 letter.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Seumas MacManus has written a sweet note to say he is sending books, 1 for the King, 1 for C.C. and 1 for me—his late wife's poems.

There is a bowl of orchids in C.C.'s room. They are so beautiful that I am drunk with the tendernesses of their colors... [MTP TS 46-47; Gribben 445]. *Note:* **Anna MacManus (Johnston) pseud. "Ethna Carbery,"** *The Four Winds of Eirinn. Poems by Ethna Carbery*, Ed. by **Seumas McManus** (1902).

Charles A. Burkhardt for American Booksellers' Assoc. wrote to invite Sam to be the guest of honor at their meeting on the evening of May 15. Sam was encouraged "to meet the men who sell your books" and speak to them [MTP].

W. Conyers Herring wrote on the *SS Bermudian* to Miss Lyon to decline joining her and Sam in their box the next day; the specific performance not given [MTP].

March 31 Sunday – The New York *Times*, p. SM3 ran a feature article, "Mark Twain's Wanderings At An End." Here is the first part of a narration that reviewed Mark Twain's life and residences:

MARK TWAIN'S WANDERINGS AT AN END

In His Seventy-third Year He Prepares to Build a Home of His Own and Settle Down—Strange Record of Temporary Sojourn in Many Places and Countries.

Mark Twain is at last to have a home of his own building. He has wandered around the world for fifty years. Some of the time he had no home at all. In other years Missouri, Nevada, London, Paris, Berlin, Florence, and Vienna claimed him as their own. For a long time he had houses in Buffalo, New Haven, and New York, where his family lived. Still he wandered around the world, writing and lecturing. So numerous were these abiding places that a reporter sought him at his residence in lower Fifth Avenue one evening last week to straighten the matter out. The famous author explained the doubtful points. He chatted of art for a while. He exploded some of the stories told about himself—or rather put them in a way that robbed them of their traditional point.

Mark Twain, or Mr. Samuel L. Clemens in private life, made a distinction between a dwelling place and a home.

"If a man spends a month or two in a place," he said, "the surroundings grow too familiar. Yet he may not feel at home. If he spends a couple of years there he may come to look on the place as his home." [*Note:* even back then the *Times* was getting it wrong—Sam never owned a house in New Haven. Of course they meant Hartford].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "The King is away and it is very, very lonely. Easter Sunday too. Spending Sunday with Mrs. Ladenburg, he is" [MTP TS 47]. *Note:* *Note:* see Mar. 27, 28 from **Emily Ladenburg widow of Adolf Ladenburg**, influential NY banker. TS error shows her as "Ladenbury."

Albert I. Frye wrote from Brooklyn to Sam. Only the first page survives.

About two or three years ago I submitted a manuscript to a publisher who copyrighted the book without my knowledge, not even submitting to me a proof of the title page. I should like, in my forthcoming book, to have copyright protection if it can be secured without engaging a special train, grabbing the first two copies that leave the press, and hurrying to the Capitol [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Ansrd. Apr. 5 '07"

Jervis Langdon II wrote on Hope-Jones Organ Co., Elmira letterhead to Sam, "looking forward to your arrival here Tuesday with more pleasure than I can express." He gave train times and thought Sam would "enjoy an hour or two" with the organists [MTP].

Albert B. Paine wrote on City Hotel stationery, Sonora, Calif. to Sam.

Goodman and I have just returned from Jackass Hill and Gulch and if we had picked all the year over we could not have had a more beautiful time for a trip. The weather is perfect....We found **Billy Gillis** at Tuttle town and **Steve Gillis** at Jackass Hill where mining still pays...Steve Gillis is wonderfully clear-eyed & smart and brimming over with fun. He talked over the old times and laughed until the tears came. But he is in a bad way. Repeated surgical operations have put him to bed, permanently, and he says that his time is short [MTP]. *Note:* Editorial emphasis on names.

April – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam inscribed an aphorism in Vol. 1 of the Hillcrest Edition of his works to **Julia Langdon Barber**: “*To be good is noble; but to show others how to be good is nobler—and less trouble.* / Mark Twain / Mrs. A.L. Barber, May, 1907” [MTP].

Sam also inscribed in a copy of CS to **Dorothy Butes**: “*For Dorothy, / with the affectionate regards of / The Author. / April/07*” [MTP]. *Note:* See **Apr. 22** for inscription of CS also to Butes, which suggests this also done that day.

Lady Augusta Gregory inscribed a copy of her book, *Cuchulain of Muirthemne: The Story of the Men of the Red Branch of Ulster* (1902): “*To Mark Twain— / With kind remembrances / from Augusta Gregory— / Apr 1907*” [Gribben 277].

Andrew Lang’s article, “Mark Twain,” ran in the *Albany Review* (London) for April, p. 35-43. Tenney: “A general account of MT’s works, which Lang first encountered while riding on a train with his friend and tutor Benjamin Jowett (later Master of Balliol); Lang ‘shrieked and exploded with laughter’ over ‘The Celebrated Jumping Frog,’ then handed it over to his companion. ‘He read through it with perfect solemnity combined with disapproval, and returned it to me without a word.’ Of MT’s works, *TS* is the *Iliad*, *HF* ‘the *Odyssey*, of life, not of boy’s life only,’ but ‘I have never read, and never will read,’ CY” [44].

April 1 Monday – **Isabel Lyon’s journal**: “The King came back today with Col. Harvey and he seemed tired. These visitings are a little hard on him. After all he says, “His own bed is so much the best one for him and his own atmosphere” [MTP TS 47].

Carl Kelsey for American Academy of Political and Social Sciences wrote to Sam [MTP]. *Note:* See **Apr. 5** for Sam’s reply.

Nikolai V. Chaikovsky for Friends of Russian Freedom wrote to thank Sam for the use of his name for their General Committee, and to warn him about **Tcherep-Spiridovitch**. “He is no more ‘Count’ or ‘General’ than I am” [MTP].

Howard Brubaker for Friends of Russian Freedom wrote to thank Sam for the use of his name for their General Committee [MTP].

Albert Scott Cox wrote to Sam on Ontario Hotel stationery, Chicago, to ask his help in publishing “a long series” about “literary men,” sending Sam drawings to approve [MTP].

Carl Kelsey for the American Academy of Political & Social Science, Phila. wrote to ask Sam if he could enroll him as a member. The Academy addressed such social issues as child labor laws [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “My membership would be purely ornamental & therefore valueless. Have retired from the activities of life. I did not retire until I had been in the harness 40 years & concluded that I had done my share—that I have not retired in reality but I have all the work on my hands that I can attend to & that I mustn’t add any thing to it.”

April 2 Tuesday – Sam took what would be his last trip to **Elmira, N.Y.** to visit friends and family. He would attend an organ recital at the request of **Jervis Langdon II**, and speak at **Park Church**, the following day [Jerome & Wisbey 79-80].

Clara Clemens returned to N.Y.C. from Atlantic City and “stopped briefly” on the way to Katonah, N.Y. to see **Jean**. She would return on Apr. 6 and leave again on Apr. 8 [Hill 170].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Santa [Clara] came back from Atlantic City—hating it—and started at once for Katonah. Today the King started off for Elmira—a sense-of-duty visit, and he was sorry that he had to make it. He went up to hear the great new organ, and to make his last visit there. He hates the place now and all the people too—except the Stanchfields and Mrs. Crane [MTP TS 47]. *Note:* Sam intended this to be his last trip to Livy’s hometown, according to this entry. Just whom he disliked is not clear from this entry.

Harper & Brothers wrote to Sam. “We enclose an invitation from Mr. Charles A. Burkhardt, Chairman of the Committee of American Booksellers’ Association, to attend the Seventh Annual Banquet...on May 15th” [MTP]. **After April 2** Sam wrote on Harper’s letter: “have accepted an invitation to go South for a while at about that date, & if back in time will be glad to be at that dinner”.

Schoolboy **Harold S. Loeb** wrote from Phila. to Sam on William Penn Charter School stationery to ask for an autograph. He liked *Tom Sawyer* best [MTP].

Joe Twichell wrote to Sam.

Mark Mavourneen; / A week from next Sunday (Apl 14th) I am added in duty at a Royal Legion Memorial service in your city. Harmony also is expected. You, of course, are our first choice as host for the two nights and interesting day we shall be there...If you can take us in, say so. If, to your sorrow, you cannot, say so [MTP]. *Note:* “Mavourneen” means “My Darling” in Gaelic. **Joe and Harmony Twichell** visited on Apr. 13 and left on Apr. 15 [IVL TS 52-53].

April 3 Wednesday – In **Elmira, N.Y.** Sam attended a recital of the unique **Robert Hope-Jones** organ in **Park Church**. Jerome & Wisbey write:

It was on April 3, 1907...that this instrument was put through its melodic paces for probably the most critical audience that could be assembled—a group of New York’s leading organists. They came to Elmira in a special car on the Lackawanna....

The 1907 recital was the idea of Jervis Langdon [II] who had an interest in the Hope-Jones concern as well as an interest in the affairs of this church. It was his theory...that if someone of note added tone to the occasion, it might help peddle an organ or two.... The someone he had in mind was his Uncle Sam Clemens, also a Hope-Jones stockholder, along with J. Sloat Fassett, Charles J. Langdon, John B. Stanchfield—to mention a few. Mr. Langdon was right, both about the drawing power of the famous Beecher organ and the magnetism of his distinguished Uncle Sam.

And so, Uncle Sam came to Elmira on April 2 and the newspapers announced that Mark Twain was in town and interviewed him and printed his picture....

....

[Rev.] Max Eastman, who was in the audience, has described how Mark Twain, handsome of face, his white hair like a halo, made his way in his loping gait to this platform...to convulse the organists with a typical Mark Twain speech.

Here’s what he said as reported in *The Advertiser*...and as recalled by Max Eastman.... The springboard for the speech was a statement in Jervis Langdon’s introduction that his love of music had been inspired in early childhood by hearing Mark Twain sing an old song, “Darby & Joan.”

"Well now, Jervis," began Mark Twain, "I must emphatically deny that statement, for I never sang 'Darby & Joan.' Certainly I never sang it.

"Now, isn't imagination a precious thing? It peoples the earth with all manner of wonders, strange beasts and birds, angels, cherubim and seraphim. And it has to be exercised. No child should be permitted to grow up without exercise for the imagination. It enriches life for him. It makes things wonderful and beautiful. It awakens an interest in church organs and all sorts of things. You can see what it has for Jervis just to sit on my knee and exercise his imagination. And so, now, looking back, I'm glad...I *didn't* sing.

....

"I must express my astonishment at Jervis," went on Mark Twain, "for taking advantage of this occasion and of you organists to advertise his new company. And I am astonished at my old friend, Mr. Brockway.

"Here he is boldly offering for sale the sites that he has got around here for country residences. Look at Mr. Brockway. You can't find a more benevolent, more kindly face anywhere around. This is plainly the effect of opposition. He has associated with criminals all his life, and look at what it's done for him. If I had associated with criminals I might have such a face, too, but I've always been associated with Christians.

"Now if you know of any man in your locality in need of an occupation, just send them down to Mr. Brockway and he'll fit them out with any trade or business from burglary clear over to political life [79-81]. *Note: Zebulon R. Brockway*, Elmira Mayor. Sam did not come to Elmira on the special Lackawanna car, but arrived the day before, Apr. 2. Sam had been persuaded to purchase \$5,000 worth of stock in the Hope-Jones Organ factory [Ensor, *MT & Hope-Jones* 6].

Ensor writes:

"By some accounts, Clemens left the church immediately after his talk and returned to the Langdon House, thus missing the rest of the day's activities, including lunch at the City Club, the playing of the organ by several visitors, and a hurried visit to the Hope-Jones factory before the return trip to New York City. After all, Jervis Langdon had not asked that he stay the entire day—only 'an hour or two.' Clemens was on hand, though, for a photograph [see insert] taken in front of the north entrance to the church, in which he, Jervis Langdon, Robert Hope-Jones, Reverend Samuel Eastman, Mayor Brockway, and the visiting organists appear" [*MT & Hope-Jones* 12]. *Note: John Daulby Peake* was the organist of the **Park Church**. It's unlikely that Sam went to **Quarry Farm**; more likely that **Sue Crane** went into **Charley Langdon's** house for the visit.



The *Elmira Advertiser*, Apr. 4, p.5, ran an "interview" of sorts, "Cub Reporter Has Interview with Mark Twain: Humorist Asks Himself One Question":

For an hour last evening [Apr. 3] the youngest reporter on the *Advertiser*, first by hints, then by pleadings, and finally by a direct demand sought an assignment to interview Mark Twain.

"What do you wish to ask Mr. Clemens?" inquired the city editor.

"Oh, I don't know; I'll think of something on the way up to General Langdon's," answered the scribe. "Wherever Mark Twain goes, they always interview him, don't they?" and to this argument there was no convincing defense.

So away started the reporter, smiling joyfully at his success in securing the assignment.

"Ask him what he thinks of the new forward movement in Elmira," finally directed the city editor.

"Ask him what progress is being made with the movement toward the monument to Adam," yelled a man at another desk.

"Ask him to write an article on 'How Best to Keep Elmira Going Ahead,'" came another voice from an inner corner of the office.

"Ask Mr. Clemens if he wore his white suit from New York to Elmira," said the telegraph editor, as the reporter, filled with the importance of his mission, finally fled from the office.

But to obtain the much desired interview was found to be quite another matter. Resting after the fatigue of the day, Mr. Clemens was found in the handsome library of General Langdon's Main Street home. Members of the family and Mr. Clemens had just finished dinner and the humorist was now smoking.

To the *Advertiser's* representative it was explained that Mr. Clemens positively could not be interviewed.

"I have really nothing to say," said the well-known former Elmiran. Then seeing the look of disappointment spreading over the face of his inquisitor, the hero of many a good story appeared to relent.

"Will you really be badly disappointed if you can't get something from me?" asked the veteran author, kindly.

"Yes, I will," came the answer stoutly, but with an uncontrollable quaver.

"Well, then, I'll tell you what we'll do. I have not been 'interviewed' in a long time. In fact, I stopped being interviewed some time ago, but you just ask any questions you wish and answer them for yourself, and we'll see how you manage it. But wait—ask me what I think of the new forward movement in Elmira, and I'll tell you that I think it is one of the most gratifying things I have known of in a long time. I am delighted to observe the greatly changed aspect of things here, and I can to some extent, appreciate the effort it has cost. I think Elmira is the ideal location for our big new organ industry as well as for all the other new concerns you are endeavoring to bring here. I appreciate the honors that all wish to do me, but really, I would rather have my time to myself while here. I am just making a family visit and want to have all my time undisturbed." [Scharnhorst 581-2]. *Note:* See Ensor for a more complete account of this event and of Mark Twain's participation.

Sam inscribed in a copy of *CS* to an **unidentified person**: "*A true copy-test: / Mark Twain / April 3/07.*" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal (in New York): I went to the opera tonight "Martha" with Mr. Wark. It was a delight to hear the old fashioned music again; and part of it was almost farcical, but that made it the lovelier—the more enjoyable [MTP TS 48]. *Note:* **Charles E. Wark**, Clara's accompanist.

Mark G. McElhinney wrote from Ottawa, Canada to Sam, "asking for nothing except the privilege of telling you how keenly I have enjoyed your writings, more especially your great satires" [MTP]. *Note:* See **Apr. 16** for Sam's instructions to Lyon for reply.

Joseph Folle wrote on Office of the Missouri Governor letterhead to Sam, again "anxious" to secure him as a speaker for the **Daughters of the Confederacy** in St. Louis [MTP].

James A. Renwick wrote receipt for April rent to Sam for \$291.67 [MTP].

April 4 Thursday – Sam left Elmira and returned to N.Y.C. this evening. **Isabel Lyon's journal**: "The King came home from Elmira tonight very tired and depressed, I think" [MTP TS 48].

Edith Elsie Baker for the Actors' Fund of America wrote to Sam, asking for "a donation of a hundred or more copies of some short but effective speech, joke or epigram from Puddenhead Wilson or Huckleberry Finn printed on a card or parchment about 6 by 8 inches"—these from his publisher; they to sell them for 25 cents [MTP].

Frank Sutton wrote from NYC to Sam. "I am pleased to enclose the two prints of the photos that I took on the steamer at Bermuda, which I hope you will accept with my compliments" [MTP].

Mrs. W.G. Moore, President of the Confederate Monument Assoc. putting in her request along with others, for Sam to speak in St. Louis [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Answrd Apl. 16 '07"

Edwin Warfield wrote to Miss Lyon, grateful that Sam had accepted his invitation to visit at Annapolis [MTP].

April 5 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to **Carl Kelsey's Apr. 1.**

My membership would be purely ornamental & therefore valueless. Have retired from the activities of life. I did not retire until I had been in the harness 40 years & concluded that I had done my share—that I have not retired in reality but I have all the work on my hands that I can attend to & that I mustn't add any thing to it [MTP]. *Note:* Kelsey with **Am. Academy of Political and Social Sciences**.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Today I took Theresa out to Jean. Poor Jean and poor Theresa.

Yes, the King is depressed and tonight at dinner said that he wouldn't go again to Elmira. He couldn't.

We went over to the Gilders this evening and saw Mme. Modjeska and T.A. Janvier and Jeannette Gilder. It was a charming break, for I had such a good chat with J. Gilder, who had on a black velvet masculine gown. The family came up and patted her approvingly, and she said to me, "You know I have a horror of being overdressed." Tom Janvier seems full of vanities and withal a pugnacious creature. Nowadays I want to fight him for he will find flaws in situations or statements. The King was in white and beautiful—though tired—and just as we were leaving I had a word with Mme. Modjeska, who longed to talk with pretty natural gestures, of C.C. and the King. Gabrilowitsch went in just as we were leaving. We talked about Redding—J. Gilder and I [MTP TS 48]. *Note:* **Thomas Allibone Janvier**, writer; **Helena Modjeska** famous actress. The Richard Watson Gilders had a gathering that was rather open every Friday evening. Lyon often went; Sam occasionally.

Daniel Carter Beard wrote from Flushing, NY to Sam on "The Sons of Daniel Boone" letterhead, advising of his organizing Boone clubs, each chapter to keep "an old gun as a tally gun, on the stock of which they cut a notch...I have made a few Top Notches, one of which will be the Roosevelt Notch, one the Dewey Notch, one the Bell Notch, after General Bell, of Kentucky." Beard wanted to use the Mark Twain notch for moral courage [MTP]. *Note:* **After Apr. 5** Sam wrote instructions for Lyon to respond: "Thank him for the honor—but tell him I haven't any suggestions to make."

John Mead Howells wrote to Sam. "We hand you herewith copy of prints of the ¼" scale drawings of your house and of your stable...We enclose a few notes of decisions arrived at at our last meeting with Miss Lyon" [MTP].

Chapters from "My Autobiography—XV" ran in the <i>N.A.R.</i> p.673-82.

April 6 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam inscribed an aphorism in a copy of *JA* to **Helen Fulton**: "*To / Miss Helen Fulton / with the respectful salutations / of the Author. On the whole it is better to deserve honors & not have them, than to have them & not deserve them. / Truly Yours / Mark Twain/ New York, April 6/07.*" [MTP].

Sam also inscribed a copy of *CS* to **Mary Thacher Higginson**: "*To / Mrs. Thomas Wentworth Higginson / with the warm regards of / The Autho / April 6/07.*" [MTP].

Sam also inscribed a copy of *JA* to **Katy Murray**: "*To / Katy Murray / from the oldest member of the household / The Author. On the whole it is better to deserve honors & not have them, than to have them & not deserve them. / Truly Yours / Mark Twain/ New York, April 6/07.*" [MTP].

Sam also inscribed a copy of *JA* to **Catherine Gregory**: "*To / Catherine Gregory / from her friend / The Author. / On the whole it is better to deserve honors & not have them, than to have them & not deserve them. / Truly Yours / Mark Twain/ April 6/07.*" [Sotheby's Auction 10 July 2003, Item 161271, Lot 200]. The source notes: "The recipient Catherine Gregory, who emigrated to America from Ireland when fifteen years old, was personal maid to Clemens for approximately five years. Her aunt Miss Catherine [Katy] Leary also worked for Clemens at around the same time, probably as housekeeper."

Clara Clemens returned from Katonah, N.Y. She would leave again in two days [Hill 170].

Spectator ran an anonymous review, “Mark Twain on Christian Science,” p. 536-7. Tenney: “A review of CHRISTIAN SCIENCE, a chaotic book which will tire and confuse readers even though most will accept MT’s conclusions. ‘It appears that criticism of any sort is not Mark Twain’s *métier*,’ and his argument from internal evidence that Mary Baker Eddy did not write SCIENCE AND HEALTH is weak. ‘Altogether, this book is unfortunate. Uproarious passages in it which have all Mark Twain’s old drollery and delightful extravagance tell us that his great comic powers are unimpaired. They wait to be reapplied successfully’” [Tenney: “A Reference Guide Second Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1978 p. 174].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Delightful letter from A.B.P. All my day I spent with C.C. shopping. She came in from Katonah and C.E.W. went around with us. We went to see Mary Lawton as the Firefly in “When we were 21”. She was very handsome and acted very well—but is too big—she dominates the stage [MTP TS 49].

Fritz Engel wrote a one-page letter from Berlin, in German on The *Berliner Tageblatt* Editorial Feature letterhead. Since they were not in possession of Sam’s exact address, they counted on his popularity for the letter to reach his hands. They requested his opinion of the *Tageblatt* sent [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Answd Apl 17 ’07”; Notes by Holger Kersten, who translated the letter:

Fritz Engel (1867-1935), German journalist, theater critic, and writer of plays and poems. Worked for the *Berliner Tageblatt* until 1933; starting in 1890, he was editor of *Ulk*, a humorous supplement to *Berliner Tageblatt*; a member of several cultural and literary societies; edited books on George Bernard Shaw, Oscar Wilde, Shakespeare as well as a number of lesser known German authors [Source: Archiv Bibliographia Judaica [ed.]. *Lexikon deutsch-jüdischer Autoren* [Encyclopedia of German-Jewish Authors]. Vol. 6: Dore - Fein. 20 vols. München: Saur, 1998: 366-371.]

Charles J. Langdon sent Sam a draft of \$44.34, his one third proportion of the rent due from the Buffalo property for March and April. “It was a very great delight, your recent visit with us here...” [MTP].

Dora Wheeler Keith wrote from NYC to Sam. “I have gotten out the sketch of Mrs. Clemens & Jean from the old house where I have stored it—and I am now putting it in shape, as it is very much out of order. I wonder could you let me have any photographs you have of Mrs. Clemens—to work up the arm & hair from?” [MTP].

April 7 Sunday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Gabrilowitsch was here this evening and played for a long time—played that great Schubert Sonata.

Mr. Clemens and I went over to see Miss Harrison in Bklyn. She sent her mobile over for us and the trip was a long and dreary one; for we had to be stopped short at every corner by children who tried to get under the wheels. But Miss H’s home is very nice and her mother is sweet.

...

There are those who like to say that Gabrilowitsch is as great as Paderewski, but when I listen to the former, I find myself criticising, I don’t know what, whereas with Paderewski, I am enthralled with the great spirit of his music & don’t care how it is done [MTP TS 49-50].

Benjamin R. Tucker, publisher and bookseller, NYC wrote to Sam, sending a copy of *The Ego and His Own*, by Max Steiner. “Whatever you ... may think of the book, I am sure that pp. 395-405 will command themselves to Mark Twain” [MTP]. *Note:* Sam replied on **Apr. 24** [Gribben 662].

April 8 Monday – Sam attended the **Manhattan Club** for a dinner honoring **Charlemagne Tower**, now Ambassador to Germany. The banquet was organized by **Herman Ridder** of the *Staats-Zeitung*. Several

speeches were given, including one by Tower. The *New York Times*, Apr. 9, p.2, “Tariff Peace Near With The Kaiser” listed Samuel L. Clemens among the guests. On **Apr. 10** Sam wrote a note, now judged to be to Tower, concerning a special correspondent for the *Century*, **Robert Haven Schauffler**, who was going to Germany. Sam met Tower during his stay in Vienna, then ambassador to Austria.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Santa left and Mr. Clemens went with Mr. Rogers to the Charlemagne Tower Dinner given by the Staatsgeitung Staff.

Mother and I dined at the Brevoort and had champagne for tired mother. She was disappointed to find she could drink 2 glasses and not find affects.

Today Mr. Clemens didn’t dictate, so I sent Hobby to work on checks and things, while he read “Wapping Alice” that darling condemned sketch, to me.

It has got to go into print as Auto — or as something for it is perfectly delightful [MTP TS 50].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

Clara Clemens left again [IVL above]; Hill writes that during this period “She dashed between Tuxedo, Redding, and Fifth Avenue, and from June 29 to July 8 took a trip with Miss Lyon to Halifax, Nova Scotia” [170].

April 9 Tuesday – **Minnie Maddern Fiske** wrote from NYC to Sam.

May I beg that you will read the enclosed newspaper clippings and letters? They explain themselves. The letter from the man in Oregon was written to Mr. Stillman the President of the American Human[e] Association in Albany. Let me be as brief as possible. A few of us who are interested and hope that a reform of this terrible abuse of animals may be effected, called a meeting the other day in Washington. There is to be an organization devoted to the effort after this reform [MTP]. *Note:* on the env. of news clippings, (Mar. 10, *NY Tribune*, Feb. 19, *NY Evening Post*) *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Relating to the freezing of stock on Western cattle-ranges.”

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Dr. and Mrs. Rice dined here and after dinner the men played billiards. The Rices wanted to talk Redding house but Mr. Clemens refuses to discuss the subject. He won’t allow himself to be informed or consulted; he will pay the bills and that’s all he will do, but when the house is finished then he will go to it. It astounds his questioning friends to hear him answer, “I don’t know” to every question they ask about the house or the property. He doesn’t want to see it, or hear anything about it. He leaves all the affairs now with John Howells and me, for Santa has passed with approval upon the plans, etc. [MTP TS 50].

Ernest Hendrie wrote from London, England to Miss Lyon, her letter of Mar. 29 in hand. Hendrie referred to an agreement with **Elisabeth Marbury** about producing “Hadleyburg” on stage [MTP].

John Y. W. MacAlister wrote to advise Sam that the power of attorney requested was being prepared by the lawyers and would be sent on.

By same post I am sending you a sweet thing on polygamy in South Africa. The unctious correctitude of these missionaries with regard to an ancient institution, which was enjoyed—or otherwise,—by the founders of their own religion, is as humorous as anything intentionally funny I ever read, always, of course, excepting our own “copy” [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

April 10 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to Ambassaodor **Charlemagne Tower**:

Dear Excellenz: / This is the young gentleman I spoke to you about night before last—Mr. Robert Haven Schauffler. He will explain to you his “Century”-mission to the Vaterland—a matter which promises to be of interest & value to both Germany & America.

Yours was a most admirable speech & I was glad to hear it; but as to the others—— / Sincerely yours [MTP]. *Note:* the MTP catalogs this to “**unidentified**.” See **Apr. 8** for the event spoken of here. **Robert Haven Schauffler** (1879-1964), author, lecturer, and musician, was at this time a special contributor to *Century*, and *Outlook*, and *Success*. He was a Princeton graduate who studied in 1902-3 in Berlin, and an accomplished cellist.

Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to **Harriet E. Whitmore**, making tentative plans for them to return the recent visit and come to Hartford for a few days. Sam was waiting to know if he had to keep an engagement made ten days before; if he did not he would accept their invitation [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Mr. and Mrs. Wayland and Paddy Maddern [*sic* Madden] dined here and we had a very good time, though it seemed as if they would never go. Mr. Wayland is fine, and Mrs. W. is a “sport”, and Paddy was pretty and absolutely empty headed. Mr. Clemens wanted to read “Wapping Alice”—but he felt it was too delicately indelicate for Paddy and so we went right up to the billiard room where the men played a gentle game and Mr. Wayland told a story... [MTP TS 51]. *Note:* story excised here.

Marjorie Bowen wrote from London, England to thank Sam for his letter; she was “very proud to have your name on my book” [MTP].

Joseph B. Gilder for Putnam’s Monthly wrote to ask Sam for sittings for their young artist, **W.D. Paddock**, the portrait for the magazine [MTP]. *Note:* **After Apr. 10** Sam replied on Gilder’s letter: “I am under engagement now to sit for a portrait. Could not add another. Cannot subject himself to fatigue of another—not strong enough” [MTP].

John Larkin wrote to invite Sam to visit on Wed. night Apr. 17 at 8 p.m. [MTP]. *Note:* **After Apr. 10** he gave instructions on how to answer Larkin’s invite. “Thank them ever so much time is filled up—doesn’t know that he will be able to keep all the engagements” [MTP].

Corrie Scheffer wrote from NYC to ask Sam for his portrait [MTP].

Edward Anthony Spitzka, M.D. wrote to Sam. “Just to take away the taste of my ‘Encephalic Anatomy of the Races’ I send you the enclosed contribution with the hope that the reading of it will assuage the ire aroused by the terminology employed...” [MTP]. *Note:* see **Apr.16** for Sam’s reply.

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

April 11 Thursday – **William Dean Howells** forwarded to Sam a letter he’d rec’d from **Brand Whitlock**, dated Apr. 8 from Toledo, Ohio, in which he remarked on how Sam’s Autobiographicals in the *N.A.R.* reminded him of the “delightful afternoon” spent with him at Sewall’s Bridge. See *MTHL* 2: 825 for details; see also **Aug. 9, 1902**. Whitlock was a devoted young friend of Howells.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Mr. and Mrs. Stanchfield dined here” [MTP TS 51].

Nikolai V. Chaikovsky for Friends of Russian Freedom wrote to Sam, enclosing a clipping from the *NY Times*, Apr. 7, 1907, “Spiridovitch’s Mission.” Chaikovsky continued to discredit Spiridovitch: “Now in possession of all this information don’t you think that your name has been very improperly and unscrupulously used either by this adventurer himself or by some of his dupes, and I shall not be surprised if he makes still further use of it

in the European press unless you put an abrupt and public stop to this proceeding” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Answrd Apr. 16, ‘07”

Edith Elsie Baker for the Actors’ Fund of America wrote to Miss Lyon, “delighted to have the day and hours set for his appearance with us” [MTP].

Jervis Langdon II wrote to Sam, issuing another 20% call for stock in the Hope-Jones Organ Co., which in Sam’s case was \$1,000 [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

April 12 Friday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Here I am missing the sweetest of all sweet chroniclings—the daily life of the King. But I have been so busy, for there is this house to look after, and the Tuxedo house to think of and plan for, and the Redding house to be after too, and Santa to love and be with when she was here and do for, and Jean to be anxious over and to help if I can and her doctors to see, and the King’s social life to look after—for in these days he is very lonely and reaches out for people—and people he must have, so now I’m planning parties for him.

Later The King has just been up here to ask if I have sent off the Auto installments for the May *N.A. Review*. But I haven’t yet, for I’m reading them first and “Jim Wolf and the Cats” with extracts from Susy’s Biography make a good number.

Oh, I’m so happy. The King dropped down into my chair with his sweet droop of figure, and I hated to see him walk away again [MTP TS 52].

Frank T. Searight for American Press Humorists, Los Angeles wrote to Sam, inviting him to their annual meeting and advising of a monument at Laramie, Wyo. For the late **Bill Nye** [MTP]. *Note:* see Apr. 18 for his reply.

Harper & Brothers wrote to Sam asking his “formal assent to making the usual arrangement with the Tauchnitz Library for the publication of your ‘\$30,000 Bequest,’ for an outright payment of Fifty Pounds... the edition not to be sold outside the Continent” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Yes, I am willing, but I have the vague impression that they have always paid a hundred pounds heretofore.”

Review of Reviews wrote to Sam that they were sending the of *Home Medical Library*, just published, and “If when you have looked over the six volumes you care to send us your opinion, we should very much appreciate it” [MTP]. *The Home Medical Library*, 6 vols., Ed. **Kenelm Winslow** and 10 “assisted by’s” (1907); Sam later donated the set to the Mark Twain Library in Redding.

April 13 Saturday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: My hands are full and my outlet for superfluous emotions just now is my Boyagians and their “something junk”. They have thrown at me such delightful things. A marvel of a huge strange old candlestick for 50¢. Mother and I have sat around it and wondered what it’s history must be. Mr. and Mrs. Twichell arrived and I’m so tired—so tired. They are nice and dear, but killing hard to entertain, for Mr. Twichell’s deafness is increasing [MTP TS 52].

Louis Blanding wrote on City Hotel, Columbia, Calif. stationery to advise Sam of the death of **James (Jim) Norman Gillis**. Blanding was an officer of the Ophir Mining Co. at the time Sam was writing for the *Enterprise*. He noted an enclosed clipping of Gillis’ death but it is not in the file [MTP].

Anna S. Thatcher wrote from East Orange High School, NJ to advise Sam that her German Dept. would put on Sam’s farce, “Meisterschaft” on Apr. 20 for the benefit of their new athletic field. Ticket sales were so “enormous” that they had to put on a second show for Apr. 22 [MTP].

An unidentified person (female?) signed “Sold Down the River,” wrote to Sam from Santa Barbara, Calif. after having read CS. “As regards Mrs. Eddy you must understand that on the 4th July 1901, the spirit of Napoleon 1st of France was allowed to occupy the mortal body of Mrs. Eddy for a period of time which will expire on July 4th 1908—I am not yet sufficiently advanced in Planetary Science to know what will happen about then, but I think Mrs. E. will probably die” [MTP].

April 14 Sunday – With William Dean Howells and Daniel Frohman and 800 children, Sam attended a matinee performance of *P&P* by The Educational Alliance, Children’s Theatre, N.Y.C. and gave a curtain speech. The *New York Times*, p.9, “Mark Twain Tells of Being an Actor” reported:

MARK TWAIN TELLS OF BEING AN ACTOR

He Sees His Own “The Prince and the Pauper,” and Relates Story of 22 Years Ago.

STAGE SPEECH CUT SHORT

He Managed to Narrate, However,
That Once He Played Miles Hendon—Sees Educational Alliance Show.

Samuel L. Clemens—“Mark Twain”—in his white suit, sat in the audience that witnessed yesterday afternoon the Educational Alliance’s performance of the play made from his book, “The Prince and the Pauper,” in the theatre of the Alliance Building in East Broadway. Beside him was William Dean Howells, and nearby Daniel Frohman, and Miss Clemens. The rest of the audience, some 800 in all, was composed largely of the children of the neighborhood.

After the second act, the curtain was raised to disclose Mr. Clemens in his white suit. He made a speech in which he referred to his own playing of the role of Miles Hendon, and complimented the Alliance on its theatre. He was about to tell a story which he said had been told by his friend Kate Douglas Wiggin, when from the players, looking out at him from the wings and entrances to the set, applause came. Mr. Clemens looked about, puzzled for a moment, when a young woman, entering by the left upper entrance into full view of the audience, went quite close to him and began to talk to him in an undertone.

“I must apologize,” said Mr. Clemens.

Again the young woman said something in a tone not audible to those in front.

Anxious to Tell His Story.

“I only want to tell this story and then I’ll stop,” Mr. Clemens said to her.

After he had told a story about a Negro who had got a marriage license with the wrong woman’s name on it, and had then decided to marry that woman rather than pay two dollars for a new license “as there wasn’t two dollars’ difference between the two women,” he left the stage and the curtain was lowered.

The speech that had been interrupted began in a vein of family reminiscence.

“I have not enjoyed a play so much, so heartily, and so thoroughly,” said the author, “since I played Miles Hendon twenty-two years ago. I used to play in this piece with my children, who, twenty-two years ago, were little youngsters. One of my daughters was the Prince, and a neighbor’s daughter was the Pauper, and the children of other neighbors played other parts. But we never gave such a performance as we have seen here today. It would have been beyond us.

“My late wife was the dramatist and stage manager. Our coachman was the stage manager, second in command. We used to play it in this simple way, and the one who used to bring in the crown on a cushion—he was a little fellow then—is now a clergyman way up high—six or seven feet high—and growing higher all the time. We played it well, but not as well as you see it here, for you see it done by practically trained professionals.

Never Remembered His Part.

“I was especially interested in the scene which we have just had, for Miles Hendon was my part. I did it as well as a person could who never remembered his part. The children all knew their parts. They did not mind if I did not know mine. I could thread a needle nearly as well as the player did whom you saw today. The

words of my part I could supply on the spot. The words of the song that Miles Hendon sang here I did not catch. But I was great in that song.”

....

Theatres Public Education

“If we had forty theaters of this kind in this city of 4,000,000, how they would educate and elevate! We should have a body of educated theater-goers.

“It would make better citizens, honest citizens. One of the best gifts a millionaire could make would be a theater here and a theater there. It would make of you a real Republic, and bring about an educational level.

Then Mr. Clemens went on to quote from a speech of Kate Douglas Wiggin, when he was interrupted.

....

Alice Minnie Herts, in her 1911 reminiscence, recalled the event:

When “The Prince and the Pauper” neared production members of the second, third, and fourth casts who attended rehearsals found the play so interesting that they suggested an invitation be sent to Mr. Clemens, asking him to come and see what had been done to make his story live. An invitation was sent, to which Mr. Clemens responded at once, saying he would come, and asking the privilege of purchasing tickets for several friends, in whose company he attended the first matinee performance.

His deep interest was immediate and unbounded, and, moreover, his broad, sympathetic mind quickly grasped the fact that the play had grown to be only the final expression of the deep, underlying educational principle, which its production adequately enunciated.

After seeing his play he responded enthusiastically to a request of the players to give a special evening performance for his friends, in the hope that some wealthy person or persons might be interested to suitably subsidize this unique and practical method of providing the best means of entertainment for young men, women, and children.

In the hope of playing at this invitation performance, vast numbers of people worked steadily during the summer of 1908 [1907], and the performance was given on the evening of November 19th of that year.

...

At the termination of the first performance of “The Prince and the Pauper” Mr. William Dean Howells, who accompanied Mr. Clemens to see the play, was asked how he enjoyed it. He replied, “The play behind the footlights was admirably well done, yet I believe I enjoyed the play in front quite as well” [60, 72-3].

Zwick also writes about Clemens and the Children’s Theater:

Mark Twain’s involvement with the Children’s Theater is particularly interesting in relation to his deterministic “private philosophy,” *What Is Man?* In that work and other shorter writings published in his last ten years, Twain described the roles of “inborn disposition,” “environment,” “influences,” and “training.” Although his writings on those topics have been described as pessimistic and fatalistic, Twain only saw the “inborn disposition” as unchangeable. In support of the Children’s Theater, he put his “private philosophy” to work by focusing on the “influences” and “training” that might determine which parts of the “inborn disposition” would become dominant [“Mark Twain and the Children’s Theater” <http://wenku.baidu.com>]. *Note:* Zwick also states that after seeing this matinee performance, Clemens “offered to organize a benefit performance, and on Nov. 19, 1907, the children performed before an audience of some of the most prominent people of the day.” See Nov. 19 entry.

Alice Minnie Herts wrote on Children’s Theatre Educational Alliance stationery to thank Sam for his visit at their performance of *P&P* [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Prince & Pauper. Mrs. Sallie for dinner” [MTP TS 53]. *Note:* “Mrs. Sallie” was Mrs. Collier, perhaps a nickname. See Dec. 5, 1908 Guestbook entry.

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

J.M. Diven wrote from Peoria, Ill. to Sam after reading of his billiard skills in the *NAR Auto.* segment. Diven enclosed a diagram for a trick shot and told how he'd been able to beat experts at it [MTP].

Mary Thacher Higginson (Mrs. Thomas Wentworth Higginson) wrote from Cambridge, Mass. to Sam to thank him for her copy of *CS* with her name written in it. She was sorry they wouldn't see him in Dublin this summer [MTP].

Julia Langdon Loomis wrote from NYC to thank Sam "for this most delightful and remarkable afternoon. You were very dear to make room for Edward and I. The Hoffmans are very charming and Mr Hoffman is the man of whom I told you a year ago, the young Editor of "Tales," and a person who would much rather meet you for a half-hour's talk than go 'round the world or to Heaven" [MTP].

Note: The National Arbitration and Peace Congress met from **Apr. 14 to 17 at Carnegie Hall**. Many foreign delegates attended, including **C.F. Moberly Bell**, manager of the *London Times*. Sam had expressed little interest in joining world peace movements before (see Vienna entries for Bertha von Suttner, founder of the Austrian Friends of Peace), but he may have attended. No record was found, however; no mention in Miss Lyon's journal. It was during or shortly after this Congress that the *New York Times* gave a luncheon for Bell that Sam did attend. It was there that he answered Bell's query about when he might return to London with the seed that may have led to his honorary Oxford degree: "When Oxford bestows its degree upon me!" [Hill 166].

April 15 Monday – **Isabel Lyon's journal**: "Twichells go" [MTP TS 53].

Frederick D. Evans wrote from Fort McDowell, Calif. to Sam being bothered by a statement Sam made in "Concerning the Jews" some four years before, he thought in *Harper's Magazine*. "That you had no prejudice against any nationality—*save one*. / What is that one?" [MTP]. *Note*: Lyon wrote on the letter: "Quote the paragraph / no recollection / explain it if he can"

Joseph B. Gilder wrote to Sam for *Putnam's Monthly*. "I am sorry some one else has a prior claim on you as a 'sitter,' but do not despair of having Mr. Paddock make a portrait of you later on. I have arranged with Mr. Howells to sit for a portrait..." [MTP].

Editors of the **N.Y. Times** Clemens an invitation to meet **C.F. Moberly Bell**, Mgr. Of the *London Times*, at dinner Apr. 15, 8 p.m. [MTP]. *Note*: Lyon wrote on the letter: "Larken / Sorry but I haven't a vacant hour between this & the time I go away for the summer on the 3rd of May / ask priv of coming a little late. Should be able to get there in time."

Anna M. Laise Phillips wrote to Sam asking for "a few brief sentences by mail" she might read to her graduating class of the Laise-Phillips School, "young women of wealth and culture" [MTP]. *Note*: Lyon wrote on the letter: "Calls come every day / Answrd Apr. 24 '07"

April 16 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam gave instructions to Lyon for reply to **Mark G. McElhinney's Apr. 3**. "Thank him for his letter & say that by & by when his philosophy is printed he will send him a confidential copy" [MTP].

Sam also replied by writing on Dr. **Edward Anthondy Spitzka's Apr. 10**. "Well, I read the other one, & got some thing out of it for the C. S. book. Glad to have it. Life's getting a little dull lately, & nothing excites me like the encephalic" [MTP].

George Wharton James wrote to Miss Lyon. “Has Gessford sent in the photos to be autographed yet?”[MTP].

Grace S. Paley wrote on Hotel Colonial stationery, NYC, somewhat of a begging letter to Sam. Could she see him and explain her “somewhat peculiar” circumstances? She was glad he wrote “The Dog’s Tale” [MTP].

April 17 Wednesday – **Sam’s A.D.** of one year later noted the anniversary: “a fortunate day, a golden day, and my heart has never been empty of grandchildren since.” Cooley writes:

The specific reference is to his meeting **Dorothy Butes**, a fourteen-year-old English girl, whose mother asked if they might briefly visit Mark Twain during their travels in America. Clemens described Dorothy as “simple, sincere, frank and straightforward, as became her time in life” (MTAD, 17 April 1908). Although his correspondence with Dorothy was limited, he considered her, not **Gertrude Natkin**, his first angelfish [MTAq 33]. *Note*: editorial emphasis.

The New York Post-Graduate Medical School wrote to invite Sam to dinner at Delmonico’s Apr. 17 at 7 p.m. [MTP]. *Note*: On or after Apr. 17 Sam replied it wasn’t likely he could attend, but if he found he could at the last moment, he would, but “please don’t reserve a place for me” [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Harper & Brothers**. “Yes, I am willing, but I have the vague impression that the Tauchnitz Library have always paid a hundred pounds heretofore. Very truly yours...” [MTP].

R.D. Jones wrote from Radium, Greensville Co., Va. to Sam, enclosing a copy of a title page from a book with two engravings, one a picture of Captain Morgan. Jones wanted to know the value of the book [MTP]. *Note*: Lyon wrote on the letter: “Column in Daily Sun where all such thing are intelligently answered”

Jervis Langdon II wrote to thank Sam for his remittance of \$1,000 on his subscription to the Hope-Jones Organ Co. Jervis wrote two glowing paragraphs of the company’s progress [MTP].

J.A. McM. (not further identified) wrote from West Lynn, Mass. to Sam.

Apropos of your very entertaining little book on ‘English as she is Taught’—the following *true* story fits in well—A teacher asked her class of boys to tell the difference between herself and a clock. A bright little urchin in the rear row raised his hand and said—‘You have a face and the clock has a face, and you have got hands and the clock has got hands, and—and (reflecting) the clock has got a pendoodleum and you ain’t’ [MTP].

Note: Sam wrote on the letter: “Preserve this. Frame it. It is the second time in 40 years that a stranger has done me a courtesy & charged me nothing for it. Such a thing is usually accompanied by the man’s address, so that I can pay him a hundred dollars’ worth of thank-you for 2 cents’ worth of complimentary attention. SLC”

April 17 after – **Mark G. McElhinney** wrote an essay “The Broader View,” to Sam on two legal-sized pages, including this paragraph: “It has been stated by Mark Twain, the deepest philosopher America has produced, that ‘The altar-cloth of one age becomes the door-mat of the next’” [MTP].

April 18 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied on **Frank T. Searight’s Apr. 12** letter: “never make another land voyage that can be avoided either honorably or otherwise” [MTP].

At 8:15 p.m. **Clara Clemens** gave a performance in Fredonia, N.Y. The *Fredonia Censor* advertised her upcoming concert and on Apr. 24 reviewed it:

The Concert by Miss Clara Clemens, contralto, and Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, Charles E. Wark, pianist, had a good sized and very appreciative audience in Normal Chapel last Thursday evening. Miss Clemens has a rich, powerful voice and showed her fine training in her difficult selections, all of which she sang without notes. There was most delight in the violin playing of Miss Nichols. ...

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote on Koy-Lo Co. letterhead, NYC, to advise that he had sent a draft to the London Co. this day to pay the bill for Plasmon. Also that Stanchfield was keeping him posted “about the negotiations between my and Hammond’s lawyers” [MTP].

W.R.E. Collins wrote from NYC to Sam, looking for \$10,000 to complete the deed on 7,100 acres of coal land in Penn. Collins offered to pay \$600 plus 15% of the profit of the sale [MTP].

April 19 Friday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: We’re just starting for Hartford. It is snowing and the King who is lathering his face for a shave suggests that I get Mrs. Whitmore on the telephone and tell her that he “may be a little late in arriving for he has mislaid one of his snowshoes.” And then such a chuckle of delight he gives as he swabs his face and I go spinning up to the telephone. I wouldn’t dampen one joke of the King’s for worlds, except where Mrs. Rogers is concerned, for she can’t be joked with over a telephone. Dinner tonight at Mrs. Whitmores with Annie Trumbull and Mr. and Mrs. Bissell [MTP TS 53]. *Note:* **George P. Bissell**, Hartford banker; see Vol I entries.

Raymond B. Butler, Secretary of the 1908 Johnstown High class wrote to Sam from Johnstown, NY. They wanted a “few words” from him to be read at the planting of a tree on Arbor Day in his honor [MTP].

Minnie Maddern Fiske wrote to Miss Lyon. “Will you tell Mr. Clemens how deeply glad we are that he will allow us to use his name as one of the incorporators of the Society for the Protection of Cattle on the Prairies” [MTP].

Chapters from “My Autobiography—XVI” ran in the *N.A.R.* p.785-93.

April 20 Saturday – Sam was in **Hartford** and met with the ladies who were first members of his **Saturday Morning Club** 30 years before. He wrote of the good time in a letter to **Jean** on Apr. 22.

Athenaeum printed an anonymous review of CS, p.466-8. Tenney: “Mostly summary; favorable, calls MT ‘one of the sanest, least prejudiced of men’ [43].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP as “Imaginary Interview with the President.”

Otto Heller wrote from St. Louis to Miss Lyon. Heller had been “hired...to make a critical and complete edition (about 20 vols.) of the works of Charles Sealsfield.” Would Sam offer his opinion of Sealsfield? [MTP]. *Note:* **Charles Sealsfield**, pseudonym for **Karl Anton Postl** (1793-1864), Moravian born activist and author who used American settings for romantic novels. Not in Gribben.

John Mead Howells wrote to Sam with the final copy of specifications for the Redding house and stable. Copies had been given to contractors for bidding [MTP].

Jervis Langdon II sent Sam a trustee’s report to former stockholders of J. Langdon & Co, from Apr 1, 1906 to Apr. 1, 1907, showing a balance on hand of \$12,212.66, “the funds on hand to be kept safely invested to provide income out of which to pay taxes and other charges on the property” [MTP].

April 21 Sunday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “We left Hartford this morning, came to the station in Billy Whitmore’s mobile, and then as we couldn’t get a parlor car, we sat in the ordinary coach and the King talked every moment” [MTP TS 53].

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

Lillie d'Angelo Bergh wrote for **Woman's Press Club of NYC** to ask Sam "some opinions" in a letter she enclosed (not in file) [MTP].

April 22 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam inscribed a copy of *JA* to **Dorothy Butes**: "*To Dorothy—/ with the affectionate regards of / The Author. On the whole it is better to deserve honors & not have them, than have them & not deserve them. / Truly Yours / Mark Twain/ April 22/07* [MTP].

Sam also wrote to daughter **Jean** in Katonah, N.Y.

I've been to Hartford, Jean dear, to help the other girls celebrate the 30th anniversary of the Saturday Morning Club. I helped them organize it 30 years ago, & for this service was made a member; & to this day I am the only male member it has ever had.

These girls were 18 & 20 years old, in that ancient day, but they are 50 & past, now, & the signs of age are upon them; but they are still young in their hearts. We had a rousing time, a happy time, a memorable time.

I am still rusty & tired from the railway journey, & am resting-up in bed & getting ready for the yacht-voyage to Jamestown. We sail Wednesday afternoon, & shall be gone several days.

I have appointments in the first fortnight of May for Tuxedo—4th; Actor's Fund Fair, New York—6th & 8th; leave for Annapolis 9th—return in 5 days. Then Tuxedo & REST.

I hope you are having good times, dear Jean, & that I shall have a longer visit with you next time. That other visit does not count—it was nothing but a glimpse.

Goodbye, dear heart—& many hugs & kisses [MTP].

W.R.E. Collins wrote to advise Sam that his "two associates did not to the hour keep their agreement to pay a small instalment on the coal land...and I must rearrange matters and make a new deal..." Collins was trying to get Clemens to loan \$10,000; see Apr. 18 from Collins [MTP].

Helen Johnson (Mrs. A.C. Johnson) wrote from Glen Falls, NY to assure Sam she didn't wish financial help, but wanted to see him—"not an interviewer, nor a reporter—just a humorist" [MTP].

Mrs. Arthur J. Tenney wrote a fan letter to Sam from Branford, Conn., She enclosed a photo of their library. She noted Sam had spent time in Branford "a number of years ago" [MTP]. *Note:* See Apr. 24 for Lyon's reply.

Sam G. Moore wrote a long, long letter to Sam from Portsmouth, Ohio about old days on the Mississippi. Moore had been re-reading *LM*, and "had to write." He steered for **Horace Bixby** in Sept. 1853. "Bixby learned the river from Cairo to St. Louis with my brother Capt Enos Moore[,] they were on the Crescent then..." [MTP]. *Note:* There are no Lyon or SLC notations on the letter and no env. in file.

Robert H. Rice wrote to Sam on Union Library Assoc., Oberlin College letterhead, Oberlin, Ohio. Would Sam favor them with a lecture? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Answd Apr. 27 '07"

Howard S. Ruddy for American Press Humorists wrote to Sam on the Literary Department of The Rochester *Herald* (NY) stationery to invite him to the next convention in Los Angeles on Sept. 15 [MTP].

William T. Shannonhouse wrote to ask Sam for a lecture in Norfolk, Va. to raise funds for the Pickett-Buchanan Camp No. 9, Virginia Division, **United Sons of Confederate Veterans** [MTP].

April 23 Tuesday – **Isabel Lyon's journal**: "The King has new and gaudy maxim: "Prostitution is the thief of time" [MTP TS 53].

Edith Elsie Baker for the Actors' Fund of America wrote to "gratefully acknowledge Sam's \$10 donation and 3 volumes of *HF* for their fair [MTP].

Aaron Watson for the Savage Club, London wrote to thank Sam "very heartily" for permitting, through MacAlister "to use your article on your first visit to London, and your relations to the Savage Club, in my forthcoming book on that Club, which is to be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin" [MTP]. *Note:* see July 19 from **T. Fisher Unwin**.

April 24 Wednesday – In N.Y.C. **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to **Mrs. Arthur J. Tenney's Apr. 22**. "Thanks for photo is so overdriven in these days if the enclosed is of use glad to enclose it" [MTP].

Sam also dictated a reply to the **Apr. 7** from **Benjamin R. Tucker**, but his response is on the back of Tucker's letter in **Josephine Hobby's** shorthand, and is undecipherable [Gribben 662].

In the afternoon Sam left with **H.H. Rogers, Harry Rogers, Urban H. Broughton, William Evarts Benjamin** and **Charles Lancaster** on the *Kanawha* bound for **Jamestown, Va.** about 300 miles as the crow flies. They were to attend the **Jamestown Tercentennial Exposition of 1907** (300 years). The fair was held at what is now the Norfolk Naval Base, and drew more than 1.2 million visitors. It opened on **April 26, 1907**. "Some called it a world's fair, other a great international naval, industrial and marine exposition of American Imperialism." Award medals of various designs were struck, including some by Tiffany & Co. See insert of award medal.



Isabel Lyon's journal: "The King started for Jamestown this 1:30 in Mr. Rogers's yacht to go down for the naval review. Mr. Broughton, Mr. Benjamin, Mr. Lancaster, Harry Rogers were the other 4 to make up the six. It is so lonely, lonely again. But lots to do [MTP TS 54]. *Note:* Broughton, and Benjamin were sons-in-laws of H.H. Rogers; Charles Lancaster was an old friend of Rogers'.

Thomas Arkle Clark (b.1862) Dean of men, wrote on University of Illinois stationery to inquire about a possible lecture there by Clemens next year [MTP].

Alice Minnie Herts wrote on The Educational Alliance letterhead, NYC to ask Sam if he would request Andrew Carnegie "to see your play at the Educational Alliance on Sunday next, Apr. 28 or the following Sunday?" [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Mr Clemens in Norfolk"

Jeannette Pozter wrote for *Woman's Home Companion* to Sam, after seeing the children's play of *P&P* at the Educational Alliance. She wanted to write an article about it and asked where she could get a copy of the play to quote from [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Answr'd Apr. 27, '07"

April 25 Thursday – Sam was on the *Kanawha* bound for **Jamestown, Va.** According to Lyon's journal entry below, he sent a telegram upon arrival—if 17 hours from 1:30 p.m. Apr. 24, the arrival was approx. . 7 a.m.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Telegram that the King had swift good passage. 17 hours" [MTP TS 54]. *Note:* telegram not extant.

A.K. Wright, Minister, Church of Christ, San Jacinto, Calif. wrote to Sam, enclosing a newspaper clipping of his poem, "The Desert" [MTP].

April 26 Friday – Sam was in **Old Point Comfort, Va.** In his **May 2 to Clara**, Sam wrote of the first day that it was “sunny and bright.” After that the fog rolled in.

“But the *first* day was very gay, & really paid for the excursion. I blundered into the Virginia building, thinking it was the Maryland one; but it was all right: the Governor was holding a reception & I took it off his hands. It gave him a rest & he was thankful. I knew him & his wife before.”

Notes: **Claude Augustus Swanson** (1862–1939) served as governor of Virginia from 1906 to 1910. The site chosen for the Exposition on a mile-long frontage at Sewell's Point near the mouth of Hampton Roads, was about 30 miles from the original Jamestown location. **Theodore Roosevelt** and **Kaiser Wilhelm** of Germany were among the distinguished visitors.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Mary Lawton came in today and in relating her experiences said that the men in the theatrical profession have no respect for her because she is a virtuous woman. When her name is mentioned they say, “Oh, Miss Lawton, she—!” and shrug their shoulders in derision. She says there must be something wrong with her, because she cannot fall in love with the men who have made advances to her. And you feel that she has never had a lover, because she kisses women on the mouth. Men, she says, do not fall in love with her; but just regard her as they would a prize cow, or other prize winning creature, or as legitimate prey, but she cannot take the necessary interest in them. She has no aptitude for intrigue [MTP TS 54].

April 27 Saturday – Sam was in the **Fort Monroe, Va.** area after seeing the **Jamestown Exposition**, having a “foggy & gashly time!” In his **May 2 to Clara** he wrote that after the first day:

The others deserted, & fled home by rail; but Broughton & I stuck it out—being resolved that we would never trust ourselves to the hated rail. We lay at anchor day after day smothered in white fog, & read, talked, smoked, yawned, gaped, & cursed. (This was at Old Point Comfort). Once we went ashore & spent a couple of hours with the officers in Fortress Monroe; & once we went ashore to do some shopping, & in the hotel I saw the most beautiful girl you can imagine; but I was so stupefied by the fog that I couldn't think of anything to say to her, so I didn't speak to her at all. I am still regretting it [*Note:* the *NY Times* article of May 4 gave Monday (Apr. 29) as the day Rogers and son left on the train].

Isabel Lyon's journal: “Mrs. Rosenfieldt's letter. Today's Southern paper tells that a big excursion boat ran close to Kanahwa [*sic*] knowing the King was on board, and nearly swamping her” [MTP TS 54]. *Note:* she likely is referring to **Mrs. Sidney Rosenfeld**, letter not extant. See May 1 entry.

T.H. Tregellas wrote from Victoria, Australia to Sam. He'd been disappointed when he saw Mark Twain in Bendigo but had kept reading all his works. Recently, an article of Twain's “Golden Boyhood” which ran in the *Melbourne Argus*, caused him to break down. His wife urged him to write [MTP].

E.B. Goodall wrote in a nearly illegible hand from Portsmouth, N.H. to comment on Sam's CS [MTP].

Florence Duncan Jones wrote from NY wanting to know if Sam was in the City so she could send him some literary work of a nature he'd be interested in [MTP].

April 28 Sunday – Sam was in the **Fort Monroe, Va.** area.

Isabel Lyon's journal: “Mrs. Baker came—stricken. Thompson came—pastels. I'm not well” [MTP TS 54].

Dorothy Butes wrote from the Hotel Majestic (NY?) to thank Sam for his “lovely book” *JA*. She’d been “chuckling over CS and his criticism of Mrs. Eddy’s English.” She offered an anecdote from her Latin class about a classmate, Lorraine, who she described as “about a hundred and sixty pounds, who *tries* to be kittenish” [MTP].

Leonna Berry Hartley (Mrs. N. Hartley) wrote from Garden City, Long Island to Sam. She wrote that “of course you remember ‘Leonna Berry,’ the ‘Berry’ being now a thing of the past...” she had two daughters she would bring to the Actors’ Fair since she’d read Clemens would be there May 8 [MTP].

April 29 Monday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “No news from the King, and I’m down with something. Pains almost unendurable and a temperature” [MTP TS 54-55].

In **Fort Monroe, Va.**, Sam telegraphed **Isabel Lyon**: “Delayed indefinitely by fog. Clemens” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon mentions this the following day.

H.H. Rogers and son **Harry Rogers** left the *Kanawha* and returned to N.Y. by rail [NY *Times* May 4, p.1, “Twain and Yacht Disappear at Sea”].

Clemens’ A.D. for this day included: **Dr Henry Van Dyke** as a Man and as a Fisherman [MTP: Autodict4 pdf].

Arnold Daly wrote on Lyceum Theatre NYC letterhead to ask if Sam had “personally made the adaptation or translation of an Agricultural Editor, for which I have the contracts with Mr. Timmory and yourself?” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Answd. Told him Mr. Clemens is away”

Alston Hamilton for the **Fort Monroe Club** sent an engraved permission for Sam to use the privileges of their club for 30 days [MTP].

Robert Reid wrote before Apr. 19 to announce that he would be married Apr. 29 to **Elizabeth Reeves**. If Sam could write “a little word to her she’d think it a lovely wedding present” [MTP]. *Note:* Reid’s penmanship was quite challenged.

Corrie Scheffer wrote from NYC to thank Sam for his photo and an autographed book [MTP].

April 30 Tuesday – On the yacht *Kanawha* in **Old Point Comfort, Virginia**, Sam wrote to **Frederick A. Duneka** asking him to send a green cloth set of his books to **H.H. Rogers** to the yacht at the N.Y.C. pier, foot of E. 23 [MTP]. *Note:* the NY *Times* article of May 4, p.1, included a bit about this day:

For two or three days following the opening of the Jamestown Exposition, Mark Twain was marooned off Old Point. On Tuesday he was moving around the Hotel Chamberlain, complaining that his fellow-travelers had gone away and that the fog off the capes had delayed the departure of the *Kanawha*.

“Here I am, all, all alone on H. H. Rogers’s yacht anchored out there, and not a saint to look down in pity. Rogers has gone home, his son Harry has gone, and the only remaining guest that came down to this Exposition opening says he is going back to New York tonight, but I cannot go.

Mr. Clemens then explained that in the face of the fog that had enveloped the capes for at least two days the yacht’s navigator declined to risk the passage. The humorist himself then declared that the situation was rendered acute by his own peculiar brand of obstinacy. “I simply will not go back by train,” he remarked.

“I declare that I feel like the ‘Man Without a Country.’ I pine for Fifth Avenue and the dear old coaches, to say nothing of the arch in Washington Square.” [*Note:* see also the May 1, p. 7 article in the *Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch* in Scharnhorst, p. 585].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Tonsilitis. Telegram from the King “Detained indefinitely by fog.” And the papers tell of his loneliness with Mr. Broughton. All the other Rogerses came home by train” [MTP TS 55].

Julia Langdon Barber (Mrs. A.L. Barber) wrote a mourning border card to thank Sam for autographing her set of his books recently purchased from Harpers, “but my disappointment was of the keenest that you did not note in the *Innocents Abroad*, make mention of the fact that we were fellow voyagers in the old Quaker City” [MTP]. *Note*: on the Quaker City, she was Miss **Julia L. Langdon**, no relation to Charles, was among those who joined the *QC* at Gibraltar [MTL 2: 385].

Mary M. Keller wrote from Hartford, Conn. to ask Sam if he would meet her childhood friend while in Annapolis, “a charming Scotch woman named Worthington” [MTP].

May – Edward A. Kimball’s article, “Mark Twain, Mrs. Eddy, and Christian Science,” ran in *Cosmopolitan*, p. 35-41. Tenney: “A reply to MT’s *Christian Science* by ‘a prominent Christian Science author’” [44].

Simboli Raffaele’s article, “Mark Twain and his Double,” ran in the *Ladies’ Home Journal*, p.59. Tenney: “While living in Florence MT was often mistaken for Professor Borzi (later director of the Botanical Gardens at Palermo). In turn, when Borzi visited Sweden and Norway in 1899 he was widely mistaken for MT and ‘even Ibsen fell into the error and came to call on me,’ said Borzi” [44]. See 1906 year entry.

Ralph W. Ashcroft sent a telegram to Miss Lyon, c/o Sam, Tuxedo Park. “SAILING FOR NEW BEDFORD PRESENTLY WE INSPECTED GIANT LUSITANIA THIS AFTERNOON” [MTP]. *Note* in file: “Probably late May 1907 / Ashcroft accompanied SLC to London –Oxford trip. They sailed on *Minneapolis* 8 June 1907”

May 1 Wednesday – At 4 a.m. the *Kanawha* got underway back to New York through the clearing fog [Baltimore *Sun* May 10, “Mark Twain in Clover” p.14]. *Note*: because the yacht could not be seen leaving from shore, it was thought for a day or more that it was lost at sea.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “All day in bed. All day anxious about the King, for the Sun’s story of excessive fog makes travel dangerous. These days mother has been unspeakably sweet. But oh, we are all growing old—*old*! She sat on my bed tonight when Nellie came up to say “a telephone message says that Mr. Clemens will be here inside of an hour” [MTP TS 55].

Though Sam was not in New York, the lease which Sam signed on **Mar. 5** for **William Voss’** house in **Tuxedo Park** began this day [Mar. 5 to Jean].

]

The *Kanawha* made New York a few minutes past 9 p.m. [Scharnhorst, 587n2].

Meanwhile, in New York, **Mrs. Sidney Rosenfeld**, an offended Christian Science member who was also head of the **Century Theatre Club**, raised a stink about Mark Twain being invited to supply signed books for their booth at the upcoming **Actors’ Fair**. The New York *Times* jumped on the story, p.2, “Mark Twain Fuss in Actors’ Fair.” Either Twain was out or she would resign from the club. **Daniel Frohman** was consulted with the result being the transfer of Sam to the **Players Club** booth. The membership was in favor of Mrs. Rosenfeld resigning.

Arthur McEwan died suddenly from heart disease in Bermuda. At the time McEwan was the chief editorial writer for the New York *American*. He was 56. After an English course at U.C. Berkeley, McEwan became a journalist, first in Virginia City, Va. in the 1870s, and later in San Francisco [NY *Times*, May 2, 1907, p. 11]. *Note*: see entries in Vol. II.

Roi Cooper Megrue for Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Sam. “Mr. Colwell wants to know if he can have another extension on his rights for A YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR’S COURT. He also asked if Sam could go over the Agricultural Editor piece since Arnold Daly thought it needed work [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “No—Mr Clemens wont have a thing to do with it. Frohman says so”

John T. Mitchell wrote to Sam on Missouri Presbyterian Assembly and Summer School letterhead. Mitchell invited Clemens to join them any time from July 17 to Aug 4 and take Christian Science as a subject for a lecture [MTP].

Olivia Vickers wrote from Dallas, Tex. to defend Christian Science [MTP].

May 2 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Edith Elsie Baker** about the Actors’ Fund Fair flap:

I am back from the South, & find your letter which has given me deep & unqualified pleasure.

And pain, too! But on your account, not on mine. I am very very sorry, most sincerely sorry, that an incident has troubled & distressed you which has drenched my jaded spirit with the refreshing waters of a pure delight. Cheer up! & be glad, & grateful, & happy, & enjoy your president’s [Mrs. Sidney Rosenfeld] attitude at its full value: as the most innocently & impressively & comprehensively humorous thing that has been imagined by a mere uninspired human being these many, many, many centuries! Ah, I wish *I* could be as funny as that.

Miss Lyon knew quite well that the episode would only entertain me, & would cost me not a pang; & if she didn’t tell you that, she needs disciplining.

Now you must not retire from the field. Daniel Frohman & I are unanimously of that opinion. It is not for victors to retire under fire: that is for the defeated, & you have not been defeated.

Yours in unembarrassed sincerity [MTP].

Sam also wrote to daughter **Clara** now at the Parker House in Boston.

O dear Ashcat, but we *did* have a foggy & gashly time!—after the first day of the fair, which was sunny & bright. [see **Apr. 26 & 27** for this section of the letter, which described his activities at the Exposition].

I am glad you are having such a lovely time, Spiderchen; aunt Sue says you sang superbly at Elmira, & we have heard that you carried your Utica house by storm. I suppose it is because you are Mark Twain’s daughter. But anyway it is splendid, & I am glad.

Miss Lyon is ill, & there is no one to fight the reporters. She thinks she can go to Tuxedo Saturday—and I’ve *got* to go. I hope I can be there all the time of your visit, but maybe I’ll be gone South. Let us see you as soon as we can, dearheart. With lots of love, ... [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “I moved my couch over by the telephone and the King came up and talked things for 2 hours” [MTP TS 55].

Whitelaw Reid was at this time the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Oxford University’s Chancellor, **Lord Curzon of Kedelston (George Nathaniel Curzon 1859-1925)**, wrote to Reid on this date that it was the “customary function” to confer “honorary degrees on distinguished men” and that he wished to confer such an honor on Samuel L. Clemens, and **Thomas A. Edison** among others [MTFWE 4]. *Note:* Reid also was given an honorary degree, and would cable Sam on **May 3**. Edison would be unable to attend.

Members of the **Actors’ Fund Fair** adopted a resolution of apology to Clemens, in the **Mrs. Sidney Rosenfeld** matter, expressing “shame that Christian Science and Mark Twain had come into collision over the fair” [NY Times, May 2, p.11, “Warm Apologies to Mark Twain”]. *Note:* See May 1 entry on the squabble.

H. Craper wrote from England to Sam. His wife had asked and rec'd Sam's letter and photo, and when she presented them to him it was "one of the greatest & most pleasant surprises of my lifetime" [MTP].

May 3 Friday – In London **Whitelaw Reid** sent a momentous cable to Sam in care of Harper & Brothers, N.Y. It was received in New York at 2:40 p.m.

"OXFORD UNIVERSITY WOULD CONFER DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LETTERS ON YOU ON JUNE 26TH BUT PERSONAL PRESENCE NECESSARY CABLE ME WHETHER YOU CAN COME" [MTFWE 4]. *Note:* in his **May 23** A.D. Sam reflected on the cablegram and his acceptance "without any waste of time." See *MTFWE* p.4-5 for the full text. **Insert Cable:** [Baetzholt 243].

The Anglo-American Telegraph Company
INCORPORATED, 1895.
FOUR DIRECT CABLE ROUTES
BETWEEN
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AND EUROPE.
CABLEGRAM RECEIVED AT 445 BROOME ST. (Silk Exchange Building), MAY 3-1907 190
PLACE FROM NO. Messages NO. of Words Received by Time Received
Q GOVT LONDON 28 33 8U 240PM M
TO S L CLEMENS CARE HARPER BROTHERS
I will come with greatest pleasure NY
OXFORD UNIVERSITY WOULD CONFER DEGREE
OF DOCTOR OF LETTERS ON YOU ON
JUNE 26TH BUT PERSONAL PRESENCE NECESSARY
CABLE ME WHETHER YOU CAN COME
WHITELAW REID

Sam then cabled Reid and also wrote a note. His cable:

"I WILL COME WITH GREATEST PLEASURE" [MTP].

His note to Reid:

"Recognition by Oxford is praise from St. Hubert indeed, & your cablegram of today was very welcome, I answered it by cable, & shall follow in person in time to reach England a safe day or two before the named day, the 26th of June" [MTP]. *Note:* See **May 23** for Sam's reaction written on that day.

At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **C.F. Moberly Bell**, editor of the *London Times*:

"Dear Mr. Bell: / Your hand is in it! & you have my best thanks. Although I wouldn't cross an ocean again for the price of the ship that carried me, I am glad to do it for an Oxford degree. I shall plan to sail for England a shade before the middle of June, so that I can have a few days in London before the 26th" [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Adele Durant Holt** of the **Century Theatre Club**.

I thank the committee heartily for their invitation, just received, & would accept it, but that I have already accepted the invitation of the Players.

It grieves me that the Club should think an apology due me, for indeed it is not so. They offered me a courtesy, & I remember it & appreciate it; but they have not offered me a discourtesy, nor anything resembling it.

It is true that an attempt (not authorized by the Club) was made to hurt my feelings, but it did not have that effect. When I have been doing wrong, my feelings are sensitive, but when I have not been doing wrong, attacks upon them find them almost abnormally torpid.[MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "A cablegram from Whitelaw Reid invites the King to go to Oxford for the degree of L.L. D. to be there on June 26th and the King accepts. It is too splendid. 'Col. Harvey is the mensch to go' the King says" [MTP TS 55].

What with all the fog in Norfolk, Virginia, an erroneous report came datelined May 3 that Mark Twain and the yacht Kanawha were missing

Frank N. Doubleday for Doubleday, Page & Co. wrote to Sam asking if he could buy copies of “What is Man?” for \$2 each from DeVinne, as he was getting requests for them. Also, was it all right to give a book to **John Quincy Adams**, whom he didn’t know [MTP].

Robert S. Hart, Secretary for Governor of Maryland, **Edwin Warfield** wrote to advise Sam of some details about his forthcoming trip to Annapolis [MTP].

Chapters from “My Autobiography—XVII” ran in the *N.A.R.* p.1-12.

May 4 Saturday – Sam moved into the **William Voss** house in **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** [Hill 166]; his lease had begun on May 1. He gave a talk or a reading at a tea for the **Tuxedo Club** in his honor. He had forecasted the event in his **Apr. 22** to **Jean**. Fatout lists the talk but gives no particulars [MT Speaking 676]. *Note:* see May 5 *NYT* article. Lyon’s entry below reveals the tea was held at Mrs. Harry Rogers’ house in Tuxedo.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Here, 4 days late, we are able to go to Tuxedo and this afternoon there was a very nice reception in Mrs. Harry Rogers’s house. It was delightful to see the King and Mrs. Harry” [MTP TS 55].

About this day Sam sent a telegram to **John Japp**, Lord Mayor of Liverpool, England: “I THANK YOUR LORDSHIP SINCERELY BUT FIND TO MY REGRET MY SHORT STAY ALL OCCUPIED / CLEMENS” [MTP].

Did Sam also send a telegram to **Milton Goodkind**? See telegram in body of the May 5 *Times* article below [MTP].

Vivian Burnett wrote to Sam with plans “to publish a *real* children’s magazine with Frances Hodgson Burnett as editor.” Such a magazine would want Mark Twain to contribute, she argued, so she’d like the opportunity to talk with him [MTP]. *Note:* **Frances Eliza Hodgson Burnett** (1849-1924), English playwright and author, best known for her children’s stories, especially *The Secret Garden*, *A Little Princess*, and *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. See Gribben p.114.

May 5 Sunday – The *NY Times* included a telegram supposedly sent on **May 4** by Sam to **Milton Goodkind** in a spoof article about Sam being lost at sea:

MARK TWAIN INVESTIGATING,

And If the Report That He’s Lost at Sea is So, He’ll Let the Public Know.

Mark Twain was hard ashore and pounding heavily on the front lawn of the Tuxedo Club last night. The people of Norfolk, Va., who had taken more interest in him than they had in the big naval review at the opening of Jamestown Exposition, were informed of the fact and were breathing easily again.

Mr. Clemens, given up for lost by the host of friends he made in Norfolk on his visit to that city with H. H. Rogers aboard the latter’s yacht, Kanawha, will be the hero of that Virginia community should he ever return there. The fact that the yacht slipped out of Hampton Roads during a fog and started north caused the report to spread through Virginia that the Kanawha had not been reported as having passed the Capes safely, and the friends of the humorist in the South feared mightily for his life. And all the time Mr. Clemens was safe in his rooms in Fifth Avenue.

Editor Harvey Wilson of The Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch sat up all night with an “extra” ready and with his heart in his mouth. He is an old-time admirer of Mark and has “read after him,” as they say in Virginia, these many years. In the Virginia Club in Norfolk, and in the Westmoreland in Richmond, the negro servants were kept busy rushing messages to the telegraph offices, while the most expert of the julepers [*sic*] of the

Southland worked their arms off cracking ice and plucking the tender leaves of the fragrant herb in the preparation of a certain famous concoction guaranteed to dispel sorrow and lighten hearts that are heavy.

Mr. Clemens heard all this yesterday, but took it calmly.

"You can assure my Virginia friends," said he, "that I will make an exhaustive investigation of this report that I have been lost at sea. If there is any foundation for the report, I will at once apprise the anxious public. I sincerely hope that there is no foundation for the report, and I also hope that judgment will be suspended until I ascertain the true state of affairs."

To his friend, Milt. Goodkind of 121 West Forty-second Street, Mr. Clemens sent the following telegram as soon as he had read a report from Norfolk telling of the fear there that he was lost on the bosom of the briny deep:

Latitude 43 degrees 5 hours and 41 seconds west by southeast of Central Park West. Kanawha heading toward nowhere; terrific cyclone raging; all the houses down in our vicinity; trees and telegraph poles interfering with our progress; vessel leaking badly; passed a school of whales and several elephants at dawn. Fire Department badly crippled; extension ladder out of commission; water very low; two of our crew lost overboard last evening. Please send airship and some bock beer at once; crew starving.

Deny report that I am dodging Mrs. Eddy or Actor's Fund Fair. Ship sinking; send financial relief at once. MARK TWAIN.

Being slightly puzzled by the telegram and the dispatch from Norfolk, Mr. Goodkind in the afternoon sent to the newspapers a notice offering a reward of \$50 for the capture of Mark Twain, alive, drowned, or half drowned. But the humorist had taken refuge at Tuxedo and his rescue from the cruel clutches of the sea was being celebrated there.

Note: **Milt Goodkind's** essay entitled, "All Around Newspaper and Advertising Man" (included in his book *Illustrated East Liverpool, Ohio: The Pottery Center of America* (1899)), shows him to be a devout and outspoken disciple of the power of advertising, and likely well known as such. Sam likely chose Milt for this telegram in order to achieve the maximum amount of advertising. See prior Goodkind entries. See also the *New York American*, May 5, p. 6 article "Twain Hesitates to Admit He's Dead" in Scharnhorst, p. 586, and the *New York World* article, same date, p. 9 " 'I'm Not Lost at Sea,' Says Twain," p. 587.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "The King likes this house [Tuxedo]. This morning he walked over to see Mrs. Harry and this afternoon he called on Dr. Rushmore" [MTP TS 56]. *Note:* **Edward C. Rushmore.**

Robert H. Callaghan wrote to Sam from Hebron, Ohio enclosing a dollar and a cryptic note "I will be sending you a dollar" [MTP]. *Note:* After May 5 Sam replied. "I thank you for the impulse that moved you to send me the dollar, but as it was not owing to me, I return it." The 1888 minutes of the annual conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Ohio Conference, lists Robert H. Callaghan as a "local preacher" elected deacon.

George Nathaniel Curzon wrote to Sam. "It gives me the greatest pleasure to learn from my friend Mr. Whitelaw Reid that you are willing to accept my invitation, and that I shall have the honour of conferring upon you the Hon. Degree of D. Litt. at the ceremony of my installation as Chancellor of Oxford University on June 26" [MTP].

Miss **Minna D. Robie** wrote from Rush City, Minn. to Sam, bemoaning the "dreary little village" at that time of the year, freezing, gale winds, a foot of snow, etc. Discussions of books led to *FE* and her question for Clemens—what was the correct pronunciation of Taj as in Taj Mahal? [MTP]. At the top of the letter Sam wrote: "Tell her 'todg.' SLC"

May 6 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.)** who had sent a note [not extant] with **Harry Rogers**.

To the Shah-in-Shah of Nieces— / Greeting & salutation:

Oh dear *me!* that I should have this ill luck—the only member of the family that can't be there. For I shall be in Maryland then, & shan't get back to Tuxedo until next Monday or Tuesday. I am sorry & disappointed; for I was counting on the pleasure of being present. Yes, & I was going to scrape acquaintance with Mr. Lackland on the basis of the fact that I knew a Lackland in St Louis 47 years ago—in the steamboat trade. Not that I knew him well, but only as a subordinate knows a superior, his rank being so much higher than mine as to forbid a nearer connection. I tell you, Etiquette was strict out there, Mary dear! Do please convey for me my cordial congratulations to the bride & groom.

When you are out driving, won't you call at my house or get a novel (published by McClure) by Marjorie Bowen, & read a part or all of it & tell me what you think of it? Please. I don't remember its name, but it is *the only one there by M. B.* You can read it without prejudice or predilection, but I couldn't, because it is dedicated to me. It is based on the Massacre of Glencoe, but it mercifully leaves out (or but gently touches) the main horrors. I think that is greatly to the girl's credit, for there would naturally be a strong temptation to do the other thing.

The Fair started well, this afternoon, & I am sure it is going to be handsomely successful. It would have interested you, & I was sorry you were not there.

If you will be so good, dear madam, as to present my humble service to your estimable daughter, & say that the tenderness which I—but of this anon. / Affectionately [MTP]. *Note: The Master of Stair* (1907) by **Marjorie Bowen** (pseud. for **Gabrielle Margaret Vere Long**). The individual **Lackland** he referred to here is not further identified; Sam served on the *Rufus J. Lackland* in either 1857 or 1859. See July 11, 1857 entry, Vol. I.

The NY *Tribune*, p. 8, "Money Flows to Fund" reported on Mark Twain's efforts for the actors' fund:

Actors' Benefit Defies Weather—President Pushes Button.

Everything was fair yesterday [May 6] at the Metropolitan Opera House when President Roosevelt, in Washington, touched a little gold button and set the chimes ringing the start of the biggest benefit ever planned for the Actors' Fund in a town noted for such fairs. Everybody who is anybody in the theatrical profession and who was in New York and could get away was there, to give the show a proper send-off.

There was only one absentee, and that was Mrs. Sydney Rosenfeld. Needless to say, Mark Twain was there, and so were his books, in the Century Theatre Club booth. Despite the late unpleasantness, Mark showed no hard feelings and won the heartiest kind of applause when he said, in speaking of the objects of the fair, that charity was a religion, broad enough for all to stand on.

The New York *Times*, p 5 also reported on the Fair:

ACTORS' FUND FAIR OPENS WITH VIM

Roosevelt Presses the Button and Then Mark Twain Makes a Speech.

SEEK TO RAISE \$250,000

First Two Tickets Bring \$1,500—Actresses Preside Over Many Attractive Booths.

At exactly 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon President Roosevelt, in Washington, pressed a button; the lights of the Metropolitan Opera House here, which had been extinguished, flashed on again; cannon boomed; the band played; Mark Twain made a speech; and the Actors' Fund Fair was declared open to the public. Even while the building was reverberating with the report of the canon a shower of tiny American flags fluttered from the roof down into the village street of Stratford-on-Avon, the central highway of the bazaar.

As soon as the sound of the cannonade had died away, the officers of the fund filed on to the platform at the western end of the Opera House. Daniel Frohman, President of the fund, made the opening address.

“Nothing is more appropriate than that we should begin with the playing of ‘The Star-Spangled Banner,’” said Mr. Frohman. “We intend to make this a banner week in the history of the fund. The Actors’ Fund is not a restricted institution. It takes a broad and sympathetic interest in every one on the stage—whether he be actor, singer, dancer, or workman. Since the time of the last fair at Madison Square Garden the fund has expended from \$500 to \$600 weekly in its charities. In other words, we have spent more than \$40,000 a year.

Mr. Frohman, after briefly describing the nature of the fund and citing the necessarily precarious living of the actor, continued: “Charity covers a multitude of sins, and it also reveals a multitude of virtues. We are grateful for the help of Mr. Roblee, and his assistant, Mr. Price, and Mrs. A. M. Palmer, who has taken up the work that her husband would have done had he remained with us. We are grateful to all who have assisted in bringing preparations to a successful conclusion.

“At the opening of the former fair we had the assistance of Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson. In their place we have today that American institution and apostle of wide humanity—Mark Twain.”

Mark Twain’s Plea for the Actor.

Mark Twain, whose famous white suit and white hair made him a conspicuous figure from the minute he entered the hall, was received with general applause. He spoke tersely and deliberately.

“As Mr. Frohman has said,” the humorist began, “charity reveals a multitude of virtues. This is true, and it is to be proved here before the week is over. Mr. Frohman has told you something of the object and something of the character of the work. He told me he would do this—and he has kept his word! I had expected to hear of it through the newspapers. I wouldn’t trust anything between Frohman and the newspapers—except when it’s a case of charity!

“You should all remember that the actor has been your benefactor many and many a year. When you have been weary and downcast he has lifted your heart out of gloom and given you a fresh impulse. You are all under obligation to him. This is your opportunity to be his benefactor—to help provide for him in his old age and when he suffers from infirmities.

“At this fair no one is to be persecuted to buy. If you offer a twenty-dollar bill in payment for a purchase of \$1 you will receive \$10 in change. There is to be no robbery here. There is to be no creed here—no religion except charity. We want to raise \$250,000—and that is a great task to attempt.

“The President has set the fair in motion by pressing the button in Washington. Now your good wishes are to be transmuted into cash.

“By virtue of the authority in me vested I declare the fair open. I call the ball game. Let the transmuting begin.”

Jean Clemens wrote from Katonah, N.Y. to Sam, letter not extant but referred to in his **May 14** reply.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Today we came into town. The King opened the Actor’s Fund Fair” [MTP TS 56].

May 7 Tuesday – Sam wrote daughter **Jean** on **May 14** after his return from Annapolis that he spent “the 7th to meet engagements.” He did not specify; no more is known.

Clemens gave **Isabel Lyon** power of attorney to sign checks for him [Hill 222]. The Lyon-Ashcroft MS contains the full text of this document, as follows:

Know all men by these presents, that I, Samuel L. Clemens, of the city and state of New York, have made, constituted and appointed, and by these presents do make, constitute and appoint Isabel V. Lyon of the same city, my true and lawful attorney for me and in my name, place and stead, to exercise a general upervision over all my affairs and to manage all my property both real and personal and all matters of business relating thereto; to lease, sell and convey any and all real property wheresoever situated which may now or which may hereafter at any time belong to me; to demand, collect and receive rentals of such property, to make repairs to any buildings thereon, to keep any and all dividends, interest and moneys due and payable to or become due and payable to me; to satisfy and discharge all mortgages; to sell, assign and transfer any and all stocks, bonds and mortgages belonging to or which at any time belong to me; to change any and all of my investments and to make investment of any and all of the moneys belonging to me or which may come into her hands, that she may deem advisable; to draw checks or drafts upon any banks, banker or Trust Company, or any financial

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

institution with which or whom I have or may at any time hereafter have moneys on deposit or to my credit; to endorse either for deposit, collection or transfer any and all notes, checks, drafts or bills of exchange now or hereafter payable to me or to my order; to prosecute and defend, compromise and settle suits and legal proceedings and to retain and employ attorney and counsel for such purpose or otherwise, to protect my interests; to release and discharge as my attorney may deem proper any and all claims and demands in my favor of any kind or nature, and to make sign, seal acknowledge and deliver any and all receipts, acquittances, discharges, satisfaction pieces, transfers, assignments, agreements, deeds or other instruments under seal or otherwise which in the judgment of my said attorneys may be necessary, appropriate or proper, giving and granting unto my said attorney full power and authority to do and to perform any act or thing requisite and necessary to be done in and about the premises as fully to all interests and purposes as I might or could do if personally present, with full power of substitution and revocation, hereby ratifying and confirming all that my said attorney or her substitute shall lawfully do or cause to be done by virtue thereof.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 7th day of May, 1907.

Sealed and delivered:

(signed) SAMUEL L. CLEMENS.

In presence of:

(signed) Ralph S. Hull

State of New York :

County of New York : ss.

On this 7th day of May, 1907, before me personally came Samuel L. Clemens, to me personally known to be the individual described in, and who executed the foregoing instrument, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

(signed) Ralph S. Hull.

Notary Public.
New York County.

Note: this would be revoked in March, 1909 during the controversy of embezzlement raised by Clara Clemens.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "I spent an hour or more with J. Howells" [MTP TS 56]. *Note:* Lyon was directing the design of the Redding house with John Mead Howells, architect.

John Mead Howells wrote to Sam with results of the contractor bids on the proposed Redding house—Mr. Sunderland of Danbury Conn. won the bid, which was reduced further to \$27,236. On Sam's notification they could commence work immediately [MTP].

Florence Duncan Jones wrote from Staten Island, N.Y. to ask Sam to return her manuscript on Christian Science that she'd sent for his opinion [MTP]. *Note:* Jones' letter was previously catalogued Sept. 7, 1907. Sam dictated to Miss Lyon who wrote on the letter: "Dear Madam: / I have read the first half of the article but it does not interest me, because, to me, reasonings (or attempted reasonings) from C.S. are as vain & empty & wearisome as are discussions of theology & other forms of gas. I have no reverence for theologies & I take no interest in them. I take a strong & indestructible interest in Mrs. Eddy. But this is merely because she is picturesque & unusual. I take the same interest in Satan." This reply also shows as May 27, with slightly different wording. It is likely Lyon and/or Sam edited the final letter from this copy. See May 27 to compare versions.

An **unidentified person** wrote on Writers Club stationery, London to urge Sam to write a life of Christ [MTP].

May 8 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam sent a cable to **C.F. Moberly Bell**, editor of the *London Times*: “I PERCEIVE YOUR HAND IN IT YOU HAVE MY BEST THANKS SAIL IN MINNEAPOLIS JUNE 8 DUE IN SOUTHAMPTON DAYS LATER. / CLEMENS” [MTP].

Note: Hill includes an excerpt from **Isabel Lyon’s journal** that it was late in 1906 when Moberly Bell was visiting from London and luncheoned with Sam. When asked when he might return to England, Sam answered “When Oxford bestows its degree upon me!” Isabel thought the award “cheapened” because it was asked for [166]. The exact luncheon date has not been determined, but Bell was in the U.S. and was awarded a doctor of literature degree on Apr. 13, 1907 by Western University of Penn. at the Founders Day exercises of **Carnegie Institute** [NY *Times*, Feb. 17, 1907, p.6 “Degrees for Foreigners”]. Bell was also present for the Apr. 14 to 17 **National Arbitration and Peace Congress** at **Carnegie Hall** [NY *Times*, Mar. 8, 1907, p.4 “Peace Congress That Meets Here”]. These events suggest the luncheon was also in April, and, as Hill points out, it was given by the New York *Times* for Bell; if the seed was planted by Sam then, it took only “two weeks to germinate” [166]. It is likely Lyon simply erred about the date. Still, to what extent Bell was behind Sam’s Oxford degree is open to speculation, yet Clemens thought it evident, and honorary degrees were certainly on Bell’s mind.

Sam also cabled the ship, *Minneapolis*, and **June 8** sail date to **Whitelaw Reid** in London [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **John Mead Howells** concerning the construction contract on the Redding house, letter not extant but referred to in Howells’ May 9 reply.

Sam spent “4 solid & strenuous hours at the Fair” [May 14 to Jean]. Also **Isabel Lyon’s journal**: “Four hours the King spent at the Actor’s Fair in the Players’ Booth” [MTP TS 56].

The New York *Times*, May 8, p. 7, “Not a Dull Minute at the Actors’ Fair” included this short paragraph about Mark Twain’s appearance for May 9 (Sam only appeared on **May 6 and May 8**, so this is in error).

Mark Twain, in his white suit and wearing his white hair, is to appear to-morrow at the Players’ Booth. It is understood that he has not entirely recovered from the terrible shock of the recent Christian Science episode: he laughs about it all the time.

And in another article on this day, p.7, “Lost Her Pearls At The Actors’ Fair,” the New York Times included this paragraph about Mark Twain and **Ethel Barrymore**:

While Miss Barrymore was at the Fair she had a rival in popularity from the opposite sex. The rival was Mark Twain in all his resplendent garments of snowy whiteness. But there was no sign of jealousy between them. Miss Barrymore ran up to the perennially youthful humorist, and the greeting they exchanged made all the other men wish that they also were authors of funny books.

H.H. Rogers sent a telegram on board the SS *Baltic* to Sam: “HAVE JUST STARTED BY LAND MRS ROGERS PREFERS IT TELL THE GIRLS / ROGERS” [MTHHR 624]. *Note:* The captain of the White Star ship mistook an anchored Std. Oil tanker for an oncoming vessel and took extreme maneuvers to avoid it, thus going aground inside N.Y. Bay. See note 1 on source.

Carrie L. Headrick wrote to Sam from Gardnersville, Nevada. “Mr S. L. Clemens / Dear Sir—/ That certainly looks very circumspect,—and quite proper, after the years that have passed since we met, nevertheless all though you have climbed the ladder of fame, your old Carson friends think of you as—just Sam.” She mentioned Paine being there to gather info for a biography, and staying with Mrs. Sam P. Davis [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Ansd”

May 9 Thursday – At 9 a.m. [May 14 to Jean] Sam and Isabel Lyon took a train for **Baltimore, Maryland**, where he would be a guest of Governor **Edwin Warfield** (1848-1920) and deliver a benefit lecture in **Annapolis**. Warfield had been mentioned as a future presidential candidate. It had been in Sam's plans at least since **Apr. 22**, when he wrote of it to Jean. Though she did not know him, **Emma Warfield (Mrs. Edwin Warfield)**, a member of the First Presbyterian Church, had written asking Mark Twain to speak for a church benefit. In his May 14 to Jean, he referred to his trip as "wiping out a debt on a Presbyterian church." The *Baltimore Sun*, May 10, p.14 "Mark Twain in Clover" reported his arrival:

A suit of light gray flannels, surrounding a man with heavy, wavy hair, almost white, and a beaming smile that took in everybody, emerged from the train that arrived from New York at Camden Station a little while before 3 o'clock yesterday [May 9] afternoon.

The man with the gray flannels and the sunny smile did not have to wait more than 20 seconds on the platform before he was met by a man of the real Maryland type—heavy, but not fat; dressed in good taste and his face bearing a short-clipped mustache and goatee.

He of the wavy hair was Mark Twain and he of Maryland's own type was Governor Warfield. The Governor will be the host of the premier humorist of the civilized world for the next few days.

Tonight [May 10] the humorist will deliver a lecture at the Executive Mansion in Annapolis for the benefit of the Presbyterian Church there. Mrs. Warfield is a member of the church, and the lecture given by the only real, quadruple-plate American funny man will help the good cause.

While he is speaking everybody will know him as Mark Twain and at the same time think of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. But after the lecture, when he begins to shake hands, nobody will think of calling him anything except Mr. Clemens.

[...]

The Governor and the first, last and all the time American humorist shook hands like two men who meet on a Mexican ranch years after they have separated. Their greeting was more than cordial. It did one's heart good to see it.

When the Governor and the humorist started from the station for the Annapolis train, they drew toward themselves as many cameras as a magnet would draw steel shavings. It seemed to have been a strange coincidence that such a large proportion of the waiting passengers in the station were armed with kodaks. All eyes seemed to be turned toward the distinguished pair as they walked arm in arm across the platform toward the train. [...]

Before the train pulled out Mark was interviewed by a reporter of THE SUN about his recent "drowning" and other topics [Note: See more of the article in *MTFWE* p.6-8; the *Baltimore News* gave 2:47 p.m. as Sam's time of arrival and noted Isabel Lyon accompanied him. On the platform waiting for a train for Washington was Senator from Maryland **Isador Rayner** (1850-1912) and Colonel **E.L. Woodside**: Scharnhorst 587-592. The Annapolis Short Line train was a thirty-mile trip].

Nolan and Tomlinson write of Sam's arrival at the Governor's mansion:

In Annapolis, Twain went to the Governor's mansion, where he had a cup of tea and a rest before the dinner given in his honor. That evening, the table, decorated in white lilies, had Governor Warfield presiding over it at one end and Samuel Clemens at the other. Twenty-six others filled the spaces in between. Among them were representatives of the schools in the area: Basil Gildersleeve from the Johns Hopkins University, Thomas Fell from St. John's College, and Capt. George P. Colvocoresses, representing the Naval Academy. The Baltimore contingent at the affair was large enough to journey to Annapolis in a special railroad car which, the papers report, returned at 11 p.m. [4]. Note: in his May 14 to Jean he told of the gathering running till midnight.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "We started for and arrived at Annapolis" [MTP TS 56].

Chatto & Windus wrote to Sam asking if *JA*, *More Tramps Abroad* (FE), and *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg* could be lowered from 6/ to 3/6 each, since they'd been published at the higher price for "a considerable period" [MTP].

Robert Fulton Cutting for the Robert Fulton Monument wrote to acknowledge Sam's plans to be present at the Jamestown Expo on Sept. 23; he discussed persons who would be there [MTP].

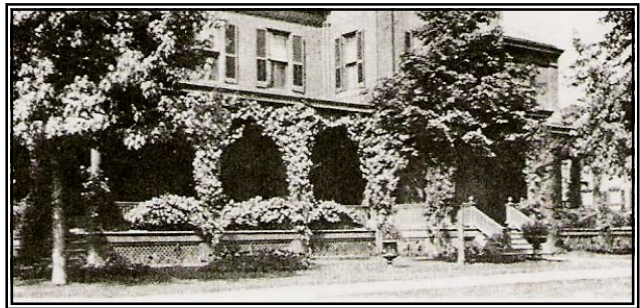
John Mead Howells wrote to Sam that they had rec'd his of May 8 and were by his instructions notifying **William Webb Sunderland**, contractor to build the Redding house for \$27,236. They were preparing a formal contract for the work [MTP].

John A. Kirlicks wrote to Sam, enclosing a chapbook of poems in Twain's honor, bound by a red ribbon (in file) [MTP].

May 10 Friday – Annapolis: On the morning of May 10 Sam toured the **Naval Academy**, something he'd looked forward to. He was joined by three young ladies: **Miss Carrie Warfield**, and **Miss Margaret Warfield**, the Governor's daughter, and niece, respectively; and **Mary Foxley Tilghman**, daughter of the Secretary of State. The group heard the Naval Academy Band concert and afterward visited the commanding officer. The Superintendent, **Admiral James H. Sands** (1845-1911), was ill so they called on Capt. **George P. Colvocoresses**, the Commandant of Midshipman; the Captain had been at the dinner the previous evening.

Nolan and Tomlinson write:

When Mrs. Warfield arrived, there was a ride around the yard and a stop at Bancroft Hall, the largest building at the Academy and, among other things, the residence of the midshipmen. The group was shown the lead casket of **John Paul Jones**. "Here are the remains of John Paul Jones, lying right here in this casket," the *Sun* reported someone's exclaiming to Twain. "Is it possible," he commented flatly, confusing even the ever-present reporters about whether or not he mean to be funny.



In the afternoon there was a parade in Twain's honor, which he watched from the porch of the Superintendent's temporary quarters [see insert], a house which still stands at the corner of Worden Field, where today as in the past midshipmen parade regularly. The whole brigade did not march, but the Teddy Bears (so named because they were the guard when **Theodore Roosevelt** attended President's Day at the Jamestown Tercentennial Exposition). Looking at the drill, Twain remarked: "That is a sight somewhat incongruous with the principles of the Peace Congress" (American 11 May: 15). Whatever his reservations, they did not deter his enjoyment of the spectacle. The Academy band played, and the *Evening Capital* reporter discovered Twain pretending to march in time with the music (11 May: 1).

He smoked his cigar on the Superintendent's porch, having received permission to do so from Mrs. Sands; but earlier in the day he had run afoul of the stringent Academy regulation banning all smoking in the yard, even by visitors [5]. *Note:* editorial emphasis on names. Sam referred to the **National Arbitration and Peace Conference**, which was held on April 14-17, 1907 at Carnegie Hall. See also the interview (which took place on May 10) of the *Baltimore American*, May 11, "As Mark Twain Watched Drill," p.15, in Scharnhorst p. 595-600; also other interviews and articles in source.

The New York *Times*, May 11, p.1 ran a special datelined Annapolis, Md. May 10:

OXFORD DEGREE FOR TWAIN.

University Will Make Humorist a Bachelor of Letter.

Special to The New York Times.

ANNAPOLIS, May 10.—Samuel L. Clemens, Mark Twain, who is a guest here of Gov. Warfield, announced today that he was going to England to be honored by a degree.

"I got a cablegram from the other side telling me that if I went over to Oxford University, the degree of Bachelor of Letters would be conferred on me," he said. I wrote a telegram accepting the honor, and saying that I would said in the latter part of June."

The humorist visited the Naval Academy today in company with Mrs. Warfield and a party of friends.

The party went through the hall to where the body of Paul Jones lies flanked on one side by a pointing of the Revolutionary hero by Miss Cecilia Beaux.

"That," said Commander Dayton, "is the body of Paul Jones."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Twain innocently. I know Miss Beaux, who made the painting, very well, and remember perfectly the day Jones sat for this picture. I met here later in London, and on the other side of the table—I was always eating in those days—was Whistler, the great painter. I was talking thirteen words to the dozen and Whistler was talking fourteen. Finally I got tired of his interruptions, and, turning to Miss Beaux, I said, 'Who is that noisy person over there?' 'That's funny,' she replied, 'he just asked me the same thing about you.'

While puffing a cigar and looking at two cannons captured from the French, the guard warned the humorist of rules against smoking.

"Arrested again!" Twain exclaimed, but he clung to his cigar behind his back. "Constituted constabulary will run this country yet." Then, as he thought it over, he said: "Still, that's right. I might set fire to this place, smoking around this stone and cannon and inflammable stuff."

Note: the May 3 cable from **Whitelaw Reid** that informed Sam of his Oxford degree nomination was sent in care of Harper & Brothers, N.Y. It may be that the cable was not opened or disclosed to Sam's publisher at that time, or that he swore them to silence so he might announce the news in Annapolis.

At 8:20 p.m. Sam arrived 20 minutes late and gave a talk at the **Government House, Annapolis Maryland**. Fatout writes:

In Annapolis to deliver a benefit lecture, probably a series of anecdotes, Mark Twain spent part of his leisure time rambling around the Naval Academy and getting caught smoking in a sector where, as sailors put it, the smoking lamp was out. Then he was feted at dinner by the governor, assorted politicians and other important people at the official residence. Called upon to speak, naturally the guest of honor responded in good form [MT Speaking 550]. Note: italics are Fatout's.

Nolan and Tomlinson confirm Fatout's above phrase, that Sam gave a "series of anecdotes," including a variation on the watermelon story. He also told of memories of going fishing as a boy, the story of the corpse in his father's office, the Mexican plug tale, and Grandfather's Old Ram [6]. *Note:* See also NY Times, May 12, p.4, "Mighty Mark Twain Overawes Marines". In his May 14 to Jean Sam gives the audience at 1000 to 1,200 people at \$2 per head, "no expenses & not a word of advertising."

Afterward there was "an informal reception in the west parlor and drawing room of the Government House" and "he greeted visitors; at the end of the line were three girls who were house guests of the Governor and Mrs. Warfield. 'So entranced was he with their beauty,' the *Sun* reported, 'that the humorist tried to hug all of them at the same time.' When they sat down, he gathered them about him on a small settee and told them funny stories (11 May: 10)" [*ibid.*] *Note:* Sam put the crowd here to 200 and bragged of kissing "a few girls" [May 14 to Jean].

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

Isabel Lyon's journal: "When I went to the King's room at one o'clock, after the morning, he was in despair & said we've got to get away from here. I never could say until Monday" [MTP TS 56]. *Note:* it's possible that with all the newspaper men following his every move, Sam became over-tired. In his May 14 to Jean, he claimed he was "dead with fatigue." Perhaps he also did not look forward to being back in a Presbyterian pew.

May 11 Saturday – Though Sam's stay was planned for five days, including a tour of the bay on a special steamer, and a possible visit Sunday to the **First Presbyterian Church**, but Sam and **Isabel Lyon** cut it short, leaving this morning, and escorted as far as **Baltimore** by **Governor Warfield** [Nolan & Tomlinson 4, 6-7].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Home again, the King to Tuxedo, I to No. 21" [MTP TS 56].

John Y.W. MacAlister wrote a whimsical one-page letter to Sam from London about the recent reports of the Kanawha being lost at sea.

The news of your death by drowning gave me a happy thought. I know you will not misunderstand that, for we both know that no one, who knows you as I do, would ever believe it possible you could be drowned, for that is not the appointed means of your ending. But the happy thought was produced by observing that you are still a fidus Achates of Rogers, that princely prince of freebooters... [MTP]. *Note:* Fidus Achates: Latin for "Trusty Friend."

Albert B. Paine, in Hannibal, Mo., sent Sam a postcard picturing a cannibal cartoon. "If nothing further happens before tomorrow night, This Cannibal / From Hannibal / Will take his Eastward flight" [MTP: Cushman].

Lyman Pierson Powell wrote Sam a postcard (not mailed) headed "The Rectory / St. John's Church / Northampton, Mass. "The charge is seriously made against you in The American Queen for May, quoting the Oakland Herald of March 13, 1907, that your sole purpose in the publication of your book" *CS* "was to make money..." Powell was to write a book which would appear in Putnam's that would be more favorable to *CS*—could Sam write "in refutation of the subtle charge which needs no refutation in my mind"? [MTP].

Sam and Miss Lyon would have arrived back in New York about 6 p.m. In his May 14 to Jean he wrote that Miss Lyon stayed over at 21 Fifth Ave. "& talk 'house' with Hon Jowells," (**John Howells**, who was designing Stormfield) while he went "straight" to **Tuxedo Park**, "arriving at 7 p.m. & went to bed."

May 12 Sunday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** "Busy with Santa, sleep and packing in the afternoon" [MTP TS 56].

W.H. Helm wrote to Sam. "The act of writing a notice (I know your opinion of reviewers!) of your Christian Science for the 'Atheneum'—aroused my memories of Dollis Hill in August 1900, when I had the only opportunities that have come to me of hearing (& smoking the cigars of) an author whose books have meant a great deal to me from boyhood" [MTP]. *Notes:* **After May 12** Lyon in Tuxedo Park, replied for Sam. "Mr. Clemens gone to N.Y to make some necessary preparations for his trip to Eng. & for what he regards as a very sane & lucid review of the book / He has read no review but that one but likes that one—". Helm has one book listed in Gribben, p. 306: *Studies in Style*, London (1900).

May 13 Monday – Sam addressed a letter from **Tuxedo Park N.Y.** "(Summer residence)" to **Harry Windsor Dearborn**.

As I have not heard from you I am taking it for granted that Mr. Vanderbilt, on behalf of the [Fulton] Monument Association, has invited Mr. Cleveland already, or will invite him as soon as he gets back from Europe July 1.

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

And so I have today, by letter, invited Mr. & Mrs. Cleveland to be my guests in the Kanawha; I invite but one other guest.

I propose to sail for Jamestown about mid-afternoon Sept. 22 & arrive at 8 o'clock next morning. Will that be about the correct thing? [MTP]. *Note:* Sam added he'd just returned from the South where he was very busy. He then added a P.S. outlining the steps for inviting **Mr. & Mrs. Grover Cleveland** and delivering him via the *Kanawha* to **Jamestown, Va.**

Clemens' A.D. for Jan. 19, 1906 included an added paragraph with this date, concerning the duel and death of Felice Cavallotti (1842-1898), "poet, orator, satirist, statesman, patriot...lamented by his countrymen" and killed by **Count Ferruccio Macola**, editor of *Gazzetta di Venezia* [AMT 1: 302].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Shoes, Whiskey, Trunk, Ms. for the King who is in Tuxedo, and who telephoned a return message to me this morning when I was finding out the *how* of things out there. His voice has a sweet plaint over the telephone a timbre that is beautiful. Oh, it is dreadful to leave him alone out there, and to know that he is needing little things, and swearing, oh, swearing terribly at not getting them. I'll go home at 5:22 [train] this very day.

Went to the Morting Studio with Dearborn [MTP TS 57]. *Note:* **Harry Windsor Dearborn** was active in the Fulton Monument Association. Dearborn thanked Sam on May 17 for a "pleasant afternoon," likely this one.

Robert Lutz wrote from Stuttgart to Sam asking for serial publication of Sam's auto. In German [MTP]. See **May 27** for Lyon's reply for Sam.

Rose Sherwood wrote from Portland, Ore. to ask if Sam would write more Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn books [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Answd May 27, 07"

May 14 Tuesday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Sam wrote to daughter **Jean** in Katonah, N.Y., relating his stops since **May**. In part: (see prior references to this letter for text excised here).

Oh, you dear Jean, it shan't happen again. The next time I go to see you I shall select the train that will give me the longest time with you. Your letter has been lying here some 7 days—but I haven't been here.

Yes indeed, I certainly have been frisking around. I had to come out here for one day (May 4) to attend a tea & reception in my honor.

.... [see May 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 entries for what he summarized here]

But I am *perfectly* rested now, but haven't gotten up yet (noon.)

Miss Lyon arrived a month ago, but Clara isn't coming for a week yet.

Miss L returns to New York day after tomorrow, after answering tons of letters.

Oxford University invites (commands) my presence, June 26, to confer upon me the degree of Doctor of Letters. Of course I have to receive it in person—these mighty distinctions are not conferred by mail.

I sail in the Minneapolis June 8—so as to have time to see a few English friends & get my gown & hood made; & I re-sail June 29th & reach New York 9 days later. I take Ashcroft with me to look after me.

Be sure, dearheart, I shan't leave the country before I've seen you. If you were sound & well & there was *time* for some travel, you & I would go together; but I've got to get back as soon as I can, on account of engagements.

In Annapolis I wore white clothes day & evening. I talked in a snow-white *full dress*, swallow-tail & all, & dined in the same. It's a delightful impudence. I think I will call it my don'tcareadam suit. But I think I will always ask permission, first, saying "Dar madam, may I come in my don'tcareadams?"

Good-bye, dear child, & thank you for your good letter. With loving hugs & kisses— [MTP]. *Note:* although Sam's initial plans called for him to sail on the same ship from England on **June 29**, as mentioned above, he was persuaded to put off the return until **July 13** and return on the *Minnetonka*.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "On train for Tuxedo I am, and Oh, so glad I didn't come on that 5.22" [MTP TS 57].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote from NYC to Sam with an idea that struck him this a.m.

“To prevent piracy in years to come, why not trademark now in the name of Samuel L. Clemens such things as the ‘Mark Twain Cigar’, tobacco, whisky, shirt, corset, hair restorer, etc., etc. / This would place the issuance or suppression of such things entirely in the hands of your own folks...It won’t cost very much” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Mr. Clemens likes that idea—How shall he proceed? No one here to ask”

Sister M. Dominis wrote from Skibbereen, Ireland to ask Sam for a copy of CS [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Mr. Clemens sent it & Sister Dominica sent a nice note of thanks.

Julia Langdon Loomis wrote effusive congratulations to her Uncle Sam—could she see him before he went to England? [MTP].

Delia B. Maxwell wrote from Brooklyn to compliment Sam on CS [MTP].

Robert P. Porter wrote to ask Sam if he would stay with them when he came to Oxford. “As the one American Editor (I believe) living in Oxford we are entitled to that privilege” [MTP].

Anne W. Stockbridge wrote from Providence, R.I. to ask Sam to write “a few words of introduction for our book” (Stockbridge and Miss **Grace Donworth**, had written the “Jennie Allen letters” about the San Francisco earthquake, one of which Sam read at the Assoc. Press Dinner in NY [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Very grateful for that attention. Don’t write introductions any way as it would be hard to say no one time & yes another.”

May 15 Wednesday – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam replied to the **May 9** from Galveston, Texas Judge and poet **John A. Kirlicks** (1852-1923):

It is a beautiful poem & has touched me deeply. If might venture to suggest, I should say that the proper place for it is either in the “Century” or “Harper’s Monthly”—preferably the “Century,” because I am not connected with it, except by old ties of friendship, whereas I am connected with “Harper’s” commercially [MTP: Hannibal *Daily Post*, Apr. 24, 1910]. *Note:* Kirlicks wrote “To Mark Twain,” a poem in *Writers and Writings of Texas*, ed. **Davis Foute Eagleton** (1913).

Sam also sent a cable to Ambassador **Whitelaw Reid**, London: “LETTER RECEIVED. MANY THANKS. ANY NIGHT WILL ANSWER I REMAIN IN ENGLAND ONLY TEN DAYS. / CLEMENS” [MTP].

Sam also wrote Reid a letter, possibly on this day as well.

The dates are exactly right; they couldn’t possibly be righter. I wanted two engagements, and only two; and these are the choicest that could be imagined. {The other was to dine with the Pilgrims.} They and Oxford leave me seven days for private dissipation and last good-bying with old friends whom I shan’t meet again without their haloes. And there’s one or two whom I shan’t ever meet *with* them. I am sorry for that, for they are among the best of the flock [MTP].

David A. Munro wrote to Sam. “Col. Harvey sails for England on Wednesday, the 22nd inst. and I am giving him a dinner at the Players on Monday, the 20th —at half past seven in the evening. I am asking some of the members of the Franklin Square family to join us. Won’t you come? It would be a sorry party without you”[MTP]. *Note:* *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Will you accept dinner in your honor at the twon hall in Liverpool during your stay in England / Lord Mayor / Liverpool” John Japp.

Whitelaw Reid wrote from London to Sam, having rec'd his note of May 3. He hoped Sam had rec'd a letter from **Lord Curzon**, the new Chancellor of Oxford Univ. He understood Sam would sail on the *Minneapolis* on June 8 and arrive in England as early as June 19, "and so have a safe week before the Oxford ceremony," so that "it might be pleasant for you to dine with me here about Thursday, June 20th..." [MTP]. Sam wrote on the env.: "Had already engaged to the Pilgrims before this letter reached me May 24—then I cabled asking them to give me June 21 or 22—which would leave me free for June 20"

Lyman Beecher Stowe for Circle Magazine wrote to ask Sam for an interview for a series of sketches on "Unexploited Corners of History prior to the Civil War," and Stowe requested an interview on "Slavery As Seen from the Pilot-House of a Mississippi Steamboat" [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "quite impossible / no interviews / Harper would object ; Answd. May 27, '07"

May 16 Thursday – Isabel Lyon's journal: "C.C. came and finds it charming" [MTP TS 57].

Frances F. Cleveland (Mrs. Grover Cleveland) wrote from Princeton to Sam.

We have had your letter. Of course it will require consideration—and Mr. Cleveland will write you when he can get his mind on it. He isn't very well, and it may be a little while before he can decide it, & notify you. But you must realize he is not forgetting. You are good to include me. I am so uncertain a sailor—(though why *uncertain*, when I am sure to be sea sick?) that I fear my courage won't come to the point—But we shall see. / Very sincerely... [MTP].

H.W. Grove for Univ. of Michigan Student Lecture Assoc. wrote to ask Sam to visit during the coming year [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Answd May 27, '07"

J.V. Holmes wrote from Walpole, N.H. to ask Miss Lyon if the Clemens family would be in Dublin again this year. What about the dog **Prosper**—would he remain there long and if not where would he go? Was the wagon and harness for sale, and if so how much? [MTP].

May 16 after – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to **Gerald Christie, of the Outer Temple, London**. Sam had "ceased from lecturing permanently 9 years ago" [MTP]. *Note:* the Outer Temple is thought to have been one of the "Inns of Chancery" where law was taught in the 12th and 13th centuries. Today it is occupied by barristers.

May 17 Friday – Harry Windsor Dearborn, Asst. Secretary of The Robert Fulton Monument Assoc. wrote to thank Sam for "a pleasant afternoon" and gave more information on the Sept. 23 Jamestown Expo. [MTP].

John Mead Howells wrote to Sam with bills by **Harry A. Lounsbury**, dated Apr. 27, May 4 and May 11, totaling \$297.37 for the use of men and teams in the construction of the Redding house [MTP].

Dr. **Garrett Newkirk** wrote from Pasadena, Calif. to Sam after enjoying CS with his invalid son. His neighbor told him in confidence that Science and Health was definitely written mostly by **James Henry Wiggins**, a Boston journalist and an ex-Unitarian minister [MTP].

Chapters from "My Autobiography—XVIII" ran in the <i>N.A.R.</i> p.113-22.

May 18 Saturday – Isabel Lyon's journal: "C.C. returned to N.Y. and AB arrived, much talk" [MTP TS 57].

Harper's Weekly ran a full page photo of Mark Twain in his white suit, with the caption, "Clothes and the Man" [Tenney: "A Reference Guide First Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1977 p. 334].

A.F. Bradley of Bradley Studios, NYC wrote to Sam. "We are sending you to-night by Wells-Fargo Ex., pre-paid the portraits you are to autograph and return to me, which I will then forward to Mr. James..." [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Answd May 27 '07"

M.H. Justice wrote before this day from Quincy, Ill. to Sam, referring to a clipping he'd sent about the Mark Twain Hotel in Hannibal, and was wondering if it reached him. Paine was now in Hannibal gathering information for an authorized biography, and Justice was going to see him [MTP].

Knickerbocker Publishing Co. wrote to Sam to "call attention to the sketch of your life which was handed to her [Lyon] by our Mr. Bixler several weeks ago for correction and any important additions.." [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Answd May 27, 07"

William Krut wrote for the **Tuxedo Club** to extend courtesies of the club to Sam during his rental of the Voss cottage [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Thank you very much for the courtesy extended"

Virginia Vaughan wrote to ask Sam if he'd be on a committee to "take charge of a fund for the benefit of Countess Eleanor Niebolus..." [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

May 19 Sunday – Isabel Lyon's journal: "Much talk, tea down at the club. Oh, so stupid" [MTP TS 57].

May 20 Monday – Isabel Lyon's journal: King and I went to town on the 11:50. AB left earlier on the 8:30. King and I lunched at The Brevoort, lamb stew and beer, and such a good luncheon he found it. He dined at a David Munro Dinner at the Players for Col. Harvey who sails for England on Wednesday. In the afternoon we ran around to Marting's Studio to see the model for the Fulton Memorial. It is beautiful [MTP TS 57-58].

Charlotte Teller Johnson wrote on "The Broztell" stationery, NYC to Sam. In part:

My dear Mr Clemens—I am compelled to ask you and Miss Lyons to come in to see me in regard to a very serious statement which is reported to come from her with regard to my acquaintance with you. I should be glad to treat this with the silence which I felt to be my privilege when you and she told me of the gossip for the Players Club, but it is impossible for me [to] do so on the ground that it is merely rumor, for it has come so directly as her statement" [MTP].

May 21 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon's journal: Today the King went to see Jean, making a day of it and came home weary at 7 o'clock. He had a talk with Dr. Sharp who said that only physicians know that the present Czar is an epileptic; people would pity him more if they knew of his terrible malady [MTP TS 58].

Ferris Greenslet wrote to Sam for **Houghton Mifflin & Co.**, just back from "moist refrigeration in London and Paris" and finding Sam's note of Mar. 30. He would be grateful for whatever letters Sam could send within a month or two of the late **Thomas Bailey Aldrich** [MTP]. *Note:* Greenslet initially wrote Clemens on Mar. 26; Sam's reply is catalogued "after Mar. 27" by MTP; this note specifically puts Sam's reply to Mar. 30, so the change is made to that date.

May 22 Wednesday – Fatout lists a dinner speech in honor of **George B. Harvey**, Sam's publisher. No particulars are given and none were found, neither did Lyon mention it in her journal entry below [676].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Today the King went to Tuxedo and I stayed on because Santa needed a chaperon and I needed to do a lot of extra things.

The King telegraphed me to call on Mrs. J. before I left town. After a palaver she consented to see me this evening, in her negligee. I went up to find that her demand to see Mr. Clemens and me was based on a report that Miss Doty had said that I said that Mrs. Johnson was an adventurer and planning to marry Mr. Clemens. I laughed with relief and amusement over the impossibility of such a thing and she didn't like it when I made light of the matter. She was grey and savage-looking when I left her and I think we'll hear from her again [MTP TS 58]. *Note:* the rumors were about **Charlotte Teller Johnson's** "designs" on Twain. See Oct. 22 IVL entry.

Elizabeth K. Harlon wrote from Naban, Mass. to Sam, enclosing a few extracts of a literary work by three ladies for him to consider. The publisher had told them it sounded like a copy of Mark Twain [MTP]. **After May 22** Sam replied. "They have applied much too late. Many & many a girl has made the same application, but their work has in all cases been marred by a fatal defect—destitution of originality" [MTP].

Harry E. Brittain wrote on The Pilgrims, Savoy Hotel letterhead, London to ask Sam if he might join them for an informal luncheon, say Tuesday, June 25, during his London stay [MTP].

Oscar T. Crosby wrote for the **New York Electric Music Co.** to Sam. "Perhaps kind-hearted people should not have their suggestions remembered against them. I cannot however, forget the pleasant words you spoke to me about the Telharmonic System, when I had the pleasure of dining with you at the house of our mutual friend, the Benjamins." Crosby asked if Sam could offer "a word" to the city authorities, or to Mayor McClellan personally, in favor of the Co. wiring the city [MTP]. **After May 22** Sam replied.

I do not know the mayor personally, & am therefore diffident about addressing him directly. But I should be willing, & not only willing, but also glad to have anyone convey to him my conviction which is this: that the telharmonium is destined to be an even greater benefactor to the human race than the telephone & the telegraph, since only a minority of the race can afford the ministrations of that majestic pair of public servants, whereas the whole race, excepting only its paupers, can afford the telharmonium [MTP].

Alice Minnie Herts wrote for the Educational Alliance to ask Miss Lyon if Clemens would set a date for their special performance of his play (*P&P*) before he left for England. They proposed Tuesday, Nov. 19 [MTP].

R.G. Inerwell wrote on Church of the Ascension Parish House stationery, NYC to Miss Lyon that the case of "Mr. J....was not a proper one for Mr. Clemens to assist." He referred to Lyon's note of May 14; and that Mrs. **Alice McGregor Mueller** "has the reputation of being a 'begging letter' writer..." [MTP].

John Y. W. MacAlister for *Library Magazine*, a London quarterly, wrote to Sam.

Herewith is the greeting of the Right Honble. The Lord Mayor of London, who commands me to say that your agent in advance must have made a curious mistake in saying that you propose to start back on the date he has fixed to entertain you at the Mansion House. Surely you can stay over for one more week. If you don't it will be a cruel disappointment to your Brother Savages [MTP].

George Thomson Wilson for **Pilgrims NY** wrote to Sam that he'd rec'd a cable from **Harry E. Brittain**, secretary of The Pilgrims, London, requesting Sam to be guest at a luncheon during his visit [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Cable & say to the Pilgrims, wont you consult Whitelaw Reid consulting a date. .. Not proper etiquette to place a ambassador in 2nd line / hastily said in cable..."

May 23 Thursday – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam sent two telegrams to **George Thomson Wilson**, Secretary of the **Pilgrim Club, N.Y.** branch that he would be glad to be the guest of the **London Pilgrims** for lunch any date between **June 18 and June 28**; his second note asked Wilson to cable the London Pilgrims to pin the luncheon date to either **June 21 or 22**, and cable Sam their acceptance [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: ~~Nothing but shopping & buzzing & flying around doing or un-doing things.~~ Santa and I started for Redding today, but it began to rain before we reached Branchville and so she took train right straight back again. I went on with Mr. Coe and Mr. Turner, for J. Howells had missed his train and we found the place lovelier than ever, for the apple trees were in bloom and it was a day full of beautiful atmosphere. We ate a Brevoort luncheon, up on the hilltop, and then when J.H. did arrive at 2 o'clock we dug each a tiny shovel of earth on the appointed spot. I and J.H. and Mr. Coe and AB and Mr. Sunderland and Mr. Turner, and then they poured in some whiskey, I wonder why? While we were waiting for J.H. to arrive we wandered around over the place and found some exquisite building sites and quite out of the range of the King's house [MTP TS 58-59]. *Note:* Lounsbury was not included in her entry, but Coe and Sunderland were; compare to below.

John Mead Howells, Isabel Lyon, Albert Bigelow Paine, and Harry A. Lounsbury, contractor and Redding neighbor, held an informal ground-breaking ceremony for the Redding house that would become Stormfield. Hill writes they poured whiskey into the first shovel hole. Sam did not attend, and may have objected to such a use for a good drink; Mac Donnell calls it "prophetic" [Hill 172; Mac Donnell 4].

J.W. Kelley, President of the Denver Colo. Press Club wrote "a gushing request" for Sam's autograph. Allowing four days for postal service, Sam's reply is given here as **ca. May 27** [MTP].

George Grantham Bain wrote from NYC to Sam that they had a request from the *Strand Magazine* "for photographs of yourself in your home, with your family, with your amanuensis, the exterior of your house or any photographs connected with your home life." Would he allow their photographer to take such pictures? [MTP].

George Thomson Wilson for Pilgrims of NY wrote to Sam having rec'd his "good telegram of to-day in response to my letter of yesterday, and of cabling to...Brattain of the London Pilgrims that you will accept their invitation to be their guest at luncheon on any day between June 18th and 28th" [MTP].

Thomas Wardle wrote from England to Sam, having heard of his upcoming visit, and expressing "that it will give me and my daughter the greatest pleasure to have you again at Swainsley..." [MTP].

Sixteen-year-old **Floyd Wiedermann**, and "very interested" in Mark Twain books, wrote from Harvey, Ill., hoping for a reply [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

May 24 Friday – **Tuxedo, N.Y.:** **Isabel Lyon's journal:** The King was glad to have me come home again, and said he had not been able to fraternize with his food because it isn't pleasant to eat alone.

I came home reeking with weariness at 10:45, and irritated at finding the front door locked. But there was cause for it, for a thief had been in the house the night before. He had entered the girls' rooms—had tracked his route with candle grease which showed that he had been to the King's very room and had opened the door and looked at him. We're nervous now and the sense of security is clear away. I found the girls in excitement, and the King calmly dictating about it. Then we had a splendid talk about my New York adventures and the King wasn't a bit concerned about the Boztell affair and he was interested in the Redding house. But I'm afraid there won't be neighbors enough there. It is beautiful [MTP TS 59]. *Note:* Boztell affair, if not the burglar, is not known.

Roi Cooper Megrue for Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Miss Lyon, enclosing Miss Marbury's check for \$75, the share rec'd from **Ernest Hendrie** for the *Hadleyburg* performances [MTP].

George A. Quimby wrote on The Continental Ins. Co. letterhead, NYC to Sam, marking the letter, "Personal." He was the son of **Phineas P. Quimby** who practiced the belief that illness could be "cured by a process of reasoning" long before Eddy saw him. "I have documents to prove, and whatever of this is incorporated in Christian Science, Mrs. Eddy got from him. Briefly, had there been no Phineas P. Quimby, there would never have been any Christian Science" [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

May 25 Saturday – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam drafted a telegram to **George Thomson Wilson**, Secretary of the Pilgrim Club, N.Y. branch: "Please cable Secretary Brittain for me 25th suits me exactly" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Every morning the King tells me his adventures, or lack of them, of the night before. It's a dear trait and he takes you so into his confidence when he explains that 3 times his logs broke into a gaudy fire and 3 times he drenched them so with water that he feared the blue ceiling down stairs would be ruined. At first he used his full vocabulary of swear words, oh there never was such a profane pressure—it lessened and finally he hadn't a word to say. He is lovely in his white clothes these days. We are making plans for his sailing on the 8th. I've been ordering his clothes and attending to so many precious duties for him. He is the world wonder [MTP TS 60].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote to Sam advising that he'd rec'd a letter from "one of Liverpool's leading men," a friend of Ashcroft's, asking if Sam would "accept the freedom of the city, and a Lord Mayor's banquet, and all sorts of frills." [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Have already declined by cable"

Spectator ran an anonymous article, "Mark Twain" p. 825-6. Tenney: "An enthusiastic but rather superficial survey of MT's life and works for English readers when MT came to England to receive an honorary doctoral degree from Oxford" [43].

Andrew Lang's article, "At the Sign of St. Paul's," ran in *Illustrated London News*, p. 798. Tenney gives us the brief note, in full: "The great American humorist, who has just passed his seventieth birthday, comes to Oxford this summer to receive the degree of D.C.L." [44].

May 26 Sunday – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam replied to daughter **Jean**, whose incoming is not extant.

It saddened me, too, dearest Jean, to go away from you, & it has saddened me since to think about it. But I hope this is the last far journey I shall ever have to take. And indeed I would not take this one if I could avoid it.

I have accepted only 2 public dinners in London, & it is my purpose to limit myself to those two. They are the Pilgrims & the Ambassador. I am declining by cable the invitation of the City of Liverpool & its lord mayor. I have declined house-hospitalities in London & shall stop at Brown's hotel.

I have a very kind letter from Lord Curzon, Chancellor of Oxford University, in which he says, "in persuading you to accept the degree I feel that in reality the honors will be paid to us, by one who has always set before himself the highest standards of literary work, & for nearly half a century has made and incomparable addition to the pleasure of the English-speaking race."

Yes indeed, I will send you a cable as soon as I reach London. I shall not forget, dear heart.

With heaps of love & hugs & kisses— [MTP].

Sam had learned of the death of **James Norman Gillis (Jim)** and used his **A.D.** hours to dictate a long piece—eulogy with stories attributed to him; Jim Gillis and the inedible fruit; Jim challenged a man to a

duel; the segment was selected for *MTE* [358-72; May 27 to Hampton]. *Note*: Jim's brother **William R. Gillis** survived him and wrote a 1931 reminiscence, *Gold Rush Days with Mark Twain*. See entries Vol. 1.

Isabel Lyon's journal: We are having a tiresome time with Miss Hobby who does seem to be more kinds of an idiot than most stenographers are. When Mr. Clemens does not use her then I do, for my clerical work does not diminish as my other duties increase. She does not like to take my dictations, and is very sour. However — [MTP TS 60]. *Note*: Lyon ended this entry abruptly, as if interrupted.

John Quincy Adams (b. 1848) wrote on Hotel Marlton, NYC stationery to Sam, having heard of the Redding house construction. Adams recommended a landscape artist, **John Nolen**, who lived in Cambridge, Mass. [MTP]. *Note*: Adams was not shown as relating to the famous Adams family or his namesake in the 1906-1907 Who's Who in America. His residence is shown as 151 W. 117th NYC and office: Old Flag House, Phila. He was a Public School lecturer and candidate for Congress, 14th NY district, 1896, Democrat. One of the founders of Founders and Patriots of America; also Betsy Ross Memorial Assoc.

May 27 Monday – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam wrote to **Marjorie Bowen** (pseud. for **Gabrielle Margaret Vere Long**) giving his London address, **Brown's Hotel**.

"I shall be in England 10 days—June 18–28—and I think you will have to do as the American girls do: waive youth, sex, & the other conventions, & call on me. Yes, & telephone me when you are coming: otherwise we shall fail to collide, for I shall be a very busy person" [MTP: Cyril Clemens, *Mark Twain: The Letter Writer*, 1932 p.130].

Sam also replied to **Crittenden Hampton** in Sonora, Calif. (Hampton's not extant).

I dictated a long and admiring and affectionate chapter about Jim Gillis, yesterday, and some day or other, in the by and by, it will appear in my Autobiography. It will then be seen that I, and perhaps not another person in the world, knew Jim Gillis for what he was, namely: a man with a fine, and I may even say wonderful imagination, and that he was also a born humorist of the first order. Of course Jim must have known that he was a humorist, but I am quite sure that he never once suspected that his place was in the top rank of the guild.

I thank you very much for your letter [MTP]. *Note*: see Hampton's additional note of **May 29**.

Sam also replied to the May 11 from **Lyman Pierson Powell**.

Oh dear, no,—what the Oakland *Herald* and the American Queen may think about my motives is far from being a matter of importance to me. In these 40 years my motives have often been exposed by the press, but I have not minded it, & I do not remember ever having printed a word in reply or defence.

I do not mind revealing to you that ten years ago when I was penniless & owed a fortune I wrote a book purposely to get money wherewith to reduce that burden; but all my other books were written mainly & *primarily* to get pleasure out of writing them. When I carried the X Science book to the Harpers, 5 years ago, they asked me not to insist upon its publication, they being afraid it could hurt their house by antagonizing the Scientists. I did not insist, but left them to choose their own time—which they did. They have issued it now, without any urgencies from me. I do not believe that really pure people, like those Herald & Queen immaculates, would write a book merely to get money; but I would, if I were needy, because I am used to acting disgraceful, & don't mind it; but so long as I continue to dig \$70,000 a year out of the Harpers on magazine stuff & old copyrights you will always find me acting respectable. Even to the verge of good grammar.

No, dear Dr. Powell, let me not interrupt those frolicky gents; they like to hear themselves talk, & it doesn't discommode me [MTP].

Sam also replied to the May 7 from **Florence Duncan Jones** in Staten Island:

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

Dear Madam: / I have read the first half of the article but it does not interest me; because, to me, reasonings from Christian Science are as vain and empty and wearisome as are discussions of theology. I have no reverence for theologies and I take no interest in them. I take a strong and indestructible interest in Mrs. Eddy. But this is merely because she is picturesque and unusual. I take the same interest in Satan [Note: See also May 7. This copy varies from what was written on Jones' letter, a somewhat more colorful version. This is likely the final wording.]

Sam also wrote to **Francis H. Skrine** in London.

Indeed I have not forgotten my old friends & admirers & shall be very glad to meet them again.

....

I should be exceedingly glad to enjoy the shelter of your roof, but I shall have to go to a hotel (Brown's) instead, because I shall have to be on tap to a good many friends & shall be in England only 10 days [MTP: Silverman catalogs, No. 18, July 2000, Item 17].

Sam also cabled the **City of Liverpool** to decline an invitation of the **Lord Mayor**. The cable is not extant but announced he was "declining by cable" in his May 26 to Jean.

Isabel Lyon wrote instructions for a reply to **Robert Lutz's May 13**. "At the end of a month or so write to Col. Harvey F. Sq. who will be in American by the middle of July & he can discuss the matter with Clemens" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Went to town" [MTP TS 60].

May Cline wrote from Philipsburg, NJ to ask Sam for his help in getting the poems published—of her "chum—a dear fellow now in Japan—Raley Husted Bell—perhaps you know him..." [MTP]. Note: Lyon wrote on the letter: "Answd June 6, '07"

Katharine I. Harrison wrote to Sam. "I have bought the 400 Anaconda, as you requested—200 at 60 and 200 at 59, as per enclosed bills. I am returning you the balance of your money, namely, \$6,150., having no further order. I will hold the stock until I hear from you" [MTP].

John Mead Howells wrote to Sam [MTP]. Note: not found at MTP.

Florence Duncan Jones wrote to Sam [MTP]. Note: not found at MTP.

Jervis Langdon II wrote to congratulate Sam on the Oxford honor, and asked for the balance (\$2,500) for his stock subscription to the Hope-Jones Organ Co. Of course, prospects were good [MTP].

Miss **Silly W. Silverstein** wrote from Syracuse, NY to Sam. He was the owner of *The Celebrated Jumping Frog* published by C.H. Webb in 1868 and wanted to know if it was his first publication [MTP]. Note: Lyon wrote on the letter: "Answrd July 30, '07"

Charles Warren Stoddard wrote from Monterey, Calif. to Sam having read of their "London life" experiences in his Autobiography chapters in *NAR*, which had made Stoddard famous there—everyone wanted to shake his hand which was somewhat embarrassing. He'd thought his reputation had been made many years before by the publication of *South Sea Idles*, but the *NAR* made it grow. He'd never made any money from his writings, and only a slight amount from *Idles*. The *NAR* issues were scarce there [MTP].

George Thomson Wilson for Pilgrims NY. wrote to Sam still trying by cables back and forth to **Harry E. Brittain**, to pin down a date for the luncheon in London with the London Pilgrims [MTP].

May 27 ca. – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam replied to the **May 23** of **J.W. Kelley of the Denver Press Club's** request for autograph:

“Write on it: Mark Twain Dean of the planet's journalism; joined the guild in 1849, aged 14, & has not broken the connection in 58 years.” [MTP]. *Note:* this may have been instructions to Lyon.

May 28 Tuesday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** “Went to town” [MTP TS 60].

Frederick D. Wardle wrote to Sam (c/o Chatto & Windus) on Town Clerk's Office, Guildhall, Bath stationery to Sam.

“We are anxious to make use of you when you come over to add to the renown and attractions of the City by unveiling a tablet to one or other of the famous literary men who have at one time lived in Bath...probably rest between Bulwer Lytton, Thackeray, Sheridan, Smollett or Dr Johnson”—did Sam have a preference? [MTP]. *Note:* Frederick was the Town Clerk and son of Thomas Wardle; see May 23 for the latter.

May 29 Wednesday – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam wrote to **H.H. Rogers**.

Dear Admiral: / Why hang it, I am not going to see you & Mrs. Rogers at all in England! It is a great disappointment. I leave there a month from now—June 29. No, I *shall* see you; for by your itinerary you are most likely to come to London June 21st or along there. So that is very good & satisfactory. I have declined all engagements but two—Whitelaw Reid (dinner) June 21, and the Pilgrims (lunch), June 25. The Oxford ceremony is June 26. I have paid my return passage in the Minne-something, but it is just possible that I may want to stay in England a week or two longer—I can't tell, yet. I do very much want to meet-up with the boys for the last time.

Harry is getting along all right; I was there three or four days ago & saw him.

Mr. Vanderbilt is back in New York & doubtless has invited Mr. Cleveland in behalf of the Fulton Association. I have already invited him in behalf of the Kanawha.

I have signed the contract for the building of the house on my Connecticut farm & specified the cost-limit, & work has been begun. The cost has to all come out of a year's installments of Autobiography₁ in the N. A. Review.

Clara is winning her way to success & distinction with sure-steady strides. By all accounts she is singing like a bird, & is not afraid of the concert stage any more.

Jean will never be well, but is contented & happy where she is & does not want to see the city again.

Miss Lyon runs Clara, & Jean & me, & the servants, & the housekeeping, & the house-building, & the secretary work, & remains as extraordinarily competent as ever. Mr. Broughton—after his characteristically engaging & Broughtonian fashion—was elaborately courteous & courtly to her on sight (there at his office) & said he was intemperately eager to help her run my stock-affairs, & even threatened to take her out to lunch at his club some day. I think Miss Lyon is a flirt—& Broughton the same.

Tuxedo is a charming place; I think it hasn't its equal anywhere.

Very best wishes to you both [MTHHR 625-6]. *Note:* Sam's ship was the *SS Minnesota*. **Cornelius Vanderbilt** was the President and Sam the vice president of the **Robert Fulton Monument Assoc.** A celebration was planned for the **Sept. 23, 1907** at **The Jamestown Exposition** in Virginia.

After May 29 Sam replied to **Constance Clyde** at the Writers Club in London, whose request is undated. “I should dearly like to write it, but I am too rusty on the facts now, & have forgotten where to look for them. But your suggestion is a high compliment to me, & I prize it & thank you for it” [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Calls. Yes we made calls, and found the Ronaldses at home, just back from getting a new mobile. It's a lovely house. Mr. Clemens is carried away by the loveliness of this place. He says he has never seen so beautiful a place in all his travels. To me it is the expression of artificiality and great wealth; and I'm beginning to feel a hankering, a great quiet longing for Dublin and the upper pasture and the road leading to the Raynor Cottage. There I was almost-a-free creature of the hills. Here I am a gloved and card-cased thing [MTP TS 60-61].

Harry E. Brittain wrote to Sam confirming June 25 as the luncheon date with the Pilgrims, London [MTP].

Ralph Danenhower for Frank N. Doubleday wrote to Sam, sending six copies of "What is Man?" and furnishing **Rudyard Kipling's** address, Batesman's Burwash, Sussex, England [MTP].

Therese Girand wrote from Katonah, NY to Miss Lyon about **Jean** and doing errands for her when going to NYC [MTP].

Crittenden Hampton wrote to Sam shortly **before this date**. Hampton was an attorney in Tuolumne County, Calif. He wrote to advise of the passing of **Jim Gillis** and related that Jim's one letter from Mark Twain was the prize of his life [MTP].

Harper & Brothers wrote to Sam that **Baron Tauchnitz** asked if he could publish *CS*—would Sam give permission? [MTP]. *Note:* Sam answered the following day.

Howells & Stokes wrote to Sam and **John Mead Howells** enclosed a handwritten note to Lyon—all concerning "the possibility of constructing the open veranda to the west with the extra bedroom and bath above" [MTP].

John Japp, Mayor of Liverpool, England, wrote to Sam, offering "the hospitality of our Town Hall, on your arrival here or at any time during your English visit," hoping regardless of Sam's prior cable, that he might reconsider [MTP]. *Note:* Sam enclosed Japp's letter and also Japp's June 14 in his June 19 reply.

H.L. Pangborn wrote (not extant) from 48 Wall St., N.Y.C. to Sam [MTP]. **On or after this date** Sam replied: "Your note about our lost hell is a refreshing breeze to me. It was the most valuable thing we had, & I do not think we have anything to live for now— / Sincerely yours" [MTP].

In his **A.D.** for this day Sam commented on **John Burroughs** (1837-1921), ed. *Songs of Nature*. Gribben: "Burroughs is 'a heavyweight' who intimates that 'he knows more about an animal than the animal knows about itself'" [117]. *Note:* See also May 30; Sam also mentioned **William Joseph Long's** nature books and observed that at least he wrote from his own observations, his only fault being a tendency to overestimate the intelligence of the creatures he described [419]. Sam's **A.D.** also included a remark about **Theodore Roosevelt**: "If he should die now, he would be mourned as no ruler has been mourned save Nero" [677].

Of the selections from Twain's **A.D.**'s, DeVoto selected about half of the materials not chosen before by Paine to be included in *Mark Twain in Eruption* (1940); among DeVoto's choices, was "Naturalist and Nature-Fakir," dictated this day, which criticized Roosevelt's attack of naturalist **William Joseph Long**, and of other criticism of Theodore Roosevelt, including **Executive Order 78**, which established military pensions for all veterans, disabled or not, between the ages of 62 and 70, at a cost of about five million per year. Sam saw the order as a naked grab for votes. Sam Clemens was no socialist [19-22].

May 30 Thursday – Sam replied to **Harper's** of May 29: *Note*: Lyon wrote on the letter: "If the London people will just ask C&W [Chatto & Windus] they will find that they can let Harpers know. They transferred" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Days and weeks are passing and I am not writing a word about the most wonderful creature in the world, but I'll try to hark back. He is in love with Tuxedo.

Today, as well as yesterday, when we were driving around making calls, he was like a young creature who had been caged for years. At Mrs. Alfred Seton's today the talk plunged at once into the fact that there is no such thing as "will power" and the King waxed fine and strong, but they were bent on convincing him that he had not convinced them and couldn't convince them in 25 years. They cared so much for their own point of view that they couldn't comprehend his. Then we went to the Rogerses. H.H. has had a postprandial operation for some private thing that the King as forgotten the name of, but we found him well enough to be down stairs and so we went in and chatted, until a crowd of young creatures came in. Then home we came very tired and both of us in bed by 8:30 [MTP TS 61].

In his **A.D.** for this day, Sam referred to several notable naturalists: the extraordinary mind of Aristotle [Gribben 27]. Sam Also commented on **John Burroughs**, ed. *Songs of Nature*. "Burroughs...backs up his assertions merely by his 'say-so'" [117]. *Note*: See May 29 on Burroughs. Sam mentioned Also the 14th Century naturalist, Sir **John Mandeville** (pseud. of an unknown compiler); Sam's copy of *Early Travels in Palestine* (1848) includes Mandeville's account of his journey to the Holy Land [448]. Sam also asserted that "Natural history is ... not an exact science," and no naturalist can post as an "unassailable authority"—not even Aristotle, Pliny, or Sir John Mandeville [550].

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May 31 Friday – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Robert Underwood Johnson**. "Mr. Clemens asks me to say that he cannot serve an active part in the Academy, & so regrets that he is not able to send in any nominations. He believed that his Silence would be an answer" [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Mrs. William Wooster** in Crisfeld, Md. "I do not read my letters, they are all read to me by my Secretary. The replies that shall be sent are determined by me. I think they are never vague, but deal in straight & definite statements easily understandable" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Santa arrived and we had a dinner tonight. Oh, such a dinner. Father Fitzsimmons, Rev. Percy Grant and a tired bored King. So tired and so bored that he nearly exploded, but he made a fine fight, and talked about Jews, and filled us with admiration over his statistics. Percy Grant had decided to return home that night, which meant we had to sit up until 11:40 and we sweated, forcing talk. The King sat under the electric light, his face luminously tired, and his eyes black as coal under his great brows—the eyebrows every fool of a barber wants to trim, and the King quietly declines to have it done [MTP TS 61-62].

Harper & Brothers wrote to Sam. "Your letter of yesterday is at hand. / In reply, we beg leave to say that we are writing to our London house, in the line of your letter, in regard to Baron Tauchnitz's application for permission to publish" CS "in his Continental Library" [MTP].

Katharine I. Harrison wrote to Sam. "I think the enclosed check from the United States Steel Corporation for \$350., Preferred stock dividend, belongs to you. Will you kindly have your Certificate made in your own name, so that your check will be sent direct to you" [MTP].

Charles J. Langdon wrote on Hotel Manhattan, NYC letterhead to Sam, enclosing check for \$25 to "cover one Atlanta Gas coupon, due Juen 1st, to the estate of Susie Clemens...Don't let those English boys over there get any the best of you. Remember that you are not Oliver Wendell Holmes" [MTP].

June – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam wrote to daughter **Jean**, who evidently was dissatisfied at Katonah, and also unhappy with **Isabel V. Lyon**.

Jean dear, if your mother were here she would know how to think for you and plan for you and take care of you better than I do; but we have lost her, and a man has no competency in these matters. I have to have somebody in whom I have confidence to attend to every detail of my daily affairs for me except my literary work. I attend to not one of them myself; I give the instructions and see that they are obeyed. I give Miss Lyon instructions—she does nothing of her own initiative. When you blame her you are merely blaming me—she is not open to criticism in the matter. When I find that you are not happy in that place I instruct her to ask Drs. [Frederick] Peterson and Hunt to provide a change for you, and she obeys the instructions. In her own case I provide no change, for she does all my matter well, and although they are often delicate or difficult she makes no enemies, either for herself or for me. I am not acquainted with another human being of whom this could be said. It would not be possible for any other person to see reporters and strangers every day, refuse their requests, and yet send them away good and permanent friends to me and to herself—but I should make enemies of many of them if I tried to talk with them. The servants in the house are her friends, they all have confidence in her: and not many people can win and keep a servant's friendship and esteem—one of your mother's highest talents. All Tuxedo likes Miss Lyon—the hackmen, the aristocrats and all. She has failed to secure your confidence and esteem and I am sorry. I wish it were otherwise, but it is no argument since she has not failed in any other person's case. One failure to fifteen hundred successes means that the fault is not with her.

I am anxious that Dr. Peterson shall place you to your satisfaction, and I have not a doubt that he will find such a place if it exists. God Almighty alone is responsible for your temperament, your malady, and all your troubles and sorrows. I cannot blame you for them and I do not.

Lovingly and compassionately, / Your Father [MTP].

Putnam's Magazine ran an article by **John Mead Howells**: "Mark Twain's House—to Be Built at Redding, Connecticut," p. 376. "From a drawing in red chalk by the architect, John Mead Howells" (Son of William Dean Howells). Tenney: "On pp. 377-378, there are a report of Albert Bigelow Paine's plans to live nearby, an extract from the New York TIMES on details of the house, and the report that MT does not plan to look at the house until it is complete and furnished, with the cat purring on the hearth before the fire" [Tenney: "A Reference Guide Second Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1978 p. 175-6].

In late June **Ernest A. Ebbelwhite for Worshipful Soc. Gardeners, London** sent Sam an engraved invitations to meet the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs at Dinner at Fishmonger's Hall, London Bridge, Tuesday July 9 at 7 p.m [MTP].

Seumas McManus wrote to Sam. "I thank you, sincerely, dear Mr. Clemens, for your beautiful words, written in my autograph book" [MTP].

June 1 Saturday – **Isabel Lyon's journal**: Will came out today and there was very great music in the afternoon. The piano is down in hall and from my 3rd story I slipped down a flight, I had on a long thin black silk gown that made a little swish, just enough for the King who stood in his underdrawers in the 2nd hall, to hear and make him look up at me with his eyes shining with delight. He had come home from Mary Rogers's and had gone to bed tired. I was picking wild azalea up on the bank (for the great mass of dogwood on the table the night before had cut off his view of every face, and he wanted to pick it up and throw it out the window), when he came slowly up the hill, and went right to bed, so there he stood in the hall listening to Santa. He had slipped off his trousers and stockings and he had his yellow calabash pipe in his hand. It is so true, that the ruts people complain that I am in because I don't holiday more, are far higher than their greatest heights [MTP TS 62-63]. *Note*: **Charles E. Wark**, "Will" was Clara's touring pianist.

Athenaeum ran an anonymous review of *King Leopold's Soliloquy*, p. 664. Tenney: "Very brief review. Declares that 'Mark Twain is a serious writer of considerable courage as well as a humorist,' and his pamphlet is 'a trenchant satire'" [43].

Isabel Lyon gave Sam a copy of *Puck of Pook's Hill*, by **Rudyard Kipling** (1906), and he thought he saw resemblances in it to parts of his "Mysterious Stranger" manuscripts [Gribben 381: Lyon's journal].

Howells & Stokes wrote to Sam about problems with the excavation of the Redding house [MTP].

June 2 Sunday – Isabel Lyon's journal: Santa left at 3:14 and I came back to build a fire in my study and to settle down and read Dr. Long's reply to Roosevelt's attack on his books of nature[.] I went to sleep in the chaise lounge and rested some weary things within me, and went down at 7 o'clock to a solitary dinner, for the King had lunched with the Rogers's. To my delight the King came wandering into the room with the salad, and then he talked steadily until after 10. He'd like to have Paine double column one or 2 of Long's books with one or two of Roosevelt's and he wants to write an article himself on this debate. After dinner we talked in the library. He wants to take the "Mysterious Stranger" MS over for Kipling to see, for parts of it are represented in "Puck of Pook's Farm" that I took down to the King last night. Then he talked about missionaries, with not much respect for them [MTP TS 63]. *Note:* The references here are to the **Theodore Roosevelt-William Joseph Long** clash over Long's nature books. Gribben gives Long (1867-1952) and lists his *Beasts of the Field* (1901) among Twain's library [419].

June 3 Monday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to **Chatto & Windus**. "Mr. Clemens asks me to write for him & say that he must refer you to the London Harpers, and say to them that he has no objection himself to the cheaper edition of the three books you mention; but that as he is a sort of partner of the Harpers, he cannot give his consent without consulting them" [MTP].

Sam also wrote an invitation to **H.H. Rogers, Jr. and Mary B. Rogers**, also in Tuxedo Park, N.Y.

The pleasure of the company of

Mr. & Mrs. H. H. Rogers, jr.

is requested at luncheon at the Voss domicile on Wednesday, 1.30 p. m. to meet Mr. Clemens, the celebrated humorist.

Informal

Dress not necessary.

Only clothes [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal quoted the above invitation: Here at 6:15 the King came slipping up to my room with just his silk underclothes on—such a beautiful man he is—with a little invitation for Mary and Harry Rogers to lunch here on Wednesday—"to meet the celebrated humorist" [quote of last 3 lines of above invitation here]. He said this morning that he'd like to have Miss Hobby hurry and finish copying the "Mysterious Stranger" ms., "like to have her pull off that job in a hurry as the prophet used to say."

He is my most complete delight. Evenings he sits in the living room under the great electric light and he seems to be all the colors of soap bubbles, for there is a great red shade that excludes the light from every one but the King [MTP TS 64].

John B. Downing wrote from Middleport, Ohio. to Sam, enclosing a clipping ("Londoner Remembers Old Times on the River" about **John E. Rowland**) sent to him from Daytona, Fla. By Dr. **G.E. Watton**.

On arrival at Baltimore, several took me by the hand calling me 'Mr. Clemens' etc, by which I learned you were being entertained by the Governor and wife. Col Latham, Wm R Hoel and Belden were with you on the Quaker City after which you wrote 'Innocents Abroad'—all from Cincinnati & all dead. Is this correct? I was a Cub under Hoel who with the others named went up in a balloon and had their ribs broke. On George Smiths farm near Waymouth Ohio. I was to go on Quaker City with above named party but got broke, on *Poker* and am reformed now; like Bob Taylor, Gov of Tenn occasionally speak a piece and play the fiddle. Of course, you remember Rowland, —*Downing* [MTP].

Ella McMahon wrote to Sam on a card pasted with an article from the *NY Sun* for June 3, “An English Opinion of Samuel L. Clemens. / From the Spectator.” The article recalled Sam’s involvement in the Batavia disaster, and spoke to the upcoming Oxford degree. “But he is above all, the fearless, upholder of all that is clean, noble, straightforward, innocent and manly...Mark Twain ...stands for all that Englishmen like best.” Ella wrote one sentence under the clipping “‘So say we all of us’ – an American echo voiced by yours truly” [MTP].

June 4 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: We dined with the Ronalds’s tonight. She was like a pretty marquise, and it was nice to fly along home in the electric jigger. The King was in behind a bank of green stuff and so I couldn’t see him at all, but he wore his white clothes, and was beautiful to look upon. I came home very much exhausted and threw myself on the bed in my evening gown to read a letter from Mother...[MTP TS 64].

Bliss Carman, wrote to Sam. “If you should meet Mr. [Mitchell] Kinnerly, who is to be a fellow passenger with you on Saturday, pray recognize him as one of the decent people of the world” [MTP].

Oscar T. Crosby wrote for the **New York Cahill Telharmonic Co.** to Sam thanking him for his kind words which would be helpful when transmitted to the Mayor [MTP]. See After May 22 for Sam’s earlier reply.

K. Minoura wrote from Tokyo, Japan on “Hochi Shimbun” letterhead (“The Oldest News Paper In Japan”) to ask Sam for “A few words from your pen” on any “opinion on things Japanese” [MTP].

June 5 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Tonight we dined at the Mortimers in a *very* beautiful house, 16 of us. I sat between Dr. Rushmore and Mr. Pell, and had a very good time. They have wonderful pewter there and great stone carved fireplaces. It was a very formal dinner, and so the King wore black. Tomorrow we start for N.Y. [MTP TS 65]. *Note:* **Edward C. Rushmore**. The Tuxedo Club 1908 book lists five men named Pell; **Herbert C. Pell** as a founder of the Club.

J.W. Bothwell wrote to **Theo. De Vinne & Co.** [MTP]. (Previously catalogued as to Clemens).

June 6 Thursday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Today we came into town to begin the preparations for England. It’s a good thing that Ashcroft can go with him, but it has been making me heart-sick I think. I drifted into a headache and staggered about the house, but went down to dinner. Mr. Wark was here, and Mr. Paine, and after dinner the King led the way at once to the billiard room. I sat with those 2 sweet children for awhile and they gave me a ring, a lapis lazuli, in a quaint setting. I went to the billiard room for a very little while to show my new ring and to watch that darling game, but I couldn’t stay long, for the fiery red snake was feeding its way up into my head, and my bed was the best place on earth [MTP TS 65]. *Note:* **Charles E. Wark**, “Will,” Clara’s pianist.

John A. Kirlicks wrote from Houston, Tex to Sam, somewhat upset that his poem had been returned by the *Century Magazine*. “I now enclose it to you to make such use of it as your judgment suggests in giving it the broadest circulation” [MTP]. *Note:* The poem is not in the file.

Lyman Pierson Powell wrote from Northhampton, Mass. to thank Sam for his letter, and to advise he’d send his book on Christian Science by Putnam’s when it came out. He claimed he’d gotten closer to Mrs. Eddy than any other critic [MTP].

June 6 after – Butterick Publishing Co. for Theodore Dreiser sent Clemens a printed card announcing that Theodore Dreiser “had taken charge of the editorial departments of *The Delineator*” [MTP].

June 7 Friday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Sam wrote a dedication to **Steve Gillis**: “To / Steve Gillis / with the unabated love / of his oldest friend— / Mark Twain / New York, June 7, 1907” [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Today I'm ill, ill all day, the King went to lunch with David Munro and one or two or three or 4 others. Maj. Leigh and ABP. Before he left he came and sat with me, and when he came back and I was showing the packing of the King's trunk to Ashcroft he brought me a great pink rose that had been a part of the dinner decoration and AB brought me another. He had pounded out his feelings about Roosevelt and was great, so the applause was heavy. I got up in time for dinner, the King's last dinner before his sailing, and sat with him in his room as he smoked his long calabash pipe. Just sat there and pretended to talk, there were a few things to make an excuse over. It is always so peaceful in the King's room, there is something so soothing in his smoking [MTP TS 65-66].

Educational Theatre For Children sent a telegram wishing Sam a pleasant voyage & safe return [MTP].

Stephen Leacock wrote from Orilla, Canada: "Dear Mr. Clemens: The Monthly hasn't come yet; but I look forward to getting it..." [Univ. of Chicago Regenstein Library; copy by Tenney]. *Note:* evidently Clemens had written to Leacock; not extant.

J.W.T. Ley for Dickens Fellowship, London wrote to invite Sam to their Gallery, from July 19 to Aug. 28 [MTP].

Cornelius Vanderbilt for Robert Fulton Monument wrote to Sam acknowledging his "very interesting letter of May 20th regarding the passage of the Bill by the State Legislature of New York, granting our Association the two blocks of land under water on the Hudson River front, for the erection of the Water Gate and Memorial to Robert Fulton." He understood Sam had volunteered to ask Carnegie, while in London, for a liberal subscription [MTP].

Dorothy Butes began a letter to Sam from Alton, N.H. that she finished on **June 8**. She was having "a jolly time" camping in "a rustic cottage overlooking the lake" with 11 other girls. "I hope you will be glad to come back to 'Old New York,' after all your triumphs in London..." [MTP].

In his **A.D.** Sam recalled that his children greatly enjoyed "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" [Gribben 326].

Chapters from "My Autobiography—XIX" ran in the *N.A.R.* p.241-51.

June 8 Saturday – Clara Clemens' 33rd birthday. She saw her father off for England [MTB 1381]

Exactly 40 years from the day he sailed on the *Quaker City*, Sam and **Ralph W. Ashcroft** sailed on the *S.S. Minneapolis* for England [MTHHR 626n1]. **Clara Clemens, Isabel Lyon, and Albert Bigelow Paine** saw the pair off at the pier, Paine having returned from his information-gathering interviews in the West. Paine had heard of Sam's Oxford degree only upon reaching New Orleans on his return to New York [MTB 1377-9]. The *New York Times*, June 9, p.9 reported:

MARK TWAIN SAILS FOR OXFORD HONORS

To be Made a Doctor of Literature by the English University.

TELLS OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Humorist Says It Will Make Some Persons "Sit Up and Take Notice."

Samuel L. Clemens, known to everybody best as "Mark Twain," sailed for England yesterday on the Atlantic Transport liner Minneapolis. On June 26 he will receive from Oxford University the degree of Doctor of Literature, though, as he remarked, that did not mean that he intended to doctor literature.

Mr. Clemens did not wear his famous white suit, and there was a faint suspicion of moisture in his eyes as he declared that this might be his last visit to London.

"I may never go to London again," he said, "until I come back to this sphere again after I am dead, and then I would like to live in London. I spent seven years there, and I am going back to see the boys."

"Do you enjoy idleness?" he was asked.

"Splendidly. I put in two hours a day dictating my autobiography, but I don't want it published until after I am dead. And I want to be thoroughly dead when it is published. No rumors, but really dead. I have made it caustic, fiendish, and as devilish as I possible can. It might be what you call a sensation, for I have spared no one. It will occupy many volumes, and I will go right on writing until I am called to the angels and receive a harp.

"The story of my life will make certain people sit up and take notice, but I will use my influence not to have it published until the children of some of those mentioned in it are dead. I tell you it will be something awful. It will be what you might call good reading."

"Have you included all of Mrs. Eddy's friends?"

"Yes, you will find them all there all right."

At this point the author fished a dilapidated cigar from his pocket and finding it of no use threw it overboard, declaring that he would not smoke again. A moment later he begged a cigar from a friend.

A number of Mr. Clemens's friends hunted for him, quite overlooking him as he stood at the rail. Finally they caught sight of him, and after salutations had been exchanged said: "Where is the white suit? We had been looking for the suit and quite overlooked you."

"Well," said the author, "I have discarded the suit for the moment, but your fears may be set at rest, for I am going to wear it again. I am wearing this overcoat to keep out the heat which isn't here, and as for the style of my clothes they are always selected with due regard to my peculiar style of beauty."

Mr. Clemens will return on the Minneapolis.

The New York *Sun* bested the *Times* and other city papers by putting the story on the front page, June 9

TWAIN OFF TO BE DOCTORED.

Will Keep Writing His Terrible Autobiography Until He Joins the Angels.

Mark Twain sailed yesterday [June 8] aboard the Atlantic Transport liner Minneapolis for London to receive from Oxford University the degree of doctor of literature. He said he was glad to go over and greet his old college chums. He expected to receive his degree on June 26. He had booked himself to start back on the Minneapolis on June 29, but he might stay over a boat or two more if his energy held out.

"Are you doing any work now?" the youngest and most serious reporter asked.

"Work? I retired from work on my seventieth birthday. Since then I have been putting in merely twenty-six hours a day dictating my autobiography, which, as John Phoenix said in regard to his autograph, may be relied on as authentic, as it 'is written exclusively by me[']'. But it is not to be published in full until I am thoroughly dead. I have made it as caustic, fiendish and devilish as possible. It will fill many volumes and I shall continue writing it until the time comes for me to join the angels. It is going to be a terrible autobiography. It will make the hair of some folks curl. But it cannot be published until I am dead and the persons mentioned in it and their children and grandchildren are dead. It is something awful."

"Is Mrs. Eddy mentioned in it?"

"Yes, she's there, all right."

"Can you tell us the names of some of the notables that are here to see you off?"

"I don't know. I am so shy. My shyness takes a peculiar phase. I never look a person in the face. The reason is that I am afraid they may know me and that I may not know them, which makes it very embarrassing for both of us. I always wait for the other person to speak. I know lots of people, but I don't know who they are. It is all a matter of ability to observe things. I never observe anything now. I gave up the habit years ago. You should keep a habit up if you want to become proficient in it. For instance, I was a pilot

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

once, but I gave it up and I do not believe the captain of the Minneapolis would let me navigate his ship to London. Still, if I think that he is not on the job I may go up on the bridge and offer him a few suggestions.”

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Saturday night and the King has gone. He sailed on the Minnesota at 4 o’clock. There were so many reporters about him that we could not stay very long and Santa wanted to come home. It seemed so strange and pitiful to have to leave him. I was lying weak and sick when AB came to tell me that he had seen the dear King surrounded by a hideous lot of people and a man ½ drunk threw his arm around the King’s neck and said he’d known him 40 years ago. I do hope Ashcroft will brace up and take care of him. AB made some photographs of him, and stayed to see the ship move off. It’s *all* wrong to let him go off like that. He is going for honors, but he ought to go with the proper protection too [MTP TS 66].

Dorothy Butes finished her **June 7** camping letter. “We tried crossing the Brook again this morning, for our study-hour, but we fell in!” [MTP].

Jervis Langdon II sent a telegram: “Aunt Sue and all Langdons send love and best wishes for a splendid time” [MTP].

Julia Langdon Loomis sent a telegram: “Father and Edward join me in the deepest affection and best wishes to you” [MTP].

On the first page of the Lyon-Ashcroft MS, Clemens wrote “Major Leigh gave us the first case of Queen Anne whisky June 8/07” [L-A MS]. *Note:* the page contained a list of dates that cases had been acquired, intended as ammunition against Isabel Lyon. **Frederick T. Leigh** of Harpers. The dates: Jan. 8, Feb. 18, Apr. 15, July 22, Aug. 31, Sept., Nov. 3—all 1908. Also Jan. 18, 1909. The total of eleven cases.

The Reader (London) ran a review of “King Leopold’s Soliloquy,” on p. 146. In part:

Mark Twain never jested in grimmer earnest than he does in “King Leopold’s Soliloquy: A Satire” (Unwin, 1s. net). For some years past the administration of the Congo Free State has been a shame to the humanity of Europe, to say nothing of its Christianity; the King of the Belgians reaping an enormous personal profit from it, and wearing the dirty disgrace of it with a beautiful air of martyrdom.

June 8-17 Monday – On board the S.S. Minneapolis en route to England, Sam wrote to Carlotta Welles (whom he dubbed “Charlie”) on a calling card:

“Charlie, dear, you don’t know what you are missing. There’s more than two thousand porpoises in sight, & eleven whales, & sixty icebergs, & both Dippers, & seven rainbows, & all the battleships of all the navies, & me. / SLC” [MTAq 40].

Sam’s A.D. of July wrote of the voyage and of Carlotta (Charlie):

We had a lazy, comfortable, homelike, nine-day passage, over smooth seas, with not enough motion in a thousand miles to make a baby sick. The ships of that line are very large and very steady, and most satisfactorily slow and deliberate. They have spacious decks, and every passenger has a deal more room than he needs; they are freight ships, and have accommodation for only a handful of passengers. This one was full, with only a hundred and fifty-four. Fifty-one of them were college girls, with their protectors, going out on vacation to study Europe. This was pleasant to me, who am rather abnormally partial to young girls. I took care of most of these, and did it very well, as everybody conceded. The pick of the flock was a very pretty and very sweet child of seventeen who looked only fourteen, and who seemed only fourteen, and remained only fourteen to me to the end of the voyage. I selected her before we were out of sight of land, and borrowed her from her three elderly aunts and placed her at my side at the captain’s table, and from that time until the end of the voyage she had no occasion to miss her mother—if I do say it myself that shouldn’t. Her name was

Carlotta but I changed it to Charley, which seemed to me to improve it. She was a gifted and cultivated little creature [MTFWE 11-12].

Also on board was Prof. **Archibald Henderson** of the University of North Carolina. Henderson was on his way to London to gather information on a biography of **George Bernard Shaw** whom Sam would meet on the dock at Tilbury, England. See June 18 entries. Paine also notes Rev. Dr. **Francis Landey Patton**, President of the Princeton Theological Seminary, **Peter Richards**, and some school-girls were on board [MTB 1380]. *Note:* see June 17 for more on Patton and Richards. Henderson would produce three volumes on Shaw, in 1911, 1932, and 1956.

Frederick T. Leigh sent a “Marconigram” telegram to Sam on the *S.S. Minneapolis* sometime during his voyage (June 8 to 18): “Overlooked asking about your favorite fairy story will you telegraph its name” [MTP].

The London Daily Mail also sent a “Marconigram” telegram to Sam on the *S.S. Minneapolis* sometime during his voyage (June 8 to 18): “Should like on business terms 500 words exclusive interview preferably written yourself on aspects American rush Europe and British attraction for yourself our representative meets you Tilbury / Daily Mail” [MTP].

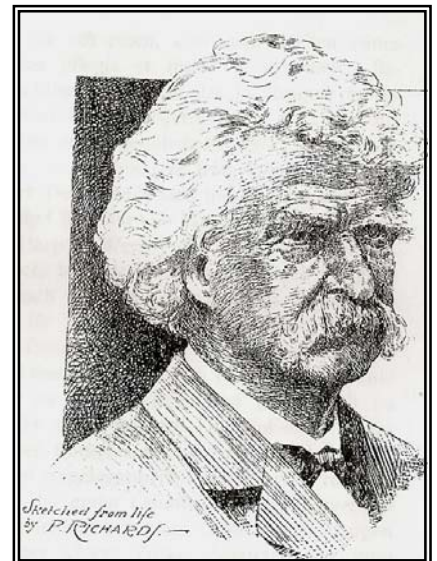
June 9 Sunday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Ah, it was fortunate that Santa and Will [Charles E. Wark] and I went off for a holiday up to the Bronx and to drive at—I cannot remember where. I believe my little remaining reason would have gone for I was growing lonelier with every hour, if we had not had real and new diversion. I shall stay on here until Thurs. or Friday, for now that C.C. has put all the house-keeping into my hands I shall begin tomorrow with these upper rooms [MTP TS 66].

Alice Clinton wrote from London asking if he remembered her and her niece **Muriel Elliot** remembered him “most cordially”—would he “go a little trip on the river” with them sometime during his stay? [MTP].

W. Stillwell inexplicably sent a notice of “Lightning Fatality at Goring” with no other comments [MTP].

June 10 Monday – Peter Richards drew a sketch of Mark Twain sometime during the voyage. See insert, captioned: “*Sketched from life by P. Richards.*”

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Dusting books and cleaning Jean’s closet and thinking of a big plunging ship. A.B. came in to find me on a stepladder, and I so glad to see him, then he left, happily he missed his train and so he came back to go over instalments for the N.A. Review, but he grew tired of that—because he was tired already, so we went up to Boyagian’s [*sic* Boyajian Bros.] to look at mugs and bought one, a Khiva, I believe, for the new old house. At 5 o’clock le grand Howland came in to talk up an Italian trip—a debuting trip, for Santa. It sounds sweeter than anything that could happen to for a young singer, for his scheme, Will said he is afraid it is just that, so I had to use the word plan—is to go to Siena, Padua, Piacenza, Bologna, Venice, Brindisi, Pola and other little cities. Oh, the little cities of Italy. We are all excitement, but Santa is beginning a tonsillitis [MTP TS 67].



Ella M. Glynes sent Sam a luncheon invitation from the **Society of American Women in London** [MTP].

Louis M. Howland wrote to Sam from Paris, addressing him as “Brother Player.” The letter is an appreciation of *JA* with the last paragraph in French [MTP].

Tom Pechey wrote on a mourning card from Tonbridge, England: “Dear old friend. / Wouldn’t you like a chat over old Virginia City Times? My wife and I would be delighted if you would come down to lunch with us” [MTP].

Francis H. Skrine wrote from London to “implore” Sam “not to leave England without giving us a chance of shaking you by the hand, of only for the sake of old times” [MTP].

June 11 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: This morning a man name o’ Johnson came in to talk to me about the King’s first editions. He was sent by Cartoonist Oppen to AB, but not finding either he “bumped the bumps himself” and came along. He wants to make a bibliography of the King’s books. He sees money in it and wants to take me into a kind of partnership—“graft”—the King will say for I have written him a scrap of a note about it. I am so grateful for work, hard work, for now the loneliness is greater as Santa is ill with tonsillitis, really wretchedly ill. She is so enchanting a creature.

Jean got the King to promise that he would cable *her* and not Santa, upon his arrival in England, and Mr. Ashcroft was good enough to say that he’d cable his home office here and have them telephone at once to me. For Jean may or may not bother to let us know. Poor old Jean.

Poor Therese cried bitterly up on my room when she told me of Jean’s unkindnesses. A long, busy, monotonous day, cleaning the guest room.

Took Jean’s new maid Blanche up to her [MTP TS 68].

Lord Avebury (John Lubbock) wrote a short invitation for Sam to visit on the 25th or any day while he was there, and he would “ask a few literary & scientific friends to meet you” [MTP].

Cronin, Reading & Co., Tailors, Plymouth, England wrote to Sam: “Dear Sir / We have been anxiously waiting to hear from you in your account, kindly let us have remittance by return as we cannot possibly let it stand any longer” [MTP]. *Note:* found in Sept. 19, 1907 file from William M. Clemens.

Harry Windsor Dearborn wrote for the Robert Fulton Monument Assoc. that he was sending “two exact copies of the invitations to Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, as well as to Mr. and Mrs. H.H. Rogers” for the Sept. 23 affair [MTP].

W.K. Halstead wrote a postcard from Terre Haute, Ind. appreciating Sam’s Autobiography [MTP].

Rudyard Kipling wrote from Sussex, England,

...so glad to get your note of 31st May and to learn that you are staying at Browns—our pet particular hotel. / My June engagements (which are thick) have obliged me to decline several opportunities of meeting you but I didn’t care so much because we have got to meet in long red gowns and mortarboard caps at Oxford on the 25th June. / It’s delightful to think of you on this side the water and I don’t despair of seeing you down here. You can’t be over for only eleven days... [MTP].

Henry W. Lucy wrote from London enclosing invitations he hoped Sam would accept. Lucy reminded that Clemens had “meanly left New York on the very morning—is it four years ago?—that Mrs. Lucy and I set foot on it’s marble wharfs. So you owe us some compensation” [MTP].

June 12 Wednesday – H.H. Rogers replied from Vichy, France to Sam, likely to his May 29 from Tuxedo Park. He’d rec’d Sam’s letter and thought they would meet in London as he was also invited by Lancaster of Liverpool to the **Pilgrim’s Luncheon**. Rogers family’s plans were to go to Paris on June 19 and to London on June 23, then on to Liverpool on June 27 and sail from Queenstown the next day. He announced if Sam wished to return with them they’d be delighted: “The only essentials this time will be drunkenness, profanity and sodomy” [MTP]. He also wrote about the upcoming Jamestown event:

That Jamestown show will come off as arranged. You and Cleveland and Harry are welcome to everything but if you take on board that fakir from Washington I'll have him dumped from a Water Closet. Where better dung is made. You remember Rice's yard about the Cheese and what was on it [MTHHR 627]. *Note:* fakir was likely T. Roosevelt. Interestingly, Roosevelt had referred to William Joseph Long, nature author, as the "nature fakir" [Gribben 419]; Sam was likely playing off of T.R.'s label.

Calverto's Entertainment Bureau, Glasgow, Scotland wrote to solicit "a short lecture tour" [MTP].

Lillie Planner asked if Clemens could "spare a few minutes" to talk with "a young woman journalist" whom he had met some years before when she was 12 [MTP].

Emilie R. Rogers replied to Sam's letter to H.H. Rogers, that he would be glad to see Sam, "even if it be for a short time, in London," as he expected to be there the evening of the 23rd and they would stay at Claridge's [MTP].

June 13 Thursday – After mailing his letter of the prior day to Liverpool and learning that Sam went to London, not Liverpool, **H.H. Rogers** wrote again from Vichy, France, essentially repeating his news and plans of the prior letter, signing "Admiral" [MTHHR 628].

Isabel Lyon's journal summary: Lyon went to Redding but refused to allow a female to drive her from Branchville to the new house site, as she'd been in two accidents prior with female drivers. Finally a male was there to drive her:

Lounsbury came along and we drove up to the site of the King's house, to find that the new one is a great blunder. Oh, dreadful. I stopped work until I could consult Santa and J.H. [John Howells] and next week we are going up again. AB came up and was as distressed as I was over the position. He took me down to his house for luncheon, a trout out of his brook, and then we went up to my house to meet Gene Adams and consult about the repairs and alterations in my house. Oh, it's so darling, and it is going to be beautiful. It was a day full of good things, in spite of "Bess" and the bad site of the house. I was taken there by Allah and just in time [MTP TS 69].

Professor **John Rhys** (1840-1915) "Principal of Jesus College, Oxford" sent a small card: "I am writing to the curators for the tickets for Lockyer's ladies and for Mr. Clemens's daughter: they will send them here I expect in time and we shall see that the one for Mr. Clemens reaches you [unknown person]. By the way, will you see about Mr. Clemens's gown for the degree?" [MTP].



On board the *S.S. Minneapolis*, Sam had his younger fans (unidentified). **See insert:** [Richards' 1912 *Zeichner and Geseichnete*].

The London *Tribune*, page 1, trumpeted Sam's upcoming arrival. In part:

MARK TWAIN'S VISIT.

HIS POPULARITY AMONG ENGLISH READERS.

The news that Mark Twain is on his way to this country to receive an honorary degree from the University of Oxford creates widespread interest and awakens many pleasing recollections. For nearly forty years the genial American humorist has been popular in this country, yet, although he is in his seventy-second year, and began his literary career before many of his competitors of the present day were born, he remains as brimful of fun as ever. His books, too, remain as popular on both sides of the Atlantic. Probably there is not a discount bookseller in England who does not keep some, at least, of his works in stock, alongside those of Scott and Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot.

June 14 Friday – On board the *Minneapolis* en route to England Sam wrote an aphorism for German cartoonist **Peter Richards**, who was returning to Berlin after working for various US newspapers for two decades: “Taking the pledge will not make bad liquor good, but it will improve it. / Truly Yours / Mark Twain / For / Mr. Richards / June 14/07.” [MTP]. *Note:* see June 16 for more on Richards.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: All day I have been thinking about the little Redding house, and it is a good thing again to have something to take my mind away from loneliness.

Santa is better and I spend every evening in her sitting room, near her. Oh the sweet flower-creature that she is—made all of fire and dew.

I’ve had the mail sent in from Tuxedo, for I cannot go out and stay there alone. I don’t really like the place, anyway, so terribly artificial [MTP TS 69-70].

John Japp, Mayor of Liverpool, wrote to Sam, still lobbying for a visit and encouraged by what Sam had said on the eve of his departure from NY, that his stay might be lengthened [MTP]. *Note:* Ashcroft replied for Sam on June 19.

Charles Lancaster, for Hughes & Lancaster, London, sent a letter with his son, Wilfred, from H.H. Rogers, in Vichy, France. Lancaster gave Rogers’ itinerary, arriving Sunday evening June 23 in London. At the end of the typed letter, Lancaster wrote by hand: “It is a great pleasure to have you in England again. I did not expect it when we parted on the Kanawha” [MTP].

Frank N. Doubleday, for Doubleday, Page & Co. Wrote from NY that one Sam Everett would be staying at Brown’s Hotel beginning June 24. Doubleday asked if Sam could say a word to him and cheer him up. “Perhaps you can advise him about Oxford which he wants to see.” He also hoped Sam had seen Kipling” by the time he read this [MTP].

Helen MacMillan (Mrs. Maurice C. MacMillan) wrote from London to Sam, recalling Sam’s last visit with Livy, and inviting him to join them and a few friends on Monday, June 24 or July 1, July 3, and to dine [MTP].

June 15 Saturday – On board the *Minneapolis* en route to England Sam gave a reading from his Autobiography MS, though it is not known just what he read [Fatout, *MT Speaking* 676].

Written across the top of the second and third pages of a concert program held in the saloon in aid of the **Seaman’s Orphanage** at 8:30 p.m.: “Please tell the story of the twins, one got drunk and affected the other” [MTP]. *Note:* Source gives this as to **Carlotta Welles**.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Busy all day in the King’s room, cleaning his closet, and his drawers of mss. and dear little clippings and pipes and things that he takes interest in. Usually the clippings are of the most violentest crimes. Oh terrible things that are “permitted by a just God.” and usually there is a comment in the King’s handwriting on the margin. ~~How I do love this life of mine—with Mother & the King & Santa.~~

Santa was bursting with glee tonight and called me Nan-Pan-Pete-Pan, and snuggled her darling head in my neck. I *wish* I would write of all the wonders that are occurring in all the lives about me [MTP TS 70].

Charles Lancaster for Hughes & Lancaster wrote to Sam about including H.H. Rogers in the Pilgrims Club luncheon given in Sam's honor [MTP].

Henry Anckefill wrote to Sam from Durban, Natal, S. Africa sending a satire essay [MTP].

Charles Frohman sent a "Marconigram" telegram to Sam on the S.S. *Minneapolis*, asking him to visit at the Savoy Hotel in London [MTP].

W.B. Northrop wrote from London to Sam, c/o *Minneapolis*. "I wonder if you still remember the NEW YORK WORLD reporter who saw you at Lake Saranac some time ago? I enclose a photo I took then which might refresh your memory. / A newspaper here has asked me to get a photograph of you and I am writing to ask if you would see me" [MTP].

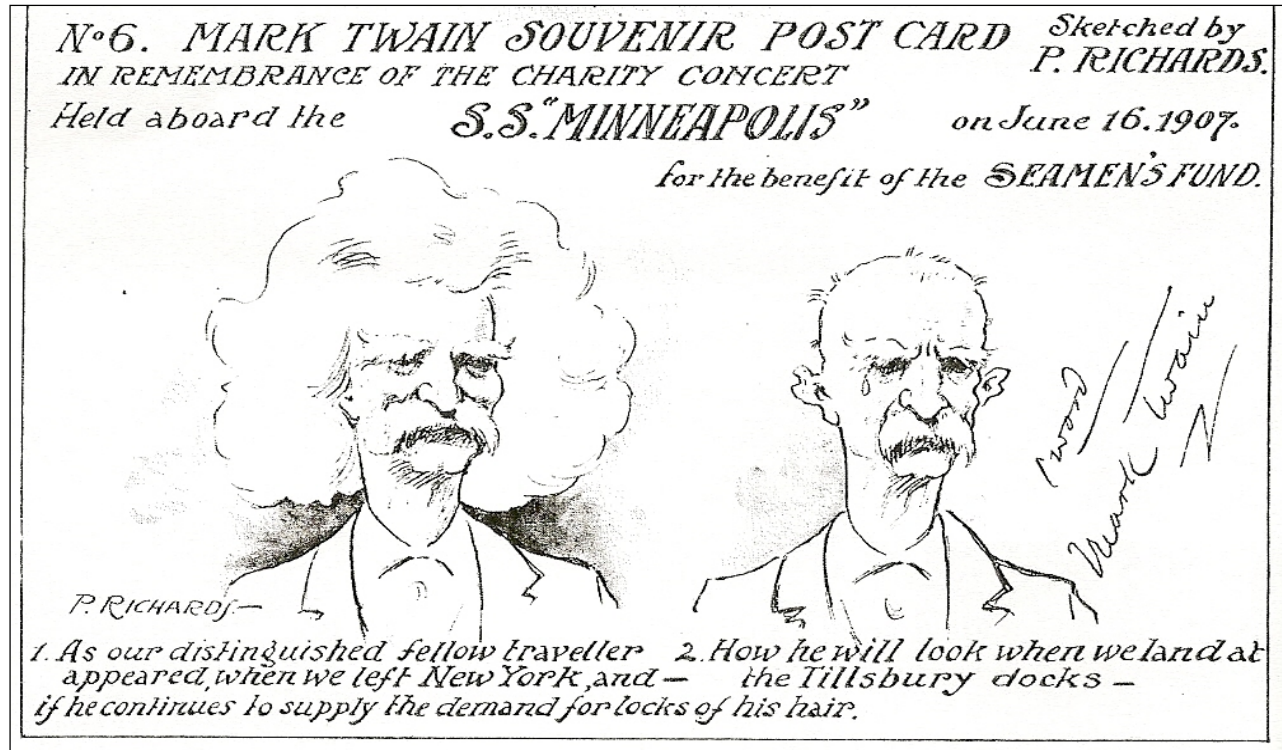
Robert P. Porter wrote on Brown's Hotel, London stationery with invitations and a Memoranda of the various **Oxford, Jesus College**, events on June 25-30 [MTP].

Charles F. Taney wrote from London that he hoped to be able to meet the *Minneapolis* on her arrival, but if he could not to accept his welcome. Rogers was anxious to know where Clemens would stay upon his arrival—could Sam fill out the enclosed telegraph form? [MTP].

The New York *Times*, June 16, p. C1, datelined London June 15, announced London was "eagerly awaiting" Mark Twain's arrival. "Of all Americans he stands next to Roosevelt in the admiration and affection of the British people."

Spectator published an anonymous review of *King Leopold's Soliloquy*, p. 947. Tenney: "'While we are wholly in sympathy with Mark Twain's purpose, we cannot approve of his method. The literary strategy of the attack is not to our liking.' Fiction is not an appropriate means here, and 'it is not used with any great subtlety or art. The appendix is much more to the purpose'; in it a Mr. Morel provides details of the Belgian public relations cover-up.' It is especially deplorable to see that in America high-placed Roman ecclesiastics have taken the wrong side'" [Tenney: "A Reference Guide Second Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1978 p. 175].

June 16 Sunday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: It’s a hot Sunday night and I’m sitting in Santa’s music room. The sounds from the streets would make one think of a terrible carnival; for the automobiles whirl along with toots and siren calls and trumpetings and now there is a motorcycle zipping down toward Washington Square and small boys are



making whistles of grass blades and as I glance out of the window couples—and couples—forever saunter past. ~~It is I alone who sit companionless~~ [MTP TS 70].

Peter Richards, the German cartoonist who later claimed to have shared a cabin with Twain during the voyage to England on the *S.S. Minneapolis*, and to be his “personal caricaturist,” did several sketches of Twain, including a card with two sketches; Six postcards by Richards, whom Sam called a “jack-legged draughtsman” and signed by Clemens, were auctioned off on the last night of voyage. Paine notes one card brought \$25, “perhaps a record price for a single Mark Twain signature” at that time [MTB 1381]. **See insert** [Zeichner und Gezeichnete 17]. *Note:* In a 1933 article, “Reminiscences of Mark Twain” in *Library Review*, p. 19-22, P. Richards claims his first meeting with Twain was in 1903, when Sam sat for Richards to do his pen-portrait for an unnamed “leading New York Weekly.” He further claims to have done “hundreds of caricatures of the great humorist.” He also forged an inscription and Mark Twain’s signature on the cover of his 1912 book, *Zeichner und Geseichnete*. Also, the *Southeast Missourian* (Cape Girardeau) for Sept. 22, 1927 printed this squib, though Sam was headed to Oxford, not a tour of Europe, and Richards shared a cabin with Ashcroft, not Clemens.

Mark Twain’s Hair Highly Cherished

Berlin, Sept. 22.—(AP)—A story about Mark Twain not widely known is told by Peter Richards, the newspaper artist now living in Berlin, who traveled with the American humorist as his personal caricaturist from New York to Liverpool on the former’s tour of Europe.

Both men shared a cabin into which Mark Twain was wont to rush at all hours of the day to vent his wrath against the many gushing young women, and others not quite so young, among the passengers who insisted upon having “just a lock of dear Mr. Clemens’ hair as a souvenir.”

Several photographs were taken of Mark Twain with various people during the voyage. One, dated June 16, 1907 by the MTP shows Sam in his white suit sitting with a dozen or so others in front of a deck shuffleboard (“horse billiards”) with one capped unidentified man holding a shuffleboard stick.

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

J.W. Sloper wrote from Leadville, Colo. asking to be informed when Mark Twain's biography was expected to be completed, anxious to read it as he was working his way around the world [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Answd. July 30, 07"

June 17 Monday – The last night on board the *Minneapolis* en route to England, Sam wrote a poem on the back of a menu to **Carlotta Welles**:

There's many a maid that's dear & sweet,
In Paris, Versailles, Marly
But not one maid in any of those before-mentioned towns
That can compare with Charley. / M.T.

Front seat—don't forget [MTAq 41].

As was the usual custom for the last night on large steamers, there was a concert for the benefit of the **Seaman's Hospital Fund**. This concert was held in the dining room, and Sam's above reference to "Front seat" likely was for this event. Carlotta Welles played the violin.

Sam's A.D. of July recorded the event: On the last night out there was the usual concert.... Charley played a violin solo to admiration, and astonished everybody. She wasn't much bigger than her fiddle, but she made it talk a moving and majestic language. I made a speech; other excellent people sang songs, and punished the piano. Rev. Dr. Patton, that verbal and intellectual wonder, twenty-five years President of Princeton University, conducted the concert, then finished his services with a brilliant exhibition of what a university president can do when he turns himself into an auctioneer. There was a jack-legged draughtsman on board [**Peter Richards**] who made some unimaginably poor caricatures of me on six postcards; I autographed them, and Rev. Dr. Patton set himself the task of auctioneering off the six for eighty dollars [MTFWE 12].

Note: **Francis Landey Patton** (1843-1932), twelfth president of Princeton, was in the post until 1902 when **Woodrow Wilson** succeeded him; thereafter until his retirement in 1913 he was President of Princeton Theological Seminary. See postcard no. 6 insert under June 16.

Cooley writes of Carlotta Welles, whom Sam evidently met on board:

On the *Minneapolis* he attempted to establish another friendship with a young lady, but this time he met with less success. Carlotta Welles apparently reminded him of his daughter Susy, and consequently he showed greater interest in "Charlie," as he nicknamed her, than she did in him. Despite his charming advances and hyperbolic notes, Carlotta Welles was unmoved. Many years later she recalled her experience with the famous author: "I used to get restless and chafed at times at being expected to sit quietly with him when my inclination as to race around" (Carlotta Welles Briggs to Dixon Wecter, MTP, 4 November 1947)" [35].

Paine gives us some of Twain's speech in this last night's event:

He wore his white suit on this occasion, and in the course of his speech referred to it. He told first of the many defects in his behavior, and how members of his household had always tried to keep him straight. The children, he said, had fallen into the habit of calling it "dusting papa off." Then he went on:

When my daughter came to see me off last Saturday at the boat she slipped a note in my hand and said, "Read it when you get aboard the ship." I didn't think of it again until day before yesterday, and it was a "dusting off." And if I carry out all the instructions that I got there I shall be more celebrated in England for my behavior than for anything else. I got instructions how to act on every occasion.

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

She underscored "Now, don't you wear white clothes on ship or on shore until you get back," and I intended to obey. I have been used to obeying my family all my life, but I wore the white clothes tonight because the trunk that has the dark clothes in it is in the cellar. I am not apologizing for the white clothes; I am only apologizing to my daughter for not obeying her [MTB 1381].

R.D. Blumenfield for the *Daily Express*, London wrote to Clemens:

I am sending our Mr. Coulander to rout you out early. I am doing this because I fear other reporters will try to do so first, and I want the best interview there is to be had with you.

I am emboldened to make this request, firstly because Col Harvey told me the other day that you wouldn't mind; secondly because of my acquaintance with you (you will have forgotten me) and thirdly because being the only American Editor in London I want to keep my countrymen to the fore. / Yours...[MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Today the trinity of us, Will, Santa and I came out to Tuxedo. The air is delicious after the stiflingness of the city. I telephoned to the steamship office and found that the Minnesota is to pass the Lizard tonight between 8 and 9 and as we were entering the carriage Will said that the ship had been reported by wireless at Broro Head?

All last week Utah was down to 6½ and lower perhaps and this morning in despair I read that the bottom of that mine had been reached. I telephoned down to Mr. Broughton who said that the report was quite without foundation.

The peace of the country is great after the crash and bang and smells of the city [MTP TS 70-71].

Marjorie Bowen wrote from London: "Thank you so much for your letter—it is delightful of you to have remembered me and I am looking forward so much to the great honour and pleasure of seeing you." Even though she knew he would be "surrounded with people" at his hotel, could he have lunch with her and **Miss Bisland** at the Ritz, which was close to where he was staying? [MTP].

Louis Hillier wrote for The Foreign Press Assoc. in London, Salisbury Hotel. "I beg to enclose a programme of a Special Matinee which I am arranging in Aid of the ... Association in London." Could he come and give them "one or two little stories"? [MTP].

Sidney Lee wrote from London, congratulations in the tiniest hand. Did Sam remember when he met the Lee family in NY in 1903 at Carnegie's? [MTP].

W.B. Northrop sent telegram to the *Minneapolis*: "Hope you will see me on arrival" [MTP].

Kate Douglas Riggs, in London for 3 weeks, wrote she had rearranged her departure so as to see the Oxford ceremony on the 25th, but seats were so difficult to obtain—could he help? "...do you remember that I am a modest little Litt.D. myself of Bowdoin College?" [MTP].

W.N. Shansfield wrote for the **Whitefriar's Club**, of which Sam was an honorary member. Would Sam join them for "a quiet run down the River next Saturday"? Not one to be up on such things, Shansfield added after his signature, "I need not say that, if Mrs. Clemens is with you, we shall feel greatly honoured if she will come also" [MTP]. *Note:* Shansfield was not the only writer to make this error.

Mrs. K. Suart wrote having heard Clemens was in London, and offering some dates for him to come and visit. Was Clara along? [MTP].

Frederick C. Van Duzer for American Society in London wrote Sam an invitation for their Banquet at the Hotel Cecil, Strand, on Thursday July 4 [MTP].

June 18 Tuesday – The S.S. *Minneapolis* docked at **Tilbury, England** at 4 a.m.

Just after 10 a.m., Sam came down the gangplank and was roused by the lusty cheers of the stevedores. In a few minutes he first met **George Bernard Shaw** (1856-1950) on the dock. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, p. 7, reported:

“G.B.S.” AND MARK TWAIN.

FIRST MEETING OF TWO GREAT MEN

THE PALMIST’S PREDICTION.

A BIOGRAPHY AND AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By our Special Representative.

Three of us were awaiting this morning the arrival of Mark Twain. The boat train was late in starting from Tilbury, the platforms at St. Pancras were dreary, and so much of the sky as was not obscured by engine smoke was overcast and cheerless. It was looking like the dulllest wait on record, when into the station there sailed the tall, picturesque figure of Mr. George Bernard Shaw.

Of course, Mr. Shaw had come to meet Mark Twain. There was no other possible conclusion. Now, indeed, would there be reward for the waiting.

“You have come,” I asked, addressing Mr. Shaw, “to meet Mark Twain?”

“Mark Twain?” he exclaimed in surprise; “no, I have not come to meet Mark Twain; I have come to meet Professor Henderson.”

“And who is Professor Henderson?”

“Professor Archibald Henderson, Professor of Mathematics of the University of North Carolina. He is writing my biography, and has come over to find out something about me. But you, you have come to meet Mark Twain, and you have got the advantage of interviewing me.”

[...]

Mark Twain Arrives

With Such pleasantries as these, the time passed quickly enough, and something after ten, as the boat train drew up, there stepped on to the platform amongst a little group of fellow passengers a trim little figure in a suit of light grey with a wonderful head of wavy hair, white and thick as snow. It was “the wittiest man in the world,” as he has justly been described, and all the burden of his seventy-one years he seemed to have left behind him, so alert and brisk was the impression he gave.

Presently, Mr. J.G.W. MacAlister, editor of “The Library,” was kind enough to introduce us to Mr. Clemens, who said the object of his visit was to receive a degree from Oxford University, and he would also take the opportunity of seeing the pageants, which he considered a very good idea.

“Have you,” he was asked, “anything similar in America?”

“Why, yes,” he replied, “when we were celebrating our one-hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence every town that had in its history some events connected with the American Revolution, did what you are doing in reviving history and impressing it upon the people. But with us it did not take so long because there was not much of it. You have to concentrate in six days the history of a thousand years.”

At this point Mr. Clemens was told that Mr. Shaw was on the platform meeting a friend who had come by the same boat.

“Yes, I know,” Mr. Clemens said. “I want to see him.”

“In the meantime can you,” he was asked, “tell us what you think of Mr. Shaw?”

“I never give an opinion,” was the reply, “unless I have studied and formed an opinion from my own deduction, and not from any one else’s.”

[...]

By this time Mr. Shaw had been found, and the great American humourist and the distinguished English dramatist, meeting for the first time, shook hands very heartily, and showed how pleased they were to see each other.

“Whilst I have been waiting,” were Mr. Shaw’s first words to Mr. Clemens, “the representatives of the Press have been asking me whether you were really serious when you wrote ‘The Jumping Frog.’”

Mr. Clemens laughed very heartily, and Mr. Shaw said he hoped he had answered correctly in telling them that he thought it was meant to be amusing.

After a brief conversation, Mr. Shaw went off with Professor Henderson and Mr. Clemens said good-bye to his fellow travellers, and moved off with Mr. Ashcroft, who has come to England with him, and Mr. MacAlister. [...] [*Note*: Thanks to Tom Tenney for a copy of this article; also may be seen in *MTFWE* 18-20].

Note: The New York *Times*, Jan. 19, p. 1, also ran an article on this first meeting “SHAW MEETS TWAIN AND EXPLAINS HIM”, but got it wrong again by identifying **Prof. Archibald Henderson** as Prof. Victor H. Henderson. The former did not publish Shaw’s biography until 1956: *George Bernard Shaw: Man of the Century*.

After checking into **Brown’s Hotel**, **Ralph W. Ashcroft** wrote for Sam to **Marjorie Bowen**.

Mr. Clemens bids me say that he will be at the Ritz to-morrow, Tuesday, at one o’clock, for the purpose of lunching with you and Miss Bisland. If Tuesday does not suit you, please telephone us in the morning, and he will try to arrange another day.

He was delighted with the flowers, and we have had them put in vases to adorn the sitting room.

I hope to-morrow will suit you, as it will be difficult to arrange another day.

You will, I know, excuse Mr. Clemens from writing you personally, but he is tired out with the day’s work, and is now resting [MTP]. *Note*: Sam had poked fun at the rustic Brown’s Hotel back in 1900 during a stay there. Scott speculates “He had hoped for a peaceful retreat” as the reason why he chose Brown’s, but that his “resolutions to seclude himself were soon forgotten” [290].

Ashcroft also wrote for Sam to **Harry E. Brittain**, Secretary of the **Pilgrims Club**, London, asking to change the date “to some other day than July 3d.” Sam would also be busy on July 4 and had asked another friend (likely MacAlister) to “reserve two dates out of July 1st, 2d, 5th and 6th, and would like to give him the choice of two of these four days also.” Would Brittain telephone in the morning? [MTP].

Ashcroft also wrote for Sam to **Sidney Lee**. Sam was too tired to write, but said that any day in the first week of July, save the 3rd and 4th would suit for lunch. Would Lee telephone in the morning? [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Louis N. Parker**.

[written on a telegram form:]

to The Most Hon the Marquis of Bristol
The Pageant House Bury St Edmunds.

Twice I saw at Oxford the reprodⁿ of bygone English life & achievement and was convinced that Pageantry is the most instructive & most impressive way of portraying history & I very much regret my inability to witness the Pageant at Bury St. Edmunds next week [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Mother’s Birthday and *The King has arrived in England*.

They telephoned me from Ashcroft’s office and the terrible pressure is lifted from my mind. There are no particulars so far, and the cablegram reached N.Y. at 11 o’clock. Santa and Will have been working this morning, and she isn’t strong enough for it yet. What a child she is, and what pluck she has [MTP TS 71].

Charles Lancaster for Hughes & Lancaster wrote to Clemens [MTP]. *Note*: not found at MTP.

Mary Cholmondeley, whom Paine identifies as the “niece of that lovable Reginald Chomondeley, and herself an old friend, sent greetings and urgent invitations” [MTB 1383].

H. Walter Barnett, London photographer, wrote asking for a sitting. “...you will doubtless remember that I have had the privilege of photographing you on several occasions both here and abroad, during the last 15 years...” [MTP].

Harry E. Brittain, for London Pilgrims advising he was arranging to have an invitation sent to **H.H. Rogers** “if I have to be one of the five or six who do some standing near the door.” He and his wife looked forward to dining with Clemens on July 3, 8 p.m., Savoy Hotel [MTP].

Rev. H.G. Buehler for Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn. wrote to invite Sam to make an address in 1908, June 15 at 10:30 a.m. “You may obtain further information from Rev. Joseph Twichell of Hartford who has been here repeatedly and whose son, though not a Hotchkiss boy, is much loved here...” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Answrd July 30, 07”

Adele Chapin wrote from London, excited Sam was there—would he come to dinner Friday, July 5? [MTP].

The London Daily Mail wrote asking for a 1,200 word article on the English climate [MTP].

Jean MacDonald Gallup wrote; “I am a little American girl living in London, and have a very great favour to ask you”—she hoped he would autograph a photo of him she had [MTP].

Cecil Gray wrote from London on Brown’s Hotel stationery: “The last occasion on which I had the pleasure of meeting—and interviewing—you was at Columbo on Good Friday 1896—eleven years ago.” He was sorry Sam was too busy to repeat the favor but could he have just five minutes? [MTP].

Mary L. Hasbrouck wrote from London wishing Sam good health and long life [MTP].

John Henniker Heaton wrote on **Bath Club** stationery: “Will you come over here for a swim and Turkish bath and breakfast with me at 9.15 am tomorrow”? [MTP].

Mabel Howard wrote from London, sending verses and asking Sam’s opinion [MTP]. *Note:* verses not in file.

Charles Lancaster wrote advising he’d passed on by wire Sam’s address to **H.H. Rogers** in Vichy [MTP].

Eveleen Myers wrote inviting Sam to visit them in Whitehall on the 26th at 8:15 [MTP].

W.B. Northrop wrote asking if he might take photos of Clemens in his rooms this afternoon or at about 10:30 tomorrow. “They are wanted for a weekly” [MTP].

Lillie Planner wrote from London that it was “of no use to be—or try to be—a journalist if you are an absolute worry to the man you want to interview...I won’t say an interview, cos you’ll sit downtight & not see me—just a word or two” [MTP].

Robert P. Porter wrote, “I forgot to say that I have some excellent [illegible word] for the Pageant for the 27th and 28th of June” [MTP] *Note:* Porter was legibly challenged.



J.W. Ryckman wrote on *The American Register*, Piccadilly, stationery, merely asking after his voyage, his feelings and wishing him a “most enjoyable” visit [MTP].

Francis H. Skrine wrote to ask Sam to “name the day” he’d like to meet for lunch [MTP].

Dorothy T. Stanley (widow of Henry M. Stanley) wrote:

You know I want to see you- and join right hand to right hand. I must see your dear face again. So you will have to send me a line here...and let me know what hour next week I may just come for a moment—anytime—morning—noon or late... / You will have no peace—rest or leisure during your stay in London, and you will end by hating human beings—let me come before you feel that way [MTP].

Taylor for Bath Club wrote to inform Sam he’d been elected an Honorary Member of the Club during his stay. Situated just opposite Brown’s Hotel, Taylor hoped he would “look in & use it” [MTP].

Gertrude Tennant wrote from London: “We all want so much to see you again! Do come and dine with us on Wednesday, June 26” [MTP].

Beatrice M. Wallop (Countess of Portsmouth, d.1935) wrote Sam an invitation to dine with her and the Earl of Portsmouth, **Newton Wallop**, on Friday, **July 5**. “I am planning to have a small party later in the evening & I have no doubt you would meet many old friends, who—like ourselves—will be delighted to see you again” [MTFWE 200]. *Note:* her “small party” involved 300 guests [Daily Telegraph, July 6, p.12].



Basil Wilberforce wrote from London: “I am only a humble item among the very many who offer you a cordial welcome to England but we long to see you again and should like to change hats with you again! Do you remember.

Could you give Mrs Wilberforde and myself the pleasure of your company at luncheon on *Friday* June 28 at 1.45?" [MTP].

Lord George N. Curzon on June 18 or 19 sent Sam an engraved invitation to luncheon at **All Souls College** after the celebration of the Encoenia, Wednesday, June 26, Oxford [MTP]. *Note:* Ashford accepted for Clemens on June 19

Christ Church, Oxford sent Sam an printed invitation to dine with "The Dean, Canons, and Students...in the Hall on Wednesday, 26 June, 1907, at Seven o'clock" [MTP]. *Note:* Ashford accepted for Clemens on June 19

June 18-July 13 Saturday (the dates of the English visit) – Richard Barr wrote from Leeds: "I have some sympathy with funeral festivities, my own are in course of preparation. I intend being present. I'm a bit 'put out' that I can't sing at yours....The papers say you are to meet Paderewski. Please do not take any free lessons at the piano. I do not wish you to have a hasty funeral" [MTP].

Sometime during this period, Sam wrote to **Robert Barr**, "I would leave this out, Robert. I will explain when I see you" [MTP]. *Note:* the "leave it out" may or may not refer to Barr's above letter. Barr kept notebooks of his conversations with Clemens, and wanted to publish a warm appreciation of the Prince of Wales ending: "If Prince Albert Edward ever comes to the British Throne, he will prove the best and most popular King since the time of Alfred the Great." It is this pronouncement that Sam advised to leave out [Barr, Robert. "The Idler's Club." *The Idler* 37 (June 1910): 1013-1019].

Evan C. Ashford: "I am sorry you acknowledged taking the cup because I did put you down as being innocent" [MTP].

M.J. Bishop wrote from Surrey, "Hoping you will have a very good time in our Country (Mine, in truth is Ireland)" [MTP].

E.H. Brown wrote to Clemens [MTP] *Note:* not found at MTP.

M.J. Canham wrote from London: "Thinking they might be interesting to you I send some reminiscences of good Old Times in the nineteenth Century when we were boys together and used to go bumming around the Free Lunch [*illegible word*] and sometimes even glad to wheedle old Bummer and Lazarus out of their bones." [MTP] *Note:* Bummer and Lazarus were San Francisco dogs; see Vol. I.

Randal Charlton of the London Tribune had been requested by his editor to get Sam's views on a jewel robbery. Could he have a two minute interview? [MTP].

S.C. Duce wrote from Oxford, asking for Sam's autograph in a volume [MTP].

E.E.V. Duckenfield of Duckenfield & Son, Toolmakers, Northampton, sent Sam a gift of one of their new razors [MTP].

John Ward Hays wrote from London a rather over-the-top letter asking for Sam's help to play selections from his Opera "Comique" [MTP].

J.W. Leary of Brighton, sent Sam his printed "Comic Song / entitled/ The Motor & the Millionaire" [MTP].

Morton Loder wrote from Woodbridge, hoping he would "find good anchorage in all our homesteads" [MTP].

Ella Mackenzie wrote from Bracknell remembering the pleasure of meeting him at Government House in Ottawa, Canada [MTP].

Mortimer Menpes wrote from London asking for a half hour with him, as he was producing a series of small books called “Portrait-Biographies” and had already done **Sir Henry Irving** [MTP].

An **unidentified widow** wrote asking him to “accept a poor old widow’s Good Bye, and kindest wishes.” She had some of his books and a photo of him writing in bed [MTP].

June 19 Wednesday – Paine gives us Sam’s busy schedule the day after his arrival:

Sir **Thomas Lipton** and **Bram Stoker**, old friends, were among the first to present themselves, and there was no break in the line of callers.

Clemens’s resolutions for secluding himself were swept away. On the very next morning following his arrival [June 19] he breakfasted with **J. Henniker Heaton**, father of International Penny Postage, at the **Bath Club**, just across Dover Street from Brown’s. He lunched at the Ritz with **Marjorie Bowen** and **Miss Bisland**. In the afternoon he sat for photographs at **Barnett’s**, and made one or two calls. He could no more resist these things than a debutante in her first season [MTB 1383-4]. *Note*: editorial emphasis.

Fatout lists a talk for the **Society of Women Journalists**, London, but gives no particulars and none were found [MT Speaking 676]. *Note*: this was not included in Paine’s accounting of the day’s activities above.

Sam’s lunch at the **Ritz Hotel** was reported by *London Daily Mail*, June 20, p.5, “Mark Twain at Lunch”:

There was a disturbing element at the luncheon-table of the Ritz Hotel yesterday. Life runs very smoothly in that caravanseraï. The great ones of the earth come in to lunch and eat just like ordinary folk, and when a Serene Highness or so is pointed out people either yawn or say, “The fat man on the right or the little one on the left?”

But yesterday [June 19] the Ritz lunchers ate with one eye upon a table where, together with two ladies [Marjorie Bowen and Miss Bisland], a gentleman with bushy white hair spoke slowly with his companions. Somebody said, “That’s Mark Twain,” and it was the sight of the white hair and the sad face that brought home the fact that humour-making is hard work. [in part; See MTFWE 20-1 for the whole article].

T. Fisher Unwin wrote to welcome Sam to London. He enclosed a few copies of “your little book on the Congo...in its English dress” and would send more if advised. He also enclosed a copy of *The History of the Savage Club*, which he had published, and requested a meeting when he might “have a few words with you relating to the Congo question” [MTP]. *Note*: On this same day at **Brown’s Hotel, London**, Sam wrote instructions on Unwin’s letter to **Ralph W. Ashcroft**: “I have arranged this—He (Unwin) will breakfast with us tomorrow” [MTP].

Peter Richards’ cartoon ran in the *London Daily Chronicle*, p.8. Lathem writes “The cartoon had virtually concurrent publication in the United States, as an illustration (page 1054 for Sydney Books’s article ‘Mark Twain in England,’ which appeared in *Harper’s Weekly* on July twentieth (Volume LI, Number 2,639). It carried as its caption ‘How Mark Twain widened his “Sphere of Influence” while en route for England’ [MTFWE 139]; There were, however, two cartoons of the same scene, with some interesting variations, possibly for copyright considerations. The first, the **lower insert** [*ibid.*] ran in the *Chronicle*, the **upper insert** in *Harper’s Weekly* [*Zeichner and Geseichnete*].

A great many letters, telegrams, and invitations were at **Brown’s Hotel** when the two men arrived. Ashcroft and Sam began the job of answering them all [MTP].

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

Ashcroft wrote for Sam to the **Bath Club Secretary**, accepting their invitation [MTP].

Ashcroft also wrote for Sam to the **Dean of Christ Church**, accepting the **June 26** dinner invitation [MTP].

Ashcroft also wrote for Sam to **George N. Curzon**, accepting the luncheon invitation of **June 26** [MTP].

Ashcroft also wrote for Sam to **John Japp**, Mayor of Liverpool, having quickly changed his plans:

Mr. Clemens directs me to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 14th inst., enclosing the copy of your letter of May 29th, and to say that it will be his endeavor to visit your city during the week commencing July 7th, in order that he may have the pleasure of spending a day with you before he sails from London for New York on the 13th prox. He has announced to all, except a few intimate friends, that he will leave this country for home on July 6th, and does not wish it generally known, for the present, that it is his intention to remain in England one week longer—a change of program decided upon so that he may have the opportunity, if possible, to accept your most kind invitation. Please, therefore, treat the matter privately until a definite date is set upon for his visit to Liverpool.

Mr. Clemens expects to attend the dinner here on July 4th, and hopes to have the pleasure of meeting you then [MTP]. *Note:* Rogers was to be in Liverpool on June 27.

Ashcroft also wrote for Sam to **Charles Lancaster**, having rec'd three letters, June 14, 15 and 18.

He has arranged with the Secretary of The Pilgrims that a seat shall be found for Mr. Rogers at the lunch, although it is against the rules for a member to give up a seat even for another member's guest.

He will get into touch with Mr. Rogers on Sunday at Claridge's.

Mr. Clemens has decided to visit Liverpool during the second week in July, unless he feels too fagged out then. Publicly, he will leave for New York on July 6th; privately, on July 13th. He does not wish the press to know this until July 6th is nearly here.

You will, I know, excuse Mr. Clemens from writing personally, but he is in bed most of the time, conserving his strength as much as possible [MTP]. *Note:* Charles Lancaster was an old friend of **H.H Rogers**, and would sit opposite Sam at the Liverpool gathering [July 29 to Rogers].

Ashcroft also wrote for Sam to **John Lubbock, (Lord Avebury)**. "Mr. Clemens was *very* sorry to have been out when you called this afternoon, and wishes to know if it will be convenient to you to have him breakfast with you at 9:30 on Saturday, July 6th" [MTP]. *Note:* See July 6 entry.

Ashcroft also wrote for Sam to **Helen MacMillan (Mrs. Maurice C. MacMillan)** in London to acknowledge her two letters, which "reached him almost simultaneously." He didn't see how he could "arrange to dine" with the MacMillans, but would try to call on them [MTP].

Ashcroft also wrote for Sam to **Kate D. Wiggin (Riggs)**, who was also in London.

Mr. Clemens has asked me to write to you, while he is resting his tired bones, and say that he has been trying to get a couple of extra tickets for the affair, but has been informed that even his request cannot be granted owing to limited seating capacity. If he is able to help you out before the event next Wednesday, he will gladly do so, but he does not think it likely that such an accident will happen.

We will be the guests of Mr. Robert P. Porter in Oxford [MTP].

Ashcroft also wrote for Sam to **Frederick C. Van Duzer**, secretary of **The American Society in London**, accepting an engagement for an unspecified evening. He had another engagement that night however, so would be late [MTP].

Ashcroft also wrote for Sam to **Newton Wallop and Beatrice Pease Wallop** (1866-1935), Sixth Earl and Countess of Portsmouth, accepting invitation to dine on Friday, **July 5** at 8:15 [MTP]. *Note:* See Mar. 24, 1900 entry for Wallop.

Punch ran an anonymous comment on *King Leopold's Soliloquy*, p. 439. Tenney gives text in full: "We are glad to see MARK TWAIN taking part in the campaign agasint the owner of the Congo Free State. Mark II is ammunition which has done good service in the past" [43]. *Note:* see also *Punch's* humorous comment on June 26.

Sheila C. Allan wrote from Argyllshire, recently reading *LM*. "May I...remonstrate against your harsh treatment of that most noble gentleman...Sir Walter Scott." She hoped he would "venture forth" and see the land which had inspired Scott [MTP].

Arthur W.A. Beckett wrote invitation to come to an Annual Dinner at a salon. He included a postcard ad for his book, *Recollections of a Humorist* [MTP].

J.Q. Brant-Sero wrote to ask for an interview for the *Daily Mirror* [MTP].

Mrs. Joan Edwards had been commanded by her Editor (of *The Throne*) to gain ten minutes with Sam [MTP].

Sydney E. Engleman wrote asking for an interview for *The Law Clerk*, "a comparatively new paper" [MTP].

Mrs. A.F. Fargus wrote from Brighton to send a very long Eskimo word—if he wished the translation she'd be glad to send it on a postcard. Obviously an attempt to get a note from Twain [MTP].

An unidentified person in South Shields, England sent "a most sincere greeting from one who has derived unbounded enjoyment from your works" [MTP].

Isabel Inez Garrison wrote from London that Mark Twain had held her in his arms at the Lick House in San Francisco in the "latter days of the 60's" and had held her up to the chandelier [MTP].

Rose Goodwin wrote from Hackney N.E., London to offer an effusive but heartfelt fan letter [MTP].

P.P. Gieve wrote from London: "Sir, / I read on the newspaper placard this morning: — / MARK TWAIN ARRIVES / ASCOT CUP / STOLEN. / and shall be glad to learn if there is any truth in the rumor" [MTP].

Joseph Hatton sent a telegram from St. John's Wood, London: "Your first visit London among my happiest remembrances today I'll alas to do more than send you this message of affectionate greeting of old friends" [MTP].

Ellen T. Hopkins wrote from Herne Bay, Kent, England: "Apropos of your funeral! I am *hoping* to publish a small book entitled 'Our Friends & Foes in Space.' The opening incident tells how my step-father (the late Mortimer Collins—author) was seen, by a clairvoyant friend, talking to the guests at his own funeral. Naturally they did not answer him, & he was considerably cross! Am I too daring in asking if I may dedicate my little book to you?" [MTP].

Annie Howell wrote that "many years ago" she'd sent a MS. to him in America, "A Palmistry Story" and Sam had advised her that no editor would publish such a piece from a girl. Now she was older and suffering from an eye operation. "Would you advise me in the matter?" Several pages of hard to read troubles [MTP].

H. Percival Hulse wrote a letter than was sending a copy of the *Sheffield Daily Dispatch* containing an article by himself on Twain. He would be attending the Pilgrim's luncheon next Tuesday on behalf of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* and looked forward to paying his respects then [MTP].

W.H. Langhorne wrote from Norfolk, England. He claimed to be a kinsman of the man who Sam got his middle name from. "You may remember our correspondence on the subject some fourteen years ago." He was glad to see him "turning up at Oxford in such a conspicuous way" [MTP].

Sidney Lee sent a telegram from Picadilly, London: "Delighted dinner Monday or Tuesday first or second" [MTP].

Mrs. Henry William Lucy had a note hand-delivered that she would be "delighted to see you at luncheon tomorrow at 1.30 sharp" [MTP].

Helen MacMillan (Mrs. Maurice C. MacMillan) wrote, essentially repeating her previous letter sent to the *Minneapolis*, thinking he hadn't rec'd it. She solicited an evening for him to join them for dinner [MTP].

Mary R. Mason sent an invitation "At Home" for June 25, 4 to 7 p.m. with music." She cited a "somewhat ancient connection with the Norwood Literary Society at Mrs. Cabell's School, Washington, D.C.—of which you were once made honorary member!" [MTP].

James Milne, Editor of *The Book Monthly*, London wrote asking if Sam would give "a word...on volumes, old or new" [MTP].

Edmund D. Morel wrote from London hoping Sam would "strike another blow for those poor devils in the Congo," and noted that Mr. Landon of the *Daily Chronicle* hoped for an interview [MTP].

J.P. Mullins sent Clemens some post cards and asked for an autograph [MTP].

Donald Murray for National Liberal Arts Club, London invited Sam at their next House Dinner on a date convenient [MTP].

Eileen Newton wrote from Kensington West to appreciate his works, especially *HF* [MTP].

Louis N. Parker wrote to invite Sam to the **Bury St. Edmunds Pageant**, which ran from July 8 to 13. Parker recalled seeing Twain lecture on Fiji at the old Hanover Square Rooms in London [MTP].

Eden Phillpotts (1862-1960), British author, poet, and dramatist, wrote from Torquay, that it wouldn't be his good fortune to see Sam on this visit as he continued "to be a country bumpkin & more as far from cities as possible," but he was rejoicing in Sam's Oxford honor [MTP].

Mrs. Bennett Smith, a female journalist, asked for ten minutes of Sam's time [MTP].

Alfred Smyth-Pigott wrote offering a London theatre if he was contemplating a lecture tour [MTP].

Francis Reginald Statham wrote from London to advise that he'd asked his publishers to send Sam his book, *The Religion of Consciousness* and asked that Sam might receive it. "You will probably remember me as one of the people who protested against the South African War [Boer] and the policy that led up to it..." [MTP].

("Daisy") Evelyn Suart wrote to Clemens: "I couldn't summon up courage this afternoon to ask you to write in my visitors' book so I am sending it to you now with an addressed wrapper for it's safe return!" [MTP].

R.B. Sunbers for *The Clarion*: "My stern & unbending Editor has ordered me to get a 10 minute interview..." [MTP].

Kate Thayer wrote for the **Lyceum Club**, Piccadilly: "The American Circle of the Lyceum Club is giving an At Home tomorrow (3.30—5.30)..." would he come if only for a few minutes? [MTP].

An unidentified woman (signature illegible but for "Mary") wrote wondering if Sam remembered her from his last visit to England [MTP].

T. Fisher Unwin wrote from London sending copies of Twain's "little book on the Congo" and Unwin's *The History of the Savage Club*, recently published. He wanted a few words on the Congo question [MTP].
Note: Ashcroft wrote on letter: "I have arranged this—he (Unwin) will breakfast with us tomorrow"

Endre Vik sent a cartoon postcard from Kristianig, Norway and wrote: "My country is the country for you! Take a trip to us, We are all yours. Very truly..." [MTP].

Charles M. Wilson wrote from London applying once more about Sam's ancestry, such questions Sam usually ignored, as he had Wilson's prior inquiry when both men were in Vienna [MTP].

Israel Zangwill (1864-1926), British born Zionist and writer, wrote from Worthing, England, hastening "to join the chorus of welcome." If Sam got "wearied of honors & salons" Zangwill offered rest by the sea and a hammock [MTP].

Adele Chapin wrote wondering if Sam could get her two tickets for the Encoenia [MTP].

Back home, Americans could read all about the latest English worship of Mark Twain: *The New York Tribune*, June 20, p.1, dateline London, June 19:

**Receives Many Invitations—Will "Break
the Sabbath" with Archdeacon Wilberforce.**

London, June 19.—Mark Twain is receiving as much attention as would a European potentate. The newspapers are devoting columns to his sayings and doings, and he has been overwhelmed with invitations, many of which he has reluctantly been forced to decline, as he is determined not to tire himself out. His engagement book is already filled with acceptances, chiefly for quiet luncheons and dinners with personal friends, while his afternoons will be spent resting and driving in the parks of London.

Mr. Clemens's engagements include a bachelors' dinner to be given by Ambassador Reid on June 21, the Pilgrim's luncheon on June 25, the Lord Mayor's dinner to the Savage Club on June 29 and the dinner of the American Society on July 4. He will give a dinner in honor of the Earl and Countess of Portsmouth on July 5.

Mr. Clemens will also be entertained by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool before his departure. He will go to Oxford on June 25, remaining there until the 29th. He will be the guest of the chancellor of the university at luncheon, after the conferring of the degree, and on the following day the dean, canon and students will give a dinner in his honor. On June 28 the Rhodes scholars will give a reception to Mr. Clemens, and he will spend

the afternoon watching the pageant. In his own words he “will break the Sabbath” by spending the afternoon of June 23 with Archdeacon Wilberforce.

Isabel Lyon’s journal summarized Sam’s meeting Shaw at the ship dock, then related N.Y. happenings: Today Santa is not well. She is droopy and has pains in her head. Tuxedo is not going to be the place for her. It is going to be a strange summer. We remind ourselves of the water bugs, for we dart from N.Y. to Tuxedo and to Redding and to Boston and back again. It isn’t going to be a sweet and restful summer. But at all events as Santa mirthfully says, “It isn’t a treadmill.”

Damned if it isn’t a treadmill, we’ve got into the habit of shooting the shoots and can’t stop it [MTP TS 71-72].

June 20 Thursday – Sam pulled off a breach of etiquette at 8 a.m. that was widely reported, and one Livy would undoubtedly have scolded him for. *New York Times*, June 21, p.1, dateline June 20, London:

TWAIN STARTLES LONDON.

Strolls in Bathrobe and Bare Legs from Hotel for a Plunge.
Special Cablegram.

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LONDON, June 20.—Mark Twain exhibited himself as an eccentric today, and every staid Londoner who witnessed the exhibition fairly gasped. A little after 8 o’clock this morning he appeared in the foyer of Brown’s Hotel garbed in a blue bathrobe and slippers, with about three inches of bare legs showing.

A slight, elderly gentleman, with bushy, white hair, in this unconventional costume, startled the patrons of the hotel and worried the employees tremendously, but Mark Twain coolly surveyed those who were staring at him, and accompanied by his secretary, R. W. Ashcroft, walked out of the front door of the hotel into Dover Street.

The sidewalks were thronged with pretty shop girls on their way to work. They stopped short and gazed in astonishment at the great American humorist as he made his way toward the Bath Club, nearly opposite the hotel.

After his bath Mark Twain returned to his hotel in his three-piece costume of one bathrobe and two slippers, and had the pleasure of making a lot more people open their eyes very wide. The manager of the hotel was aghast as he saw Twain enter the hotel, but didn’t make a fuss. His feeling was that a great man like Mark Twain must be allowed to do as he pleases.

Mark Twain professed to wonder at the excitement he had caused. “I simply wanted to take a bath,” he said, “and did the same thing I’d often done at the seaside. London is a sort of seaside town, isn’t it?”

Mark Twain tomorrow will renew his acquaintance with King Edward, having a special invitation to the King’s great garden party at Windsor. He met King Edward first a number of years ago in Homburg [sic], where the King had a jolly laugh with him over a passage in one of his books in which he commented on the fact that Edward, at that time Prince of Wales, had passed him on the strand without



stopping for a chat with him. The Prince, he later explained, was in a carriage, while he was on top of a penny bus.

Secretary Ashcroft and two assistants were as busy as bees today answering communications from public bodies, public men, and personal friends of Mark Twain, who desire to entertain him. there could be no better evidence of his great popularity in England. [Insert: New York American, June 21].

Sam again ate breakfast with **John Henniker Heaton**; he lunched with **Henry W. Lucy** (“**Toby M.P.**”) and **Mrs. Lucy**; and took tea with **Lady Stanley** (**Mrs. Henry M. Stanley**) in the afternoon [MTB 1384].

Ashcroft’s notes: “Mr. Clemens called on Lady Stanley, widow of the explorer, in the afternoon” [MTFWE 32]. *Note:* Though Lathem puts this under June 23, in his A.D. Sam describes it as “one of my earliest calls,” so Paine’s date of June 20 rules here.

London *Evening News*, June 21, related the above luncheon with the Lucy’s and other Twain errands on page one:

Punch and Mark Twain

Mark Twain is to be given a dinner by the staff of “Punch” on a date not yet fixed. As Mark Twain has declared that he makes it a rule never to eat anything, the announcement may seem like a “Punch” joke.

But “Toby, M.P.,” whose other name is Mr. H.W. Lucy, has had the American humorist to lunch, and Mark Twain gave such an excellent imitation of an author encircling a square meal that his host has arranged for a repetition of the performance for the pleasure of the “Punch” writers and artists.

Mr. Clemens is delighted at the opportunity of meeting them, and intends to press them with the utmost cordiality to represent English Humour at the great Mark Twain funeral festivities.

He has called at the American Embassy and had an hour’s chat with Mr. Whitelaw Reid, partly about the dinner to which Mr. Reid has invited Mark Twain and many distinguished guests, including Lord Tennyson, the President of the Royal Academy, the Poet Laureate, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Mark Twain asks the “Evening News” to say for him that he cannot accept even a moderate proportion of the invitations he has received.

He is humane to his secretary. He does not keep him at letter writing all day, and the secretary is at present up half the night typewriting refusals.

Paderewski is also staying at Brown’s Hotel, and sooner or later the two great men may meet, if Mark Twain can tear himself from his bed before dinner-time.

The humorist says he could do with a few free lessons in playing the piano.

At Brown’s Hotel in London Ashcroft wrote for Sam to **John Y. MacAlister**.

Mr. Clemens directs me to acknowledge and to thank you very much indeed for your letter and the enclosed list of those who are to receive Degrees at Oxford on the 26 event.

....

P. S. / Excuse terseness & brevity, but we were up till 3 a.m. last night, answering letters [MTP].

Ashcroft also wrote for Sam to **Eveleen Myers**, apologizing for not answering her and **Mrs. Gertrude Tennant**’s letters the day before; they were up till 3 a.m. answering letters. Sam’s schedule was completely full and they regretted being unable to spend a few hours or even to call [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal (NY): Today we went back to town in great heat of find the house stifling. I’m not sleeping any of these nights along here. I’m groping along to Something, with an indescribable loneliness. It’s the terrible loneliness that always comes over me with the King so far away.

Perhaps it’s wrong, anxiety too, I have full charge of the house in N.Y. now and I’m afraid perhaps I mayn’t fulfil the trust Santa puts in me. Then I have lots of ms. to read. The Orion Autobiography to finish, and the

recent dictation of the King to read up and put into shape—consecutive shape. And I'm longing to get at it. Planning to go to Redding tomorrow [MTP 72].

Thomas Power O'Connor wrote to Sam [MTP]. **On or after this date** Sam replied: "Yes, I will go to tea at the House. / It is in Roughing It, I think" [MTP].

A.P. Macdonald wrote from London to Sam. "Permit me to hand you enclosed copies of my two little books, and as a humble tribute from a Scottish humorist (alleged—& if you can imagine such a thing) to the Great Master of the World's Humor" [MTP]. *Note:* See also Macdonald's June 22 and Sam's reply before June 30.

The *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*, June 20, p.5 ran some Mark Twain interview humor:

MARK TWAIN AND HIS FUNERAL.

SEEKING HITS FROM THE OXFORD PAGEANT.

Mark Twain, whose arrival in England has already been mentioned, has been interviewed, as a matter of course. He talked of many things, including white suits, gramophones, Mrs. Eddy, cigars, Bernard Shaw, and himself, but through all these topics it was evident that there was one matter dearest and nearest to his heart—and that was his funeral. Every time Mark was coaxed away to another subject he sighed heavily, and, regarding his long cigar with a thoughtful, far-away look, said:—"But about this funeral of mine—" And then he started again.

A clairvoyant has told him that he is going to die in a foreign land ("May be England; may be New Jersey," says Mark), and so he is making arrangements for his funeral now, in case he is too busy afterwards.

One must see this big, boisterous man, with the red-veined cheeks of health, to appreciate why he can afford to joke even with death.

"I think this funeral is going to be a great thing. I shall be there," he drawled. "I'm stopping for the Oxford pageant, and I guess I shall pick up a few hints from it. I only wish I could make it last six days," he mused, ruefully. "Shall I have a band? Band! I shall have fifty bands falling over one another at every fifty yards, and each playing a different tune. It'll be a showy funeral, with plenty of liquor for all the guests.

"I shall issue invitation cards something like this:—"The late Mr. Mark Twain requests the pleasure of —'s company. Mourning dress.' I haven't decided on the route yet, but it will be somewhere in a parallel latitude.

"Why, there was a lady on board asked me to come to her wedding. 'Yes,' I replied, 'I will, if you'll come to my funeral.' I told her all about it, and now she's quite eager for it to happen."

Mark Twain was asked whether he was going to write a diary of Cain and Abel to follow the delightfully irresponsible diaries of Adam and Eve.

"No," he replied seriously. "You see Cain was an ancestor of mine, and I try to hush up that affair of his with Abel." It appears that the Twain family's chief business in the days of the past was assassination and such like things, but people began to remark on it, and now he says they devote their time to little burglaries and thefts. At one time they were noted for their piety, which is the chief characteristic of the family to-day.—*Daily Express*.

John Lubbock, (Lord Avebury) replied to Sam's note of the prior day, addressing the note to **Ralph Ashcroft**: "Please tell Mr. Clemens that I was very sorry to miss him. / July 6th will suit me quite well & I am very glad he can come to breakfast. I will ask a few literary & scientific friends to meet him" [MTFWE 201].

Marie Corelli wrote from Stratford-on-Avon to Sam with a "little word of welcome and affectionate greeting." She signed "Your life-long admirer and grateful friend." Sam couldn't stand the woman, but that came later [MTP].

Phillip L. Agnew for the *Punch* office wrote to Sam to invite him to dinner during his visit [MTP].

H. Walter Barnett wrote from London: “I beg herewith to send you, for your acceptance, a few prints of portraits which I have made of you at previous Sittings, and I shall hope to send the proofs of the Sitting of yesterday to you in a few days. ... I trust that you will not fail in your promise to come and sit to me in your Academical Robes...” [MTP].

Julian Stafford Corbett wrote from London, unable to catch him at his hotel the day before and to bid him welcome “in faint hope that I might shake your hand once more. Is there an chance of seeing you?” [MTP].

Evelyn B. Dickens wrote from London, “I am venturing to write to you knowing that my father—Charles Dickens the Younger—was a friend of yours. Perhaps you remember a visit he & my mother & sister paid you when he was in America some 18 years ago. She asked a favor, being a painter in a private school”—would he come and give away their prizes? [MTP].

Elliott & Fry wrote and asked for a new portrait of Twain for their Publishing Series [MTP].

W.H. Helm wrote from London:

I was glad to know, through your secretary, that you liked my review of *Christian Science*—it was kind of you to send me word. / On the 29th—unless my evening paper is more than usually ill-informed—I shall at least *see* you at the Lord Mayor’s dinner. But you promised me when last I called on you at Dollis Hill that you would “have a bicycle ride” with me when next you came to London [MTP].

Charles Lancaster wrote to Ashcroft, “delighted” to learn Sam had decided to visit Liverpool [MTP].

T. Mary Lockyer wrote for her husband, **Sir Norman Lockyer**, who was delighted Sam was in London and hoped to see him soon. Would Clemens lunch with them on Monday the 24th? Lockyer was looking forward to seeing Sam at Oxford. Lockyer was also getting a degree [MTP].

George Ian MacAlister wrote on Royal Societies Club stationery enclosing a handwritten list of “those who are to receive degrees on the 26th. It is even more variegated than I thought.”

Honorary Degree of D.C.L.

Prince Arthur of Connaught

The American Ambassador

Thomas Herbert Warren, Vice-Chancellor, Pres. Of Magdalen College

Lord Loreburn, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Prime Minister

Lord Jersey (Late Governor New South Wales)

Lord George Hamilton (Late Secretary for India)

The Speaker of the House of Commons

Sir Edward Grey, Foreign Secretary

Lord Alverstone, Lord Chief Justices

Lord Sanderson (late under-Secretary Foreign Affairs)

Sir Antony MacDonnell (Irish Under-Secretary)

Admiral Lord Charles Beresford V.C., Commander in Chief of [Cha??] Fleet

Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood. V.C.

Sir John Strachey (late Governor N.W. Provinces of India)

Dr. Butter (Trinity College, Cambridge)

Dr. [Edmund] Warre – Late Headmaster of Eton

Professor A.V. Dicey

Auguste Rodin, Sculptor

G.F. Bodley, R.A.

Hubert von Herkomer, R.A.

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

General William Booth, Salvation Army

Honorary Degree of D. Sc.

Sir Norman Lockyer, F.R.S.

Sir R. Douglas Powell, President Royal College of Physicians

Professor Sir William Ramsay, F.R.S.

Sir William Perkin, F.R.S.

Professor W. Watson Cheym, F.R.S.

Ludwig Mond, F.R.S.

Honorary Degree of D. Litt.

The Archbishop of Arinagh [sp?]

Canon H. Scott Holland

Professor Sayce (Assyriology)

Sidney Colvin

Sidney Lee

Samuel Langhorne Clemens

Rudyard Kipling

Honorary Degree of D. Mus.

C.C. [Charles Camille] Saint-Saëus [MTP].

Herbert W. Mansfield wrote from London that he was “not connected with the press” but wished to call and shake hands [MTP].

Robert McClure wrote from Glasgow, Scotland, hoping Sam would “find the time in the midst of your many engagements to give a look at my little ‘booklet’ on ‘Speling [sic] Reform’.” He sent best wishes [MTP].

Percy N. for Liverpool Lord Mayor (John Japp) wrote receipt of Sam’s June 19 letter. He would send it on to the Lord Mayor at Eastbourne and keep the contents private [MTP]. *Note:* May have been written to Ashcroft.

Thomas Power O'Connor wrote from London on *T.P.’s Weekly* letterhead.

“I hope you will give me an opportunity of having a few words with you before you leave our shore.” He offered “any night next week” for Sam to come to “a little dinner party in the House of Commons.” He asked about finding the passage of the man who went to Wash. D.C. “in pursuit of some claim, and then his disappointment and descent into beggary.” The passage had “haunted” him for years [MTP]. *Note:* Ashcroft wrote on the letter: “Yes, I will get to tea at the House. / It is in Roughing It, I think.” See June 29 from O'Connor answering.

Muriel M. Pears wrote from Ovington Gardens, London. “It makes me so happy to think of you in our midst.” She felt he couldn’t go away without seeing her, if “only for a minute—or at most, a minute and a half!” She wished that her brother, a soldier, could meet him [MTP].

Robert P. Porter scrawled the Oxford itinerary for Wed., the 26 of June [MTP].

Renee, an inventor “struggling for years, unaided” in London wrote to ask Sam if he’d speak to his friends in her behalf, as she was poor and others who had infringed upon her inventions owed her a fortune. “Don’t talk of funerals, live another 50 yars to gladden the world. I am, One of yr. Admirers” [MTP].

J. Samuel wrote from London, “victim of the most blackmailing plots” and asking for his assistance [MTP].

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

Helen Seton wrote from Chelsea: “I hope you have not forgotten us, for we always hold you in affectionate remembrance & are so delighted to have the regard. Always...” [MTP].

George Bernard Shaw wrote from London:

Will you lunch with us here at 1.30 on Thursday or Friday or Saturday next week? “Us” means my wife and myself; and there will be nobody else except perhaps Max Beerbohm...Or is there anybody you would like to meet whom I could get at for you? Make use of us as if we were a pair of old slippers: we feel like that about you [MTP].

Mrs. R. Haskett Smith wrote from Princess Helena College, London to welcome him. Life was dull since her husband died 18 months before. “He never forgot the happy evenings spent with you in New Zealand after your lectures were over.” She asked if Sam would come down and see her. They were having a “pastoral play on the 28th & 29th” if he cared to come [MTP].

An Unknown person in London sent a postcard with this verse of welcome:

A man of Mark, Mark you.
Named Mark, Mark that Two. (Twain)
He’s hit the Mark, Mark it!
Mark is here, with all his wit. / Welcome [MTP].

Frederick C. Van Duzer for American Society in London wrote their pleasure that he would attend the July 4 banquet and enclosed his ticket [MTP].

Frederick D. Wardle wrote from Bath, England: “I trust that no news is good news and that I am to have the pleasure of hearing from you in a day or two that you will come to Bath” [MTP].

Elizabeth Woodruff wrote a follow up to a letter sent to America asking Sam to “write something” for her forthcoming book, *One Touch of Nature*. Not gaining an answer then she felt he didn’t get the letter, and pumped her book with a list of contributors [MTP].

Henry R. Tedder for Athenaeum Club sent a full page of printed notice inviting Clemens to the clubhouse for a period of one month, and also enclosed a smaller printed notice of extract of their rules [MTP].

June 20 or 27 — **M.A. FitzGerald** wrote from Hyde Park asking if Sam could “spare a little time?” as he “must speak with you” about an unspecified matter [MTP].

June 21 Friday – When newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic reported on Mark Twain venturing out on the street in his bathrobe (Paine calls it a “heavy brown bath robe,” the papers called it “sky-blue”)

Clara Clemens cabled: “MUCH WORRIED. REMEMBER PROPRIETIES” [MTB 1384-5; IVL TS 75]. Sam replied by cable to Clara: “THEY ALL PATTERN AFTER ME. FATHER.” [MTP].

Mark Twain’s fourth day at **Brown’s Hotel** in **London**. On his **July 25 A.D.**, Sam recalled how his schedule had changed from “a lazy sort” in New York to “a strenuous life” in London. Instead of breakfasting in bed at 8, reading newspapers and smoking till 11, still in bed, then dictation for an hour or two, then milk for lunch and back to bed at 3 p.m. to “read and smoke and sleep”, dinner at 7:30 p.m. and billards till midnight, etc.—in London:

I breakfasted in bed, then got up and breakfasted with somebody else somewhere else; then took luncheon at somebody's house, and tea and dinner at other people's houses, and was usually home again, and asleep, by half-past ten or eleven....The teas were accidental, and not by invitation. From four o'clock until six, every day, I returned calls. In all previous years the women of the family had attended to this duty, and I had been spared it, and was grateful; but I was alone now and had to carry out this formidable duty myself. The thought of it was irksome and distasteful, and for three days I made excuses and shirked it. I should probably have gone on shirking it but for a happy accident. In the hotel I stumbled upon one of those college girls [there were a bunch of them on the ship coming over]; I had not known before that she was in the house. She was a lovely creature of sixteen, and I borrowed her of her mother at once. After that I paid calls every day, and she went with me. She saw the inside of many beautiful English homes and got a world of petting homage, which pleased me as much as it pleased her. The next time I have a wilderness of calls to make it will have no distresses for me, for I will borrow another sweet Francesca [MTFWE 22-3]. *Note:* Sixteen-year-old **Frances Nunnally** (1891-1981), whom Cooley identifies as a "schoolgirl from Atlanta"; Sam would name her "Francesca." He adds, "She...became a faithful correspondent and loyal angelfish" [MTAq 35]. She would visit Stormfield with her mother **Cora**, Sept. 27 to 29, 1908.

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote for Sam to **John Japp**, Lord Mayor of Liverpool. Sam accepted the proposed banquet in Liverpool as long as it might be on Wed. evening, **July 10**; there was no further need of privacy (see prior); he looked forward to meeting Japp at Brown's Hotel within the next few days and also at the **July 4th American Society in London** celebration at the **Hotel Cecil** [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Eden Phillpotts**:

First the lovely letter & now this moving & beautiful poem! How proud they make me—& how humble! Yes, & how grateful. I prize your love, Eden Phillpotts, & glad am I to believe it is the "Voice of England" speaking! What a return this gold is, for the copper & silver I have been investing these 40 years! There—with the best love of / Mark Twain [MTP]. *Note:* see Gribben p. 544.

In the evening Sam attended the dinner at the **Dorchester House**, hosted by Ambassador **Whitelaw Reid**. 25 or 30 guests, all of distinction in their fields, attended. The *New York Times*, reported on June 22, p.4.

MARK TWAIN IS REID'S GUEST.

Ambassador Invites a Distinguished Company to Meet Him.

LONDON, June 21.—Ambassador Reid gave a dinner to Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) at Dorchester House this evening.

The guests included John Hicks, the American Minister to Chile; Lord Tennyson, President of the Royal Literary Fund; Sir Edward John Poynter, President of the Royal Academy; Sir Ernest Waterlow, President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors; Sir George D. Goldie, President of the Royal Geographical Society; Lord Glenesk, President of the Newspaper Press Fund; Sir George Reid, ex-President of the Royal Scottish Academy; Prof. Hubert Von Herkomer, R.A.; Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate; Lord MacNaughton, Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn; Edward Cooper Willis, Treasurer of the Inner Temple; Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Anthony Hope Hawkins, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Edwin Austin Abbey, Sidney Lee, Henry W. Lucy, ("Toby, M.P.,") August Belmont, Bram Stoker, O. J. W. Comyns Carr, Isaac N. Ford, Harry Brittain, John R. Carter, Secretary of the American Embassy, and the editors of several of the London papers.



Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

There were no speeches at the dinner. Later the guests inspected the pictures and other treasures of Dorchester House.

The staff of Punch is arranging a special dinner in honor of Mark Twain. The date has not yet been fixed [Note: **Insert: Dorchester House in 1905**, one of the most palatial buildings in 19th Century London; built in 1853, razed in 1929. See *MTFWE* 39 for a full list of guests].

Note: Fatout lists a dinner speech at the U.S. embassy, but this was not found elsewhere and would be in conflict with the above Dorchester House event [*MT Speaking* 677].

Sam inscribed a copy of *Obiter Dicta* (1896) by **Augustine Birrell** (1850-1933): “*S.L. Clemens, 1907. London, June 21*” [Gribben 71].

Isabel Lyon’s journal (NY): Claude the butler brought my breakfast to me early this morning, and with it the paper—*The Times*—which contained the astounding news of the King walking in a bathrobe out into Dover Street. But, anxious enough, I went on up to Redding where John Howells and Mr. Turner met me and we went up to the site of the King’s house and decided upon the first position selected by J.H. It will be beautiful. We lunched with AB, who scurried around and found cold beans and ham and bananas and other good things. Then we walked up to my house. John Howells has given it such a good name—Lyonesse “The magic land” that went down into the sea. But this has arisen—J.H. went over to Danbury with 2 deacons and Sunderland, which left little Turner to me and I do not like to be followed about by a colorless little man who can talk only drains and weather. He is very strong on drains, though. AB and I wanted to talk about the King and all sorts of things. But always there was Turner tagging.

When the King is on the ocean there is anxiety; but there is more anxiety of another kind when he is on the land. In this morning’s *Times* there is an account of his walking through the corridors and offices of Brown’s Hotel in his bath gown and slippers with his little bare ankles glinting; but he didn’t stop there, he went out into the street and across it to the Bath Club. But here is the clipping: [inserted TS of the *Times* clipping here] He “scares us to death”, with his inclination for the unconventional. We never can tell what he will do next, if he is not stopped and it is easy to stop him; a word, a bit of advice, and he will change his course and when he changes it he always says, “I am so glad you told me.” But now he is in London with no one but Ashcroft who is strong in one way but very timid in others, and his love for the King is not yet great enough for him to be brave enough to speak out and save the King from doing thoughtless things; things that are harmless enough in their way, but not so harmless as to prevent the King from being severely criticized [MTP 72-74].

A. Stewart Appleton wrote from the Hotel Continental in Paris to ask:

Does it not seem to you that any man crazy enough to go to the North Pole in a balloon ought to be given a proper send-off by his compatriots at the banquet of the American Society to be given to you at the Cecil Hotel on 4th of July when the American eagle will proudly be doing her level best by all things born of American soil? [MTP].

Charles L. Atchison wrote from West Hampstead: “Seven years ago a man (& dog on a ‘bike’) had the good fortune to see you, after an interval of 25 years, at Dollis Hill. The man called again yesterday, but failed, & this morning comes a letter saying that he may not hope to see you ‘this time.’” He sent greetings and good luck and goodbye [MTP].

Irving Blake wrote on Dorchester House stationery: “I have been directed by the Ambassador to send you the enclosed list of the guests at to-night’s dinner” [MTP]. *Note:* no list is in the file.

William R. Coe wrote from NYC, sending an enclosed (not in file) to help him in his speechmaking. Also, “I hope that you did not catch cold from parading in Dover St in a dressing gown” [MTP].

Louise Copeland wrote from London to ask for an interview, by which she might collect £300,000—though she did not explain how [MTP].

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

Harry Dagmar wrote from Hull, England to suggest he arrange to have his funeral take place during his lifetime! Doing so would “enable you to choose your own coffin, write your own epitaph, and, above all, would give you the pleasure and unprecedented experience of being your own chief mourner...” [MTP].

Dewar (John) & Sons, Distillers, London, wrote on Co. letterhead: “We duly received your telephone message, and have had much pleasure in forwarding you three bottles of our ‘Victoria Vat’ quality Old Highland Whisky...as our License does not permit us to send out quantities of less than 12 bottles, we would ask you go accept the small quantity with our compliments” [MTP].

L. Fritzengo wrote from the Hotel Eden House, Lucerne. An “admirer” the letter is rather dense and clearly English is not his first language. “Put me on plase to Mark Twain. I don’t know his number...I hear he is stranded in London in the street called Fleet,—there the interviewers are studying the pattern of his Oxford Mixture clothes.” {MTP] *Note:* Ashcroft wrote on the letter: “Is this anyone special? [MTP].

James Gow wrote from London to ask for “a few minutes during your stay...to the boysof Westminster School” [MTP].

H. Percival Hulse wrote for the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* hoping to shake his hand at the Pilgrims Banquet [MTP].

John Japp Lord Mayor of Liverpool, was in London, and gratified that Clemens would come there to be entertained; he hoped to meet at the 4th of July banquet as well [MTP].

Katrina sent flowers and a note, “With affectionate greetings” [MTP].

John Y. W. MacAlister wrote on The Library letterhead: “Tonight there is a little Macalister Dinner at the Hyde Park Hotel, three minutes cab run from the Ambassadors; at 10 p.m. a little entertainment will be begun, which in view of your passion for pageants will probably interest you...” He also noted there would be “About a dozen very *pretty young* girls in appropriate costume...dancing” [MTP].

David A. Munro wrote from NY asking Sam to meet his “dear Sister” in London, **Marjory Cowan Munro** [MTP].

Charlotte F. Shaw for George Bernard Shaw. “My Dear Sir / We shall be delighted to see you at luncheon on Wednesday the 3rd July at 1.30” [MTP].

Mrs. Cuthbert H. Slocomb for the Fort Griswold Land Committee wrote from “the foothills of the Austrian Alps”, enclosing a printed circular from the DAR, “History of Movement to secure the outlying porton of Groton Heights Battle Field.” Would he read it and fill out their donor card? [MTP].

Cornelius Vanderbilt for Robert Fulton Monument sent a telegram: “Please accept best wishes from the Association for a pleasant evening regrds to our Ambassador and his guests” [MTP].

Joseph N. Verey wrote from London to ask he be allowed to pay his respects. He enclosed a list of recommendations as a courier [MTP]. *Note:* Verey had been the Clemens family courier; see Vol. I entries.

Ida Verner wrote from London. She'd read CS and observed "Ridicule seems the only weapon with which to fight some abuses, & I therefore appeal to you to use your powerful pen to help the unfortunate horses of England & America...in the matter of the inhuman fashion of docking their tails" [MTP].

Charles S. Walker, "a very old man," wrote from Worcester, England, "to join the shouting crowd," and to talk of his 18 year correspondence with **Laurence Hutton** of Princeton, though they'd never met. It is a touching letter of tribute [MTP].



J.S. Walter wrote from London, praising Sam's books; enclosing two drawings of sea shells [MTP].

Wright J. for London & North Western Railway wrote to Ashcroft at the request of **Bram Stoker**, the following reservations: "one 1st class smoker on 12.10 train, Euston to Liverpool, 10th July,' and "one sitting room, 2 Bed rooms, and Bath room (facing St George's Hall) in the Lime Street Hotel" [MTP].

Macleod Yearsley wrote from London—thanks for a past autograph, for his works and a welcome [MTP].

June 22 Saturday – Sam attended the **Royal Garden Party at Windsor**, which marked the end of Ascot week. Ten special trains were scheduled between Paddington and Windsor. The **Lord Chamberlain** issued the invitations. Mark Twain was accompanied by **Ralph Ashcroft** (left), and **Mr. and Mrs. John Henniker Heaton**. See insert photo [MTFWE 27].

Ashcroft kept a log for these days. His note for June 22:

Saturday, June 22. Mr. Clemens left at 2:45, with Mr. and Mrs. Henniker Heaton, for the King's garden party at Windsor; returned with the Heaton and Sir Thomas Lipton, and was motored from Paddington to the hotel by Sir Thomas [MTFWE 30].

In his Oct. 1, 1907 A.D. Sam recalled the **Garden Party**, those met, and the spectacle of the event. He first "chanced upon" Sir **Henry Campbell-Bannerman**, and "wandered through the crowds for an hour, shaking hands right and left with strangers," as well as a surprising number he knew, some from as long ago as his first trip to London in 1872. He ran into **Ellen Terry**, now 59, and her new husband, 34. He recalled first meeting Terry in St. Louis in 1858. **Whitelaw Reid** presented Mark Twain to **King Edward** and they talked of their meeting at Homburg years before. As it was beginning to drizzle, **Queen Alexandra** instructed him to put his hat on, which he did, after the second admonition. The **Duke of Connaught** introduced himself and his son the prince; later the **King of Siam** and his heir [MTFWE 31-2: MTAD 2279-84].

All the major newspapers, both English and American, reported on the event, which hosted over 8,000. The *London Tribune* called it "the greatest garden party on record" [June 24, p.7, "Royal Garden Party"]. The *Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury* reported that "The most interesting person presented to their Majesties was Mark Twain, who, indeed, was in some sort the hero of the occasion" [June 24, p.7]. The *New York Times*, June 23, p.C3, dateline June 22, London, reported:

TWAIN AMUSES KING AND QUEEN

Tells Jokes to Edward and Would Buy Windsor Grounds from Alexandra.

MEETS SIAM'S RULER, TOO

Offers to Speak for Bashful Prince Arthur of Connaught—Many Notables at Garden Party.

LONDON, June 22.—Mark Twain was the centre of attraction at the King's garden party at Windsor this afternoon, and besides meeting the King and the royal party, and a handshake with several hundred notables in the course of the afternoon. Upon his return from the garden party he declared that he was not a bit tired, and had thoroughly enjoyed himself.

He was accompanied to Windsor by John Henniker Heaton, the "Father of Imperial Penny Postage," who introduced him to many of the King's guests on his way to the party, including Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Fridtjof Nansen, Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, and Ellen Terry. He heartily congratulated Miss Terry on her recent marriage, the two shaking hands enthusiastically.

After tea, which was served on the lawn, Ambassador Reid presented Mark Twain to King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and the King and the humorist spent a quarter of an hour in conversation, the King laughing heartily at Twain's jokes. The Queen also joined in the conversation, and was much amused when Twain jokingly asked if he could buy the Windsor Castle grounds from her Majesty. Then the King called on him to meet the other guests. He introduced Twain to the King of Siam, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Arthur of Connaught, and others.

Prince Arthur is to receive a degree at Oxford at the same time as the American humorist, and the Prince remarked that he would collapse if called upon for a speech. Thereupon Twain offered to undertake to speak for him.

Mark Twain wore the regulation frock coat and silk hat at the garden party. Speaking of his reception there, he said:

"His Majesty was very courteous. In the course of the conversation I reminded him of an episode sixteen years ago, when I had the honor to walk a mile with him when he was taking the waters at Homburg. I said I had often told about that episode, and that whenever I was the historian I made good history of it and it was worth listening to, but that it had found its way into print once or twice in unauthentic ways and had been badly damaged there. I added that I should like to go on repeating this history, but that I should be quite fair and reasonably honest, and while I should probably never tell the story twice in the same way, I should at least never allow it to deteriorate at my hands.

"His Majesty intimated his willingness that I should continue to disseminate that piece of history and added a compliment, saying that he knew good and sound history would not suffer at my hands and that if this good and sound history needed any improvements beyond the facts he would trust me to furnish these embellishments.

"I think it is no exaggeration to say that the Queen looks as young and beautiful as she did thirty-five years ago, when I saw her first. I didn't say this to her, because I learned long ago never to say an obvious thing, but to leave an obvious thing to commonplace and inexperienced people to say.

"That she still looks to me as young and beautiful as she looked thirty-five years ago is good evidence that 10,000 people already have noticed this and have mentioned it to her. I could have said it and spoken the truth, but I have been too wise for that. I have kept the remark unuttered, and that has saved her Majesty the vexation of hearing it for the ten thousandth and oneth time.

"All that report about my proposal to buy Windsor Castle and its grounds is a false rumor—I started it myself."

Mr. Clemens has announced that he will be a passenger on the steamer Minnetonka sailing for New York July 13. This prolongation of his stay abroad has enabled him to accept a few of the hundreds of invitations that are pouring in on him. The staff of Punch invited him to a dinner at the Savoy on July 9, but he intimated his preference to dine in the famous Punch Room at the Punch offices, and the dinner will be given there. Mr. Clemens considers this one of the greatest honors of his visit.

Scott points out that Sam and **King Edward** were acquainted from **Bad Nauheim** "in the early nineties" [290]. *Note:* Edward was then the **Prince of Wales**; see **Aug. 21, 1892** entry for their first meeting.

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

At Brown's Hotel in London, Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote for Sam to **John Japp**, Lord Mayor of Liverpool. Sam asked for his usual courtesy of being allowed to arrive for the **July 10** banquet toward the end of the event.

While Mr. Clemens is remarkably vigorous for a man of his years, he easily tires; and I know that, if you will grant him the privilege he asks for, he will be in better form for addressing those present. He will go to bed as soon as he arrives in Liverpool in the afternoon, and remain there until it is time for him to join you at the Town Hall. We shall stay at the Lime Street Station Hotel, arriving there at 4:05 P.M. [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Yesterday morning Santa was so troubled about the account in the paper that she cabled to the King—"Remember the proprieties—am anxious."

He probably took that cablegram to Whitelaw Reid's dinner party last evening. We are in Tuxedo *again*. Santa Clara and I. I have been dreaming a wonderful love story in these days. A story all of beautiful colors, and it makes me so very lonely and so sad. Tonight came the King's cablegram to Santa. "They all pattern after me, Father." Before we left town this morning, in great heat we drove up to see Dr. Quintard, then Santa bought a new hat. Such a pretty hat all wreathed in roses—delicate roses with cream colored leaves—& just right for Santa. I felt like to perish from the heat [MTP 75].

Hugh Gilzean Reid wrote to invite Sam to some function [MTP]. *Note:* **On or after June 22**, Sam gave instructions to Ashcroft to decline [MTP].

A.P. Macdonald wrote to thank Sam for "not only accepting" his "humble little book, but actually reading it, and saying you liked it." He added best wished for "*many, many* years of earthly happiness" [MTP]. *Note:* See Sam's reply before **June 30**.

Clarence Rook's article, "Mark Twain, The World's Greatest Humorist, Who is Now on a Visit to this Country," ran in *The Reader* (London), p. 205. Tenney: "A lengthy, but conventional and derivative biographical account. 'It is curious that Mark Twain never discovered that he was anything but a "funny man" until he had come to middle age...and never found his real seriousness until he was old in years but still young in enthusiasm.' 'There are at least three Mark Twains: the man of fun, who joked about the Holy Land and even King Arthur; the man of character, who would not compound for less than a hundred cents to the dollar; and the serious man, who has turned the hose of humor upon the things that matter,' such as Belgian rule in the Congo" [Tenney: "A Reference Guide Fifth Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1981 p. 166].

Victor Frestadius wrote from London: "Reading in the 'Evening News' that you have far more invitations than you can accept I suppose it is not a very great risk to send you a card for my 'At Home' and to assure you of a hearty welcome from your Swedish friends were we to have the pleasure to see you" [MTP].

Rose Goodwin wrote from London: "Dear Sir, / Your goodness has overwhelmed me! That you should notice my letter in any way was the very last thing that entered my mind. I shall not even try to thank you, but I believe you will guess how I am feeling. / Where other great men are esteemed and admired, you are beloved" [MTP].

James G. Hamilton wrote from St. Peter Port Hospital, to enclose a poem to Mark Twain, "as tribute to many happy hours spent with your humorous writings, sayings, etc." [MTP].

Rev. C. Silvester Horne, minister of a Congregational church of working class people in central London, wrote with the sentiments of his flock that they would like to see him [MTP].

Vaughan Horton wrote from London: "Noting your anxiety to arrange for a really unique thing in funerals," he offered to make the monument for £30 [MTP].

William T. Jones wrote from London enclosing three engravings, Washington D.C. in 1816, Albany N.Y. in 1818, and “a view of the ruins of Baalbec,” which Sam gave an account of in *IA*. Jones also thanked him for his books which had given much pleasure and relief during an illness.

Sidney Lee sent a small calling card with: “I do not think that I told you that the small dinner party, at which you are to be my honored guest, on Monday July 1st at 8 o’clock will take place at the *Garrick Club*” [MTP].

H.E. Luxmore wrote from Eton College, Windsor, recalling their paths had crossed “on the landing stage of the lake of Thurn steamers years & years ago,” which Sam had followed with a letter, in which he said he would some day give Luxmore “the chance of reparation.” Would he come to Eaton and spend the night? [MTP].

Mr. Ofenheim wrote on Brown’s Hotel stationery: “Sorry to have missed you. I would very much like to see you and give you personally all the love they have charged me with for you in Vienna” [MTP].

The Editor of *The Reader*, London, wrote asking for “a few lines on a Postcard (for reproduction in facsimile) commenting on any recently published book that you can recommend to the general reader” [MTP].

Hugh Gilzean Reid wrote from London upon a return inviting Sam to visit on any day 28 to 30th [MTP]. Sam wrote on the letter: “Explain to Sir Hugh, time all occupied / SLC”

Charles Rosher for Legion of Frontiersmen, London: “Although we have seen in the press, reports that your private secretary spends twelve hours a day in typing disappointing replies to countless invitations, we nevertheless venture to suggest that your presence at our first annual dinner, would be, as it were, the crowning of the edifice” [MTP]. *Note:* Fatout lists a talk for this group, though no particulars were found.

W. Milton Thompson wrote from London enclosing some of his printed poems and articles. “May I ask the favor of your acceptance of my Coronation Ode, which you may be pleased to keep as a little memento of your visit” [MTP]. *Note:* the poems are in the file.

T. Fisher Unwin wrote from London enclosing some reviews of his Savage Club history and “King Leopold.” He looked forward to meeting Sam again at the Pilgrims Banquet the following Tuesday [MTP].

Frederick D. Wardle wrote on Town Clerk’s Office, Bath letterhead, “sorry to hear...that your public engagements interfere with the possibility of your visiting Bath” [MTP].

Whitefriar’s Club sent a printed notice of “Pilgrimage to Marlow and Henley” for Saturday June 22 [MTP].

June 23 Sunday – At Brown’s Hotel in London, Sam wrote to daughter **Jean** in Katonah, N.Y.

I have been having a rather perfect good time since we reached England last Tuesday morning. The first greeting was a hail & a hurrah from the stevedores on the dock; & since then I have climbed all the rounds of the ladder & shaken hands with all the grades, from the stevedores on up to king & queen.

And Ashcroft has been wise. He has declined every *night*-invitation that *could* be declined without a breach of duty—with the result that in 23 days I am out at night only 6 or 8 times. All the other days are occupied by luncheons, breakfasts, & teas, & I am in bed by 8.30 p. m—also several times a day for a restful little while.

The pervasive cordiality is touching; & that of the king & the queen was as hearty as the heartiest. Yesterday in that vast multitude in the Castle grounds it was like being at home, for both sexes introduced themselves to me with a quick American freedom from ceremony. And I behaved myself to admiration, & made but one breach in Clara’s instructions: there was one young lady who was so phenomenally beautiful

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that I couldn't resist—so I shook hands with her & begged pardon; but she graciously said she had been trying to get up courage enough to make the first advances herself. So Clara will have to overlook that breach.

We sail a long time hence—July 13th, in the Minnetonka. Goodbye, dearheart—have a good time! With even so many hugs & kisses— [MTP].

Ashcroft's notes: "Sunday June 23. In the afternoon Mr. Clemens visited Archdeacon Wilberforce, 20 Dean's Yard, Westminster. Sir **William Crookes**, Sir **James Knowles**, Mrs. **Meyers** (widow of author of 'Human personality and its Survival of Bodily Death') and perhaps seventy-five or a hundred others were there" [MTFWE 33-4]. *Note:* editorial emphasis on names.

Scott writes of an extraordinary event, which likely happened after his letter to **Jean**, since no mention of it was made there.

The day following the King's Garden Party there occurred another event which made a deep impression on Mark Twain. It took place at the residence of Archdeacon Wilberforce, a gentleman who had accidentally taken Mark Twain's hat after a luncheon back in 1899. At that time the two men had exchanged amusing notes. On the present occasion, the Archdeacon escorted Mark Twain into his library and introduced him to a Bristol merchant. The merchant, who struck Mark Twain as a man of integrity, was said to be clairvoyant. With great care Wilberforce now unwrapped a curious vessel of silver, ancient in appearance, and placed it reverently in Mark Twain's hands. This, said the Archdeacon, was the genuine Holy Grail. It was a moment of drama for Mark Twain. Although the Holy Grail was simply a poetic legend to him, he was moved by the sincerity and faith of his host. His romantic imaginings raced back to Christ on the cross, to old Nicodemus, to the stainless Sir Galahad and his quest, to the princely Crusaders who laid down their lives in efforts to find the Holy Grail. "I am glad I have lived to see that half-hour—" said Mark Twain, "that astonishing half-hour. In its way it stands alone in my life's experience" [291]. *Note:* Scott takes the story from Paine, *MTB* 1387-88, who identifies the grain merchant as Mr. Pole. The object in question was "a curious, saucer-looking vessel of silver, very ancient in appearance, and cunningly overlaid with green grass." [*Note:* **Peterson Pole** claimed that a week or ten days before Sam's examination of the Grail, he'd been told by an angel where to dig for the relic—outside the ancient Glastonbury Abbey—where he found the relic under four feet of solidly packed earth. *MTAD* Sept. 6, 1907].

In the evening, Sam saw **Mr. and Mrs. H.H. Rogers at Claridge's Hotel** [*MTB* 1389].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Sunday? and what did we do? Oh yes, all day I worked. I wrote 23 letters and drew a lot of checks, and read with delight the account of the King's presence at the Royal Garden Party. Every single day there is something in the papers about our wonderful Mr. Clemens, though he's always reported as "Twain."

We are talking up a plan of going to Halifax and Newfoundland, Santa and I. Will is going to investigate ships and things. It is very hot here in Tuxedo, and debilitating. So Santa must get away and so ought I, and here comes the chance. There was a burglary at the Dinsmore's last night. Over on the other side of the lake. The burglars escaped in boats and carried a great deal of valuable stuff with them [MTP 75].

G. Washington Bayard wrote from London asking Sam what "swapping lies" meant [MTP].

Marie Corelli wrote from Stratford on Avon with more lobbying for him to come—"you mustn't go back across the sea without coming to Shakespeare!" [MTP].

S.A. Evarts wrote from London asking Sam's help in getting in to the Oxford ceremonies. He'd talked to Doubleday a few days before sailing and was told Doubleday had intended to speak to Sam about it [MTP].

Anna Hamilton wrote a begging letter from London that she'd seen Ashcroft the previous night and asked for Sam's financial help [MTP].

Fanny P. Hapgood wrote from Seal Harbor, Maine to advise that her "beloved Aunt Fanny" passed away on June 15. Her aunt adored Livy. When her and her husband would be in NY in the autumn they looked forward to seeing him [MTP].

S. Harwath wrote from Hotel Curzon London, listing all the past famous persons in connection with Curzon Street. "The proprietor of the Curzon Restaurant hopes 'Mark Twain' will patronize his dining room before leaving England. He will know the Hotel as having called on Mr. Henniker Heaton there June 22nd before going to the Kings Garden Party" [MTP].

T. Mary Lockyer wrote to Ashcroft, asking him to accompany Clemens the following day when he came there for luncheon, at 1.30 [MTP].

Bertha A. Palmer (Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago) wrote from London that she'd tried to invite him to dine but he was engaged—would he come for lunch or dinner any day soon? [MTP].

Charles Rosher for Legion of Frontiersmen wrote his group was "delighted at the possibility" that Clemens would join them. But, if not, could he send them a message? "It will be a guarantee for a Guard of Honour on the Great Funeral Occasion. Wherever it happens, because the sun never sets on this Legion—reason why—they are not to be trusted in the dark" [MTP].

Helen Seton wrote from London, feeling "very unhappy at not seeing you," but that "Sir Bruce will have that pleasure at the Pilgrims Luncheon on Tuesday" Her husband? [MTP].

E. Wyndham wrote from London, enclosing his photo and recalling the time in the 1870s he met the Clemens family on the train to New York, including Livy and "a baby who could just toddle, whom you called 'The Modoc'". He also related showing Sam around Oxford on a previous visit, when Sam expressed a desire to give a lecture to the students. "Now you are going to receive the highest honour Oxford can give to anyone..." [MTP].

June 24 Monday – At Brown's Hotel in London Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote for Sam to **Marie Corelli**.

"Mark Twain thanks you for having saved him from the crime of high treason to literature & he will accordingly visit the tomb & house of the Bard of Avon & take luncheon with you—if it will be convenient to you—a Saturday June 29th which is the only possible date" [MTP].

Sam lunched with "old friends" **Sir Norman and Lady Lockyer**, then later took tea with **T.P. O'Connor** at the **House of Commons** [MTB 1389].

The London *Daily Mail*, p.5, June 25, reported Sam's visit to the House of Commons:

MARK TWAIN'S INDIGNATION.

Mark Twain, in conversation with a "Daily Mail" representative yesterday afternoon [June 24], affected righteous indignation because someone had sent him, without comment of any kind, the poster of an evening newspaper bearing the words:

MARK TWAIN ARRIVES!
ASCOT GOLD CUP STOLEN!

Yesterday evening, he visited the Houses of Parliament, took tea with Mr. T.P. O'Connor, M.P., Mr. Henniker-Heaton, M.P., and other members, and subsequently visited the lobbies, where he held an informal

reception, being introduced to a large number of members, including Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Churchill. He also had a chat with the Prime Minister in his private room.

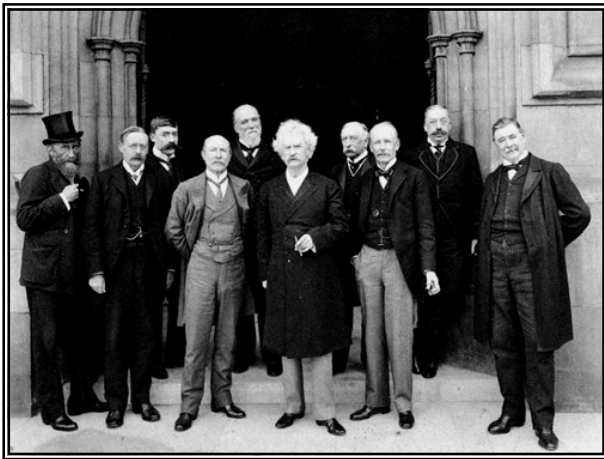
The London *Tribune*, June 25, p. 6, also reported the visit to Parliament.

MARK TWAIN'S VISIT.

Mark Twain visited the Lobby of the House of Commons yesterday under the friendly guidance of Mr. T.P. O'Connor. Members crowded up to be presented to the famous humorist, and for half an hour he was kept busy talking to them.

The conversation was a treat tribute to Mr. Clemens's mental agility. Every member who came up had seen him somewhere before, and they were all anxious to recall the celebrated incidents of that meeting. Mark Twain, having been in Royal company recently, remembered them all—even to a cold he caught somewhere in India ten—or twenty—years ago. The idea of the visit was tea on the Terrace, but being Midsummer Day, it was too wintry for that, so tea was taken somewhere else—beside a fire.

Mark Twain has accepted an invitation to a banquet in his honour at Liverpool Town Hall on July 10th.



See insert: Sam at House of Commons

Fatout lists a talk with the **Legion of Frontiersmen**, London [MT *Speaking* 676]. *Note:* he gives no particulars. See June 22 invite from **Charles Rosher** of the group.

Isabel Lyon's journal (NY): This day emerged out of darkness, wonderful, wonderful darkness and brought renewed heat,—a terrible sense of loneliness and Will's departure and Santa's pretty listlessness, and neuritis in my left neck and arm and shoulderblade, and tea and then all wrapped up I read from *Wuthering Heights* to Santa as she lay on the long sage green couch. The pain got worse and I went to bed so stiff necked as not to be able to walk without misery [MTP 75-76].

Edward L. Adams sent Sam a two-page poem on American Consular Service letterhead, Stockholm, Sweden [MTP].

Phillip L. Agnew and S.A. Andrew each wrote letters to Ashcroft about engagements, photographs, etc. [MTP].

Oliver Bainbridge wrote asking for "a few moments" with Clemens in connection with his "volumes of great men and great women of the world in connection with my work on education." At the top of his letter he pasted a Washington D.C. Times snippet about his being "cordially received" by the President, no date [MTP].

H. Walter Barnett, London photographer, wrote he was sending "a set of finished portraits" from Sam's sitting "some days ago." He repeated he was anxious to have Sam sit in his Academic robes, and he would come to Oxford [MTP].

Sydney Brooks wrote on Brown's Hotel stationery, "I wonder if I might beg from you a couple of your new photographs," one for himself and one for *Harper's Weekly* [MTP].

Louise Copeland wrote a “lengthy epistle” from London full of experiences and a £300,000 claim from a **Vendenheim** or Fentenheim family in S. Carolina during the Civil War. Copeland claimed Sam was close to the family and asked him to see Mrs. Vendenheim [MTP].

A.J. Hopewell of the National Bank of England sent a book of 25 checks for Sam to draw on £100 [MTP].

Cliff Keane wrote from London in a long, roundabout request to see Clemens [MTP].

W.H. Langhorne wrote to thank Sam for his note, and sent his book with compliments. He would be “pleased” to know of the American descendants of any Langhorne whom Sam was named for [MTP].

John Y.W. MacAlister wrote Sam on *The Library* letterhead heading his invitation “Congo atrocities.” He continued, “The Club that is doing so much to arouse public attention to this business realise what a help it would give, if, while you are here, you would say some things about it” [MTP].

Clarence W. Mcllvaine, vice-president of Harper’s London office wrote to pay his respects and offering any help Sam might need. He hoped to lunch with Clemens, and mentioned that years before his mother had met Sam and Livy while visiting a friend in Hartford, **Miss Taintor** [MTP].

George W. Morrison wrote from London: “My dear ‘Mark Twain’: / On my first visit to England you made me famous. / Why have you not looked me up on this trip—as I am still ‘Sir Boss’ as shown in your” CY “who posed for Dan Beard for all the illustrations of your book in 1887-88 in his studio, Judge Building, 5th Ave & 16th St. New York.” He also told of meeting Sam in Hartford when he was a boy [MTP].

Donald Murray for National Liberal Arts Club, London sent Sam a printed notice of being elected a Temporary Member with all privileges of the Club [MTP].



Mr. Ofenheim wrote to from London to Ashcroft: “I am much obliged to you for your kind note. I do not wish to take up too much of Mr Clemens’ time and only wish to shake hands with him.” What day after 5 p.m. could he find Sam at his hotel? [MTP].

Eden Phillpotts wrote from London to thank Sam for his note, which was now his heirloom [MTP].

Marian Robinson wrote from Herts, England to Sam to send “only a few lines of welcome,” and mentioned a mutual friend, **Mrs. Paget** of Ashley Place [MTP].

R.H. Slacke wrote “May I voice the feeling of the British people, congratulating you on your arrival again in the old country...and trusting it may be many years before that grand funeral comes off” [MTP].

John Whitehead wrote from Surrey enclosing his “one and only effort in Literature” for Sam to keep, an essay on great soldiers and sailors [MTP].

Captain H. Wiatt wrote from Acton, London. asking for permission to dramatize *American Claimant* [MTP] *Note:* Ashcroft wrote on the letter: “Miss Elizabeth Marbury The Empire Theatre Bldg”

Evelyn Suart wrote from London thanking Sam for “the charming composition you have written in my book” [MTP].

June 25 Tuesday – This day’s issue of *Punch* was dedicated to Mark Twain, and included a full-page cartoon, by Bernard Partridge (*see insert*); the original would be presented to Sam at the **July 9** *Punch* dinner by little **Joy Agnew**. The *New York Times*, June 26, 1907, p. 5, ran a Special Cablegram article on the “certification” of Mark Twain as a humorist by the publication.

MARK TWAIN HUMOR APPROVED BY PUNCH

A Big Cartoon Dedicated to Him and the Staff Will Dine Him.

GUEST OF THE PILGRIMS

Notable Luncheon Given, to Which 1,000 Notable Vainly Ask to be Bidden.

Special Cablegram.

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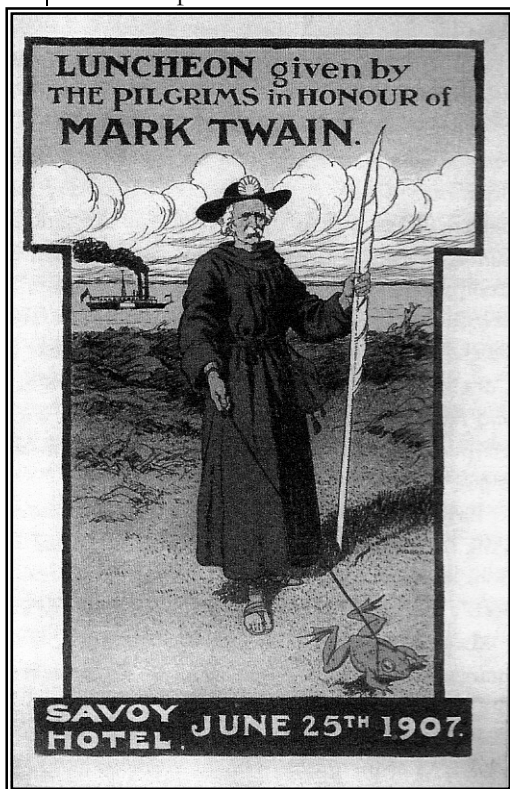
LONDON, June 25.—Mark Twain will go back to America duly certificated [*sic*] as a humorist. *Punch*, which regards Americans generally as lacking in the sense of humor, does not consider Mark Twain deficient in that respect. He is one of their own kind. The *Punch* people think, and they are kitting to him with their

whole hearts. They exhibit their feeling for him in a full page cartoon in today’s issue, which is dedicated to him. Mark Twain appears seated at a table, on which stands a big steaming punch bowl. Mr. Punch, who is placed in the foreground, drinks to Mark Twain’s health, the toast being:

“Sir, I honor myself by drinking to your health. Long life to you and happiness and perpetual youth.”

Mark Twain expects to have a grand time at a dinner which The *Punch* people will give to him. They asked him which he would rather do, “Go to a hotel and have something decent to eat,” or dine at the famous Long Table in *Punch*’s office. He voted unanimously for the Long Table.

London literary folk are rather amused at the announcement that Mark Twain will dine on Saturday at Stratford with Marie Corelli, but I am told that he will find in Miss Corelli one of the his warmest admirers and most appreciative readers.



Sam was the guest of honor for a luncheon given by the **Pilgrims Club** at the **Savoy Hotel**. Paine calls this “one of the most elaborate occasions of his visit.” The Pilgrims had chapters on both sides of the Atlantic [MTB 1389-91]. The event was widely reported. The *London Tribune* observed the event gave Mark Twain “further material for his biography,” and that during the

luncheon a band played music known on both sides of the ocean, such as *Marching on Georgia*, and *Camptown Races*, and *The Stars and Stripes*” [June 26, p. 8, “Mark Twain Tells a Hat Story”]. The *Edinburg Evening Dispatch* called it “A large and distinguished company assembled to do honour the the well-

known American humourist” [June 26, p.5, “‘Mark Twain’ Among the Pilgrims”]. The London *Daily Graphic* observed “Mark Twain is enjoying himself,” while the London *Daily Chronicle* reported Sam’s “grave, grim face set in a stern mould, which could not conceal the creases that yield to the impule of laughter” [MTFWE 37].

Insert: luncheon program cover

Paine gives us his version:

At this luncheon the picture on the bill of fare represented him as a robed pilgrim, with a great pen for his staff, turning his back on the Mississippi River and being led along his literary way by a huge jumping frog, to which he is attached by a string. On a guest-card was printed:

Pilot of many Pilgrims since the shout
 “Mark Twain!”—that serves you for a deathless sign—
 On Mississippi’s waterway rang out
 Over the plummet’s line—

Still where the countless ripples laugh above
 The blue of halcyon seas long may you keep
 Your course unbroken, buoyed upon a love
 Ten thousand fathoms deep!

—O. S. [OWEN SEAMAN].

Augustine Birrell made the speech of introduction, closing with this paragraph:

Mark Twain is a man whom Englishmen and Americans do well to honor. He is a true consolidator of nations. His delightful humor is of the kind which dissipates and destroys national prejudices. His truth and his honor—his love of truth and his love of honor— overflow all boundaries. He has made the world better by his presence, and we rejoice to see him here. Long may he live to reap a plentiful harvest of hearty honest human affection.

The toast was drunk standing. Then Clemens rose and made a speech which delighted all England. In his introduction Mr. Birrell had happened to say, “How I came here I will not ask!” Clemens remembered this, and looking down into Mr. Birrell’s wine-glass, which was apparently unused, he said:

“Mr. Birrell doesn’t know how he got here. But he will be able to get away all right—he has not drunk anything since he came.”

He told stories about Howells and Twichell, and how Darwin had gone to sleep reading his books, and then he came down to personal things and company, and told them how, on the day of his arrival, he had been shocked to read on a great placard, “Mark Twain Arrives: Ascot Cup Stolen.”

No doubt many a person was misled by those sentences joined together in that unkind way. I have no doubt my character has suffered from it. I suppose I ought to defend my character, but how can I defend it? I can say here and now that anybody can see by my face that I am sincere—that I speak the truth, and that I have never seen that Cup. I have not got the Cup, I did not have a chance to get it. I have always had a good character in that way. I have hardly ever stolen anything, and if I did steal anything I had discretion enough to know about the value of it first. I do not steal things that are likely to get myself into trouble. I do not think any of us do that. I know we all take things—that is to be expected; but really I have never taken anything, certainly in England, that amounts to any great thing. I do confess that when I was here seven years ago I stole a hat—but that did not amount to anything. It was not a good hat it was only a clergyman’s hat, anyway. I was at a luncheon-party and Archdeacon Wilberforce was there also. I dare say he is archdeacon now—he was a canon then—and he was serving in the Westminster Battery, if that is the proper term. I do not know, as you mix military and ecclesiastical things together so much.

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

He recounted the incident of the exchanged hats; then he spoke of graver things. He closed:

I cannot always be cheerful, and I cannot always be chaffing. I must sometimes lay the cap and bells aside and recognize that I am of the human race. I have my cares and griefs, and I therefore noticed what Mr. Birrell said—I was so glad to hear him say it—something that was in the nature of these verses here at the top of the program:

He lit our life with shafts of sun
And vanquished pain.
Thus two great nations stand as one
In honoring Twain.

I am very glad to have those verses. I am very glad and very grateful for what Mr. Birrell said in that connection. I have received since I have been here, in this one week, hundreds of letters from all conditions of people in England, men, women, and children, and there is compliment, praise, and, above all, and better than all, there is in them a note of affection.

Praise is well, compliment is well, but affection—that is the last and final and most precious reward that any man can win, whether by character or achievement, and I am very grateful to have that reward. All these letters make me feel that here in England, as in America, when I stand under the English or the American flag I am not a, stranger, I am not an alien, but at home [MTB 1389-91]..

Right after the Pilgrim Club lunch, Sam left for **Oxford** with **Robert P. Porter** of the *London Times*. Sam would be Porter's guest for the next few days [MTB 1392]. Sam arrived at Oxford at 7 p.m. and was soon trying on the scarlet gown for the tailor—it fit him well [MTFWE 54: MTAD July 26, 1907]

Isabel Lyon's journal: In bed all day with hot water bottle and Phenacatine [*sic*] to drive out this something in my shoulder, and it is going. I have been reading Orion's Autobiography and it is a pitiful story. He paints the King in his true colors, and himself in truer. Poor, poor creature. He wrote of Whitelaw Reid's enmity to the King; and here in this far distant day—35 years later—Reid is Ambassador to England and is entertaining the King. Dr. Quintard sputtered finely against Reid and called him splendid, bad names for not giving a better banquet for the King—"only painters and writers, when he might have had dukes there." For myself, I believe the men Reid invited were more acceptable to the King than the titled men would have been; for the men there were most of them men who have achieved from within themselves. Whereas a Duke is a Duke only by an accident. Not that the King is without appreciating the nobility of the earth; he is too much in favor of monarchical government to lose sight of the value of a man's high birth. But no matter. We plan to sail for Nova Scotia on Saturday to be away about 12 days [MTP 76-77]. *Note:* Phenacetin, introduced in 1887, was used mostly as an analgesic; one of the first synthetic fever reducers on the market.

Miss Helen Bywater wrote for the American Rendezvous Club, London, sending the Club rules and hoping Sam might call [MTP].

H. Walter Barnett, London photographer, wrote, deciding it best for him not to go to Oxford to take pictures of Sam in his robes but to have him sit upon his return—he would make an appointment for when it was convenient [MTP].

Laurence V. Benet, President American Chamber of Commerce in Paris wrote to invite Sam to a July 4 banquet there [MTP].

Grace Hodson Boutelle wrote from Chelsea:

“Yesterday I caught a glimpse of you at Hyde Park Corner that took me back years and years and miles and miles to a long ago June week at West Point, when you made the heart of a small girl glad for at least ten exultant minutes, by talking to her as if she were a person whose opinions were worthy of the most interested attention.” If Sam “could and would” make up his mind what he thought of **George Bernard Shaw**, and confide it to her, she promised “to repeat it only to the discreet ears of the Boston Transcript.” [MTP].

Evelyn Bigelow Clark, daughter of **Poultney Bigelow**, wrote from Paris that she would be in London on July 2 and 3—could he possibly lunch with her and husband? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Declined full up”

Marie Corelli telegraphed THREE times to Ashcroft trying to set a date for Sam’s visit to Stratford [MTP].

Fontaine, London correspondent for *Le Matin*, wrote to ask “a few minutes intercourse to discuss with you a private matter” [MTP].

P.P. Gieve wrote from London, glad to get his “letter of the 20th, with its humorous signature” [MTP].

Director **Johann Glaw** wrote a letter of congratulations in German on Sanatorium Johannisbad letterhead [MTP].

Hugh Hamber wrote from England to ask why it was that humorists like himself and **Bret Harte** “come amongst us and are so much appreciated by high and low?” Why was it Americans “basked in the sunshile of Royal smiles” and admire the “slightly superior style of ‘Noblesse Oblige’.” He thought the bit about George Washington never telling a lie was “bosh” [MTP].

F. Jerome Hart wrote from London asking if he could “find time to give Histed the photographer of 42 Baker Street a sitting?” He sent a specimen of Histed’s work, also recommended by Bernard Shaw [MTP]. *Note:* Sam did sit for Histed; see July 3 from Hart.

Maurice Hime wrote from County Donegal, Ireland asking Sam to accept “this little book,” *A Plea for Cheerfulness*, “for which you have done so much” [MTP].

R.W. Johnson, London, wrote a clever poem asking Sam to send a joke [MTP].

J.W.T. Ley for Dickens Fellowship inviting Sam to attend the celebration of the 70th Anniversary of the publication of the *Pickwick Papers*, July 19 to Aug. 28 [MTP].

John S. MacDonald wrote from Lee, S.E., London “Will you pity a Scotchman in dire distress? I have undertaken to prepare and deliver a lecture on American Humour. May I beg a word of sympathy by way of encouragement?” [MTP].

Frank Newnes wrote on George Newnes, Limited letterhead: “The bearer of this, Mr Charles Lavell, would greatly appreciate an interview...as we have asked him to approach you with a proposal for the publication of some of your books in this country” [MTP].

Margaret Osgood wrote an invitation for Sam to stay with them while he was in Oxford. Her husband was “dying to meet” him and her daughter, **Mrs Fiske Morieu** (sp?) would like to see him again [MTP].

An unidentified person sent Sam the following clipping from the *Evening Standard* of June 25:

Mark Twain's Reply.

Responding, Mark Twain said praise was well, compliment was well, but affection was the last and most precious reward which had been accorded to him. It made him feel when he was here in England that he was not an alien nor a stranger, but that he was at home.

Fanny S. Ware wrote from Exeter to beg for monetary help [MTP].

Elizabeth Woodruff wrote thanks for Sam's reply to her letter. **Marie Corelli** had consented to write the preface to her forthcoming book. Her deep regret was she did not have "a few words of some kind from" his pen [MTP].

Sir Benjamin Stone wrote confirming the acceptance of his invitation by Clemens and Ashcroft to lunch at the House of Commons Tuesday July 9 at 1:45 p.m. [MTP].

Gabriel Timmory wrote from Paris, France concerning dramatization of *The Stolen White Elephant* and also *How I Edited an Agricultural Paper* [MTP].

June 25-28 — **C. Hempel**, hairdresser, Oxford, asking for the honor of shaving him during his stay, adding him to the celebrities served [MTP].

June 26 Wednesday – The big day in **Oxford, England**: The Encoeonia (conferring of degrees) took place at the **Sheldonian Theater** in the morning.

Exactly one month later, Sam wrote of the affair:

At half-past ten the next morning [June 26] we assembled at All Souls College and marched thence, gowned, mortar-boarded, and in double file, down a long street to the Sheldonian Theatre, between solid walls of the populace, very much cheered and limitlessly kodacked. We made a procession of considerable length and distinction and picturesqueness, with the Chancellor, Lord Curzon, late Viceroy of India, in his rich robe of black and gold, in the lead, followed by a pair of little train-bearers, and the train-bearers followed by the young Prince Arthur of Connaught, who was to be made a D.C.L. [Doctor of Civil Law] The detachment of D.C.L.'s were followed by the Doctors of Science, and these by the Doctors of Literature, and these in turn by the Doctors of Music. Sidney Colvin marched in front of me; I was coupled with Sidney Lee, and Kipling followed us; General Booth, of the Salvation Army, was in the squadron of D.C.L.'s.

Our journey ended, we were halted in a fine old hall whence we could see, through a corridor of some length, the massed audience in the theatre. Here for a little time we moved about and chatted and made acquaintanceships; then the D.C.L.'s were summoned, and they marched through the corridor and the shouting began in the theatre. It would be some time before the Doctors of Literature and Science would be called for, because each of those D.C.L.'s had to have a couple of Latin speeches made over him before his promotion would be complete—one by the Regius Professor of Civil Law, the other by the Chancellor. After a while I asked Sir William Ramsey [*sic* Ramsay] if a person might smoke here and not get shot. He said "Yes," but whoever did it and got caught would be fined a guinea, and perhaps hanged later. He said he knew of a place where we could accomplish at least as much as half of a smoke before any informers would be likely to chance upon us, and he was ready to show the way to any who might be willing to risk the guinea and the hanging. By request he led the way, and Kipling, Sir Norman Lockyer and I followed. We crossed an unpopulated quadrangle and stood under one of its exits—an archway of massive masonry—and there we lit up and began to take comfort. The photographers soon arrived, but they were courteous and friendly and gave us no trouble, and we gave them none. They grouped us in all sorts of ways and photographed us at their diligent leisure, while we smoked and talked. We were there more than an hour; then we returned to headquarters, happy, content, and greatly refreshed. Presently we filed into the theatre, under a very

satisfactory hurrah, and waited in a crimson column, dividing the crowded pit through the middle, until each of us in his turn should be called to stand before the Chancellor and listen to our merits set forth in sonorous Latin. Meantime, Kipling and I wrote autographs until some good kind soul interfered in our behalf and procured for us a rest [MTFWE 54-5: MTAD July 26, 1907]

Paine also writes of the spectacle and those being honored besides Mark Twain, and quotes from the *London Standard*:

It was a memorable affair. Among those who were to receive degrees that morning besides Samuel Clemens were: **Prince Arthur of Connaught; Prime Minister Campbell-Bannerman; Whitelaw Reid; Rudyard Kipling; Sidney Lee; Sidney Colvin; Lord Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of Ireland [William Alexander]; Sir Norman Lockyer; Auguste Rodin**, the sculptor; **Saint-Saens**, and **Gen. William Booth**, of the Salvation Army—something more than thirty, in all, of the world's distinguished citizens.

The candidates assembled at **Magdalen College**, and led by **Lord Curzon**, the Chancellor, and clad in their academic plumage, filed in radiant procession to the Sheldonian Theater, a group of men such as the world seldom sees collected together. The *London Standard* said of it:

So brilliant and so interesting was the list of those who had been selected by Oxford University on Convocation to receive degrees, 'honoris causa', in this first year of Lord Curzon's chancellorship, that it is small wonder that the Sheldonian Theater was besieged today at an early hour.

Shortly after 11 o'clock the organ started playing the strains of "God Save the King," and at once a great volume of sound arose as the anthem was taken up by the undergraduates and the rest of the assemblage. Every one stood up as, headed by the mace of office, the procession slowly filed into the theater, under the leadership of Lord Curzon, in all the glory of his robes of office, the long black gown heavily embroidered with gold, the gold-tasseled mortar-board, and the medals on his breast forming an admirable setting, thoroughly in keeping with the dignity and bearing of the late Viceroy of India. Following him came the members of Convocation, a goodly number consisting of doctors of divinity, whose robes of scarlet and black enhanced the brilliance of the scene. Robes of salmon and scarlet—which proclaim the wearer to be a doctor of civil law—were also seen in numbers, while here and there was a gown of gray and scarlet, emblematic of the doctorate of science or of letters [MTB 1392-3; editorial emphasis on names].

The *London Daily Express* of June 26, p.5 reported:

OXFORD'S NEW DOCTORS

The pageant and the Commemoration occurring together have brought people to Oxford from all ends of the earth. Every house in the town is filled with visitors, and those who have secured a camp bed in a sitting-room are considered lucky.

The pageant begins to-morrow; to-day Oxford once more holds Commemoration in the Sheldonian Theatre. There have been many famous scenes in the theatre, but to-day's promises to eclipse them all, for never before have forty new doctors been created in one day.
[...]

The *London Daily Chronicle*, June 27, p.5, proclaimed that "Oxford received him like a son," and that "this morning's ceremony has never been surpassed in brilliance, exuberance, and impressiveness" [MTFWE 49].

Mark Twain and **Rudyard Kipling** signed at least one printed program that survives, for the Oxford convocation [MTP: Sotheby's catalogs, Dec. 11, 1989].

The students in the gallery, by tradition, would yell out comments after each man. When Mark Twain rose to be presented to the Chancellor, someone hollered from the gallery, "What have you done with the Ascot Cup, Mark?" Cheers and laughter. "Have you got that jumping frog with you, Mark?" Waves of

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

cheers. The professor who stood next to Sam and gave the speech in Latin was bald, prompting another call from the audience, “Couldn’t you spare him some of your hair, Mark?” Conferees were bound to silence during the ceremony, so Sam was forced to passivity during all of the shouts. At the proper time he advanced to the Chancellor’s rostrum, shook hands, and passed to a seat on the left of the stage, smiling. After all the presentations had been made the new Doctors filed out and went to lunch at **All Souls College**, people in the streets forming a cheering escort for Mark Twain. At lunch the **Maharajah of Bikanir** asked **Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs)** to introduce him to Sam, which she did later in the quadrangle [MTFWE 57].

That afternoon a garden party was given on the grounds of **St. John’s**. People pushed forward to meet Mark and shake his hand [*ibid.*].

In the evening Sam attended a dinner at one of the colleges, where his place was at the “high table” with the Chancellor, the heads of the colleges, Ambassador **Whitelaw Reid**, and other distinguished men. Once again Sam had received permission to come late, after the feasting was over and time for speeches. Without knowing what the dress was to be, Sam sent a messenger who returned with “evening dress,” which was in error—he arrived in a black suit to see “one wide and flaming conflagration of crimson gowns—a kind of human prairie on fire.” Everyone was wearing their Oxford gowns except Sam, who had to pass through the crowd to the high table and give a speech. He wrote that he “looked as out of place as a Presbyterian in hell” [*ibid.* 58-9]

H.H. Rogers wrote from London to Sam.

The enclosed cablegram has just come in and I forward for your decision. You know that Reick is now on the Times.

Sorry not to see you after the luncheon but I could not get around in time for your telephone call. Suppose you will have great times at Oxford and we congratulate you in advance. You made me prouder than ever yesterday, and I had as good a time as you did.

We are off at noon to-morrow, and I am glad enough to go.

Mrs. R. joins me in best regards, / Yours sincerely / H H Rogers

If you want to answer Reick you can cable Harrison Standard Oil New York Tell Reick *****—anything you damn please [MTHHR 629]. *Note:* **William C. Reick** (1864-1924), had been owner of the N.Y. *Sun*, and city editor of the New York *Herald*, was now with the N.Y. *Times*; his cable was dated **June 27** (time difference; same day). It read: “Hope pleasant voyage ask uncle mark if he will give us characteristic interview his experiences in england he is creating great sensation” [n1].

Punch ran an anonymous comment on *King Leopold’s Soliloquy*, p. 451. Tenney gives text in full: “It is rumored that MARK TWAIN has received a communication from the King of the BELGIANS offering to defray the entire expense of the obsequies referred to by the American humorist upon his arrival in this country. The only provision that his MAJESTY makes is that the funeral shall take place at once” [43]. *Note:* the joke here is that Sam had told reporters he was much younger being in London again and would “postpone” his funeral.

The Tatler (London) ran an anonymous article, “Mark Twain and the Policeman,” p. 220. Tenney: “Recently in New York, the car in which MT was riding was stopped for speeding. ‘But when the quiet-spoken man in the tonneau incidentally remarked, “My name’s Mark Twain,” a summary smile stole over the official features at memories of Tom Sawyer, Huck Finn, and the rest. Mark got off” [Tenney: “A Reference Guide Fifth Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1981 p. 165].

Isabel Lyon’s journal (NY): The Pilgrims of London gave Mr. Clemens a beautiful luncheon yesterday and today is his Oxford day. We are gaily proud of the King. His visit to England and his reception there they say

are parts of History, for all the English world has thrown its arms wide open to welcome him and to hold him close to its heart.

He sent a cablegram to C.C. "Try not to be jealous. Father." for there is a gay little rivalry between them. We sat on the porch when the message came and Santa concocted a reply. "More worried than ever Doctor, Remember the proprieties." Late tomorrow we go in to town. But this evening's Sun had an account of the King's experience at Oxford and how fine he looked in his scarlet robe, and how he maintained silence when the undergraduates cheered him, and he didn't want to maintain silence, I know [MTP 77].

Grace Revere Osler wrote from Oxford: "It will give Dr. Osler and me so much pleasure if you will take luncheon with us tomorrow at 1.15" [MTP]. *Note:* after signature, "Wednesday," placing this as June 26. Previously catalogued as June 25-28.

Austin E.W. for National Lending Library for the Blind, Bayswater wrote anxious to have *Extracts from Adam's Diary* transcribed into Braille. Would he give permission? [MTP].

H. Drummond wrote two pages of all phonetically spelled prose, which amounted to congratulations [MTP].

M.S. Gifford wrote from the Arlington House, Oxford expressing "great pleasure that our kind friends, Mr & Mrs Porter lead us to hope that we may see you & your friend at dinner tomorrow. We have fixed the hour at 8.15, hoping it may be more agreeable to you not to be hurried after the Pageant..." [MTP].

Arthur Jule Goodman wrote from Nottinghamshire, "Glad to learn of your arrival in England in such good health and spirits. Many moons since you sat to me for your portrait" in Hartford [MTP].

B.H. sent Sam two picture postcards from Igtham, England with their thanks and congratulations [MTP].

Archibald Henderson telegraphed congratulations [MTP].

Elizabeth Holland wrote praise for Mark Twain's works [MTP].

H. Pearl Humphrey invited Sam to the Lyceum Club dinner on July 15 [MTP]. *Note:* Ashcroft wrote on the letter: "Declined"

Paul Jones telegraphed congratulations [MTP].

Joseph Jordan wrote from South Wales, England to congratulate [MTP].

Lafayette Ltd., London photographers solicited Clemens to sit for his portrait. *Note:* Ashcroft wrote on the letter: "Not answd"

Besse M. Leggett wrote an invitation to dine Saturday, June 29 *Note:* Ashcroft wrote on the letter: "Declined Lord Mayor's Banquet & also journey from Oxford."

Addie Lichten-Northman, an American born girl, wrote from Germany about growing up with Mark Twain books. If Sam was to go to the Continent soon, he was welcome to visit [MTP].

Fred Ludlow, Publisher, Bristol, to praise his works and to ask if he would accept a copy of his new book, *Tales & Sketches of Old and New Bristol*, to be issued in a few weeks. He had no object in view but that of offering his "little tribute of admiration." [MTP].

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Alice Warren Skae Mauscaux wrote from London: “I wonder if you will remember my Father “Lucky Johnnie Skae” in old days Virginia City Nevada where I don’t think I was dreamed of yet—the Dad often spoke of you and once you mentioned him in “The Jumping Frog” [MTP]. *Note:* see *The Galaxy* Oct. 1870, Mark Twain’s “Memoranda, which included “Johnny Skae” Vol I, *MTDDBD*.

Annie Colt McCook (Mrs. Edward M. McCook) wrote from London to Sam:

Since reading your characteristic and beautiful speech to “The Pilgrims,” last evening, I cannot resist the pleasure of expressing to you my appreciation of its humor and tenderness—and I feel sure that every American in London shares my sentiments. It does not seem so very long ago, since I chaperoned your sweet daughter at Old Point Comfort. But the sorrow of my life has taken place since then—I have lived in London almost entirely since the General’s death, I could not face life without him in America!—Accept my sympathy in yr own bereavement, I know it was great—And believe me very sincerely yours...[MTP]. *Note:* see Feb. 18, 1903 for Sam’s letter to Mrs. McCook who watched after Jean at Old Point Comfort, Va. General Edward McCook was a Civil War hero. See index Vol. III.

Edmund D. Morel for Congo Reform Assoc. enclosed a letter from Dr. **Rendel Harris** (not in file) urging Morel to trouble Clemens for more on the Congo question [MTP].

Amy S. Parker wrote from London: “My husband delights me by telling me that you will come to us on Sunday evening to dine. I am putting the dinner hour at 7.45...” [MTP].

Henry Perevia wrote from London:

Forgive an unknown correspondent for suggesting that there was one sad omission in your delightful speech at the Pilgrims’ dinner last night. For the benefit of some of us impecunious curates, who have, from our sins, to sport a silk hat on occasion, you really might have given the name of the West End hatter who ‘never charges the Clergy!’” [MTP].

S. Pulman, after listening to Sam’s speech the night before, sent a printed poem tribute to his lost daughter [MTP].

John E. Rowland wrote from London in a shaky hand, recalling clerking on steamboats of the Mississippi under a captain named **Bart Bowen**. “I have often heard him and other ‘boat hands’ speak of you.” He offered “all good wishes” [MTP].

C. Spenser Sarle for the *London Tribune* wrote to Sam. He’d been brought up on Tom and Huck and had also met the Clemens family in Bombay when he was an editor of the *Times of India*. He related an incident in Bombay of securing a steam launch with a bunch of Twain fans, American flag on one end and the Union Jack on the other, with the American consul in the prow—all to fetch Twain and bring him back “in triumph to the Apollo Bunder.” The boat got there too soon and Mark had “sought refuge in Watson’s Hotel.” Sarle looked forward to seeing Clemens at the Lord Mayor’s Banquet to the Savages [MTP].

Samuel W. Smart sent Sam a postcard from Oxford, mostly scribbles about shaking hands with Gladstone and others [MTP].

Leonora Speyer wrote from London. She’d met him several times at the **Gilder’s, Robert Underwood Johnson’s and Clarence Rice’s**—could Sam come to dinner or lunch one day in July? [MTP].

Maud Stanley wrote from London: “Many years ago I made yr acquaintance in one of yr visits to England, of course you will not remember me, but I am venturing to ask you should you have ½ an hour free before next Saturday the 29th if you would come and say a few words to 1200 of our working girls in our Club...” [MTP].

Frederick C. Van Duzer for the American Society in London asking if Sam would speak to the toast given on July 4th’s Banquet, “The Day We Celebrate” [MTP].

Vicar of St. George, Brentford wrote a note to thank Mark Twain “for his most delightful speech at the Pilgrim’s last evening, reported in this day’s *Times*” [MTP]. *Note:* in 1907 the vicar of St. George was **Thomas Selby Henrey** (1859-1941).

J.J. Wilson wrote from Liverpool, an admirer especially of *LM*: “Please, oh please...more similar work” [MTP].

Alice L. Winterbotham wrote from London, “deeply touched by your gifts to the world” [MTP].

Editor of *The Woman at Home* wrote they proposed to have “an illustrated article in the Christmas number...entitled “My Ideal Woman in Literature.” Who was his ideal woman, and what were his reasons for the choice? [MTP].

Ida Ynnes, an “old devoted admirer” wrote from Gosforth, England asking about a book of witty quotations she’d been unable to find; friends visiting America had also been unable. She hoped someday he would “give us more views as to our doings in South Africa since you wrote ‘More Tramps Abroad’ [FE]. Your statistics & accounts in it were too funny for anything.” [MTP]. *Note:* she also wrote Ashcroft thanking for his “prompt reply.”

Mr. & Mrs. John C. Gordon (Lord & Lady Aberdeen) sent a telegram: “Felicitations and all good wishes come and pay us a visit at Vucrest Lodge Dublin if Possible / Lord and Lady Aberdeen” [MTP].

Thomas B. Strong wrote from Oxford: “May I venture to ask you to say a few words in answer to the toast of the Honorary Doctors at the Dinner here tonight? I am looking forward to welcoming you here” [MTP].

Tablotype Gallery per Elliott & Fry, London, sent proofs from a sitting Sam had done for them. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “On the table in Case”

Hallam Tennyson sent a telegram: “Much regret your inability to come and my inability to give luncheon in London” [MTP].

June 26-29 – Countess of Jersey sent her “AT Home” notice for June 29 and July 7 [MTP].

June 26–July 13 – E.B. Forbes Watson for *The Student*, Edinburgh University to ask for “some contribution for publication” [MTP].

June 27 Thursday – Sam attended the **Oxford Pageant**. The *Oxford Chronicle*, June 28, p.16, “Yesterday at the Pageant” reported Sam’s appearance at 3:45 p.m. The London *Daily Express*, reported on the gala event, (June 28, p. 1, “Pageant in the Mist”) and on Mark Twain’s attendance:

The first performance of the Oxford Pageant began yesterday [June 27] in a blaze of glory, and closed—amid cheers—in a Scotch mist.

The sun was gleaming through the threatening clouds when Mark Twain, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and other new and eminent Doctors of the University walked along the front of the pageant ground, cheered by the thousands of spectators, and took their seats in the royal box.

Mark Twain, eager as he professed himself to get hints from the pageant for his own long foretold funeral, came in bright array—bright eyes, bright silk hat, bright grey trousers, and the brightest of smiles.

His cheery presence and the glamour of the pageant were needed to keep up the spirits of the immense audience, for as the pageant wended its way to music through the picturesque ages from the legendary Saxon times to the powdered wig era of George III, the mist came down—a thick, grey, clinging drizzle that cast a haze over the ground and wrapped the three and a half thousand pageant actors in its chilly embrace.

In spite of the rain during the last half hour the pageant was an overwhelming success. The thousands of spectators stood up at the conclusion with the thousands of players in multi-coloured costumes massed in groups before them, and the combined thousands sang in a mighty chorus, “O God, our help in ages past.”

Volleys of cheering followed the hymn, and thus a pageant of English life came to a typical English finish. [...]

Note: for Sam’s recollections of the Pageant, too long to include here, see *MTFWE* 62-70.

H.H. Rogers wrote from London to Sam.

The N.Y. Times man called me up last night to learn if I had received a cable from Reick. I told him that I had sent the same to you. I suppose that lets me out. At any rate Mrs Rogers and I are leaving in 5 minutes. You look well in your gown, and I am proud to see you in the front row as I had expected that W.R. [Whitelaw Reid] would ~~have~~ have the show [MTHHR 630]. *Note:* see Rogers June 26.

Pearson’s Weekly (London) ran an anonymous article, “This Week’s Hero: Mark Twain,” p. 905. Tenney: “A conventional and partly inaccurate biographical sketch of MT” [Tenney: “A Reference Guide Fifth Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1981 p. 165].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Today the papers are full of the King—and today we go to town at 11:50. We found the city very, very hot and I was weary when I dropped into bed at a late hour. My vitality is at a low ebb; I ought to be in bed every night at nine [MTP 77].

William H. Allen wrote a welcome to Clemens, “But do come more often whenever you can” [MTP].

F.I. Baker for The British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection wrote to inform Sam of the work they were doing. He added a PS that he was “glad to hear you had not stolen the Ascot Cup” [MTP].

Winifred V. Barnett, “a little girl admirer” wrote to thank Sam for his autograph sent [MTP].

Beatrice Batty wrote disappointment she’d been to see him twice and was not permitted the pleasure of shaking his hand. “Your secretary asked my address—I give it now” [MTP].

Frank Thomas Bullen wrote he had “a lump into my throat and dew into my eyes” when he recalled being sought by Twain and Rogers one day in New Bedford, “all unconscious of the joy I was missing...engaged upon some footy little expedition worth nothing.” He sent best wishes [MTP].

James Christison wrote on Public Library, Montrose stationery to express admiration for the speech Sam gave to the Pilgrims. He noted that **Rev. Dr. McCrie**, of the United Free Church quoted Sam’s bit about “Praise is well, compliment is well...” [MTP].

L.T. E. wrote sending a poem by **Walter E. Grogan** from the *Pall Mall Magazine*, Feb. 1907. L.T.E was inspired by Sam's Pilgrim Speech [MTP].

Hubert Giles, Bookseller, Oxford sent a note with cartoon of the Procession (not in file) [MTP].

George B. Harvey sent a trans-Atlantic cable to Sam after returning to NYC:

JUST ARRIVED THANKS FOR WELCOME CABLE CONGRATULATIONS FROM MY HEART UPON THE BEST EVER COMING INTO HIS OWN WHILE STILL IN POSITION TO APPRECIATE FULL RECOGNITION LONG PAST DUE IN THIS CLARENCE MACKAY WHO PROMISES TO HAVE THIS DELIVERED WHEREVER YOU ARE ASKS TO JOIN WITH SPECIAL FELICITATIONS / HARVEY [MTP].

James Knowles wrote from London to verify a meeting for Sam with Princess **Louise Augusta** for July 4 at 1.30 [MTP].

R. Howard Krause wrote from Kidderminster, England to invite Sam to visit. "Mrs. Krause would love to see you again." *Note:* Ashcroft wrote on the letter: "Declined"

J.N. L. wrote two sentences to Sam: "Wrinkles should merely indicate where the smiles have been". And so an extended definition of a wrinkle is a 'smile that won't come off.'" [MTP].

Arthur Marston sent a picture postcard from Dover, England: "All good wishes. Do you remember, in old times, the...camp at Condoover Park with Major C." [MTP].

Northern Newspaper Syndicate per James E. Lyons asked for "eight articles, each of about 2,200-2,400 words, " to be paid "One Hundred Guineas cash" [MTP].

Christabel Pankhurst for Women's Social & Political Union, "Votes for Women," wrote enclosing literature for the cause. Would he grant "a short interview"? [MTP].

Joseph Pennell for International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, Whistler Memorial, wrote asking for his help to get the Memorial "up." **Auguste Rodin** was doing the statue and **Whitelaw Reid, Rudyard Kipling, and [Hubert von] Herkomer** were helping out. "Won't you give us a lift?"

Francis H. Skrine wrote from London to say their only son witnessed the Oxford "reception from the undergraduate gallery, & felt proud that his parents should number you among their friends. We were very much disappointed by finding, on our return from the country on Monday, that you had called on the previous day" He offered congratulations [MTP].

George N. Strange wrote from Worthing, England, enclosing some "mortuary poetry" since he saw that Twain was interested in such. He apologized for intruding on Sam's privacy [MTP].

"A Yorkshire school boy" sent Sam a picture postcard of the Strand and Charing Cross Station, London: "Pleased to hear you are in London with the nobs. My father has been to London" [MTP].

An "Unknown friend" wrote Sam: "Will you permit one of your oldest admirers to send you a word of welcome to the old country where you are held in as much affection as in your own? It was a source of very great pleasure to read your speech at the Pilgrims," but disappointed he didn't mention the loss of Irving. Best wishes [MTP].

Frederick D. Wardle wrote from Bath, England, sorry that Sam “was compelled to say a final ‘No’ to” a visit to Bath. He hoped Sam would come next year [MTP].

Mary Yates Watson wrote from London wondering if he’d rec’d her book sent to America, “A Wealth of Remembrance.” She wrote of a new book that was coming of 76 poems for children [MTP].

E. Wyndham wrote from Sussex to thank Sam for his portrait. He added a P.S. about his long ago trip to Hartford: “...you took me, an unoffending Englishman, one day to a billiard saloon, and you made me play billiards with you, without an interval, or, drink, for six, or was it eight hours? That wa 30 years ago, and I have not touched a cue since” [MTP].

June 28 Friday – Though all 27 days Sam spent in **England** were busy, Sam labeled this day as especially so. From Sam’s **A.D. for July 30**:

One of the incidents of the 28th was a visit to the ancient, the vast, the illustrious University Press. Under the guidance of its superintendent, Dr. Hart, I went all over it. For seven years I had been feeling unkindly toward it, but when I found that it was flying the American flag from its staff, in compliment to me, my vanity was touched, and the same result followed that had followed my meeting with Henry VIII. [actor at the pageant]—a good deal of my prejudice was sponged out.

The University Press is not a thing of yesterday, it is an antiquity; it dates back to a time when there wasn’t any such thing as a printing-press as yet. In the long ago, learned monks made books there—made them on vellum with the pen and illuminated them with the brush.

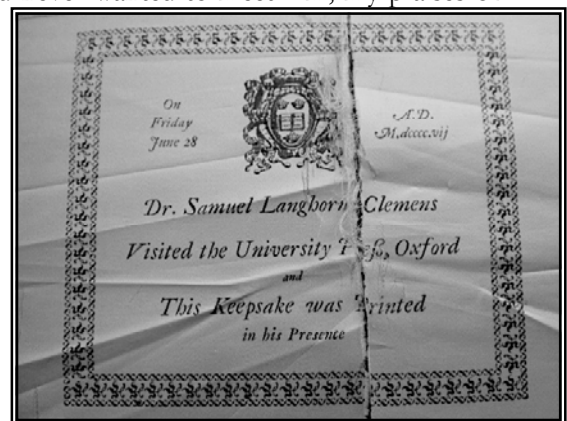
One of the other incidents of the 28th gave me peculiar pleasure, and reminded me of the prized welcome extended to me by the stevedores at Tilbury. In Oxford I was the guest of Robert Porter and his family; he had a luncheon party that day, and the butler of an Oxford don volunteered his services and superintended the function in order that he might have speech of me. After the guests had retired to the drawing-room I returned and talked with him and found, to my large contentment, that he knew ten or fifteen times as much about my books as I knew about them myself. He was an evidence that to me has been granted that rare and precious prize which Louis Stevenson and I dubbed the Suppressed Fame; and so I highly valued his frank and earnest homage. ...

There was still another incident of the 28th of which I wish to make a note: in the evening, after dinner, I went down by invitation to talk to the Rhodes scholars at their club—the American Rhodes scholars, I mean. As I understand it, the American Club is made up of American students, and not exclusively of Rhodes American students. There are about ninety American Rhodes scholars on the foundation all the time, for each of our States is privileged to send two.

I have uttered nothing but praises in speaking of the Rhodes benefaction, but they have been wrung from me; they have not come easily and fluently, for I always detested Mr. Rhodes; I never saw him, either in South Africa or in London; I avoided his vicinity; I never met him, and never wanted to meet him; my praises of what he has done must at least be granted the merit of sincerity. In several ways he was a very great sinner, but I think there is not a saint in the endless Roman calendar whom he could afford to trade halos with [MTFWE 70-73]. *Note:* see source for full text.

In London Sam signed a copy of CS to **Evelyn Gifford**: “To / Miss Evelyn Gifford— / This: / to assure her that that evening is certainly not going to be forgotten by / hers sincerely / The Author / June 28/07” [MTP].

An authentic printed silk “keepsake” was printed in Sam’s presence and bearing this date. See insert [eBay: All Things Bought & Sold, Item 350241463920, Sept. 18, 2009]



The *Stratford-Upon-Avon Herald*, June 28, p.8 announced the coming of Mark Twain, under “Local News”:

“MARK TWAIN” COMES TO STRATFORD.—

“Mark Twain” (Mr. S.L. Clemens) will be the guest of Miss Marie Corelli at Mason Croft to-morrow (Saturday) to luncheon. The famous American author will arrive at the Great Western station at 10.45 a.m. by the train from Oxford, when he will be met by his hostess, who will drive with him direct to the Birthplace, thence to the church, and afterwards to Mason Croft, where a few of Miss Corelli’s friends have been invited to meet him. He will return again to London the same afternoon.

Marie Corelli arrived in London to make sure that Sam would keep his luncheon date for **June 29** in Stratford. He had tried to cancel after accepting, when he realized that he needed to give a speech in the evening of June 29 at the Lord Mayor’s banquet. Sam related the meeting:

She came to Oxford on the 28th to make sure of her prey. I begged her to let me off, I implored, I supplicated; I pleaded my white head and my seventy-two years, and the likelihood that the long day in trains would stop every three hundred yards and rest ten minutes would break me down and send me to the hospital. It had no effect. By God I might as well have pleaded with Shylock himself! She said she could not release me from my engagement; it would be quite impossible; and added—

“Consider my side of the matter a little. I have invited Lady Lucy and two other ladies, and three gentlemen; to cancel the luncheon now would inflict upon them the greatest inconvenience; without doubt they would have declined other invitations to accept this one; in my own case I have canceled three social engagements on account of this matter.”

I said—

“Which is the superior disaster: that your half-dozen guests be inconvenienced, or the Lord Mayor’s three hundred? And if you have already canceled three engagements, and thereby inconvenienced three sets of guests, canceling seems to come easy to you, and it looks as if you might add just one more to the list, in mercy to a suffering friend.”

It hadn’t the slightest effect; she was as hard as nails. I think there is no criminal in any jail with a heart so unmalleable, so unfazeable, so flinty, so uncompromisingly hard as Marie Corelli’s. I think one could hit it with a steel and draw a spark from it.

She is about fifty years old [was 52], but has no gray hairs; she is fat and shapeless; she has a gross animal face; she dresses for sixteen, and awkwardly and unsuccessfully and pathetically imitates the innocent graces and witcheries of that dearest and sweetest of all ages; and so her exterior matches her interior and harmonizes with it, with the result—as I think—that she is the most offensive sham, inside and out, that misrepresents and satirizes the human race to-day. I would willingly say more about her, but it would be futile to try; all the adjectives seem so poor, and feeble, and flabby, this morning [MTFWE 73-74; MTAD Aug. 16, 1907]. *Note:* See prior and post-segments under June 29.

The Christian Age (London) ran an anonymous article, “Mark Twain, p.458. Tenney: “‘The name of Mark Twain years ago was the synonym for humor—humor of that pure, delightful quality which only America seems able to give us.’ He thought of himself only a ‘funny man’ until his middle years, when he discovered his real seriousness. ‘Recently he has attacked the Congo administration, and his burning words on that subject have proved him to be thoroughly in earnest.’ Unfortunately, reporters persist in seeking comic copy, as in their accounts of his return to England. ‘The reputation of being funny is a difficult one to shake off’” [Tenney: “A Reference Guide Fifth Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1981 p. 165].

Public Opinion (London) ran an anonymous article, “ ‘Mark Twain’ as a Master of English,” p. 812. Tenney: “Summarizes accounts by Douglas Story in the TRIBUNE describing MT’s healthy appearance, and by William Archer in the MORNING LEADER praising him as a humorist, realist, humanitarian, psychologist, and above all, ‘a great master of the English language....If Mark Twain had never written anything but “Adventures of

Huckleberry Finn ,” the honour [of an Oxford degree] would be amply justified” [Tenney: “A Reference Guide Fifth Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1981 p. 165].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: It is hot, and Delia cleaned the King’s room.

Rev. Percy Grant came in at 6 instead of 5 and chatted with me about Bernard Shaw and Ibsen and some other things, but mostly of the King and so the house seemed less lonely. The Rev. Percy enjoyed that dinner in Tuxedo when talk was so labored, and will be glad to go again.

Will dines here every night. He has been so good in helping us to plan for our departure [MTP 77-78]. *Note:* “Will” was **Charles E. Wark**, Clara’s accompanist.

H. Algar wrote from London sending four poems (not in file) but each named on a note “with the compliments of the writer, The Revd H. Algar, BA, Oxd” [MTP].

Miss E. Katherine Bates wrote from Oxford that she had witnessed Sam receiving his degree. “My thoughts went back to an early spring morning in Florence, 3 years ago & to a sad talk we had then...by your kind invitation. ...A few minutes later, I read of your irreparable loss...She would have rejoiced in seeing the honor given to you & the sincere & deep affection shon you by our dear old Alma Mater” [MTP].

Henry Campbell-Bannerman sent Sam an engraved invitation with S.L. Clemens written in, to a celebration of the King’s birthday for this day, Friday, June 28 [MTP]. *Note:* Likely sent just before June 28

Andrew Carnegie wrote from London on Brown’s Hotel stationery:

Dear Saint Mark

Madam & I just in from hobknobbing with the Emperor feel the want, (I do, not Madam who is sinless) of my Father Confessor, feel it badly & all over—Hence this call.

We are off tonight for Skibo. When are you coming to see us there in your holy capacity, Sinner-Saint—We hope soon” [MTP].

Evelyn Gifford wrote on Arlington House, Oxford stationery: “The great pleasure of meeting you needs no remembrances but that you should have sent me this book with its most kind messag, is going to make me hold my head a bit higher all my life” [MTP].

Horace Hart, Controller (“printer to the University”) Oxford sent a set of the *English Dialect Dictionary*, as directed by Professor **Joseph Wright**. Hart also enclosed a hand written note: “Cannot you come down about 12 o’clock and spend half an hour in the University Press? It is full of your admirers and other things. / Always...” [MTP].

Aimee Headland-Stevens wrote on King Edward VII Sanatorium, Midherst stationery. A widow with a little girl, “all that was left to me” and a patient in the hospital, she remembered him when she was “quite young” [MTP].

John Henniker Heaton wrote on Carlton Club stationery to ask for ten minutes interview for the Rev. **Isidore Harris**, an old friend of his [MTP].

Archibald Henderson wrote on Hotel Victoria stationery, London to Ashcroft to convey thanks for the book and hoped that Clemens had received his telegram at the Pageant [MTP].

R. Hopkins wrote from Dublin, Ireland: “I beg to enclose this little crisp, magnetic, Dublin comic Journal,” since he was an admirer and reader [MTP].

Liverpool Chamber of Commerce sent a telegram requesting Sam's presence at lunch during his visit on July 12 [MTP].

H.E. Marshall wrote from Oxford to "Dr. Mark Twain" asking if he would "accept the enclosed small book from a very humble admirer? I think yours are the funniest ever written. Don't tell an Englishman—I am a Scotswoman) but my opinion is, Dickens isn't in it!" [MTP].

Lucian Oldershaw wrote from Fernley, Maidenhead: "You have so often made me laugh." Oldershaw expressed "a real debt of gratitude" [MTP].

Courtenay Pollock wrote from London, asking to call on him to "express more clearly...the details of a favor I would ask of you." She asked for sittings "to make a bronze portrait" of Twain [MTP]. *Note:* Ashcroft wrote on the letter: "lack of time"

Ernest A. Robinson, letterpress printer, Grimsby, England, sent "a copy of my small work, as a high appreciation of the pleasure myself and millions have derived from your efforts" [MTP].

J.L. Sleeman wrote from West Kensington to welcome him and to thank him for his remarks in "More Tramps Abroad" (*FE*) concerning the "Thugs" of India and his grandfather **W.H. Sleeman**. He was now the only descendant and wished to thank Clemens for portraying his grandfather's lifes work [MTP].

George W. Smalley wrote on Beefsteak Club London stationery to "introduce to you my friend Mr Leslie Ward of 'Vanity Fair'." If Sam would see Ward, Smalley would be "ever so much obliged" [MTP].

Mary Sonedon wrote from Suffolk to send best wishes for the pleasure his works had given her; years before she had heard him lecture [MTP].

An unidentified person wrote from Surrey to thank him for *CS*, and hoped tht it would "open the eyes of many in England who are now hypnotized by its pernicious teaching" [MTP].

A.H. Willoughby wrote from Oxford to apologize that her sister, **Mrs. W.H. Langhorne** had sent a copy of her husband's book in sheets, not realizing that there were bound copies remaining [MTP].

June 29 Saturday – The London *Times* on July 1, ran "Mark Twain and the Savage Club" about the **Lord Mayor of London** giving a dinner with Mark Twain as guest, Saturday night (June 29) at the **Savage Club**. But first, Sam had to travel to **Stratford** for a luncheon and be trapped by **Marie Corelli**. Sam's own words are the best account of the event, which he tried unsuccessfully to wriggle out of:

I met Marie Corelli at a small dinner party in Germany fifteen years ago [1891 or 2], and took a dislike to her at once—a dislike which expanded and hardened with each successive dinner-course until, when we parted, at last, the original mere dislike had grown into a very strong aversion. When I arrived in England, two months ago, I found a letter from her awaiting me at Brown's Hotel. It was warm, affectionate, eloquent, persuasive; under its charm the aversion of fifteen years melted away and disappeared. It seemed to me that the aversion must have been falsely based; I thought I must certainly have been mistaken in the woman, and I felt a pang or two of remorse. I answered her letter at once—her love-letter I may say; answered it with a love-letter [not extant]. Her home is Shakespeare's Stratford. She at once wrote again, urging me in the most beguiling language to stop there and lunch with her when I should be on my way to London, on the 29th. It looked like an easy matter; the travel connected with it could not amount to much, I supposed, therefore I accepted by return mail. I had now—not for the first time, nor the thousandth—trampled upon an old and wise and stern maxim of mine, to wit: "Supposing is good, but finding out is better." The supposing was

finished, the letter was gone; it was now time to find out. Ashcroft examined the timetables and found that I would leave Oxford at eleven o'clock the 29th, leave Stratford at mid-afternoon, and not reach London until about half-past six. That is to say, I would be seven hours and a half in the air, so to speak, with no rest for the sole of my foot, and a speech at the Lord Mayor's to follow! Necessarily I was aghast; I should probably arrive at the Lord Mayor's banquet in a hearse. Ashcroft and I then began upon a hopeless task—to persuade a conscienceless fool to mercifully retire from a self-advertising scheme which was dear to her heart. She held her grip; any one who knew her could have told us she would. She came to Oxford on the 28th to make sure of her prey [See June 28 for this segment and description of Corelli].

So we [with Ashcroft] went to Stratford by rail, with a car-change or two, we not knowing that one could save time and fatigue by walking. She received us at Stratford station with her carriage, and was going to drive us to Shakespeare's church, but I canceled that; she insisted, but I said that the day's program was already generous enough in fatigues without adding another. She said there would be a crowd at the church to welcome me, and they would be greatly disappointed, but I was loaded to the chin with animosity, and childishly eager to be as unpleasant as possible, so I held my ground, particularly as I was well acquainted with Marie by this time and foresaw that if I went to the church I should find a trap arranged for a speech; my teeth were already loose from incessant speaking, and the very thought of adding a jabber at this time was a pain to me; besides, Marie, who never wastes an opportunity to advertise herself, would work the incident into the newspapers, and I who could not waste any possible opportunity of disobliging her, naturally made the best of this one.

She said she had been purchasing the house which the founder of Harvard College had once lived in, and was going to present it to America—another advertisement. She wanted to stop at that dwelling and show me over it, and she said there would be a crowd there. I said I didn't want to see the damned house. I didn't say it in those words, but in that vicious spirit, and she understood; even her horses understood, and were shocked, for I saw them shudder. She pleaded, and said we need not stop for more than a moment, but I knew the size of Marie's moments, by now, when there was an advertisement to be had, and I declined. As we drove by I saw that the house and the sidewalk were full of people—which meant that Marie had arranged for another speech. However, we went by, bowing in response to the cheers, and presently reached Marie's house, a very attractive and commodious English home. I said I was exceedingly tired, and would like to go immediately to a bedchamber and stretch out and get some rest, if only for fifteen minutes. She was voluble with tender sympathy, and said I should have my desire at once; but deftly steered me into the drawing-room and introduced me to her company. That being over, I begged leave to retire, but she wanted me to see her garden, and said it would only take a moment. We examined her garden, I praising it and damning it in the one breath—praising it with the mouth and damning it with the heart. Then she said there was another garden, and dragged me along to look at it. I was ready to drop with fatigue, but I praised and damned as before, and hoped I was through now and might be suffered to die in peace; but she beguiled me to a grilled iron gate and pulled me through it into a stretch of waste ground where stood fifty pupils of a military school, with their master at their head—arrangement for another advertisement. She asked me to make a little speech, and said the boys were expecting it. I complied briefly, shook hands with the master and talked with him a moment, then—well then we got back to the house. I got a quarter of an hour's rest, then came down to the luncheon. Toward the end of it that implacable woman rose in her place, with a glass of champagne in her hand, and made a speech! With me for a text, of course. Another advertisement, you see—to be worked into the newspapers. When she had finished I said—

"I thank you very much"—

and sat still. This conduct of mine was compulsory, therefore not avoidable; if I had made a speech, courtesy and custom would have required me to construct it out of thanks and compliments, and there was not a rage of that kind of material lurking anywhere in my system [MTFWE 73-74; MTAD Aug. 16, 1907]. *Note:* Corelli's initial letter waiting at the Hotel is not extant, but her follow up letters of June 20 and 23 are; see entries.

The *London Times*, July 1, 1907, reported some of Sam's remarks to the military boys:

[Twain] "mentioned that he had once been a soldier for two weeks during the American Civil War, but his experiences were such that he did not care to remember them. Looking upon the budding warriors before

him, he sincerely wished them a better liking for their lot than his had been and more of it. The mayor, he understood, had wished to award him civic honours, but his request was that his visit might be considered a personal one to Miss Corelli."

Sam returned to **London**, arriving at 6:30 p.m. "in a pouring rain". He went to bed for a few hours and later spoke at the Lord Mayor's banquet at the Savage Club. He called that speech "a botch" due to the "most hateful day my seventy-two years have ever known" [MTFWE 76; MTAD Aug. 16, 1907].

In the evening Sam met at the **Mansion House** with "The Savages" of whom the **Lord Mayor (Sir William Purdie Treloar)** was a longtime member. The London *Daily Chronicle* called the banquet "a genial reunion" [July 1, p.5, "Lord Mayor and the Savages"]. The London *Daily Mail* revealed that "The assembly sprang to its feet and shouted its welcome..." [July 1, p.5, "Mark Twain's Stories"]. The London *Tribune* reported "a touch of melancholy" in Sam's address that it "was unlikely...that he would ever see England again" [July 1, p.6]. The London *Daily Telegraph*, July 1, p.13 had perhaps the most complete reporting of the event including Sam's speech:

Mark Twain was the guest of the evening at a dinner given at the Mansion House on Saturday by the Lord Mayor to his fellow-members of the Savage Club. The gathering was a distinguished one, for in the company, which numbered close on 250, were "Savages" who had attained eminence in almost every profession. To the left of the Lord Mayor sat Mark Twain [...].

Giving the loyal toasts, the Lord Mayor reminded the gathering that until his accession the King was an honorary "Savage," and that they still had as honorary members the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught.

Dr. [Fridtjof] Nansen, replying to the toast of the honorary life members, proposed by Mr. Mostyn Pigott [*sic* Piggott], remarked that he thought the club represented everything that made life worth living.

The Lord Mayor then called upon Mark Twain to respond. As he rose everyone instantly sprang up, and the cheering was loud and long. When "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" had been sung, the applause was renewed. This was the second wildly enthusiastic reception given to the great humourist during the evening.

When the cheering had subsided, Mark Twain said: "I don't make speeches—as I have no time to prepare them. I have been very busy since I landed in England trying to rehabilitate my character. I assure you that I am not as dishonest as I look. I began years and years ago to frame for myself a moral constitution that would impress the world. I was not as honest then as I am now—but I was reasonably honest. Since that time I have done nothing that has called my honesty into question. I had once an experience which I have ever used as a warning for myself, and the result is I have climbed step by step to where I am now—or to where I was before the Ascot Cup was stolen" [...See Fatout p. 564-5 for the Father Hawley story, and the christening story here] .

....

When the merriment which this anecdote provoked had ceased, Mark Twain continued in a serious strain. He felt that the nation had honoured him, and through him his country, and he was affected at saying farewell. He spoke with bowed head: "I am going from here in a week or two. I came to get an honorary degree, and I would have compassed seven seas for an honour like that. I cannot feel too grateful to the University and to Lord Curzon for conferring it upon me. I am sure my country must appreciate the honour, for of course it is first and foremost to my country. While I am in spirit young I am in flesh old, therefore it is unlikely I shall ever see England again, but I shall ever retain the recollection of what I have experienced here in the way of generous, most kindly welcomes. I took in the welcome you gave me when I entered the room, and I am duly grateful for it. And so I must say good-bye, and in saying good-bye I do so not with my lips, but with my whole heart." (Loud cheers.)

The Planet (London), June 29, 1907, p.18, ran a feature article by **Raymond Blathwayt**, "Mark Twain on Humour." This was a reminiscence by Blathwayt of an interview with Twain sixteen years before, or 1891, with Sam playing billiards and talking about humor. Thanks to Tom Tenney for this article. Also found in [Tenney: "A Reference Guide Fifth Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1981 p. 166].

London's *Saturday Review*, p. 809-10 ran "Humorists Twain," on the humor of Mark Twain and Augustine Birrell at the June 25 Pilgrim's luncheon [Tenney: "A Reference Guide Seventh Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1983 p. 170].

Isabel Lyon's journal: We sailed at 11, down Long Island Sound. The boat isn't attractive. The decks are naturally small and so we are crowded with me who smoke and women with harsh strident voices and there is no peace—no peace. We have the chief engineer's room, a cosy cabin, but no place to sit, and no bell. So I course up and down the corridors when we are in need of things and perhaps we find a steward—perhaps not. But I slept on deck from sheer exhaustion [MTP 75].

Frank Clements for Sunday School Union, with Children's Holiday and Convalescent Homes at Bournemouth and Clacton-on-Sea, wrote asking for "an article from your pen on these Homes" that they might use to help raise funds [MTP].

David Gilmore wrote from Belfast a rather tongue-in-cheek scolding while praising of Sam's works, specifically mentioning "Mrs McWilliams and the Lightening," which he'd read five times. "Don't imagine I read your works for pleasure—only to see the depths of your depravity I read them, and to find out how much superior morally I am to you, for one can't see his own goodness without a glaring example of wickedness in another, and you are the prime, the absolute example...Yours in righteous indignation..." [MTP].

Blanche Lindsay (Lady Caroline Blanche Elizabeth Fitzroy Lindsay) wrote from London sending two of her books, that he'd given her permission to do when they met at Arch-Deacon Wilberforce's [MTP]. *Note:* See Gribben p.410, which lists her two books with inscriptions to Clemens, though these are not specified in her letter. Sam signed his copies of *From a Venetian Balcony and Other Poems of Venice and the Near Lands* (1904); and *Godfrey's Quest: A Fantastic Poem* both by (Lady) **Caroline Blanche Elizabeth (Fitzroy) Lindsay**: "*SL. Clemens / June, 1907. / London. / From Lady Lindsay*" [Gribben 410-411].

Thomas Manden wrote from Bristol wishing Sam and family long prosperity [MTP].

Thomas Power O'Connor wrote on *T.P.'s Weekly* letterhead: "Don't worry. I found the passage. It was as I suspected in 'A Tramp Abroad'. Its in the story of 'The man who put up at Gadsby's' I hope I have not given you any trouble" [MTP]. *Note:* see June 20 for O'Connor's question on the sketch he sought.

Mrs. Edmund Routledge wrote from Coombe Lodge: "I should so like to see you again. I am sorry you cannot manage to come to our garden party on the 6th" Could Sam see him for a few minutes one morning next week? "Edmund was so good & true a friend, he was so fond of you. If you could spare his widow 5 minutes...it would be such a pleasure" [MTP].

Francis H. Skrine wrote again: "We were 'desolated' at finding your card, again, on our return from calling.If you had only sent us a post-card we would have stayed at home!" [MTP].

"Two sisters" middle aged, wrote from Southampton, "having but few pleasures in life; one of their greatest is to read anything written by Mark Twain" and "rejoice to know that he is so widely honored and beloved" [MTP].

Marianne Sullivan wrote from Hastings, England to ask if Sam "would contribute a book or photograph to aid the work of the Hastings...Branch of the 'National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children'" [MTP]. *Note:* Ashcroft noted a photo was sent.

Henry W. Taunt wrote on Henry W. Taunt & Co., photographer, Oxford letterhead wrote that he'd stopped by this a.m. but Sam was gone to the station. Taunt wanted to show his photo taken of Twain "among the worthies going to the Theatre, with Kipling and others" [MTP].

Hallam Tennyson wrote from Aldworth, Haslemere: "We shall be delighted to welcome you here on July 5th" [MTP].

June 30 Sunday – At **Brown's Hotel** In **London** Sam wrote to daughter **Jean** in **Katonah, N.Y.**

Jean dear, I have had a lovely time every day of the fortnight since we arrived, with not a thing to mar its delights except speeches. I hate making speeches except when I have some which I really want to say—a thing which does not often happen. I enjoyed talking to the Pilgrims here on the 25th & I enjoyed talking to the Rhodes scholars in Oxford night before last, but all the other speeches were cases of *had-to*—I don't like that kind.

I prodigiously enjoyed every hour of my 3 days in Oxford. When we moved, gowned & mortar-boarded, in a single-file procession to the Sheldonian between solemn walls of the common people, their hearty welcome deeply touched me all the way, & brought back to my mind the welcome of the stevedores when I went ashore at Tilbury dock. I enjoyed the noisy welcome of the undergrads when the degrees were conferred—& I was privately very vain of the common remark that it was the largest one of the day—for I was born vain, & can't seem to get over it.

I enjoyed all the fine old time-worn ceremonies, & the march back to All Souls, & the garden-party & the luncheon (ancient official name of it "gaudy,") & also the other gaudies of the succeeding nights & days—except the having to make speeches.

And then the pageant! But nobody can describe that. I saw two days of it, & it was far & away the most superb spectacle of massed & mighty and rhythmical movement & splendid costumes I have ever seen. Of the dramatis personae there were 3,500 men & women & boys & girls; & the pictures they made when they came marching out of the noble distances like gliding far-off flower-gardens, & came pouring down out of the forest trees, hundreds on foot & hundreds on horseback & lit up all the grassy stretches with kaleidoscopic [*one word canceled*] movement & color, made all the grand opera's efforts at the spectacular seem poor & small & cheap & fictitious. And then the final scene, when the whole 3,500 were present & mingling, marching before us—well, it was a fairy dream!

I was out late, last night, at the Lord Mayor's banquet, & must be out late again, on the 4th of July & at Punch's dinner to me (July 8 [actually July 9]) & at the Lord Mayor's dinner to me (Liverpool, July 10) but all my other engagements are daylight ones & will not fatigue me. The Viceroy of Ireland (Lord Aberdeen, you may remember him) has invited me to Dublin, to be his guest, & I do wish I could go, but I can't; I haven't a vacant moment till I sail (July 13, in the Minne-something,—Minnetonka, I think.)

I am glad I came, dearheart, very glad indeed.



Mark Twain is being lionized by King Edward.—News Item.

Goodbye, with love & kisses— / Father [MTP]. *Note:* After his signature he asked her to send the letter to Clara as he had run out of time; yet he did find the time to write the following letter.

Sam also wrote to daughter **Clara** in Tuxedo Park, N.Y.

Clärchen dear, I wrote Jean this morning about the wonderful pageant at Oxford, and asked her to send you the letter. There was an overlooked detail which I wish to speak of. I will precede it with the remark. The 3,500 men, women and children who acted in the living pictures reproduced historical episodes of ancient times which all took place within a couple of miles of where we sat looking on, & some of them on that very spot itself—a lovely meadow with a little river winding around it & surrounded by far-reaching park-vistas & glimpsed it through stately forest trees. Through all the turmoil of the vivid medieval day the birds flew all about us singing undismayed, & the swans paddled up & down unconcerned by the state-barges leaving kings, & war-barges bearing pirate-raids of the legendary days. It was just too touching for anything!

The episodes began with A. D. 710; then 1110; then 1284; then 1521; then 1587; then 1607; then 1641; then 1686; then 1790; then 1810.

The costumes were historically exact, to the last detail. *Imagine* the limitless variety!

And now I arrive at what I started out to say: all the 3,500 were people living in Oxford. At 2 p.m. daily they all swarmed out, in costume, & started for the meadow, outside the town, & went loafing down the quaint old lanes & streets of the venerable city—& dear me they did harmonise with the quaint & mouldy old buildings to perfection! Once I turned a corner & came suddenly upon an ecclesiastic of AD 710 & up went his two fingers in prelatric blessing, as he called me by name & made me welcome to his long-vanished day; & I met Charles I in the same way—oh, Charles to the life! And he also was cordial. And James I, & Henry VIII, & Friar Bacon, & no end of others—I came upon them everywhere, & always it was a charming & a thrilling surprise.

With ever/ so much love & kisses / Father [MTP].

Insert Cartoon: June 29, p. 1, Duluth News Tribune (Minn.)

Ashcroft's note: "Sunday, June 30th. Dined with Sir Gilbert and Lady Parker" [MTFWE 79]. *Note:* Sam's A.D. of Aug. 17, 1907 he wrote of the dinner, and of a later one on this day:

It was a large company, with a sprinkling of titles, and also with a sprinkling of men and women distinguished for achievement; but the whole scene is abolished from my memory by one wonderful face, just as the stars sparkling upon the horizon are swallowed up in the glory of the rising sun and extinguished. I am referring in this prodigious way to the face of a young woman. By the figure which I have used I have intended to indicate that this young creature's beauty was of the sort which is called dazzling; it is the right word; that face dazzled all the other faces to extinction....Lady—Lady something—but the name has gone from me; names and faces will not stay with me; that name has departed, but I should know the face again anywhere. The style was English, the features were English, the character was English, the dignity was English—all high-born English; but over it all, and pervading it and suffusing it with that subtle something which we call charm, was a friendly and outreaching good fellowship and an easy and natural and unstudied grace of manner and carriage which is American—rare everywhere, and infrequent, but most frequent among our people, I think. I explained to her what I thought of her, and said England ought to be proud of such a product; but she smiled like a complimented angel, and rippled out a musical little laugh, and said she was an American product and destitute of English blood.

It was a very pleasant surprise. Later, at another dinner party, this pleasant surprise was repeated, where I mistook a couple of titled American ladies for English women....These ladies had been living in England five years, and one cannot remain so long in an unaccustomed atmosphere without taking color from it.

There was talk of that soaring and brilliant young statesman, Winston Churchill, son of Lord Randolph Churchill and nephew of a duke. I had met him at Sir Gilbert Parker's seven years before...[MTFWE 79: MTAD Aug. 17, 1907].

The N.Y. *Herald* ran Sam's reply to **A.P. Macdonald's June 20 & 22:**

I have found time by stealing it from sleep to umpire the first four “squabbles,” and I find them fine both in spirit and in workmanship and just to my taste [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal (at sea): Foggy all day, but smooth and we slept through all the noise of the stokers and the one who swore at them as they came up from below. We are close to the engine room and we are sitting on the foghorn which does not shake us to pieces only because we are limp from fatigue. The people are uninteresting, very. Santa says, “They look as if they were obliged to come—as if they were on their way to take up a bookkeeping job.” The captain, Clark, is not interesting, either

Henry Dyke Aeland wrote from Oxford that he understood Sam was anxious to have his funeral “conducted in the same manner as that of Amy Robsant in the Pageant here,” and that it would be his honor to follow Sam’s directions to “fill the Roll of Lancaster Herald at your obsequies as I am now doing in Amy Robsants ...” [MTP].

Oliver Bainbridge wrote from Holland Park, W. “I am grateful for your kind letter and shall drop in next Tuesday morning at 11.45” [MTP].

R. Byrne wrote from Royal Hospital, Chelsea to “chide” Sam for getting home so late one night. “You promised to be good, when we invited you over and gave you a degree, & endeavored thereby, to make a respectable man of you, and what do we find? Read the enclosed cutting [not in file], you really should be more careful. They close the pubs here at 12...” [MTP].

John Henniker Heaton wrote on Carleton Club stationery. “You may find time to read page 27 and page 30 of the accompanying Red Book on Penny (2 cent) postage between America and England / If you will write some little masterpiece on this subject, in your own inimitable style, and in your own way it will do more than tons of memoranda and [*illegible word*] Blue books to carry the great reform” [MTP].

M.S. Jersey wrote a short note of invitation for Clemens to dine with them [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Declined”

Sidney Lee wrote small on a small card that he had “friends looking forward with delight to your dining with me tomorrow (Monday) night at 8 o’clock at the Garrick Club” [MTP].

Julian Moore wrote to suggest that before Sam left England “there are many who would be grateful” if he gave “at least one public lecture, but better of course several.” He suggested Mrs. Eddy or King Leopold as possible subjects [MTP].

Edmund D. Morel wrote from Hawarden, still lobbying for Twain to say something on the Congo questions, possibly in his visit to Liverpool [MTP].

Muriel M. Pears wrote from London, bemoaning “what a hard thing it will be to me if you return home without my having seen you.” But she was reading all the papers and collecting all the clippings. She asked for an hour for lunch [MTP].

Mrs. I.B. Simpson wrote from The Birches, Fleet, England. She had tried not to write but gave in. Seven years before Clemens had answered her letter asking his opinion of the S. African war. She enclosed his old letter and asked that it might be returned. Thanks for the “many happy hours your writings have given me” [MTP].

Henry M. Wells wrote from Thorncliffe near Manchester to ask for a NY Lawyer who might represent him in a copyright matter in his plans to establish a weekly journal there [MTP].

C. Louis de Wolff for Dickens Birthplace Fellowship wrote a postcard and a letter. The letter advised he'd sent yesterday's copy of the *Portsmouth Times* concerning a Memorial to **Charles Dickens**. The card: "Many thanks for your letter. But isn't there a little misunderstanding? We never imagined that Mr. Clemens could give us any *personal* help, but it he would give a little subscription (say half a guinea only) it would *permanently* identify him with this Memorial..." [MTP].

July to August – Sam wrote a sketch unpublished until 2009: "The Force of 'Suggestion'" [*Who Is Mark Twain?* xxvi, 51-54].

July – Sometime after his return to Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Dorothy Quick** [MTP].

In London Sam inscribed a photograph of himself in front of the **House of Parliament**, to **I. Benjamin Stone** [MTP].

After June An unidentified person "G" wrote a spoof to Sam about the stolen Ascot Cup. "Dere Mark / I return the Cup. You couldn't keep your mouth shut about it so I cudnt get rid of it. / 'Tis 2 pretty 2 melt as you wanted me 2. Next time I work a pinch I'll have a pard what don't make after dinner speeches / Your disgusted pal. G. / I changed the acorn atop for another nut wth my knife" [MTP].

Edmund Lester Pearson's article, "The Children's Librarian versus Huckleberry Finn: A Brief for the Defense," ran in *Library Journal*, p. 312-14. Tenney: "'Extreme Respectability' in the children's departments of public libraries is excluding *TS* and *HF*, which Pearson defends for honest portrayal: 'Not Henty's wooden heroes, nor golden-curled, lace-colored Fauntleroy's; but real boys'" [44].

Review of Reviews (London), ran "*The Innocents Abroad* and How Mark Twain Came to Write It," p. 167. Tenney: "Summarizes MT's own account in the installment of his autobiography in the July *North American Review*; also summarizes William Lyon Phelps, "Mark Twain" in the same issue, and includes comments on what MT could do at his best and most serious from the unsigned "Musings Without Method" (by **Charles Whibley**) in the August *Blackwood's*" [42-3].

Bookman (London) ran an anonymous review of *King Leopold's Soliloquy*, p.150. Tenney: "Brief, notes that 'There has not in our time been a fiercer satire or a finer instance of the value of humour as an instrument of reform'" [43].

M. Worth Colwell's article, "Making a Motorthusiast of Mark Twain," ran in *Automobile and Motor*, for July. Tenney: "Describes MT's growing enthusiasm while riding up Fifth Avenue in Colwell's car recently; he bowed to the attractive young women they passed, and said in answer to a question that 'I know it to be a positive fact, from my own exclusive observation, that the American girls are the prettiest, most lovable, most intellectual girls in the world!' Colwell was three when he first met MT in Elmira, N.Y.; MT called him "Filibuster." Photograph: 'Mark Twain riding in "The Crimson Dragon"' [Tenney: "A Reference Guide Second Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1978 p. 175].

Jane Cobden Unwin inscribed a copy of *The Life of Richard Cobden* by **Richard Cobden** (1905): "To *S.L. Clemens, D. Lit., with grateful memories of his noble work for the downtrodden natives of the Congo. Jane Cobden Unwin.*" Both volumes were signed: "*S.L. Clemens, London, July/07*" [Gribben 149].

Sam signed his copy of *The Hungry Forties, etc.* (1904) by **Mrs. Jane Cobden**: "*S. L. Clemens / London, July 1907. From Mrs. Unwin*" [Gribben 721].

Sam signed his copy of *The Churches and Modern Thought, etc.* by **Harry Vivian Majendie Phelps** (pseud. **Philip Vivian**; 1860-1939): “S. L. Clemens / London, July 1907” [Gribben 542].

Sam inscribed a copy of the 1904 *Life of Frances Power Cobbe as Told by Herself*, by **Frances Power Cobbe** (1822-1904), “S.L. Clemens, London July 1907.” *Marginalia on flyleaf*: “To the pure all things are impure. S.L.C.” [Gribben 149].

July 1 Monday – **Clara Clemens** and **Isabel Lyon** were on board the Red Cross liner *Rosalind* from New York off the coast of **Halifax, Nova Scotia** when it collided with the coast steamer *Senlac*. The *Rosalind* was not damaged, but the other vessel was, all passengers escaping to the *Rosalind*. “Miss Clemens says that, instead of going to St. John’s, as she intended, she will return to New York” [NY *Times*, July 2, p.2, “Steamer Run Down by Liner *Rosalind*”]. See IVL’s journal entry below.

Ashcroft’s notes: “Monday, July 1. Dined with Sidney Lee at the Garrick Club, and called at Mrs. Macmillan’s, to see Lady Jersey, on the way home” [MTFWE 82].

From Sam’s **A.D. of Aug. 19, 1907**, he relates the **Garrick Club** dinner:

It was a distinguished company at the dinner, and once more I encountered J.M. Barrie; also once more he sat on the other side of the table and out of conversing distance. The same thing happened in London twice, seven years ago, and once in New York since then. I have never had five minutes’ talk with him that wasn’t broken off by an interruption; after the interruption he always dissolves mysteriously and disappears. I should like to have one good unbroken talk with that gifted Scot some day before I die.

The Garrick was familiar to me; I had often fed there in by-gone years as guest of Henry Irving, Toole, and other actors—all dead now.

Sidney Lee’s dinner was in a room which I was sure I had not seen for thirty-five years, yet I recognized it, and could dreamily see about me the forms and faces of the small company of that long forgotten occasion.

I arrived at Mr. Macmillan’s a little after ten o’clock, and found there a number of old friends besides Lord and Lady Jersey, and several strangers; one of whom had a special interest for me because he was of the blood of that fine creature and prized friend of forty years ago, “Charley,” tenth Lord Fairfax, citizen of Maryland by birth and rearing, citizen of Nevada and San Francisco by adoption, a man whom I have said many praiseful and admiring things about.... The handsome young gentleman at Macmillan’s was either English or had been away from America long enough to acquire the English stamp.[MTFWE 82-4]. *Note*: Fatout lists this as **Dominion Day Dinner** [MT *Speaking* 677].

Isabel Lyon’s journal (at sea): And a heavy fog. We have decided not to go on to Newfoundland, but to stay in Halifax until the *Rosalind* comes back. This afternoon we were creeping, creeping along in a dense fog, the water very smooth, and the 2nd mate, who was chatting with the stewards said he heard a fog bell and that we must be near a buoy. Santa and I were in our cabin when a jar shook our boat and a cabin boy said we’d struck a buoy. But it wasn’t a buoy it was a small wooden steam boat, the *Senlac*, and the *Rosalind* stove a hole in her side. It was the fault of the *Senlac* who came dancing full tilt out of her dock and scraped her side against the *Rosalind*’s bow. She sank in 15 minutes and as she went down in the fog and the water reached her engines the valves opened and she made her last long cry, as for help. It was pitiful and weird. We came to the Halifax Hotel and finally got comfortable rooms and some food and then a reporter, Mr. Bray sent up his card to Santa. Two Halifax youths Mr. Regan and Mr. Dennis appeared and Santa talked up like her father’s child. Then later came another reporter—from the *Halifax Herald* too, but he really wanted to see me, for a telegram had come from the *N.Y. Herald* linking the name of the King with that of his secretary. I told him the King would be as pained as his secretary to hear of any such report [MTP 78-79]. *Note*: this last “linking” of Lyon’s and Clemens’ name undoubtedly was romantic gossip.

William Alexander wrote on Constitutional Club, London stationery: "It has occurred to me that possibly you might, as a change from being entertained by clever people & celebrities, care to spend an hour in this club incognito" [MTP].

William Archer wrote from Herts, England inviting Sam to a dinner Sunday next. **Lord Lytton, Bernard Shaw and Sir Oliver Lodge** would be among the speakers. Sam didn't have to say a word "unless the spirit moved" [MTP]. *Note: Victor Alexander George Robert Bulwer-Lytton, 2nd Earl of Lytton*

E.W. Austin for National Lending Library for the Blind wrote to thank Clemens for his permission to have *Excerpts from Adam's Diary* transcribed into Braille [MTP].

Edith Blande wrote from London: "I wonder if you recollect = 'Edith Blande.' I was in your play 'Ah Sin' under Augustine Daly's management at the 5th Avenue Theatre in 1877 (July I think)." She was 17 then and was now 47. "I asked you if I was not as perfect as an angel? ...your reply (with a thoroughly 'Mark Twain' [*illegible word*] was—'yes! & you look like one' My dear mother (who has been dead nearly 6 years never forgot it" [MTP].

Elizabeth M. Chettle wrote thanking Sam for the "many delightful hours spent" with his books and asking, rather hoping he might "find time to go and look at this set of drawings," unspecified, nothing in the file but the letter [MTP].

Delegates of the University Press, Oxford sent this note: "The Delegates have great pleasure in presenting Dr. Clemens with a copy of 'The Oxford Degree Ceremony' by J. Wells" [MTP].

Joseph Dixon wrote from Dobercourt sent congratulations and an appreciation of his works, noting the first time he realized Twain would become such a famous author, was when he read in *RI*, "you spoke of going to the lodge at the house of a *French* lady named *Bridget O'Flannagan!*" [MTP].

Elliott & Fry, London photog. Sent a form letter in script asking for return of proofs submitted on June 26 [MTP].

Charles Fitch wrote for the **Garriick Club** to advise that Clemens had been unanimously elected as an honorary member for two months [MTP].

John Japp wrote from Liverpool that his idea of having Clemens stay under his roof during his visit, an idea discussed at Brown's Hotel with Sam earlier, "was not a practical one." He enclosed a letter copy from **W.M. Turnbull** of the London & North Western Railway about accommodations [MTP].

John Y.W. MacAlister wrote on *The Library* letterhead:

I quite forgot to tell you this morning that the Mayor and Corporation of Bury St. Edmunds are extremely anxious that you should honour their pageant with a visit this week, and if you will allow him to do so Sir Ernest Clarke will come at once to tell you all about it....I send with this a little booklet Sir Ernest Clarke wants you to look at in connection with the pageant... [MTP].

P.B. McLearn wrote from Londonderry, having heard he was in London. "I wish you would come over here to L. Derry to preach ... in the Guild Hall that holds 1500" [MTP].

William Miles wrote from London, S.W. "unable" to see him at any of the functions and to ask for "3 or 4 minutes" to express his gratitude [MTP].

Northern Newspaper Syndicate, Kendal, England per James E. Lyons wrote to thank him for his June 28 letter and regret that he couldn't undertake the series of articles on "Impressions of England" [MTP].

Harry Vivian Majendie Phelps (pseud. Phelip Vivian) wrote a small card from Canterbury: "I thought you might like to see the letters Mrs [illegible name] of the book which you are so kindly going to read. Please do not trouble to acknowledge" [MTP].

Clement K. Shorter wrote on "The Sphere" stationery, London, asking for his signature [MTP].

Henry W. Taunt wrote again from Oxford, to send him the photographs of the procession, asking only that he might put Sam's name down "among the list of subscribers to my 'Oxford Past and Present'" [MTP].

William H. Thompson wrote to Clemens [MTP]. *Note:* not found at MTP.

Charles S. Walker wrote from Worcester: "Your expressed desire to have a talk with me is the next best to its gratification. If I were not such an old invalid I would call at Brown's and claim the privilege, but 'Oh! Woeful me'. ...I have Helen Keller's portrait and her written signature—will you give me yours to place with it?" [MTP].

Elizabeth Woodhouse from London asking him to buy "one or two pairs of hand made woolen bedroom slippers," knowing he might want to take presents home with him [MTP]. *Note:* see July 3 from Woodhouse.

July 2 Tuesday – Ashcroft's note: "Lunched with Henniker-Heaton, M.P., at the House of Commons; dined with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brittain at the Savoy" [MTFWE 85].

The London *Evening News*, July 2, p.1, reported on Sam's doings for the day.

MARK TWAIN AT WESTMINSTER.

Smoking the cigar which would seem never to go out, Dr. Mark Twain drove in a taximo to his photographer-in-ordinary, Mr. H. Walter Barnett, of Knightsbridge.

There followed him from the cab, wrapped in an old newspaper, the robes of a D. Litt. Oxon.

In the studio he robed himself, wondering as he did so whether he looked like a bishop new to the business or like a bishop who had been in business for some time.

That his appearance was essentially bishop-like he did not doubt, nor will our readers, to whom we are enabled to offer a print of the successful photograph.

Mark Twain paid another visit to-day to quite another kind of establishment.

He went to the great British debating chamber at Westminster, and viewed the various places of interest.

The cicerone of the "Innocent Abroad" was Mr. Henniker Heaton, who naturally took occasion to unburden his views as to penny postage on the distinguished humorist.

They afterwards lunched together, and Mark Twain cracked some of his best jokes, so that other M.P.'s envied the luck of Mr. Henniker Heaton.

Mr. Sydney Buxton, the Postmaster-General, was also at the lunch, and with him Mr. Twain had a long conversation about penny postage between England and America.

Mr. Twain was startled to-day by the news that his daughter had been in a steamer collision.

She was a passenger by the *Rosalind*, which, while entering the harbour at Halifax, collided with a coasting steamer.

The latter was cut down to the water's edge, but the *Rosalind* was able to rescue the passengers and proceed.

Sam's **A.D.** of Aug. 22, 1907 recalled the luncheon:

The luncheon had a purpose, and lasted two hours, but it didn't last long enough to get down to the purpose. The twelve or fifteen men present had been chosen with an eye to that purpose, which was political and commercial, and of international importance. Mr. Sydney Buxton, the Postmaster-General, was present, also T.P. O'Connor, M.P., also the Earl of Crawford and Balcarras. I think all the rest were M.P.'s. I understood that all present favored the scheme—or rather the two schemes, for there were two; I had a scheme and Henniker-Heaton had a scheme, and our idea was to join our strength and work for both schemes; both were to be freely discussed at the luncheon, and I was to have a private heart to heart talk with the Postmaster General afterwards. Henniker-Heaton has for years been the diligent, acute, and tireless apostle of cheap ocean postage, and in spite of all kinds of official and parliamentary opposition—except the intelligent kind—he has carried the bulk of his dream to a successful conclusion [MTFWE 85]. *Note: David Alexander Edward Lindsay, 27th Earl of Crawford and 10th Earl of Balcarras (1871-1940)*

In the evening Sam was given another dinner at the **Savoy Hotel**. The *London Tribune*, July 3, 1907, p.6, reported this event and a few others who had been at the above luncheon:

DINNER TO MARK TWAIN

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brittain gave a dinner at the Savoy Hotel last night to Mark Twain. Those present were: Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Sir George Taubman Goldie, the Earl of Malmesbury, Lady Liangstock [*sic* Langatstock] , Professor Sir E. Ray Lankester, Lady Bigham, Lady Parker, Major General H.D. Hutchinson, Lady Woods, Lady Meyrick, Sir Robert Harvey, Sir John Gray Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Hope Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Ingram, Mr. and Mrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Miss Teresa de Riego, Miss Marie Corelli, and Senator Chauncey M. Depew.

Mark Twain was entertained at the House of Commons at luncheon by Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., and among the guests were the Earl of Crawford, Mr. Sydney Buxton (Postmaster-General), Mr. Walter, Major-General [Hugh] McCalmont, Sir Charles Boxall, Mr. T.P. O'Connor, M.P. Mr. Mostyn Piggott, and Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P.

Isabel Lyon's journal (in Halifax): Foggy Halifax. Took a walk, but mostly we rested. It's a dreary little town, but it's on the land and we have fires in our rooms, and the Nova Scotians are sweet gentle souls. Mr. Dennis, owner of the *Halifax Herald* called on Santa and me. He is like a maimed bird, for some dread disease has paralyzed his hip bone and he is very little; as small as a swallow which he resembles. Today's paper had news of the King. Santa and I walked up near the citadel and we rest a lot. Halifax is built on a contracted cheap plan, and is very depressing on a dull day, after you have studied the squat architecture and gone through the shops and seen the few soldiers and driven in the very beautiful and natural park. But the air is good, and we can rest, and are too far from home to hurry back. The reporters made the most of Mark Twain's daughter being a passenger, so of course the King has heard of it in London and cabled over hoping Santa has suffered no harm. The dear wise beloved King [MTP 79-80]. *Note: Sam's cable is not extant.*
William Dennis (1856-1920).

H. Walter Barnett, London photographer sent a note with proofs, the "result of yesterday's Sitting" [MTP].

Wilfred Blakiston wrote for The Children's Country Holidays Fund, London to ask Sam to write "a short appeal" on their behalf which would help raise funds to send poor London children to the country for two weeks each summer [MTP].

Graham Buckley to ask if he might send a complete set of Twain's books to America for signing, since Sam had promised him in January 1901 he would do so. He had met Sam twice at the Lotos Club. He also asked Sam to accept an enclosed, privately published book, not specified [MTP].

Albert Chancellor wrote on Norfolk House, Richmond, Surrey stationery, listing off 18 famous persons whose signed photos he had. He would be glad to pay for a cabinet photo of Clemens [MTP].

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

Edward Fabes wrote from Westminster: “I was greatly amused when reading of your suggestion for your funeral arrangements. Thinking perhaps you would like one or two Epitaphs to choose from, I have taken the liberty of sending a few” [MTP]. *Note:* epitaphs, not too clever, in the file.

Max Fischer & Alex Fischer sent a telegram from Paris, in French, an invite to come there [MTP].

Lady Augusta Gregory wrote from Gort, Ireland to Sam:

Dear Mark Twain— / I am very sorry not to be in London during your short visit just to say a word of welcome—If any good chance should bring you to Ireland on your way home, it would be a great honour & pleasure to me to see you here, I need hardly say that—

I never forget that evening I spent with you & those dear to you, it was a beautiful hour & a great privilege—

I had put aside for you some time ago this little book I send, with legends of our saints—legends still living, for our people have never lost the belief in the invisible world, & even the passing & repassing from one to the other—If you come here I will show you some of the wells of healing—

Mr. Yeats who has just arrived here sends his best regards—& I am always sincerely yours...[MTP].
Notes: the “little book” she sent: *A Book of Saints and Wonders Put Down Here by Lady Gregory According to the Old Writings and Memory of the People of Ireland* (1906) not in Gribben. **William Butler Yeats** (1865-1939), active in societies that attempted an Irish literary revival; won the Nobel Prize in Literature 1923. With Lady Gregory he founded the Irish Theatre, which was to become the Abbey Theatre, and served as its chief playwright; see Gribben 790.

John L. Griffiths wrote from Liverpool on American Consular Service letterhead, asking if Sam could “spend the day, July 11th, following the Lord Mayor’s dinner in Liverpool, with us in our home in Cheshire” [MTP].

Mary Langdon wrote a marginally legible letter wondering if Sam was any relation [MTP].

L. Lind-af-Hageby wrote from London to ask for “a few minutes interview” on the topic of vivisection [MTP].

Ronald Maxwell wrote a letter pasting his article from the *Glasgow Evening Times* of July 2, “Mark Twain as Historian.” He wrote under the article, “Would Mr S.L. Clemens glance at a very few typed sheets, by post...and, if he approves, of the style, would he give the writer a CHANCE OF A START by recommending his work to some book publisher...These London publishers say they want novelty in style; but they are really afraid of anything original.” Maxwell had a book MS, “Desert Islands” to publish [MTP].

Marjorie P. Munro, sister of David Munro, requested a few minutes interview [MTP].

James Painter, an “Old Englishman” about Sam’s age, wrote from London enclosing “Ode to America” that he hoped would be read at the Lord Mayor’s Dinner [MTP].

Patterson & Co. wrote from London sending a box of their “Marich Cigarettes, though we are aware that Cigars are more favored by you...we owe you a great deal for...Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn” [MTP].

Mary L. Prichard & Theodora L. Adams wrote from London to plead for him to write a book about the horrors of vivisection. They enclosed an article, not in the file [MTP].

Arthur Salmon wrote from London to thank Clemens for “The Jumping Frog” and to praise other American writers [MTP].

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

Francis Reginald Statham wrote to ask for “a few minutes...to give you a call—you possibly remember that over years we were in correspondence, I think upon some object of the South African war” [MTP].

J.S. Willox wrote on *Pearson's Weekly* letterhead, London asking for “a single sentence” he could use under the heading “The proudest moment of my life” [MTP].

Bessie Strumer wrote from London asking if he would order scarves—she fed him a long sob story about her poverty, trouble with her eyes, and that Sir **Henry Irving's** last act was to send her ten pounds for a purse. “There is no room in the world for women over 40” [MTP].

July 3 Wednesday – **Ashcroft's note**: “Wednesday, July 3. Luncheon with George Bernard Shaw; dined with Moberly Bell” [MTFWE 88].

In **London**, Sam lunched with **Mr. and Mrs. George Bernard Shaw** at their flat in Adelphi Terrace. Also at the luncheon were **Herbert Beerbohm Tree** and Prof. **Archibald Henderson**, who had sailed over with Sam to gather biographical information on Shaw [London *Tribune*, July 4, p.6; London *Daily Mail*, July 4, p.5].

Sam's A.D. of Aug. 23, 1907 covered the Shaw luncheon:

George Bernard Shaw wrote from London to Sam:

My dear Mark Twain—not to say Dr Clemens (though I have always regarded Clemens as mere raw material—might have been your brother or your uncle)

Just a line to excuse myself for running away today. A domestic bargain was made to the effect that I should not keep you all to myself; so I cleared out to give Charlotte & Max a good turn. I had my reward at the dentist's.

I meant to ask you whether you had ever met William Morris. I won't ask you now, because it would put you to the trouble of answering this letter; so let it stand over until I look you up in America. But what put it into my head was this. Once, when I was in Morris's house, a superior anti-Dickens sort of man (sort of man that thinks Dickens no gentleman) was annoyed by Morris disparaging Thackeray. With studied gentleness he asked whether Morris could name a greater master of English. Morris promptly said “Mark Twain.” This delighted me extremely, as it was my own opinion; and I then found that Morris was an incurable Huckfinomaniac. This was the more remarkable, as Morris would have regarded the Yankee at the Court of King Arthur as blasphemy, and would have blown your head off for implying that the contemporaries of Joan of Arc could touch your own contemporaries in villainy.

I am persuaded that the future historian of America will find your works as indispensable to him as a French historian finds the political tracts of Voltaire. I tell you so because I am the author of a play [*John Bull's Other Island*] in which a priest says “Telling the truth's the funniest joke in the world,” a piece of wisdom which you helped to teach me. / yours ever / G. Bernard Shaw [*Bernard Shaw: Collected Letters 1898-1910*, ed. Dan H. Lawrence, (1972) p. 696-7]. *Note*: after Sam's 25 days in London, Shaw would forever more assert that America had produced only two geniuses—**Edgar Allen Poe**, and Mark Twain [Scott 289].

C.F. Wood wrote from Berks, England to Sam:

Dear Fellow Traveler of 35 years ago. You will remember our voyage in the “Batavia” from Liverpool to Boston. Our “battened down” existence for two days during the storm, our games of Euchre to keep up the spirits of the more rejected passengers, and our looking on at the rescue of survivors of the crew of the “Charles Ward.” I was on my way out for a cruise in the South Seas and you on our arrival at Boston, kindly took me to your home at Hartford. I know you are much engaged, but I sh^d like to call & see you & press your hand once more.

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

I am coming up to London tomorrow to the best Central Hotel with wife & two daughters for a few days.

I got your address from my friend Sir Fred^k Bridge of Westminster Abbey [MTP]. *Note:* On his first trip to England, Sam returned on the *Batavia*, Nov. 12 to Nov. 25, 1872. See Nov. 26, 1872 for Wood's stay at the Clemens home in Hartford.

The Tatler (London) ran an anonymous article "Tittle-Tattle of To-Day," p. 2-3. Tenney: "Includes two photographs of MT in his academic robes at Oxford, where he received an honorary degree" [Tenney: "A Reference Guide Fifth Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1981 p. 166].

Isabel Lyon's journal: We drove, but this morning when I went for a walk I found an auction room where tucked away in a far corner is an old high post bedstead, very lovely, solid mahogany, and \$20. It belonged to Governor Jones of Nova Scotia. I shall have that bedstead shipped home if it is possible [MTP 80].

Marjorie Bowen wrote from London to thank Sam for a photo. "I want to thank you again, too, for the great pleasure you gave me by letting me see you—I do appreciate *so much* that you found time... [MTP].

William Gilkes wrote from Reading, England, congratulations and honour to Mark Twain [MTP].

F. Jerome Hart wrote from London: "I was glad to learn that you had decided to give Mr. Histed a sitting for your portrait to illustrate your biography in my book, "Living Men of Letters". He was sending a portrait done by **Histed of George B. Shaw** [MTP].

Marcelle Azra Hincks wrote from Kensington for her mother. They had not forgotten Clemens but had been ill with blood poisoning. Could she come give her respects personally? [MTP].

E.P. Hoey wrote from Kensington to ask his advice: "...do you think that a young, ambitious, energetic journalist, thoroughly knowing and loving the profession, not afraid of 'roughing it', but with neither influence or money, would have a fair chance of getting on in America? In London it is practically hopeless" [MTP].

Helen MacMillan (Mrs. Maurice C. MacMillan) wrote from London to thank him "for this charming photograph. It is so life like—it seems almost to speak. It will be treasured...Thank you for it & for the beautiful words you have written on it" [MTP].

Charles Macy wrote from Liverpool, sending particulars and extracts on one **James Clemens**, who was mayor of Liverpool in 1775 [MTP].

John Malcolm wrote from Wanstead, London "To Mark Twain, to me one of the noblest and the best of men, one whom I love as a brother, I beg to send my affectionate greeting/ May God bless him" [MTP].

Milly (not further identified) sent a song score and also a poem, both titled, "Mirth is King" [MTP].

Edmund D. Morel for Congo Reform Assoc., Liverpool wrote thanks to Sam "for returning Dr. Rendal Harris' letter back and for writing to him. / Much to my astonishment I have received an invitation to meet you at dinner on July 10th" [MTP].

I. Phillips-Dickson wrote from Shropshire, recalling meeting him in the Lake District and traveling in his company for two or three days "with a young clerical friend, Ingram Boynton." Did he wish to escape to the country before he left England? [MTP].

Mildred Watson wrote from Piccadilly, London enclosing Mrs. MacAlister's card as an introduction and invite him to an "At Home" "which **Sir George & Lady Jibb** are giving at Wimbledon on behalf of the Political Enfranchisement of Women" [MTP]. *Note:* Ashcroft wrote on the letter: "Declined"

Elizabeth Woodhouse wrote from London to acknowledge receipt of his "kind letter, together with Postal Order for one pound, for which I feel it impossible to sufficiently thank you..." [MTP]. See July 1 from Woodhouse.

Mary Thornburgh-Ropper wrote from Westminster: "I don't believe you have forgotten my father Wm B. Thornburgh of Virginia City Nevada & San Francisco, wh is my excuse for asking you to invent a little time & come here on the 3d-July (4 to 7.30)...you will find Mrs Tennant & other friends" [MTP].

"**Una**" sent a small drawing of Shakespeare? And a short poem [MTP].

Unidentified person (small env. only) postmarked Vierzon A Tours, France [MTP].

July 4 Thursday – London. Ashcroft's notes: "Lunched at Sir James Knowles's; attended the banquet in celebration of Independence Day at the Hotel Cecil" [MTFWE 91].

In the morning Sam wrote letters; among those surviving are the following three. He luncheoned with **Sir James Knowles** editor of the *Nineteenth Century*. In the afternoon he was unable to attend an annual reception for Americans at the **Dorchester House**, the home of Ambassador **Whitelaw Reid**. In the evening he was at the annual banquet of the **American Society in London**, which took place at the **Hotel Cecil**. First, the letters:

At Brown's Hotel in London Sam wrote to **Andrew Carnegie**.

Dear St. Andrew: / I was very sorry to miss seeing you, but glad to hear from you & Mrs. St. Andrew. B'gosh, (as St Peter used to say), dissipation is beginning to tell upon my strength a little, & I wish I could run up to Skibo & rest—but there's no rest for me this side of sailing-day, a week & upwards hence. But Liverpool's my last one-night stand, then I get aboard at once.

Good-bye till I see you at home—and love to you both [MTP].

In the morning Sam also wrote to daughter **Jean**.

Just a line, Jean dear, to say good-morning & howdjedo. I have been taking very good care of myself, in England. I do not often accept a night-invitation. When I do, (if it is a banquet) I do not go until speaking-time, & am home again by 11; if it is a private dinner I am back home by 10—which is much earlier than I like.

To-night & Liverpool (July 10) end my (public) night-engagements; the rest are all private. I go to luncheons every day, but they do not fatigue me. Yesterday the papers had the news of Clara's sea-adventure—she probably enjoyed the excitement of the collision.

Many hugs & kisses, dear! [MTP]. *Note:* See IVL's journal entry of July 1 for the collision at sea.

Sam also replied to the July 3 of **George Bernard Shaw**.

Between you & William Morris I find myself richer this morning than I have ever been before. For I have my vanities, & my English has been one of them, this long time, though for many a year I had my admiration of it all to myself. But you know good English, for you are a master of it; & Morris was a competent judge, too; & so, in perceiving, this morning, that I am at last discovered, I am very happy.

I never knew Morris, but I had just a glimpse of him once, in London, at the end of '73. He was pointed out to me as he passed by, in the street; & all in thirty seconds he flitted into my life & out of it again, not to return any more.

Good-bye, & good luck, to you & Mrs. Shaw, until we meet in New York [MTP].

In his **A.D. of Aug. 26, 1907**, Sam wrote of the luncheon with **Sir James Knowles**:

I perceived that at Sir James's I was upon familiar ground, for his house was situated just within the spacious court of the monster human hive called the Queen Anne Mansions, a caravansary which I and my family had helped to support and render prosperous during a fortnight or so, seven or eight years ago. Damn the place, I remember it well!

The luncheon at Sir James Knowles's was in honor of a Prussian princess of the blood. She was young and handsome and queenly, and was quite unroyally gifted intellectually; she seemed to know a good deal about everything, and to know it well; well enough to talk about it ably and entertainingly. She was an expert with the brush, and in music, and in designing and embroidery, and in several other fine arts; in fact in the matter of accomplishments she was a wonder, considering her place in the social world. ...

In his **A.D. of Aug. 27, 1907**, Sam wrote of missing an afternoon function:

I was not able to go to Whitelaw Reid's afternoon reception of the American contingent, and so my ticket, (No. 2384), remained unused.... Reid occupies the most palatial private residence in London, and a crush could be expected, for all the Americans would be eager to see it. It was indeed a crush, and half as many people were in it as were present at the King's great garden party at Windsor, which was attended by a multitude somewhat exceeding eight thousand; still the big house was equal to the emergency [MTFWE 91-93]. *Note:* See source for Clemens' lengthy opinion of **Whitelaw Reid**. The *London Tribune*, July 5, p.7, "INDEPENDENCE DAY" gave the humorous menu items prepared in honor of Mark Twain and America: "Filet de Sole Mark Twain," "potage Americain," "Volaille Farcie a l'Americaine," "Piece de Filet de Boeuf McKinley," "Chateaubriand Boston," and "Bombe Washington."

Sam arrived late, as was his preference, at the **Hotel Cecil** for the evening banquet celebration by the **American Society in London**. In his **A.D. of Aug. 29, 1907**, Sam wrote of the event and his speech:

The Fourth of July dinner that night was devoured in the great banquet hall of the Hotel Cecil. Every chair on the floor was occupied by men, and all the seats in the gallery by ladies. It was a fine spectacle.

....
...there were but four regular toasts and four speeches in response to them, and the function was over by about eleven o'clock. First the King's health was drunk, standing, and in silence, in accordance with ancient and invariable custom; next the health of the President of the United States was drunk. Sir Mortimer Durand, late ambassador to the United States, responded to it in a happy speech of considerable length; next, in a good and elaborate speech, Whitelaw Reid proposed "The Day we Celebrate." By appointment, I responded. ... [Here are a few excerpts:]

Once more it happens, as it has happened so often since I arrived in England a week or two ago, that instead of celebrating the Fourth of July properly as has been indicated, I have to first take care of my personal character. Sir Mortimer Durand still remains unconvinced. Well, I tried to convince these people from the beginning that I did not take the Ascot Cup, and as I have failed to persuade anybody that I did not take it, I might as well confess that I did take it, and be done with it. I don't see why this uncharitable feeling should follow me everywhere, and why I should have that crime thrown up to me on all occasions. The tears that I have wept over it ought to have created a different feeling than this—and besides, I don't think it is very right or fair that, considering England has been trying to take a Cup of ours for forty years [**America's Cup**; challenges by **Sir Thomas Lipton** and others], they should make so much trouble when I try to go into the business myself. ...

Our Ambassador has spoken of our Fourth of July and the noise it makes. We have a double Fourth of July; a daylight Fourth and a midnight Fourth. During the day in America, as our Ambassador has indicated, we keep the Fourth of July properly in a reverent spirit. We devote it to teaching our children patriotic things.... We honor the day all through the daylight hours, and when night comes we dishonor it. Two hours from now, on the Atlantic coast when night shuts down, that pandemonium will begin and there will be noise, and noise, and noise, all night long...there will be people crippled, there will be people killed, there will be people who will lose their eyes, and all through that permission which we give to irresponsible boys to play with firearms and firecrackers and all sorts of dangerous things. We turn that Fourth of July alas! over to rowdies to drink and get drunk and make the night hideous, and we cripple and kill more people than you would imagine [MTFWE 97-101].

Samuel F.G. Whitaker inscribed a copy of **Abbey Brueys' L'Avocat Patelin: A Comedy in Three Acts**, and translated by Whitaker: "*To Mark Twain, this slight attempt at a presentation of 15th-18th century humor, with the Translator's profound yet affectionate respect. Independence Day, 1907*" [Gribben 107].

Isabel Lyon's journal (Halifax): "Today Mr. McCurdy walked us through the Public Gardens and up over the Citadel. A young British soldier took us about, and it was interesting and peaceful and very warless. The gardens are beautiful. I made a lot of photos of Santa" [MTP 80].

American Society in London sent an 8 & ½ x 6 thick card, engraved invitation to the "Independence Day Banquet" Hotel Cecil [MTP].

Sydney Brooks wrote on Tarbat House stationery to thank Clemens for two photographs, some old talks and for his appreciation of the article Brooks wrote in the London *Daily Chronicle* upon Sam's arrival [MTP].

Graham Buckley wrote from London, hoping for a reply to his previous letter before Sam left England [MTP].

J. Cooke sent a begging letter, asking him to buy the enclosed so she might help support her delicate daughter [MTP].

Frederick Dixon wrote from Chelsea, England to ask to see Sam and "meet the representative of those you have attacked" in his CS book [MTP].

Fanny M. Elbourn wrote from Welborn near Royston to ask if Clemens "could possibly come down to this little village and give us an hour or so" [MTP].

John Japp wrote from Liverpool thanking him for Ashcroft's letter "approving and confirming my arrangements." He gave train times and the dinner schedule, etc. [MTP].

Blanche Lindsay wrote again from Kensington with "warmest thanks for the book which you so kindly sent...& perhaps most of all for your very welcome & much valued, though too flattering, words within the cover" [MTP].

John Y. W. MacAlister wrote from London that he'd just rec'd a wire from Bergheim in Vienna to say that "he is coming back to meet us on Monday, so now everything is fixed up, and for your convenience I am arranging that we shall lunch quietly in a private room at the Bath Club opposite. There will only be Sir Montague Nelson, Bergheim and Hoare, —I am not asking the others, and shall expect you and Ashcroft at 1.30 if that will suit you" [MTP].

E. Newell Marshall wrote from London: “Will you see for a few moments a young American artist who has struggled desperately and alone against the Christian Scienc Organization who needs a word of help...” [MTP].

Annie Colt McCook wrote from London: “I was so disappointed when I returned home & found you had been here! It was indeed kind of you...and this afternoon at the Ambassador’s, I looked for you, but in vain...I hoped we might have a little talk together, and you would tell me, who the young girl who accompanied you here, when you came—was!” [MTP].

Whitelaw Reid sent Sam an “At Home” engraved invite for Thursday, July 4, 4 to 6 p.m. [MTP].

Mrs. K. Suart wrote from London enclosing articles for him to read. Would they see him before he left? [MTP].

W.M. Treherne, “an old newspaperman” who used to report on Twain’s speeches, wrote from London, enclosing a maxim of Abe Lincoln [MTP].

Charles S. Walker wrote on a post card sent from Worcester, “Thanks / C.S. Walker / Independence Day / 1907” [MTP].

Samuel F.G. Whitaker inscribed his translated book, *L’avocat Patelin*, “The Famous Fifteenth Century Farce” : “To Mark Twain /this slight attempt at a presentment of 15th-18th Century humour, with the translator’s profound yet affectionate respect. / Independence Day, 1907” [MTP].

John Whitehead sent a curious pasted up chart titled “To the Glory of God And in Honour of the King” On a notecard he wrote: “Dr. Sir Kindly study enclosed chart & any good American can have it with great pleasure” [MTP].

July 5 Friday – Ashcroft’s notes: “Dined with Lord and Lady Portsmouth. Forty or fifty guests; two or three hundred came in afterward” [MTB 1399; MTFWE 108]. *Note:* Earl and Countess of Portsmouth (**Newton and Beatrice Wallop**). London’s *Daily Telegraph*, July 6, p.12, “LONDON DAY BY DAY” reported the event plus what the Countess had called a “small party” when inviting Sam.

The Earl and Countess of Portsmouth entertained to dinner last evening at 16 Mansfield street, Dr. Clemens (Mark Twain), the Earl and Countess of Wemyss, Earl and Countess Brownlow; Isabella Countess Howe, Lord and Lady William Cecil, Lady Reay, Lord and Lady Cheylesmore, Lord and Lady Eversley, Lady Rosamond Christie, the Right Hon. Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, the Hon. Theo. Russell, Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, Sir Oliver and Lady Lodge, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Lane Fox, Mr. Runciman, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Baring, and Mr. and Mrs. Spender. Afterwards Lady Portsmouth held a reception, which was attended by 300 guests.

At Brown’s Hotel in London Sam wrote a short note to **Ralph W. Ashcroft**.

Ashcroft, the puzzle is beyond me. The two ds in the above words, also the two ds & the L on the envelop, were written by Charlie. I wonder why she suppresses her name & address. Send this to her: for it is of course just barely possible that my divination is in error. In which case I am ashamed, & I beg her pardon [MTP]. *Note:* Ashcroft in turn added to Sam’s above note, “You didn’t know he was a handwriting expert, did you?” sent and sent it to **Carlotta Welles (“Charlie”)** [MTP; *MTAq* 41].

The White Star liner *Baltic* docked in New York with **H.H. Rogers and wife**, returning from England [NY Times, July 6, p. 2, “H.H. Rogers Home and Says He’s Glad”].

William Lyon Phelps' article, "Mark Twain," ran in the *North American Review*, p. 540-8. Tenney: "Discusses the growth of MT's standing and declares him now 'our foremost living American writer,' not only for his humor, but for his literary art in the creation of characters and in his dramatic power" [44].

Isabel Lyon's journal (Halifax): Mr. Dennis drove us over to the Sangainy Club, [*sic* Saraguay Club] on the other side of the N.W. arm of the bay. It is very pretty. A Miss Foster went with us. It is pretty there, but the drive was too long. I am pining to go home.

This morning I secured the 4-poster and it is to go home on the *Rosalind* [MTP 81].

George B. Birdsall wrote from Manchester, England to Sam, noting he had the same surname as a character in *IA*. He sent compliments of various Twain works [MTP].

Ruth Gordon Bower, a "fortunate little girl" wrote from London to Sam, excited about meeting him the previous night, likely at the Hotel Cecil [MTP].

Annie Brisco-Garcia wrote from Manchester to ask Sam to buy through her the "Collected Edition" of Swinburn's works [MTP].

Saul North wrote from Leeds to Sam, including a poem about young George Washington, called "Hanky Doodle" [MTP].

D.J. Rider wrote from London to Sam, sending a copy of a parchment purported to contain Sam's signature—was it authentic? [MTP].

Florence A. Stoker (Mrs. Bram Stoker) (1858-1937) wrote from Chelsea to Sam, having missed his call. Would Ashcroft phone to arrange another meeting? [MTP].

Walter Sylvester wrote from Bayswater, Westminster to ask Sam on behalf of **Miss Mora** for permission to dramatize *JA* [MTP].

T. Fisher Unwin wrote from London to Sam advising that he was sending another book by Mrs. Craigie, which he was preparing to publish. Knowing that he was overwhelmed with visitors, Unwin wished, "good-bye, a happy and safe voyage, and au revoir" [MTP]. *Note:* **Pearl Mary Teresa Richards Craigie**, pseud. **John Oliver Hobbes** (1867-1906). Unwin published her book, *The Serious Wooing: a Heart's History* in 1907.

Chapters from "My Autobiography—XX" ran in the <i>N.A.R.</i> p.465-74.

July 6 Saturday – Ashcroft's notes:

Breakfasted at Lord Avebury's. Lord Kelvin, Sir Charles Lyell, and Sir Archibald Geikie were there. / Quarters at the hotel occupied by invasion of photographers and portrait-sketchers during more than two hours; sat 22 times for photographs and 4 times for crayons; too exhausting, will sit no more. 16 at Histed's. Savage Club dinner in the evening; white suit; "fake" Ascot Cup presented; Brennan monorail car exhibited in action [MTB 1399; MTFWE 108 composit of both sources]. *Note:* **John Lubbock (Lord Avebury)**, **Lord Kelvin (William Thomson; 1824-1907)**; **Lyell** was likely the son of the famous Scottish geologist by the same name, who died in 1875. Sir **Archibald Geikie** (1835-1924) was also a Scottish geologist and writer, influential in his time.

Paine writes of the evening's event—the **Savage Club** dinner:

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

The Savage Club would inevitably want to entertain him on its own account, and their dinner of July 6th was a handsome affair. He felt at home with the Savages, and put on white for the only time publicly in England. He made them one of his reminiscent speeches, recalling his association with them on his first visit to London, thirty-seven years before. Then he said:

That is a long time ago, and as I had come into a very strange land, and was with friends, as I could see, that has always remained in my mind as a peculiarly blessed evening, since it brought me into contact with men of my own kind and my own feelings. I am glad to be here, and to see you all, because it is very likely that I shall not see you again. I have been received, as you know, in the most delightfully generous way in England ever since I came here. It keeps me choked up all the time. Everybody is so generous, and they do seem to give you such a hearty welcome. Nobody in the world can appreciate it higher than I do.

The club gave him a surprise in the course of the evening. A note was sent to him accompanied by a parcel, which, when opened, proved to contain a gilded plaster replica of the Ascot Gold Cup. The note said:

Dere Mark, i return the Cup. You couldn't keep your mouth shut about it. 'Tis 2 pretty 2 melt, as you want me 2; next time I work a pinch ile have a pard who don't make after-dinner speeches.

There was a postscript which said: "I changed the acorn atop for another nut with my knife." The acorn was, in fact, replaced by a well-modeled head of Mark Twain [MTB 1399-1400].

The *London Tribune*, p. 9, ran "MARK TWAIN AT THE SAVAGE CLUB." The *Pall Mall Gazette*, p.2, ran "Mark Twain's Clothes"—both articles highlighted Mark Twain's "famous white suit." From the latter newspaper:

Feeling deliciously at home in a white suit, Mark Twain was able to discourse in his most genial strain to the members of the Savage Club on Saturday. He explained to them his science of clothes. As an ancient Briton he would not have been content with blue paint; he would have "bankrupted the rainbow," but as a twentieth-century humourist he is content with white inside his own house or in places where he is sure that a little eccentricity will be kindly viewed. Well, he may dress as he pleases over here. He has charmed us all by his wit, and we would smile indulgently at his philosophy of clothes even if it had more of the variety of the rainbow....

Living Age ran an anonymous article, "Mark Twain," p. 60-2. Tenney: "General praise: 'Mark Twain will always be remembered first and foremost as a humorist; but it is only because his claims as a humorist are overwhelming that he had not been acclaimed as a serious student of character, a novelist, and a charming writer of whimsical historical romance.' Praises many of MT's books, even CY as 'an extremely clever and imaginative *tour de force*'" [43].

Illustrated London News, ran an anonymous article "Social and Anecdotal" p.10, describing Sam's friendly meeting with a porter [Tenney 43].

The Reader (London) ran an anonymous article, "Mark Twain," p. 243. Tenney: "'Mark Twain's royal reception in England has been matter of universal congratulation. There is no more popular man in the world.' Citing early newspaper accounts, argues that MT is both distinctly national and universal" [Tenney: "A Reference Guide Fifth Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1981 p. 165].

John Bull (London) published a brief item, p.3. Tenney: "Criticizes the cheap wit of Oxford undergraduates in the galleries when MT received his honorary degree: ' "Get your hair cut, Mark"; "Can't you spare some of that white hair to your bald-headed friend"; "Give 'me socks, old man."' Another edifying example of the Oxford manner! However, it is quite on a level with the latest specimens of Twain's humor" [Tenney: "A Reference Guide

Fifth Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1981 p. 166]. Also in the same issue, “Open Letters and Post-Cards: To Mark Twain,” p. 12. Tenney: “Comments on MT’s many jokes during his final visit to England, noting that ‘116 of your jokes as recorded by the reporters had reference to the pageant you have arranged for your funeral....Foolery apart, my dear Mark, I am sorry to hear you talk like this.’ Wishes MT a happy life and speaks of pleasure in his books, ‘but...don’t write any more. Leave well alone’” [*ibid*].

The Outlook published an anonymous article, “Mark Twain at Oxford,” p 489. Tenney: “A very general account of MT’s receiving his honorary degree; apparently his comments quoted here were in the cable dispatches of the time” [Tenney: “A Reference Guide Third Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1979 p. 191].

Isabel Lyon’s journal (Halifax): Today we decided to go home by rail. I flew out to the R.R. agent and we are to leave tomorrow night at 8:40. So we went to the leather shop and Santa got some things for folks and she got a lovely old pewter jug or mug for me [MTP 81].

J.T. Herbert Bailly wrote from London to ask if Sam “would communicate a line of approval of our efforts to appropriately unfold an old world story” for the **Bury St. Edmunds Pageant** [MTP].

Felix S. Berlyn wrote from Manchester to ask Sam for “a short contribution” for his “little journal” enclosed (not in file) [MTP].

Albert Chancellor wrote from Surrey to Ashcroft after receiving his letter and had “ordered a photograph to be taken to you for Mr. Clemens to...autograph” [MTP].

H.W. D. for Oxford Post Office wrote a note to an unidentified person (catalogued to Sam) about two telegrams from Tuxedo Park, N.Y. and Katonah, N.Y., with “3 /” owing [MTP].

T. Fletcher Fullard wrote from London for the Savages to invite Sam to a meeting that evening. He enclosed his card (in file), Excelsior College, Oxford [MTP].

John Henniker Heaton wrote from London, asking if Percy Spence, “a brilliant young artist” could “make a sketch” of Clemens. Could the artist see him for ten minutes? [MTP].

W.H. Helm wrote from London, expressing “a great delight...to see you & hear you again on the 29th, & to be able to shake hands with you, as you were going away.” He didn’t expect a reply [MTP].

Andrew Lang wrote from Kensington to Sam, sorry that he was out, and was fishing for non-existent trout. His hand is quite unsteady [MTP].

T. Harcourt Llewellyn wrote from Birmingham to welcome Clemens to England and to ask if he recalled a visit to Condover Hall, Shrewsbury “some years ago” [MTP]. *Note:* see Sept. 5-8, 1873; the Clemens family also stayed a week with Reginald Cholmondeley at Condover Hall from July 28, 1879. See Vol. I entries.

Robert P. Porter wrote from London to Ashcroft that he would see him Monday about 10 [MTP].

Mrs. Edmund Routledge sent an invitation card for a garden party on July 6, 4 to 7 [MTP]. *Note:* “Decline” written on card at top

The Savage Club sent Sam a photographed signed “Mark Twain,” a silver print bust portrait by **Ernest H. Mills**, in an elaborate mat with a profusion of printed signatures and a printed inscription “*Mark Twain from his Brother Savages, July 6th 07*” [MTP].

W.M. Treherne wrote from Mile End, London to Ashcroft, regretting Sam could not offer “one or two more” maxims, after seeing the one Treherne had previously sent; somewhat of a begging letter [MTP].

Carlotta Welles wrote from France to Ashcroft: “I didn’t expect any answer to that. It was meant for a joke. I heard him say that the liked that kind of thing to be brief, and to go straight to the point. I sent something which fulfilled these conditions. I thought it would please him, but evidently it worried him. I a,m sorry” [MTP].

July 7 Sunday – Ashcroft’s notes:

Called on Lady Langattock and others. Lunched with Sir Norman Lockyer

Except Linley Sambourne, the veteran *Punch* cartoonist, and Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, whom I had known in Australia in ’95, all present were scientists.

Drove two hours and a half returning calls, with little Francesca for company and support [MTB 1399; MTFWE 108]. *Note.* Francesca was **Frances Nunnally**. **Lockyer** was an astronomer. **Georgiana Langattock** (Mrs. John Rolls 1st Baron Langattock) born **Georgiana Marcia Maclean**.

At Brown’s Hotel in London Sam inscribed on his photograph to **Marjorie Bowen**: “*To Marjorie Bowen with the kind regards of / her friend / Mark Twain / July 7/07.*” [MTP].

Sam also wrote a note to **Frances Nunnally**, sending his “Itinerary / (Subject to Frances’s approval),” which was an attempt to catch up on returning social calls.

2.30. Visit the Mac Alister family—a visit of some length.

3. E. H. Abbey, artist.

3.30 or 3.45. Visit Lord & Lady Llangattoch—15 or 20 minutes.

About 4. The Earl & Countess of Portsmouth. Formal.

Then Mrs. General McCook.

5, or a trifle later: tea with Lord & Lady Avebury [MTAq 42]. *Note:* **Annie Colt McCook** (Mrs. Edward M. McCook).

Isabel Lyon’s journal (Halifax): A dull, grey day. Letters from Ashcroft and a copy of a beautiful poem to the King by Eden Philpotts [*sic* Phillpotts]. I gave it to Santa to read and I think she lost it. Oh, fool that I am, ever to let a precious thing out of my hands.

We left tonight at 8:40 and Mr. Dennis came to the station to see us off [MTP 81].

S.A. Andrew wrote from a Nursing Home in Gateshead, England to thank Sam for his kindness [MTP].

Albert Bruce-Joy (1842-1924), Sculptor, wrote for the **Arts Club London** to Ashcroft about photographs of Clemens [MTP].

Albert Chancellor wrote from Surrey to Ashcroft, thanking Sam for autographing a photo sent [MTP].

Frederick Dixon wrote from Chelsea to Sam, having rec’d Ashcroft’s letter of July 5: “When a man deliberately goes out of his way to attack his neighbor’s religion, & to blazon this attack across the globe, he becomes bound, morally, by the law of noblesse oblige, to discuss the questions, even at the expense of his own convenience, with the official representatives of that religion when courteously requested to” [MTP]. *Note:* Dixon had requested an audience on July 4.

Mrs. Helen B. Jastrim wrote from London to Sam, having rec’d his calling card—would he be free any day this week to see her and **Dr. Jastrim**? [MTP].

Winifred L. Lockyer wrote from London to refer Sam to a portrait of Joan of Arc at The Royal Academy, Burlington House, Piccadilly by **T. Blake Wingman** [MTP].

McNewham wrote from London to Ashcroft re: “Hull Topics” wondering if Sam was pulling his leg. He wanted Sam assured that Hull was not a “place full of ‘stuff-uns,’ that “there are at least 3 live men in Hull, (but as it happens we are all away from the place at the moment).” Would Sam say something publically about Hull? [MTP]. *Note:* Kingston upon Hull, usually referred to as Hull, a city in Yorkshire with great history.

Ernest H. Mills, photographer wrote from Hampstead to ask Ashcroft to thank Sam for “his generous description of the Savage Club portrait”—did Clemens want more copies? [MTP].

Henry Rawcliffe wrote from West Kirby to Sam, thanking for the signed autograph and advising due to his health he would not be at the Lord Mayor’s dinner on the 10th [MTP].

F.A. Besant Rice wrote from Blackheath (an affluent London suburb) to thank Sam for his autograph [MTP].

John E. Rowland wrote a postcard from London to Sam about finding Mark Twain’s name in a scrapbook he bought, and observing that a baby had been given the name of Mark Twain so there was no telling how far the name would go [MTP].

Alfred T. Story wrote from St. Margarets-on-Thames (London suburb) a fan letter of appreciation [MTP].

T. Gordon Stowers wrote from London to ask Sam for “one short sitting for a portrait” [MTP].

Carlotta Welles (before July 8) added: “I’m being very good; you don’t have to worry about me at all, but just enjoy the trip back.” She rather liked him calling her a “rascal” but she actually thought she was very good [MTP].

July 8 Monday – Ashcroft’s notes: “Lunched with Plasmon directors at Bath Club. Dined privately at C.F. Moberly Bell’s” [MTB 1399]. From **Sam’s A.D. of Aug. 30, 1907:**

The luncheon with the Plasmon Directors was a business matter, and of a mutually congratulatory sort. Seven years ago I assisted in founding the Plasmon Company; I took five thousand pounds of its stock and paid par for it; it is worth eighty thousand dollars now, and will soon be worth more. Several years ago an American Plasmon Company was started, and in a little while was robbed, skinned, and reduced to bankruptcy by its own Board of Directors, one of whom—Henry A. Butters, a sharper hailing from Long Valley, California—swindled me out of my investment in it, amounting to thirty-two thousand dollars [MTFWE 94].

At Brown’s Hotel in London Sam wrote to Lady **Augusta Gregory**, expressing thanks and regrets:

I thank you ever so much for the little book of Saints & Wonders; it was most kind of you to show me by this token that you have not forgotten me.

My time is engaged up to the hour of my homeward departure next Saturday or I would go to Ireland. Good friends of mine, Lord & Lady Aberdeen, invited me by telegraph, June 26th; & to my deep regret I could not accept, because, even so early as that, all my days were mortgaged.... [MTP].

Note: *A Book of Saints and Wonders Put Down Here by Lady Gregory According to the Old Writings and the Memory of the People of Ireland* (1906); this edition was only 100 pages; the 1907 ed. was 212 pages; undoubtedly, then, Sam had been given the 1906 edition, of which only 200 copies were issued.

Sam also inscribed a photograph of himself taken by **H. Walter Barnett** to Lady **Georgiana Llangattoch**: “*To Lady Llangattoch, with the homage & best wishes of Mark Twain. July 8/07.*” [MTP: Argosy Book Stores catalogs, No. 329, Item 498]. *Note*: also Langattock.

Sam also wrote to **Carlotta Welles**.

Didn't I *say* you were a little rascal! Didn't I say it a dozen times? You wouldn't believe it then, but you believe it now. The idea of your playing jokes on an innocent old dilapidation that had such unlimited confidence in you! Well, it only shows that there are all sorts of criminals in this world; but never never never would I have taken you for one, Charlie dear.

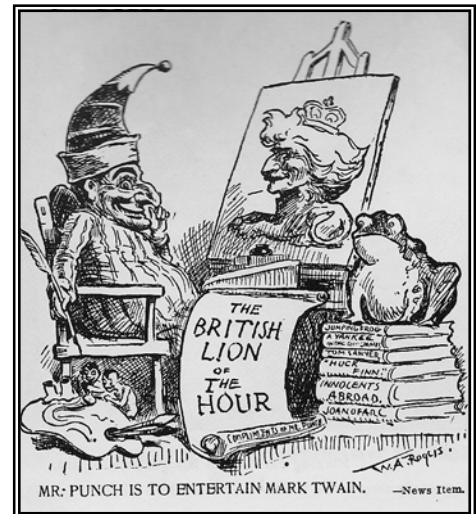
However it *did* please me—your instinct was right. And you were right again in supposing I was troubled: I *was*; for I was not absolutely sure that you were the joker, therefore in making the charge I might be in error & you might not like it—then I should be sorry & ashamed; & not just a little ashamed, but a good deal. For there's nothing that bites & blisters a smarty's vanity like getting caught in the act of being *over-smart*—oh, yes, as I know by experience!

I am leaving London for home next Saturday the 13th. Be a good child, & send me a good-bye per post, you convicted little rascal! [*MTAg* 42-3].

F.I. Baker for the England Anti-Vivisection Society wrote to Sam, enclosing a “Resolution” which praised Clemens for “A Dog’s Tale” [MTP].

London Daily Mirror sent a telegram to Mark Twain, Brown's Hotel: "May we safely contradict the rumour that your presence in Europe and the robbery of the jewels in Dublin are not a mere coincidence" [MTP].

Edith Day wrote from her school in Germany to Sam. She was alone and reading *TA* and was lonely and homesick. Would he send his photo? [MTP].



John A. Kirlicks wrote from Houston, Tex. to Sam, enclosing a poem, “Mark Twain,” for which he’d met dead ends trying to have published [MTP].

Sidney Lee wrote from Kensington, N.W. to Sam, thanking him for calling on Saturday and was sorry he was away. He was leaving a photo of “our procession at Oxford”—could he exchange it for a signed one of Twain? [MTP].

George M. McLean wrote from Leicester, England to ask Sam for “a brief message” which he could include in his lecture of July 14 at Victoria Road Church, on “The Union Jack” [MTP].

David MacLaren Morrison wrote from London, as a “Brother Savage” to send “a little book I wrote some time ago,” *Life’s Prescription* [MTP]. *Note*: not in Gribben.

H.L. Simmonds wrote from Liverpool to Sam. On his annual business trip from Calif., Simmonds asked about a sign in the window of a shop on Luci Street opposite St. Luke's Church: "Dyers & Clemens to His Majesty." He understood why he and Sam had to get their pants cleaned but could not understand why King Edward would [MTP].

Godfrey Scott Smith wrote from Lancashire to Sam: “You made a very sympathetic reference to Mrs. Ewing in your speech at the Savage Club on Saturday.” Smith was her nephew, and thanked him. He asked if Sam could subscribe (donate) funds toward his parish [MTP]. *Note:* **Juliana Horatia Ewing** (1841-1885), English writer of children’s stories. Fatout mistakenly identifies the “English authoress, well known in her day” as “Possibly Anna Sewell (1820-1878) [MT Speaking 576]. This reference to the July 6 Savage club speech corrects the reference, unless Smith was mistaken.

Mrs. K. Suart wrote from London to ask Sam if he might spare ten minutes for a “little country woman from the Mississippi, brought up on a plantation” [MTP].

Newton Wallop wrote from London to Sam: “I presume I ought to hasten to bid you farewell. For with the disappearance of not only the Ascot Cup but the Irish Regalia I imagine you will be disappearing too!! Portsmouth” [MTP].



W. Holt White of the *Daily Express*, London wrote to ask if their photographer, Mr. Barry could shoot the Ascot Cup, “which was presented to you by the Savage Club on Saturday night? We guarantee that Mr. Barry will not steal it!” [MTP].

Ludwig Zissler wrote from London to ask Sam for “a few minutes” of his time—it wasn’t for money or an autograph, but Zissler didn’t specify the reason [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: It was a trial of a journey. All night in a rocking, banging, jolting sleeper and out of it at 6:25 this morning to take the day coach for Boston where we expect to arrive by 9:10, after traveling through a wearying country: the lumber country of Maine. Since leaving New Brunswick

we haven’t seen a human who isn’t a “down Easter”—and the day is a long one. Now we are planning for Santa to stay in Boston where Will and Katie will join her and I will go on to my dear duties in N.Y. and Tuxedo.

4:15—Now we are traveling along the lovely Kennebec which is mainly a logging river now, and its surface is thick with slain trees. Logging camps are scattered along the shores, and groups of men out in midstream run along the tops of the logs and shift them into groups. The simplicity of the people is far removed from anything I have ever seen in America [MTP 81-82]. *Note:* “Will” was **Charles E. Wark**, Clara’s accompanist.

July 9 Tuesday – Ashcroft’s notes: “Lunched at the House [of Commons] with Sir Benjamin Stone. Many guests, chief among them Mr. Balfour, and Komura, the Japanese Ambassador, were the other guests of honor. Punch dinner in the evening. Joy Agnew and the cartoon” [MTB 1399; MTFWE 108 combined]. *Note:* the cartoon (by **Bernard Partridge**) referred to may be seen in **June 25** entry. It is not the inserted one below by **W.A. Rogers**.

Punch gave Sam a dinner at their offices on Bouverie Street. The London *Daily Express* observed “the dinner was of a strictly private character” [July 10, p.5]. *Note:* The London *Times* listed those in attendance [MTFWE 106].

Paine writes of the *Punch* dinner as a unique honor:

Probably the most valued of his London honors was the dinner given to him by the staff of *Punch*. *Punch* had already saluted him with a front-page cartoon by Bernard Partridge....

Mr. Agnew, chief editor; Linley Sambourne, Francis Burnand, Henry Lucy, and others of the staff welcomed him at the *Punch* offices at 10 Bouverie Street, in the historic *Punch* dining-room where Thackeray had sat, and Douglas Jerrold, and so many of the great departed. Mark Twain was the first foreign visitor to be so honored—in fifty years the first stranger to sit at the sacred board—a mighty distinction. In the course of the dinner they gave him a pretty surprise, when little Joy Agnew presented him with the original drawing of Partridge's cartoon.

Nothing could have appealed to him more, and the *Punch* dinner, with its associations and that dainty presentation, remained apart in his memory from all other feastings [MTB 1400-01].

In his **A.D. of Aug. 30, 1907** Clemens called the *Punch* dinner “the prettiest incident of my long life, I think, and I cannot think of it yet without a thrill at my heart and quickened pulse-beat. The little sprite was Joy Agnew, eight years of age, daughter of the editor in chief” [MTFWE 110].

At **Brown's Hotel in London** Sam inscribed on his photograph with **Frances Nunnally**: “*To Francesca from S.L.C. / The title of this poem is / Sweetness & Light / London / July 9, 1907*” [MTP].

Merton Russell Cotes wrote from Bournemouth to invite Sam to visit [MTP].

Louis Felberman for the Hungarian Society wrote from London to Ashcroft asking for “a few minutes visit” with Twain [MTP].

Harry Harper for London Daily Mail wrote from London to Ashcroft, asking if Sam had an alibi for the stolen Dublin jewels [MTP].

Charles A. Hazlett wrote from Portsmouth, N.H. advising Sam's election for establishing the **Thomas Bailey Aldrich Memorial**, Wallace Hackett, President; 28 names listed [MTP].

Adolf Herz wrote a postcard in German from Vienna to Sam [MTP].

Janet E. Reeve wrote from Hazlemere Upper School, London to ask Sam for “a short article or tale” for the school magazine [MTP].

An unidentified person wrote from “Seven Oaks” England to Sam: “Dear Doctor: / Please return Cup and jewels: no questions asked” [MTP].

W. Holt White for London Daily Express wrote to Ashcroft, thanking Sam for a photograph [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal (Boston): Headache. Boston late last night and I ill with a terror of a headache. It came boiling along and by 11 when we were finally settled in the Parker house, the pains in my head had robbed me of my sense of being human. All day in bed. Will roused me at 7:30. He having arrived by a night train. He brought letters and clippings from Ashcroft, but I was too ill to read anything [MTP 82]. *Note*: “Will” was **Charles E. Wark**, Clara's accompanist.

July 10 Wednesday – Ashcroft's notes: “Went to Liverpool with Tay Pay. Attended banquet in the Town Hall in the evening” [MTB 1399]. *Note*: “Tay Pay” was **T.P. O'Connor**.

Insert Cartoon. Caption: “Mark Twain and the Jumping John Bull Frog have been having a good time together” [The Liverpool *Daily Post and Mercury*, July 9, 1907, p. 9].

The *Evening Standard* and London *St. James's Gazette* reported on Sam's departure for **Liverpool**.

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

MARK TWAIN

Mark Twain, accompanied by his private secretary [Ashcroft] and Mr. T.P. O'Connor, M.P., left Euston to-day by the Liverpool express.

Mr. Clemens will dine to-night with the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Liverpool, and will be back in town to-morrow.

The railway authorities placed at his disposal what was formerly the Prince of Wales's saloon, and had made in it a bed for him in case he desired to rest on the way down.

A large number of people assembled on the platform, but the famous humorist retired at once to his compartment, his secretary pleading that he had suffered a sleepless night and could see no one [MTFWE 106: July 10, p.9].

The London *Morning Leader* speculated that the *Punch* dinner was responsible for Sam's "sleepless night."

MARK TWAIN'S NEW JOKE.

....

It must have been the jokes. A humorist amongst humorists would have to stand a lot. If the guest of the evening could only be persuaded to repeat the chestnuts that were tried on him!

Some people said they were so bad that they provoked the "restless night," the very shame of which led our American visitor to take refuge in a railway carriage and draw the blinds; others (you can always find charitable people) declared that the jokes he heard at the "Punch" dinner were of such exceptional wit and brilliancy that Mark Twain rose from the table and sought his hotel overwhelmed and bewildered by them, and racked his brains the night long as to how he could work them off on the next interviewer.

Probably the truth is the author of "The Innocents Abroad" was feeling like the Colonial Premiers after they had been in the country a fortnight. He was looking very well, and wore a light dust-coat for traveling as a compliment to the summer, which was certainly not with us yesterday [MTFWE 107: July 11, p.3].

Sam, **Ralph Ashcroft**, and **T.P. O'Connor** reached **Liverpool** at 4 p.m. Sam remained in bed on the special rail car until it was time to attend the dinner; he did not attend the actual dinner with the Lord Mayor, **John Japp**. Sam wrote in his Oct. 2, 1907 A.D.:

The Lord Mayor was admirably hospitable; he sent his state carriage for me, with a most gorgeously clad captain and crew, consisting of coachman and footmen; and he received me at the municipal palace in his state costume, with his sword at his side and his cocked hat in his hand. The banquet was just over when he conducted me into the banqueting-hall, so the speechmaking began at once. After the usual toasts to the King and the President, and the reading of the usual letters and telegrams, the rest of the business of the evening was proceeded with [MTFWE 113].

The London *Tribune*, July 11, p.7 ran "Mark Twain's Visit to Liverpool," in part:

On entering the banqueting-room he received a great ovation from the 200 guests, amongst whom were the Bishop of Liverpool, Mr. T.P. O'Connor, M.P., the Hon. J.L. Griffiths, Mr. Robert Gladstone, and Vice-Chancellor Dale.

Mr. T.P. O'Connor, M.P., in proposing the toast of the evening, described Mark Twain as the most honoured and respected guest that England has had for many a year.

A telegram from Sir Rupert Boyce, in which the sender referred to the loss of the Ascot Gold Cup and the robbery of the regalia at Dublin, furnished Mark Twain with his first point when, amidst ringing cheers, he rose to respond. "I don't know," he said, "what will become of my reputation if I don't get out of the country. What is there to connect me with the robbery in Dublin Castle? I say nothing about the Ascot Cup. I was going to Dublin, but, fortunately for the rags of my reputation I could not get there. I should like to know if

the Regalia were kept in a reliable safe, because, with the reputation I have now, circumstantial evidence should point to the fact that I would not merely have carried off the Regalia but the safe as well. (Laughter.)

"I hope you won't mind me being frivolous, because I have followed out my instincts this afternoon. I have slept and rested, and when I am rested and am feeling good I can't help being frivolous. It is when I am worn out, weary, and discouraged that the time comes for me to take hold of the great international questions and handle them. According to 'Tay Pay' I have been everything. At last I am an Ambassador. I like the position. I do not mind being so without salary, because salary limits your energies. I had rather be free and doing ambassadorial work after my own fashion. I intend to keep up this ambassadorial business right along, and whenever I see a chance to cement good feeling between the old Mother-country and its oldest child I shall put in my word and do my ambassadorial work."

Paine writes of the event:

Clemens was too tired to be present while the courses were being served, but arrived rested and fresh to respond to his toast. Perhaps because it was his farewell speech in England, he made that night the most effective address of his four weeks' visit — one of the most effective of his whole career: He began by some light reference to the Ascot Cup and the Dublin Jewels and the State Regalia, and other disappearances that had been laid to his charge, to amuse his hearers, and spoke at greater length than usual, and with even greater variety. Then laying all levity aside, he told them, like the Queen of Sheba, all that was in his heart.

. . . Home is dear to us all, and now I am departing to my own home beyond the ocean. Oxford has conferred upon me the highest honor that has ever fallen to my share of this life's prizes. It is the very one I would have chosen, as outranking all and any others, the one more precious to me than any and all others within the gift of man or state. During my four weeks' sojourn in England I have had another lofty honor, a continuous honor, an honor which has flowed serenely along, without halt or obstruction, through all these twenty-six days, a most moving and pulse-stirring honor—the heartfelt grip of the hand, and the welcome that does not descend from the pale-gray matter of the brain, but rushes up with the red blood from the heart. It makes me proud and sometimes it makes me humble, too. Many and many a year ago I gathered an incident from Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*. It was like this: There was a presumptuous little self-important skipper in a coasting sloop engaged in the dried-apple and kitchen-furniture trade, and he was always hailing every ship that came in sight. He did it just to hear himself talk and to air his small grandeur. One day a majestic Indiaman came plowing by with course on course of canvas towering into the sky, her decks and yards swarming with sailors, her hull burdened to the Plimsoll line with a rich freightage of precious spices, lading the breezes with gracious and mysterious odors of the Orient. It was a noble spectacle, a sublime spectacle! Of course the little skipper popped into the shrouds and squeaked out a hail, "Ship ahoy! What ship is that? And whence and whither?" In a deep and thunderous bass the answer came back through the speaking-trumpet, "The *Begum*, of Bengal—142 days out from Canton — homeward bound! What ship is that?" Well, it just crushed that poor little creature's vanity flat, and he squeaked back most humbly, "Only the *Mary Ann*, fourteen hours out from Boston, bound for Kittery Point—with nothing to speak of!" Oh, what an eloquent word that "only," to express the depths of his humbleness! That is just my case. During just one hour in the twenty-four—not more—I pause and reflect in the stillness of the night with the echoes of your English welcome still lingering in my ears, and then I am humble. Then I am properly meek, and for that little while I am only the *Mary Ann*, fourteen hours out, cargoed with vegetables and tinware; but during all the other twenty-three hours my vain self-complacency rides high on the white crests of your approval, and then I am a stately Indiaman, plowing the great seas under a cloud of canvas and laden with the kindest words that have ever been vouchsafed to any wandering alien in this world, I think; then my twenty-six fortunate days on this old mother soil seem to be multiplied by six, and I am the *Begum*, of Bengal, 142 days out from Canton—homeward bound! [MTB 1401-2]. *Note:* see Gribben 172-3. See also **T.P. O'Connor's** write up of the speech and reaction cited in **July 19**.

Percy Spalding wrote from London to ask Ashcroft if he might see Sam on “two small matters” before he left England [MTP].

William H. Clemens wrote from Southampton to Sam, having the “same name” as Sam (not Will Clemens); could Sam send a brief letter to be auctioned for a new church [MTP].

John H. Barker wrote from Tottenham to Sam, offended by a paragraph clipped and pasted to his letter in the *Morning Leader*, “a mean & paltry rag published somewhere in London.” The paragraph conjoins the “craze for stealing exhibition jewelry” with Sam’s leaving London this day for Liverpool [MTP].

Mrs. Peter Brocklebank wrote from Cheshire to Sam: “Do you remember my husband & me at Florence where we own the little villa San Leonardo? Is every moment of tomorrow engaged?” [MTP].

Lily Forster wrote from Liverpool to ask Sam to send his autograph [MTP].

Joe Fuller wrote from Hastings to congratulate Sam on “winning the Harper Award of Merit” [MTP].

George J. Jolliffe for the Salvation Army, London wrote to invite Sam to a tea on July 15 at 4:45 p.m.: Crystal Palace, Sydenham [MTP].

Sidney Lee wrote from Kensington to thank Sam for the signed photo [MTP].

Georgiana Langatock wrote from Rutland Gate, S.W. to Sam, “quite in love with the photo you have so kindly sent...” Best wishes [MTP].

Francesco Pirazzini wrote from NYC to Sam: “I hope you have not forgotten your daughters teacher. I am now in New York...” He’d traveled to NY to see his father but he’d passed away. Would Sam recommend him to his friends? [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: I went to see Ferris Greenslet about the Aldrich or the M.T. letters. He said in the course of our pleasant chat, and apropos of the King’s wonderful reception in England and the love they bore him, that Howells too commanded a great deal of love that he is a rare creature and mellows like old wine. He showed me a great letter from the King written away back in the 70’s and said that not to be able to use that letter in his Biography of Aldrich would be as bad as to lose an eye or a tooth. I found a darling “old” shop there and got a porringer there and Santa gave me a big one. Boston is charming. In the evening we walked in the Common [MTP 82]. *Note:* a porringer is a shallow bowl or cup with a handle.

July 11 Thursday – Ashcroft’s notes: “Returned to London with Tay Pay. Calls in the afternoon” [MTB 1399].

In Liverpool, England Sam sent a telegram to **Henry Rawcliffe Kirkland** in West Kirby, England:

“VERY VERY SORRY NOT TO HAVE SEEN YOU PLEASE ACCEPT MY CORDIAL THANKS FOR YOUR KIND LETTER AND MY HEARTY WISH FOR RENEWED HEALTH AND STRENGTH FOR YOU / MARK TWAIN” [MTP].

Sam left **Liverpool** on the 11 a.m. train from the Lime Street station. Lord Mayor **John Japp** shook his hand in farewell at the station. **Ralph Ashcroft and T.P. (Tay Pay) O’Connor** again traveled with Sam [Liverpool *Evening Express*, July 11, p.6, “Mark Twain’s Departure”]. The London *Daily Graphic* reported Sam had

collected so many souvenirs, letters, and photographs that he had to buy a special trunk to carry them home [July 11, p.9].

The *Pall Mall Gazette* announced Sam's Saturday departure from England:

MARK TWAIN'S DEPARTURE.

Mark Twain will have to do on Saturday what he has rarely done since his arrival in England, namely, to rise early. Usually, he likes to rest well into the morning, but on Saturday, the day of his departure, the special train which takes passengers to Tilbury who are sailing by the Minnetonka, leaves St. Pancras at 9.52 a.m. It is expected that there will be at the station a party of friends to see him off [July 11, p.8].

George B. Harvey's article, "Mark Twain's Prices," ran in the *Journal of Education*, p. 68-9. Tenney: "The text of an interview by James B. Morrow; this appears to be a transcription of Harvey's answers to Morrow's questions, which are not given. When MT returned from his world lecture tour, he 'barely could earn \$6,000 a year,' but Harvey negotiated a contract giving MT 30 c per word for all he wrote, whether it was published or not. 'Mark Twain earns \$50,000 a year. Indeed, I think his income in 1907 will reach \$70,000.' He has learned to dictate to a secretary: 'Now he lights a cigar after breakfast, sits down in his library, and dictates for three hours on his autobiography. When he gets up he has earned \$1,000'" [Tenney: "A Reference Guide Second Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1978 p. 175].

Albert Bigelow Paine lost **Orion Clemens'** autobiography in Grand Central Station, N.Y. On the following day he advertised for its return [NY Times July 12, 1907].

H. Walter Barnett, photographer, London wrote to Sam, hoping he'd rec'd the prints sent [MTP].

Harry E. Brittain wrote from Westminster to bid Sam "au revoir" [MTP].

Graham Buckley wrote from London to Sam, wishing a bon voyage; Buckley was leaving almost simultaneously on a long journey for his health [MTP].

Prof. James Abram Cross wrote from Southport to ask Sam if he might make a medallion in honor of Sam's visit there [MTP].

Louis Felberman for Hungarian Soc. wrote from London to Sam: "Please accept my most grateful thanks for sending those beautiful lines in connection with the 40th Anniversary of the Coronation of the King of Hungary, which I feel will be read with delight throughout" the domain of "the Emperor-King" [MTP].

A. Francis wrote from Bucks to Sam, seeing that he wanted to arrange his funeral with a brass band, Francis offered the services of a band he was connected with—what country did Sam think of dying in? [MTP].

Histed photographers, London wrote to Sam sending "rough proofs"—which did Sam prefer? [MTP].

Muriel Cochran Jenkins wrote from London to ask Sam for his photograph. She enclosed poems on the deaths of Henry M. Stanley and President McKinley [MTP].

John Y. W. MacAlister wrote from London to Sam, sad that it looked like he would not get to see Clemens before he left—could Sam dine with him the next evening? [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Left Boston for New York and ran across Tino who was crossing Union Square. He dropped into my cab with a weary bang and told me of the calamity that had befallen him. He'd lost his big

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

new handbag in G.C. Station—with nearly all his clothes in it, photos of the King, ms. of his own, and oh, everything; even the Orion letters he was carrying up to Elmira to read. I had told him: best not to take them away. He dined with me and we had a cosy time looking through old letters [MTP 83 *Note*]: “Tino” was a nickname for **Albert Bigelow Paine**.

July 12 Friday – At **Brown’s Hotel in London** Sam wrote to daughter **Clara**, a letter which reveals his activities this final day in England:

Clärchen dear, we sail tomorrow in the Minnetonka (I think.)

We are due to arrive in 8 or 9 days.

I have been most mannerly & etiquetical. I have returned *every* call—card-calls by card, delivered by myself; personal calls in *person*.

I have buzzed around every day, & many nights—at breakfasts, luncheons, teas & dinners, & have never been fatigued, more than a hour at a time. Even this last day is not an exception. I spent two hours with the president of the National & Gallery this morning, then lunched with the earl & countess of Portsmouth (friends of 7 years ago)—where, among the company I found another old friend, a sister of the duke of Argyle, & several acquaintances, & had a rousing time. Dinner with friends to-night & in the morning—then sail.

Everybody has been very affectionate, & you will be spiteful & jealous.

With love & kisses / Father [MTP].

Note: Sir **Charles Holroyd** (1861-1917) was the director of the National Gallery from 1906-1916; 6th Earl of Portsmouth, **Newton Wallop** and **Beatrice Pease Wallop**; 9th Duke of Argyle was **John George Edward Henry Douglas Sutherland Campbell** (1845-1914) aka **Marquess of Lorne** prior to 1900, or “Earl of Campbell.” See earlier entries. “Among his other callers later in the day were Sir **Thomas Lipton** and Mr. [John] **Henniker Heaton**, M.P.” [London *Tribune*, July 13, p.7].

Sam also wrote to daughter **Jean** in Katonah, N.Y.

Jean dear, we sail to-morrow noon the 13th & shall probably arrive on the 21st—more likely the 22^d, perhaps. Steamer Minnetonka, I think.

I’ve had a powerful good time—and that includes Liverpool, night before last. Many people have given me messages for you & Clara—the latest ones were Bram Stoker & Mr. Farmer Hall [Farner Hall?] & his charming family. I have forgotten who the others were.

I know I ought to wait over a ship & go to Ireland—but I mustn’t—it is time to clear for home.

With love & kisses / Father / Mrs. Fitzgerald sends you great love [MTP]. *Note*: **Mrs. Fitzgerald** had recently written Clemens, but very little is known of her. The exact date of Sam’s luncheon with **Bram Stoker** is not clear, but could have only been the night of July 10 or 11, the prior evening. Shelden puts this last evening meeting to a “quiet corner of an old pub in Fleet Street,” “Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese [123].

Sam also wrote to **Edward Russell**.

Dear Sir Edward Russell,—I was deeply moved and gratified by that beautiful poem, and I could not trust myself to try to express my feelings concerning it there, that night, knowing my voice would fail me. I thank you for those welcome words, and am grateful for the impulse that moved you to say them. It was my last (public) night in England, and certainly no one has ever had a more uplifting night anywhere, nor one so easy to house and sacredly preserve in the memory. Good-bye—but not for always, I hope—Sincerely yours, ... [MTP]. *Note*: Sir **Edward Russell** (1834-1920), 1st Baron Russell of Liverpool, journalist and politician, he proposed the toast “The Health of Mark Twain” at the July 10 Lord Mayor dinner in Liverpool.

Sam also wrote to **Carlotta Welles**.

Indeed you *are* good—& although I do like to call you a little rascal, it is only because you are charming. I was afraid you wouldn't send me a good-bye, but you have sent me a lovely one, & by that gentle deed I know you are good.

You thought I couldn't trace my joker out, but I did. When I had been a day or so in this house I found that Mrs. Nunnally & Miss Frances were guests. Miss Frances had your address in her notebook, in your own handwriting. The d's & the Ls betrayed you. So I know what little rascal it was that was playing tricks upon her guileless old shipmate.

You are right, Charlie, I didn't steal the cup; & if I even tried to steal it, it wasn't for myself, I only wanted to give it to you. I wouldn't take a thing like that for a selfish reason.

We sail in the morning. Good-bye, dear, & continue to be happy in that beautiful foreign home of yours.
/ Doctor SLC [MTAq 43-45].

Sam also inscribed two photographs of himself to **Frances Nunnally**. First: "*To Frances Nunnally, with the affectionate regards of her comrade / Mark Twain / July 12, 1907.*" Second: "*To Francesca with love & best wishes / Mark Twain / London, July 12, 1907. (week-day)*" [MTP].

Sam also inscribed a photograph to **Cora W. Nunnally**: "*To Mrs. Nunnally, with the kindest regards of hers sincerely / Mark Twain / London, July 12, 1907.*" [MTP].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote for Sam to **John Japp**, Lord Mayor of Liverpool. "My dear Lord Mayor,—I shall to-morrow morning send you a photograph for the Lady Mayoress, which Dr. Clemens has signed. I am happy to tell you that Dr. Clemens says his visit to Liverpool was the most enjoyable feature of his visit to England—" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal (NY): Terribly busy all day getting ready to close the house, and to get ready for the King. Tino lunched with me, he dined with me, and again we looked through batches of letters, lovely interesting letters we find, but none from Aldrich. Tomorrow Tino starts for Elmira to visit Mrs. Crane and to collect biographical matter for the King's book [MTP 83]. *Note*: "Tino" = A.B. Paine.

H. Walter Barnett wrote from London to send two portraits of Clemens in his robes; he bid him goodbye and a pleasant journey [MTP].

Ruth Gordon Bower wrote from Kilburn to Sam: "How very sweet of you to write me such a lovely letter.... Saturday I am going down to St. Pancras Station hoping to see you off. ... Your affectionate little friend..." [MTP].

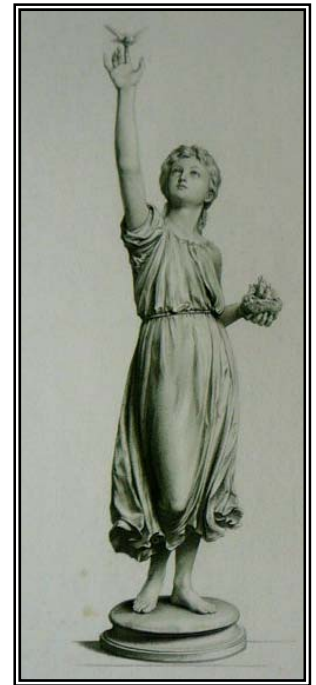
J.Q. Brant-Sero wrote from London to Ashcroft sorry he couldn't see Sam off [MTP].

Albert Bruce-Joy wrote from West Kensington to send Sam a photograph of his sculpture "The First Flight" (in the file) [MTP]. See insert: First Flight

W.H. Denny wrote on Savage Club notepaper, London, to request Sam's autograph on the Club menu enclosed [MTP].

John L. Griffiths for American Consular Service wrote from Liverpool to Sam, sorry he did not see Sam at the hotel the day before; pleasant voyage wishes [MTP].

John Henniker Heaton wrote from London on Bath Club notepaper wishing Sam goodbye [MTP].



Charles Howard wrote on National Gallery notepaper, London, to Ashcroft, “delighted to meet Mr. Clemens at 11.45 today” [MTP].

Cora W. Nunnally wrote from London to express thanks to Sam for his kindnesses and association with Frances Nunnally (“Francesca”) [MTP].

Frances Nunnally wrote from London to Sam [MTP].

You have done so much for me since I have been in London, and given me so much pleasure, that I just wanted to write a little note to thank you for your many kindnesses. ...

You must be sure not to forget to come to Catonsville to see those sixty girls next November. Wishing you the pleasantest of voyages over, I am / Your little friend, / Francesca [MTAq 45]. *Note:* Frances was a student at St. Timothy’s in Cantonville, Maryland.

Thomas Power O'Connor wrote from London to Ashcroft, enclosing an article for Clemens (not in file) [MTP].

Frank T. Searight for American Press Humorists wrote to Lyon enclosing a letter from Sam Davis of Carson, Nevada, whom Searight called “a chum of Mr. Clemens” [MTP]. *Note:* Davis thought of himself as such, but Sam didn’t care much for him. See other entries on Davis.

Frank T. Searight for American Press Humorists wrote to Sam asking for some article for a book being assembled for the **Nye Memorial** [MTP].

Bram Stoker wrote from Chelsea to offer goodbye wishes to Sam [MTP].

Frederick C. Van Duzer for American Society in London wrote to Sam enclosing “first proof” of the speech Sam made at the Independence Day Banquet, to be printed in a pamphlet form for members only [MTP].

S. Hartley Watson, for Savage Club wrote to thank Sam “for taking a ticket in aid of our Young Club Protégé Miss Marjorie Andrews” [MTP].

July 13 Saturday – The *Pall Mall Gazette*, announced the leaving of Mark Twain.

Mark Twain leaves us to-day, and has issued a kindly farewell message. He has had, he says, the most enjoyable holiday of his life, and is younger now by seven years than he was when he arrived. “If I could stay another month, I could make it fourteen,” he says delightfully; but in any case, after planning his funeral for some time past, he has changed his mind and postponed it. On our side, we are sorry that he is going, because he might have continued to jest for another month without being at all wearisome. There is a sort of breezy morality about his valetudinarianisms. They suggest the happiness of facing hard facts with serenity, and are quite of a piece with all his gay philosophy; for Mr. Clemens’s humour, apart from his earliest books of large buffoonery, may be strictly defined as the playfulness of common sense. May there be no reaction after the “violently gay and energetic life” of this farewell trip [July 13, p.2, “Mark Twain’s Good-bye”].

Sam and **Ralph W. Ashcroft** sailed for America on the *S.S. Minnetonka* [MTHHR 626n1].

Paine writes of Sam’s departure:

He sailed on July 13th for home, besought to the last moment by a crowd of autograph-seekers and reporters and photographers, and a multitude who only wished to see him and to shout and wave good-by. He was sailing away from them for the last time. They hoped he would make a speech, but that would not have been possible. To the reporters he gave a farewell message:

“It has been the most enjoyable holiday I have ever had, and I am sorry the end of it has come. I have met a hundred, old friends, and I have made a hundred new ones. It is a good kind of riches to have; there is none better, I think.” And the London Tribune declared that “the ship that bore him away had difficulty in getting clear, so thickly was the water strewn with the bay-leaves of his triumph. For Mark Twain has triumphed, and in his all-too-brief stay of a month has done more for the cause of the world’s peace than will be accomplished by the Hague Conference. He has made the world laugh again.”

His ship was the Minnetonka, and there were some little folks aboard to be adopted as grandchildren. On July 15th, in a fog, the Minnetonka collided with the bark Sterling, and narrowly escaped sinking her. On the whole, however, the homeward way was clear, and the vessel reached New York nearly a day in advance of their schedule. Some ceremonies of welcome had been prepared for him; but they were upset by the early arrival, so that when he descended the gang-plank to his native soil only a few who had received special information were there to greet him. But perhaps he did not notice it. He seldom took account of the absence of such things. By early afternoon, however, the papers rang with the announcement that Mark Twain was home again [MTB 1403].

Sometime during the voyage (**July 13 to July 22**) Sam inscribed a copy of *The Jumping Frog* to **Robert Bell**: “To / Mr. Robert Bell / S.S. Minnetonka/ with the compliments & best wishes / of / Mark Twain / July 13/22, 1907.” [MTP].

Harper’s Weekly ran an anonymous article, “Mark Twain, Doctor of Letters,” p.1010. Tenney: “Editorial comment on MT’s honorary Oxford degree, awarded not just because he is a celebrity, but because he is an able and recognized author.” The same issue also printed a photograph with the caption: “Mark Twain, En Route for Oxford to Receive the Degree of Doctor of Letters, Besieged by Reporters on His Steamship in England” without commentary, p. 1034 [43].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Tonight dear Mother came in as I was dusting books in the Library, and it was fine to see her and to have her looking so well. It was terribly hot, so we drove in the park in a Victoria and it was a delight....

Today the King sailed from England. He comes away with a mighty cargo of love—English love and now that I’m in my old tracks again I have a feeling that I’m living again [MTP 83].

Paddy Madden wrote (after July 13) from America to Sam, “Cannot tell you how delighted I was to receive the postal cards. They are perfectly beautiful...how highly I prize them” [MTP].

Thomas Power O’Connor sent a telegram to Sam, *S.S. Minnetonka*: “Goodbye God bless you Taypay” [MTP].

July 14 Sunday – Sam and **Ashcroft** were en route to **New York** on the *S.S. Minnetonka*. This from a Mark Twain dispatch to the *NY Times* from London, July 17: “Left the Channel Sunday at 1:50 in doubtful weather and sighted the Scilly Islands ten miles off. At 6 o’clock ran into a dense fog, which broke into patches during the night” [July 18, p.4, “From Twain by Wireless”].

Harry E. Brittain wrote from Westminster to send Sam a photo that appeared in the *Sphere*; he asked Ashcroft if he could obtain Sam’s autograph on the photo [MTP].

Frederick Rathbone wrote from London to Ashcroft, advertising “the finest collection in the world of Wedgwood portraits of Americans & European celebrities” [MTP].

Dodd Lyons Tinsley sent Sam a telegram from London: “From great admirers wishing you pleasant voyage and safe return home always remembering Begum of Bengal” [MTP].

Joe Twichell wrote from Hartford to Sam.

Dear Old Mark, / You will soon be getting ashore and I want to be on hand to hug you welcome

I should almost think you would rather see an enemy though;—*for a change*.

What is there that could give you a new sensation but a *hostile person*?

I am sure I never wanted to see you so much as now—which is saying a very, very great deal. You have such a lot of unprecedented things to tell!

This is to let you know that I am to be on the pulpit duty at Plymouth Church next Sunday (July 21) and that I can pay you a call either Saturday or Monday if you are anywhere accessible. I shall not be surprised however to hear that you are submerged in engagements, and that I’d best wait till another time. Harmony and I, you bet, have had our telescope on you sitting up there on the top of the world these last weeks—as you and I followed the lads going up Mont Blanc when we were in Chamouni.

Its queer—but somehow your conquering hero progress through England has revived our memories of the early days of you and our acquaintance—when we lived in Willard st, and we were all young.—and Harmony used to rant of sorry for you because you had no home.

Love to the girls and to Miss Lyon [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “We loafed today and rested and rested, but too I worked over the covering of books and furniture” [MTP 84].

July 15 Monday – Sam and **Ashcroft** were en route to **New York** on the S.S. *Minnetonka*. The ship struck a small French bark, the *Sterling* on this day. *New York Tribune*, July 20, p.7:

Steamer Minnetonka, at sea, July 20.

This sixtieth voyage westward of the steamship Minnetonka has been marked by an occurrence with will never be forgotten by those now on board. During the morning watch on Monday, July 15, the fog which had enveloped the ship more or less all night became very dense. Suddenly, without any warning note of horn or bell a towering mass of canvas loomed up on our starboard bow, and was borne swiftly toward us. It seemed impossible for a moment or two to avoid either cutting down or being cut down by the bark which carried it, but instantaneously arising to the emergency, Captain Layland, who had been on the bridge for nearly thirty-six hours, and his chief officer, Mr. Woolcock, were able, owing to our greatly reduced speed, to manoeuvre the Minnetonka so admirably that the bark, losing only her bowsprit and head sails, merely struck us a glancing blow and dragged along our starboard side without seriously wounding our ship.

Sam’s wire of the above incident ran in the N.Y. *Times* of July 18, p.4, “From Twain by Wireless.” Tenney sent what appears to be a partial draft copy collected from the University of Chicago Library:

3

Barque was coming for our broadside, but prompt action on both sides prevented direct collision. Barque quickly disappeared in fog. Cruised around hunting for her one hour and half. No success gave it up & resumed the home trail. / Clemens.

In his **A.D. of Apr. 1908**, Sam claimed to have “discovered her [**Dorothy Quick**] the second day out” which would have been **July 15** [MTAq 127].

Eight-year-old **Joy Agnew** wrote a letter of thanks to Sam.

My dear Mr. Mark Twain, / Thank you so much for the beautiful picture you sent me. It was very kind of you to think of me. We have a lovely garden, full of a lot of flowers. We have also a good lot of pets too. I will tell you what they are. Mine are; three bantams, three goldfish, three doves, six canarys, two dogs and one cat. My brother Ewan who is at Eaton now has; nine goldfish, one cat, one dog, and a pony. My Daddy has one dog. Mummy has a lot of hens and some bees. We have a little garden of our own and Daddy is going to make us a see-saw. Of course this is all in the country. I am going to a wedding on Thursday. I hope you will remember me for I am yours ~~respec~~ affectionately / Joy Agnew [MTP; *MTFWE* 111].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Still in N.Y., but we went up to Redding to see "Lyonesse" in the summer-time. Oh it is so beautiful, so old, so hallowed with those who have been living there these many years, for it seems as if the spirits still lived on there, and mother loves it too [MTP 83]. *Note:* "Lyonesse" was later called "The Lobster Pot," Isabel Lyon's house in Redding.

London Daily Mail sent a telegram to Sam: "If you writing London will you give us first rights" [MTP].

Winfield Scott wrote from Los Angeles to Sam in reference to his use of "Mr Mac." in the *NAR* p. 469 (page cut out and enclosed). Scott suggested Sam use the name of McCrellish. Scott mentioned knowing Samuel E. Moffett and Sam P. Davis [MTP].

Isabel S. Wayland (Mrs. John Elton Wayland) wrote from Stony Creek, Conn. to Sam. Did he remember her invite of last spring for him and Miss Lyon to spend a week on their "little island"? She offered a range of possible dates [MTP]. *Note:* Wayland also wrote to Lyon just after this hoping her invitation would be accepted.

July 15 after – After July 15 (the day he met her) Sam also inscribed a copy of *JA* to **Dorothy Quick:** "To Dorothy Quick / with the love of / *SL. Clemens* / 1907 / 21 Fifth ave." [MTP].

July 16 Tuesday – Sam and **Ashcroft** were en route to **New York** on the S.S. *Minnetonka*.

Cooley writes of the time aboard ship and of a new acquaintance made with one of the younger of 129 passengers during the voyage, likely early on:

He was greatly impressed with his scarlet Oxford robe and academic hood and on the ship home strolled the decks displaying the new regalia, still glowing with the euphoria of London and Oxford. Thus embellished, Clemens met an eleven-year-old American girl named Dorothy Quick, who had been watching him for some time, fascinated by his robe and crop of snowy hair....Clemens and Dorothy talked about his writing and her desire to become a serious fiction writer when she grew up. ... To honor their new friendship, Dorothy and Clemens vowed to wear white all the rest of the voyage. For her skillful play at shuffleboard, which Clemens called "horse billiards," he gave her and inscribed copy of his recent book, *Eve's Diary*.

One day a ship's officer came to Dorothy and asked if he was addressing Mark Twain's business manager. Dorothy nodded and was informed that Mr. Twain had announced he would not perform in the ship's program, a benefit for the sailor's fund, unless she gave her permission. The printed program for the event even announced him as "Mark Twain (by courtesy of Miss Dorothy Quick)." Their growing friendship moved so many of the ship's passengers that a photo session was arranged. Dorothy stood between Clemens and Captain Layland, while dozens of passengers snapped their Kodaks. When the prints were developed by the ship's photographer, there were many requests for the inseparable duo's autographs. Once they arrived in New York, the process was repeated for newspaper photographers [MTAq 36-7]. *Note:* **Dorothy Gertrude Quick** (1896-1962). Dorothy was traveling with her mother, **Emma Gertrude Quick**, and her grandparents. In his **A.D. of Apr. 1908**, Sam claimed to have "discovered her

the second day out” which would have been **July 15** [MTAq 127]. The benefit program was traditionally held on the last night at sea, in this case **July 21**.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “And still in New York, doing finishing touches. Santa is getting on wonderfully in Boston” [MTP 84].

July 17 Wednesday – Sam and **Ashcroft** were en route to **New York** on the S.S. *Minnetonka*. Sam came down with another case of bronchitis on this day [July 29 to Rogers].

John Briggs, Hannibal boyhood pal, died near New London, Mo. (1837-1907) see entries Vol 1.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: But this afternoon we came out to Tuxedo. The city has been boilingly hot, and we were so glad to get into a jigger and come out home here. We took the 3:53 train which arrives at 5:12 when all Tuxedo is spreading itself in all kinds of stylish rigs and mobiles. There are feathers waving and whips flourishing and long veils sweeping out in the breeze and men climbing into vehicles and showing off their fancy stockings and there is such an over burdenment of fashion about it all, that you long for a jog-trotting old mare the will carry you along a country road and through fields—country fields. Here is an artificial electric jigger—along artificial roads, climbing up to an artificial house over an artificial lake. But I’m glad we’re here and away from the city [MTP 84-85].

Evert Jansen Wendell (1860-1917), Harvard alumnus and collector of theater memorabilia wrote from NYC to Sam, enclosing a clipping (not in file) from a Syracuse paper [MTP]. *Note:* **After** his return on **July 22** Sam and Lyon wrote on Wendell’s letter to an **unidentified person**.

John Mead Howells for Howells & Stokes wrote to Sam: “As by our conversation with Miss Lyon, we have ordered two circular Della Robbia pieces from Cantagalli in Florence...” [MTP]. *Note:* Copy of Howells & Stokes’ letter to Cantagalli in file.

Margaret C. Japp (Mrs. John Japp), Lord Mayor of Liverpool) wrote to Sam: “I cannot tell you how much we have been congratulated on the success of that evening, and of the pleasure your presence gave” [MTP].

July 18 Thursday – Sam and **Ashcroft** were en route to **New York** on the S.S. *Minnetonka*. Sam inscribed a first English edition copy of AC: “*Truly Yours / SL. Clemens / (Mark Twain) / July 18/07*” [Christie’s London, 1 June 2009, Lot 203, Sale 5822]. *Note:* at an angle under Sam’s inscription are three more signatures: **Mrs. J. Ian Ansdale**, **Josephine Watts**, and **Herbert Percy**, likely shipmates on the voyage over.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Mother stays on and we sew and read Bernard Shaw. I corner Mother so she can’t well get away, and read the preface to Shaw’s last book ‘John Bull’s Other Island.’ It’s a wonderful preface and mother is sweetly contented with it, and the place and life generally” [MTP 85].

Laura Hawkins Frazer wrote to Albert Bigelow Paine for a picture of Sam [MTP]. *Note:* several letters from Frazier to Paine for this period are in the file but are not included.

Harrie Roberts wrote from Kalgoorlie, Australia to ask Sam about a poem he’d read years before that had stuck with him. Where could he get a copy? [MTP]. *Note:* on top, Lyon: “Answd. / Sept 9”

Noah Wilson wrote from London to Sam after reading an article about Clemens wanting to arrange his own funeral. Wilson told of an old whaler, William Jenkins, who only wished as an old man for all his friends to join hands around his grave and sing “Auld Lange Syne” [MTP].

July 19 Friday – Sam and **Ashcroft** were en route to **New York** on the S.S. *Minnetonka*.

T.P. O'Connor's article, "Mark Twain as an Orator," ran in *T.P.'s Weekly* (London) p. 85. Tenney: "MT is a master of humor, pathos, and satire—witness his attacks on Christian Science and Belgian rule in the Congo—but he is also 'one of the great orators of his time.' After briefly describing MT's speech 'at the lunch over which Mr. Birrell presided,' T.P. writes at greater length on MT's speech at the Lord Mayor's Banquet in Liverpool, quoting his own words introducing MT and MT's speech, and describing the reaction of the audience" [Tenney: "A Reference Guide Fifth Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1981 p. 166]. Also in this issue, O'Connor writes "T.P. in his Anecdoteage," p.76. Tenney: "Reprints stories by and about MT from Aaron Watson's THE SAVAGE CLUB" [*ibid*].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "The Monadnock Day. A year ago today—with the same weather" [MTP 85].

Andrew Beatt for the Arbroath Health Congress wrote from Arbroath, Scotland to advise Sam that he'd been "installed as a Life Member," in their club, a bathing club "whose prevailing characteristic...is humour..."; flyer enclosed and in file [MTP].

John J. Hineson wrote from Lancashire to ask for Sam's autograph [MTP].

John M. Howells, for Howells & Stokes wrote to Sam, enclosing bills from **Harry Lounsbury** for general work on the Redding house, and two orders for **William Webb Sunderland** of \$218.45 for the cost of relocating the house the second time and one for \$224 for rock excavation [MTP].

The World, London sent a telegram to Sam: "The World congratulates you on remarkable trip abroad public would be greatly interested wireless message from you perhaps on funniest incident your voyage favour of reply ...greatly appreciated" [MTP].

July 20 Saturday – Sam and **Ashcroft** were en route to **New York** on the S.S. *Minnetonka*. The traditional last night at sea benefit program was held for the Seaman's fund, though when it fell on a Sunday such programs were likely moved to Saturday. Fatout gives this day for the program and concert and writes that Sam spoke for an hour, including the "sock-hunting" story [*MT Speaking* 678]. **Dorothy Quick** had given her "permission" as Mark Twain's "business manager" for him to take part (see July 16 from Cooley).

Sydney Brooks' article "Mark Twain in England," ran in *Harper's Weekly*, p. 1053-5. Tenney: "On MT's popularity, and his reception when he was there to receive his Oxford degree. Cartoons of MT from London *Daily Chronicle* by David Wilson (p. 1053) and P. Richards (p. 1054), and photograph of MT after receiving his degree (p. 1055)" [44].

Outlook ran an anonymous article, "Mark Twain in England," p. 578-9. Tenney: "On MT's warm reception, here attributed to admiration for 'two qualities in Mark Twain which have at least made him congenial to Englishmen—his stalwart moral integrity and his self-restraint" [Tenney: "A Reference Guide Third Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1979 p. 191].

An unidentified person sent the following poem on a postcard, postmarked London:

A man of Mark, Mark you.
Named Mark, Mark that Two (Twain)
Has hit the Mark, Mark it!
Mark is here, with all his wit.

Welcome

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

RG

Boston Herald sent a telegram to Sam: “American newspapers gleefully printed your splendid wireless message / give boston herald for your newengland friends bulletins of your voyage” [MTP].

George Iles sent a postcard from Tuxedo, NY to Sam, picturing a long barn with open doors at either end and one open in the middle, the left door shows the tail of a cow, the right the head, the middle a man milking it. Iles wrote, “This recalls your St. Louis dog story” [MTP].

Dr. William J. Long wrote from Stamford, Conn to Lyon, enclosing clippings answering Roosevelt’s attack, “taken from his ‘Wilderness Hunter’” [MTP]. *Note:* Heading: “President Roosevelt as a Critic and Naturalist.”

July 21 Sunday – Sam and **Ashcroft** were en route to **New York** on the S.S. *Minnetonka*.

London Evening World sent a telegram to Sam: “How do you feel approaching the land of the free after your pleasant experience with royalty and the nobility please answer our expense” [MTP].

Sydney Layland wrote from the S.S. *Minnetonka* at sea to thank Sam for his book and program with signature [MTP].

New York Times sent a telegram (before July 21) to Sam: “Welcome back please telegraph by Marconi our expense all about your trip how it feels to be a learned doctor” [MTP].

Captain Prehn sent a telegram to Sam: “Capt Prehn of the *Grosser Kurfurst* wishes to send his kind regards and best wishes” [MTP].

Norman Woolcock wrote on S.S. *Minnetonka* notepaper to thank Sam for his “splendid present signed by yourself” [MTP].

The London World sent a telegram to Sam before and on July 21: “The World congratulates you on remarkable triumph abroad / public would be greatly interested wireless message from you perhapson funniest incident your voyage favour of reply our expense greatly appreciated” [MTP]. The second telegram: “Favor of reply to message respectfully urged/ The World”

July 22 Monday – On the S.S. *Minnetonka* en route to **New York City**, Sam wrote an aphorism for **Robert M. Curtis**: “*Truth is the most valuable thing we have. Let us economise it. / Truly Yours / Mark Twain / July 22/07.*” [MTP].

The *Minnetonka* reached New York in the afternoon. The *New York Times* reported his arrival:

MARK TWAIN HOME IN GOOD HUMOR

Had Dinner with the King and Is Sure That the King Enjoyed It.

HE'S DR. CLEMENS, PLEASE

Though the Dignity of His Oxford Title Doesn't Seem to
Weigh Heavily—72, but Doesn't Feel Guilty.

Mark Twain came home yesterday after his six weeks stay in England. The dignity of his Oxford degree of Doctor of Literature, for which he went to the English seat of learning, does not appear to weigh heavily on him, although, with a merry twinkle in his eye, he said he wished that his American friends would understand that from now on he is Dr. Clemens, with the accent very strongly on the "Doctor."

"Just how my old friends are going to get away from calling me 'Mark' is something they will have to work out for themselves," he said, "and when they see me in my new cap and gown they will be bound to fall."

Mark Twain was, as usual, the centre of an admiring group of women when the reporters greeted him aboard the Atlantic Transport Company steamship Minnetonka at Quarantine upon her arrival yesterday afternoon. He came over in Cabin 23, but said it had no significance, and was a poor joke.

"How do you like America?" the reporters all asked at once.

"I was afraid I would be asked that question," began Dr. Clemens, but before he got any further another was fired at him.

"Have you seen the Statue of Liberty?"

"I decline to commit myself, young man; you cannot trap me into any damaging admissions."

Getting down to his stay in England, he was asked about his dinner with King Edward.

"Did you enjoy the dinner very much?"

"The King did."

"What did you think of the King? When Tim Sullivan returned a short time ago he said 'Ed's all right; I like him. He is the goods.'"

"I am not competing with Mr. Sullivan."

Dr. Clemens was asked about the handsome Ascot gold cup which had disappeared shortly after his arrival in England, and which the English reporters had humorously connected with his arrival.

"Oh, yes; I have the cup on board, and I hope some of you reporters are slick enough to help me smuggle is through the Custom House. It would be too bad to give it up after getting so close to home with it.

"But I didn't get the Dublin jewels. With the character they gave me over on the other side I should certainly not have left the case. I would have taken both," he said.

Dr. Clemens said that it was all a mistake that the English could not understand a joke.

"I had not the slightest trouble in getting mine through their heads," he said.

"What was the best joke you told them?"

"That will cost you 30 cents a word, and I am having no bargain days now."

"Did they laugh?"

"Why, surely; but if you want to hear it you must be prepared to pay heavily for it. At this time of life one must get all one can for one's wits.

"I have been interviewed a great deal while away, but many of the interviews, when they appeared in print, were grossly exaggerated."

Asked about his appearance in the lobby of Brown's Hotel, in London, in his pajamas and bathrobe prior to walking across the street to the Bath Club, he said:

"When a man reaches my age he has certain privileges that younger men cannot have. I did that, and there was absolutely nothing improper in it."

"Are the Englishwomen as attractive as those in America?" was another question.

"That is too leading, and I refuse to commit myself," was the diplomatic reply.

Dr. Clemens said that he had enjoyed his trip abroad immensely, and that the people had treated him royally.

Shortly after the Minnetonka left the other side the ship was in collision with a bark. Several of the plates of the big ship were dented and bowsprit knocked off the sailing vessel. Dr. Clemens said that he was not awake at the time, but that he was soon aroused, grabbed his bath robe, and rushed to the deck to see what the trouble was. Some of the passengers say that he thought he had grabbed his bath robe, but that in reality he had put on his Oxford gown in the darkness.

Mark Twain spoke at the concert last Saturday night. He chose to talk about the improvement of the condition of the adult blind, and repeated the story told in "A Tramp Abroad" of his having been caught with a companion in Berlin in the dark for an hour or more and of his great horror at not being able to see for even so short a time. He said that he would devote much of the rest of his life to the subject of aiding the blind, and the passengers promised their aid in anything he undertakes.

Coming over he was always the centre of a group of passengers listening to his stories with great interest. He made a particular pet of little Dorothy Quick, daughter of Mrs. E. G. Quick of Brooklyn, and during the time he was on deck would not let her out of his sight. When he landed he was dressed in white flannels and wore a black derby hat.

As the reporters were leaving one of them asked Dr. Clemens if he objected to telling his age.

"Not in the least. I shall be 72 in November. I do not mind it. Every year that I gain furnishes a new privilege, and all I want to dodge is second childhood.

"At 2 o'clock in the morning I feel as old as any man. At that time you must know that life in every person is at its lowest. At that hour I feel as sinful, too, as possible. But the rest of the time I feel as though I were not over 25 years old. You know one gets back both youth and courage by 6 o'clock in the morning."

Dr. Clemens spent the night at his Fifth Avenue home, and will go to Tuxedo this morning to spend the Summer. He has leased a cottage there.

H.H. Rogers suffered a stroke. The papers would report a simple indisposition, blaming the heat. See *MTHHR* 631n2. Also IVL TS 107 for Sept. 17, which claims "We have known nothing whatever about it." For some reason the Rogers clan kept the news from Clemens.

Isabel Lyon's journal: This morning I went to town, running no chances of having the *Minnetonka* be a slow boat and she wasn't. She arrived at four today. It was exciting to have telephone messages from Mr. Duneka and Ashcroft's office waiting for me.

The King has arrived! And already has given me a mass of wonderful talk about his doings and his adventures. The three bad adventures were the Marie Corelli, Mrs. Chapin, and MacAlister

The *Minnetonka* got in six hours ahead of what was expected of her, for she is the commodore ship and makes good time when the weather is good, so AB was about 4 hours too late. I went down to the pier early and stood with Mr. Duneka and Mr. Munro on the end of the pier when the "great brute of a ship" as Duneka said, came creeping, creeping in. The King stood along at the end of the long line of passengers on the lower deck, with a little girl snuggling up against him and then he came down to waiting us, Clara put him in a cab & I took him home to 21—in the carriage I had waiting for him [MTP TS 85-86].

Dorothy Butes wrote from The Webster Hotel, NYC to thank Sam for the "beautiful post-cards." She was in NY to sail in the *Celtic* on Thursday a.m. "If you are in New York, I should love to come and see you, either to-morrow or Wednesday—May I?" [MTP].

A.G. Cardew wrote from India to discuss Sam's CS book [MTP].

Robert Grau wrote from NYC to Sam recounting how he'd paid **Adelma Patti** a quarter million dollars for her American farewell tour, and how he needed an "extraordinary attraction" for the upcoming season. Would Sam be interested in \$100,000 or more? [MTP].

Howells & Stokes wrote from NYC to notify Sam that an extension of the Redding house contractor had been granted, since the site had twice been relocated [MTP].

Charles J. Langdon per Jervis Langdon II wrote from Elmira to advise Sam of payment on Buffalo City taxes for the Genesee Street property, Sam's share being \$270.03 [MTP].

Julia Langdon Loomis wrote from Short Hills, N.J. to express joy that Sam was home with all his "honors and glories" [MTP].

Douglas Malloch for the Press Club of Chicago, wrote to ask Sam if he'd tell a "five minute story" at their Dec. 13 Story Teller's Night [MTP].

July 22, after – After his return to New York, Isabel Lyon wrote for Sam on the **July 17** from **Evert Jansen Wendell**:

Mr. Rogers sick man & is using yacht.

no occasion for him to turn it over to me. & I don't want him to do it. As vice P. I. must go down there in considerable style—or not at all. Therefore I cannot go down there on an ordinary steamer. In the circumstances I want to ask him to relieve me from going.

That could be considered after Mr. Vanderbilt has invited Mr. Clemens. Mr. Clemens cannot ask any one to provide transportation for him & cannot be a party to it [MTP]. *Note:* see July 17 from Wendell; this relates to the September festivities in Jamestown, Va.

July 23 Tuesday – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam wrote to **Dorothy Butes** at the Hotel Webster.

Your letter has arrived to night. Tried to telephone you but you are out. To-day mailed letter to you in New Hampshire. I have engagement here tomorrow or would go and see you. Please telephone me here first thing in the morning. Call 113 Tuxedo. I am unspeakably sorry you are going without seeing you. If I had known you were in town I would have called last night [MTAq 46].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "This morning at 10:45 we started for Tuxedo" [MTP 86].

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to ask Sam if he'd agree to an interview [MTP]. On or after July 23 **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote on Duneka's letter how to answer: "not a newspaper in N.Y. that hasn't approached him on this subject. In every case has said no. Wants Duneka to say that it is violating the contract & to say no always—for he'll be damned if he'll will [*sic*] be interviewed again" [MTP]. *Note:* enclosed in Duneka's letter is a letter from **Paul West** of the NY *World*, July 23 to Duneka, asking if **Roy McCardell**, a reporter, could call "sometime this week" to "have Mark Twain tell ... a little about his trip to Europe." This letter is catalogued as to Clemens, but is to Duneka.

American Surety wrote from NYC enclosing a surety on bonds printed questionnaire for **Sam P. Davis**. The enclosed left blank; stamped env. Not used [MTP]. *Note:* Sam didn't care much for Davis.

George Grantham Bain wrote from NYC to ask Sam if their photographer could make "a few intimate pictures" as they'd requested before he left for England. The photog had called at Sam's NYC home and left copies of some pictures he made the day before that were in today's *World* and *Journal* [MTP]. *Note:* IVL wrote on the letter: "Answd July 24"

William H. Charnley wrote from Chicago to Sam—a fan letter hoping for a reply [MTP]. *Note:* IVL wrote on the letter: "Answd July 30, 07"

Charles M. Fairbanks wrote from Brooklyn to Sam. Charles was son **Mary Mason Fairbanks**, and mused over how proud she would be of Sam's "conquest to England" [MTP].

G.W. Franks wrote from Newark, NJ, recalling steamboats on the Mississippi [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Answd. July 30, 07"

Winifred Holt for Association for the Blind wrote from NYC to Sam, suggesting he might raise funds for them by talking to a Tuxedo audience [MTP].

Francis B. Keene wrote from Geneva, Switzerland to Sam. Keene had been US Consul in Florence during the Clemens family's stay there.

My dear Mr Clemens: / Hail, Oxford Don, Beloved of the Muses Nine.

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

If you have recovered from the feasts of food and fondness with which you were regaled, if you have digested the roast beef of Old England that comes from Chicago, listen to the prayer that comes to me from Mr Charles Dean, correspondent of the Associated Press...Milwaukee, Wisconsin...

The Milwaukee Press Club is hugging to its heart a hope that it may get you to consent to lecture under its auspices some time during the late autumn or early winter...An autograph letter from you would, even if it brought desolation by declination, find a place behind glass, as the tender memory of a blasted hope.

Many a month has slipped away since I used to see you often in the Consulate at Florence. I have never ceased to be sorry that the dear old city by the Arno is a place to which your memory can only go back as the scene of your greatest grief.

I hear from Gregory Smith now and then. He visited us last year, and did me the favor of loaning me his colored butler for nine months. Thomas often grinned over the memory of some of your sallies at Bel Riposo. ...

I still keep the hat that you inadvertently honored by wearing one day from the apartment of the Rev. and Mrs Riggs. But my head has been too large for it ever since. Oliver Wendell Holmes said that "a man's mind is often stretched by an idea, and never shrinks back to its former dimensions." ...

It has been a pleasure to read about how John Bull loaded you with honors and evidence of affection.

May you live long to enjoy a green old age and deserved honors ...[MTP].

E.W. Meddaugh wrote from Chicago to Sam.

Dear Sir: / Several years ago I sent you the money to buy a hymn book with, which I believe you turned over to the Society for the Purchasing of Questionable luxuries for our Literary Poor. But as far as I can see our Literary Poor are just as poor as they ever were (with the possible exception of yourself), and therefore I must ask what became of the money...You deserve to live a thousand years without paying rent, from the fact that you have made so many people happy [MTP].

C.A. Wells wrote from Quincy, Ill. to invite Sam to a luncheon in Hannibal on Aug. 12 [MTP].

July 24 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon's journal: The King is lonely and so we make calls in the afternoons, but mostly people are out. We did see Mrs. Davies and Mrs. Ogden who gave us iced coffee and the King sat on their beautiful terrace and told about the Punch Dinner and the King's Garden Party, and those 2 ladies were very sweet and worshipful, Mrs. Davies was a little flustered when she glanced up at her window to see her undershirt hung on some kind of a wire and swinging cheerfully at us [MTP 86].

Charles Ferguson for The Municipal University wrote from Kansas City to Sam, asking him to "examine the Newsbook mailed to you today & tell us wither our kind of a University is your kind"—would he accept election as a Rector or would he prefer to be just one of the fellows? [MTP]. *Note:* IVL wrote on the letter: "Thank him very much / recognize that the compliment of offering the place to me is a high one & tell him that I stand in dread of being connected with any more causes because I have on my hands all that I can possibly do—and I don't like to be merely a name & an ornament & do a cause no more service than that"

Samuel E. Moffett wrote from Mt. Vernon, NY to Sam:

I have had hard luck making connection with you. I tried to see you off when you sailed, but went to the wrong dock....I expected to meet you when you came back, but thought the Minnetonka was a nine-day boat and was astonished when she sneaked in in eight. Then I went to see you the next day and found you had gone to Tuxedo for the season. / We have all enjoyed the accounts of your royal progress. With love... [MTP].

July 25 Thursday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Sam wrote a note on a small card to **Dorothy Butes**, who was sailing: "Miss Dorothy BUTES / Steamer CELTIC. / Goodbye you dear child, and a happy voyage." [MTP].

Note: Lyon wrote on the verso, “The King was heart sick to have Dorothy sail away for England.” In her journal entry below, Lyon referred to the above message to Butes as a “wireless.” Likely this card survives but the telegram does not.

Upon reaching Tuxedo Park, Sam’s bronchitis hit him hard, and by the next night he had summoned **Dr. Edward C. Rushmore** of Tuxedo Park [July 29 to Rogers].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: The King has a little of the ship’s bronchitis hanging on and he has been so heart sick and disappointed because Dorothy Butes got away this morning on the *Cedric*, but he sent her a wireless message.

We called at the Kane’s and found Miss Dorothy Kane at home, and Miss Clinton. Out on the porch today the King asked if I had heard anything from Mrs. Johnson [Charlotte Teller]. No, I hadn’t, but I believed she was the cause of the report about the King’s marriage and the King said, he “knew it the instant the report reached him” and I think we shall hear more yet from that devil [MTP 86-87].

Isabel Lyon also wrote for Sam to **Charles A. Hazlett**.

Mr. Clemens directs me to write for him to say that he is very sorry that he will be unable to act as one of the directors of the Thomas Bailey Aldrich Memorial, for the reason that he does not approve of public memorials that have to be paid for by subscription. This does not in any way indicate that Mr. Clemens’s warm friendship & love for Mr. Aldrich has in any way abated; but that for many years he has declined to be sponsor for such memorials, & has repeatedly expressed himself as being most unwilling to have any such distinction paid to himself either living or dead [MTP].

G. Bonham Bird wrote from Biltmore, N.C. to Sam: “As a little boy in Heidelberg (Summer of ’77) I used to meet you on the Anlage and you would condescend to chat to this small Englander.” Would Sam read his short story, “The Test” which “shows up the *discomforts* of Christian Science”? [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “Answd. July 31 ‘07”

John Larkin wrote from NYC to Sam: “I have Miss Lyon’s letter of the 24th enclosing letter to you from a Miss E. Van Deusen regarding phonographic record made at the Actors Fund Fair. I have written to Miss Van Deusen to the effect as asked by Miss Lyon” [MTP].

Robert P. Porter wrote from Oxford, England to Sam, cherishing the memories of their time together in Oxford [MTP].

In Sam’s A.D. he recalled meeting **George Bernard Shaw**, “that brilliant Irishman...I lunched at Mr. Shaw’s house a week or two afterward, and expanded the acquaintanceship” [Gribben 638]. See Aug. 25.

July 26 Friday – **Jean Clemens’ 27th birthday.** Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

Dr. Edward C. Rushmore attended to Sam; his bronchitis had worsened the day before upon reaching Tuxedo Park.

In Tuxedo Park, N.Y., **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Charles M. Fairbanks and Pauline M. Fairbanks** in Brooklyn. Sam was home now and was “overwhelmed with mail,” and asked Isabel to write thanks for their message of welcome home [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “We take Miss Herrick to drive now. The King likes the ‘protection’ of it” [MTP 87].

George B. Harvey wrote to Sam: “I have just returned from a fishing trip that I made with Mr. Archbold.... I was very sorry not to be able to get back in time to meet you at the steamer, but I am very anxious to see you. Could you put

me up for a night or so if I can go up, say about Tuesday of next week? [MTP] *Note:* On or just after this date, Sam replied he'd be "very glad to see" him and expected him Tuesday. **John Dustin Archbold.**

Oone H. Ball wrote from Oxford to Sam: "I am venturing to send to you, by this post, a little book called 'Barbara Goes to Oxford.' I had the great pleasure of meeting you when you came to our party in St. John's Gardens after the Encoenia" [MTP].

Roi Cooper Megrue for Elisabeth Marbury wrote details to Isabel Lyon regarding dramatization of Twain's works [MTP].

July 27 Saturday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Sam wrote to daughter **Clara** at the Hotel Victoria, Boston.

Clara dear, Clara very dear, I am in bed with a bronchitis caught in mid-ocean, but am not going to stay in bed after to-day. Nein, I will get up & sail for Bermuda next Thursday, & take Colonel Harvey along for courier, if I can't shake off the cough in the meantime.

A jelmul in London gave me a very valuable trinket—a fine & genuine old Wedgewood locket—and I've brought it home for you. You can have it at any time. The jelmul is related to either the Wedgewoods or the Darwins, & that is how he came to possess it. It is valuable because it is rare.

I am very very glad you are profoundly absorbed in your art & your labors, & care for no other pleasures, no other dissipations. It is as I used to be with the pen, long ago, & it is *life*, LIFE, LIFE!—there is no life comparable to it for a moment. Genius lives in a world of its own, in palaces of enchantment, & has dominion over the slaves of the ring & the lamp, who do not tarry nor argue, when summoned, but came with fine & thunder and earthquake, & merely say, "I hear & obey!" & take the orders & pile more palaces, terrace upon terrace, tower upon tower, pinnacle upon pinnacle, into the sky, & tint them, & gild them, & mail them with jewels, & set them ablaze in the flooding sunlight; & whatever else is wanted, there those splendid hellious are, to fetch it. Everybody lives, but only Genius lives richly, sumptuously, imperially.

The Cleveland's can't go, so Mrs. Cleveland writes; but this was to be expected after such a summer as he has been having. But we can get Choate; he said he would come to the rescue if Mr. Cleveland failed us. So I am comfortable.

With best regards to Mr. Wark, & many & many kisses for you— / Father [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Quick** in Plainfield, N.J., about this day:

Dorothy, dear, will you come & make me a visit? Do you think your mother could spare you a week? Miss Lyon is 43 years old & quite able to take care of you. She would take the best of care of you, for she has been a governess, & knows all about it. I would send her to Plainville (or Plainfield) to fetch you; she would take you back at the end of your visit. Will you come? If you can't come for a whole week will you come for half a week? But I hope you can make it a whole one.

It is beautiful here—lakes, woods, hills, & everything! Yes, quite beautiful & satisfactory, but I miss you, all the same.

I hope you will remember me most kindly to your mother, & to your grandfather & grandmother; & that you will allow me to keep my place as / your ancient & / affectionate friend / SL Clemens [MTAq 45].

Sydney Brooks' article, "England's Ovation to Mark Twain," ran in *Harper's Weekly*, p. 1086-9. Tenney: "On MT's cordial reception when he received an honorary degree from Oxford, with an account of his speech at a Pilgrims' Club banquet. Includes sketch of MT chatting with King Edward at Windsor, and photograph of MT in the procession at Oxford just after the degree was awarded" [44].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Tino [ABP]. The King came stealing quietly up to my study after I was about to get into bed, to get a paper knife to cut the leaves of "The Golden Bowl" with. A woman, Miss Olney [*sic* Olney], came today asking to see Mr. Clemens, not for an interview, only to shake hands with him. She introduced herself to me with a card of Dan Frohman's, and with Chancey Oling's name written on it and begged for the privilege of seeing him. I took the card up to Mr. Clemens after telling her that he was not seeing strangers

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

and probably would not see her. He looked at the card reluctantly said, “oh, bring her up, if she’s a friend of Dan Frohmans.” She was not without attraction and succeeded in interesting him when she said she was making a collection of the imprints of the hands of famous men and her collection would not be complete without his, and produced her prepared sheets of paper, chatting along and completely disarming him, and he talked a little while she made the imprints of his right hand. Mr. Clemens graciously allowed me to make 2 imprints of his hand [MTP 87].

E. Grace Clark wrote from Lynchburg, Va. to ask if he would “stop over” in her city and “give a lecture” for the sick fund of the Graduate Nurses Assoc. since she learned from the newspapers that he would attend the Jamestown Exposition on Sept. 23 [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “Answd. Sept. 4, 1907”

Katherine Leckie for *The Delineator* wrote from NYC to solicit a “Christmas sentiment” for their December number [MTP].

Chauncey Olney wrote from NYC to ask Sam to sign his picture from *Science Magazine*, enclosed, since she’d lost the earlier one [MTP].

Robert H. Sexton for the **Robert Fulton Monument** wrote having learned of Sam’s intention to attend the Robert Fulton Day celebration on H.H. Rogers’ yacht. He informed of Cornelius Vanderbilt’s intention to be there in his yacht, *The North Star* and a possible yacht race [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: noted that she was surprised to observe Sam “stealing quietly up to my study after I was about to get into bed, to get a paper knife to cut the leaves of ‘The Golden Bowl’ with” [Gribben 350]. *Note:* *The Golden Bowl* by **Henry James** (1905).

July 28 Sunday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Tino [ABP]. King is bed with bronchitis and cancelling a luncheon with Mrs. Wolfe and tea with Mrs. Kane. AB and I worked over old letters, until we were limp. Long after midnight there was a thundering rumble of the King’s voice and a slam of a door and some good swears and there hadn’t been a thing in the King’s room. “No whiskey, no towels, no soap, no water.” and it was fine to hear him swear around and wake up everybody in the house. Oh, he’s a darling King. He had gone into AB’s room to get those things finally and tell him how for 2 hours he had made up his mind that he wouldn’t lose his temper. No, he wouldn’t—but happily he did, for he says he can resist everything but temptation[MTP 88].

The New York *Times*, p.7, “Sale of Cutter Curios – Mark Twain Expected to Attend” announced the sale of 3,039 articles from **Bloodgood H. Cutter’s** Little Neck, Long Island estate, on **July 31 and Aug. 1**. Cutter was Sam’s proclaimed “Poet Lariat” on the *Quaker City* excursion. Whether bronchitis or disinterest stayed Mark from attending the sale, a follow-up article by the *Times* on Aug. 1, p. 7, reported:

Artists bought the many costumes that the poet had collected in his travels, and one man, presumed to be an emissary of Mark Twain, bought the cocked hat and brown coat that Cutter wore when he was presented to the Czar during the famous trip of the <i>Innocents Abroad</i>. The cocked hat was knocked down for 25 cents and the coat for 75 cents.

Witter Bynner wrote from Windsor, Vt. to congratulate Sam on his degree, and to enclose a book of poetry [MTP].

July 29 Monday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Sam wrote to **George Parsons**, Mayor of Cairo, Illinois.

I thank you heartily for the high compliment of the invitation, & I would accept it at once if I could make the trip in a ship, but as that is not possible I am obliged to decline it. To me a land journey is the perfection

of discomfort, & I am not expecting to try another one until I go in a hearse. A hearse with rubber tires, too, or I cancel the excursion. I hope you will have a good time: indeed I am able to predict that you will [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **H.H. Rogers**.

Dear Uncle Henry— / I am in bed again and out of temper. Bronchitis. It is from the slightest of slight colds, caught at sea on the 17th & now a dozen days old. It almost disappeared when I reached Tuxedo, but it hit me hard Thursday evening, & by Friday evening I was in Dr. Rushmore's hands. He has modified it—the first time a doctor has performed that miracle.

Be it prudent or *imprudent*, I mean to get up tomorrow: There's company coming Wednesday, & Friday, & next Tuesday, & I wish to resume life.

Miss Lyon has been to town to-day & brings news from No. 26 [Rogers' address] that confirms Mrs. Rogers's telegram & discredits the exaggerations of the newspapers regarding your attack. Good. I was pretty uneasy at first.

Will you please tell Mary & Harry the Clevelands can't go, on account of Mr. Cleveland's half-wrecked health. And so the Choates will probably be our guests. Choate promised to fill the breach if Mr. Cleveland should fail us.

The enclosed note from the Lady Mayoress will prove to you—which my unassisted word could not do—that I obeyed your commands & went to Liverpool. I did most profoundly dread the journey & the banquet & the reception, but it came out all right, & I was very glad I went. Mr. Lancaster sat opposite me at table & was very pleasant & friendly, & I was glad of a chance to foregather with him.

Monday.

Harvey is coming this evening. He & I were going to sail to Bermuda tomorrow for a couple of weeks, but it turns out that he can't. He thinks Deal Beach will set me up, & so I am to go there, 7 or 8 days from now & stay a week or ten days.

With love to all the lovely tribe [MTHHR 630-1]. *Note:* **Margaret C. Japp (Mrs. John Japp)** was the Lord Mayoress of Liverpool who gave Sam a letter of thanks for speaking there.

Isabel Lyon's journal: I went early to town with AB and we talked hard all the way down.

I delivered to Ashcroft shares of U.S. Steel Stock to be sold.

I carried ms. (auto.) from Miss French to the Lincoln Safety Deposit Vaults.

I went to Boyagians to see my rugs & attended to the sealing up of the house, beside doing many other things and AB lunched with me at the Lafayette and we drove around together doing errands and at the station we met Long—Suchi Long [MTP 88]. *Note:* Long is not further identified.

Isabella Stotts Bohon wrote from Roseville, Ill. to ask for a personal letter from Sam [MTP]. *Note:* On or after July 29 Lyon replied for and also quoted Sam.

Mr. Clemens has been so very busy since his return from England that he has been unable to answer any letters, therefore he asks me to write for him & say that he is sorry he cannot grant your request. "but that by a very strict contract with my publishers I am not permitted to write that kind of note, because it could by accident get into print & cost \$500⁰⁰ fine."

Then Mr. Clemens dictated further: "I escorted you to church once in Keokuk. I remember it very well. It was a trifle over fifty years ago, & you were seventeen. I believe it was the first time I ever went to church; it was either the first time or the last time, I don't know which. You were very good & lovable in those days, & I think you have remained so ever since." I

Mr. Clemens does not often have old books of his in the house [MTP].

H.A. Dann wrote from Buffalo, NY to ask Sam about a story of a dog—where could he get it? [MTP].

Note: IVL: "Answd. July 31, '07"

Johannes Hoops, Professor of English Lit. wrote from Heidelberg to ask Sam for a visit to his school, since Clemens (he thought) was still in Europe [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Answd Aug. 19, '07"

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

Frederick Ohrenschall for The Children's Fresh Air Society wrote from Baltimore to ask Sam to give a lecture for their cause [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Answd Aug. 26, '07"

July 30 Tuesday – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.**, **Ralph W. Ashcroft** wrote for Sam to **Bowring & Co., N.Y.C.**, asking for \$80 for the unused portion of the steamship *Rosalind* tickets by **Clara Clemens** and **Isabel Lyon** on the recently aborted trip to St. John [MTP]. *Note:* See July 1 entry.

Ashcroft also wrote for Sam to **Albert Bruce-Joy**, photographer/sculptor in England. Ashcroft had rec'd a **July 12** letter from Bruce-Joy and photograph enclosed (likely "First Flight" photo of Bruce-Joy's 1879 sculpture). The letter had been sent on the wrong ship, the *S.S. St. Paul*. Ashcroft added he had seen the **Histed** photographs [MTP].

Ashcroft also wrote for Sam to **Dodd, Lyon, & Tinsley** c/o Cunnard SS Co. in Liverpool, England. The company's wireless had been rec'd via the *Lucana*; Sam sent his thanks for the message [MTP].

Ashcroft also wrote for Sam what seems a reply to **John Y. MacAlister's July 11**.

Miss Lyon had already, on our arrival heard from Washington about "The Death Wafer" and the Red Wafer, and had instructed Miss Marbury to give the matter her attention. As I understand it, Miss Marbury is in full charge of this part of Mr. Clemens' affairs, and her address is the Empire Theatre Building, Broadway, New York. I hope she will give the matter prompt and thorough attention [MTP]. *Note:* Ashcroft also mentioned the collision on the return voyage and thanked Mac for his assistance during their stay in London. A "Red Wafer" reference appears in *TS4*, ch. 5.

Ashcroft also replied for Sam to **Captain Prehn**, c/o North German Loyd Co., N.Y.C. Prehn's wireless message had been rec'd but Sam was unable to reply since the *Minnetonka* was out of range; Sam now sent his thanks [MTP].

Ashcroft also wrote for Sam to **Frederick Rathbone**. Ashcroft had Rathbone's **July 14** letter and would forward it to Clemens. He thanked Rathbone for offering to "attend to any London matters," and would call upon him if needed [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Col. Harvey arrived tonight. The King & I went down to the train to meet him. We had previously taken Miss Herrick out for a very tiny drive—a thin drive, you might say, for the talk was that kind. It wasn't even that though—and the King smoked serenely on not talking at all—the placidest personality in the world, looking out into the beautiful woods, & at the splendid rocks. The King doesn't permit himself to be exhausted by Miss Herrick. I am the exhaust pipe for her talk to go through. Evidently the N.A. Review is on very shaky legs, for the Colonel asked Mr. Clemens to wait for the autobiographical monies that are due him; to wait until the first of the year, for funds are low & he must borrow if he pays. It annoyed the King, for it is, as he says, "doing business through sentimental channels" & he doesn't like it at all. And it isn't fair to the King. Col. Harvey is a strong man & the lower part of his face is very much like Lincoln's, but his short nose prevents him from being a great man. I think he never will be that. But he is fearless in his utterances about Roosevelt, so fearless that the speech he made last spring in the South, has hurt the Harper publications which the Colonel is directly interested in, the King thinks [MTP 88-89].

W.J. Phelps of the Phelps Co., electrical supplies, wrote to Sam, suggesting after long thought that the works of Mark Twain should be more readily available to common people who could not always get to a library; he thought they should be available at the newsstands, much like "Mr. Hearst's newspapers." He argued for a cheap edition of *TS* [MTP]. *Note:* See **Aug. 5** for Sam's reply.

Dorothy Butes wrote on board the S.S. *Celtic* to Sam: “It was perfectly lovely of you to send me a wireless message when we were right out at sea. I never had one sent me before...” She’d finished reading *CY* and thought Sandy was “a brick.” “I laughed till I cried over her. You knocked the stuffings pretty well out of Merlin, didn’t you?” She wanted him to visit England in the spring instead of Bermuda [MTP]. Clemens wrote on env. “Answered Aug. 17 Dorothy Butes”

Frank Stobie wrote from Perth, W. Australia to Sam, enclosing an article from the *West Australian* (not in file) that expressed the good feelings all Australians had for Twain [MTP].

July 31 Wednesday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Sam sent a telegram to Miss **Dorothy Quick** at the Turell Inn, Plainfield, N.J.: “Letter for you at your Inn I sent it several days ago. / S.L. Clemens” [MTP].

Dorothy Quick wrote from the Truell Inn, Plainfield, N.J. to Sam.

On my return from Long Island I found your telegram and letter waiting for me. I was so glad to get them and to know you missed me too for I have missed you so much, and will be so glad to see you again so soon. I have never been away from Mother at all but I have promised her to be very brave and not to get home sick if she would let me go to you so she has promised and will write you by this mail thanking you so much for wanting me with you. I am with lots of love and kisses, / Your little friend / Dorothy [MTAq 46].
Note: the letter from Sam was *ca.* **July 27**.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Mr. & Mrs. Ogden & Mrs. Wolfe & Mr. & Mrs. Kane dined here with Col. Harvey & as tonight the King sat under the red lamp & read Wapping Alice to us. It’s intoxicating to write that. It’s like a line of strong moving poetry and it is strong & moving poetry for those who can see the King under the red light, & hear him read Wapping Alice, or anything under God’s heaven [MTP 88].

Emma Gertrude Quick wrote from Plainfield, NJ to Sam about her daughter Dorothy Quick staying with Sam and Miss Lyon. Dorothy had never been away from her mother, was a baby really, but if she got homesick or was too much trouble to let her know; A second letter from Dorothy, per her mother, that she had never been away from home but promised to “be very brave and not to get homesick” [MTP].

Clara J. Gordon wrote from “Paul Smith’s” in the Adirondacks to **Isabel Lyon**. Gordon had been promised a signed photograph when she saw **Clara Clemens** in concert at Norfolk, Conn. and asked if she might now receive one [MTP]. *Note:* catalogued as to Clemens but is to Lyon, who wrote on the top “Answd. July 31, 1907”

John Leary wrote (before July 31) from NYC to welcome Sam home and to praise *IA* [MTP].

Late July and August – Sam’s **A.D.** sessions continued weekdays, for two or more hours each day. During this time, after his return from England, his dictations dealt almost exclusively with his time in **England and Oxford** [MTE 320-46].

August – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam wrote his aphorism about honors deserved to **E.M. Bowney** [MTP: Philip C. Duschnes catalogs, No. 183, Item 98].

On a Wednesday of this month in Tuxedo Park, N.Y., Sam wrote to daughter **Clara**. “Oh, Clara dear, I am so sorry your surgery isn’t over, & so glad its is imminently next-door to it. I hope you will soon be complete & perfect. We are paying fine tribute when we spare Maggie to you, but we do it with love & without a pang. / With hugs & kisses & plenty of them / Father” [MTP].

Sam also signed a copy of *The Love Letters of Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple* by Lady **Dorothy Temple** (Osborne) (1626-1694): “SL. Clemens / Tuxedo Park, / Aug. ‘07” [Gribben 691].

Dr. & Mrs. Gerrit S. Clemens of Joplin, Mo. visited Sam in Tuxedo Park. Mrs. Clemens mentioned the “pleasant visit” she and the doctor had at Tuxedo Park in August 1907 in her letter of **Feb. 25, 1908** [MTP].

Samuel E. Moffett’s article, “Mark Twain, Doctor of Letters,” ran in *Review of Reviews* (NY), p. 167-8. Tenney: “General praise of MT on the occasion of his receiving an honoray degree from Oxford; no new information. Includes photograph of MT” [44].

Charles Whibley’s article, “Musings without Method: The Hilarity of London, etc.” ran in *Blackwood’s Edinburgh Magazine*, p. 279-86. Tenney: “A generally unsympathetic response to the adulation MT was receiving on his last visit to England; praises the beauty of LOM, but condemns CY as ‘such a masterpiece of vulgarity as the world has never seen. His book gives you the same sort of impression which you might receive from a beautiful picture over which a poisonous slug had crawled’” [45].

A.F. Bradley’s article, “Doctor Clemens,” ran in *Current Literature*, facing p.119: Tenney: “A photograph of MT, ‘made just before he sailed to England’ to receive an honorary degree from Oxford” [Tenney: “A Reference Guide First Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1977 p. 334].

Current Literature ran an anonymous article, “Our Foremost Living American Writer,” p. 163-5. Tenney: “A summary, with extensive quotation, of an appreciation by **William Lyon Phelps**; photograph: ‘Mark Twain in his Doctor’s Robes. A glimpse of the veteran humorist as he appeared in the streets of Oxford after receiving his degree’” [Tenney: “A Reference Guide Third Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1979 p. 191].

August 1 Thursday – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam replied to the **July 15** of **Joy Agnew**, daughter of Phillip L. Agnew, editor in chief of *Punch*.

Unto you greeting & salutation & worship, you dear sweet little right-named Joy! I can see you now almost as vividly as I saw you that night when you sat flashing & beaming upon those sombre swallow-tails.

“Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.”

Oh, you were indeed the only one—there wasn’t even the remotest chance of competition with *you*, dear! Ah, you *are* a decoration, you little witch!

The idea of your house going to the wanton expense of a flower garden!—aren’t *you* enough? And what do you want to go & discourage the other flowers for? Is that the right spirit? is it considerate? is it kind? How do you suppose they feel when you come around—looking the way *you* look? And you so pink & sweet & dainty & super-natural? Why, it makes them feel embarrassed & artificial, of course; & in my opinion it is just as pathetic as it can be. Now then, you want to reform, dear, & do right.

Well certainly you are well off, Joy:

“3 bantams;
3 goldfish;
3 doves;
6 canaryes;
2 dogs;
1 cat.”

All you need, now, to be permanently beyond the reach of want, is one more dog—just one more good, gentle, high-principled, affectionate, loyal dog who wouldn’t want any nobler service than the golden privilege

of lying at your door, nights, & biting everything that come along—and I am that very one, & ready to come at the dropping of a hat.

Do you think you could convey my love & thanks to your “daddy” & Owen Seaman & those other oppressed & down-trodden subjects of yours, you darling small tyrant?

On my knees! These—with the kiss of fealty from your other subject— / Mark Twain

P. S. Won't you please be good & send me the lovely speech you made to me? [MTP].

Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to Mrs. **Emma Gertrude Quick** in Plainfield, N.J. making arrangements to have Dorothy Quick visit from Monday **Aug. 5** to Friday **Aug. 9**, when Sam had to leave to spend a week with Col. Harvey [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Mr. Clemens dined with Mr. & Mrs. Tams. The Poors were there, & Mr. Clemens hated Mr. Poor. Such a tiresome idiotic purseproud creature. But Mrs. Tams improves on acquaintance. Colonel Harvey went this morning. Yesterday he had a long talk about syndicating the Autobiography, for through the medium of the N.A. Review it has reached comparatively few people, and the world wants it especially as it is not to appear at all in book form. No one seems to read the little note at the head [of] each review instalment, which says that the present intention is not to issue the Auto in book form. Many people that I have been talking to about it, & who have not read it from the beginning are placidly waiting for it to be issued in a volume [MTP 89].

Thomas N. Miranda wrote from Norfolk, Va. to Sam. “I trust you will pardon my worrying you again over that curious accident ‘kid’ that came to light first under your pillow. You will remember that I wrote you about it last June, and received a very kind letter in return.” (This relates to the “optical illusion” of Sam’s photo with the imagined little girl leaning to his ear.) She was glad he was back in America [MTP]. *Note:* IVL wrote: “Answd Sept. 18, ‘07”

William M. Stewart wrote from Rhyolite, Nev. to invite Sam to be the guest of the ladies of Goldfield for the anniversary of Nevada’s entry into the Union on Oct. 31 [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Answd. Aug 9, ‘07”

Annie E. Wilkins wrote from Vooreesville, NY after seeing Sam’s picture with his “little ocean-mate” in the *Brooklyn Eagle*. She knew the girl (Dorothy Quick) when just a tot and related a humorous story of her on her grandfather’s knee [MTP].

August 2 Friday – **Chatto & Windus** wrote to Sam enclosing a check for £160:7:2 in royalties [MTP].

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam after hearing from Harvey that Sam would give them a story for the Christmas Magazine [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Sent him Wapping Alice”

James E. Smith for The Business Men’s League of St. Louis wrote to invite Sam to join President Roosevelt, the mayor and Governor Francis on “a most enjoyable bit of travel down the Mississippi River” on Oct. 2 [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: “Answd. Aug 9, ‘07”; **David Rowland Francis** (1950-1907), Governor Missouri (1889-1893).

Chapters from “My Autobiography—XXI” ran in the <i>N.A.R.</i> p.689-98.

August 3 Saturday – **John and Clara (nee Spaulding) Stanchfield** visited Sam in **Tuxedo Park**, and stayed over through Sunday [New York Times, Aug. 4, p.7, “Tuxedo Park News”].

In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam wrote to **Joseph Hodges Chaote**, ambassador to Great Britain, about speaking at the **Sept. 23** Jamestown celebration of Robert Fulton inventing the steam boat.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, President of the Robert Fulton Monument Fund, has by this tiem invited you to be the Orator & guest of the Fair & Fund on Robert Fulton Day (Sept. 23), & we of the Fund are hoping you will be through at the Hague & will be able to accept.

In which case I, the Vice President, beg that you & Mrs. Choate will be my guests in the matter of transportation to the Fair & back. Mr. H. H. Rogers has placed the swift Kanawha under my orders, & also his son Harry, who will act as my Executive Officer & super-intend the Captain of the ship. And—incidentally—pay the bills.

Harry's charming young wife will be the only guest beside yourselves. There will be rooms for you & Mrs. Choate, & a room for Mrs. Choate's maid.

Commodore Vanderbilt will command the yacht-squadron escort. The King's Cup race & the President's Cup race will take place on the first & second days; there'll be a ball for you at that Old Point Comfort Hotel, & a banquet for you at the same place—by General Grant. There's going to be inebriousness, & general dissipation, & a Halifax of a time. I am hoping that this prospect will excite you & Mrs. Choate & make it easy for you to accept my invitation.

We shall sail about noon, Sept. 22 & arrive off the Fair at 8 next morning, parading in full force & properly beflagged, down between the battleships.

And we'll re-sail for New York whenever you say—the very next day, if such shall be your pleasure.

Unto the two of you, homage, salutation, & the piece of God! / SL. Clemens [MTP: eBay June 7, 1999; also Liveauctioneers.com Feb. 12, 2006 Lot 864]. *Note:* Major General **Frederick D. Grant**, son of Ulysses S. Grant.

Sam also wrote an aphorism to Lady **Campbell Clarke**: "*To / Lady Campbell Clarke / greeting & salutation— / and these, to wit: / Let us save the tomorrows for work. / Truly Yours / Mark Twain / New York, Aug. 3/07.*" [MTP: Sotheby's, London catalogs, Dec. 18, 1995, Item 171].

Sam also wrote to **Frances Nunnally**.

Dear Francesca: if you sail Sept. 14 in the Minnewhatyoumaycallem you are due to reach New York on the 23^d, which is the day after I sail for the Jamestown Fair. I may have to be absent 4 or 5 days—I can't tell yet.

When you arrive will you telephone or telegraph your address

To R. W. Ashcroft,

The Kay-lo Co, 11 Broadway

and to

S. L. Clemens, Tuxedo Park

—so that Ashcroft or Miss Lyon can let me know at Old Point Comfort, Va.

This because we have shut up 21-Fifth ave till November, put it on the General Burglar Alarm, over the telephone wires, & brought the servants here. So there will be no one there to answer a message, not even a care-taker.

I don't know how to reach you, but I will try by way of Atlanta & take the chances.

I hope you & your mother are well. / Affectionately ... [MTP].

Howells & Stokes wrote to Sam with details of progress on the Redding house [MTP].

Roi Cooper Megrue for Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Lyon about "The Death Disk" drama [MTP].

Frances Nunnally wrote from Brown's Hotel, London to Sam.

By now I suppose you have become entirely rested from all the festivities you had over here, and I do not doubt but that you were very glad to get home, where you could find rest from luncheons, dinners, and such things. I hope you had a pleasant and smooth voyage over, and if the weather on sea was anything like it was over here the week you sailed, I am sure you did. I hear that the "Minnetonka" had a collision with a sailing

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

vessel, but I was very glad to know that nothing serious came of it. I think if nobody was hurt, I should rather like the excitement of having such an accident.

....

Hoping that you have not forgotten your engagement at St. Timothy's next fall, I am / with love / Francesca [MTP].

Alfred F. Symons wrote from Port Elizabeth, S. Africa to Sam:

Dear Mr. Clemens, / I muchly wish to add my congratulations to the man I suppose you have already received upon receiving the honorary degree at Oxford. I am a great admirer of your writings & have about 20 volumes by you on my shelf...As a great admirer of Republicanism I like "*A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*" best, though it is hard to choose between them....at a meeting of a society of Mutual Improvement we have here I am to give a paper or address on "Mark Twain" & I only hope I may be able to do justice to the admiration of yourself...I have just a recollection of seeing you walk on the beach at East London when I was a boy of 10 during your visit to S. Africa....[MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "This is a letter which after I answered it (in the usual form for Mr. Clemens) I cherished, for the writer interested me more than he did Mr. Clemens. But it was the letter which inspired his remarks about the appreciation of the Englishman of today, against the thin skinned Englishman [*illegible word*] skin was pricked uncomfortably at the time of the publication of the Yankee / Aug. 1907"

August 4 Sunday – **John and Clara (nee Spaulding) Stanchfield** ended their two-day visit with Sam in Tuxedo Park, N.Y. [New York Times, Aug. 4, p.7, "Tuxedo Park News"].

Robert P. Elmer wrote from Wayne, Pa. to Sam, asking if the "Moult" in Chapter IV of *IA* was his grandfather Moulton, "Moult" being his nickname [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Answd. Aug 14, '07" and "Moult was a young fellow from Mo. quiet & rather diffident; he had not been away from home before. I have never heard of him since."

August 5 Monday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Sam wrote the aphorism about improving bad liquor to **Mr. Martin** [MTP]. See index for other aphorisms or maxims.

Sam also replied to the **July 30** from **W.J. Phelps**, by writing instructions to Lyon on the bottom and right margin of Phelps' letter.

a conversation with nearly any publisher would prob convince him that no person who is not a pub can teach a pub anything valuable about his trade or can furnish him an idea about it which is new & has not been prayerfully examined previously. It would take me too long to write out an explanation of why there is not a cheap Tom Sawyer, but if he will consult a publisher the publisher will be able to furnish the explanation by word of mouth at small cost in the matter of time [MTP]. *Note:* above Sam's writing are three lines of shorthand symbols.

Sam also gave an aphorism to Miss **Dorothy Quick**, who had arrived for a five-day visit with Sam: "Consider the proportion of things: it is better to be a young june-bug than an old bird of paradise. / Affectionately Yours...." [MTP].

Emily Ford for the Girls' Friendly Society Vacation House, Huntington, L.I. wrote a respectful begging letter to Sam [MTP].

Charles J. Langdon wrote to Sam, acknowledging receipt of Sam's share of taxes on the Buffalo property; he offered congratulations on his English honors [MTP]. *Note:* Charley's letters were usually brief.

Carlo Paladini, journalist, wrote from Italy to send his article translating Sam's London speech, otherwise unspecified. He asked to hear from Sam and for an American flag, for which he'd reciprocate [MTP].

F. Rossi wrote from San Jose, Calif. to send Sam "a small photo of a document bearing the name of the Signorina America Vespucci, which you may recognize as an ancestor of Americus" Vespucci [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Answd. Aug 22, '07"; copy of the small photo is barely legible and in the file, dated 1266.

August 6 Tuesday – **Dorothy Quick** was visiting Sam in Tuxedo Park, N.Y. being brave not to be homesick.

Pardon B. Gifford wrote from New Bedford, Mass. to ask Sam "to express some little sentiment about our old city to assist us in booming old home week" [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Answd. Aug 9, '07"

Howells & Stokes wrote to ask Sam if they should design a simple mantel for the music room of the Redding house, as the carved Scotch mantel might be a problem should Sam want to dispose of the house later [MTP].

Amy L. Muick wrote from Bremen, Germany to ask Sam to write her a line [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Answd. Aug 20, '07"

August 7 Wednesday – **Dorothy Quick** was visiting Sam in Tuxedo Park, N.Y.

Katherine Gregory wrote to Miss Lyon; this is miscatalogued as to Clemens [MTP].

Adelaide M. Lee (Mrs. Bruce B. Lee) wrote from Sacramento remembering Sam's lectures in Sacramento and also her late husband's lectures. She wished he would come to California for the National Irrigation Congress on Sept. 2-7 [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter: "Answd. Aug 20, '07"

Guillot de Saix wrote to Sam. (Only the envelope survives; postmarked from the Ivory Coast, Africa) [MTP]. *Note:* **Leon Guillot de Saix** (1885-1964), French playwright and translator would have been 22 years of age.

Baron Ludwig Wattman, German author wrote on Belvedere House, NYC paper to ask, "When may I have the honor of seeing you? Please advise day, times and place" [MTP]. *Note:* **Ludwig Wattman Maëlcamp Beaulieu**.

Elizabeth Westwood wrote to Miss Lyon; miscatalogued as to Clemens [MTP].

The ledger books of **Chatto & Windus** show that 5,000 final copies of *More Tramps Abroad* (FE) were printed (totaling 30,000 to date). The official English publication date was **Nov. 25, 1897** [Welland 238]. See **1897: Aug. 12, Nov. 10, Nov. 25**, also: **Mar. 8, 1898**, and **Oct. 11, 1900** for other print run amounts.

August 8 Thursday – **Dorothy Quick** was visiting Sam in Tuxedo Park, N.Y.

Howells & Stokes wrote to Sam, advising that arresting work at the Redding house at this time would "make you liable for between ten and fifteen thousand dollars," and enclosed a letter from Mr. Carter of **Carter & Haskell** attys. [MTP].

Eleanor V. Hutton wrote from Glouster, Mass. that she was sending a photo she'd rec'd from London "which would be much more valuable if you would write your name and mine on it." She wished she could have seen the Oxford doings [MTP].

James A. Renwick wrote to Miss Lyons; miscatalogued as to Clemens [MTP].

August 9 Friday – In the evening at **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam wrote to Miss **Dorothy Quick** in Plainfield, N.J. some five hours after she'd departed from her **Aug. 5 to 9** visit.

Dorothy dear, one of these days I am going to write you a letter the first time I write my other children, but not now, now I haven't time, because I haven't anything to do, & I can't write letters except when I am rushed.

I went to bed as soon as you departed, there being nothing to live for after that, & the sunshine all gone. How do you suppose I am going to get along without you? For five hours this has been a dreary place, a sober & solemn place, a hushed & brooding & lifeless place, for the blessed Spirit of Youth has gone out of it, & left nothing that's worth while. Aren't you sorry for me, you fresh breeze blown from fragrant fields of flowers? I thought this was a home. It was a superstition. What is home without a child? particularly a home that's had such a child as you in it. It isn't a home at all, it's merely a wreck. *Now* I hope you see what you've done by going away, you little witch.

It's odd: this morning I dated that "recommend" August 5. instead of 9. I think it is because you seemed to have been here only one day—just one short beautiful day, without a break in it. I am very grateful to your mother for lending you to me, you dear sweet child. I am aware that you can't come again in August, but I hope you can come after Sept. 2^d & stay a *whole* week, not a broken one. I mean to expect it & count upon it; & I do hope I shall not have to make any engagements that would interfere.

The Lioness is back, & has given me a nice long account of your journey down, & about the turtle; & has told me that she delivered you safe & sound & happy into your mother's hands—which is very good news for me.

Are you an idol? I suspect it; for I know you have left a lot of idolaters behind you in this house. Of which the very principallest one is the undersigned.

Please give my kindest regards to all your household. ... [MTAq 49].

Sam also wrote a glowing testimonial to Dorothy's mother, **Emma Gertrude Quick**, one any mother would be delighted to receive.

Certificate of Character
from last place.

—————
To all to whom these presents may come, greeting:
This is to certify that I have been in the service of the enclosed
Dorothy Quick

five days: & have found her sober, honest, willing, and unlazy; I desire to further testify that she is always good, & sweet, & thoughtful of others, & winning; also that she is gentle & considerate of her slaves, & never puts a burden upon them that they are not glad to bear. I wish to recommend her in the strongest terms to any worthy free person who is tired of his freedom & desires to exchange it for something better [MTP].

Isabel V. Lyon declined for Sam to **William M. Stewart** in Rhyolite, Nev., who sent an invitation on **Aug. 1** [MTP].

Hugh Beveridge wrote from Edinburgh, Scotland to enclose a copy of the *Journal Scotia* which contained his review of "Quater Centenary Studies. George Buchanan" on p. 257 [MTP].

Frederick T. Leigh for Harper & Brothers wrote to acknowledge receipt of "Wapping Alice" [MTP].

August 10 Saturday – *Saturday Evening Post* ran an anonymous article, "Boswellizing Mark Twain," p. 25. Tenney: "Samuel Johnson had his biographer, and now Albert Bigelow Paine has taken on the task

with MT, who is amiable and kindly, and provides him with cigars” [MTJ Bibliographic Issue Number Four 42:1 (Spring 2004) p.9].

Elvelena W. Morford wrote from England to Sam, glad to know of his safe return; The Morfords were still touring England [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP as “pretended dictation.”

August 11 Sunday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Sam began a letter to **Dorothy Quick** he finished on **Aug. 15.**

This isn’t a letter, Dorothy dear, yet I know I ought to write you a letter, because I would write you every time I wrote the other children, & I’ve just finished a letter to Clara. But I never *could* keep promises very well. However, I shall certainly write you a letter before very long. I wrote to Clara:

“When Dorothy went away she took the sun & the moon & the constellations with her, & left silence & solitude & night & desolation behind her.”

And *that’s* a true word, if ever *I’ve* spoken a true word! [MTAq 51].

Baron Ludwig Wattman, German author, wrote to Sam that he would be living on Madison Ave. [MTP].

Note: Lyon wrote on the letter: “Answd. Aug 14, ‘07”; MTP gives “on or after Aug. 11” for Sam’s reply “The house at 21 Fifth Avenue is closed.”

August 12 Monday – **Emilie R. Rogers** wrote from Fairhaven, Mass. to Sam, feeling “a little neglected.” H.H. Rogers was “in worse shape than he cared to acknowledge to anybody” and had spoken of Clemens often [MTHHR 632].

Cronin, Reading & Co., Tailors wrote to Sam “We have been waiting to hear from you, re your overdue account £2-15-0. Kindly let us have it by return of post as it was quoted a low figure and dates back to last November [MTP]. *Note:* this was found in the Sept. 19, 1907 file from William M. Clemens, not Will M. Clemens but a private investigator in NYC. It is doubtful that the bill belongs to Sam.

Emilie R. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers) wrote to Sam:

You have been a little neglected but not intentionally, I assure you, for I am sure you have no warmer friends than these at Fairhaven. Mr. Rogers came back here on the third of August, a week ago Saturday. He had really been in worse shape than we have cared to acknowledge to anybody. The rest, of the past week, has done a lot for him and he is much improved. He will remain here this week and I hope longer—He has spoken of you many times and, if you care to come, we should all be glad to welcome you to Fairhaven—The Kanawha is in at New York and if you can communicate with Harry he will tell you when she is likely to return. I presume the last of the week—The family sends kindest messages and Mr Rogers says he would like to see “Old Mark”—Yours... [MTHHR 632].

August 13 Tuesday – **William F. Saunders** wrote from St. Louis to Sam, offering more on the invitation to take a trip on the steamboat *Alton* with the party of governors [MTP].

Charles E. Wark wrote from Parker House, Boston to advise Sam of **Clara’s** continued improvement, weight gain of seven pounds and “great improvement” of voice. She was not overworking; no answer needed since Wark heard that Sam hated to write letters [MTP].

August 14 Wednesday

August 15 Thursday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Sam finished his **Aug.11** to **Dorothy Quick** in Plainfield, N.J.

Thursday, 15th. I have been away several days, but am home again—and no Dorothy! And so I go mourning around, like an old cat that's lost her kitten. But you are coming soon again, & that is large comfort to me. You are the best reader, of your age, I have yet encountered; & when I finish teaching you & drilling you you will read still better than you do now. It's a great accomplishment, a very great & rare accomplishment, & *I'm* the expert that knows how to teach it! There'll be grand times in my class of one pupil, Dorothy dear!

Thank you for your letter [not extant], which was very sweet & welcome. I am glad you arrived safe—you & the other butterflies. And the turtle with the warlike name.

A wonderful thing has happened here. You remember the central bed of nasturtiums—the round one. Well, Miss Lyon planted some seeds there, & raised a family of rabbits. She asked me to tell you that. The rest is under the nasturtiums in the middle of the bed. There are 3 little rabbits, & they are about the size of mice. Their eyes are not open yet. I hope they will still be there when you come. I have named them Dorothy. One name is plenty for all of them, they are so little.

Hugs & kisses—well, I am sending them—along with the love of your most devoted admirer & friend [MTAq 51].

Sam also wrote to **Emma Gertrude Quick**, Dorothy's mother.

It gives me great pleasure to know that Dorothy was happy here, & not homesick. I had no anxiety but the fear that she might fall a prey to nostalgia in spite of our best efforts to save her from it. It is a terrible malady, I remember the deep misery of it after all these 60 years & more.

Every day & every hour of her brief stay, Dorothy was a delight & a blessing, & every night it cost me a pang to let her go to bed. Hers is a most beautiful & lovable character, & she will never lack for adoring friends while she lives.

I thank you for lending her to me, & am grateful that you are going to lend her to me again. I am looking forward to the time. We want her as soon as she can be spared after the 2^d of September. Miss Lyon will meet her anywhere you say & escort her.

With the kindest regards— [MTP].

Emilie R. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers) wrote to Sam.

I have just received your letter and we are all disappointed that you will not favor us. I read the letter to Mr Rogers and he could not quite understand as to what you call your colossal blunder. He bids me say that, as he recalls the matter of Ex President Cleveland's visit to Jamestown, it was understood that you were to have the Kanawha to invite Mr Cleveland for the trip, and the boat was to be in Harry's command. He understands that now Mr Cleveland is unable to make the trip, and you have invited Mr Choate instead. That arrangement has his entire sanction, on one condition, and that his you will understand that Mr Choate will accept. Of course the people of Jamestown understood that you were going to invite Mr Cleveland, and it would be proper to confer with them as to the substitution of Mr. Choate. That is the primal thing. Following it must be the acceptance of Mr Choate without any reservation or qualification. Between us Mr Rogers is of the opinion that Mr Choate might hesitate about going on Mr. Rogers' boat. That settled the whole thing is very clear. You are at liberty to go on and make the arrangements. Mr. Rogers joins me in love and the family all unite in kindest messages [MTHHR 632-3]. *Note:* text footnote points out that Choate and Rogers "were not on good terms."

Journal of Education ran an anonymous article, "Mark Twain in Academic Robes," p. 150-1. Tenney: "A general account of MT's development and recognition as a writer, providing no new information; sketchy, not documented, and not wholly accurate" [Tenney: "A Reference Guide Third Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1979 p. 191].

August 16 Friday – **Dorothy Quick** wrote from the Truell Inn, Plainfield, N.J. to Sam.

It's just a week since I last saw you and I miss you very much indeed I did not go to Long Island on Tuesday you see my Granpa wanted me this week but mother and I will surely go next week it is lovely down there but I like it much better here, the pictures I took did not turn out well but I am enclosing those that did there is one very good one of you and me which Miss Lyon took and I will send you one when I get it, I wish I could read to you a little while this morning: would you like it too? I am going to study very hard this winter for I want to write stories when I grow up if I do what do you think would be a good name to use? I forgot to tell you I have Mr. Roosevelt and Grover Cleveland signatures and I have written for lots of others with lots of love and a big hug and a great many kisses I am your / Little Dorothy / Lots of love and kisses for Miss Lyon [MTAq 52].

Ossian Lang wrote from NYC to Sam, suggesting that **Lewis Elmer Trescott**, a poet in Glenwood, Long Island, be included in Sam's hypothetical "Library of Literary Hogwash" [MTP]. *Note:* see Sam's reply on Aug. 21.

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

August 17 Saturday – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam began a letter to **Dorothy Quick** that he added to on **Aug. 18, 19, 21 and 22**. For this day, he drew a sketch of an insect:



Do you know what that is? It is a butterfly. Drawn by the artist. The gifted artist. I am the gifted artist. Self-taught.

No, I find it is a grasshopper. It is for your collection. Miss Lyon has nailed it to box, with pins. It took more chloroform than was good for it. And so it is sleeping with its fathers [MTAq 53].

H.E. Cole wrote to warn Sam that "These people are using your name for advertising purposes...Ever your grateful friend." Cole inserted a clipping advertisement for monuments (paper not specified) headed "Mark Twain" [MTP]. *Note:* Sam began the following answer, not published nor sent:

Many gay & lightsome humorous letters come to me, but they are never wholly free from certain little blemishes which—well, which oughtn't to be present. They are of a sort that give to the gaiety & the lightsomeness a labored look; the humor doesn't flow freely, carelessly, joyously, after the fashion of a rill which is dancing along in the sunshine thorough June meadows, bound for nowhere in particular & having an unsalaried good time, but has about it a suggestion that it is being pumped. That isn't pleasant. Fooling, just for fun, isn't good fooling nor welcome fooling except when it bubbles from its source without effort. But there are exceptions to all rules, & at last here is a letter which has not the blemishes which I have spoken of: [MTP]. *Note:* left unfinished. However, Cole wrote on Aug. 21 thanking Sam for his letter of Aug. 21, so evidently another reply or one similar was sent.

Howells & Stokes billed Sam \$3,374.82 "under the terms of your contract with Mr. William Webb Sunderland" [MTP].

L.W. Opdyke wrote to Sam concerning a recent article in *Nation* about the authorship of the play of *P&P* being in error. He wrote the editor to secure credit for his friend, **Abby Sage Richardson**; Sam's name was not mentioned in the article, wrote Opdyke [MTP].

Elizabeth H. Sane wrote a short note from Lansdale, Pa. to ask Sam for his autograph [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

August 18 Sunday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Sam added to his **Aug. 17** to **Dorothy Quick**.

We talk about you all the time. You are not a large subject, but a very entertaining one.

“Would I like to have you read to me?” Indeed I should. I couldn’t like anything better.

Don’t you be troubled about your hand, Dorothy. It is a good hand, & has the chiefest of all merits: that it is as easy to read as print.

Miss Lyon didn’t count right: there are 4 little rabbits. She can count horses very well, but not rabbits, on account of being near-sighted [MTAq 53].

Sam also wrote to **Frances Nunnally**.

I am very glad to hear from you, Francesca dear.

Mr. Porter wrote me of your visit, with your mother, & it was clear that he & his family enjoyed the visit very much. Very nice folks they are.

No indeed, I have not forgotten the purposed visit to St. Vincent’s in the fall. I shall be there.

It occurred to me that you might reach New York & telephone my house & get no answer & not understand why; so I started the enclosed explanatory note after you August 3^d. It may miss you, but the present one won’t, for I shall enclose it to Captain Gates before he sails for England the last day of this month & you will get it when you board his ship Sept. 14th.

You will be pretty sure to have a pleasant voyage: a little frosty, perhaps, but sunny & smooth.

With love to you & kindest regards to your mother— [MTAq 55].

Sam also wrote to **Emilie Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers)**.

Then it is all right, & I am relieved. I must have had some groping dull instinct that I had been making a blunder, for when I did not get an answer at once from the Admiral I was distinctly uneasy, without knowing why. Very well, there’s one thing sure: I shall not make *another* blunder. Until next time.

I should have gone with Harry but for engagements. Particularly a dinner one—the others could have been canceled; but for the chief guest to fail of a dinner-engagement, even when dead, is apparently not permissible. However, as it turns out, there wasn’t any such engagement: it was a tea. The dinner is Tuesday night.

I thought I would have my surgical operation *now*, & get it done over again when the time should come to use it as a pretext—for Col. Harvey said he had tried it, & it was a trifling matter. So I asked Dr. Rushmore to proceed with it. But he declined. He said that at my time of life it could land me in the graveyard. So *that’s* off. It is a world of disappointments.

Clara is prospering in Boston, where she is studying. She has gained 7 pounds in two months, & is proud & fat. Also, she has ~~had a tonsil cut out, and thinks God arranged it for the summer season, so that she wouldn’t lose any time from concerting in the fall.~~ Mebbe so. One can’t most always sometimes tell what His game is.

Somebody sent that picture to me, but I could not have it around, because it was indelicate. So I sent it to the Admiral. In this I am plagiarizing the attitude of [the remainder of the letter is missing] [MTHHR 633-4].

Note: source suggests the possible operation was for a hernia suffered in 1893 [n1].

Selma Werner wrote from Ampersand, NY to ask Sam for “a little greeting” [MTP]. **On or after Aug. 18** Sam sent her his “truth ...economise” aphorism [MTP].

August 19 Monday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. in the morning, Sam added to his **Aug. 17, 18** to **Dorothy Quick**.

“Just a WEEK” since I saw you! Why, you little, humbug, it is over 3 months; even Miss Lyon, who never gets anything straight but corkscrews & potato peelings & things like that, concedes that it’s upwards of *two* months. What is the matter with your veracity-mill?

===

Night.

It is a good idea, to choose a name in advance, & then fit the literature onto it when the literature comes. I will keep on the lookout for a fortunate name, dear. Write another little story, now, & send it to me. It will take you several years to learn to do a story even *tolerably* well, & it will cost lots of good hard work, & patient thought, & sharp attention, & close observations, & ever so much tearing-up & re- writing—but no matter, it’s worth the trouble; & no trade is ever well learned on any other terms.

Good-night, it’s sleep-time [MTAq 53].

Thomas W. Hotchkiss for Town & Country wrote to thank Sam for the use of his photo for the weekly. Would he sign it if sent? [MTP].

Florence A. Stoker wrote from Chelsea, England, disappointed at not seeing Sam on his visit, but thanking him for the signed photo for her friend, **Sally Campbell Clarke** [MTP].

August 20 Tuesday – The New York Times, p.3, announced “on good authority” that **Rudyard Kipling** was chosen for the Nobel Prize in Literature for 1907, and that Mark Twain had been suggested for same.

Joseph T. Brown for Knickerbocker Trust wrote to acknowledge Sam’s “note of the 18th,” placing an order for 1,000 shares of Utah Consolidated [MTP].

Frank N. Doubleday for Doubleday, Page & Co. wrote to Sam: “The Head-of-the-House and myself propose to take the 3.53 train Thursday for Tuxedo....I have had letters from the Kiplings which tell me some interesting things, and we anticipate still more interesting things from you” [MTP]. *Note:* to the side of the letter Lyon wrote for Sam: “Have read the short poems not merely once, but several times, & yet have not exhausted their deep charm, nor even diminished it. I had about made up my mind that if I were going to try to choose one to place at the head, it would be the one entitled, “So Kind Thou Art”

Miss **May H. Prentice** wrote from Cleveland, Ohio enclosing a clipping from the *Cleveland Press*, containing a letter by Mary Baker Eddy. Prentice called her a “genius” [MTP]. Clipping not in file.

Charlotte Teller Johnson wrote from Staten Island, NY to Sam, having rec’d payment from **Maude Adams** meant for Sam, the second half of her option for performing *JA* [MTP].

August 21 Wednesday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Sam added to his **Aug. 17, 18, 19 to Dorothy Quick.**

The Busy Bee

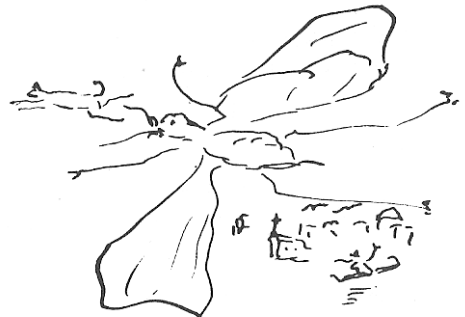
About to-morrow or next day there’ll be a note from the same, I hope, containing that picture of the same & me which the same Kodak’d when the same was here. I suppose you will return to Plainfield for your birthday?

If a parcel arrives there from Harper & Brothers in a day or two, it is for your birthday.

That thing the bee is chasing is a dog, or a rat, or something of that kind, I think, but there is room for conjecture. This does not settle it. What do you think it is, if you’ve got time?

You are coming Tuesday the 3^d. Now then, that’s settled, lassie. Shall you be welcome? There isn’t any doubt about it, dear.

Afternoon.



The Harpers have sent the books here. It's just as well: I will write my name in them, then forward them [MTAq 54].

Sam also replied to the **Aug. 16** of Mr. **Ossian Lang.**

Dear Mr. Lang: / (See note at bottom of Trescott's letter) Apparently he does not claim to be the *original* Poet Lariat, therefore proceedings for his impeachment are not permissible.

But he is not a legitimate successor—his poem proves it. It lacks incoherency, it lacks idiotcy, it lacks windy emptiness, it lacks putrid & insistent bastard godliness—indeed it lacks every essential that goes to the making of a real Poet Lariat [MTP]. *Note:* see Gribben 711.

Florence Duncan Jones wrote to Miss Lyon asking return of her Christian Science MS [MTP].

Theodore I. Coe for Howells & Stokes wrote to acknowledge receipt of Sam's check for \$3,374.82, which they would forward to William Webb Sunderland, contractor on the new Redding house [MTP].

August 22 Thursday – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam finished his **Aug. 17 to 21** to **Dorothy Quick.** "*Thursday, 22. I'm collecting red cigar-belts for you against your coming—but I love you notwithstanding*" [MTAq 54].

Sam also wrote to **Charlotte Teller Johnson** in Staten Island, N.Y.: "I am very glad, my dear Miss T. to learn that the option has been paid at last; & since you as desire, you can send your check for the small advance I made you, but do not do it if it can inconvenience you, for there is no hurry" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: The Doubledays arrived. The Doubledays! we had such a rich evening full of talk that I couldn't ever begin to put it all down. First we had tea out on the porch and the postal check was talked over. The King would be willing to go to Washington to poll the house and he "would even squeeze a compliment for the President out of his system, if he had one in it—if an hour with him would do any good." He said he knew that a 30 minute talk with the President—with any of the House of Representatives—would do more good than bushels of pamphlets would, and so it's now arranged that the King is to go to the Doubleday Farm at Mill Neck which is only 20 minutes of mobiling from Oyster bay and the President—if Mr. Doubleday can get a mortgage on an hour with the President. The King, when he dropped off onto Copyright—told of his talk with Lord Thuring [*sic* Thring] in London. Lord T. had said that there was no such thing—or there was a law against property in an idea and that a book was an idea. The King wanted perpetual copyright and when Lord T. said "Impossible, impossible!" The King pointed out that a book was acknowledged as property because it was given a 14 year copyright. Then it was acknowledged a 2nd time, when 14 more years were added to it, and that "everything of value has an idea." Lord Thuring mentioned real estate and the King told him that "[] real estate had no value except as the idea of man made it valuable. Everything is the result of an idea—a flatiron—a washboard—a piece of furniture—a railroad, all are ideas" [MTP 89]. *Note:* **Henry Thring** (1818-1907) served in the House of Lords until 1905.

B.C. Forder wrote from Blanford, England to relate a short anecdote about a Christian Science woman having her purse stolen and the robber returning it [MTP].

August 23 Friday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** We went over to the Deacon's for tea this afternoon. This is the 2nd Friday that she has had a "bridge party" and we have been bidden for tea.

The King cannot bear to write letters. He looks at a pen with a shudder in these days. The King is getting up a nom de plume for Dorothy who wants one for the literary work she is planning to do in the future. He roamed around in his mind and thought of "Nebraska Chesterfield", "Oregon Trail", and finally on "Oregon de Baragay". Sent in a note to her home, Jan. 15/35 with a snapshot of Dorothy.

This morning the Doubledays left, and Mr. Clemens said: "*He* is just a Doubleday, but she is a Double daisy" [MTP 91].

Myra P. Bray wrote from Gloucester, Mass. to Sam, relating a story told at a pharmacist's convention by Congressman **Frank Cirrus** of N.H. about Sam demanding a sleeper car on a train without one, and refusing to budge until one was supplied. Bray was a stenographer but didn't take down the whole story as it was long—where could she get the tale? [MTP] *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Sept. 18, 07"

Neltje de Graff Doubleday (Mrs. Frank N. Doubleday) wrote from NYC to thank Sam for the pleasure of their visit [MTP]. *Note:* A dowager writing in a hurricane has less lean to her handwriting than Mrs. Doubleday.

Nelson Gardner wrote to send Sam a book and to ask his opinion of "the dramatic poem" named "The Martyred Maid (Joan of Arc)" [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Aug. 31 '07"

Frank T. Searight for American Press Humorists, Los Angeles wrote to offer Sam \$2,000 for a series of eight lectures [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Aug 31 07"

August 24 Saturday – Isabel Lyon's journal: Lucia Hull came this morning to have a chat with the King and he kept her until luncheon time, talking his gospel to her. She held to her own philosophy like the staunch little maid that she is and she stayed to luncheon at my invitation and then we jiggered over to her house to see her mother... [MTP 92].

Harper's Weekly ran an anonymous article, "In His Hours of Ease," p. 1,223. Tenney: "In his white suit and with a cigar in his mouth, seated on a rock and looking at a kitten in his lap ('From stereograph copyright 1907, by Underwood & Underwood'). It was not considered necessary to identify the subject of the cover photograph as MT" [Tenney: "A Reference Guide First Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1977 p. 334].

Charles E. Cochrane wrote to Sam sending "another card I publish...for the counter sign card for Plasmon." He referred to his letter of the previous day (not extant) [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Aug 26 '07"

Anna Sterritt wrote from Ireland to Miss Lyon after receiving a letter from Jean who wished to visit there; Sterritt was coming to NY and asked if she might ship some of her trunks to Sam's house [MTP].

August 25 Sunday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Sam went to a luncheon and talked for two hours, as related by the following letter to daughter **Jean** in Katonah, N.Y.

Dearest Jean, I hope you & your pair of excellent lady friends are having good & satisfactory times. As to my own case I believe I haven't anything to complain of. I worked from 6 till 1 to-day—with a pen; the first time I have done literary work with that slow instrument for a very long time. Then we went to a luncheon—I do the like with great frequency; for it is a pleasant & companionable society here.

We have had a visit from the Stanchfields, & it was charming. Also, we have had the Doubledays—they are lovely.

I shall go to see them at their country place the middle of the month. I dread the journey, short as it is, but I *must* go—it is national business.

Dorothy is due to come here a week from now, & stay a week. I am droopy & lazy; I need the turmoil & tumultuousness of that tumultuous child, to wake me up—& wear me out.

What with writing seven hours to-day; & talking two hours at the luncheon; & driving & calling another couple of hours, with some more talking, I was weary when I got home, & so I went to bed without dinner. It is near sleep-time, now, & I am competent.

Be happy dearheart!

With love & hugs & kisses, /Father

The news from Clara is good. She is comfortably lodged at Norfolk, & the air is helping her [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: The King began work at 6 this morning and but for the interval of his breakfast, he kept it up until one o'clock. It is on the copyright question, and I have written to Sam Moffett to have him find out how many copyright renewals there have been in the last year – 2 years – 10 years –

We lunched with the Sampsons today. Mr. Sampson, his sister, his mother, Mr. and Mrs. Deacon, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend. It was very pleasant, for the house is lovely and the people agreeable. But they're not like the Doubledays.

After luncheon we drove to the Kents and sat on their great porch overlooking the lake and the big water tower over which was overflowing in great sprays. It troubled the King to see such a waste of water

It was sweet to drive along these lovely roads beside him, sweet to have him silent and smoking. He was tired, and the steady roar of the luncheon table exhausted him as I knew it would and as soon as we reached home he went to bed and after my solitary dinner, I found him lying with his beautiful feet uncovered and reading Macaulay's "Life & Letters". He dropped it on his breast and chatted for a few minutes with me about Walter Bynner's verses. I had just read Bynner's "Ode to Harvard", which I found lovely and touching and strong [MTP TS 92-93]. *Note:* See also Gribben, p. 712. **Mr. & Mrs. Charles E. Sampson** had recently leased the Tuckerman house in Tuxedo Park [NY *Times* Aug. 11, 1907, "Tuxedo Park Notes."]. The 1908 Tuxedo Club Book lists **Harleston Deacon** as a member since 1903..

In Sam's **A.D.** he again recalled **George Bernard Shaw**: "Shaw is a pleasant man; simple, direct, sincere, animated; quite destitute of affectation. I liked him" [Gribben 638].

August 26 Monday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Sam began a letter to **Dorothy Quick** he finished **Aug. 27.**

At last, you dear little tardy rascal! This morning I was going to stick up a notice on the back porch:

LOST CHILD!

===

Answers to the name of Dorothy.

===

Strayed, Stolen or Mislaid.

===

DISAPPEARED

On or about the 9th of August.

===

Anyone restoring this inestimably
precious asset to the

SORROWING

will be richly

REWARDED!

—and right away this evening comes your letter, & takes every bit of the uneasiness out of me! I had gone to bed, but Miss Lyon brought it anyway, because she knew I would break her furniture & throw all her things out of the window if she delayed it till morning.

Very well. You have been having good times; so I am satisfied, & will go to sleep now.

But wait! Where is that picture of you & me? You have forgotten it, dear, but I must have it [MTAq 57].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Luncheon with Mrs. Clinton at the Club, with Mrs. Corthwait (I think that's the name) and the Ronaldses and the Deacons. We sat on the porch and chattered, only the King and Mrs. Deacon talked, but they were at one side. We walked home and were tired, oh so tired. So the King went to his room and to sleep and I to mine and to sleep. Again I had a solitary dinner. But after it was over I went to the King's room with a letter from Dorothy Q. [Quick] which he enjoyed and loved and then he talked for an hour and a half, smoking slowly and constantly. He was speaking of the power of breaking away from a habit and said that when he was a cub pilot he made up his mind not to chew tobacco any longer. He had the plug in his pocket, and he didn't throw it away and so burn his bridges behind him. No—he kept the plug in his pocket until it was in a powder, and he never chewed again. He said probably some outside influence was the cause of his reform. Then he decided to stop smoking, once when he was a young man in Keokuk, I should say, and he was firm in his resolve until he decided to resume again. Then just before he married he stopped

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

again. Mr. Langdon had said that if he would stop smoking that he would give them a holiday in Europe at his expense but Mr. Clemens said no—he wouldn't be under pledge to anyone. But he stopped smoking and didn't resume for more than a year. Then he began to write "Roughing It" and wrote the first 6 chapters in agony. He knew what he wanted to say, but could not say it. Suddenly he realized what the trouble was and taking one of the cigars that lay near at hand he lit it and the thoughts began to flow into words. The words he wanted. Mrs. Clemens felt badly to see him smoking again; but he made up his mind that he would never again break the habit, for it would be because "invisible manacles" were placed about his wrists and that he could never stand [MTP TS 93-94]. *Note:* See Dorothy's letter below.

Samuel Byrne wrote to ask Sam if he had sailed from NY to California on Apr. 11, 1859 via Panama [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Sept. 4"; and "No I never sailed from NY for any port until eleven years later than that date"

Edward W. Foster for Home-Coming Week for Tennessee wrote to invite Sam to attend ceremonies any time from Sept. 23 to 28, since the Clemens family had Tenn.connections [MTP].

Archibald Henderson wrote a three-page, single-spaced typed letter to Sam, full of summaries of contemporary philosophers. He began:

I hope that by this time you have recovered from the effects of the magnificent ovation that was given you in England. Is it not Goethe who says that when a man becomes truly great, the world does everything it can to prevent him from doing other great things—with its receptions, dinners, and diversions of a thousand different kinds?

Henderson then disclosed he'd read Sam's *What is Man?* Observing that **George Bernard Shaw** agreed with Clemens—that "a man never does a single thing which has any *first and foremost* object but one—to secure peace of mind, spiritual comfort, for *himself*..." He continues to discuss Nietzsche, Ibsen and Shaw on this point, and closes with:

It has been a great privilege to read your book, and to find that you have given explicit expression to the most fecund philosophic conceptions of this age. You have made perfectly concrete many notions which are only implicit in certain great works of modern art. And your *Admonition* is beyond praise: "Diligently train your ideas upward and still upward toward a summit where you will find your chiefest pleasure in conduct which, while contenting you, will be sure to confer benefits upon your neighbor and the community" [MTP].

Charles J. Langdon wrote to Sam enclosing draft for \$66.50 "in payment of your one-third share of the rent on the Erie Basin property, Buffalo." He added a personal note: "I am getting desperately hungry to see you and sit down and have a visit with you. Julie has the same feeling and wishes you were where we could get at you more easily" [MTP].

Dorothy Quick wrote from East Rockaway, Long Island to Sam.

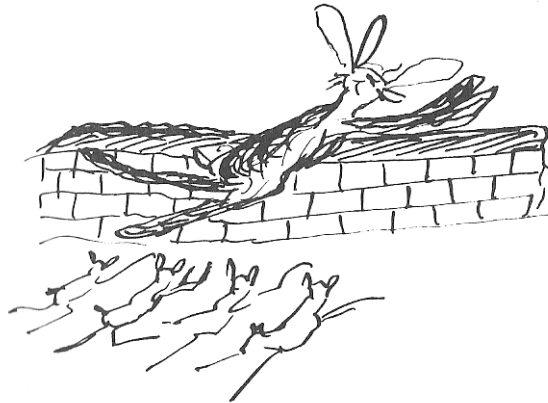
I have just gotten your letter I have been watching for it every mail the butterflys are grand I think I like your kind best because they don't have to die still I am very proud of my collection and I hope I can get some more when I come back Oh please Mr Clemens try and keep the little baby rabbits I love them so much it will be such fun to see them play around the flower beds We will take thier pictures yesterday I went on my first real picnic we went on a lovely sail boat the gentlemen got off and dug clams then we sailed up the beach and they got off again and cooked the clams while we got the lunch ready it was such fun of course I didnt like the clams I never like anything other people think is fine it seems to me but I enjoyed the picnic and had a very find day we left at ten and returned at eight oclock I shall spend my birthday here. / [MTAq 55-6]. *Note:* her birthday was Sept. 1. She also told of crying when she read *The Dog's Tale*; and of arrangements for her next visit.

August 27 Tuesday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Sam finished his Aug. 26 to Dorothy Quick.

Yes, Wednesday will be perfectly convenient—and we'll have you a whole week, which is grand! Provided you don't get homesick—and we *do* hope you won't. We'll do our very best to keep you happy & content. Miss Lyon will arrange about the trains with your mother by telephone, if she can; otherwise by letter.

I've got a birthday [*several words canceled*] for you, [*two words canceled*] but I will keep it till you come, because it isn't the [*two words canceled*] & I shall need to [*several words canceled*]. Guess what it is. [Sam is playing with her here, omitting or canceling words that might reveal his gift].

You've written me a good letter: simple, lucid, straightforward, well expressed.

**FLIGHT**

Of the Rabbit Family.

Alas, they have deserted us, & I am so sorry. We were hoping to keep them for you, & we never dreamed that they would go away & leave us. I am just as sorry as I can be.

That big one that has 3 ears & looks like an angel, isn't an angel at all, it is the mother rabbit.

She isn't swimming, she is praying—praying for succor, I reckon: that is, I *think* that that is her idea . . . No, that isn't it: she is jumping—jumping over a rope-walk, or a stone wall, or something of that kind, & has bumped her stomach against it, poor thing. It is very difficult to tell what a rabbit is really trying to do, in a picture, because rabbits are so irrelevant. It is their nature when excited.

Do I mind? (that you read the dog's tale.) Indeed, no. I don't mind anything you do, because you never mean any harm; & you are a dear good child all the time.

You have written the *very letter* I was going to propose that you write: a letter telling me all about your activities & industries & enjoyments, all the things your busy hands & head find to interest themselves in. It is a good practice for you, in observing & remembering, & good entertainment for me, because I am fond of you, & so whatever you do, & think & feel, interests me.

AFTERNOON

The Lioness has just received good news by telephone: you are coming *Tuesday*. It's fine! You will reach this house at 5.30 p.m. You will most certainly be welcome.

**DEER**

There were several of them. They came down hill from the woods above the house, & stopped a while behind the kitchen to look at the cook. You can see by their eager expression & enthusiastic delight, that they had never seen a cook before. Sometimes they go down through the woods below the house to get a drink at

the lake. If ever they come into the house you must be ready, for we will have them to luncheon & then photograph them in the act.

With love & good night, / SLC [MTAq 58-9].

Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to Emilie R. Rogers.

Mr. Clemens would write this letter to you himself, but what with doing too heavy a day's work in a literary way, & with fretting over the complications of securing the right orator for the Fulton Memorial Day at Jamestown, he is very tired & has deputed me to explain everything to you.

Joseph Choate would be unable to return from the Hague to be the orator at the event. Sam wanted to withdraw and not attend, but since the organizers threatened to cancel, he was reconsidering. Could the organizers secure Dr. **Nicholas Murray Butler** as the day's orator? Would that be acceptable to Rogers? Sam wished to continue his dictations about the trip to England, and to take a break from his work for the Jamestown celebration would damage his momentum [MTHHR 634-5]. *Note:* See Rogers' reaction Aug. 30. **Nicholas Murray Butler** (1862-1947), was President of Columbia University for 43 years (1902-1945).

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Umbrella. Today came news that Miss Olney [*sic* Olney] had written a conspicuous interview with Mark Twain & published it in Friday's World" [MTP TS 94]. *Note:* Miss Olney had visited Clemens on July 27 and taken impressions of Clemens' hand; no mention of permission for an interview was given. Since she was unknown to him, it isn't likely he gave permission. Friday's NY *Evening World* was **Aug. 23**, but a search of the paper for that day turned up no interview. However, "My 'Hand Interviews' with Mark Twain and Thomas A. Edison / 'It's an Awful Thing to Get a Reputation for Being Funny,' Says Mark Twain," by **Channez Huntington Olney** (1873-1908). NY *Evening World*, **Aug. 25**, Magazine Section, p. 7. It's likely that Lyon simply got the day wrong for the "interview." Sam dictated a letter on **Sept. 1** to Joseph Pulitzer, editor of the New York *World*, protesting that this interview had been obtained under false pretenses. SLC submits to having his palm read; comments on his current situation and age. Reprinted in Scharnhorst, p. 647-649.

Frank N. Doubleday for Doubleday, Page & Co. wrote to Sam, enclosing a letter (Aug. 25) from Edward Bok. "The President would be very glad to see you on Friday, September thirteenth. Mrs. Doubleday and I would be very glad to have you on Thursday, September twelfth, so that you can rest the day before and the day after being up against this human dynamo." He thought Sam would find the Bok letter of "interest." "I have also sent you the Dorothy Osborne letters..." and thanked him for their Tuxedo visit [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote a "to do" list on the bottom of the letter, things irrelevant to this letter.

Edward Lauterbach for the National Liberal Immigration League, NYC wrote to Sam, enclosing a summary of their work, and presuming him to be "in sympathy" with their aims [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter for Sam, "I can't conscientiously do what you ask without knowing a great deal about it, & am not situated now so that I can examine it & see"

August 28 Wednesday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Dorothy Quick:** "Dorothy dear, I am writing you a *real* letter, and it will go to you in a day or two. But *this* is only just a line, to send you my love & say how glad we are that you are coming, and that we can have you one day *earlier*—which is delightful" [MTP; MTAq 47]. *Note:* MTAq erroneously puts this to "early August 1907," but there was no change of plans on the earlier visit to come one day earlier. MTP puts it at Aug. 28, which is judged to be correct.

Isabel Lyon's journal: The King & I dined with the Davies – Ogdens tonight. Mr. & Mrs. Mason were there. Oh deadlies—and Mr. McKim and a young Mr. Baker, [**George Barr Baker**] a co-editor of Everybody's Magazine and a nice man. He it was who wrote [see Oct. 21, 1906] from the Players last winter to say that a little English girl wanted the joy of shaking the King's hand and that little girl was Dorothy Butes.

Today I spent some time going over a few of the old letters and found 6 or 7 from Mr. Aldrich. I don't believe they will be of much value to Mr. Greenslet, but they were a pleasure for the King for there was the first letter ever written by Aldrich to the King, and calling him "Dear Sir". Then the second letter calling him Dear Mr. Clemens, but addressing him on the envelope as Samuel C. Clemens. And the King said he couldn't imagine a time when Aldrich didn't know his initials. These 2 letters were written about an apology made to the King for crediting him with a poem about 3 aces. A poem about imitation of the "Heathen Chinees", and in a letter which Aldrich published in the little paper he was editing—Every other Saturday—the King said he wasn't in the imitation business. Then there were the letters Aldrich wrote after he had complained that the King hadn't given him any photograph of himself, and the King started in and sent him a photo a day until he had sent between 40 and 50. The vast bulk of them, though, going out with a New Year's mail. But the best thing was a postal card from Mr. Twichell. It must have been written about 1877 and it advised Mr. Clemens to read the verses that appeared in that morning's Courant—verses written by one Omar; verses that had moved Mr. Twichell, that he hastened to recommend to his friend. There were postal cards from Moncure D. Conway; one asking to have his overshoes sent on to him (he had been visiting the Clemens in Hartford) and another one asking for stray mail. The King said that Conway had been such a troublesome visitor—always behind time—always keeping them waiting when they'd start out for a drive. And when it came train time the King had to push him into a carriage; they reached the corner of Forest St. and Conway said "Oh wait, I've forgotten my umbrella". But the King told Patrick to drive right on, that the umbrella could be sent by express [MTP TS 94-96]. *Note:* Gribben adds for this day: Sam spoke to Isabel about "Dr. Lord's Lectures on Roman History—etc. took 200 subscriptions in Hartford in 12 days. Canvassed that book for 26 yrs" [Gribben 423]. *Note:* **John Lord** (1810-1894), *Beacon Lights of History*. 8 vols. (1884-1896); only Sam's vol. 1 survives; Sam also mentioned on Aug. 31.

Alice Von Versen (née Clemens) wrote from her estate near the Baltic Sea, after receiving Sam's letter by way of **Mr. Schaffler** as she was passing through Berlin. She asked for his picture [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

August 29 Thursday – Isabel Lyon's journal: Today I went to spend the day with Santa who appeared suddenly from Norfolk. She is beautifuller than she has ever been, for Boston agrees with her and her intense happiness in her life and in her art are making for her an existence that is ideal. It was a scurry to get off—a scurry to get my home train and to bed I am—exhausted. Mr. Baker went in on my train and he has a proper appreciation of the King. So we talked forever [MTP TS 96]. *Note:* **George Barr Baker**.

Charles E. Cochrane wrote from NYC to Sam that he had forwarded his Plasmon card to Ashcroft, but was told no advertising would be done till Jan. 1908; so asked for return of the cards [MTP].

Theodore I. Coe for Howells & Stokes wrote to bill Sam \$225.01 from Harry Lounsbury [MTP].

Alice Minnie Herts wrote to Isabel Lyon [MTP].

Charles P.G. Scott for the Simplified Spelling Board wrote to ask Sam if he was ready to return the paper, "Some Proposed Improvements in Spelling"? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote for Sam on the letter, "To be frank about it / never look at the lists as I am thoroughly interested in other things—while I could become strongly interested in a simplified alphabet, cannot take any further interest / Every time I think on it I still leave off the ughs & that was all I engaged to do"

August 30 Friday – H.H. Rogers wrote from Fairhaven, Mass. to Sam.

My Dear Clemens: — / Mrs. Rogers received your letter of the 28th inst. and has handed same to me. I note that you are getting into trouble in that Jamestown matter. I think you make a mistake in trying to advertise a man like [Dr. Nicholas Murray] Butler. People of Virginia don't want to see him. They want Mark Twain. If

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

you cannot see that, I can. Why not make short work of the whole matter by saying that Mr. Rogers writes you that he would be vry glad to send you and your friends down to Virginia, and now since Mr. Cleveland is unable to attend, why not make it a “Clemens” Day? If you do not want to speak, just get into the background, and take along with you such good fellows as W.J. Howells [*sic*], Peter Dunne and Geo. Harvey.

Rogers told Sam to consider himself “under orders at once,” and harangued him a bit more. Then he invited him to the house on Sunday when the new Coe baby would be there (**Henry Huttleston Rogers Coe**, b. June 30) [MTHHR 636-7].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Savagely ill all day. Crashing, crackling pains in the back of my head. I’m paid up for the scurrying day in town. Little Katie has been a motherly angel to me and tried to rub the pain away. About half past eight the King came up to my door to ask how my pains were and to express his entire dissatisfaction in my condition. Richard Mansfield died early this morning of a cancerous malady. A great artist has gone out of this life [MTP TS 96]. *Note:* **Richard Mansfield** (1857-1907), English actor best known for his Shakespearean play performances, Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and for his portrayal of both roles in the *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, which was so good that Mansfield was suspected of being Jack the Ripper.

H.E. Cole wrote a short note of thanks from New Haven: “Allow me to acknowledge receipt of your kind letter of the 21st inst., and, thanking you for your courtesy to a stranger, accept your invitation with avidity” [MTP].

John Larkin wrote to Sam, enclosing his check for \$182.82 collected by Power Banking Co. of Texas from **Samuel Wilson** for his note of \$100 due June 10 (payment for Archer Co. Tex. Property) [MTP].

In his **A.D.** Sam recalled having luncheon with Sir **Norman Lockyer**, astronomer, on **July 7** [Gribben 415].

August 31 Saturday – Sam sent a telegram to **Dorothy Quick**:

I tried to get some elephants for your birthday but they charge ten thousand dollars apiece or 3 for twenty-five thousand. I can get one elephant and sixteen hundreds monkeys for the same money if you prefer. Telephone answer. / S. L. C. [MTP]. *Note:* Cooley assigns Sept. 1, Dorothy’s birthday [MTAq 60]. He also gives a letter this date to Dorothy from **Isabel Lyon**, asking her to bring “one or two letters Mr. Clemens has written you since you ran away from us...” as there was “something I want very much to see in one of them” (likely the drawings).

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Today I’m up again and just as I was about to write Ashcroft to write to the American Society in London, for another copy or so of the speeches given on July 4th, the mail came in and with it—3 copies of that very book. The King came slipping down stairs while I was at luncheon and after I’d finished we went out on the porch and stayed there all afternoon. The King talked about copyright, and figured out that the number of books that would survive the 42 year limit and there won’t be many. He talked about Dr. Lord’s lectures and the great subscription sales they had in ’79 or so—and we hunted around in the backs of our heads for the authors, the copyrights on whose books are dead, but the authors of them are living right along without the income which the publishers are gobbling now. And he told how the Grant Memoirs killed the subscription trade.

The King dined with the Ronaldses tonight. My collapse of yesterday made me stay at home but he stayed in the dining room while I ate and speaking of Mr. Whitmore he said, “How the years have sweetened Whitmore, they have humanized or dogmatized him or something.”

While he was waiting for his “jigger” he told me how he didn’t sleep last night. I knew that, for at 2:45 I heard him tapping his pipe against the chimney piece and so I knew he was wakeful. His sleepy hour passed—for he had to interrupt the beautiful pink veil all traced with fine like veins, that slips before his eyes just before he drops into sleep. He had to interrupt it because he had to scratch his white head

[MTP TS 96-97]. *Note:* see Gribben, p.423 on **John Lord**, *Beacon Lights of History*. 8 vols. (1884-1896); see also Aug. 28 entry.

Arthur W. Barber wrote from Lake George, NY to ask Sam if he'd autograph two of his books if sent? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Sept. 4"

Thomas F. Gates for Atlantic Transport wrote to Sam that he'd be happy to look after Mrs. **Nunnally** and daughter **Frances**, include them at his table and see that Sam's letter would be delivered to them as soon as they came on board [MTP].

Antoinette L. Morgan for Thrall Hospital, Middletown, NY to invite Sam to visit on Sept. 7 and help them raise funds for a new building [MTP].

W.H. Russe and James S. Warren for Lakes to the Gulf Deep Waterways Assoc., Memphis, Tenn. wrote to invite Sam to be their guest at a convention on Oct. 4-5 [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

September – *Bookman* (NY) ran a sour article, "Mark Twain's Publicity R.I.P." p. 9-10. Tenney: "'Mark Twain's work,' said one British writer when British applause was at its loudest, 'has absolutely no connection with literature,' and some of it 'has for sheer concentrated vulgarity never been beaten'; and it was a pity, said another, that Oxford did not honor Henry James instead. The American press reported only England's praise when MT visited. The trouble with these journalistic orgies of praise is that they 'always look the week after like public funerals of common sense'" [43].

Sam inscribed a copy of *The Immigrant Jew in America*, by **Edmund James** (1855-1925), et al: "S.L. Clemens, Tuxedo Park, Sept. 1907" [Gribben 349].

September 1 Sunday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Albert Langen**.

Mein lieber Herr: / Im namen Gottes (if that is echte Deutch), do please continue those admirable pictures, "Nach alten Meistern." I have never liked St. Sebastian before, but this time he is a deep satisfaction to me. I have always had an aversion for the Mona Lisa before, but I think this one is just a Darling. She is gone, now, to be framed. With many thanks, I am / Truly Yours [MTP]. *Note:* What Sam approved of was a caricature of Mona Lisa in the German humor magazine, *Simplicissimus* ; See IVL's Journal item at bottom of this entry.

Sam also wrote to **Joseph Pulitzer**, upset about a fake "interview" published in the N.Y. *World*.

Dear Mr. Pulitzer: / I suppose your son is busier than you are, so I will spare him, & bother you with this complaint & prayer. This morning's World says: 'Last week the Sunday World printed "Hand Interviews" with Mark Twain & Thomas A. Edison, by Miss Channez Huntington Olney.'

I want to beg that my name shall not be bracketed with that of this adventuress, in the above way or any other way again.

Under cover of lies this alphabetical wench got access to my room & had a *private* conversation with me & went away & betrayed my confidence. There was no interview.

And there was one sign by which any journalist (or indeed any other person) would know that this rubbish was a fake—the fact that it made me speak in the first person. None but a stenographer can carry away a man's own phrasing. On its face, therefore, this alleged interview was a lie & I ought to have been asked about it over the telephone before using it.

It places me in a shabby position—that of a man who, after refusing interviews to the New York papers for weeks together, upon subjects of some importance, submits to an interview at last, upon an utterly trivial

& contemptible theme. The Herald had just offered me an extravagant sum for an interview upon a respectable topic, & I had declined.

This scurvy drab came here disguised as a lady, & bearing what purported to be an introduction from Dan Frohman, & so my secretary was deceived. I enclose herewith her account of the matter.

I contend that the World should not have been deceived by this cheap swindle, for it knows that I do not fall easily to the interviewer.

With my kindest regards to you & Mrs. Pulitzer & the family, I am / Sincerely yours / I am satisfied that this woman stole those other interviews also [MTP]. *Note:* it's not clear why Scharnhorst included this article (p. 647-9); he may not have Sam's declaration "There was no interview" in this letter. Interestingly, quotations taken from this made-up interview are sometimes seen, along side the many "attributed" and the documented from Mark Twain. The "scurvy drab" reporter was **Channez Huntington Olney**. See Aug. 27.

Sam also wrote to **H.H. Rogers**.

In my dream the archangel exclaimed—

"Jesus H!"—

"Excuse me, sir," I said, coldly, "you are deceived by a resemblance; I am only a poor author, nothing more."

And then he went on, & on, & on, & became ever more interesting—but it is a long tale, there is not time to tell it now. I will save it for later. For Jamestown, if they like religious things there.

No, sir! no literary ragtag & bobtail for *me*—on a gala excursion. Why, Uncle Henry, down there there's going to be fireworks, & balls & banquets & receptions & all kinds of light & frolicsome goings-on, & the elderly people you have mentioned would be quite out of harmony with it. And besides, I don't like the society of old people, anyway; I am not suited to it, I am not used to it,

—Never mind, this is Sunday, & no proper time to discuss such a such an— ~~Oh, let it go! I never heard of such a goddam~~

Noon. I have read a chapter, & oh, the healing of the perturbed spirit that is in the Good Book.

There is no occasion for any old dried fruit, Mary & Harry know an abundance of young people, & can fill up the ship without any difficulty with an unstaled young product much more satisfactory to God than any of these mouldy, antiquities you are recommending. Praps you are trying to crowd in, yourself. Don't do it; it's no place for the aged.

I told Miss Lyon, 3 or 4 days—no, Friday—to make Mr. Dearborn definitely understand that there would be no human freight in the Kanawha but young people—not a single orator, nor anybody connected any way with an orator. I will introduce orators to their audience if it be required, & I & the other young people will line up with them in the New York Building & help them receive & shake hands with the population, & will also agree to be on hand & furnish youth & charm & grace & beauty to any function they choose to get up, & thereto as much respectability as shall be needed; [*two words illegible*] you had already made him understand that all I ever wanted any where was a chance to show off, & no responsibility.

Now I conclude that the terms of the Excursion are *settled*, if they are satisfactory to Harry & Mary. Otherwise, not even God can settle them, with all His talents.

Oh, keep on dodging & dodging around, & the first thing you know, you'll make a slip of the pen & actually invite me to Fairhaven for a weekend—I never saw such a surreptitious old animal! Tell me—however, a Clemens has arrived. I have never heard of him before, but I will rush this letter to the mail & put on some clothes & see him.

With love to all—including the Coe baby, if there really is one, for you are *such* a—well, so unbelievable! [MTP; not in MTHHR].

Sam also inscribed a copy of *Eve's Diary* with an aphorism to **Katy Murray**: "*The main difference between a cat & a lie is, that the cat has only 9 lives.* / Truly Yours / Mark Twain / Katy Murray's birthday. / Sept. 1/07." [MTP].

Sam also inscribed copies of *HF* and *JA* to **Dorothy Quick** on her eleventh birthday [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: The King slept right through last night without whiskey or other aids. And this first day of September has been a sweet kind of a day. Only one grimey thing happened. I was busy writing when the telephone rang and a Dr. Clemens said he would like to call on the King. With the King's permission he came—he and his wife. She was a neat little woman, but he was fat and pudgy and impossible and rasped the King pretty badly. The surrey which was to take us to the Mortimers for tea was waiting and the King shouted up to me twice to say that we must go. He had been having a deadly time—for there wasn't anything to say to that “damned Jay from the backwoods of Mo.” At the Mortimers we had a pleasant hour—no, less. This morning the King had discovered a marvelous Mona Lisa in *Simplicissimus*—the only satisfactory Mona Lisa he has ever seen. Of course it was in caricature, and he was so happy over it, that he carried it over to the Mortimers, and they were very much amused by it. The talk ran onto Matthew Arnold and Mrs. Mortimer spoke of her dislike of him as a personality. And the King told of his only talk with Arnold when they chatted in a serious way of Dr. John Brown (for the King had visited him in Edinburgh). After the little chat Arnold was heard to say “Can't Clemens ever be serious?” He was a malicious and illbred creature and when he was over here found fault with everything. He had been invited to dine with the Aldriches who at that time lived out in Cambridge—Howells was there, and Dr. Holmes was there too, and was so apologetic because he was 3 minutes late. But the chief guest of the evening didn't arrive for half an hour, and came blustering in making no excuse for his tardiness.

Yes—it's fine to go to the Mortimers—with the King—it would be terrible to have to go without him, even if their house is full of very beautiful things, & rugs [MTP TS 98; also in part, Gribben 644]. *Note:* Gribben also cites a letter from Sam [to Albert Langen] praising Ragnvald Blix's comic drawings of old masterpieces, then appearing in the German humor magazine *Simplicissimus* [ibid.] **Gerrit S. Clemens**, M.D. and wife from Texas. The wife wrote an appreciative note on Feb. 25, 1908 referring to this visit. See entry.

September 2 Monday – Isabel Lyon's journal: The King had been up in my study telephoning to Dorothy [Quick] this morning, & when we went back to his room to go on with the morning business we found the smell of tobacco pretty strong & he said it smelt “as if a stuffy old archangel had been in there”. I told him that Santa & I love the smell of an archangel. He said “yes, the smell of young ones, but not the stale old ones.”

Yesterday came word that the young woman Mrs. Oley [*sic* Olney] had written a conspicuous interview with Mark Twain published in the Sunday World August 25 with the imprint of his hand as illustration, also one of Mr. Edison's. Mr. Clemens in a rage dictated a letter to Mr. Pulitzer [MTP TS 99]. *Note:* In her Aug. 27 entry, Lyon had reported that **Channez Huntington Olney's** NY *World* article appeared on Friday, Aug. 23, but this was “news” received and incorrect.

William L. Alden wrote from Augusta, Ga. to ask Sam about a discrepancy he noticed between *LM* and the Feb. issue of *NAR* with Sam's autobiography segment—did he pay **Horace Bixby** \$500 as in *LM* or \$100 as in the *NAR* segment? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote for Sam on the letter, “The big part was the 100 which I had to pay in advance / made at a time when I could still remember / The statement in *Life* on the Miss. is worthier credit than a statement made from memory 31 years afterward”

Virginia Frazer Boyle wrote to invite Sam to the Memphis Waterways convention Oct. 4-5 [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answer her some how or other”

Charles E. Cochrane wrote on Brighton Beach Hotel, NY notepaper to Sam: “Last week acting upon your suggestion I submitted my double acrostic card for Plasmon's success to your Mr. Ashcroft, who having stated the company would not likely do any advertising till Jan '08, I asked to return my card. He did so.” But Sam had not returned the other two cards sent [MTP].

J.E. Kerr, M.D. wrote from Lilesville, N.C. to ask Sam for 5 minutes interview during Kerr's upcoming trip to NY [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Sept. 9 '07”

F.H. Meserve for Deering Milliken & Co. wrote from NYC to Sam. Meserve had a negative from which a portrait was made in his Collection of Americana. Who were the two men with Sam? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon

wrote on the letter, “David Gray on the left—Geo. Alfred Townsend right.” The picture was taken in 1870 in Washington, D.C. see Meltzer, p.126 .

H.J. Seiferth for *The Daily Picayune*, N. Orleans, wrote to ask Sam if he might use “Editorial Wild Oats” in a planned column. Siefert was the City Editor [MTP]. *Note*: IVL: “Answd. Sept. 9 ‘07”

William M. Stewart wrote from Bullfrog, Nevada to Sam. (Only the envelope survives, postmarked Rhyolite, Nev.) [MTP].

September 3 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Dorothy arrived. / Such a very very nice dinner at the Sampsons. Mr. [Charles E.] Sampson is the head of that house, for even the fine beautiful table linen is exquisitely marked with his initials & the silver too, has his lettering. He was very delightful. He told me how when he was a boy he crossed from Europe on the steamer with Emerson & how dear Emerson was, waiting on his sister who was an invalid [MTP TS 99-100].

H.H. Rogers sent a telegram from New Bedford, Mass. to Sam. “Letter received we can never settle matters by coresspondance [*sic*] the Kanawha will be coming to Fair Haven the latter part of this week Broughton can give you details at his office please come here and arrange the virginian matter pleas advise” [MTHHR 637]. *Note*: the “Virginian matter” was their trip to Jamestown on the *Kananha*; see IVL Sept. 4 entry.

Frank N. Doubleday for Doubleday, Page & Co. wrote to clarify a telephone message that Sam could not come to his house on the 12th nor lunch with President Roosevelt on the 13th as hoped [MTP].

Daniel Frohman wrote from NYC to Sam: “Thank you for your notification about what Chanez Olcott [*sic* Channez Olney] is doing with the card of mine. I never gave her this card, and she is sailing under false colors. / I am sorry you have been caused inconvenience by her wrong doing, and I shall take instant means to stop her from using this card further. ...P.S. After next week, you must come to the Lyceum and see Miss Illington in “THE THIEF”, some time” [MTP].

F.F. Gilmore for *Our Country*, Louisville, Ky. wrote to send Sam a copy of their magazine and to ask if there was a real person named Col. Sellers. Also, “It may be of interest to you to let you know that Will. S. Hayse, who recently died in this city, had agreed to give us an article recalling ...Mark Twain, where he and you met so often on the river. / Will you not send us a photograph of yourself and allow us to use it?” [MTP]. *Note*: Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Sept. 9 ‘07”

September 4 Wednesday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to **William Webster Ellsworth**.

Looks as if he is going to have that boy on his hands permanently & he thinks of course he must draw on the fund. But if he will go personally & talk to one person a day for 30 days he can get 30 men in a month to contribute an average of 15 dollars a year. & if he is willing to try another month, he will probably get as many more. Mr. Clemens has tried raising funds but has never found it successful. It will be necessary to *talk* to the men or women themselves & you can raise a pension of any amount you choose. & for any object. But people do not pay attention to letters. When you have captured 20 of those 15 dollar people you can add Mr. Clemens for 15 dollars [MTP].

William Webster Ellsworth wrote to solicit Sam to help the **Pond** boy (**James B. Pond, Jr. “Bim”**) see Sam’s reply above [MTP].

In the evening **Dorothy Quick** arrived for a week’s visit [Sept. 5 to Clara].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "We have the plans nearly made to go down to Jamestown on the 22nd for the Robert Fulton Day. Mr. Clemens expects to go on Mr. Rogers's yacht and Mother and I are going on one of the old Dominion boats" [MTP TS 100].

Ralph S. Tebbutt wrote from Sandusky, Ohio to solicit Sam to accept a painting [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "No Ans."

In Sam's **A.D.** for the day: "I have not read Nietzsche or Ibsen, nor any other philosopher....Nietzsche published his book, and was at once pronounced crazy by the world—by a world which included tens of thousands of bright, sane men who believed exactly as Nietzsche believed but concealed the fact and scoffed at Nietzsche. What a coward ever man is!" [Gribben 508].

Sam's **A.D.** of this day titled "What is Man?" covered the Hartford Monday Evening Club's objections to the philosophy behind this piece; it's anonymous publication by DeVinne and the preface; the segment was selected for *MTE* [239-43].

September 5 Thursday – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam wrote to daughter **Clara**, now at the Hotel Victoria, Boston.

I, also, should have been disappointed dearheart, at your not coming, but that I am aware that there is no occasion to expect you until you arrive. And so while I knew you might come, & was strongly hoping you would, I was not really expecting it. Paine's conundrum fits you as well as it fits me: "Why is Mr. Clemens's mind like a time-table?"

"Because it is subject to change without notice."

However, I knew you hadn't any business to add the journey to your other & necessary fatigues, therefore I thought it likely [Dr. Robert] Halsey would stop you, as it was his duty to do. You were not in any shape to come among tonsillitis germs safely; & I am glad you kept away from the danger.

Oh yes, I'm very prominent. In the matter of dethroning me you will find you've got your work cut out for you, my dearest.

I want to hear the song. I hope it will meet your highest expectations. Also I want to hear you sing that haunting ballad, "Loch Lomond."

I was intending to go & visit the Doubledays & the President (on business) ten days hence, but have given it up, the business being not ready.

I shall probably run up to Fairhaven for a day, a week hence, on the Jamestown business.

Dorothy arrived yesterday evening, to stay 6 days, & is the same Dorothy—which is high promise.

With lots of hugs & kisses, & hoping that you are still improving— [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "We drove over the Long Pond to call on Mrs. Townsend" [MTP TS 100].

Charles, for Boyajian Brothers, Oriental rugs wrote to advise Sam that one of his rugs had a large hole, which would require cutting and resizing the carpet to fix [MTP].

Harper & Brothers wrote to advise that they'd written to **Miss Jackson** "declining her adaptation of" *P&P*; that the publication by another house would be copyright violation. "In this connection, we would say that there might be a field some time for an adaptation of this and other of your works for schools" [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Their decision as regards Miss Jackson is entirely correct"

September 6 Friday – In his **A.D. of Oct. 5**, Sam wrote of having **Dorothy Quick** this week as a guest.

...we had her delightful society during seven days and nights. She is just eleven years old, and seems to be made of watch-springs and happiness. The child was never still a moment, when she wasn't asleep, and she lit up this place like the sun. It was a tremendous week, and an uninterruptedly joyful one for us all. After she

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

was gone, and silence and solitude had resumed their sway, we felt as if we had been through a storm in heaven.

Dorothy is possessed with the idea of becoming a writer of literature, and particularly of romance, and it was a precious privilege to me to egg her on, and beguile her into working her imagination. I never betrayed myself with a laugh, but the strain which I had to put upon every muscle and nerve and tendon in me, to keep from breaking out, almost made a physical wreck of me sometimes. She is swift with the pen, she is hampered by no hesitations when she is dictating, and she is even a more desperate speller than ever Susy was. We began our mornings early—as early as half-past eight and from that time until nine in the evening there were no breaks in our industries. I say *our* industries because I always assisted her in them until I broke down at noon; then Miss Lyon stood a watch till about three; then I resumed my watch. In order to save myself from perishing, I usually persuaded Dorothy to devote this half-afternoon watch to literature. By grace of this subterfuge, I was enabled to lie down and perform; I lay on one lounge on the back porch and she on another one at my side; then she dictated her stories glibly, and I set them down. When a story was finished I dictated it to her from my manuscript, and she wrote it down. I got around telling her why I observed this practice; I didn't want her to know my reason, which was that I wanted the tale in her own brisk and tumultuous handwriting, adorned with her own punctuation—I mean the absence of it—and steeped in the charm of her incomparable spelling. [...] One day she dictated an Indian romance, and I set it down. The little rascal was all innocence and candor, and was seldom suspicious, but it cost me many lies to keep her so, because every now and then as the sentences fell felicitously from her lips they hit me hard, and my suppressed laughter made my body shake; and when she detected that, I could notice a vague suspicion in her voice when she would ask what was the matter with me. The answer which came nearest to satisfying her was that I was feeling a little chilly; but that also had another effect, which was not a happy one for me, for it aroused her affectionate solicitude and she would not rest until I had taken some whisky to keep me from catching cold. Before we got through with the brief Indian tale...the loving little creature had inflicted so many whiskies on my that my efficiency as an amanuensis was a little damaged and rickety; and if the tale had gone on a little longer I should have been incapable.

[Sam inserted her tale here]

After this she reeled off this masterful tale just as she had punctuated it—without a pause anywhere, and just as if Henry's adventures were passing before her eyes at the moment and she was simply setting them down according to facts. I was glad when "Margearet" got her young man safely out to the edge of the forest where they lived happily ever afterwards—without the formality of a marriage—for I thought for a moment that she was going to furnish the pair a family without any superfluous preliminaries and I would get another whisky-drench by consequence [MTAq 73-5].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "I've made some superb photographs of the King. They are as active and as spirited as battleships. Have made some with Dorothy too" [MTP TS 100]. *Note:* Dorothy Quick was visiting.

Thomas Raynesford Lounsbury wrote from New Haven to secure Sam's photo and autograph for **Mrs. Frank Hyde**, a Kentuckian, second wife and now widow of **Frank Hyde**, Hartford lawyer [MTP].

Samuel E. Moffett wrote to Miss Lyon on Collier's letterhead; it would be some time before he could go to Washington [MTP].

September 7 Saturday – Isabel Lyon's journal: Dinner at the Deacons, and it was very lovely. I sat between Mr. Deacon and Mr. Condert, the latter is very interesting, and we bored each other to a nicety. But Mr. Deacon always has some good prosy interesting thing to talk about. He was telling me about Vernon Lee, and her extreme plainness and her delightfulness; and about her half brother Mr. Hamilton. He met them in Florence years ago, at a time when Hamilton was a great invalid; so great an invalid that the doctors could do no more for him. He was in his room with his nurse and his private secretary waiting for death; knowing and saying that it was in the room; when with great suddenness he sat up in his bed, and said "I am well. I am perfectly well!" and he was. When I asked Mr. Deacon to explain the wonder of it, he said that there had been a lesion of the brain, and that when it cleared, the blood forced its way to the diseased part, so a healthy condition ensued immediately [MTP TS 101].

William Lamb wrote from Norfolk, Va. to invite Sam to the 9th Triennial Council of Phi Beta Kappa in Old Williamsburg next Thursday, Sept. 12 [MTP].

In Sam's **A.D.** "Three days ago the [NY] *World* newspaper convicted Mr. Roosevelt beyond redemption of having bought his election to the Presidency with money" [Gribben 507].

Of the selections from Twain's **A.D.**'s, DeVoto selected about half of the materials not chosen before by Paine to be included in *Mark Twain in Eruption* (1940); among DeVoto's choices, was "The President as Advertiser," dictated this day, comprised of commentary on news article allegations of bribery in T.R.'s election and criticism of his self-serving showmanship [14-19].

September 8 Sunday – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam wrote his june-bug...bird of paradise aphorism to **Dorothy Quick** [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Mr. Baker, . Miss Baldwin, Mr. Ogden and Mr. McKim sauntered in for tea this afternoon. They were wise and left before we were ready to have them go. Santa has written that she wants to give a concert here for Mary Lawton. The King was upset by the suggestion, for as he truly says it would be a "bidding for reluctant courtesies" to have a concert here. If these people were to ask C.C. to sing here that would be one thing—and the King said "if she comes here to sing in public, then I must leave Tuxedo. (A lovely stray kitten is sitting here on my table and disturbing this writing. Reaching out a white paw to give my pen a dab) [MTP TS 101]. *Note:* **George Barr Baker, Gertrude H. Baldwin, Robert C. Ogden, and Charles Follen McKim.**

Florence Macalister wrote to point out an error of genealogy in Mary Baker Eddy's work, and referencing p. 109 of Sam's CS book about her grandfather, Sir **John McNeill** [MTP].

Chapters from "My Autobiography—XXII" ran in the <i>N.A.R.</i> p.8-21.

September 9 Monday – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Samuel E. Moffett**. "Mr. Clemens asks me to thank you for sending to Washington for the lists for him. It *was* a pity you missed him so frequently, but we shall be back in New York about the first of November, not before I believe" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Tablecloth. / Colonel Harvey came again to spend a night and talk. But Dorothy was here and made an interruption to everything it seemed to me, who am now a little tired. But he got the King's consent—his glad consent—to syndicate the autobiography in newspapers throughout the country and so the King will reach his "submerged clientele". It will not bring him in a penny though. If anyone gets anything it will be the Harpers and they will not get much for newspapers do not pay much for matter—no matter how great—which has already been published. It will be a good advertisement for the King's books though [MTP TS 101-102].

F.W. Baumhoff & C.M. Keys & Mrs. F.W. Biebinger wrote for Missouri Old Folks Sunshine Home to solicit support from Sam [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Sept. 16, '07"

George W. Keates, Interior decorator per E.W. Ward wrote to solicit Sam for their services on his Redding home [MTP].

Charles J. Langdon wrote from Elmira, NY to Sam having rec'd Lyon's letter of Aug. 31 inviting him and Edward and Julie Loomis to visit the first week of Oct. Since Julie could not make it then he felt it best to postpone, as he claimed to be "a mighty poor visitor myself" [MTP].

Jervis Langdon II wrote a letter full of details about the Hope-Jones Organ Co. and stock [MTP].

Hugh Gordon Miller for NY State Commission to the Jamestown Exposition wrote to invite Sam to a banquet at the Exposition grounds, Sept. 23 at 7 p.m. [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote for Sam on the back of the letter, “Will take the admiral Waterbird himself / Has no land connections”

Anna R. Shourds wrote from Buffalo, NY, one-line of admiration for Twain’s books [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Sept. 9 ‘07”

September 10 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “No. C.S. advertisements” [MTP TS 102].

Kate B. Lee wrote to ask Sam to write a piece on seasickness, as she suffered from it for two whole days and couldn’t explain it to friends [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Sept. 16, ‘07”

Hugh Gordon Miller for Jamestown Exposition wrote to Sam with plans and program for the Sept. 23 ceremonies, where Sam had agreed to speak [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote for Sam on another slip dated Sept. 16, ‘07: “Write to Miller: Consound—I must be speaker No 3 at the banquet—then I can always say privately to speaker No 2, would you mind changing places with me?”

Lucia Shepardson wrote from Pacific Grove, Calif. to ask Sam if the Sheppherdson of the Grangerford feud in *HF* was taken from her relative **Elija Shepardson** [MTP].

Margaret H. Steen wrote to ask Sam if there was a chance he might give a lecture for the Alpha and Phi Kappa Societies of **Smith College** [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Sept. 16, ‘07”

September 11 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: I had what the King calls “an adventure” this rainy morning. A Mr. Ullman, a man who does writing for newspaper syndicates came out by appointment to see me and so write an article about the way the King spends his day. He was planning to make it seem as if he had really had “a day with Mark Twain” and only after continued determination on my part would he consent to have the interview come through me. He is to submit his ms. to me. When that was promised I could and did talk freely and we had a very good time. He is full of a fine and just appreciation of the King, and when I went up and told the King about it after Ullman had gone, he was pleased. The King was playing with Dorothy; playing games, and having her go on with her part of the Authors’ League [MTP TS 102]. *Note:* **Albert E. Ullman**.

I.L. Baëza wrote from NYC to Sam looking to find his “Beef Contract” article [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Sept. 30”; “In Sketches Old & New / Facts in the Case of the Great Beef Contract”

Walter Sands Mills, M.D. for The Homeopathic Medical Society of the County of New York wrote to invite Sam to appear for their charity on Nov. 11 to celebrate their 50th Anniversary [MTP].

David A. Munro wrote to Sam enclosing the proof of his 23rd chapter Autobiography [MTP].

September 12 Thursday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Sam began a letter to **Dorothy Quick** who had left with Miss Lyon for New York City. Clemens added to the letter on **Sept. 13 and 14**. “Dorothy dear, you are gone, & I am dissatisfied” [MTAq 62].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Today I took Dorothy to New York and went on up to Redding to see Lyonesse and the King’s house. But before I left Tuxedo the King said in substance “I see that Robert Porter is coming in on the Lusitania, we’ll send him a wireless and have him here for over Sunday. He won’t come, but we’ve done our duty when we send that message.” William met me on the N.Y. side, put me on my train and I was

met by Lounsbury at the little Redding station. As we drove along L pointed laconically to a height in the distance, and there the King's house stood, supreme and lovely, for he outlines are all up and it is going to be beautiful. But Lyonesse is my delight. Eugene Adams is working away at it. The triple windows are in and the shingling is 2 parts done and when Adams tore off the plaster from the ceiling in the long room he revealed what will be a most beautiful old oak ceiling, for the beams are splendid and the flooring above is a darling color. It is going to be glorious. The bed from Halifax is stretched along on its side up stairs (they had to put it in the house while the side of the house was open). It's posts are 7½ feet high, and the ceilings are 6¾ feet, so it must be cut down and I'll use the cut out part for little table legs. I climbed up into the King's house, and the scaling of those ladders and the descending by way of them was a night-mare-like journey for me [MTP TS 103]. *Note:* **Robert Percival Porter**.

George Grantham Bain wrote to ask Sam if **Charles Duprez**, their photographer, could take some pictures of Clemens at home in Tuxedo. Bain reminded Sam of his promise to extend the courtesy [MTP]. *Note:* Bain syndicated articles for ten US papers and several in Europe.

William Webster Ellsworth wrote on Century Co. notepaper to thank Sam for \$50 sent in support of the **Pond** boy. "S.L. Clemens Esq., —I mean Doctor of something, but I can't remember just what, —deserves to be Doctor of *Everything*" [MTP].

Howells & Stokes wrote to enclose a bill of \$209.35 from **Harry Lounsbury** for materials [MTP].

Florence Duncan Jones wrote from Boston to ask Sam about some mss. she'd sent on Mrs. Eddy. Lyons had asked "about a month ago" if "she could keep thme a little longer." She'd used "**G. Mann**" as a pseudonym [MTP].

Julia Langdon Loomis wrote regrets to Sam that it was "near impossible" for them to get away this fall [MTP].

John W. Postgate wrote from Cambridge, England to Sam. Postgate was a stranger to Clemens; a lecturer on comparative syntax in Greek and Latin. Postgate recalled as a student ordering the *Select Works of Mark Twain* and having it pass by "father's ignorance" as a "classic." Congratulations on his degree. Postgate was interested in dramatizing *JA* [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

September 13 Friday – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam added to his **Sept. 12** to **Dorothy Quick**.

You are still gone, & I am still dissatisfied.

Subsequently.

You are still gone, & I am still more dissatisfied than ever. This is a long day.

Homeward the bandit plods her weary way and leaves the world to darkness & to me.

I will to bed [MTAq 62]. *Note:* Cooley points out Sam is parodying **Thomas Gray's** "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard": "The plowman homeward plods his weary way, / And leaves the world to darkness and me." Sam signed one of his photographs for Dorothy with this date.

Dorothy Quick wrote from Plainfield, N.J. to Sam.

My Dear Mr. Clemens / I have arrived safely of course I always do. I find it very hot here. to hot for me I miss you very much but I can write to you and have letters which will be very very nice I hope Miss Lyon got home safely. I am afraid I can not write any more but send lots and lots of love to you and Miss Lyon / your very loving / Dorothy [MTP].

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

Isabel Lyon's journal: I stayed all night at the Brevoort. Will came back with me for luncheon and after he left the King and I took a placid drive around the lake. We didn't talk a bit, we were just happy, resting [MTP TS 103-104]. *Note:* "Will" was **Charles E. Wark**, Clara's accompanist.

Bowring & Co. wrote to Ashcroft about a refund check for **Clara's** unused passage [MTP].

Robert Percival Porter wrote to Sam on The Buckingham Hotel, NY letterhead. "It was such a joy to get your Marconi ... on the Lusitania & then to find Mr. Ashcroft on the dock. I shall be so glad to come on the train Mr. Ashcroft suggested but so sorry that I am coming without Mrs. Porter" [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

September 14 Saturday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Sam finished his **Sept. 12, 13** to **Dorothy Quick**.

Which I did [go to bed]. But a cricket was hiding somewhere in the room, & continuously & monotonously shrieking. I endured it an hour (until 10), then removed to another room. I returned at 11, at 1, at 4, but was driven out each time.

Last night he drove me out at 9.30, & I returned no more. To-night Miss Lyon will occupy my room, & capture him if possible.

===

Meantime your letter has come, you very dear child, & I think it is the best typewritten handwriting I have ever seen. I would not have believed a type-machine could spell so well. I'm a-missing you, Dorothy.

[Sam sketched a cricket and an axe here]

(Anyway, I *think* it's an axe, but some think it's a bonnet.) But it's for that cricket when I get him—I am quite certain as to that.

I'm going to Fairhaven, Mass, day after tomorrow—Monday—and return Thursday night.

I sail for Jamestown three days later, to be several days.

===

I've had a misfortune, dear: a page of the Indian story is missing. I shall find it, but meantime I want you to rewrite it—it's good practice—and send it here.

With lots of love, you dear little rascal— [MTAq 62-3]. *Note:* Cooley points out that Dorothy's clear and regular script is the point of Sam's reference to her "typewritten handwriting."

Isabel Lyon's journal: Mr. Porter did arrive. He did accept the King's wireless invitation and will be here until Monday. He is a sturdy, chunky Englishman, and very agreeable and hearty. He enjoyed his food and the house and Tuxedo and seemingly everything. He is a nice guest to have.

The King was up here in my study waiting for something, and the telephone rang. Mrs. Kane was at it to say that Mrs. Walker had "pre-punctually" presented her with a grand-daughter and then the King went down stairs to write a note to that baby—rebuking her for arriving ahead of time and spoiling all the fun of preparing a mammoth birthday party for her [MTP TS 104]. *Note:* **Robert Percival Porter** (1852-1917), Englishman by birth, founded and edited the *New York Press* in 1887 and left it in 1894. He was chosen as Superintendent of the 1890 Census under President Harrison. He authored several books on protectionism and Japanese history.

Albert E. Ullman for Underwood & Underwood wrote to Lyon about an article on Twain [MTP].

September 15 Sunday – Sam inscribed a copy of *IA* with his "truth....economise" aphorism to Miss **Josephine S. Hobby**, his stenographer for his autobiographical dictations [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: I wrote a poem for T.

Such a depression I have after people have been dining here. It's lovely to have them, but I perish over them, too. Mr. and Mrs. Sampson and Lucia Hull have been here this evening. The King has been so troubled over publishing Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven that he has been collecting opinions. Tonight he read parts of it to the guests, but they have no comment to make save one of approval. I am glad. This morning I had an hour with the King. He hadn't slept over well because there is a cricket in his room, but he was full of sweet words and savage ones too, and he finished all by reading the recent dictation about meeting Lady Stanley in London and the recent finding of the Holy Grail. It is a good piece of dictating. We drove around the Nigger Pond Road this afternoon, and Mr. Porter does take a lovely and wholesome interest in the place. I am so glad we asked for Lucia Hull, for Mr. Porter liked her, and after she left paid her the vast compliment of saying that you can hunt the world over and not find another girl like her for frankness, etc. [MTP TS 104-105]. *Note:* **Robert P. Porter** of Oxford England was visiting.

Alma Parker Harvey (Mrs. George Harvey) wrote from Deal, NJ to Sam. "I sent you two nightshirts like same George said that you liked. I hope that you will receive them and ... they are really like the one you wore the night that you were here. It gave us great pleasure to have you with us even for one night. Our only regret was that you could not stay longer "[MTP]. *Note:* it is not clear just what night prior to this Sam spent at Deal with the Harveys.

Dorothy Quick wrote to Sam. "I am quite sure you have forgotten me and I am very unhappy it is ever and ever so long since I got a real letter from you I was delighted with our skeletons I tried and tried but could not do it at all in fact we all tried you will have to show me how[.] I do wish you would come and spend some Saturday and Sunday with me[.] I miss you so much...I am in love with my school and the teachers. / With lots and lots of love and a hundred kisses" [MTP]. *Note:* in file a staff note informs that Dorothy started school in Plainfield this day; also that "skeletons" mentioned in Quick's book, *Enchantment*, p. 149

September 16 Monday – Isabel Lyon's journal: This morning the King went away on the 11:50 train to be met by Ashcroft and go by the New Bedford boat "Maine", up to Fairhaven to see Mr. Rogers, who has been a very ill man. The King looked very handsome in his pale grey travelling suit. I was left as I always am, with a great sense of loneliness, as the jigger went noisily away.

Just as I was about to sit down to dinner I was called to the telephone and a Mr. Thomas of the N.Y. Journal wanted to see Mr. Clemens to get an expression from him as to the snags the president would be apt to meet in the Lower Mississippi. When I told him the King was not home he asked to see me and came out. He had more than the usual difficulties in getting out here from the station—the police wouldn't let him pass without first telephoning to me, and when he arrived, although he said he was the brother of Augustus Thomas he didn't really look as if he could be the brother of a man of note. But he was interesting, and we had a talk of over an hour. He has a place in Ridgefield and when I told him we half expected to be in Redding next summer he said he was going to give me a present—2 game cocks. "More graft", the King said when I told him [MTP TS 105-106].

Florence Duncan Jones wrote to Isabel Lyon [MTP].

C.F. Stromeyer, Furniture and Upholstery, NYC wrote to Lyon About moving a table [MTP].

September 17 Tuesday – Sam left on the steamer *Maine* for **New Bedford, Mass.** to be a guest of **H.H. Rogers** at his **Fairhaven** home. Rogers was quite ill after a stroke [NY Times, Sept. 18, p.1].

H. H. ROGERS DRIVES AUTO.

Has Mark Twain as Guest—Said to be Crippled by Apoplexy.
Special to The New York Times.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Sept. 17—Henry H. Rogers and Samuel L. Clemens, "Mark Twain," were the cynosure of all eyes as they drove about the center of the city today in Mr. Rogers's electric victoria, with Mr.

Rogers steering the machine. Mr. Clemens arrived on the steamer Maine this morning to be the guest of Mr. Rogers at his Fairhaven residence.

Mr. Rogers and the author made a stop at the First National Bank to call on Walter P. Winsor of the bank, who is a close personal friend of Mr. Rogers. They remained there for about fifteen minutes and then proceeded a short distance up the street, stopping again at a store where Mr. Rogers purchased a newspaper.

Mr. Clemens was left alone in the car and in an instant it started to move, for Mr. Rogers had failed to turn the switch fully off. Mr. Clemens hesitated a moment and then he hopped out and chased Mr. Rogers into the store.

"She started and I got out," he said.

Mr. Rogers laughed and rescued his machine, which has a speed limit of about six miles an hour.

Mr. Clemens was attired in his customary suit of white, and which his black derby formed a sharp contrast.

Mr. Rogers shows the effect of his illness in his face, which is white and drawn. He showed no signs of inability to use his limbs, however, and managed his car with seeming ease, though in alighting and walking about he moved with deliberation and his step was less brisk than formerly.

Isabel Lyon's journal: The King has arrived at New Bedford. The morning papers are full of the news of Mr. Rogers's illness being caused by a stroke of apoplexy on July 22nd. We have known nothing whatever about it. When I telephoned Mrs. Rogers, she said he was in his usual condition when he had a stroke that muffled his speech so that he could not be understood at all for a week, and his left arm and leg were affected. A rumor ran out into the world that Mr. Rogers was dead, a few weeks ago, and there nearly was a panic in Wall Street. That was denied, and then came the great demand, I mean to law suits of the Standard Oil which demanded Mr. Rogers's presence as a witness. The Doctors say it would kill him to go on the witness stand and they have to hedge one way or another continually.

Miss Herrick came in to say that she is going away and I asked her to stay for dinner. I was glad of a human being besides a servant, for I have been having a hellish time with Delia [MTP TS 106].

George B. Harvey wrote to Sam. "I have not yet received the marked passages respecting Colonel Sellers that you want to have left out of the newspaper printing. To make sure that there shall be no slip, I think that it would be well to pass the pages down as soon as convenient. ... / The time is growing short for the Christmas number of the Magazine and the boys are after me constantly to know about your decision. The number is going to be so big and involves so many kinds of printing that a lot of extra time has to be given to it. Please post me about this as soon as you can" [MTP].

William H. Hill for Israel Putnam Camp Ground Commission wrote from Redding, Conn. to advise Sam that he'd had two insurance policies written on the new Redding house during construction, each for \$15,000 [MTP].

Roi Cooper Megrue for Elisabeth Marbury wrote twice to Lyon on dramatization contracts and matters [MTP].

September 18 Wednesday – Sam was in **Fairhaven, Mass.** visiting the Rogers family.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "T replied to the poem" [MTP TS 106].

Helen M. De Muth wrote from Crofton, Pa to Sam, sending him a photo of her (which also included **Dorothy Quick**) taken on the *Minnetonka*, [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Sept. 18, '07"

Robert W. Vonnoh wrote from NYC to interest Sam in the cooperative owning of a NYC building. He enclosed a letter from **Howells**, which was returned [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Mr Clemens thanks you for your letter & wishes he were able to make plans for a city home etc. Presently will return Mr. Howells's letter"

September 19 Thursday – Sam, in **Fairhaven, Mass.**, wrote the date and his signature in a book for blottings, “The Ghosts of My Friends”—possibly to **General and Mrs. Edward McCook** [MTP].

Isabel Lyon wrote to Dorothy Quick

Dearest Dorothy: / This is just the beginning of the photographs that I am to send you. The others have not yet arrived from N.Y. Mr. Wark developed the Indian Princess & cut down the photo a little, but I think that it improves it and isn't it lovely? Mr. Clemens is away & will not be home until some time on Friday. It is very desolate without him. But to relieve the situation a beautiful young grey & white cat followed Claude & Katie home one night not long since, in fact since Mr. Clemens went away, & the beautiful creature has spent a lot of time with me.

Thank you very much too for the little photos you sent; they are nice, but do not forget that you are going to send me the whole batch of negatives. I quite forgot to give you the sixty-cents, or the roll of films for the one I am having developed, so here is the check for 60 cents dear.

Mr. Robert P. Porter of Oxford who spent last Sunday here, gave me these English cigar bands; have you any like them?

With much love to you dear, & warm regards to your mother, & to your grandfather I am yours always...[MTAq 64]. *Note:* Sam was in Fairhaven visiting the Rogers clan.

Frank N. Doubleday for Doubleday, Page & Co. wrote to Sam: “Perhaps you will be interested in reading this letter from Mr. Lockwood Kipling. At all events, I send it on.” He also had a friend, Herbert Plimpton, who had been after him for five years to get an autographed portrait of Twain [MTP].

William M. Clemens wrote from NYC to Sam: “Enclosed bill and dun reached me from Plymouth, England. As I do not wear English clothes, I think perhaps it may be intended for you and am sending it to you” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “This is that Will M. Clemens who was born a fraud—will remain one”; but this was not the Will M. but another Clemens, William M. Clemens, a private investigator in NYC.

Roi Cooper Megrue for Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Lyon asking if **Miss Andrews** of their Paris offices could arrange for the dramatization of “Aurelia's Unfortunate Young Man” [MTP].

Hamilton Wright, Ed. Overland Monthly, S.F. wrote to Sam, “very anxious to get an article” [MTP].

James B. Sutherland wrote from Montreal to congratulate Sam on his Oxford honors and to send two letters he thought might interest, one from a “Scholarly Scotchman.” **George Iles** a mutual friend [MTP].

September 20 Friday – Sam left **Fairhaven, Mass.** early in the morning on the *Kanawha*. **H.H. Rogers** did not accompany him, but **Harry and Mary Rogers** did [NY Times, Sept. 21, p.18]. Sam arrived in **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** in the evening and wrote to daughter **Jean** in Katonah, N.Y.

Jean dear, I am back from Fairhaven, & shall leave early in the morning for New York & Jamestown, to be gone until midnight of Monday, when we shall get up the anchor & sail back home. But before I address myself to sleep I must answer your question about mare's milk. It is the chief food of the peasants along the Volga. They drink it warm from the animal. The American & English physicians employ vast quantities of it (artificially manufactured) in their practice. It will stay on a stomach that refuses all other nourishment. It quickly & wonderfully restores the strength of the patients perishing of weakness & starvation. Kumiss is its name. I remember 2 cases in Hartford—Miss Williams & our neighbor Holbrook: it raised them from their deathbeds.

I'm very very sleepy; Good-night dearheart. With love & kisses— [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **H.H. Rogers**.

I hope you are ever so much better to-day, & I do also hope that it was not the billiards that sent you to bed with that pain—though I very much fear that it was, & I am so sorry.

Harry sails tomorrow night—I shall go on board in the afternoon. We shall hurry through, at Jamestown, as quickly as possible, so that we can return the yacht to you. Mary thinks we can sail homeward at midnight Monday—so that is what we shall do.

It may interest Mrs. Broughton to have the latest news from that cricket. After I left for Fairhaven Monday, Miss Lyon instituted a search for him and kept it up, off & on till midnight—no success. Then she went to bed there, & he kept her awake until 3, then drove her out.

The entire household continued the search on Tuesday & Wednesday & Thursday, & on each of these nights the butler tried to sleep in the room, but was driven out. I suppose I shall be driven out to-night.

No *that* news is all for Mrs. Broughton—there isn't any for you, at all, for not anything has happened here since I went away, except that cricket.

So I send my love ... [MTHHR 637-8].

In Tuxedo, Sam also signed a copy of *HF* with this date to **Mrs. Cutting** [MTP: Parke-Bernet catalogs, No. 1201, Nov. 27, 1950, Item 152]. *Note:* the 1908 Tuxedo Club Book lists three Cutting men with membership years: **R. Bayard Cutting** (1898), **R. Fulton Cutting** (1885) and **Wm. Bayard Cutting** (1885).

William DeMuth, Pipes & Smokers articles wrote sending a Wellington Pipe, which he thought “is about the nearest to the one” described by Twain as “ideal” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote for Sam on the letter, “I am acquainted with the Peterson pipe & for many years have considered it the best pipe there is & I thank him heartily for the very pretty pipe”

Dorothy Quick wrote to Sam.

My Dear Mr Clemens / I spent Saturday and Sunday with my uncle and just received your letter and was very glad to get it I am very glad you had such a nice time at Jamestown My uncle invited Mother and I to go down last week but Mother thought it would be too much for me so we did not go I am going to see Robert Mantell in King Lear to-night I know he will be fine in it we have a very nice theater out here and all the best actors come out here I enclose some pictures for you I also sent Miss Lyon a lot I am having a lovely time at school and like it very much I must close now as it is dinner time.

with lots and lots of love hugs and kissed I am your loving little / Dorothy [MTAq 65].

September 21 Saturday – Early in the morning Sam left **Tuxedo Park** for **N.Y.C.**, where he boarded the *Kanawha* and left for **Jamestown, Va.** with **Harry Rogers** and his wife **Mary Benjamin Rogers**, to attend the **Robert Fulton Day** celebration. Sam would preside at the ceremonies.

Isabel Lyon's journal: We started for town at 9:24, the King to go to the yacht (Ashcroft met him) and I down to the old Dominion Line to meet mother. We lunched at a queer little restaurant on West Street, walking blocks to find some place besides the sailor saloons and such places, and then we went back to the Hamilton where we made ourselves comfortable and waited for her to sail out at 3 o'clock. We left a crashing thunderstorm behind us, and sailed into another one and later the moon sailed serenely up over her glorious track in the sea. The Captain who had been given a letter about me found me by accident, and he was a delightful long lank man of 60-odd. He took us to his cabin, and we had a darling time with him, for he has a keen sense of humor and talked about the King and the King's books, for he has read and reread them all [MTP TS 107].

Frances M. Hoyt wrote from Tuxedo Park, NY to invite Sam and Miss Lyon and “a few friends” for tea on Saturday afternoon Sept. 21 at 5 p.m. to meet her niece, **Mrs. Henry Ludlow Beadel** [MTP].

George Thomson Wilson for Pilgrims of the U.S. sent a printed invitation for a banquet on Sept. 21 in honor of the Lord Bishop of London. Tickets \$12 each [MTP].

September 22 Sunday – The New York Times, “Mark Twain Skipper of Rogers’s Yacht,” p.9 reported the *Kanawha* and **Cornelius Vanderbilt’s** steam yacht *North Star* leaving for Jamestown.

The North Star and the Kanawha are expected to arrive back in New York early Thursday morning, and it was rumored yesterday that Mark Twain was anxious to test the speeding qualities of the two vessels on the return journey. Whether Col. Heistand will consent to try conclusions with the Kanawha is another question. The North Star is a larger vessel than the Kanawha, her gross tonnage being 818 tons, while that of Mr. Rogers’s boat is 475 tons. The Kanawha was built at Morris Heights in 1899 and the North Star in England in 1893.

Mark Twain’s participation in the ceremonies will not require very much of his time, it was said yesterday. He had been asked to make a speech at the banquet in Norfolk tomorrow evening, but he declined. Rear Admiral Purnell F. Harrington, retired, U.S.N., is to be one of the speakers at the banquet, and Mr. Clemens agreed to introduce him, as is shown in the letter from his Secretary to Hugh Gordon Miller, who will be the toastmaster at the Fulton banquet

September 23 Monday – Norfolk, Va. Sam introduced Rear Admiral **Purnell Frederick Harrington** (1844-1937) at the **Robert Fulton Day** ceremonies. The New York Times, Sept. 24 covered the event:

HONOR FULTON AT JAMESTOWN\

Inventor’s Use of Steam in Navigation Shown in Marine Parade.

NORFOLK, Va., Sept. 23.—Elaborate ceremonies marked today’s observance of Robert Fulton Day at the Jamestown Exposition. Of the many historical events commemorated by the tercentennial, none has been of greater importance and deeper significance than the celebration of the practical application of Robert Fulton’s inventions to the needs of the world.

While the exercises were under the direction of the exposition officials, added prominence was given them by the participation of the Robert Fulton Monument Association. The orator of the day was Martin W. Littleton of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, the President of the association came from New York on his yacht North Star, and Dr. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) came on the yacht Kanawha, each being accompanied by a party of guests. Rear Admiral P. F. Harrington, U. S. N., retired, headed the committee appointed to receive the distinguished guests.

A spectacular feature of the celebration was a typical representation of what the inventions of Robert Fulton meant to the world. It was the assembling in Hampton Roads, just off the exposition grounds of every sort of craft propelled by steam. The vessels, of all sizes and description, all ablaze with flags and bunting, formed a marine parade which was reviewed by the guests from the decks of the visiting yachts.

The day’s programme included the award of the cups presented by President Roosevelt, King Edward, and Sir Thomas Lipton for the winners in the various classes of yacht races.

The formal exercises in the Auditorium were called to order by Robert Fulton Cutting of New York in a brief address, which concluded with the introduction of Mark Twain as Chairman and master of ceremonies. Following remarks by the Chair, and preceding an oration by Mr. Littleton, there were addresses by President Tucker of the exposition, Lieut. Gov. Ellyson of Virginia, Hugh Gordon Miller of New York, and Rear Admiral Harrington, U. S. N., in charge of the navy’s participation in the exposition.

A dinner was held in the New York State building at night. Pyrotechnic displays closed the celebration.

Paine writes of Sam making a new friend, the orator of the event, **Martin W. Littleton**:

He was invited to be a special guest at the Jamestown Exposition on Fulton Day, in September, and Mr. Rogers lent him his yacht in which to make the trip. It was a break in the summer’s monotonies, and the Jamestown honors must have reminded him of those in London. When he entered the auditorium where

the services were to be held there was a demonstration which lasted more than five minutes. Every person in the hall rose and cheered, waving handkerchiefs and umbrellas. He made them a brief, amusing talk on Fulton and other matters, then introduced Admiral Harrington, who delivered a masterly address and was followed by Martin W. Littleton, the real orator of the day. Littleton acquitted himself so notably that Mark Twain conceived for him a deep admiration, and the two men quickly became friends. They saw each other often during the remainder of the Jamestown stay, and Clemens, learning that Littleton lived just across Ninth Street from him in New York, invited him to come over when he had an evening to spare and join the billiard games [MTB 1406]. *Note: Martin Wiley Littleton* (1872-1934), attorney, became a NY Congressman, holding office 1911-1913.

Sam inscribed a picture of Fulton's steamboat *Clermont* to **Harry Windsor Dearborn**. At the top of the picture he wrote: "Mr. H.W. Dearborn with the affectionate regards of Mark Twain, Sept. 23/07"; below the picture he wrote his aphorism about taking the pledge improving bad liquor [MTP: Am. Arts Assoc. Galleries catalogs, No. 4180, 8-9 May 1935, Item 68].

Robert Underwood Johnson wrote to Sam asking about a story of a boy who ran away from home for only a few hours, then sneaked back into his kitchen and said to his mother, "I see you've got the same old cat!" Was this one of Sam's tales? [MTP]. *Note: Lyon wrote for Sam on the letter, "I am acquainted with the story but it is not a story of mine"; "Answd. Sept. 30, '07"*

Roi Cooper Megrue for Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Lyon, thanking for permission to dramatize "Aurelia's Unfortunate Young Man"; Twain's tales were "all the rage in Paris" [MTP].

Charles Pfeifer from Baltimore wrote a long, rambling letter to ask Sam's advice about his writing, and a begging letter asking for work around Sam's house with which he might support his father [MTP]. *Note: Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Sept. 30, '07"*

Edwin L. Sabin wrote from Denver, Colo. to ask Sam for some accounts of his recent visit abroad, which might help Sabin fulfill a discussion for an article of "the merits and characteristics of the American style of humor" contrasted with the British [MTP]. *Note: Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Sept 30, '07"*

Christine Brown Wheeler wrote from Boston to appeal to Sam for the homeless, to talk with him the next time he was in Boston [MTP]. *Note: Lyon wrote on the letter, "Would like to be able to grant her request"*

September 24 Tuesday – Near **Norfolk, Va.**, for the Jamestown Exposition at Sewell's Point on Hampton Roads, Sam inscribed a portrait drawing of him to **Mrs. Hugh Gordon Miller**: "*To Mrs. Hugh Gordon Miller / With the affectionate & grateful remembrances of / Mark Twain / Jamestown Exposition, / September 24/07. / (the day after the struggle).*" [MTP]. *Note: the Exposition was typical of many world fairs and expositions popular in the early part of the 20th Century; it ran from Apr. 26 to Dec. 1, 1907 and commemorated the 300th anniversary of the Jamestown colony, the first English settlement in America.*

Jessie M. Bell for the YWCA wrote to ask Sam if it would be possible for him to lecture in Kingston, Ontario Canada to help the YWCA in their building fund [MTP]. *Note: Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Oct. 3, '07"*

Henry Tyrell wrote for the **Milwaukee, Wisc. Press Club** to ask Sam for a 200 word "estimate of the newspaper hustler as you view him" [MTP]. *Note: Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Sept. 30, '07"*

September 25 Wednesday – At the **Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in N.Y.C.** Sam wrote to **Frances Nunnally**.

Dear Francesca: / I have just come ashore from the yacht, & am passing by to take the 12.55 Erie RR train for Tuxedo Park. You & your mother are out—naturally, at this time of day. I would have telephoned in advance, but there wasn't time.

Won't you & your mother come out to Tuxedo Park on Saturday & stay over Sunday? I hope you can & will. There's a good train, with parlor car leaving the New York side at 12.40 p. m (only on Saturdays.)

Mr. Ashcroft (11 Broadway) can give you all needful information if you will call him up. And I shall want to know when to meet you at Tuxedo station & pass you by the guard. / With love [MTP]. *Note:* Frances and her mother were staying at the Waldorf. See Sept. 26 or 27 to Frances.

C.S. Vantassel for the Twentieth Century Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio wrote to ask Sam if they could include some of his speeches in a planned 10-volume work [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Oct. 8, '07" and "Refer him to Harpers"

September 26 Thursday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Dorothy Quick.**

Dorothy dear, I hear that you are at school, & that you greatly like it& are very busy—all of which is good to hear, & naturally is a great pleasure & comfort to your mother.

I am back from Jamestown & am glad. Still, we had reasonable weather & a swift voyage & altogether a good time. Miss Lyon & her mother went down on another boat & enjoyed the trip. Meantime the cricket has joined the union & cleared out. This room is quiet now.

Delia's gone. She meant well, but she wasn't of much account & was a troublebreeder with the other servants, so Miss Lyon discharged her. Maggie is back, & now it's a model household. I think you knew Maggie. In about a week Catherine will be back from Ireland—*she's* a bird!

It is milking-time, now. I mean I am taking my noonday glass of milk. Several drops have gone down the wrong way. Try-it—it is ever so much fun.

I miss you, dear—I miss you a *lot*. If I had you here we would start the Author's League again. And now Miss Lyon has come up to say some ladies are calling & I must go down & see them. You remember Miss Lyon? You remember how she looks?



The way she looks.

Good-bye, I love you very much [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **H.H. Rogers**, giving his "official report" of the trip to Jamestown. He praised **Harry and Mary Rogers** for taking care of him during the trip, seeing him ashore "on that stormy 23^d." He thought Robert Fulton Day was "the completest & perfectest fiasco in history, & worth going a thousand miles to see." He wanted to "run up to Fairhaven soon, for a day or two, if I can be of any use to you" [MTHHR 638-9].

Sam also wrote to **Frances A. Nunnally**: “I hope note I left at Waldorf Wednesday will persuade you both to come to Tuxedo Saturday till Monday please name your train can meet you at station” [MTP].

Frances Nunnally replied to Sam from the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, N.Y.C.

I received your note yesterday and was so sorry that we missed you, for I should like so much to have seen you.

It is lovely of you to give Mama and I that kind invitation and we appreciate it ever so much. We shall be delighted to accept it, and as you suggested we shall come to Tuxedo on Saturday by train which leaves the New York side at 12:40 p.m. I hope you enjoyed your trip to Jamestown and I am glad you did not stay down there too long, so that we can have the pleasure of seeing you before we leave for Baltimore.

Thank you again for the invitation... [MTAq 67].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: It has been a long and busy day with letters and telephonings as usual. Last night the King didn’t sleep very well, and I think it was because he went to bed early—too early—so after a good rest and his morning’s dictation (it’s about the Jamestown trip, now) he went down stairs early, and then we had a lot of music, with chat thrown in. Dinner came in too, and so we didn’t go up stairs until 10:30. ~~I was pretty nearly exhausted~~ [MTP TS 107]. *Note*: diagonal strike through lines appear on the TS for this entry.

N.L. Guy for U.S. Naval Constructor’s Office, Norfolk, Va. wrote to Sam c/o H.H. Rogers. Could Sam come to Norfolk and lecture for the benefit of the “United Charities”? [MTP].

Roi Cooper Megrue for Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Lyon to ask about McAllister’s claims of having rights to a play from Twain [MTP].

George F. Walker wrote from Naugatuck, Conn. to offer Sam praise and congratulations without asking for anything [MTP]. *Note*: Lyon wrote on the letter, “Well, I suppose you can thank him for it”

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

September 27 Friday – Sam also wrote two letters to **J.E. Edmonds**, of the *Daily State Times* of Baton Rouge. A trip down the Mississippi was planned by **Theodore Roosevelt**, with a suggestion that Mark Twain be the chief pilot. Sam turned down the offer; Edmonds wrote an editorial about it. Sam then wrote these letters, the first a cover letter and the second a blast: “I am often against [President Roosevelt] politically, but this has not affected the friendship existing between us these twenty years.” [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Tonight the King went to dine with the Poors & others. When the King goes out you wander around through the empty rooms & stand with your head to one side to listen if there is a bearable sound to be heard. And there isn’t any perfume of his pipe & some of your senses seem quite quite gone [MTP TS 107].

Arthur W. Barber wrote from Orange, NJ to ask Sam where he should send the books Sam had “kindly consented to autograph” [MTP]. *Note*: Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Sept. 30, ‘07”

Frances Nunnally sent a telegram to Sam: “Note received will leave her twelve forty train Saturday” [MTP].

John B. Stanchfield wrote to Sam offering stock in a “bath establishment” by Fleischman, the florist [MTP]. *Note*: Lyon wrote for Sam on the letter, “If I were situated to do that I would take the stock, but that all my stocks are down & I have to buy those stocks now that they’re down”

September 28 Saturday – **Frances Nunnally** and her mother visited Sam. They played hearts [Oct 2 from Nunnally].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Santa decides to come to town on the 11th.

I don't know if it is significant of 72 years or if the King has always done it, but he loses track of the hours of the day like this. Mrs. Nunnally and Frances arrived today, and after tea at 5 we began to play Hearts. We played until nearly 7 when the King called for his whiskey and apollinaris—his night cap, and thought to save time by drinking it before getting into bed. He is so gay and sweet and pretty in his ways with "Francesca", who is a dear grave girl of 16, with the most wonderful little slender hands. I think that as I look around in my head and remember people's hands, that the people with the broad thickish hands have an entire lack of silence or delicate speech, or of an eloquent silence. They have to make a noise of some sort most of the time certainly they have no reservations [MTP TS 108].

Kurt Aram wrote from Munich, Germany to ask Sam for an article [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "I could not deliberately send anything for publication of course the contract will not allow me to...Simplicissimus gives me pleasure 52 times a year. Send over a copy of the reproductions of Old Masters"

W.B. Hennessy wrote from St. Paul, Minn. to invite Sam to come for a lecture, offering \$1,500 [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote for Sam on the letter, "You can just thank him & say that if I make no land journeys, unless compelled to, that if I made them in any other circumstances I'd be very glad to accept"

William J. Lonn wrote from LaPorte Ind. to ask Sam if he was open to an engagement for the Elks Lodge this winter [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Oct. 3, '07"

September 29 Sunday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** A rainy day, and so a stop was put to the plans for entertaining Francesca and her mother. Late in the morning we assembled in the living room and played Hearts. I wonder what dear spirit put Hearts in my head yesterday, for otherwise we had been at a loss. It is hard to entertain brand new people [MTP TS 108-109].

Edward Anthony wrote from Cleveland, Ohio to Sam. "I am a boy collecting cigar bands." Could Sam send some for his collection? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Oct. 2, '07"

A. Gavin wrote from Buffalo, NY to ask Sam on behalf of his daughter, **Miss Alberta Gavin**, if he could send one of his books and write a line or a little verse in it [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Oct. 8, '07"

September 30 Monday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** Francesca went this morning, the King went down to the station with them, and since his return he has been at work all day with the pen. He has been writing and writing and dropping the little leaves of paper from his small pad, around him on the floor. Most of the work was done with him sitting on the extreme edge of the bed. For 5 hours he must have sat there, and I am longing to see what the outcome of this day will be. He came back so full of his ideas that he has never taken off his shoes to replace them with his comfortable slippers. A little after 3 Miss Herrick came into say goodbye, for she goes down to Southampton for 2 months. I had to go and tell the King she was here and he felt obliged to break away to bid her that adieu; though he did it saying it was "Hellish" and "God damnable!" and only half his mind was on her when he stumbled into and out of the room. At 5:30 he finished the day's work. I went down to find him gathering up his bits of ms. and well satisfied with the fact that he put in the whole day at getting the ideas out of his head and into compact form on paper. He has gone to bed to rest for 2 hours before going down to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Depew, who are staying at the Club. Evening—and now I can't get away from the misery of letting the King walk away from me out into the darkness alone, and down to the Club. In his black evening clothes, and with his little grey overcoat, and a lighted cigar, he walked away into that black road. I asked if he didn't want Claude to go with him, only three words in reply, "no—goodbye" and I've wanted to cry ever since [MTP TS 109-110].

James Barton wrote from Chorley, England to solicit information from Sam about the martyr, **Richard Langhorne**, d. 1649 [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote for Sam on the letter, “Mr. Langhorne was merely a stranger whom our family knew for a while & greatly liked, but about him are known absolutely nothing”

George Grantham Bain wrote again to ask Sam when their photographer might take a portrait [MTP].

Ella C. Cauman (Mrs. Herman H. Cauman) wrote from Merrick, Long Island to thank Sam for his address on Sept. 23 at Jamestown about **Robert Fulton**. Cauman was Robert Fulton’s granddaughter [MTP].

Edwin W. Chubb wrote on Ohio Univ. notepaper to ask Sam if he might use “some short selection” from his autobiography in a book he was making, *Stories of British and American Authors* [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Mr. Clemens is not able to tell whether the Harpers would object or not / must refer you to them. Has no objection himself”

Anna M. DuBois wrote from S. Bend, Ind. to Sam. She related the story of her husband loaning *IA* to a German professor, who marked it up with all the “exaggerations and lies” he found, evidently having a complete absence of humor [MTP].

James E. Gallagher wrote to Sam asking if his views on Christian Science was in book form yet? He sent under separate cover an illustrated article, “A Day With Mark Twain” from the Chicago *Sunday Tribune* of June 29 [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Oct. 2, ‘07”

Harper & Brothers wrote to Sam, sending revised proof of “Extract from Captain Stormfield’s Visit to Heaven,” which they wanted back in a hurry to make the Christmas edition [MTP].

John H. Hawley for Assoc. Sunday Magazines telegraphed Lyon to ask if Clemens had ever used a Waterman fountain pen [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon replied, by telegram, “Mr Clemens has never used a Waterman pen”

Howells & Stokes wrote to bill Sam \$2,201.06 for **William Webb Sunderland** on the Redding house [MTP].

Roi Cooper Megrue for Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Miss Lyon to verify the go ahead to dramatize “Mrs. MacWilliams and the Thunder” [MTP].

C.B. Shepard wrote from Melrose Highlands, Mass. to ask Sam if he could lecture at the Melrose Highlands Congregational Church in Jan. or Feb. [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Oct. 2, ‘07”

Herbert C. Warren for the Chamber of Commerce, New Haven wrote to invite Sam to speak at their annual dinner sometime during Nov. [MTP].

September 30 after – Sam wrote on a **Sept. 30** letter from **Ashcroft to Lyon**, “Please never correct a misprint with a damned machine—leave it alone.” [MTP].

October – Possibly this month Sam wrote a poem to **Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.)** [MTP].

BUTTER WANTED

===

Any Kind:

New; Old;

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

Salted; Unsalted;
 Odorless; Fragrant;
Real preferred, but
 Oleomargarine not
 turned away.

Apply at the old stand,
 21 Fifth av.,
 at the
 Sign of the Butterfly.

===

O Anisodactylous was his name,
 And dactylous ~~was~~ his ~~nature~~ morals
 Holopothal his ~~moral~~ ~~daily~~ constant state
 And ~~given over to~~ Diversified by quarrels

CORRECTED FORM

O Anisodactylous was his name,
 And dactylous his morals,
 Holopothal his constant state,
 Diversified by quarrels.

To be continued by the Shah-in-Shah
 (*Anglice*, the Pal of Pals) at her convenience

P. S. I seem to be always asking favors of you—still I have to ask one more: Won't you please try Mr. Paine's Christian Scientist? He cured Paine's agonizing headaches permanently, after years of torture. He has helped some kind of ailment of Clara's, & has greatly modified Miss Lyon's chronic & dreadful headaches—not personally, but *through Paine*. He will do you no harm, Mariechen, if he does you no good. You may gain, & you can't lose. Will you try him? Say you will. Put aside prejudice—prejudice is nobody's sure friend.

P. P. S.

That same man restored John Howells to good & sound health when he had long been a wreck & just of museum of pestilent-maladies. John doesn't like this to be known, but he confesses the truth of it. / Monday, 10.50 a.m. ...[MTP].

Sam also inscribed in a copy of *Eve's Diary* to an **unidentified person**: "*Let us save the to-morrows for work. {Adam.} / Truly yours / Mark Twain / October 1907.*" [MTP].

Chapters from "My Autobiography—XXIII" ran in the <i>N.A.R.</i> p.161-73.

Paine writes about Sam's new friendship with **Martin Wiley Littleton** and billiards, which he and Littleton played often after their return from the Sept. 23 Jamestown celebration for Robert Fulton.

So it happened, somewhat later, when every one was back in town, Mr. and Mrs. Littleton frequently came over for billiards, and the games became three-handed with an audience—very pleasant games played in that way. Clemens sometimes set himself up as umpire, and became critic and gave advice, while Littleton and I played. He had a favorite shot that he frequently used himself and was always wanting us to try, which was to drive the ball to the cushion at the beginning of the shot. He played it with a good deal of success, and achieved unexpected results with it. He was even inspired to write a poem on the subject.

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

“CUSHION FIRST”

When all your days are dark with doubt,
 And dying hope is at its worst;
 When all life's balls are scattered wide,
 With not a shot in sight, to left or right,
 Don't give it up;
 Advance your cue and shut your eyes,
 And take the cushion first.

The Harry Thaw trial was in progress just then, and Littleton was Thaw's chief attorney. It was most interesting to hear from him direct the day's proceedings and his views of the situation and of Thaw [MTB 1406-7]. *Note:* Mrs. Littleton was **Maud W. Littleton**. The **Harry Thaw** trial was the “Trial of the Century.” See Aug. 15, 1905, Mar. 23 and Oct. 15, 1907.

October-December – Sometime during this period Sam wrote a short note to the **editor of the St. Louis Republic**: “May my namesake follow in my righteous footsteps, then neither of us will need any fire insurance” [MTB 1424]. *Note:* Sotheby's auction Apr. 3, 2008 Lot 29 sold this note and commented: “In 1907 a new boat was built for the St. Louis Harbor and christened ‘Mark Twain.’ The editor of a local paper wrote to Clemens and asked for a comment.”

Isabel Lyon's journal: Clemens told Isabel Lyon to make a note of the fact that “Harper paid Du Maurier 50,000 for the *Martian*” [Gribben 207]. *Note:* *The Martian* (1896) novel by **George Du Maurier** (1834-1896).

October 1 Tuesday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** Last night I stayed awake waiting for the King to come home, and full of anxiety until he did.

I am purged of anxieties, purged of discontents and I think it may be in part the exodus of Delia. Little Ashcroft came out and spent the night; as he arrived Father Fitzsimons arrived too and made arrangements with the King to talk before the villagers on the evening of the 22nd. They had some Scotch and the King told stories of his first meeting with the Prince of Wales and Gen. Grant, and we had a very cosy & gay time [MTP TS 110].

Katherine Gregory, maid, wrote to Miss Lyon about doings at 21 Fifth Ave. [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

October 2 Wednesday – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam on **Edward Anthony's Sept. 29**: “Mr. C[lemens asks me to] write for him and say that he has given all the cigar bands from his imported cigars to a little friend who asked for them; and he regrets that he has none” [MTP].

Sam also began a letter to **Dorothy Quick** that he finished on **Oct.3**.

It is a very good photograph, Dorothy dear, & I am very glad to have it. I wish I could have you here, too—I miss you all the time. Goodness! what makes you think I have forgotten you? Indeed I haven't, but I have been so busy lately that I haven't to my daughters, & they are scolding me. I hope to do better, now, & be good, for a while. It will attract attention. I like that.

I wish I *could* go & see you, dear, but I know you couldn't save me from the reporters—they would find me out in spite of all you could do to prevent it, you dear child. But I'll be back in New York just at the end of this month & then I hope you can come to us on Saturdays & stay over.

We can have very good times together.

Mr. Ashcroft is here to-day [MTAq 68].

In the afternoon Sam took a ride over the “bigger-pond road” around the lake. In the evening Sam, **Ashcroft, Lyon**, and possibly one of the servants played hearts (best with at least four players) [Oct. 3 to Quick].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: My joy is so much the heaviest part of me, & yet it makes me as lightsome as this the [*illegible word*] in my spirit, & in my flesh. It’s the great wash from the shores of the soul of the King, that cap over in little waves & come to the shores of my soul. Perhaps the shores of my soul would be quite barren, quite bleak & alone, but that they can sometimes catch the overlappings from the darling ones of the earth. We drove this afternoon. In 2 afternoons we have made 8 calls with never anyone at home. But the air was divine and the King cuddled down into his great coat, and buttoned it up under his chin, with the collar turned up under such an enchanting frill of white curling hair. Oh, terrible, terrible that his children cannot come under the spell of his glories, his subtleties, his sweetnesses. For this morning there was a cruel letter from Jean, damning me—finding fault with him—with him. Always he says that she is not to blame, it is the God who can create such natures, such maladies as hers, and in the creating, run them into a mould as inflexible as bronze. But later we got ready to go dine with Mr. [Charles E.] Sampson and Miss Sampson (they are so lovely). I went down to the King’s room to find that he had put on his heavy white canvas shoes, and that he had folded his necktie over in his own way and struck a pin in it. It’s lovely to see it that way ordinarily, and when I offered to change it for him, and gave him his white slippers to put on and he underwent the changes; he sighed gently and said, he thought it *was* better [MTP TS 110-111].

John J. Craven wrote a fan letter to Sam, requesting “just a line or two to acknowledge this letter” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Oct. 8, ‘07”

Harry Windsor Dearborn for Robert Fulton Monument wrote to invite Sam to a meeting of the Robert Fulton Monument Assoc. [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Tell him I never attend Committee meetings”

Frances Nunnally wrote to Sam, thanking him for their visit on **Sept. 28**; they had lots of fun playing hearts with him. Frances and her mother reached Baltimore the day before and she entered St. Timothy’s [MTP].

On this day or **Oct. 9 Joe Twichell** wrote to Sam.

Read (if you haven’t) the extracts from Omar Khayyam on the first page of this morning’s Courant. I think we’ll have to get the book. I never came across anything that uttered certain thoughts of mine so adequately. And it’s only a translation. Read it, and we’ll talk it over. There is something in it very like the passage of Emerson you read me last night, in fact identical with it in thought.

Surely this Omar was a great poet. Anyhow he has given me an immense revelation this morning. Hoping that you are better / J.H.T. [MTP].

George F. Walker wrote from Naugatuck, Conn. to thank Sam and Lyon for their “favor of Sept. 30” [MTP].

October 3 Thursday – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam finished his **Oct. 2** to **Dorothy Quick**.



Last night we played “hearts”—a very good game, I think, because it is simple, & doesn’t require any mental labor. I wish we had thought of it when you were here. But next time we’ll play it. It is more interesting than those other games.

You should see our cat. It is half grown, & is gay & wise & courteous, & very handsome. It has a tail at one end, & two sets of legs, one at the bow & the other at the ster, & is just as astonishing in other ways.

This cat is trying to look like Miss Lyon,
but I think it does not succeed very
well—& won't, until it has had more
practice.

It sits up like this. Always on the same end. Everybody admires it & thinks it is full of talent.

We drove over the Nigger-pond road & all around the lake, yesterday afternoon—remember that road? It is very beautiful, now. We'll make a longer drive today; I wish you were here to go with us.

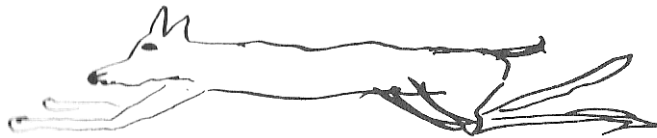
Evening

==

Your letter & the pictures have come, dear. The one where you are standing by my chair is the very *very* best one of you I have ever seen, & you are next best in the one where I am a nice old whiteheaded nigger.

That little cat caught a bird to-day & brought it in, & it got away & flew out of the window.

There is a heavenly dog here, but he is not ours; he came down the hill on a visit, & will have to be sent back. He is the long kind.



With love &
Lots of kisses — SLC
[MTAq 68-9].

H.H. Rogers in New Bedford, Mass. sent a telegram to Sam: “DELIGHTED TO HAVE YOU COME TO FAIR HAVEN YACHT LEAVING ON FRIDAY COMMUNICATE WITH 26 BROADWAY REGARDING HOUR” [MTHHR 639].

Sam replied to **H.H. Rogers’** telegram, probably also with one of his own: “VERY MUCH DISAPPOINTED CANNOT GO. VISITORS CLARA EXPECTED HERE SATURDAY, OR COULD I SAY CLARA EXPECTED SATURDAY. I EXPECT HER SATURDAY AS MUCH AS ANY TIME” [MTHHR 641n1].

Walter G. Holmes for Matilda Ziegler Magazine for the Blind, NYC wrote to Sam enclosing the winner of a “best bit of humor” prize for the blind reader. It is not in the file [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Oct. 8, ‘07”

William Dean Howells wrote to Sam.

I saw Harvey yesterday, and he said you were wondering the last time he met you why you never heard from me: so here goes. I would like to come see you, for I understand you are now an elderly man, while I still feel my green oats. But you are in Tuxedo, and I cannot go there, for I have only a day or two before returning to Kittery Point.

Howells related a “busy summer,” and of revising *Venetian Life*. He wrote of seeing Francis Millet “at the Club last night and he said he had lately been visiting the people who have your old Hartford house. What memories his say conjured up! I pass it along to you, for I think it does you good to suffer. If not, Litt. D., Oxon., cure thyself” [MTHL 2: 825-6].

Rhea Monfort wrote from Chambersburg, Pa. to invite Sam to be speaker of the day at the Founders Day for **Wilson College** [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Oct. 3, ‘07”

J.H. McKeen wrote from Moline, Ill. to ask Sam for a joke to be used at a charity event for an orphanage [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Oct. 8, ‘07”

Maria L. Souther wrote to ask Sam to lecture for the **Jamaica Plain Tuesday Club**, early in Apr. [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Oct. 8, ‘07”

David P. Steele wrote inviting Sam to join the newly formed **Bumpkin Club**: “Its sole object is to be recreation and pleasure, to drive the cobwebs from the brain wearied by business cares....Please reply immediately and I will call at your convenience and give you further particulars, or if you can have sufficient confidence in me, mail to me your check for Five dollars and leve it to me to give you value received. When I choose to close the list of membership no one can get in for love or money, as a full fledged member” [MTHHR 641n3]. *Note:* Oct. 4 to HHR.

Sam’s **A.D.** of this day untitled related the 1867 story of selling Gen. **Nelson A. Miles** a dog that Sam didn’t own, “the three-dollar dog”; the piece was selected for *MTE* [351-8]. *Note:* Sam also told this tale on Mar. 5, 1908 at the Princess Hotel, Bermuda for a hospital benefit.

October 3 or 10 Saturday – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam wrote to **Frederick A. Duneka** that proofs for *A Horse’s Tale* be sent to Tuxedo Park before Oct. 17 or to 21 Fifth Ave. after Nov. 3 would get his “immediate attention.” He wanted to “sit in judgment” on the illustrations before they were accepted. Sam confessed that “the heroine is my small daughter Susy, whom we lost” [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote the 17,530-word story after Sept. 1905 from a suggestion of **Minnie Maddern Fiske**. *Harper’s Magazine* published the tale in two installments, Aug.-Sept. 1906 using illustrations by **Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock**. These and other illustrations were used in Harper’s 153-page book later in the month [MTP].

October 4 Friday – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam wrote a great spoof to **William Dean Howells**, and sent the same note to daughter **Jean** (perhaps the first part of the letter is lost).

P. S.

Jean dear it is an outrage the way the govment is acting so I am sending following complaint to N. Y. Times with Howels name signed because it will have more weight:

To the Editor

Sir to you, I would like to know what kind of a goddam govment this is that discriminates between two common carriers & makes a goddam railroad charge every body equal & lets a goddam man charge any goddam price he wants to for his goddam operabox / W D Howels [MTP; *MTHL* 2: 827]. *Note:* source explains that Sam “never ceased to have fun in imagining Howells acting or talking like Pap Finn” [n1].

Sam also replied to the Oct. 2 of **Frances Nunnally**, who had traveled to her school, St. Timothy’s, in Cantonsville, Md..

Thank you very much, for letting me know you arrived safely, dear Francesca. It was hard for us to let you & your mother go; however it wouldn’t have been any easier if the visit had been many times longer than it was.

I hope Governor Warfield really has a daughter that’s coming out. I don’t know. But he *said* he had. I hope so; & that it will happen in November, & not in the holidays, so that I can see you. If you please, dear, give my kindest regards to your mother, & thank her again for the visit / With love/ SLC/ Ashcroft came, & we played the game. When it was through he was about bankrupt, & Miss Lyon owed 94 buttons [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **H.H. Rogers**.

Didn’t Mary promise to write me a line (before Oct. 3) & tell me if the yacht would be sailing to-day or tomorrow?—so that I wouldn’t be making obstructing engagements. Yes, I think she did, if I didn’t dream it.

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

I'd have postponed Clara, which would have been just as well, for I think she has postponed herself. She was due here hours ago & isn't here yet, & hasn't telegraphed.

Will you please examine the enclosed & correct the spelling & then mail it to the N. Y. Times. I believe it will help Howells with worldly people.

Now as to this Bumpkin Club. If you will draw the check to my order & send it here, I will endorse it over to Mr. Steck & see that he gets it. I will see to it personally. Please send it right away, because as you can see by his letter that you cannot get in after he closes the list, at any price at all, & he is liable to close it any minute. He evidently has great power in the Club. Would you like to be an officer? I believe I can fix it for you for \$3. Send the money right now, or it may be too late. Harry has been accepted; I proposed him. I should wish to have the money soon. Could you speak to Winsor about this—and Broughton & Benjamin? I will get them in if I can. Let them send the money now. Would the like to be officers, think? \$9. / Love to all./ SLC

P. S. Hurry!

P. P. S. He will call on you, if you wish further particulars. But hurry! [MTHHR 640].

Note: Sam's plans to visit Fairhaven had been changed due to **Clara's** expected visit. The enclosed was undoubtedly the spoof sent to the *Times* by "Howels" (see Oct. 4) and shared with **Howells** and **Jean**. **The Bumpkin Club** had been proposed by David P. Steele, in a letter dated **Oct. 2**. Sam clearly enjoyed spoofing it to Rogers for comedic effect. See Oct. 2 from Steele.

Katharine B. Clemens wrote from NYC to invite Sam to meet her and their mutual cousin **James Brent Clemens**, at Delmonico's on Oct. 9 or 11. She would only be in town for ten days and then return to St. Louis [MTP]. *Note:* James Brent Clemens' lineage was not found.

Myron H. Phelps wrote to enlist Sam in the cause of exposing the "disgraceful exploitation" by the British in India, and also in the cause of allowing Indians to study in America.

I address you, Mr. Clemens, as the man who can probably do more for this cause than any other in the United States, and perhaps in the world; whose trenchant pen can uncover those living lies and compel to its revelations the attention of the world, can make Englishmen blush for the things which have been done in their name, and perhaps set right, under the lash of the world's scorn, if need be, the shameful wrongs which have been thus inflicted upon a gentle and long-suffering race... [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote for Sam on the letter: "Tell him I tried to awake our people in behalf of the black folks that Leopold has been robbing and butchering for 15 years & thoroughly satisfied myself that it is quite impossible to interest the average human being with suffering that is beyond his sight & immediate touch. We know a valuable thing when we see it & this is precious beyond the dreams of avarice"

October 5 Saturday – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to the Oct. 4 from **Katharine B. Clemens (Mrs. James Ross Clemens)**, now in N.Y.C. Yes, Sam had rec'd the photographs of Katharine's "two charming little children"; Lyon had written her thanks, and they'd waited for them until the last train "on that Saturday."

Then he wishes me to say now, that he will be ever so glad to lunch with you next Wednesday the 9th, at Delmonico's and meet Mr. Brent Clemens. Half past one will suit him very well, & give him plenty of time to catch the 3:53 train back to Tuxedo, as that is the train he must take.

The daughters are neither of them in New York, or near it. Clara is in Boston studying, & Jean is in her sanitarium, & cannot make trips away from it [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **George B. Harvey**.

Dear Uncle George: / The Pilgrim invitation has come, & as the matter started with you originally, etiquette requires that I reply to it to you, its source. I have thought it all over, &—I am 72. I would rather speak at this

dinner than at any other, because it is given to a distinguished Englishman & naturally I am drawn toward our cousins, these days, with renewed warmth, because of the honors & generosities heaped upon me lately by Oxford & by the English people of all grades, but—I am 72. I attended no banquets last year. That was a restful & blessed year! I will duplicate it this season; & will begin by declining the only invitation I shall decline at cost of regret [Sotheby's auction, June 19, 2003, Lot 119, p.101].

Note the Pilgrims, U.S. chapter had sent an invitation to a dinner on Oct. 15 honoring **Rev. Winnington-Ingram, lord bishop of London**, who had arrived in America to present the King's Bible to Bruton Church of Williamsburg, Virginia, the oldest Anglican in continuous use in the U.S. [Fatout, *MT Speaking* 590]. Sam did not attend the Oct. 15 dinner, although he wrote a speech for the event; he may have sent a letter, possibly this one, in it's place. The speech contained a great deal of controversial criticism of American culture, and if it had been sent, the press would have had a field day. See source, p. 590-595 for the text of the MS, "Bishop Speech," which is in the MTP.

John Hendersen Miller wrote from Kansas City, Mo. to Sam, enclosing a review of his book, which he felt Sam would enjoy, being also from Missouri [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

October 6 Sunday – Isabel Lyon's journal: This afternoon when the Masons were here for tea and the subject of Geography came up, the King said that he had no sense of it himself, and that when they were living in the Villa Viviani, Oscar Wilde's little wife went out to call and to ask the best way to get back to England, the King said he gave her instructions which if she had followed would have landed her in China. Chat seemed to drivel along until the King said to Mrs. Mason who is a Christian Scientist and who has been planning a debate with the King—"Well, Mrs. Mason, when are we going to have our quarrel?" I think that Mrs. Mason felt she had launched herself into a very big subject with a very competent opponent, for she asked him what his objection to C.S. as a religion is. He told her that he had no more objection to that than to any other religion invented by man, or a God invented by man that could lay any claim for the respect of thinking people. But people don't think anyway. They only feel. Then Mrs. Mason tried to bring in the stock phrases of "affirmation" or "negation" as part of C.S. but that didn't trouble the King any either, and when she finally made the great C.S.'s statement winding up "God is good"—then the King really talked and asked her to prove that God is good. He pointed out how God isn't good in a single instance and those two Masons sat amazed and enchanted and horrified. He said things the like of which they had never imagined a person could say. Such an attitude of mind was a revelation that could only be wrought by a magician greater than God. I have been wondering if it made any impression upon those people; but most likely not. They went away admiring him and thinking of him more than ever, and I told the King that there wasn't another human being in the world who could say such things and remain entirely beloved, and the King said, yes, he had said those dreadful things about her God, and right in her God's presence too.

Then we went back to Hearts [MTP TS 111-112].

Dorothy Butes wrote to Sam.

Dear Mr Clemens. / I was so glad to get your lovely long letter, and the snapshot of yourself. I think the Kodak is splendid of you. I keep it on my writing-desk, and look at you lots of times during the day. Somehow, it reminds me of the day you told me that funny story of the solitary aseophegus (I couldn't find it in the dictionary, so I hope you won't mind the spelling!) hovering in the azure sky"! That was one of the best things I ever heard. My Kodak is being repaired just now, but as soon as it comes home I will send you a snapshot of myself.

We are going to Paris a week from to-day. I am looking forward to it very much indeed. We shall be there for four or five weeks. I am going to take French lessons every day while we are there, and play "*Diabolo*"! London is becoming quite wild over it, now, and Paris has "been gone" on it for some time! [MTP]. *Note:* Dorothy told also of school impressions, visits in England, of having her teeth straightened, and wrote praising C.S.

Eugenia Schumann wrote from Sanna, Sweden to Sam remembering the pleasure of his stay in Sanna, and sending sympathies about Livy's passing; Kellgren would be 70 on Nov. 24, and he had not been fully acknowledged by science for his contributions [MTP].

October 7 Monday – **Isabel Lyon** wrote to **Dorothy Quick** [MTAq 75-6].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Ashcroft went at 8:15 and I went to N.Y. to see about getting the house in order for C.C." [MTP TS 113].

Howells & Stokes wrote to Miss Lyon requesting a new check be drawn in the name of **William Webb Sunderland** since both Howells and Stokes were out of town [MTP].

Charles J. Langdon wrote a short note, enclosing draft for \$44.33 on the Buffalo property [MTP].

Cora W. Nunnally wrote from Atlanta, Ga., an appreciative letter to Sam for their visit and how Frances had been helped by his friendship [MTP].

Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.) wrote to Sam.

Father Rogers has asked me to return your scurrilous literature, and to say, that as for him, he will have nothing to do with persons who indulge in anonymous postcards, however he might feel himself in sympathy with their sentiments.

He hopes that having enjoyed yourself, by taking away your own character, so openly you are ready to suffer the penalty, with meekness, which the law inflicts on those who are caught sending opprobrious remarks through the mail....Father Rogers says the aforementioned "penalty" is waiting for you down here and he wants you to come and get it" [MTHHR 643n2]. *Note: On or after Oct. 7* Sam replied:

Read this & grit your teeth, Mariechen dear. Yesterday you were sending me that cunning post-card picture of a brother of mine, with the unrighteous purpose of "taking me down a peg"—as you slangers phrase it—and this morning comes this nice buttery card from a just & judicious shipmatess, & antidotally sets my self-complacency up again, a whole peg higher than it was before! Grit your teeth & try again—maybe you'll score next time. Henry will sail at 10 tomorrow, & I am tied up & out of luck. / With love [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

October 8 Tuesday – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam wrote to daughter **Jean** in Katonah, N.Y.

Jean dear, I hear that Dr. [Frederick] Peterson is exceedingly well pleased with your year's progress, & certainly I am. It is a wonderful advance. How fortunate it was that fortune put you into his hands. He expects this improvement to go right along.

I am taking walks, now. For exercise. I make them through the woods—half an hour each way. I took one about 12 days ago & another one day before yesterday. This is just the time for walking; for the forests are beginning to blush, the air is bracing & fine, & the sunshine is dazzling. I begin to feel the benefit of the exercise already; I sleep better than I did before, & my appetite is improved. Also I have gained 4 pounds, my step has gained in springiness, & my breast-measure has added 3 inches; I can jump nearly 3 feet further than I could before, & my hair is not as long as it was. My cough is entirely gone, & I can stand on my head without effort. Formerly I had to be very careful about my diet, but I can eat anything, now—when people are looking I eat rocks. Everybody is astonished, I am the surprise of the whole region. And, so, of course, *everybody* has gone to exercising. (With bad results, for they overdo it.) / Heaps of love & kisses, dearest Jean, / Father [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **H.H. Rogers**.

I'm coming up next Friday per New Bedford boat or Kanawha—or maybe Saturday or Sunday per Kanawha. I can't tell which till I found out dates & terms. Will you telegraph me when you get this?

Oh, well, there's different kinds of postcards, they're not all alike the one you sent, thanks be! Mary wrote that one, I recognized her hand through the disguise, without any trouble. Another thing: you told her to return my scurrilous literature, along with your indignation. Very well, she sent the indignation, but kept the literature for her scrap-book. I knew she would admire it. I will ask you to give her my love, & thereto my thanks for her appreciation of that literature. And it *is* good, you know. Mighty good.

Do you know, wonderful are the ways of Providence. I mean, in suggesting the path of His own. For the enclosed postcard came yesterday, to soothe the sorrows to be caused by the one that comes from you to-day, & to soothe some that arrived day before yesterday—which was like this:

Some ladies called, & told an anecdote, all upside down & *wrong*—oh, altogether incorrect—& said it was drifting around Tuxedo & being believed—thus:

That a lady called me on the telephone & said:

“Will you come & dine with us to-night?”

“Oh, I am unspeakably sorry, but I have an imperative engagement.”

“It's too bad. Can you come tomorrow night?”

“I do *wish* I could, but I have to be in New York.”

“Well, then, make it Thursday.”

After a reflective pause:

“Oh hell, I'll come to-night!”

It is all wrong, I give you my word. It didn't happen in Tuxedo at all: it was New York. And more than a year ago, at that. And it wasn't a lady, it was a man. A man whom I detest. / Yrs Ever [MTHHR 641-2]. *Note:* the “scurrilous literature” (Mary Rogers' phrase) was Sam's spoof “Howels” note to the Times of Oct. 4.

Isabel Lyon's journal: The King has what he calls a “body cold”, he says “the whole edifice is dull and heavy.” He came down for luncheon a somewhat unusual thing for him, and ate quite heartily of eggs with a truffle sauce, and creamed chicken with bits of carrot and peppers in it, but he wouldn't eat fruit—sliced; he wouldn't eat it “untamed” even, as he didn't need it [MTP TS 113].

Jessie B. Conklin wrote for the **Huntington, L.I. Colonial Society**. to invite Sam to lecture [MTP].

N.D. Phillips of the Tuxedo Park Fire Dept. wrote to send Sam five tickets for their 7th Annual Ball, date not specified [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Oct. 8”

October 9 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon's journal: “King and I went to N.Y. on the 8:15. He dined with Mr. Jim Clemens and Mr. Brent Clemens at Delmonicoes” [MTP TS 113].

John J. Craven wrote from Phila. to thank Sam for Lyon's letter of Oct. 8 with signed photo [MTP].

October 10 Thursday – Isabel Lyon's journal: Headache. / Mr. and Mrs. Deacon, Father Fitz [William Fitz-Simon], Mr. and Miss Sampson dined here and all day I was so ill, but I wouldn't give in. I saw Mr. Willing who has charge of the syndicating of the autobiography; Mr. Ashcroft arrived at 3 o'clock; I secured a notary public to come out with the Plasheon lawyers who came at 5:30. I superintended the decorating of the dinner table. I gave the King all of my presence that he required, I played Hearts for an hour, just as I was going up to lie down for that hour. I never slipped a cog all day long, with that supreme pain in my head and careening down my spine. But at dinner I did think I could and would gladly perish. Mr. Deacon on my right was so blatant and prosy and terrible. He won't give the King a chance to talk, but will interrupt and try to give the conversation the course that *he* wants it to take, and oh, he is dreadful [MTP TS 113-114]. *Note:* **Miss Gertrude Sampson**.

George Grantham Bain wrote to Lyon enclosing something he requested be re-addressed to Dorothy (Quick?) [MTP].

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

Alice Minnie Herts for the Educational Alliance wrote to Lyon asking when she might receive Sam's list for invitations [MTP].

Sidney Lee wrote to introduce to Sam two friends visiting the US: **Mr. & Mrs. Cobden Sanderson**, whom he said Sam was familiar with [MTP].

In Sam's **A.D.** Sam's **A.D.** of this day titled "Platform Readings" recalled seeing **Charles Dickens** read and meeting Livy; compared lecturing and reading; his use of the pause in recitation; the piece was selected for *MTE* [213-28]. Sam also mentioned the high lecture price of abolitionist, **Wendell Phillips** (1811-1884) [Gribben 544].

October 11 Friday – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam replied to the **Oct. 7** from **Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.)**.

Mariechen dear, Flower of Nieces, it was my purpose to thank you for your letter in person, bu the court had a more different story about it, & it forbade Fairhaven, & furnished me a couple of days' testifying to do.

Ah, you ought to see the baby! I have seen the baby. It is beautiful, but not so beautiful as the mother. It looks wonderfully young, but that is a Kane specialty, they all look that way. I did not get its good opinion, but I think that was my own fault. It overheard me say it looked like Bryan. I meant it as a compliment, but I would have chosen some one else if I had known it was prejudiced. I am always doing the unfortunate thing, & always meaning the opposite. The child did not say anything, but I know by its expression that the next time I call I shall not get in. Yet I give you my word of honor, I wouldn't have wounded it for anything in the world. I want to write it a letter, if you think that would do any good.

I walked every step of the way out there & back, except that a lady carried me up the hill in her brougham & left me at the door. I mean to take a walk every year—it does me good. Down in the road, coming away, I met Grandmother Kane, looking as girlish & handsome as ever, & with her was another girl, her daughter.

You will find your sloping lawn satisfactorily green & comely, when you arrive; & there's a fine crop of tall yellow flowers down by the water—crocuses, I reckon.

I don't know what the penalty is that's hanging over me, but I know the anfractuositities of the Admiral's temper well enough to know that he will forget all about it before he gets a chance to inflict it. Come along home, please. To my most affectionate niece—

These, from her most affectionate / Uncle Mark

P. S., 5 p. m. Telephone from Mrs. Broughton, Great Neck:

"The yacht left for Fairhaven to-day to bring all the family home on Sunday."

Including you & your triplets, I hope. Instead of burning this I will allow myself the privilege of mailing it to your home here as a Welcome [MTP].

Note: the testifying may have been in **Ralph W. Ashcroft's** lawsuit against **John Hays Hammond**, who had sent a telegram about the **American Plasmon Co.** to Sam with words Ashcroft deemed libelous: "I strongly oppose turning over the company to Ashcroft's Board of Directors. He had been identified with the administration of Cook & Wright and is incompetent, or worse" [NY *Times*, Oct. 16, 1907, p.7, "John Hays Hammond Sued"].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "I've been telephoning to a Miss Eualabee Dix, who has written to ask if the King would lunch with the Countess of Warwick and it is arranged for tomorrow" [MTP TS 114].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "I told him [Clemens] that I had picked up a little clipping in the hall & it voices—in part—his own feelings [about Roosevelt]. I'll copy it for he wants it again. Henry Watterson wrote it" [Gribben 749].

George G. Ball for the Harvard Union wrote to invite Sam to address a student gathering on Nov. 5 at 8 p.m. [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd”

Cara L. Broughton sent a telegram from Great Neck, N.Y.: “The Yacht left for Fairhaven today to bring all the family home on Sunday” [MTHHR 642n1].

George M. Payne, news editor of *The Washington Times* wrote to invite Sam to lecture to “A small group of Washington newspaper men” [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

October 12 Saturday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Sam inscribed a copy of *JA* to **Frances E. Greville**: “*To / The Countess of Warwick / with the warm regards of / her latest & most / devoted admirer / Mark Twain / Tuxedo Park, N.Y. / October 12, 1907.*” [MTP]. *Note:* see IVL below.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: (Clipping here) / Miss Dix of 57 West 57 St. will entertain the Countess of Warwick and S.L. Clemens today at luncheon at Delmonicoes. / (June 1937—nearly 30 years later, and I am giving the clipping to Eulabee Dix) [MTP TS 114].

J. Pease Norton for the American Health League wrote to invite Sam to serve in the “Authors’ League of the Committee of One Hundred.” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “In declining to serve my answer is that I am 72 old & have a sufficiency of compulsory activities without adding to them”

Lewis Elmer Trescott (Poet Lariat) wrote from Glenwood, L.I. to advise Sam, that the “poet lariatship which you conferred upon Mr. Cutter, has been perpetuated and that I am his successor.” Several poems were enclosed [MTP]. *Note:* Trescott’s photo is on several poems; he’s a young man of about 25-30.

In Sam’s **A.D.** he recalled **Charles Dickens** reading *David Copperfield*. Dickens “did not merely read, but also acted. His reading of that storm scene in which Steerforth lost his life was so vivid, and so full of energetic action, that the house was carried off its feet, so to speak” [Gribben 188]. *Note:* MTP lists this A.D. date as “conjectural.”

October 13 Sunday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: All day except when we went to Mrs. Hoyt’s for luncheon we have been playing Hearts and using Coffee beans for counters. Ashcroft makes a pleasant, bright, considerate and properly appreciative third hand. The King won everything, with occasional streaks of very bad luck, and on one occasion when he picked up a bad hand he said, “This would be a hell of a hand even in the Kingdom of Heaven.” He is so sweet and winsome to play with, and shouts with delight when I pile Hearts upon Mr. Ashcroft who makes such a good butt for our villainies [MTP TS 114-115].

J.B. Houghton wrote from Shoals, Ind. to urge Sam to print the entire *Autobiography* [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote for Sam on the letter, “Tell him there’s too much of it to print. There’s 6 or 7 times as much as appeared in the *North American Review*”; Houghton would have to wait 100 years.

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP. *Note:* MTP lists this A.D. date as “conjectural.”

October 14 Monday – Isabel Lyon’s journal:

I’m dumb with my pen when it comes to trying to write of the King. But this afternoon we were talking—he was talking about religions, and “first causes” and he said that he was not built so that a religion could be of any use to him; he got away from the husk of it ages ago but no one could say how much he may be influenced by the religions of those who are around him. He is not conscious of it, and it would seem as if the

line of conduct were due to his own development (and so it is, let him say what he may) but it is all due to the influences about him. (It is he who is the influence.)

Just then Father Fitzsimon and Mrs. Price of Sterlington came in and we had a very jolly time. The Prices took Lawrence [*sic* Laurence] Hutton's house in Princeton after Mr. Hutton died and they did enjoy it so much. In the library hung the framed letter and envelope that Mr. Hutton received from the King once when he was in Venice and the King had inscribed it "Keep till the cuss comes." We talked about our collecting instincts and the King said that he is collecting school girls, and Mrs. Price is collecting little Prices. Mrs. Price told such a cunning little story about her little girl of 6 who is just learning the notes on the piano. Mrs. Price told her that when she is old enough she will be able to read music. After a little the child say "Where is the T on the piano, mamma?" "There isn't any T, dear." "But there will have to be for I've found the C and the A, and if I'm going to read how can I spell cat on the piano without a T. When the King and I went to dinner, I explained with delight over the centre piece of flowers that Claude had provided—but on one of the delicate sprouts I discovered a biggish spider. With a shudder I showed him to the King who said "God made him, and will see that he suffers". Just then Claude snipped off the sprout and the spider and dropped it into the open fire. We heard him sizzle and pop, and the King smiled, oh he smiled rarely [MTP TS 115-116].

Alice E. Bartlett for Detroit Women's Press Club wrote to ask Sam for an autographed book for their sale in order to erect a new club house [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Sent Eve's Diary"

Charles R. Lamb for the Municipal Art Society (NY) wrote an invitation for Lyon [MTP].

Elvelena W. Morford wrote on Baldwin School, Bryn Mawr, Pa. notepaper to thank Sam for his visit to the Jamestown Fulton Day and for a welcome home telegram sent by Sam/Ashcroft to Miss Howard [MTP].

Mrs. Charles T. Parsloe, widow wrote from NY Sam to reconfirm her authorization to use and modify the play *Ah Sin*, as per a letter from Clemens she still had. Since her son had died of a heart attack, and was her only means of support, she hoped the play might bring her income [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter for Sam:

You will see by the letter written & what Mr. Clemens's position is, that he is glad you have an opportunity to make the trial, but Mr. Clemens says merely protect yourself & him & Bret Harte by inserting that line in the advertisements. That if this play can be rewritten by a competent person, it ought to make a success in these days when every one's doubtful eyes are on China & Japan. That when the piece was put on the stage originally in NY the miners in it were so unnecessarily coarse & vulgar that they were revolting. The miners that were in these characters were drawn from were not dressed for the part, but at the same time they were not brutes, yet nevertheless...*Ah Sin* was so good that it would have made that play succeed so handsomely if all the critics had not been after Bret Harte. They had waiting a long time for their chance to square with him. He had said you can buy any critic for cash, & he wasn't going to do any buying. My comment is, which was thoughtful & judicious on his part, since he hadn't a cent to buy anything or anybody with....

An **unidentified person** wrote from Washington, D.C. to Sam. (Only a large, brown envelope survives with a pasted return address: Manager, LONGEVITY / 242 North Capitol Street / Washington, D.C.) This likely contained a copy of the modified *Ah Sin* play which Mrs. Parsloe was directing [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote a long reply on the envelope:

Ought to have put up with the rest of the piece which was bad. He was always busy & people would interrupt him & he'd say "you go hella." I might dictate a blast about Bret H. & put this in about the play in such a way that if she can get this play on the board that this might be worth something. When B.H. brought out this play with *Ah Sin* it it was then that he brought out the indiscreet remark—which was partly true. ... Cost Mr. Clemens 3000 to put play on state. He died owing Mr. Clemens 3000 [MTP] *Note:* Lyon wrote more but in a seeming rush—much is illegible or difficult to make sense of.

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP. *Note:* MTP lists this A.D. date as “conjectural.”

October 15 Tuesday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Theodore A. Bingham**.

Dear Bingham: / Here is a far-wandering breath from over the fields of Long Ago. Ten days ago we found this letter among relics & mementoes of Susy & her Mother. It is from Susy to her Mother. It was an eager message out of a beating heart then; it is compliment, affection & gratitude uttered from the grave, now.

Yours sincerely

S. L. Clemens

[*note by IVL on transcript:* “Phelps always teased & distressed Susy & Clara before company, & they dreaded his sarcastic attentions”; MTP]. *Note:* see Bingham’s reply of Oct. 24.

Fatout lists a reading at an unidentified function in Tuxedo Park for this day [MT *Speaking* 678]. *Note:* Sam did spin a few of his standard yarns on Oct. 22. See IVL entry.

The **Pilgrim Dinner** for Rev. **Winnington-Ingram**, lord bishop of London was held this evening, but Sam had declined to attend, though he wrote a speech for the event (see Fatout 590-5), which criticized the US political system and **President Roosevelt**, whom he called “President of the Republican party,” and not the US; that all patriotism was lodge in the Republican party, and “All others are traitors; though Americans might mock royalties, they loved to look at pictures of them and even envied them: “An American girl would rather marry a title than an angel.” Sam compared the slaughter of railroad and automobile deaths in America with a relative few in England, and pointed to the **Thaw trial** as scandal that Americans decried yet couldn’t take their eyes from. He criticized everything in America from their International Yacht races to potholes in their highways. He closed on a positive note hoping that the Lord Bishop would be treated as well by America as he had been in England for the Oxford degree and honors [Note: this speech probably was written shortly after Sam wrote Harvey on Oct. 5 that the invite had arrived, and no later than a few days before the event on Oct. 15; just why Sam did not deliver the speech may be speculated upon; he may have felt the time wasn’t right for another dollop of controversy].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: We drove up to the Douglasses this afternoon. Mr. D. is an ex-clergyman. The King looked him over and said he was a clergyman for revenue only. “He stood the chief mate’s watch in Grace Church; he looked the flock over and picked out the government bonds,” and it proclaims itself at every turn. The house is splendid, and beautifully planned, but Mrs. Douglas is long and lank and lean and purely of the spinster type. Not one attraction about her.

I was to go into town today to help C.C. buy a concert gown—but the kitchen range is broken—the floor wet and Katie Laundress has a cold, and so it has been deferred to the end of the week. I was just on my way down stairs last evening to tell the King that the trip was off, and he said “and I was just on my way to call up to you that I’d go in with you and go down to Broughton’s office to see about Utah. (stocks are very, very low just now). The King cannot bear to stay alone in this house or any house. If I stay away the night he cannot eat, for it is solitude, and he says that he will not try to ever again. He will stay in bed and take a glass of milk [MTP TS 116-117].

Edwin P. Parker wrote to Sam [MTP]. *Note:* letter could not be located at the MTP.

Frances A. Ramsay wrote asking Sam for a letter of recommendation as a stenographer [MTP]. *Note:* Sam answered on Oct. 17.

Robert C. Richardson, Jr. for West Point sent tickets to “various football games to be played at West Point”; also a schedule for 9 home games for 1907 [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote for Sam on the letter, “I should thank him very much”

A.E. Sunderhauf wrote from NYC to Sam, representing Mrs. Parsloe (see above) for the play *Ah Sin*, to be renamed “Where the Trail Divides”—did her authorization include the use of Twain’s name? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “In the case of Mrs Parsloe they must use the line [“]revised & reconstructed by consent of Mark Twain from a play written by Bret Harte & Mark Twain, called Ah Sin.[”] / This is necessary both on Mrs. P’s acct & mine. This states the fact & could be taken hold of by the critics & damage done to the interests of the play. It would not be fair to leave Bret Harte’s name out because he constructed the scenario mainly. He furnished the main character, & he wrote fully half the play. therefore the bulk of the play is Bret Harte’s, not Mr. Clemens”

October 16 Wednesday – The New York *Times*, Oct. 17, p.18, ran an article about humor in **Ashcroft v. Hammond** libel case, and a deposition of Sam’s read in court this day:

SWORN JEST BY MARK TWAIN.

Humorist Says He First Met John Hays Hammond in Jail—Ashcroft’s Suit.

A touch of humor enlivened the otherwise prosaic deposition of Mark Twain, which was read to the jury yesterday afternoon in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, where the suit of Ralph W. Ashcroft against John Hays Hammond for \$25,000 libel damages is being heard.

The humorist explained that the first occasion upon which he met the defendant the latter was in jail. Mr. Clemens referred to the time when Hammond was a military prisoner in Pretoria under sentence of death for participating in the Jameson raid. The sentence was afterward commuted to a ransom of \$125,000. The ground for the suit lies in a certain telegram sent to the author by the defendant Sept. 15, 1894, at which time both Mr. Clemens and Hammond were stockholders in the Plasmon Manufacturing Company, of which the plaintiff was manager. The telegram criticised Ashcroft as “incompetent, if not worse.” Mr. Clemens admitted that the telegram had been sent.

Several letters written by Hammond belittling the plaintiff were also read. The case will be continued to-day.

Frank N. Doubleday for Doubleday, Page & Co. wrote to Sam.

This is a paragraph from a letter just received from Dr. Hart, Controller of the University Press, Oxford, England:

“We were all very much interested in Dr. Clemens. In saying good bye to him, I told him to observe that we had not asked him to be funny, or make any speech, or to do anything but enjoy himself in a quiet way. If you meet him again you can tell him that as to the protection of the copyright of the Bible, it has practically no copyright protection but an extraordinary sentiment in the public mind which prevails as much in America as in England; that it has to be accurate, absolutely accurate, and accurate every time, and that although there is a license to the Privileged Printers, in my opinion that license would not hold the copyright for a day if it were not for the confidence felt by the public that the three Privileged Presses print correctly, and Oxford Press most correctly of all. In addition, I believe I am correct in saying that, while the Privileged Printers of the Bible in England chiefly, but in Scotland also, hold their own nominally because of that privilege, but actually because of accuracy, no difficulty is ever made if the Bible is printed in polyglot or diglot, or with the notes and annotations, or in any way which makes it, or attempts to make it, simpler or more acceptable to the public.”

I know you are interested in this, so I pass it along.

Mrs. Doubleday and I plan to sail on the *LUSITANIA* on Saturday, and take a breath of the London fog, and return on November 15th....[MTP].

Clarence E. Leonard wrote to invite Sam to speak at the Annual Banquet for the **Society of Mayflower Descendants** on Nov. 21, 1907 [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Oct. 17, ‘07”

Hamilton W. Mabie for *The Outlook* wrote to ask Sam for two hours of his time on Oct. 21; he'd arrive on the train to Tuxedo at 10:33 a.m. [MTP].

Anna S. MacDonald wrote to Sam. She was sending her "small volume" *Columbia; The Land of the Free* which included a poem Sam had advised her on "some years ago." She had friend in Oxford who witnessed the ceremonies and said it made Americans very proud [MTP].

October 17 Thursday – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam wrote a short note of recommendation for **Mrs. Frances A. Ramsay** as a stenographer "**To whom it may concern**": I take the pleasure in saying that as a stenographer I found Mrs Ramsay competent & in all ways satisfactory" [MTP].

Sam inscribed his photo to "Dear Miss Bessie." (Miss **Bessie Holloway** wrote thanks to him on Oct. 29 and this is likely the same Bessie). "*Dear Miss Bessie, Even if an agent should take your scoldings on a commission, I doubt if he would get much of a living out of it. Sincerely yours, Mark Twain, Oct.17/07*" [Adam Adrusier Autographs, Ltd. London] *Notes* (from seller's listing): "It seems likely that Twain is making reference here to his story 'Little Bessie' (with whom the recipient of this photo presumably shared a first-name), an irreverent story in which Christianity is ridiculed, written in the year of signing this photo (1907). The story was suppressed until well after Twain's death, when it was published in 1972."

The New York *Times*, "Theatrical Notes," Oct. 17, 1907, p.9 :

Mark Twain will be a guest on Tuesday evening next when the New York members of the American Press Humorists will have a theatre party at the Casino to witness "The Gay White Way," with Jefferson De Angelis, Blanche Ring, and Alexander Carr [*Notes*: **Jefferson De Angeles** (1859-1933), comic actor; **Blanche Ring** (1871-1961), singer and actress in Broadway productions; **Alexander Carr** (1877-1946), Russian-born silent-filmactor.

Robert Erskine Ely for the **Economic Club of New York** sent Sam a membership list, and a request for annual dues of \$15 [MTP]. *Note*: Lyon wrote for Sam on the letter, "Too many of these taxes & they aggregate too much / must withdraw"; Sam hated paying any club dues.

Harry Windsor Dearborn wrote to Lyon asking for a Twain photo for Mr. Walter Scott [MTP]. *Note*: Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Oct. 17, '07"

October 18 Friday – **Joseph B. Gilder** for *Putnam's Monthly* wrote to again request Sam allow their sketch artist to draw Sam for the magazine; they'd done **Choate** and **Howells**; the artist didn't require Clemens to sit but could walk around the room [MTP].

Katharine I. Harrison wrote to Lyon reminding of Sam's promise to give her a photo of himself in his white suit. "He was in the office yesterday and told me if you could remind him of it, it would be attended to." She was also "anxious" to have the newest volumes of the De Luxe ed. In Buckram—would she kindly send her name to Harpers for it? [MTP].

In Sam's **A.D.** he quoted from "this morning's news" in the *NY World* [Gribben 507].

Of the selections from Twain's **A.D.**'s, DeVoto selected about half of the materials not chosen before by Paine to be included in *Mark Twain in Eruption* (1940); among DeVoto's choices, was "The Hunting of the Cow," dictated this day, told of "Two colossal incidents" of the day before, the opening of business by the **Marconi Co.** with wireless messages [radio] sent "entirely across the Atlantic, straight from shore to

shore”; and “the President of the United States for the fourteenth time came within three miles of flushing a bear” [7].

October 19 Saturday – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Sam wrote to **Dorothy Quick** in Plainfield, N.J.

Dorothy dear, it is perfectly lovely here, now—with brilliant skies, brilliant water, sleek as a mirror, & all the brilliant colors of the hills painted on it like a picture. And there’s rabbits—oh, no end! They’ve got a nest in that tree that leans over the nasturtium bed, & they scamper up & down it all day long & jabber. And as for squirrels, & deer, & Italians & other game, they’re everywhere. And nobody shoots them, for it isn’t allowed, I don’t know why. And there are owls, & cows, & bears; & nights you can hear them hooting. Sometimes they make the kind of a noise a preacher makes. It is awful, but I am not afraid. The others are afraid, but I am calm, & go down cellar.

I believe that is about all the news there is, except that we leave Tuxedo the 31st, to live in town—21-Fifth ave—where you must come & stay over Sundays every time you can be spared.

Dear heart, you mustn’t send stories to St. Nicholas, yet, it is too soon. You must learn the trade first, & nobody can do that without a long & diligent apprenticeship—not anything short of 10 years. Write the stories—write lots & lots of them, for practice—and when the Literary League gets together again, we’ll examine into your progress & take note of such improvement as we find.

We have a very nice thoughtful little cat, & it catches snakes & brings them into the house for Miss Lyon to play with.

3.30 p.m. time to get up / With love & many kisses... [MTAq 76, 78].

Mr. & Mrs. Lockwood De Forest sent Sam an invitation to their daughter’s wedding [MTP].

Mrs. M.E. Hill wrote from Washington, D.C. to Sam. “To the acquaintance of my youth, years have passed and to day I find myself reading one of your best books, so I thought I would take the liberty to find out if you were the little Sammy Clemens the author of *Innocents Abroad* that used to run in nearly every day to see us in the old historic city of Georgetown when a boy and I was a little girl Mary Bateman” [MTP]. *Note:* she had it partly right, but Clemens was never a boy in Georgetown. Sam often got letters from fans swearing they’d known him in one place and time or another.

Dorothy Quick wrote to Sam.

I have been watching the mail for a long time while expecting a letter every day I feel very lonesome for you when you don’t write for so long Mother says you are a very busy man and I should have patience but I cant. Please write me soon if only a tiny little letter I had a reply from the St. Nickolas yesterday they said my story was very good but too long so I think I will take your advice and wait until I am older before I try again I copied a lead in the Ladies Home Journal and it was so good I won the prize please write to me very soon. I am well and happy but I miss you very very much with love to Miss Lyon and lots and lots of love and kisses for you I am / Your fond little / Dorothy [MTAq 78].

October 19 ca. – In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y.** Isabel Lyon wrote for Sam (on the **Oct. 19** invitation from Mr. and Mrs. **Lockwood De Forest** to the wedding of their daughter) to **Marion Piepel** at 75 W. 92nd Street: “Mr. Clemens is glad you have been able to finish the story. I could have done it once, but it is too difficult now” [MTP]. *Note:* Piepel is unidentified, but the reference may be to a translation of one of his stories.

October 20 Sunday – **Alice Minnie Herts** wrote for the Children’s Theatre to Miss Lyon, correcting a prior invitation [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Oct. 23”

October 21 Monday – A run on the **Knickerbocker Trust Co.** bank in N.Y.C. caused panic elsewhere, and the bank was forced to close its doors the next day. Sam had deposits of about \$51,000 at the bank. **J.P. Morgan** would gain the help of fellow bankers, including John D. Rockefeller, to raise funds and

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

import \$100,000,000 in gold from Europe to restore confidence. See Oct. 22. **H.H. Rogers and Katharine Harrison** had originally recommended the Knickerbocker Trust Co. to Sam. A business slowdown from the resulting spreading panic lasted for months.

Daniel Frohman wrote to Sam: “Mrs Frohman is giving a little dinner party next Sunday night at 8 in a private room at Martins at which she is to have Mr & Mrs. John Drew, Mr & Mrs. Francis Wilson, Henry Miller, also Elinor Glyn the English author, likewise Mme Nordica, and, we expect the Russian actress Mme Mazimova. Mrs. Frohman wants you” [MTP].

Note: Lyon wrote for Sam on the letter, “I take it as a high compliment & shall be there, but it would alter the complexion as I am a professional myself”; **Alla Mazimova** (born **Miriam Edez Adelaida Leventon**) (1879-1945), Russian Jew at one time thought to be the “World’s greatest actress.” A precocious child who played the violin at age 7. She moved to NYC in 1905 and began a Russian-language theater with **Pavel Orlenev**, actor and producer. Her 1906 Broadway debut brought her critical and popular success. She would later be a silent film star, then back to Broadway. In the 1940s she appeared in a few films.

Charles Ross Keen for Dickens Fellowship, Manhattan Branch wrote to ask Sam for his autograph [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Oct. 23”

Of the selections from Twain’s **A.D.**’s, DeVoto selected about half of the materials not chosen before by Paine to be included in *Mark Twain in Eruption* (1940); among DeVoto’s choices, was further comic commentary on a news report of Roosevelt’s bear-hunting expedition [10].

October 22 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Oh, it’s too dreadful. Every penny the King has, fifty one thousand dollars, is in the Knickerbocker Trust Co. and it has suspended payment. It has gone crashing into a terrible state. I was in town and read of the panic in the Times, and Ashcroft and I went to the bank, at 30th st and Fifth Avenue to see crowds of people there, with bank books in their quivering hands. And then I came back to Tuxedo to find the King in bed and so cheerful and beautiful and brave, and trying not to show his anxiety. He had telephoned in to me to withdraw the money, but by the time I could do anything it was too late. At the time I didn’t know it was too late, but Ashcroft telephoned the news out to me this afternoon. This evening the King went down to the Town Hall to talk to the Villagers. The great swells of the park didn’t know it, but if they had and had tried to enter they wouldn’t have been admitted. The King talked about memory and morals and told the stolen watermelon story and the old ram story and General Miles, and the dog story and found the murdered man on the floor. He was so gay and delighted those people so much that you wouldn’t ever have thought that the Knickerbocker had suspended payments [MTP TS 117].

Shelden writes of the bank run on **Knickerbocker Trust**, and on Sam’s actions when learning of it:

...he promptly telephoned Isabel Lyon, who happened to be at 21 Fifth Avenue preparing the house for his return the next week. He gave her instructions to withdraw all his money immediately.

She hurried to the trust company as fast as she could and was stunned by the sight that greeted her outside. The streets were jammed with cabs, private automobiles, and “finely appointed carriages” belonging to Park Avenue widows and other wealthy depositors living nearby. With “bank books in their quivering hands”—as Lyon later put it—the crowd stood on the wide sidewalk and stared blankly at the Knickerbocker’s locked doors. Lyon had arrived too late. Police reserves, called in at the last minute, were standing at the entrance and were trying to hold back some of the depositors who were demanding to be let in. Everyone was told the company had run out of cash and would be closed indefinitely [MTMW 149-50]. *Note:* the cause of the bank’s problems were millions of dollars worth of bad loans made by the President, **Charles T. Barney**, to foster a stock scheme. Barney later committed suicide. For a full account of the Bank failure and what led up to it, see source. Ultimately, Sam’s funds were restored; plus, his seemingly placid reaction to the crisis can be explained in large part by his guarantee of \$25,000 annual income from Harpers.

Charles E. Warren for Lincoln National Bank wrote to advise Sam that “The two checks aggregating \$50,000 deposited by you this day on the Knickerbocker Trust Company are not paid, the company having suspended payment. We shall make further attempt to secure payment...” [MTP].

October 23 Wednesday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Sam wrote to “**Miss Anonyma**.”

Dear Miss Anonyma: / This is to express my joy in the fact that you are able to go fishing, & to thank you very heartily for letting me share in the result. It is my purpose to call & say these things orally this afternoon, & so I am merely uttering them with the pen as a precaution, since it often happens—as you will have noticed—that the things we propose to do get interfered with & do not occur.

Also a part of this note's purpose is to say good bye to your mother—not to you, dear, for I shall see you later. At the ball. Where, with your kind permission, we will do the Virginia Reel together, & try to attract some attention. You will wear your new things, of course, & that will help. Next morning early, I return to 21 Fifth Ave for good, there to discard crime once more & lead an upright life again. This will attract attention. It is what we live for. Besides, such changes are often salutary [MTP]. *Note:* “Anonyma” was slang in the 1860s for “a fashionable whore.” Whomever Sam crowned with this name, if they knew of the old meaning, would have been a lady who could take a joke. Sam moved back to 21 Fifth Ave. the next day, Thursday, **Oct. 24**, according to his Oct. 28 to Nunnally; the Annual Cotillion of Tuxedo Club was held on Friday, Oct. 25, so that he must have traveled back to the club for the ball, referred to in his above letter to Miss Anonyma, not further identified, though it may have been **Mary Rogers**, whom Clemens loved to joke with.

Isabel Lyon's journal: This morning the financial outlook was a bad one. Yesterday's paper said aid would be given to Knickerbocker, but it wasn't forthcoming. This morning when I went to the King's room his face looked grey, but he was brave and cheerful and talked over what we must do. Sell the steel bonds a few at a time to build the Redding house with, for the autobiography money is in the Knickerbocker, and live on what comes from the Harpers. Clara's expenses this summer have been extremely great. We thought they were heavy other year, but this year has exceeded the others, and she has all her plans made for another costly concert tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman lunched here and before they arrived the King went down on the porch and walked up and down, singing the kind of song that means his heart is very heavy and oh, he does need some one to love him and pet him. He has decided to go to N.Y. tomorrow and the house here is to be closed on Saturday [MTP TS 118].

Howells & Stokes wrote to Sam a bill for \$2,732.56 “in favor of Mr. William Webb Sunderland”; they wanted Sam to pay sunderland direct [MTP].

Sam attended a ball in Tuxedo Park on his last night at the exclusive neighborhood [Oct. 23 to “Miss Anonyma”].

October 24 Thursday – Sam returned to **21 Fifth Ave.** for the winter. **Clara Clemens** had been “domiciled in the house several days”; **Isabel Lyon** and servants would follow on **Oct. 26** [Oct. 28 to Nunnally].

Isabel Lyon's journal: At 7:20 this morning I went down to the King's room to find him huddled under all the blankets he could collect and wanting his coffee, so I went to the kitchen to hurry it up. He left at 7:50 and Ashcroft met him and they went up to the Lincoln Bank. Ashcroft telephoned me tonight and said that the King was gay and seemed very well. ~~But oh the desolation of this house without him. It is lucky for me that I have a week's work to do in 3 days else I never could get over the [illegible word] wave of misery that swept over me when the jigger rolled away & I turned back to my breakfast in that [illegible word] green living room~~ [MTP TS 18-119]. *Note:* Lyon's strikeouts may have been added many years later, for her own reasons.

Harper's published *A Horse's Tale* as a book. Sam wrote it in 1905 in response to a letter by **Minnie Maddern Fiske** in Sept. of that year. *Harper's Magazine* published it in two parts for **Aug. and Sept. of 1906**, with five illustrations by **Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock**.

Theodore A. Bingham wrote to Sam that on Oct. 18 he rec'd Sam's of Oct 15: "What pleasant days those were in Berlin! & what dears your girls were!" [MTP].

H.D. McKnight wrote from Lawton, Okla. He'd been told he had a "Mark Twain head of hair," and felt proud of it. The letter is one of appreciation with no request [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Nov. 6, '07"

Cora W. Nunnally wrote from Atlanta, Ga. to Sam. "Your letter, with the postal enclosed, I enjoyed very much. It was a very curious thing the way the little girl was created, by your merely pushing the pillows comfortably under your head. ... Frances seems quite happy at school, and is looking forward with much pleasure to your promised visit" [MTP]. *Note:* Cora referred to the "mystery girl" photo.

October 25 Friday – The annual **Cotillion Ball of the Tuxedo Club** was held and the *New York Times* reported the event, Oct. 26, p.11. If Sam attended, as his letter of Oct. 23 to "Miss Anonyma" shows, he would have had to have returned from 21 Fifth Ave. for the event, since he moved back on **Oct. 24**. No mention of him was made in the *Times* article, though **H.H. Rogers, Jr. (Harry) and wife Mary** were listed, so he likely canceled plans to attend, returning to his N.Y.C. house. Possibly the events at the Knickerbocker Trust Co. led to the changed plans. Also in his Oct. 28 letter to Nunnally he wrote that Miss Lyon and servants returned to Fifth Ave. "late Saturday," or Oct. 26.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Today over my solitary tea I read a very interesting article on Energy by William James" [MTP TS 119].

Howard O. Wood wrote from NYC to invite Sam to speak at the Brooklyn Union League Lincoln Birthday dinner the next year [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote for Sam on the letter, "I don't go"

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

October 26 Saturday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** I don't know how I got through all of it—doing 9 days' work in 3 days, but it is over and I am in New York. Arrived at 3 to find the King and AB at billiards. I brought in the pretty little cat and the King was glad to see it. Myron Whitney came in to rehearse his concert program with Clara for the 11th. His voice is superb. They had to have the King come in to hear it, but the King was much annoyed, and hated to leave his billiards, even tho' he had to concede that Whitney's voice was wonderful. Receivership for Knickerbocker Trust [MTP TS 119].

Evangeline Booth for the Salvation Army wrote to advise Sam that her father, General **William Booth** (1829-1912), founder of the Salvation Army, would lecture in Carnegie Hall on Nov. 4, and, since he was 79, it would likely be his last visit to America. Sam could sit on the platform—and could they put his name on their list of attendees? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Thank you very much[.] Remember momentary meeting with General Booth in Oxford with much pleasure / Have stopped having name used" William Stone Booth was a different gentleman.

Joseph B. Gilder for Putnam's Monthly wrote to Sam.

I told you after dinner at my brother's house last winter, or longer ago, that Baroness Elizabeth de Nolde had asked me to try and get you to write a brief introduction to the book on Madame de Stael and Benjamin Constant. With that amiability and indecision for which you are noted, you replied that you wouldn't write a damned word. I never told your love, but let concealment like a worm i' the bud. If I *had* quoted you, the beautiful lady would doubtless have suggested that some other kind of word would do as well. / I enclose the Baroness's letter, which has been in my hands for many a long moon [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote for Sam on the letter: "I wrote yesterday, Oct. 28 & told her that Mr. Clemens doesn't write a line for publication for any one but his own publisher."

October 27 Sunday – The Sunday Magazine of the New York *Tribune* featured "Mark Twain's Autobiography" and a full page portrait of him. An identical cover was published in the Sunday Magazine of the *St. Louis Republic*, as well as many other newspapers. See insert.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "I sat with the King a long time this morning. He said he couldn't do any phrasing in answer to a note from someone, because he and Paine had played billiards until nearly 3 o'clock. / Knickerbocker coming along—perhaps" [MTP TS 119].

J.E. Caldwell wrote from Ottawa, Canada to "discharge a debt of gratitude" to Sam for helping him from "a financial embarrassment" in 1906 [MTP].

Frances Nunnally wrote from St. Timothy's School in Catonsville, Md to Sam.

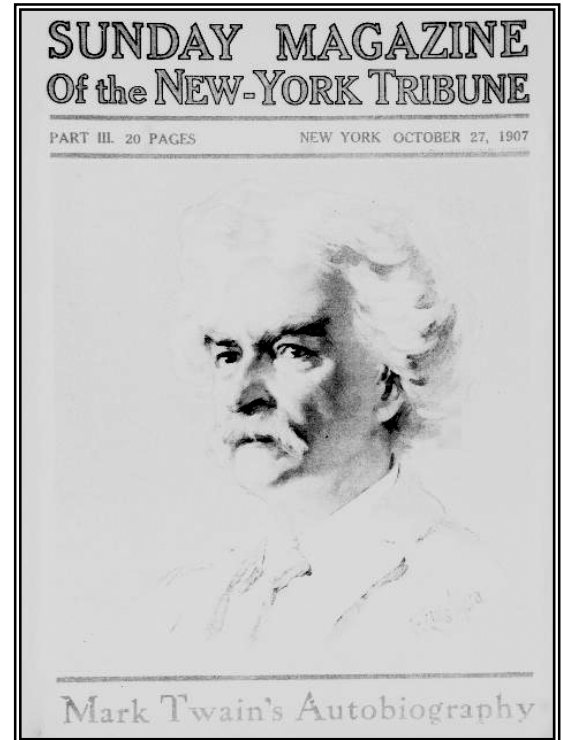
Dear MR. Clemens, — / I was so glad to get your letter and have been trying to find time to write to you ever since, but something is planned for us to do every minute of the day, and I do not have any time to myself. We have to study awfully hard, but then we have to take a certain amount of recreation every day, so that we keep in good health. We are outdoors almost all the afternoon, playing basket ball, or tennis, or some game like that. I have never been better in my life and my appetite is perfectly enormous, so that I am really getting fat.

It is almost November now and I hope you know positively that you are coming down to Annapolis, and you must be sure to stop by Baltimore. I should so love to have you come out here to our school, and all the other girls are crazy to have you come too. So if you find that you really can come down, please let me know, and come out to see us. The girls here are just as nice as they can be and I am sure you will like all of them. [MTAq 79].

October 27 ca. – Sam wrote to the **Editor of the New York World**, who evidently had requested he write something appropriate for Thanksgiving.

To the Editor of the World.

Sir: you ask me for a sentiment which shall state how much I have to be thankful for, this time. For years it has been a rule, with me, not to expose my gratitude in print on Thanksgiving Day, but I wish to break the rule, now, & pour out my thankfulness, for there is more of it than I can contain without straining myself. I am thankful—thankful beyond words—that I had only fifty-one thousand dollars on deposit in the Knickerbocker Trust, instead of a million; for if I had had a million in that bucket shop I should be nineteen times as sorry as I am now. Trusting that this paean of joy will satisfy your requirement, I am / Yours truly / Mark Twain [MTP].



Sam took his above letter to the **President and Directors of the Knickerbocker Trust Co., N.Y.**

I expect nothing out of you—at least, nothing but your disapproval of me for publishing the above, along with this letter. You discriminated against me by accepting two deposits from me after some had been warned to take their money out. Instead of putting your hands in your pockets, & paying your debts, like the Lincoln Trust & other respectable concerns, you have been shillyshallying for a month trying to escape your obligations & find some more economical & less reputable way to resume. Why do you wish to resume? Do you suppose any one will risk money with you again? Next time you will bring up in jail, where you probably ought to have been many & many a year ago. At large, you are a common danger, whereas in jail you would be useful—useful, as an example. Also happy, for you would be at home; at home, & among sympathetics, sympathetics, & all harmonious, all wearing the same handsome stripes. Oh, you must not think of resuming, it would make the people to laugh, as the French say. And they would say the most sarcastic things about you, just as they are doing now. They would remember that the government & the capitalists hastened to rescue the Lincoln & the other reputable trusts, but hadn't a kind word for you, nor a dollar. I am your friend, & I assure you it will be a mistake for you to resume. / Affectionately, / M. T. [MTP].

October 28 Monday – In Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Sam wrote to Frances Nunnally.

Now, dear Francesca, this is to admonish you—& please remember: your studies, & your outdoor & indoor amusement activities are very important, in fact are *essentials*, & any time filched from them for a courtesy's sake means a loss not warrantable & not justifiable. You are a dear sweet Francesca, but you must not write letters to people on those costly terms. Neither must you filch time to read letters *from* people, except when they are very brief. Read part of this one: that will be sufficient.

I perceive, with pleasure, that you are having a very prosperous time down there, both mentally & physically. Let it continue! I came home last Thursday, Miss Lyon followed late on Saturday, with the Tuxedo servants. My daughter had already been domiciled in the house several days.

Dear me, I must stop making November engagements, right away! For there is Annapolis to be thought of. Of the five or six already made I can excuse myself from all but one—Nov. 19th. I will make only conditional ones henceforth.

Yes, indeed, as soon as we hear from Gov. Warfield I shan't fail to let you know. Also I shall allow myself time to kiss you & the rest of the 70. You, anyway, shipmate! / With love ... [MTP].

Margery H. Clinton wrote from Tuxedo Park to Sam, “delighted to have your autograph.” They were disappointed not to see him at the Autumn Ball [MTP]. *Note:* letter not mailed; likely delivered.

W. Emory Wardell wrote from Worcester, Mass. to ask Sam if the tale about Cecil Rhodes in *FE* finding a newspaper in the stomach of a shark was true, as he could not find it anywhere [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Tell him that it will not be found in any biography of Cecil Rhodes because Rhodes was of a jealous nature / Merely a romance which I made up for my own amusement”

October 29 Tuesday – **John C. Gardner** wrote from Toronto. Gardner denied being a “crank” yet sent 10 pages typed double-spaced relating his life long exposure to Twain's books and the fall from his estimation caused by the frustration of reading Sam's Autobiography in serial form in a magazine. While trying to be humorous, Gardner became tedious (this is a rare editorial comment dedicated to Tom Tenney) [MTP].

Miss **Bessie V. Holloway** wrote from London to thank Sam for the photo sent: “Father says I am a very lucky girl, to be so favoured. / I am sending you a Christmas card with best wishes. I know it is rather early to talk about Christmas but better early than never, I think” [MTP].

John Japp wrote from Liverpool to thank Sam for sending a signed copy of *JA* [MTP].

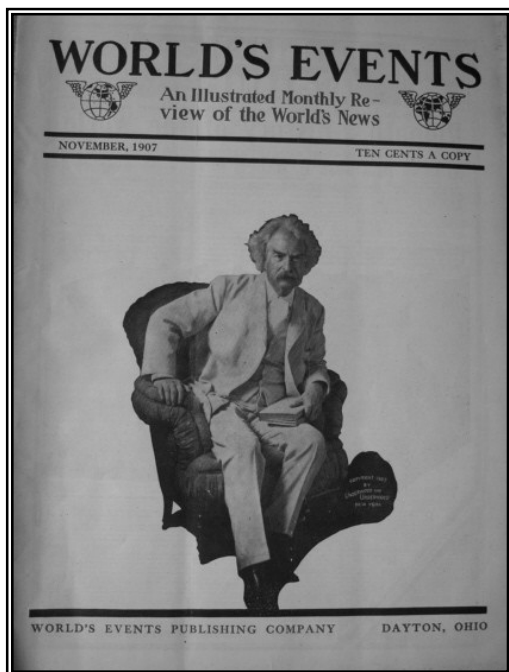
A. Raphael, S. Raphael, E. Ciner, and I. Neuwirth wrote to Sam. “We are about to organize a literary society in your honor.” Their four charter members each had full sets of Twain’s works and asked that one book from each set be autographed [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Nov. 18” and “Mr. Clemens will be glad to autograph the 4 books if they were sent here to 21 Fifth Ave.”

October 30 Wednesday – Roi Cooper Megrue for Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Sam: “Can we arrange for a dramatization of your story [?]Our Italian Guide[?] with Mr Timmory in Paris” [MTP].

October 31 Thursday – Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Miss Lyon about dramatizing progress [MTP].

November – In N.Y. Sam had invitations printed for the **Nov. 19 Children’s Educational Theatre** performance of *P&P*.

Mr. Samuel L. Clemens
(Mark Twain)
invites you to inspect the work of
The Children’s Educational Theatre
Educational Alliance, 197 East Broadway
on Tuesday evening, November 19th at 8,15
When a special complimentary performance will be given of
“Prince and Pauper”
dramatized from his book for the Children’s Educational Theatre
R. S. V. P. 21 Fifth Avenue
Upon receipt of your acceptance
Mr. Clemens will send two reserved seats
[MTP].



In **Tuxedo Park, N.Y. Isabel V. Lyon** wrote notes on the back of one of the above invitations.

Miss Herts to make an explanation of the work & its needs
Mr. Clemens could introduce Miss Herts
Mr. Clemens has asked me to give an explanation of the work done by these people—the number in the casts—etc. & uplift it has given & it was the suggestion of the children that Mr. Clemens be the inviter of the Guests [MTP]. *Note:* **Alice Minnie Herts**. See prior incoming letters from Herts.

William Dean Howells’ article in the Dec. issue of *Atlantic Monthly*, “Recollections of an Atlantic Editorship,” recalled Mark Twain’s contributions from “A True Story” to “Old Times on the Mississippi.” Howells gave credit to the magazine’s owner, **Henry O. Houghton**, who “always believed that Mark Twain was literature” [Wells 27].

“...originally of Missouri, but then provisionally of Hartford, and ultimately of the Solar System, not to say the Universe. He came first with ‘A True Story,’ one of those noble pieces with which the South has atoned chiefly if not solely through him for all its despoilment to the Negro...It was finally decided to give the author twenty dollars a page, a rate unexampled in our modest history” [Tenney: “A Reference Guide Seventh Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1983 p. 170].

Mark Twain was on yet another magazine cover, this one for the Nov. issue of *World Events*. In spite of the flashy cover, no articles on Twain are in the magazine, and only one reference to him and “pemmican sentences” can be found. See insert.

Sam’s article “Mental Telegraphy?” was written in Nov. 1907 and not published until 1970 in *Mark Twain’s Quarrel with Heaven* [Camfield’s bibliog.].

Chapters from “My Autobiography—XXIV” ran in the *N.A.R.* p.327-36.

November 1 Friday – *Overland Monthly* ran a sketch of Mark Twain by **Alice Resor**, accompanied by excerpts of *IA* reprinted from the magazine’s Oct. 1868 issue [Tenney: “A Reference Guide Third Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1979 p. 192].

Robert H. Chase wrote from Phila. after reading the Autobiography in *NAR* about the “early trials of Innocents Abroad.” Chase related an 1839 tale of knowing a “poor young woman” from the South who, stricken by the war had come to Phila. He advised the woman to canvass for *IA* and from the start she had good success, making over \$40 in one day; finally she saved up \$500 from the book, took it West, married well and was never poor again [MTP].

Robert J. Collier wrote to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens:- / Sallie and I are delighted to know that you are back in town and we are looking forward to a family dinner soon again. I hope the summer surrounded you with as much affection as Sallie seems to think your proper portion, and as I have heard that Tuxedo is the home of many beautiful young female persons, I have not been able to allay her jealousy.

Norman has given me a little fable called “Jocko and the Parrot,” whose authorship he did not know, but which emanated from you. It is an able and entertaining allegory, but with a moral pointed with so much venom that I don’t want to print it anonymously. As your personal view, it would be tremendously interesting, and if you will stand for it, either by signing it or sending with it a letter of commendation,—in it goes at once: Otherwise I am afraid that we shall have to give up the idea of printing it [MTP]. *Note:* Collier continued on to disagree generally with Twain’s opinions of President Roosevelt, taking a position with his weekly that “he is being unjustly blamed for a catyclsm not of his causing,” or, the financial crisis. Since they took that view “it would be almost dishonest for us to publish so clever (and bitter) an anonymous arraignment of him.”

Harper & Brothers for Frederick T. Leigh wrote to Miss Lyon enclosing a check for \$1,000 on account of payment due this day of \$2,083.33 [MTP].

Dorothy Quick wrote from Plainfield, NJ to Sam.

My Dear Mr Clemens / I just simply love the pictures Miss Lyon sent me they are all so good of you I wished I was back again at Tuxedo when I saw them Grandpa and Grandma and everyone in fact say they are the very best Kodak pictures they ever saw I read in the paper that you were down town I think you were very brave I should have been frightened to death you dont know how I miss you or how I long to see you we play cards every night and have lots of fun please tell Miss Lyon I will write to her very soon

with lots and lots of love kisses and hugs your very loving / Dorothy [MTAq 80].

Of the selections from Twain’s **A.D.**’s, DeVoto selected about half of the materials not chosen before by Paine to be included in *Mark Twain in Eruption* (1940); among DeVoto’s choices, was “The Panic,” dictated this day, which compared the financial struggles of 1907 to prior panics [4-7]. *Note:* MTP notes, “Re-uses story in AD 5 Mar 1906 (‘...just my God damned luck’).”

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

November 2 Saturday — **Emma N. Warfield (Mrs. Edwin Warfield)** wrote to Miss Lyon: “Dr Clemens and you have interested me delightfully and I am so pleased that such a busy man should stop even for a moment to think of me” [MTP].

November 3 Sunday – **Linnie M. Bourne** wrote from Washington D.C. to relate a “slip of the tongue” she’d made as a girl going with her grandfather to see Twain and Cable read in Washington. When asked where they were going in such a hurry, she replied, “We’re going to hear Cain and Able read” [MTP].

Emma G. Mottrane wrote from to Sam that she possessed a “Fancy Black Comb, such as Ladie’s wear, which originally belonged in your family” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Nov. 15, ‘07” and “Thank her for her good intentions but I do not take [*illegible word*] interest in such things”

Alice Hegan Rice wrote from Louisville, Ky. to tell Sam of something her “very small nephew” said in her Sunday school class when asked to name the Apostles: “Matthew, Mark, Twain, Luke, and John” [MTP].

November 4 Monday – **Thomas B. Doolittle** wrote from Minneapolis, Minn. to Sam. “I wish that you would quit looking like me. It annoys me very much and besides, it appears by the enclosed anonymous verse that I am handsomer. / Yours truly” [MTP]. *Note:* clipping enclosed with Doolittle’s picture, “Inventor of Telephone Exchange Apparatus and Telephone Wire.” Also the picture of Twain on the Sunday Magazine, *Record-Herald*, Chicago.

Ferris Greenslet for Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston wrote to Sam. “I find that my chapters on Aldrich in New York are going to take me over there the latter part of this week to stay a week or ten days...I should like very much to have the advantage of a talk with you, and to show you a letter or two of yours written back in the 70’s, which I should like with your permission to print...” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Have to arrange by telephone”

Belle R. Parsons wrote from Soldiers Home, Calif. to suggest and urge that Sam dramatize *JA* for Miss **Maude Adams**, who she felt was “the very embodiment of your Joan” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Dramatizing is not among my achievements” and “No one seems to be able to put any action into a Joan of Arc play”

November 4? Monday – An **unidentified person (J.E. Williams?)** wrote to Sam “Dear Twain / You will have the block on Saty without fail / yrs ...Send for it [MTP].

November 5 Tuesday

November 6 Wednesday – **William Dean Howells** saw Sam often during the fall and early winter of 1907-08. “I am going down to see old Clemens this morning,” Howells wrote his wife on Nov. 6 [MTHL 2: 827].

Charles J. Langdon wrote enclosing a draft for \$137.50 to Sam for payment of bonds from Duvall Co. Fla.

I trust you are in the best of health and that the Knickerbocker Trust Co.’s suspension has not caused you any serious inconvenience. Ida, Eda and I had more money in there than we wish we had, but are not seriously injured, and I hope in time we will get our money back.

I trust Aunt Sue reached you safely and in good condition last evening. I am sure that you and Clara and Jean and she will have an enjoyable time together [MTP].

Anna Harris Smith for the Animal Rescue League, Boston wrote to ask Sam if he could autograph “some of your books” for their fair and she had a buyer for 25 copies of either “A Dog’s Tale” or “The Horse’s Tale” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Nov. 18, ‘07” and “Mr. Clemens will Autograph them”

November 7 Thursday – **James C. Barr** wrote on Cunard Steamship Co. notepaper, while in port in NYC. Barr enclosed a letter to Clemens from **John Japp**, Lord Mayor of Liverpool, and though there's been some delay in Japp getting the book Sam sent, Barr confirmed that Japp now had the book,[MTP].

Kate Douglas Riggs for the Literary Committee, Colony Club, NYC wrote to Sam not to “let anything happen to prevent your being the guest of honor at the Colony Club next Tuesday the 12th as you have agreed” [MTP].

November 8 Friday – **Clinton B. Fisk** wrote from NYC to ask Sam when he might “confer...regarding a matter of theatrical literary return that may prove mutually to our profit” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Nov. 11, ‘07”

Thomas Commerford Martin for the Engineer’s Club wrote to invite Sam to the inaugural banquet of the opening of their new club house, at which **Andrew Carnegie** would be guest of honor. They were limiting speakers to two or three—and hoped he might “help us voice our sentiments” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Nov. 11 1907”

Edward T. Devine for *Charities and the Commons*, a weekly journal, wrote: “May we have your signature to the enclosed letter [not in file] to be sent to department stores, newspaper editors and executives of women’s clubs in all parts of the country?” [MTP].

Polly Porter sent a cartoon postcard from Oxford picturing “The High, during Pageant Week” with a queen and a nun riding bicycles. Porter wrote: “Here is your vision! Your letter was deeply appreciated / Polly Porter” [MTP].

November 9 Saturday – Captain **James C. Barr** sent a telegram from the SS *Lucania* to Sam: “Big fish landed / thanks it was. / Captain Barr” [MTP].

John Bigelow wrote from Highland Falls-on-Hudson to advise that though he was at an old age, he would be at the Educational Theatre with one of his daughters on the 19th, and please send the tickets to an address he furnished in Gramercy Park [MTP].

Perry Bliss for *Atlantic Monthly*, Boston wrote to give permission for Sam to read Miss Hert’s unpublished paper for the Children’s Theatre [MTP]. *Note:* he signed his name as “Bliss Perry,” so this may be miscatalogued.

John Japp wrote from Liverpool to “double his thanks” to Sam after reading the JA sent [MTP].

George C. Riggs sent a small notecard to Sam: “It is with great joy that I learn from Albert Paine of your willingness to meet a few of us at the Players on Wednesday Evening, November twentieth, at seven thirty. My dear lady’s heart is sorry that our good club is only given to men and envies me every moment I will have with you but, I tell her to keep a brave spirit. You may come here anon” [MTP].

November 10 Sunday – **Poultney Bigelow** sent a postcard to Miss Lyon: “...accepts with delight for Tuesday Nov. 19th” [MTP].

John A. Joyce wrote from Washington, D.C.. Joyce broke down when reading in the NAR of Susy Clemens’ last words, because it brought the memory of his own daughter’s death 20 years before [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Nov. 13, ‘07”

J. Van Vechten Olcott wrote from NYC to thank Sam for letting him know what the *Tribune* supplement published this day [MTP].

C.C. White wrote from Milford, Mass. to express love to Clemens over the *NAR* segment about Susy's death [MTP].

November 11 Monday – Fatout lists a dinner speech for Sam at the **Homeopathic Society, N.Y.C.** but gives no particulars and none were found [*MT Speaking* 678].

Howard Kyle wrote on Players notepaper to ask Sam if he might bring a photo taken of Clemens in the Players Booth at the Actors Fund Fair last May, for his signature [MTP].

An **unidentified person** wrote to Sam (only the env. Survives; Sam wrote on it, "Invite the Laffans") [MTP].

November 12 Tuesday – The New York Times, Nov. 13, p.9, "Reception to Mark Twain," reported:

Reception to Mark Twain.

Author the Guest of Honor at the Colony Club.

The officers and members of the Colony Club gave a reception yesterday afternoon [Nov. 12] in honor of Mark Twain.

Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, the President of the club; Mrs. Richard Irving, and other club officers received.

There was a large attendance, and Mr. Twain made a felicitous little speech. After the official programme tea was served [*Note: Fatout lists the speech but gives no particulars; MT Speaking* 678].

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Miss Lyon about plaster busts of Twain; also could the seats provided for the 19th be together? [MTP].

Thomas Commerford Martin for the Engineer's Club wrote to Miss Lyon—was Sam's decision final? [MTP].

Owen Oliver wrote on NY *Herald* notepaper to ask about Sam's Autobiography in the *NAR* to explain the "Beriah mystery" and why the Col. Sellers name was Beriah in his copy of *GA* when it was Mulberry then Eschol and back to Mulberry in the Autobiography [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Didn't know that name had ever been used. Originally used Mulberry"

November 13 Wednesday

November 14 Thursday – Sam took a walk up Fifth Ave. to 42nd Street. At 4 p.m. at the **Church of the Ascension**, Sam attended the wedding of Miss **Marjorie Rice**, daughter of **Dr. and Mrs. Clarence C. Rice**, to **Gordon Means** of Boston [NY *Times*, Nov. 13, 1907, p. 9; Nov. 15 to Jean: Nov. 21 to Mary Rogers].

In the evening he played billiards till midnight [Nov. 15 to Jean].

Frank Fuller wrote to Sam to condemn those who used Mark Twain's name for advertising, enclosing slips of examples (not in file) from the US Patent Office's "Official Gazette" [MTP]. *Note:* see Nov. 19 by Loveland.

Thomas Commerford Martin for the Engineer's Club wrote to Miss Lyon, sorry that Sam could not make the banquet honoring Andrew Carnegie on his 70th—could Sam send him “a few words” to read about Carnegie? [MTP]. *Note:* Sam did attend, so changed his mind.

November 15 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to daughter **Jean** in Katonah, N.Y.

Jean dear, you may return that unpleasant book & we will put it out of sight. It lacks the ring of truth; lacks it so prominently that it fell flat, & made not a ripple on the surface of the human sea; whereas if its statements had been believed it would have created a cyclone. Evidently the world saw in it only an expression of the spite of some disgruntled small persons of the servant class, who had suffered from blighted little ambitions & were drunk with the spirit of unreasoning revenge. I think it is nothing but a hotch-potch of libels & slanders, & not worth anyone's serious attention.

I am exercising, now—not for my health, but for pleasure's sake. After 4 p. m., 5th avenue is a most interesting & enlivening show—even more than is Hyde Park in its show-hours. Yesterday at 2 p. m., I walked up to 42^d street—slowly, leisurely—then back home again, loafing along & gossiping with the police & other strangers; arrived at 4, & went to the wedding of Marjory Rice. Then billiards till midnight.

To-day I shall repeat; then dine out at 7.30.

With great love & many kisses— / Father [MTP]. *Note:* the “unpleasant book” is unknown.

Moncure D. Conway, longtime friend of Sam's, died in Paris [*American National Biography*, Vol. 5 p.362].

November 16 Saturday – **Alice Minnie Herts** wrote to Miss Lyon the “final plan” for next Tuesday (19th) evening [MTP].

Julia Marlowe wrote on The Plaza, NYC notepaper to Sam. “I am eager you should see this reprint of an article by Arthur Symons which appeared in London...Do you not think it superbly written?” [MTP].

November 17 Sunday – **Rudolphine Scheffer Ely** wrote from NYC to Sam inviting him to the opening meeting of the Civic Forum on Wednesday, Nov. 20 [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Mr. Clemens has engagement”

H.E. Wallace, Jr. wrote from NYC a letter of appreciation for “Huck and Jim” [MTP].

C.C. White wrote from Milford, Mass. to Miss Lyon, touched by the NAR segment with the death of Susy [MTP].

November 18 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Frances Nunnally**.

Francesca dear, I am so disappointed! We are due in Annapolis 7 days hence—25th—& I have to be in Boston that very day, & remain 2 days & probably 3. And so we are writing to Governor Warfield to explain. But although I've *got* to be in Boston I am not sure that I can go; because I have had a cold ten days & cannot manage to get rid of it; if it continues I can't risk traveling in draughty trains, lest I bring on the bronchitis again. I wanted to see you, you dear child, & it's a great disappointment. It would be a charming change to look at you—a change from watching the stocks go down!

This isn't a bright day—it is the other way: my daughter is leaving to-night, to be gone a good while, & she will be missed—nobody left but Miss Lyon & me.

Goodbye—& good health—& all sorts of happiness to you, dear! /With love ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Quick**.

Why you sweet little rascal! don't you suppose *I* am doing any longing? Indeed I am. I'm longing to see you. Of course you've got a lot of other lovers, & of course they pine to see you—Bache & the rest—but when they pine it's only an individual pine, whereas when I pine for you it's a whole forest! Now then, try & remember that, dear.

I think it is very nice—the faithful industry you are devoting to your studies & the gymnasium. And the drawing lessons—that's a great thing. Drawing will educate your eye, & give you a correct perception of forms & proportions which you couldn't get in any other way. I've never had a drawing lesson myself, but I know the great value of that art in training the eye to observe—also to see things as they *are*. Go on with your pleasant labors, dearheart, you dear little Dorothy.

This with the love of / SLC

Just think—71 years from now you'll be 72. It seems impossible. Why, I am only that old *myself* [MTAq 82-3].

Note: Sam's math was off: Since Dorothy was 11, he should have said "61 years."

Elliott & Fry, photographers, London wrote to Sam with a printed order form and proofs [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Dec. 18, '07" and "Like those not marked No ever so much & if they want to compliment me with a copy or 2 I should like them for my collection"

Henry Hahn wrote from Copenhagen, Denmark to send Sam birthday wishes [MTP].

Miss **Ingeborg Jensen** wrote to Sam, mistaking the 18th for his birthday and mentioning Hahn (above) [MTP].

November 19 Tuesday – Sam gave a curtain speech at the *P&P* performance by the **Children's Educational Theatre**, directed by **Alice Minnie Herts**. The *New York Times*, Nov. 20, p.9, reported on the event:

UPTOWN AUDIENCE AT CHILDREN'S PLAY

Society Folk, as Mark Twain's Guests, See "The Prince and the Pauper."

HOST'S SPEECH CUT SHORT

Miss Herts, Founder of the Theatre, Says the Object is to Develop Latent Dramatic Talent.

It was said last night that \$25 was vainly offered in the course of the evening by some east side folk for a ticket of admission to the Children's Theatre in the Educational Alliance Building, where Mark Twain was entertaining a host of guests, including Gov. Hughes and District Attorney Jerome, with a special performance of his "The Prince and the Pauper."

The company was the regular one of the Children's Theatre. Soon after 8 o'clock East Broadway and the intersecting block of Jefferson street seemed a Broadway in everything except the background and the white lights.

Cabs, coupes, automobiles, and carriages drove up to the Jefferson Street entrance and deposited many of the well-known residents of the town, men and women in evening dress, while footmen lined the lobby, exciting a quite respectful murmur from the crowd kept at a distance by alert policemen.

Of course, every one expected a speech from the author. In the entre-act Mr. Clemens came before the curtain. As he began some of those in the audience recalled that on a former occasion when he had attempted to speak, the play then being the same, he had been cut short in the midst of a story by the management. So these persons waited to see what would happen.

Mr. Clemens expressed the pleasure the occasion held for him. He said that as the ambassador of the children who played in the theatre and who usually made up its audiences, he had invited those present, "the hearts and the brains of New York," to see the work done in the theatre.

“The Children’s Theatre is a great educational feature,” he said. “The time ought to come when a child’s theatre will be a part of every public school in the land. I am apt to be quite plain—”

At this point a muffled whistle sounded behind the lowered curtain.

“That whistle was the signal agreed upon that I should stop,” said Mr. Clemens, “and I have not yet started. I shall now do the especial thing that I am here to do. I introduce to you Miss Herts, the founder of the theatre.”

He led Miss A. Minnie Herts to the centre of the curtain line, and then stepped down into the orchestra. Miss Herts spoke with fervor of the work being done in the theatre. She told how plays and scenery had been obtained from managers.

“Then we had no players,” she said, “so that we had to make them. There were a number of dramatic clubs of the district which had been hiring this very hall for their entertainments. Some young man would like to see himself as Hamlet, or wished to play in ‘The Bells and ‘Ghosts.’ He would gather about himself a little company of friends, sell the tickets to other admiring friends, and then give his performance. So we—”

The whistle that had checked Mr. Clemens now blew rather insistently. But Miss Herts, well intent upon her subject, paid no attention to it.

“The young people enter into the spirit of the thing fully,” she said. “The scene-shifter or member of the crown enters just as heartily into the performance as those who play the principal roles. And these young women and young men work the better for it in their department store or shop. They—”

Again the whistle.

“—have a fine spirit about it. We are endeavoring to develop the elemental dramatic impulse latent in every human being from the cradle to the grave.”

A final blast from the whistle, and Miss Herts bowed and retired.

The performance itself was fully up to the best standards of amateur acting. But there was about the stage management a deftness that was professional. The whole moved in obedience to routine stage discipline. The Governor, who entered while an act was in progress, and so escaped notice for the time, was in time to see the set of that act struck and another set in place.

None of the amateur actors and actresses faltered. If any or all of them had been unable to continue, their places could have been readily filled from the two complete casts waiting upstairs, known as the understudy and the emergency casts.

In addition to the Governor and the District Attorney some of those in the audience were President Eliot of Harvard, Andrew Carnegie, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew, Robert Collier, John Burroughs, Commissioner Bingham, Dan Beard, Richard Harding Davis, Mrs. John Drew, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob H. Schiff, Dr. Thomas R. Slicer, Frederick A. Stokes, Hamilton W. Mabie, Brander Matthews, Morris K. Jesup, James J. Hill, John Bigelow, Poultney Bigelow, A. F. Eno, Walter Damrosch, Col. George Harvey, and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Corey.

Note: See Scharnhorst, p.655-9 for an interview by **Frederick Boyd Stevenson** on the play, Brooklyn *Eagle*, news special Nov. 24, p.1; Also, see a first hand account by one of the players, *MTJ* 11.1 (Summer 1959): 4-5. Although not listed above, William Dean Howells is included in the audience by **Alice Minnie Herts** in the Dec. issue of *Atlantic Monthly*, p. 803 [Wells 27]. Zwick also included Samuel Guggenheim among the guests. He claims that “Twain spent many afternoons at the Theater doing routine office work” for the Children’s Theater, though he offers no dates or evidence and none has yet been found [“Mark Twain and the Children’s Theater” <http://wenku.baidu.com>].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Prince and Pauper” at East Side Theatre. / Miss Minnie Hertz Mrs. Emma Sheridan Frey [MTP TS 119].

Arthur Kellogg for Charities and the Commons wrote to Sam. “I enclose a copy of the press story sent out to over 750 newspapers asking their co-operation in reducing the hardships incidental to late Christmas shopping. The letter on pages three and four is the one which you kindly signed for us” [MTP]. *Note:* letters in the file.

John W. Loveland, attorney, NYC wrote to Sam. “I have observed in a recent issue of the Official Gazette of the United States Patent Office certain trade-marks bearing your nom-de-plume of Mark Twain and showing your

portrait..." If these were unauthorized, Loveland offered his legal services [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Nov. 21, '07"; see Nov. 14 by Fuller.

William Webb Sunderland, contractor, Danbury Conn. wrote to Sam acknowledging receipt of his check for \$2,000. He added regret if Clemens would "in any way be annoyed by the present business conditions" (suspension by Knickerbocker), but that "these same conditions ...make it impossible for us to carry accounts" [MTP]. *Note:* evidently Sam had delayed payments.

November 20 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon's journal: A reporter from the Brooklyn Eagle has been here. / Frederick Boyd Stevenson. So far the best man to represent the press. Mr. Clemens was willing to see him [MTP TS 120]. *Note:* **F.B. Stevenson** (1859-1938) retired in 1930 after editing and writing a Sunday column, "Top of the News" for the *Eagle*. He was author of *The Amalgamated Americans* and a contributor to magazines of economics and political subjects. He specialized in national, international and civic affairs.

Fatout lists a dinner speech for Sam at the **Players Club, N.Y.C.**, but gives no particulars [MT Speaking 678].

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam, praising his play of last night as "all splendid" [MTP].

Delle W. Perry wrote from Ann Arbor, Mich. to congratulate Sam on his Autobiography. Perry thought it would be his masterpiece [MTP].

Julia Barnett Rice for the Society of Suppression of Noise wrote to Sam concerned about deaths and accidents from fireworks every July 4, many to small boys. She included a letter for the cause by **Richard Watson Gilder** [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "If you can send a copy of Mr. Howells article with Mr. Gilder's so that Mr Clemens can read them & say that he heartily agrees with what these men say, he will be very glad to sign it"

November 21 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam began a letter to **Mary B. Rogers** that he finished on **Nov. 29**.

Well, dear, you are a brilliant little rascal, & the flashes spurt up all along your sentence-wires, interval by interval, & if I had a mile-perspective on them I should think it was a trolley, blue-sparking its way down the distances——*but*

You haven't any principles & I was never able to teach you any; & so you'd rather tell what ain't so than what is. I *haven't* been mobiling at all. And besides it wasn't a mile, it was only a quarter of a mile; & you were *not* paddling alongside, for a mile, nor / a quarter of a mile, nor for even 3 yards—for you couldn't come within 3 yards of me, in dark or daytime & I not know it——& so, *those* two foundationless statements of yours are blown to Uranus; & besides she was not in the mobile, & I was not saying anything to her *anyway* except—at any rate nothing that would instruct *you* any, since there wasn't a word nor an art that I hadn't learnt of *you*, you small humbug, at Jamestown on Coontz's Day. And You?—why didn't you hail me? You *would* if I had been there; & you would *anyway*, if you had been there yourself.

And as for the Rice wedding, I *was* there. But you were not, or I should have seen you. I entered with St. Clair McKelway's wife, & set down in a corner, close by a side-door—port side, as you enter. I saw everybody that entered by that orifice, & you were not among them. There, now——*all* your statements have fallen by the wayside, like the tares that were sown in Sodom & Gomorrah by David & Goliath & took not root because the ram's horns of Jerichoh blew them on the wings of the morning to the uttermost parts of the Sea. Mary dear, dear sweet niece——*reform!* I will help you.

Didn't I tell you not to come to town again without calling on me? Haven't I any authority *at all*? Why didn't *you* come & take me mobiling? But I know—it was because Coontz was around, & you could do better. I think it's scandalous! [MTP].

Mary H. Allen wrote to Sam after reading “with interest and sympathy the chapter of your autobiography which tells of the loss of your daughter” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Nov. 21, ‘07”

Educational Theater for Children wrote to Sam, sending “heartfelt affection...gratitude in appreciation of the great service he has rendered to the movement” [MTP].

Ferris Greenslet for Houghton Mifflin, & Co., Boston wrote to Sam that he was sending copies of Clemens’ three letters to Aldrich, since Mrs. Aldrich didn’t want to let go of the originals [MTP].

David Starr Jordan wrote on Murray Hill Hotel, NYC, notepaper to regret he had not arrived in time to see the *P&P* play [MTP].

Emma N. Warfield (Mrs. Edwin Warfield) wrote regrets that Sam could not be with them in Maryland for the 26th [MTP]. *Note:* Edwin was Governor of Maryland.

November 22 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote a short note to **Kate D. Riggs**. “It was a noble feed & a noble company, and you are a dear. Heaven bless you! / MARK” [MTP: Nora Archibald Smith, *Kate Douglas Wiggin as Her Sister Knew Her*, 1925 p.139]. See Riggs’s Nov. 24 reply.

November 23 Saturday – **Hamilton W. Mabie**’s article, “Mark Twain the Humorist,” ran in *Outlook* (NY), p. 648-53. Tenney: “A general, admiring discussion of the man and his works, generally uncritical though noting the ephemeral quality of some of his writing. On p. 648, full-page photograph of MT” [44].

Joseph B. Gilder for Putnam’s Monthly wrote to Miss Lyon about Sam sitting for a portrait [MTP].

Howells & Stokes wrote to Sam, billing him for \$3,464.06 for **William Webb Sunderland**, and enclosing (in file) a breakdown of the first four payment amounts [MTP].

J. Hardup McLeod wrote from Yukon Territory to Sam—in part with “original” spelling intact:

My Dear Mark;- / It is with feelings of deepest regret that I am compelled to pen these few lines to you, for know you therefore, that no later than last night a lecturer on “Wit and Humour”, added a new luster to the world wide fame of the old Mississippi River pilot, by making your name conspicuous by its absence, or to use a saying so prevalent amongst our amateur Bridge Whist players of this city, you were “passed up like a white chip”. ...

The lecture was an able one, and greatly enjoyed by all, yet Mark for some unexplicable reason, the Author of Huckleberry Finn, Tom Sawyer, and a few others, was omitted. ...

Slowly and in a semi dazed condition...I betook myself sadly home...I mused and meditated on the uncertainty of Fortune’s smile as depicted in the waning fame of one, who so suddenly sprang into the public’s gaze, on account of a recent trip to the old lands; and musing thus Mark, I decided to write to you and invite you to visit this hot old City of Dawson in the Klondike; visit our creeks, view our dust gathering machines, known to the Chechaco and the unsophisticated as dredges, See and observe the manner of the falling of that very rarely and little known element known as “Blue Snow,” which is only found falling in its natural state, after the glass lingers in the neighborhood of 70° below zero. And you may also if you are a true epicure, indulge in the national dish of the Yukon, i.e. the succulent juicy dish of Ice Worms. Come and see us Mark old boy, and after our people have viewed you close at hand so to speak, why your name might once more ring out through the length and breadth of these old Artic regions as fit to be mentioned with several contemporaries of yours, and with us as Abou Ben Adhem was with the Angel, your name will sure lead all the rest. / Yours at 60° below Zero. / P.S. Bring your pocketbook along when you visit as charity [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Dec. 20, ‘07”

Frances Nunnally replied to Sam's Nov. 18:

Dear Mr. Clemens, — / You don't know how sorry I am that you can not come down here to school, for I had looked forward to your visit with a great deal of pleasure. I wish your engagement in Boston had been just a little later, so [you] could have made the Annapolist trip too. I sincerely hope that your cold is entirely over now, so that you will not be deprived of both these trips, and that you will not have bronchitis again [MTAq 83]. *Note:* she finished the letter with activities at her school.

November 24 Sunday – **Mary L. Brady** wrote to thank Sam for the *P&P* play; she also praised Mrs. **Fry** and Miss **Herts** [MTP].

Richard Conried wrote from NYC to ask to include Clemens' name on the list of patrons for their Jan. 7 Benefit Entertainment, Manhattan Trade School for Girls [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Use the name"

Kate Douglas Riggs wrote a verse in reply to Sam's thanks for the "noble feed & noble company" note of Nov. 22 [MTP]. *Note:* see the poem in *MTJ*, 21:3 (Spring, 1983).

Bernice Young wrote from LeRoy, Minn. to Sam. "My papa is at this time reading your biography and as you were my favorite author I thought of writing to you before but had not done so. I am eleven and am in the sixth grade." She told of 2 Twain books in the LeRoy Library [MTP].

November 25 Monday – **Julia Barnett Rice for the Society of Suppression of Noise** wrote to Sam: "Dear Mr. Clemens / We both thank you—the small boy and I. / Gratefully yours..." [MTP]. *Note:* Rice was crusading against fireworks that injured and killed many small boys each July.

Frederick Boyd Stevenson of the Brooklyn Daily Eagle wrote to Sam. "I enclose copy of Brooklyn Eagle containing your 'talk.' I hope I got the spirit of your conversation. I want to again express to you my thanks for the pleasure I received, and the instruction I received on that visit" [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Nov. 27 '07"

November 26 Tuesday – **Nelle R. Eberhart, Oscar Eberhart, Charles Wakefield Codman, and Blanche K. Knowlton** wrote from Homestead Pa. to Editors of Harper's. "We have just finished reading 'Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven.' / Give us more on the same plan. We have been reading advanced thought for fifteen years and rarely find much that is congenial in the magazines" [MTP].

John H. Johnston wrote to Sam.

The last time I wrote you I sent you the Clemens Family crest or Coat of Arms, for which you thanked me—but now its another matter I bore you with.

A multi-millionaire friend met me on a 4th Ave. car one day awhile ago, and beckoning me from the end to the middle of the car alongside of him he exclaimed "Mr. Johnston why don't you lop off your side whiskers, it will make you ten years younger—look at me, I'm a boy compared to you" "All right" I said, "I lop right away"—and I did—Reaching my office after my visit to the barber, a friend exclaimed "Why what's happened to you? You look like Mark Twain!" This was several weeks ago, and since then I have been taken for you 28 times—I began to number them after No. 5, and there's no guesswork about it—I of course tell my friends that I could write just as good stories as you do if I *had a mind* to, but so far nothing has panned out in that line. I have no white suit to wear, nor have I tried to fix up to make a Mark—but the way I am stared at wherever I go would make a modester man either blush, and start his beard again—Say: would you mind letting your beard grow and give your new portrait to the world, and so relieve me?

Seriously: My wife and family to whom I read aloud the new history of the Universe last night—all think that you have done a great service to Humanity in writing this, and I hope a lot of addle pated preachers will pitch into you and or make a million more readers of it. The idea that our planetary system is only a wart

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

compared to the whole Universe is enough to make any orthodox lunkhead stop a minute and thing and wonder if our forbears were not all Theological Damphools—The pith of the whole Bible I find in the first 4 verses of the 10th Chapter of 1st Corinthians...[MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote for Sam at the top of the letter: “Gosh—L’al mighty—you can tell him that that’s the first gun, & I enjoy it for I expect the other guns will be less enjoyable & less penetrating”

Hamilton Wright Mabie for *The Outlook* wrote to Sam, sending a copy of the last week’s edition containing an article on “The Great American Humorist” [MTP].

Samuel E. Moffett wrote to Sam, verifying entries sent from his research that were novels. He added that it was a great time at the *P&P* play and that his wife Anita “found it one of the events of her year” [MTP]. *Note:* Sam had enlisted his nephew some time back to research all the copyrights bestowed for a few years.

November 27 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam sent a telegram to **Frances Nunnally**, at St. Timothy’s School, Catonsville, Md: “I HOPE YOUR TEAM WILL WIN FRANCESCA DEAR I COULD NOT GO TO BOSTON” / SL CLEMENS” [MTP].

Sam also sent a telegram to **Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Warfield**, Governor of Maryland: “BEST THANKSGIVING WISHES TO YOU ALL, BY NO MEANS FORGETTING MISS LOUISE” [MTP].

Chauncey M. Depew wrote regarding Sam’s letter on the Robert Fulton Monument Assoc, that he was “very happy to serve in any body over which you are the presiding genius” [MTP].

Dorothy Quick wrote to Sam.

I was so glad to get your letter and to know you are well I often see your name in the paper so I suppose you are very busy My Grandpa and Grandma expect to sail for Europe next Saturday on the new boat I shall be lonely without them especially Grandpa for as you know we are great chums I wish I was a big girl and all through school so I could go with him I have been very well so far and have only lost a few days at school which is doing very well for me our Sunday school class has gotten up a League and we have to make clothes for poor children it is lots of fun please write me very soon with lots of love to Miss Lyons and lots of hugs and kisses for you / lots of love / Dorothy [MTAq 84].

Walter Thorn wrote to Sam, expressing apologies for his joke about being handsomer than Twain, since no reply had been made to his letter of Nov. 6 [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Thanks for note. Has no remembrances of former letter he speaks of. Thanks for very kind wishes” and “Answd Dec 11, 07”

November 28 Thursday - Thanksgiving – Sam lunched at **H.H. Roger’s** home where he likely saw **Mary B. Rogers**, and thought her “very delightful” [Nov. 29 to Mary Rogers; Dec. 1 to Jean]. He dined out in the evening and returned home at 11 p.m., with a neighbor (unspecified), played billiards until 4 a.m.

Helen Campbell wrote from Camden, NJ to beg a loan of \$500 from Sam [MTP].

November 29 Friday – Sam finished his **Nov. 21 to Mary B. Rogers**.

Mariechen, I didn’t say *sins*, I said it covered a multitude of charms. And it is perfectly true. I wish you wouldn’t be always misquoting me & discouraging all my attempts to learn how to be veracious. For I *do* so want to learn how, dear.

I don’t know where you are but I am guessing that you are in Tuxedo. You were very delightful yesterday./ Affectionately / Your Uncle Mark [MTP].

Alice Minnie Herts for The Children's Educational Theatre wrote to Sam updating him on her efforts in the Children's Theatre movement including her visit to President **Charles William Eliot** of Harvard, and President **G. Stanley Hall** of Clark Univ. She felt **Andrew Carnegie** would be interested in supporting the movement, since he requested tickets for the 19th performance, though he didn't show [MTP].

Frances Nunnally replied to Sam's **Nov. 27** telegram:

Dear Mr. Clemens,— / This is just a note to say that I hope you will have many very happy returns of the thirtieth.

I received your telegram, and I can't tell you how much I appreciate your thinking of our game, and so do all the girls of our team. I think it must have brought good luck to us, for we won with a score of seven to three. We are so happy over our victory that we don't know what to do, and we have sung and cheered ourselves hoarse over it. ...We had an awfully nice Thanksgiving day, and I hope you did too.

I was sorry to hear that you were not well enough to go to Boston, and I certainly hope you are all right now. / Wishing you a very happy birthday. / I am / With love, / Francesca [MTP].

November 30 Saturday – Sam's 72nd Birthday. The New York Times, Dec. 1, p. 1, "Mark Twain 72" reported "Hundreds of congratulatory letters and telegrams were received during the day from points all over the world. Many friends called a the house to congratulate him."

In N.Y.C. Sam inscribed an aphorism in a copy of *Eve's Diary* to an **unidentified person**: "*With the love of the Author. November 30, 1907. Clothes make the man, but they do not improve the Woman, Truly yours, Mark Twain.*" [MTP].

Emilie R. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers) sent a bouquet of roses for Sam's birthday [Dec. 2 to Emilie].

Miss **Florence Benson** of 165 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. wrote birthday greetings:

My dear Mr. Clemens:

I have seen in the New York Tribune this morning that to-day is your birthday—and it is mine too!

I am writing to wish you many happy returns of the day and to tell you that I think Tom Sawyer is the nicest boy I have ever known.

Sincerely Yours,

Florence Benson

(Written in my best handwriting)

[Courtesy of: Concord Free Public Library Letter File, Vault A55, Unit 1, William Munroe Special Collections, CFPL.

Printed by permission of the Concord Free Public Library Corporation.] *Note:* see Sam's **Dec. 1** reply.

Sam walked to the osteopath, **Dr. George J. Helmer**, corner of Madison Ave. & 31st Street, for a treatment [Dec. 1 to Jean].

In the afternoon, Sam went to see a play: *The Toymaker of Nuremburg; a Play in Three Acts and Two Scenes*, by **Austin Strong** (b. 1881). Paine, who was there with a friend, writes:

We did not play billiards on his birthday that year. He went to the theater in the afternoon; and it happened that, with Jesse Lynch Williams, I attended the same performance—the "Toy-Maker of Nuremburg"—written by Austin Strong. It proved to be a charming play, and I could see that Clemens was enjoying it. He sat in a box next to the stage, and the actors clearly doing their very prettiest for his benefit.

When later I mentioned having seen him at the play, he spoke freely of his pleasure in it.

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

"It is a fine, delicate piece of work," he said. "I wish I could do such things as that."

"I believe you are too literary for play-writing."

"Yes, no doubt. There was never any question with the managers about my plays. They always said they wouldn't *act*. Howells has come pretty near to something once or twice. I judge the trouble is that the literary man is thinking of the style and quality of the thing, while the playwright thinks only of how it will play. One is thinking of how it will sound, the other of how it will look" [MTB 1413-14].

Margaret Illington (Mrs. Daniel Frohman) sent a telegram to Sam. "Many happy birthdays heartfelt wishes for lovely flowers and a precious book hope soon to take you out / Margaret Frohman" [MTP].

Gertrude Natkin sent a telegram to Sam: "My Sincerest wish for many bright and happy years / Marjorie" [MTAq 85].

December – Sometime during the month Sam attended a private dinner hosted by **Daniel Frohman**. At that dinner he met **Elinor Sutherland Glyn (Mrs. Clayton Glyn)** (1864-1943), British novelist and scriptwriter, the sister of **Lucy, Lady Duff-Gordon**. She led the way in erotic fiction for women, marketed to the masses, and had arrived that fall after the release of her first successful novel, *Three Weeks* (1907) which had been a hit in England. The book (she worked "fast" completing the book in six days) dealt with adultery, and had shocked sensibilities on both sides of the Atlantic; it was banned in Canada. Glyn called herself "a high priestess of the God of love." (So much for humility.) Glyn's prior books had been for a younger audience. She arrived in New York on Friday, Oct. 4.

Shelden writes of the evening of the dinner and their supposedly first meeting, not yet pinned down to a specific date:

Twain's first encounter with this remarkable woman was suitably dramatic. It took place at the end of 1907 while he and Isabel Lyon were attending a private dinner hosted by the producer Dan Frohman in the luxurious upstairs ballroom at Delmonico's Restaurant on Fifth Avenue. At the beginning of the event everyone's attention was focused on Frohman's young wife, the popular actress Margaret Illington, who made a grand entrance wearing a new gown that accentuated her statuesque figure. "But, suddenly," Lyon would recall, "she was eclipsed by a woman with milk-white skin, tawny red hair & green eyes; her gown a sea-green soft silk & she wore a strange oriental chain, as her only ornament" [189].

Note: Shelden cites a 1937 account given by Lyon, and it should be remembered that accounts made decades later (as many of Lyon's were) are suspect in at least a few respects. In his notes (p.451n20), Shelden interprets **Anthony Glyn's** remarks to suggest that that his sister and Mark Twain had met previously. But as I read *Elinor Glyn* by Anthony Glyn (p.143-4) it seems the Frohman dinner of December was mistakenly placed after Clemens' Jan. 24 to Elinor; no meeting prior to her trip to America is suggested. Glyn puts John Barrymore at the dinner and claims "Mark Twain made a kind and most entertaining speech about Elinor," hard to believe if he had just met her. Perhaps Anthony Glyn refers to a meeting later than Jan. 24, though no record was found. Elinor, feeling that the British public had misunderstood *Three Weeks*, and so wrote a preface for the American publication by Duffield publishers. Glyn had friends in New York and Newport, R.I. Her trip was thus a kind of quest to kick off publication of an American edition of her notorious book; she would solicit Sam's help in doing so.

"Extract from Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven" first appeared in two installments in *Harper's Monthly* this month and for **January, 1908**. It was published by Harper as a book in **Oct. 1909** as *Extract from Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven*. Budd points out that Twain worked on various versions of the story at multiple times—in 1869, 1870, 1873, 1878, 1881, 1883, and 1893 [Budd *Collected* 2: 1013]. *Note:* the tale was inspired by Captain **Edgar (Ned) Wakeman**, and supposedly the earnings from the story finished paying for the new house at Redding, which was called, ultimately, Stormfield.

Bookman published a brief comment on *Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven* p. 323. Tenney: "If MT has grown didactic in his later years, there is no evidence in his style: 'The manner is exactly that of'" CY, "even of" IA [Tenney: "A Reference Guide Second Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1978 p. 175]. In the same issue, Christmas Supplement, ran an anonymous and brief review of *A Horse's Tale*. "A pretty story of a charming child and a lovable horse...a beautiful little tale." And "It is not a book of humour, but it is a book written by a humorist who knows the natures of children and horses" [Tenney: "A Reference Guide Third Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1979 p. 191].

Sam's article, "The Story of a Speech" ran in the *North American Review* [Camfield, bibliog.].

Sam inscribed his copy of *Favorite Fairy Tales; The Childhood Choice of Representative Men and Women* (1907): "S.L. Clemens, 21 Fifth Avenue, Dec./07." Sam was one of the "representative men" who nominated the standard tales, which included "Jack the Giant-Killer" and "The Ugly Duckling" [Gribben 227].

Robert Reid wrote from NYC to invite Sam to join him and a few old friends on New Years Day [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Can't go anywhere New Years Day, for people are coming here."

Chapters from "My Autobiography—XXV" ran in the *N.A.R.* p.481-94. *Note:* excerpt from this segment often has been reprinted as "The Story of a Speech."

December 1 Sunday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to the **Nov. 30** from Miss **Florence Benson**.

Dear Florence:

Thank you for your nice note.—

(*Private.*) I have always concealed it before, but now I am *compelled* to confess that I am Tom Sawyer!

[MTP]. See Florence's Nov. 30 letter.

Sam also wrote to daughter **Jean**.

Oh, Jean dear, it is a lovely work of art, a beautiful work of art! It reminds me of the metal work your mother took such delight in in India. She would delight in this fine piece of yours still more, both because these frogs are better done than those elephants, & because you did them. I thank you deeply for my birthday-remembrancer, dear child.

I lunched at Mr. Rogers's in 78th street, Thanksgiving Day, & dined out that evening. Returned home at 11 p. m., with a neighbor, & played billiards until my birthday was 4 hours old. I slept 3½ hours, then began the day half an hour earlier than usual, so as to get the [most] possible out of it. I went to a matinée.

I was in bed by 9, last night, & have had an uninterrupted sleep, & am ready for my breakfast, which will arrive presently. Also, I walked up to the osteopath at noon, yesterday, & had a treatment.

With many & many hugs & kisses / Father [MTP]. *Note:* Thanksgiving was **Nov. 28**, so the dates do not quite line up here. It's possible that Sam confused the day he lunched at Rogers' with the day after Thanksgiving, **Nov. 29**, for then playing billiards after midnight would have taken him into his birthday.

December 2 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to daughter **Jean**.

Dear Jean I will attend to the matter regarding translations, even if the pay be very small in money it will be large in entertainment for you & well worth the labor it will cost you.

The more I examine the copper plate, plaque, platter, or whatever its name may be, the more beautiful it grows & the more I am charmed with it. You have put a world of patient & careful work upon it, dear child, & the result is a high credit to you. How delighted your mother would be with it if she could see it!

We have the right backing for its copper splendors—the dead red of the billiard-room paper.

Good-night, & lots of love & kisses [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Margery H. Clinton**.

Dear Miss Margery: / I thank you so much for the beautiful remembrancer, & for the accompanying good wish.

I am glad to know that you got home safely. If I had piloted you all through as inefficiently as I began, I am afraid you wouldn't have reached home at all.

Greeting, & salutation, & good night! [MTP]. *Note:* Margery was a friend and neighbor of **Mary Rogers**; likely Sam was thanking her for a birthday gift, a "remembrancer," being likely a photograph.

Sam also wrote to **Emilie R. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers)**. "Dear Mrs. Rogers: / It helps to reconcile me to my antiquity to have it recognized and approved in this lovely way. I thank you for the roses, and for the remembrance, dear Mrs. Rogers" [MTHHR 643].

Robert Erskine Ely for the N.Y. Economic Club wrote to Miss Lyon about Sam's resignation from the Economic Club of New York; they wanted him to pay dues in order to resign [MTP].

M. Samnis, "a poor woman, sixty five years old," wrote from Newark, NJ to send birthday wishes to Sam [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Dec. 6, '07"

Of the selections from Twain's **A.D.**'s, DeVoto selected about half of the materials not chosen before by Paine to be included in *Mark Twain in Eruption* (1940); among DeVoto's choices, was a sketch on **Andrew Carnegie** dictated this day; Sam underlined Carnegie's vanity about flattery, and debated with Carnegie the inclusion of "In God We Trust" on U.S. currency [36-51].

December 3 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **W.H. Powell**, editor of the *Hannibal Courier-Post*.

Dear Sir: / Next spring it will be 59 years since I became an apprentice in the Courier office under Joseph P. Ament, along with William T. League, Wales McCormick & a Palmyra lad named Dick Rutter. Two of the group still survive: viz, the Courier & the undersigned. Surreptitiously & uninvited, I helped to edit the paper when no one was watching; therefore I was journalist; I have never been wholly disconnected from journalism since; therefore, by my guess, I am dean of the trade in America.

I hope the Courier will long survive me, & remain always prosperous [MTP]. *Note:* Sam crossed out a paragraph cautioning Powell to keep the missive private, as he was under a possible \$500 fine for infringing the Harper agreement if he published anything elsewhere without their permission.

Howells & Stokes wrote to Sam enclosing **Harry Lounsbury's** bill for \$123.70 for work and materials [MTP].

Woodbury G. Langdon wrote from NYC having read in the *Sunday Herald* that Sam wanted to live to be 100. He was glad and then asked Sam to answer his letter of Apr. 16, 1906! [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "No Ans"

Sybil Kane Walker (Mrs. Alexander Steward Walker) wrote to Sam that she'd left "so hastily the other afternoon that I did not get a chance to thank you properly for a perfectly delightful afternoon." She enjoyed every minute as well as the play (likely the 19th). She asked for his photo [MTP].

December 4 Wednesday – **William B. McGann**, who was President of the American Plasmon Co. to Apr. 30, 1906, wrote a salary claim to Sam, now acting President and Vice-President. The letter is not

extant but is referred to in a New York *Times* article of Dec. 21, 1907, p. 6, (below). Shortly **after Dec. 4**, Sam replied to McGann, his letter reprinted in the Dec. 21 article:

MARK TWAIN CONCERN GIVES UP THE GHOST

Plasmon Company of America Unable to Meet Obligations and Receiver is Named.

LIABILITIES ARE \$27,000

"Take Plasmon into Your Stomach and Trust in God," Said Humorist Before He Bought Stock.

A petition in bankruptcy was filed yesterday against Plasmon Company of America which Mark Twain is Acting President. The petition is likely to end the business life of a concern in which the humorist became interested while in Europe through testing the merits of the company's product.

Mr. Clemens first wrote a testimonial to the effect that if you took plasmon into your stomach and trusted in God you were all right. Then he bought some stock in the English Company, afterward going into the American company.

The petition was filed by three former officers of the company. William B. McGann has a claim for salary as President to April 30, 1906, amounting to \$2,500; William T. Robson, former Secretary and Treasurer, has a salary claim amounting to \$1,000, and Ralph W. Ashcroft claims \$855 for salary as General Manager and for money lent.

The petition alleges that the company was insolvent in December, and that its inability to pay its debts was admitted in the following letter signed by Mr. Clemens and addressed to Mr. McGann:

Dear Sir: Replying to your letter of the 4th inst. regarding your claim of \$1,000 against the Plasmon Company of America, I beg to state that the company is unable to pay the same, as it has not sufficient funds to do so. Its available bank balance is \$13.08. It has \$902.49 on deposit with the Knickerbocker Trust Company, but, as you know, this will not be available for some time to come. Its accounts receivable amount to but \$30.46, and it owes you and other creditors \$27,023.69. Its nominal assets are \$10,596.19; as follows: Patent rights, &c., \$7,487.60; stale casein, \$1,162.56; machinery, \$1,000; cash in bank, \$915.57; accounts receivable, \$30.46. In other assets, furniture, &c., were this day sold by the Sheriff under execution. The company is therefore hopelessly insolvent, and it is willing to be adjudicated a bankrupt on that ground. Yours very truly,

PLASMON COMPANY OF AMERICA.

S. L. CLEMENS, Acting President and Vice President.

The Sheriff's sale referred to was in execution of a judgment for \$1020, in favor of William Kermish, and realized \$250. There has been a contest on between the English and American stockholders for some time and much internal dissension in the company. The concern went into bankruptcy in 1905, but the proceedings were dismissed a year later. Mark Twain has been acting as an officer and harmonizer since April, 1906. The company was incorporated in 1902 with a capital of \$750,000.

Judge Hough, in the United States District Court yesterday appointed Charles L. Brookheim receiver and fixed the bond at \$500. The company's plant is at Briar Cliff Manor.

At Mark Twain's house last night his secretary said that the author was only nominally the Vice President of the company. Mr. Clemens was then asked if it was true, as reported by some of his friends, that he had been swindled.

"It is," said Mr. Clemens.

"Out of how much?"

"Oh, about \$32,000. I held \$25,000 worth of the stock, and one of the members of the company swindled me out of \$12,500 later. No, I won't say I was swindled out of the \$25,000. The company failed because of bad management. I ought not to say I was swindled out of all the money. Most of it was lost through bad business. I was always bad in business.

"Please don't confound the bankrupt company with the English-Plasmon Company," went on Mark Twain. "That company is paying 5 or 6 per cent., which pretty good for an English company. I hold about \$80,000 worth of the stock of that company."

Daniel C. French, sculptor wrote from NYC to ask Sam for a card of introduction to **Harrison Grey Fiske** (1861-1942) manager. Fiske was a journalist, playwright and Broadway producer who leased the Manhattan Theatre on 33rd Street in 1901. His wife was **Minnie Maddern Fiske** [MTP].

Edward L. Morris wrote from Boston to Sam, noting in the Patent Office Gazette of Nov. 12, 1907 that Ashcroft had filed registration for trademark with Mark Twain's name and portrait, for whiskey and smoking tobacco—had Sam approved? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Dec. 9, '07"

Rev. Dr. **E.F. Strickland** wrote from Rock Island, Ill. to ask a clarification in Sam's Autobiography. About that "problem of navigation" driven by a friend around a flower bed. "I can't see where the problem comes in at all, and I am sure if dear little Susie were here to set it down, she could make even you understand it, and prove Mr. Whitmore wrong" [MTP]. *Note:* return env. unused in file.

December 5 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Billie Burke**, actress.

It was lovely of you, dear Billie, to say those approving & affectionate things to me out of the good heart & the sweet spirit which are special graces of your nature & they are very welcome.

It is healing & refreshment to the sui-sodden crime-worn soul to see you & John Drew in that bewitching play,—I am coming again to gloat & admire.

With the love of / S.L. Clemens [MTP]. *Note:* at this time **John Drew** was starring in *My Wife* at the Empire Theatre, Broadway and 40th Street. Burke is not listed in advertisements.

Independent Magazine printed an anonymous review of *A Horse's Tale*, p.1377. "We feel the throb of the kindest heart in the world beating for the helpless, whether brute or human, in this book, as in its long line of predecessors" [Tenney: "A Reference Guide Sixth Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Spring 1982 p.10]. Also *Nation*, p. 519 ran a brief review of *A Horse's Tale*: "A magazine story printed as a thin book, this will interest both children and grown-ups" ["A Reference Guide Third Annual Supplement," *American Literary Realism*, Autumn 1979 p. 191-2].

December 6 Friday – **Thomas Commerford Martin for the Engineer's Club** wrote to Miss Lyon that he was sending his son and carriage for Clemens on Monday (Dec. 9) for the Carnegie's 70th banquet, and according to sam's wishes Martin would introduced him third on the program [MTP].

Joe Twichell wrote to Sam.

Dear Mark; / I am just setting out with Charley Clark for Buffalo, where we are to be on duty at a Yale Alumni Dinner tomorrow night.

My present intention is to leave Buffalo Sunday evening and to arrive in New York Monday morning—in which case you may look out for a call from me rather early Monday forenoon—say 9 o'clock or so.

But, if at that hour you are busy with your stenographer you will not let me interrupt you. Who am I that I should deprive the Human Race &c &c? I can put in the little time I stay agreeably with Miss Lyon. / Yrs aff.
... [MTP].

December 7 Saturday – **Eustace D. Conway**, son of **Moncure Conway**, who had died in Paris on **Nov. 15**, sent Sam an invitation to the funeral service on Dec. 14 at 10:30 a.m.[MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "I'll go to it"

Charles J. Langdon wrote from Elmira, N.Y. to Sam, enclosing a draft for \$25 for a coupon of Atlanta Gas Light Co. He had rec'd no acknowledgement of his Nov. 6 draft for \$137.50 [MTP].

December 8 Sunday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote a postcard (picturing himself in bed and labeled “Mark Twain’s Muse”) to **Annie E. Trumbull**. “I thank you dear Miss Annie, & wish you a happy holiday season” [MTP].

Thomas Bray wrote from Phila. to suggest that Sam include an endorsement he once gave to **Frederick Douglass’** application for the position of Marshall in D.C. written to **President Garfield**. Bray felt it was a gem [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Dec. 17, ‘07” and “Would incorporate it if I knew but I don’t does not remember what it was”

December 9 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Helena G. Paderewski**. “I am glad to have the honor, by grace of Madam Paderewski of standing once more in the presence of my old friend Leschetizky / Very truly ...” [MTP: Heritage Book Shop, Nov. 29, 1960].

In the evening Sam spoke at a dedication of the new clubhouse for 400 members of the **Engineers Club (Society of Engineers)**. Fatout writes of the event:

The Associated Societies of Engineers gave a dinner honoring Carnegie for his gift to the Engineers Club of a million-dollar clubhouse on Fortieth Street, New York. T.C. Martin, president of the club, who introduced Mark Twain, referred to a passage in the latter’s autobiography in which he wrote of arriving in New York as a young man with three dollars in his pocket and a ten-dollar bill sewed into his coat. Several speakers had praised Carnegie so lavishly that Mark Twain evened the balance somewhat by poking fun at him and at simplified spelling [MT *Speaking* 597].

The New York *Times*, Dec. 10, p. 2, reported the event.

MARK TWAIN JEERS AT SIMPLE SPELLING

Has Fun with Mr. Carnegie’s System at the Dedication of the Engineers’ Club.

PUTS HARD WORDS TO HIM

One of Them is Pterodactyl—The Ironmaster Elected to Honorary Place in Club for His Gift.

After three or four hundred members of the Engineers’ Club had given over their voices and ears last night to sound and hear the praise of Andrew Carnegie, who gave them their million-dollar clubhouse in Fortieth Street, Mark Twain took it on himself to relieve the ironmaster of the embarrassment of a superfluity of laudation. The occasion was officially the christening of the new home of the Engineers’ Club.

“I have been a guest of honor myself,” said Mark Twain, “and I know what Mr. Carnegie is experiencing now. It is embarrassing to get compliments and compliments and only compliments, particularly when he knows as well as the rest of us that on the other side of him there are all sorts of damnation.

“Just look at Mr. Carnegie’s face. It is fairly scintillating with fictitious innocence. You might think that he had never committed a crime in his life. But no—look at his pestiferous simplified spelling. You can’t any of you imagine what a crime that has been. Torquemada was nothing to Mr. Carnegie. That old fellow shed some blood in the Inquisition, but Mr. Carnegie has brought destruction to the entire race. I know he didn’t mean it to be a crime, but it was, just the same. He’s got us all so we can’t spell anything.

“The trouble with him is that he attacked orthography at the wrong end. He attacked the symptoms and not the cause of the disease. He ought to have gone to work on the alphabet. There’s not a vowel in it with a definite value, and not a consonant that you can hitch anything to. Look at the ‘h’s’ distributed all around. There’s ‘Gherkin.’ What are you going to do with the ‘h’ in that? It’s one thing I admire the English for; they just don’t mind anything about them at all.

“But look at the ‘pneumatics’ and the ‘pneumonias’ and the rest of them. A real reform would settle them once and for all, and wind up by giving us an alphabet that we wouldn’t have to spell with at all, instead of this present silly alphabet, which I fancy was invented by a drunken thief. Why, there isn’t a man who doesn’t have to throw out about fifteen hundred words a day when he writes his letters because he can’t spell them! It’s like trying to do a St. Vitus’s dance with wooden legs.

“Now I’ll bet there isn’t a man here who can spell ‘pterodactyl,’ not even the prisoner at the bar. I’d like to hear him try once—but not in public, for it’s too near Sunday when all extravagant histrionic entertainments are barred. I’d like to hear him try in private, and when he got through trying to spell ‘pterodactyl’ you wouldn’t know whether it was a fish or a beast or a bird, and whether it flew on its legs or walked with its wings.

“Let’s get Mr. Carnegie to reform the alphabet, and we’ll pray for him if he’ll take the risk.”

Mr. Carnegie made two speeches, in which he told the engineers how much he thought of them and what a fine thing it was for them to have such a club, and what a fine fellow an engineer was, anyway. This was after T. C. Martin, President of the club, made his speech presenting him to the members.

John Fritz, the 80-year-old engineer who is the Nestor of the engineering contingent in New York, presented to Mr. Carnegie a framed certificate of honorary membership in the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. Mr. Carnegie said he had received many honors in his life, but this honor was one that touched his heart.

Some of those present were the Rev. Wilton Merle Smith, John Foord, David J. Hill, Charles MacDonald, Lynde Belknap, Robert C. Clowry, James Cruickshank, H. L. Doherty, James Gayley, John Hays Hammond, Frank Hedley, Alexander C. Humphries [*sic* Humphreys], Frederick R. Hutton, Charles Kirchhoff, Emerson McMillin, Rear Admiral George W. Melville, John Reid, Joseph E. Schwab, Melville E. Stone, and H. H. Westinghouse.

Julia B. Rice (Mrs. Isaac L. Rice) for Society of Suppression of Noise wrote to Sam, enclosing five of the many letters from famous people supporting her crusade against fireworks to protect small boys. Howells, Gilder, and others in file [MTP]. *Note:* enclosed in Rice’s letter was an undated notice, without a named recipient, from **Dr. Eugene Rice**, also on the Society’s letterhead, explaining the anniversary of 1291 kept by the Swiss. :

December 10 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Dorothy Quick** about his amazement at touring the **Jewish Technical School** for girls.

I am very sorry you didn’t see Peter Pan, you dear child, but you will see it yet. Meantime we can hunt up something else when you come.

Saturday after next? Can’t you come then—& stay over till Monday? We hope you can; & that is why I am writing now, at sleep-time, instead of waiting till tomorrow, when I am going to be busy & could be prevented.

I’ve been all over the Jewish technical school to-day, & have seen 400 girls, 14 to 16 years old, at work in the class-rooms, at all sorts of handicrafts. I think it’s a wonderful school. I wonder if we can match it anywhere. The pupils do not have to pay anything.

They make good fine gowns there, at half the price the big stores charge. Miss Lyon & my daughter are going there to drive a bargain. The girls that make the clothes get all the money, the school takes care of it. They could make clothes for you & your mother, Dorothy. The school-term is a year & a half; then the girls are able to earn their living in many commercial ways. Some of the graduates earn \$1500 a year; 700 of them earn an average of \$600 a year, which is an aggregate of about \$400,000. But for their gratuitous training, they couldn’t earn the half of it. Every one of them has to learn how to cook, & make beds, etc.

Oh, it’s very late!

Good-night, dear, & sleep well! [MTP]. *Note:* this letter misdated as 10 Dec. 1908, and thus landed in *MTAq* p.242 instead of 1907, which is correct.

Sam also wrote to **Julia B. Rice**, active in the **Society of Suppression of Noise**.

I am with you sincerely in your crusade against the bedlam frenzies of the Fourth of July.

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

Will you mind my going a little deeper—a good deal deeper—into this matter? If I may speak frankly I will say that while I detest the noises & the grotesque insanities of the Day, my main quarrel is with the Day itself.

Why should Americans, of all people in the world, bow down to the Fourth of July & worship it? It is purely an *English* institution, no American had any part in the events it commemorates. It is as purely, & utterly & comprehensively English as is Guy Fawkes's Day; & that Americans should claim it & celebrate it & magnify it is the largest joke the ages have produced.

.... [MTP]. *Note:* Sam felt it should be abolished as it was “an annual horror.”

David Dodge for *American Esperanto Journal* wrote to Sam [MTP].

Edgar P. Holdridge, Real Estate, NYC wrote to Sam to send the “high tribute” paid Twain by Rev. Dr. **Charles F. Aked** at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church: “In his sermon on ‘Humor, the fourth of the Christian virtues’ he said, ‘I thank God for such men as Mark Twain, who has written some wonderful truths’...” [MTP].

The National Clarion Cinderella Club, London wrote to Sam. (Only the envelope survives) [MTP]. *Note:* Sam wrote on the letter, “Compliments as a text / My selected 5 perfect ones: Oxford, Howells, Paine, Mabie, little girl. Contrast Red Dog Miner’s introduction”

Clemens’ A.D. for this day included: Dinner to **Andrew Carnegie** given by the Associated Societies of Engineers—the speeches, & Mr. Clemens’s remarks about Carnegie’s simplified spelling [MTP: Autodict 4].

Of the selections from Twain’s **A.D.**’s, DeVoto selected about half of the materials not chosen before by Paine to be included in *Mark Twain in Eruption* (1940); among DeVoto’s choices, was a continuation of his **Dec. 2** dictation on **Andrew Carnegie**. Sam told of banquets and speechmaking and his strategies to avoid them, including a banquet honoring Carnegie. He also describes his talk on the difficulties of spelling [51-60].

December 11 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon wrote to **John A. Kirlicks**: “Mr Clemens asks me to write for him & thank you very much for your pleasant letter & the poem & the little pamphlet. He wishes me also to say that such messages as yours are always welcome” [Gribben 384]. *Note:* Gribben cites from a letter of 7 June 1977 from Kevin B. Mac Donnell, who he says “speculates” that the publication referred to was *I’ve Got the Blues Tonight & Other Troubles* (1896) by Kirlicks. See other entries on Kirlicks.

John R. Chamberlin for the **American Plasmon Co.** wrote to Sam [MTP]. **On or after Dec. 11** Isabel Lyon acknowledged receipt of his letters; Sam was unable to attend the latest board meeting and was also unable to visit his office to inspect the minutes, and would “esteem it a favor” to receive copies [MTP].

Issac H. Blanchard, printers, NYC wrote to Sam: “The book entitled ‘The Fonetic Speller’, sent you under separate cover, is such a result of the life of Professor Story, recently deceased, as to have induced me to publish the work” [MTP]. *Note:* he included several “Ifs” should Sam like the work and want to praise it.

John R. Chamberlin for the Plasmon Syndicate wrote to Sam. “Our secretary called you up yesterday with a view to making an appointment with you as Vice-President of the Plasmon Company of America to confer with Mr. J.D. Campbell, with regard to the vacancy still existing in the Board of Directors, and which we understand you desire to have filled by Mr. R.A.M. Hobbs.” He referred to being told by Miss Lyon that this matter should be handled by Ashcroft but Chamberlin objected to Ashcroft being in that position [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote a reply on separate sheet:

Dear Sir: / I acknowledge receipt of your letter, & would say, that owing to an engagement I was unable to be present at the Board Meeting & am not now able to visit your office in order to inspect the minutes you kindly offered...would esteem it a favor it you would send me a copy of the minutes. The books of the Co

have been balanced & are at 24 Stone St. Will you kindly address all communications at 24 Stone St. instead of 21 Fifth Ave. / Very Truly Yours...[MTP].

Joe Twichell wrote to Sam enclosing a newspaper clipping (not specified but likely from the *Courant*) about Miss **Ellen M. Case** bequeathing \$10,000 of her fortune to Rev. Twichell.

Dear Mark / Congratulate us. By what other peoples wealth has brought us all along, we have certainly been the richest poor folk I ever heard of.

Harmony wants me to tell you that she has just received a letter from a lady—an Englishwoman, Miss Riddell—a nurse-founder of a leper hospital in Japan—friend of Mitzukuri from whom she brought a most hearty introduction to us (she was here six months or so ago) saying that she (Harmony) promised her that if and when she (Miss R.) should ask for it, she (Harmony) would give me a note to you;—and will she please do so now. Harmony says that probably she made the promise, but wishes we hadn't. However, she is going to keep it to the extent of sending Miss R. her card with your name and Miss Riddell's on it.

So be on the lookout for her. She is a fine woman though. We liked her ever so much. / Yours aff... [MTP]. *Note:* on top of the clipping, Lyon wrote for Sam: "No one could be more gratified than Sam, for part of that money was mine. Old Case stole it from me". Miss Case may have been the daughter of **Newton Case**; see vol I entries.

December 11-24 Tuesday – Sometime during this period at 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y., Sam wrote to **Ignace J. Paderewski** (Ignacy Jan Paderewski; 1860-1941), Polish pianist and composer, later Prime Minister of Poland.

My excuse for asking you to come down here to my house for an informal luncheon on Friday at one o'clock, is that I shall have here Mr. Howells, dean of American Literature; Col. Harvey, Editor of Magazines & head of the great Harper corporation; Mr. Robert Porter, chief representative of the London Times in America; Mr. Augustus Thomas, the play-wright; Mr. Martin Littleton a distinguished member of the bar, and Albert Bigelow Paine, my biographer. You may enjoy meeting these men, & of course I know it will give them great pleasure to meet you,

With my best respects to Madame Paderewski, I am Sincerely Yours

P. S. Don't trouble to write, but use the telephone: 3907 *Gramercy*. It is not in the book [MTP].

December 12 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to the **Plasmon Co. of America** to tender his resignation as Vice-President and Director of the Plasmon Co. of America [MTP].

Clemens' A.D. for this day included: **Andrew Carnegie** continued — he gives two additional millions to Carnegie Institute—Everybody likes attentions—Prince of Wales once showed Mr. Clemens a match-box and told him it was presented to him by King of Spain [MTP: Autdict. 4].

Harper & Brothers wrote to Sam enclosing statement of his account (not in file) for year ending Nov. 1, 1907, showing due on next Mar. 1 of \$22,974.37 [MTP].

Frank Cavendish Lascelles (1875-1934), English actor (born **Frank William Thomas Charles Stevens**) sent a telegram from London to Sam: "Great London pageant next July has been initiated best wishes cabled from you would help much / Frank Lascelles / Pageant office savoy london" [MTP]. *Note:* Lascelles was a leading light at Keble College in undergraduate dramatics. After becoming a professional actor he changed his name to Lascelles and appeared in 1904-1906 in His Majesty's Theatre where Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree was actor-manager. At that time pageants for national pride were popular and Lascelles made a name for himself by directing them. He was known as "the man who staged the Empire." Sam's Oxford trip took in the great pageant. See other entries for Lascelles, and a visit to Stormfield in 1909.

Albert E. Ullman for Authors Editorial Assoc. wrote to Sam to introduce, at the request of James Keating, Assoc. editor of *Broadway Magazine*, Mr. **M.L. Hanson** [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Request / He wanted Mr. Clemens to go lecturing in Canada"

Sam's A.D. for this day, approximately 709 words, included a Dec. 10 clipping:

The Carnegie Institute will be Carnegie's best monument. While he was performing at the engineers' banquet on the 9th, he was once more his very self as heretofore described by me— his very self in that he was eagerly and delightedly advertising an inconsequential attention which had, been paid him, and at the same time overlooking, forgetting, holding of small consequence and leaving unmentioned, a very handsome and public-spirited act of his which almost any other man, in his place, would have found some moans to bring to the notice of those banqueters. But Andrew was Andrew – to give away millions upon millions to splendid causes cannot excite him, cannot accelerate the pulse of his vanity by so much as three beats per minute; his great achievements are nothing to him, the only events in his career that are really important in his eyes, and memorable and caressable, are the attentions shown him by his fellowmen. I clip the following telegram from the newspaper:

Washington, Dec. 10 — Andrew Carnegie has added \$2,000,000 to the \$10,000,000 endowment fund of the Carnegie Institute. The announcement was made at a dinner given to-night by the Board of Trustees at the New Willard. Mr. Carnegie was unable to attend, and sent this letter from his home in New York to President R.S. Woodward:

"Dear Sir — I have watched the progress of the institution under your charge, and am delighted to tell you that it has been such as to lead me to add two millions of dollars more to its endowment. It has borne good fruit, and the trustees are to be highly congratulated. In their hands and yours I am perfectly satisfied it is going to realize not only our expectations but our fondest hopes, and I take this opportunity to thank one and all who have so zealously labored from its inception."

The dinner followed a business meeting of the trustees. For scientific research next year, \$529,940 was allotted. The trustees decided to erect an administration building at Sixteenth and P streets, Northwest, to take the place of the present rented quarters.

We all like attentions. Mr. Carnegie is not any fonder of them than are the rest of us; he differs from the rest of us only in this: that while we try to advertise our accumulation of attentions while not seeming to be advertising them, he spreads his attentions on a thirty-foot hoarding with a long-handled brush, so to speak. No, I am all wrong; that is not the difference. The real difference is that Andrew's art in advertising his attentions while pretending that he is mentioning them for quite other reasons, is less delicate than ours, less subtly surreptitious. Even the purple is human—even the purple is pleased with small attentions under certain conditions. [*handwriting:*] For instance,

Seventeen years ago, in Germany, I was one of the guests at a small dinner party of six men and two women, and I sat at the left of that excellent and very human man who was then Prince of Wales and is now king and emperor. He had a small silver match-box, and he kept picking it up and handling it in a preoccupied way and then laying it down again. Gradually the impression was built up in my mind that he wanted to say something about that box and didn't know how to get at it. The impression was correct. Eventually he passed the box to me to look at, and mentioned with the artful casualness which we are all so well acquainted with in our own persons, that it was given to him by the King of Spain. It was a startling and light-throwing incident. It seemed almost unthinkable that the heir to the colossal British Empire could prize an attention and hold so precious a compliment from any human being in this earth, but it was so; that seventh-rate king was still a king and ranked the prince; therefore the prince prized an attention from that source.

I have several times said that I could live upon compliments alone, if I could get no other sustenance, and I think that in this I do not differ from the rest of the race, even the members of it that wear the purple [MTP].

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

December 13 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Champ Clark (James Beauchamp Clark)**:

I thank you ever so much for your kind offer, but I want to get an extension on it until some later day—indeinitely later—so that I may finish a dialogue which I began last September, & which I may not take up again for a good while.

The purpose of the dialogue is to *instruct* Congress in copyright, & explain the *reasonableness* of what the bill asks. Of course the usual method—a deluge of printed documents—could instruct Congress if Congress would (& *could*) read them, but Congress can't and won't commit suicide in any such way. But Congress will read *real* literature, for the pastime of it & the love of it, & it will read that dialogue.

And so by & by I will finish it. / Thanking you again, ... [MTP].

Isabel Lyon wrote for Sam to **Emma Gertrude Quick**. “Thank you so much for your good news about that comfortable box.. Mr. Clemens asks me to tell you that he is glad you have secured it & that it was lovely to see Dorothy to whom he sends much love as do I, & regards to you” [MTP]. *Note*: this may have been Dorothy and her mother seeing the play *Peter Pan*, as Sam promised Dorothy in his Dec. 10.

Dorothy Butes wrote from London to wish Sam a “Merry Xmas and Happy New Year!” She related exams in college being forced to stay the full two hours whether finished or not, and making verses about her professors to fill out the time. “Lady Northclife gives a large party at her country place in Surrey every year, just a few days before Christmas to all the children of the countryside, and I am going down to help her. / The snapshot will be ready to send you by Wednesday, I think” [MTP].

George Haven Putnam for G.P. Putnam's Sons, NYC wrote to Sam that they had just published *An Analysis of Christian Science* by Rev. **Lyman Powell**, and were sending a complimentary copy. The author would appreciate any word Sam might offer [MTP]. *Note*: Lyon wrote on the letter, “Glad to have that book no doubt a long time before he reads it for he is at work and no doubt it will be a long time before he can find time to read it”

December 14 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to the **Dec. 12** telegram from **Frank Cavendish Lascelles**, by sending one of his own to: Pageant office, Savoy, London: “Best wishes for the greast London pageant it will be the event of the year” [MTP].

Eustace D. Conway finished his **Dec. 7** letter to Sam [MTP].

John R. Chamberlin for the Plasmon Co. of America wrote to Sam: “We hereby demand that you deliver to our representative, the bearer hereof, all of the books of accounts, papers, vouchers, and other property belonging to the Plasmon Company of America, which are in your possession” [MTP].

Rudolphine Scheffer Ely wrote from NYC to Sam. “You have probably read that Tchaykovsky and Mme Breshkovsky are in a Russian prison[.] Their friends here are all busy doing what they can. The enclosed petition [not in file] is going to be presented to Baron Rosen signed by as many influential names as they can get.” The names would also be telegraphed to Washington, where two representatives would see the President [MTP]. *Note*: in the file a note from MTP staff: “Catherine Breshovsky [1844-1934] was arrested in Russia Sept. 1907 / see *New York Times* 13 Sept. 1934, p. 23

December 15 Sunday – **Isabel Lyon's journal**: Prof. Sloane and his daughter Margaret (debutante) came in today for tea. The talk ran onto Washington and the political rottenness of the place. “No man can be himself there.” Mr. S. said. “Mr. Cleveland alone shook his fist in the faces of the corrupt politicians and made himself hated. Pres Arthur went down, McKinley had to protect himself by a great and intricate system of wire-pulling; he was suave (a pious man always) and discreet, but he went under.” And then the King said that Roosevelt had disintegrated until he had become

a heap of sand. Prof. Sloane spoke of the splendid man he had started out [as], and said that Senator Spooner in summing up the present moral state of Roosevelt called him a “rope of sand.” Then they talked about various world powers and Mr. Sloane told of how the “Kitchen Cabinet” at Berlin had [*entry unfinished*] [MTP TS 120]. *Note:* **William Milligan Sloane** was a professor at Columbia University. **John Coit Spooner** (1843-1919) Republican senator from Wisconsin (1885-1891) and (1897-1907); a foe of fellow Wisconsin Senator **Robert M. LaFollette**, whose progressive politics inflamed many conservatives.

W.T. Larned wrote from NYC to remind Sam of his interest shown in Tuxedo a month back, when in the company of **George Johnathan Bain**, in Larned’s “deadly parallel” between the works of Mrs. **Eddy** and the meditations of **Manus Buselius** [sp?]. Larned had obtained a back issue (not specified) of *Life*, which contained his remarks on the subject, and enclosed a copy for Sam (not in file) [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Dec. 23, ‘07”

E.O. Vaile wrote from Oak Park, Ill. to express her “gratification” to Sam for his “hit at Mr. Carnegie’s hydrophobic frenzy against even any discussion of reforming our alphabet” [MTP].

December 16 Monday – **Isabel Lyon’s journal**: “And this day?” [MTP TS 120].

Hélène Elisabeth Picard wrote a long letter in a tiny hand.

My dear Chief Servant, / A hearty wish for a blessed Christmas to you and your family, and for many happy returns of the day is leaving my desk to start westward in the direction of your home. May those terrific tempests and angry winds allow my wishes to find your door in time, that you might know your French Member has also thought of you.

I was more than sorry not to know where to reach you, while you were in Paris; I did so want to send you a welcome to my dear country! If only I had known six weeks before about your coming to Paris! I should have gone later myself, so as to have the great honour and pleasure of seeing you in reality (and not on photos) and of shaking your hand, the one who has written so many books that I have read, reread and shall read again...

I am reading now your autobiography; a friend sends me the St. Louis paper. Unfortunately it can give me but little information for a *serious* literature lesson I have to prepare before next Friday on O.W. Holmes, Stanley and “Mark Twain” [MTP]. *Note:* evidently Picard was under the misapprehension that Sam had gone to Paris during his sojourn to England.

Joe Twichell wrote a short note to Sam. “Here is a photo of R.L. Stevenson’s house at Samoa, given me by the man who took it—Mr Merry, a Canadian, a traveler, at present a tuberculosis patient at Saranac Lake and lodging in the house next to Dave’s [Joe’s son]. As you well knew Stevenson it has seemed to me that the picture will be , not only interesting to you, but better placed in your hands than in mine. I am glad to give it to you. / Yrs Aff. ...” [MTP]. *Note:* copy of photo in file of a two story house with ornate porches and a sign, “Villa Vailima”

December 17 Tuesday – **Charles R. Morris** wrote from Washington DC to ask Sam if he would include his July 4 oration delivered at Aurora, Nev. When he was a miner there [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “He has quoted the only sentence of the speech that I remember, & I don’t know anything about the rest of it.” See Dec. 18 for Sam’s reply.

George Grantham Bain wrote to Miss Lyon to ask which photos Sam wanted copies of and enclosing a ms. for her to return [MTP].

A.R. Simmons wrote from Cocoanut Grove, Fla. to Sam that he’d read CS and concluded that Mrs. Eddy had a “large ‘claim’ of Monomania, of which even C.S. cannot disabuse her mind” [MTP].

December 18 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. **Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to **George L. Beam** of the **Denver & Rio Grande R.R. Co**, Denver, Colo. “Mr. Clemens asks me to write for him & thank you for sending him the photograph & pamphlet. And to use his own words, he said, “Tell him I think it is a good strong clean-cut face & I hope it looks like me as that is the way I should like to look”[MTP]. *Note:* Beam’s photo and pamphlet are not extant.

Isabel Lyon also replied for Sam to the **Dec. 17** of **Charles R. Morris**: “He has quoted the only sentence of the speech that I remember, & I don’t know anything about the rest of it” [MTP].

John Larkin wrote from NYC to Sam. “In reply to the inquiry made of me by Miss Lyon, the payment of \$25,000. to be paid you by Harper & Bros. under the contract made ... on the 23rd of October 1903 continues for five years from that date, after which you will receive a royalty of 40%. So far as I know there has been no change in the contract in this respect” [MTP].

Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Miss Lyon about the Hadleyburg contract with Mr. Hendrie; Mr. Marburg had no rights to the play [MTP].

Eden Phillpotts wrote from Torquay, England to ask Sam if he might dedicate “another Volume of Schoolboy stories entitled “The Human Boy Again”” [MTP].

Dorothy Quick wrote to Sam.

My Dear Mr Clemens / I am waiting for Saturday when I shall see you most impatiently but it will soon be here please write to me when you have time my Teddy Bear is sitting on top of the dressing table and he has just fallen down and is hanging on with one leg and is in danger of falling on the floor any minute it is snowing here now I have been to Bache and am waiting for an answer I have not been to school for one week and am not going this week as I have a cold and mama is afraid to let me go to school for fear I shall take more cold hoping to see you on Saturday with lots of love / I am / your loving / Dorothy / P.S. Please give my very best love to Miss Lyon but keep some for yourself [MTAq 86].

December 19 Thursday – **Isabel Lyon’s journal**: I am hearing the very first words of the King’s Biography. AB is sitting here and reading them to me. The background of the book. The days that passed four months before the King was born. (He says 5 months before the King was born.) [MTP TS 121].

Thomas Bray wrote to Sam, referring to his prior request (Dec. 8) that a letter from Twain to President **Garfield** in behalf of **Frederick Douglass** be included in future segments of Sam’s Autobiography. To the reply that Clemens did not remember the letter, Bray enclosed “a copy of a copy” of it which he’d had for 26 years [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Jan. 7 ‘08”

December 20 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Frances Nunnally**.

I suppose you are about to leave for home, dear Francesca, so I am hasting to wish you a happy holiday-time before you get away down there out of my reach. Indeed you are much too far out of my reach even when you are in Catonsville. I wish you were going home by way of New York, so that I could have glimpse of you, you dear little rascal.

It is hard times, now; still I am going on, with the house I am building in the country, & there’ll be plenty of room for you, & you must come & see us next summer, & stay as long as you can. That Tuxedo visit was *much* too short.

Please remember me to your mother when you get home. You are going to be a glad child soon! [MTAq 86-7].

December 21 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to daughter Jean.

Dear Jean this is John Howells's wedding-day. I do not know who it is he is going to marry, I only know the sex. The sex is the main thing, & this time it is the right one.

The Howellses sail for Europe Jan. 4; on the 2d all the Harper staff, to the number of 60, go down to Lakeville by special train & give him a send-off. Miss Lyon & Mr. Paine are included, by my desire, upon the argument that they are my aides & guards, & also upon the argument that they are co-biographers with me. When I break into hellfireworks of speech, Miss Lyon sets down the words in a book. Mr. Littleton says it takes three historians to record me: a biographer, an autobiographer, and a naughty biographer—Paine, myself, & Miss Lyon.

Christmas is coming. However, we can't help that. Also Dorothy is coming today, to take me to the hippodrome.

Goodnight, dear heart—many hugs & kisses. / Father [MTP]. *Note:* **Martin W. Littleton**, neighbor across the street, whom Sam met at the Jamestown Fulton celebration.



Dorothy Quick arrived for a visit. Not aware that Sam had “canceled” Christmas after the death of **Livy**,



Dorothy handed him a gift to open. It was a smoker's jackknife, according to Cooley, and he “reciprocated by presenting Dorothy with an illustrated edition of *Joan of Arc*, thus allowing Christmas into his life once again” [93]. *Note:* if Sam's plans held, the pair went to the Hippodrome, which was a theatre from 1905 to 1939 on Sixth Ave. between 43rd and 44th Streets. Called the largest in the world by its builders, it seated 6,000. See inserts for postcard view, and for the program they enjoyed, either the matinee or the evening:

Miss H. Riddell wrote from NYC to Sam, having rec'd an introduction from **Harmony Twichell**. She requested “the privilege of meeting” him. “...it will be a great delight to take back to Japan with me” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Tall woman [illegible two words] in hospital for lepers in Japan ”

December 22 Sunday – Sam gave a dinner speech at the **Pleiades Club, Hotel Brevoort**, which was literally next door to his house at 21 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Fatout introduces the event:

At the Pleiades Club dinner for Mark Twain, menus were decorated with illustrated quotations from his books. Carter S. Cole, chairman, introduced the guest of honor by paying tribute to his eminence in American literature, praising so lavishly that Mark Twain began his speech with a mild protest [MT *Speaking* 600].

The New York *Times*, Dec. 23, p.5 reported the Pleiades Club speech:

HOW MARK TWAIN ‘WORKED’ GEN. MILES

Sold Him Another Man's Dog, He Tells Pleiades Club, Because He Needed the Money.

STARTED FIRST SYNDICATE

**While He Was Writing “Innocents Abroad” In
Washington—Thinks He’s Comparatively Honest.**

Mark Twain was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the Pleiades Club at the Hotel Brevoort last night. In his talk, which he described as being wholly unprepared, he told how he first met Gen. Nelson A. Miles by selling him for \$3 a dog that belonged to another person. He explained the transaction by saying that at the time he was in sore need of funds, as he and a friend were then running the first newspaper syndicate in this country at salaries of \$12 a week.

The dining room of the Brevoort was filled with about 200 guests, who all rose and applauded when the aged humorist made his entrance after the meal was over. The menus were covered with illustrated quotations from Mr. Clemens’s works. Carter S. Cole acted as toastmaster. He introduced the guest of the evening with a high tribute to his place in American literature, saying that he was dear to the hearts of all Americans.

“It is hard work to make a speech,” began Mr. Twain, “when you have listened to compliments from the power in authority. A compliment is a hard text to preach to. When the chairman introduces me as a person of merit, and when he says pleasant things about me, I always feel like answering simply that what he says is true, that it is all right, that as far as I am concerned the things he said can stand as they are. But you always have to say something, and that is what frightens me.

“I remember out in Sydney once having to respond to some complimentary toast, and my one desire was to turn in my tracks like any other worm—and run for it. I was remembering that occasion at a later date when I had to introduce a speaker. Hoping then to spur his speech by putting him in joke on the defensive I accused him in my introduction of everything I thought it impossible for him to have committed. When I finished there was an awful calm. I had been telling his life history by mistake.

“One must keep up one’s character. Earn a character first if you can, and if you can’t, then assume one. From the code of morals I have been following and devising and revising for seventy-two years I remember one detail. All my life I have been honest, comparatively honest. I could never use money I had not made honestly. I could only lend it.

“Last Spring I met Gen. Miles again, and he commented on the fact that we had known each other thirty years. He said it was strange that we had not met years before, when we had both been in Washington. At that point I changed the subject, and I changed it with art. But the facts are these:

“I was then under contract for my ‘Innocents Abroad,’ but did not have a cent to live on while I wrote it. So I went to Washington to do a little journalism. There I met an equally poor friend, William Davidson, who had not a single vice, unless you call it a vice in a Scot to love Scotch. Together we devised the first and original newspaper syndicate, selling two letters a week to twelve newspapers and getting \$1 a letter. That \$24 a week would have been enough for us if we had not had to support the jug.

“But there was a day when we felt that we must have \$3 right away, \$3 at once. That was how I met the General. It doesn’t matter now what we wanted so much money at one time for, but that Scot and I did occasionally want it. The Scot sent me out one day to get it. He had a great belief in Providence, that Scottish friend of mine.

“I had given up trying to find the money lying about, and was in a hotel lobby in despair, when I saw a beautiful unfriended dog. The dog saw me, too, and at once we became acquainted. Then Gen. Miles came in, admired the dog, and asked me to price it. I priced it at \$3. He offered me an opportunity to reconsider the value of the beautiful animal, but I refused to take more than Providence knew I needed. The General carried the dog to his room.

“Then came in a sweet little middle-aged man, who at once began looking around the lobby.

“‘Did you lose a dog?’ I asked. He said he had.

“‘I think I could find it,’ I volunteered, ‘for a small sum.’

“‘How much?’ he asked. And I told him \$3.

“He urged me to accept more, but I did not wish to outdo Providence. Then I went to the General’s room and asked for the dog back. He was very angry, and wanted to know why I had sold him a dog that did not belong to me.

“‘That’s a singular question to ask me, Sir,’ I replied. ‘Didn’t you ask me to sell him. You started it.’ And he let me have him. I gave him back his \$3 and returned the dog, collect, to its owner. That second \$3 I carried home to the Scot, and we enjoyed it, but the first \$3, the money I got from the General, I would have had to lend.

“The General seemed not to remember my part in that adventure, and I never had the heart to tell him about it.”

Mr. Clemens left the Breevort after his speech. There followed a mixed programme of music and recitations.

John Brown, Jr. (“Jock”) wrote from Edinburgh to Sam. “I hope you got the copy of Dr. Brown’s letter which A.C. Black sent you, at my request, and still more do I hope you were not disappointed with them.” Jock was also glad to see how Clemens was received in England [MTP].

John N. Ryan wrote to Sam. “Referring to our conversation on 5th ave on Friday afternoon when you promised to come to the Pleiades Club—we have set Sunday evening Dec. 22nd and hope that date will be convenient for you. I will write to Mrs. Quick and I am sure that she and Miss Dorothy will be on hand on that evening...Please advise me of your acceptance” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Yes. I guess that’s so”

December 23 Monday – Elmer Z. Burns wrote to Sam, enclosing a photograph of Twain’s cabin at Aurora. “Some of your admirers have placed decorations on this cabin in your honor, but I am sure, if all who would like to do so, could, the cabin would be buried beneath the load” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote for Sam on the letter, “The hillside & the sagebrush look just as they did before, but I think the house looks better than it did formerly”

Miss **Beryl Morse** wrote Merry Christmas wishes “In memory of a pleasant afternoon spent in the Century Club booth at the Actor’s Fund Fair, where a happy little girl was entertained by a distinguished author” [MTP].

B.W. Taylor wrote from El Paso, Tex. to Sam, not receiving a reply to his letter of Dec. 7 (not extant) This is essentially a begging letter, long and drawn out; Taylor was trying to sell some verses [MTP].

December 24 Tuesday – William Henry Bishop, American Consul in Palermo, Italy wrote a four-page typed letter to “My dear Mr. Autobiographer”:

It is known that when one gets in front of most any kind of an Auto he is apt to be hurt, so I am not much surprised, after the impact of your current Autobiography (page 487 of the December number of the North American Review), to find myself a corpse.

I too remember that famous dinner of the Atlantic Monthly and the presence of the Olympian gods of the region. But what happened was different from the way you represent it. I have no intention at all of trying to amend your good story, and this is one of those things that is “not necessary for publication”; furthermore I should be almost as well pleased to be yoked with you in an alleged calamity as with most other people in their abounding prosperity. I am merely yielding to the impulse to give a little “back talk”, after the lapse of so many years and across the rolling ocean [MTP]. *Notes:* the dinner referred to by Bishop who also spoke at that event, was the infamous Whittier Birthday dinner in Boston, where Clemens’ story about the three vagabonds named Longfellow, Emerson, and Holmes, fell flat. Bishop also disclosed that the next time he spoke before Clemens was in Milan “about 1890” when he spoke in French before the International Copyright Congress. Lyon wrote on the last page of the letter for Sam: “He’s a *consul*—Jesus! Yes tell him he has forgotten all about the dinner. I was there & I am the only reliable historian, but he’s right about the copyright meeting. I didn’t know that I had said anything at that meeting.”

Samuel E. Moffett wrote one sentence to wish Sam “Christmas greetings” [MTP].

Alexander C. Humphreys for the Lotos Club wrote from Hoboken, NJ to invite Sam to be the guest of the Club for the last dinner in the old house on Jan. 11 [MTP].

December 24 after – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Alexander C. Humphreys and the Lotos Club**. “I was not intending to go out again for a year to come, but this invitation unsettles me. I would like to talk with

you or with Lawrence about it, if either of you can do me the kindness to call here within a few days. If so, please telephone me, day & hour so that I can be sure & be at home" [MTP].

December, last week – The estimated time of **Elinor Glyn**'s follow-up 90-minute visit with Clemens at his NY home. This estimate is based on Clemens' Jan. 13 A.D. See Jan. 13 entry, which also includes Glyn's description of the meeting, and Anthony Glyn's *Elinor Glyn: a Biography*, p. 143-4 which states, "She stayed for an hour and a half and for most of the time they discussed Three Weeks, which he greatly admired, both in matter and in style." Glyn here neglects Sam's opinion that publishing such a book was a mistake—a fact that got duly noted in the **Sept. 27, 1908** interview of Clemens by **Charles Henry Meltzer** of the *NY American*. See entry.

December 25 Wednesday – Christmas – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam sent a telegram to **Dorothy Quick**, now at 63 8th Ave. "Merry Christmas and do not forget Friday" [MTP]. *Note:* the Friday engagement is not specified.

Sam also inscribed the verso of a photo of himself lying in bed to an **unidentified person**: "*Now that the horse-shoe is mounted as a pin, it has become useful as well as beautiful. Truly Yours, Mark Twain, Xmas, 1907*" [MTP: City Book Auction catalogs, No. 355, 16 Nov. 1946, Item 103].

Edith F. Connally sent a signed colored floral Christmas card [MTP].

W.S. Croll sent a small, engraved Christmas and New Year card to Sam [MTP].

M.S. Gifford and Evelyn Gifford wrote from Oxford, Englad to wish Sam "a Happy Christmas" [MTP].

Mr. & Mrs. R. Howard Krause sent a small printed Christmas card to Sam [MTP].

Marion Peak Mason (Mrs. George Grant Mason), NYC wrote "Merry Christmas" on her calling card to Sam [MTP].

Mr. & Mrs. Edward Scott, Finsbury Park, London sent an unsigned Christmas card to Sam [MTP].

Mr. & Mrs. Benjamin Stone sent an embossed Christmas and Nw Year card to Sam [MTP].

Thomas Wardle and Miss Wardle sent a printed Christmas and New Year card to Sam [MTP].

West Point Military Academy sent a printed Christmas and New Year card to Sam, signed, "West Point Army Mess" [MTP].

Alice Westrult signed a Christmas card to Sam [MTP].

December 26 Thursday – **Harper & Brothers** wrote to Miss Lyon replying to hers of Dec. 23 and would be "very glad to communicate with Miss Katharine I. Harrison in regard to the 24th and 25th Voumes of Mr. Clemens' Works" [MTP].

Ethel Newcomb wrote to Sam, hoping she might see him before going back to Europe, as she'd missed him at Brown's Hotel in London when he was there. Regards to the girls [MTP].

December 27 Friday – Sam and **Dorothy Quick** had some unspecified engagement for today; see telegram Dec. 25 to Quick.

The New York *Times* ran “Want Tchaikovsky Free” on p. 8, and included Samuel L. Clemens in a list of about 500 names signed to a petition plea to liberate **Nicholas Tchaikovsky (Nikolai V. Chaikovsky)**, recently arrested for complicity in the Russian revolutionary movement.

Jervis Langdon II wrote to Sam about progress selling the Hope-Jones organs—their first order being for “ten or twelve thousand shouting Methodists” in Ocean Grove, NJ [MTP].

December 28 Saturday – In his **Dec. 29** to Nunnally, Sam wrote: “Yesterday I went with 70 other slaves of Harper & Brothers to Lakewood to lunch Mr. Howells out of the country & give him God-speed. The distance was greater than I was expecting it would be.” On **Dec. 21** he had written to daughter **Jean**: “The Howellses sail for Europe Jan. 4; on the 2d all the Harper staff, to the number of 60, go down to Lakeville by special train & give him a send-off. Miss Lyon & Mr. Paine are included, by my desire, upon the argument that they are my aides & guards, & also upon the argument that they are co-biographers with me.”

Evidently the date for the Harper staff and friends to see **William Dean Howells** off had been moved up to **Dec. 28**, and Sam was correct in his first letter above, it was **Lakewood, N.J.**, not Lakeville. Interestingly, *MTHL* p.828 also gives **Jan. 2, 1908** for a luncheon. The New York *Times*, Dec. 29, p.9, reports a dinner speech Sam made on Dec. 28 as a farewell honor. Fatout does not report this speech.

DINNER TO W. D. HOWELLS.

Mark Twain Makes a Speech for the Guest of Honor.

Special to the New York Times.

LAKEWOOD, N. J., Dec. 28.—A brilliant gathering made up of representatives of the various Harper publications and their most prominent literary contributors, attended a dinner given to-day at the Laurel House by Col. George Harvey in honor of W. D. Howells, who will soon sail for Europe. Among the seventy guests present were “Mark Twain,” Henry M. Alden, David Munro, Albert Bigelow Paine, Van Tassel Sutphen, and Dennis O’Sullivan, well known as a singer in London opera.

After dinner Col. Harvey called on Mr. Howells, who said that as he and Mr. Clemens had long ago made a pact that if he would write Mr. Clemens’s books, Mr. Clemens would make his speeches, he would leave him to make the speech now if Mr. Clemens thought he could remember it.

Mr. Clemens rose to the occasion, and kept the room in a gale of laughter for some time, revealing the details of his literary collaboration with Mr. Howells for some years. He said the Mr. Howells had started by expurgating his books for him till he had attained his present reputation, and that had Mr. Howells continued the process he had no doubt it would have brought to him a reputation for literary purity such as had never been before known, but unfortunately Mr. Howells was not content with merely expurgating Mr. Clemens’s books, he soon began to interline.

“And then,” concluded Mr. Clemens, “I released him from the contract and have edited my own books ever since.”

Note: the luncheon at Lakewood, N.J. resulted in a short article with a full page photograph in *Harper’s Weekly* for Jan. 18, 1908. See entry.

Julia Barnett Rice for the Society of Suppression of Noise wrote to thank Sam for his “kind lines of encouragement” [MTP].

December 29 Sunday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Frances Nunnally**; his letter informs of a short trip he took the day before, and of his dinner plans for this evening.

Ah, you dear Francesca, you & your mother gave me a pleasant surprise in that beautiful & valuable addition to my winter comforts, & I thank you cordially ; & I wish also to thank you, dear, for the fine album of Rembrandts. I am the better, bodily & spiritually, for these welcome remembrances.

Yesterday I went with 70 other slaves of Harper & Brothers to Lakewood to lunch Mr. Howells out of the country & give him God-speed. The distance was greater than I was expecting it would be: multiplied by 2 or 3 it would have reached Baltimore, & so if you had been in Catonsville I would have gone on. But you had already escaped South; you had probably already started before I wrote you the other day.

If you see Uncle Remus Harris you must give him a good hearty Xmas hand-squeeze for me, for I am very fond of him.

Half-hour later. I wish you were here, so that I could have you at dinner this evening & show you off, as I did to those admiring families in London. It's a small dinner, for stage friends: John Drew & his wife, Will Gillette, & Billie Burke—excellent folk, & Billie is as good as she is pretty. And Gillette is *such* a bright talker. He has just gone from the room, it is 1.30 p.m.; & now I will get up & play billiards with Mr. Paine.

I may have to go to Washington by & by, & then I will fall off the train at Baltimore & have a glimpse of you.

With my kindest regards to your mother, & my love to you, dear, ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Quick**.

Happy New Year, Dorothy dear!

I miss you so, you dear child—I miss you all the time, you little rascal.

Your mother said you could come again, before the end of January—you will be very welcome, honey [MTP].

Charles J. Langdon wrote to Sam. (Only the envelope survives maked “Personal” on each side) [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote several names on the env., which may or may not refer to the missing letter: “Walkers, Marjorie [*sic* Margery] Clinton, Fluffy, Guinesses, Sampson, Riggses, Colliers, Doubledays” and “Masons / Templetons / Waylands” and “Miss Herts / Sunday P.P.” and “Miss Burbank, J.Q. Adams, Doubledays” – guest lists?

Alex Sinclair wrote from Toronto to Sam, having enjoyed reading CS. He enclosed a clipping “Going to Church in Toronto” (in file) from the *Toronto News* of Dec. 28 which he thought might interest [MTP].

December 30 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Carlotta Welles**.

Your letter has just arrived, & is a very pleasant & very welcome surprise; I thought you had forgotten me long ago. The xmas holidays have this high value: that they remind Forgetters of the Forgotten, & repair damaged relationships.

Yesterday afternoon when I was breaking the Sabbath over the billiard table, word was brought up that “Doangivadams” were downstairs, waiting. We had a very pleasant time together, & some day I’m going down to Bryn Mawr & return the visit.

You remember Frances Nunnally? I had xmas letters from her & her mother day before yesterday, from their home in Georgia. They visited me in Tuxedo in September. Frances (whom I call Francesca for short), was very good to me in London, & drove with me two hours every afternoon, returning calls. Her school is near Baltimore; I am going down there by & by.

Dispeptic? Dear me, I do pity you Charley, for I was walking that vale of tears & exasperations for many months, & I know all about it. I cured it two months ago, & I will tell you the process. So that you can duplicate it? Indeed *no!*—so that you can avoid it. For what cures one person always kills another. I stopped drinking milk—that was the main thing. I stopped dieting. That was the next mainest thing. I dine chiefly on radishes & celery now (I am not joking), following these with all kinds of deadly food, & always finishing with two pears. My health is at last perfect. But don’t you venture that road, you little rascal!

Many letters catalogued to Clemens during 1907 were to Lyon or Ashcroft; some omitted here

With love & Happy New Years ... [MTAq 89-90]. *Note:* source: “Carlotta was attending the Baldwin School in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania; the three visitors were probably school friends.”

John Larkin wrote to Sam about the **Knickerbocker Trust** situation. Larkin advised the best thing for depositors to do is to “consent to the Satterly plan...of which Mr. Parsons is chairman and Mr. Satterly is counsel.” He had followed the situation and felt as did Harvey, that the bank might reopen [MTP]. *Note:* **Herbert L. Satterly**, also seen as Satterlee, was the son-in-law of J.P. Morgan. **Hinsdill Parsons** (1864-1912).

Dorothy Quick wrote to Sam.

My Dear Mr Clemens / Here I am safe in Plainfield. Grandpa and Grandma came yesterday and I was so glad to see them I had over 40 Christmas [presents] when I counted them all up It is raining here and is dark and dreary I have not heard from Bache but expect a letter every day will let you know when I get it with lots of love / your loving / Dorothy / P.S. Please give lots of love to Miss Lyon from me [MTAq 88-9].

Oscar M. Voorhees for Phi Beta Kappa wrote to Sam, enclosing a bound copy of the “report of the recent Phi Beta Kappa Council” (in file.) [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Jan. 6, 1908” and “Thanks for report”

December 31 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote on a card picturing a woman in a hat to **Maud W. Littleton**: “Happy New year / to / Mrs Littleton / from / SL. Clemens” [MTP]. *Note:* Martin W. and Maud W. Littleton, across-the-street neighbors.

Sam hosted a **New Year’s Eve Luncheon** for six. The *Boston Daily Globe*, Jan. 2, 1908, p.8, “One on O’Sullivan” reported that the guests included **Dennis O’Sullivan** (1868-1908; sometimes seen as Denis), Irish actor and singer, **Finley Peter Dunne**, **George B. Harvey**, and **George Woods**. Sam’s talk included a dream of **Clara Clemens’** about **William Dean Howells**, who was also likely present (he would sail for Europe on Jan. 4). The event was also reported by the *Washington Times*, Jan. 2, 1908, p. 8:

MARK TWAIN JOKES FRIEND ABOUT JOKE

Humorist Raps Howells and O’Sullivan at One Fell Swoop.

NEW YORK, Jan. 2.—Dennis O’Sullivan, the Irish singer, carried a wide grin yesterday when he boarded the Twentieth Century Limited for Chicago, where he is to open Sunday night in a new comic opera, “Peggy Machree.” With him he took Mark Twain’s latest story, and the tale tickled him so that he giggled like a school girl.

Mr. O’Sullivan and six guests, among whom were Finley Peter Dunne, Col. George Harvey, of Harper’s, and George Wods [*sic* Woods], were invited by Mark to a New Year luncheon Tuesday noon. Each was asked to “meet the human race,” and after they met it there was much hilarity and good cheer.

Mr. O’Sullivan is a devotee of the game of billiards, and when he was called upon to say something his mind turned to his favorite amusement. He spun several good yarns concerning the elusive ivory balls, and then branched into a complicated description of a new variety of the game he has been perfecting for upward of two years.

The description was in fact so complicated and technical that no one except the singer had the slightest idea what the story teller was talking about. When he had finished Mr. Clemens, himself a billiards expert, arose.

“I have greatly enjoyed the account of this new game,” he said, “because it reminds me of a story my daughter Clara told me this morning. Clara doesn’t often dream, but she dreamed last night, and she told me about it. She said she thought she heard William Dean Howells telling a funny anecdote, the gist of which she

could not catch. The tale, however, was followed by a perfect Niagara of laughter and handclapping. Therefore she was provoked because she had lost the point.

“ ‘Now, I can just tell you all about that story,’ said I. ‘How is that?’ she asked. ‘Well,’ said I, ‘Mr. Howells has but one funny story, and that hasn’t a point to it. But, of course, one must applaud.’ ”

Everyone roared, and when Mr. O’Sullivan again spun a yarn it had nothing to do with billiards.

Note: O’Sullivan was born in San Francisco to a prominent banker. He traveled to Europe to study voice under Karl Formes, and Ugo Talbo Vannucinna in Florence and under Sbriglia in Paris. He made his debut in 1895 in Dublin as part of the Carl Rosa Company. He then performed in London. He arrived back in New York on November 22, 1907 and was a major headliner for a few short months. He performed to great acclaim in Chicago’s McVicker’s Theatre, then moved on to Columbus, Ohio where he had an appendectomy on Feb. 1, 1908 and died on Feb. 20, at the too-young age of 39.

William Arnold Rowland wrote from Montreal to Sam, “Having read in the Tribune of he 10th instant (I waited 21 days to encourage my thought to mature) your remarks on the Pterodactyl and Reformed Spelling, permit me to hand you a clipping of my little skit on the same subject, introducing the dog” [MTP]. *Note:* clipping dated Apr. 28, 1906

Marquis d’ Equilles wrote Sam “best wishes & sincerest wishes for the New Year” on his calling card [MTP].

Year of the Angelfish – “A Good Place to Live in, a Good Place to Die In”
“Autobiography House” becomes “Innocents at Home” becomes “Stormfield”
Doe Luncheons – Elinor Glyn – Knickerbocker Crisis
Bermuda Trips: Margaret, Maude & Reginald; HHR – Children’s Theatre
Jubilee City College – Aldrich Memorial– Commodore Dow – Moffett Drowns
Guests, Guests, & More Guests – Redding Library “Tax” & Dedication
Burglars! Staff Quits – Requies Cat in Pace – Elizabeth Wallace Visits

1908 – Hill notes that of known 1908 letters by Clemens, “nearly half” were to his Members of the Aquarium, or **Angelfish**. “Almost always they were long, chatty, childlike letters, frequently composed over a number of days. All pleaded for visits.” Hill, as others have done, also makes a connection from the Angelfish to the late Susy Clemens [195-6].

Sometime during the year Sam inscribed an illustration pasted on the front cover of Richard Le Gallienne’s *The Old Country House* (1905) to **Isabel V. Lyon**: “S.L. Clemens, 1905, to J.V. Lyon, 1908.” [MTP]. Note: not in Gribben.

Sometime during the year, likely in December, **Elizabeth Wallace** inscribed for Sam a copy of *Aspects of the Earth: A Popular Account of Some Familiar Geological Phenomena* (1904) by **Nathaniel Southgate Shaler** (1841-1906): “To the King / with / the affectionate homage / of Betsy.” Sam signed the half-title page: “SL. Clemens / 1908 / from Betsy Wallace.” Clemens wrote a note on the top of page 69, and dated it Dec. 29, 1909. See entry [Gribben 636].

At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote a short reply to **Brander Matthews** (whose incoming is not extant):

“Would I like to have that MS? Indeed I would!

I reckon it is a good idea, to collect the speeches. I will speak to the Harpers” [MTP].

A section in *American Literature*, “American Humor” (1908), by **Julian W. Abernethy**, p. 465-72: Tenney: “The book is a broad survey, intended for use in schools, and the treatment of MT is superficial, though laudatory (except for regretting his frequent coarseness). *TS* and *HF* are ‘astonishingly clever studies of the American bad boy, and *LOM* is ‘his best autobiographic narrative,’ a product of the river which inspired him. Abernethy appears to be guided primarily by Brander Matthews and H.R. Haweis, both of whom he quotes in praise of MT (the attributions are unclear, but the sources seem to be *Aspects of Fiction*, Harper, 1892, and *American Humorists*, Funk, 1883, respectively) [45].

The Life of Henry Irving (London; 1908) by **Austin Brereton** contains accounts of Clemens. Tenney: “MT a guest at a dinner given in Irving’s honor at the Somerset Club by Charles Fairchild and James R. Osgood; Howells and Aldrich were also present 1884 (p. 37); Irving a guest at MT’s home in Hartford, 1884 (p. 42). MT’s name was among over a hundred signatures on a letter dated 14th March, 1885, inviting Irving to a banquet in his honor at Delmonico’s, April 6 (p. 68)” [45].

The Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich (1908) by **Ferris Greenslet** contains letters by Clemens: Tenney: “Includes the correspondence with MT that followed Aldrich’s attribution in *Every Saturday* of the ‘Carl Byng’ and ‘Hy Slocum’ sketches in the *Buffalo Express* to him, with MT’s tribute to Harte’s influence as literary mentor, although their friendship had ended (pp. 94-99); correspondence in which MT deluged Aldrich with photographs in response to a request for one (pp. 112-17, including a self-portrait sketch, facing p. 114); anecdote on their comparative popularity in France (p. 117A); quotes MT declaring ‘that if he was a fool, he was at least God’s fool, and entitled

to some respect' (p. 192); on MT as so well known that 'little donkey-boys on the Nile...will tell you that they were "Mark Twain's" donkey boys"' [45-6].

Life of Bret Harte (1908) by **Edgar T. Pemberton** contains references to Mark Twain [Tenney 46].

The New American Type, and Other Essays (1908) by **Henry Dwight Sedgwick** contains a section, "Mark Twain" (p. 281-313). Tenney: "On MT as the embodiment of a democratic, American spirit in literature" [46].

Reminiscences of Senator William M. Stewart of Nevada (1908), ed. **George Rothwell Brown**. Tenney quotes: "'Chapter XXIII. Mark Twain becomes my secretary—Back from the Holy Land, and he looks it—the landlady terrorized—I interfere with a humorist's pleasures and get a black patch—Revenge!—Clemens the hero of a Nevada hold-up' (pp.219-24). An unsympathetic portrayal of MT, who briefly was Stewart's secretary in Washington. Concludes: 'Clemens remained with me for some time. He wrote his book in my room, and named it *The Innocents Abroad*. I was so confident that he would come to no good end, but I have heard of him from time to time since then and I understand that he has settled down since then and become respectable ["]' [46].

Patrick Cooke published a 63-page pamphlet of criticism of Twain's "Concerning the Jews": *Our Misunderstanding Concerning the Jews, etc.* (1908). Tenney: "...arguing that although MT claimed to be unprejudiced he shared the racial, caste, and sectarian prejudices of his time; MT's essay 'Concerning the Jews,' though kindly mean, serves to perpetuate bigotry" [Tenney, *ALR First Annual Supplement to the Reference Guide* (Autumn, 1977) 335].

The Wine of the Puritans: A Study of Present-Day America (London 1908), by Van Wyck Brooks. Tenney: "On pp. 105, 109, 114, briefly mentions MT as simply one more of the popular humorists, sharing their deficiencies" [Tenney, *ALR Second Annual Supplement to the Reference Guide* (Autumn, 1978) 176].

Sometime during 1908 **Louise Freeman and Mary E. Freeman** (mother and daughter) wrote to Sam, thanking him for the pictures and sending love [MTP].

On a Thursday in 1908 **Polly Porter**, daughter of Robert Porter, Oxford, wrote on The Buckingham Hotel notepaper to Sam:

Dear Dr. Clemens: / The fascinating cards you so kindly sent us are greatly appreciated, and more still your thought of us in this, the busiest of seasons. Thank you many times for them.

"Peter Pan" is still a vivid and delightful dream to me, which will never fade.

After leaving you and Miss Lyon at the theatre Miss Clinton and I have a pleasant tea together and walk home. I missed her call today, but am going to her "At Home" in Monday. She is a charming acquaintance, I think, for which I'm grateful to you as for many other pleasures.

With sincere regard from us all, / Polly Porter [MTP]. *Note:* Clemens first saw *Peter Pan* on Nov. 15, 1905.

Also sometime during 1908 **A.J. Schortkapp (Mrs. Walter Schortkapp)** of Buffalo, NY wrote from Baden Baden, Germany while traveling in Europe. This is a fan letter. She urged him to travel and write more travel books [MTP].

Sometime in 1908 **Zene Spurrier** wrote from Kingman Kansas to send a poem titled "Mark Twain" done for his 70th and "mailed to the author at this late date on the impulse of the moment" [MTP].

Mrs. Esther Ogden Sturgis (Mrs. Richard Clipson Sturgis) wrote on a Tuesday from Kingston, NY: "It is very kind of you to ask me to go to you with Dorothy [Sturgis] , & I should like so much to do so, were I not very much of an invalid & still in the clutches of a trained nurse" [MTP].

Dorothy Sturgis (1891-1978) wrote sometime during 1908 after Apr. 13:

My dear Mr. Clemens / I got the photographs the other day and I was awfully glad to hear from you, because I was beginning to think you didn't love me any more, you hadn't written for so long!

The photographs are really very good, aren't they? Especially of you.

It was so very sweet of you to be so hospitable about my coming to you next time I come to New York, but I should hate to give you the bother of having me on your hands in that way.

I know I shouldn't revert to subjects which I have dropped, but I forgot to say that those pictures you sent me do not quite fit my picture frames as the opening is a circle, and I wish that if it isn't too much bother you or Miss Lyon could send me a nice big picture of you, all alone, just head and shoulders, if you have one. (The diameter is 4 inches.)

Have you taken those dancing lessons yet? Don't forget that you are reserving a dance for me in the Princess Hotel, on the first Friday in January of next year!

With oceans, and seas, and rivers of love to you and Miss Lyon, / Dorothy [MTP].

John Vanderbilt, NYC, sent a long printed poem, "Lake Mohonk" [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote for Sam on the letter, "Oh, damn this poet!"

Helen M. Turner wrote from Cincinnati sometime during the year with this ditty:

Life's a game each one must play,
Humor shines forth night or day;
In the game when brains are wit
I must remark Twain, you are "it" [MTP].

Elizabeth Wallace also sent a little tale on Princess Hotel notepaper, including stick figures inserted at various points of the poem. The poem related the walk with Maude the donkey, her master Reginald, "a kind gentleman" (Twain) and others. "When they came back...the kind gentleman was so very tired that he did not come to dinner" [MTP].

An **unidentified person** sent a postcard: "In reply to yours of many and some recent dates, let my eloquent New Years Greeting attest an appreciation which—alack—must be voiceless as well as nameless. [*other side:*] I always thought that old Dean Howells as a muck-raker—& a slush slinger—don't let him defile you!" [MTP].

George Harvey wrote on Hotel Touraine, Boston, notepaper to Sam: "The name of that hotel in Portsmouth is the Wentworth. I knew all the time. / Uncle William was enchanted with the selections from the motor—I mean the Auto. / But he has doubtless written you / Yours" [MTP] *Note:* staff note: "end of June 1908 SLC went to Portsmouth for Aldrich Memorial."

January – "Extract from Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven" first appeared in two installments in Harper's Monthly for **Dec. 1907** and for **Jan. 1908**. It was published by Harper as a book in **Oct. 1909** as *Extract from Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven*. Budd points out that Twain worked on various versions of the story at multiple times—in 1869, 1870, 1873, 1878, 1881, 1883, and 1893 [Budd *Collected* 2: 1013].

At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam drafted a telegram to **Robert J. Collier** at 752 Park Ave., N.Y.: "WILL MAMMA GO WITH YOU & ME TO BERMUDA IN FEBRUARY? SAY YES. / CLEMENS" [MTP].

Hill writes of the antagonism between **Isabel Lyon** and **Albert Bigelow Paine**, and of **Samuel Moffett's** call at 21 Fifth Ave. sometime this month, when she told him (quoting from Isabel Lyon's diary):

When I said the King was distressed to know that Paine had copied quantities of the King's early letters, that Paine gave him to understand that it was the King's particular wish that he should have them. The King said last night that the next thing Paine would be getting letters from Howells, and he proceeded to write Mr. Howells asking him not to comply [Hill 201].

Note: Sam wrote Howells on **Jan. 22** telling that Moffett had been giving his letters to Paine, and asking Howells not to give Paine the letters he had; Howells replied on **Feb. 4** that it was too late; he'd already done so. See entries. Given the date of Sam's request to Howells and his concerns, it would seem that Isabel's entry and Moffett's visit would have come around mid-January at the earliest. See also **Feb. 26** for Lyon's account of telephoning Paine about missing letters.

Sam inscribed a copy of *TS* to **J. Freeman Lincoln**: "To J. Freeman Lincoln—Happy New Year, Mark Twain" [MTP].

Carlotta Welles ("Charlie") wrote from Paris to send New Year wishes. She often thought of him and his kindness on the *S.S. Minneapolis* and doubted she could come back to America in the spring [MTP].

January 1 Wednesday – In N.Y.C. Sam attended a farewell dinner for **William Dean Howells** at the **Metropolitan Club**, thrown by Col. Harvey. According to Lyon's datebook for Jan. 2, Sam spoke last after six speeches [MTP: IVL TS 1]. See entry.

Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to **Robert Underwood Johnson**. "Dear Mr. Johnson: / Mr. Clemens asks me to write for him to say that he is not sufficiently interested to vote on coming membership" [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon dictated this to Josephine Hobby.

Sam also wrote to **Eden Phillpotts**.

New Years Day, 1908

My dear Friend;

There above I have tried the new date for the first time—& most strange & impertinent & intrusive it does look! However, this is not a novelty: 65 of its ancestors have affected me in the same way. In offering to dedicate the book to me you do me high honor, & I accept your "select party of rascals" gratefully. This is the best New Year's Gift I have received.

What an unforgetably lovely time I had in England! It can never be duplicated in this world, & there are some who think it wont be in the next. Your sincere friend & persistent admirer these many years [MTP]. *Note:* Gribben p. 544 identifies the forthcoming book dedicated to Mark Twain as *The Human Boy Again* (1908); see Sam's 26 Apr 1908 to Phillpotts, when the book arrived.

Sam also wrote a "Happy New Year to my dear Whitmore from the 'great White Brer'" postcard to **Franklin G. Whitmore and Harriet E. Whitmore**. The other side showed Mark Twain reclining in bed, and a poem by **L.J. Bridgman** to Mark Twain [MTP].

* **John W. Postgate** wrote to inquire about dramatizing *JA* [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Refer him to Miss Marbury / 1430 Bway"

Dorothy Quick signed a Happy New Year card "With love from Dorothy" [MTP].

John M. Warbeke wrote from Williamstown, Mass. "We are in need of some of your spirit in Williams College"—would he visit "on some auspicious occasion"? [MTP]. *Note:* "H" (Hobby) wrote on the letter, "ans Jan 4"

January 2 Thursday – The New York *Times*, p. 9 ran this brief squib of an upcoming gathering:

Lotos Club Dinner to Mark Twain

A jollification dinner is announced at the Lotos Club on Jan. 11. Mark Twain is to be the guest of the evening.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Loose jointed & weary I am in bed all day. Not doing much thinking—not doing any work but reading Daniel Deronda with greater delight than ever.

The King signed some kind of a document that pertains to the settling of the Knickerbocker Trust Co's depositor claims, and Ashcroft came to help him do it. It is claimed that in 2 yrs & 4 mos. all depositors will receive the full value of their moneys.

He told me about the farewell dinner to Mr. Howells, that he went to last night at the Metropolitan Club—"the millionaires' club." Col. Harvey gave the dinner & the food was fine—"delicious terrapin—2 rounds of it"—the King hadn't eaten anything for 24 hours so his appetite was good & even if he hadn't the big dish of radishes that he eats every night for dinner, he had no heart burn. The Colonel asked him to speak last & to go after 6 speeches, one of them by Alden, who droned away [before] the King talked—"Just talked," which is so wonderful. Like a dream edifice, for you don't know what is coming next, & his talks build into exquisite towers & pinnacles & when he sits down the wonderful structure he has built fades away & you have only an imperishable memory of a hauntingly beautiful thing that you can never remember and never forget [MTP: IVL TS 1].

Mrs. Augusta Quimby Frederick wrote to Sam from Belfast, Maine, having just finished CS and regretted that it ended.

"My knowledge of Mrs. Eddy dates back prior to 1866, before she had mounted the Eddy throne, in all her war-paint and feathers. She was then plain Mrs. Patterson in more ways than in name, but her ability to circle round the truth and not touch it, dates back to her first breath." She wrote she was the daughter of the late **Phineas P. Quimby** [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Jan. 22, 08"

Harper & Brothers wrote to ask Sam's permission for a Louisville, Ky. high school to give "two or three performances of" *Pe&P* [MTP].

January 3 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam inscribed an aphorism on a calendar page for Jan. 3, 1908 to **Mr. Randall**: "*We ought never to do wrong when people are looking. / Truly Yours / Mark Twain*" [MTP: Profiles in History catalogs, No. 1, Item 55].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Dear Santa [Clara] comes in to sit by me because I'm in bed to get rid of the gripe & when I said it was such a wonderful place to stay in that I'd do it often, she remarked, "Yes, we certainly have got the bed bug habit."

I went down for dinner, & I had the King all to myself. I was so glad—so very glad for he was sweet, very delicate & like his old self before warring outside things came in to harshen him up and make him rude to me. But I do not *really* care. He had many things on his mind to exasperate him, & as Tino says, he *had* to explode to someone. So I'm glad I've been his safety valve [MTP: IVL TS 2]. *Note:* "Tino" was Albert Bigelow Paine's nickname.

Susanna Deacon wrote to Sam. "How delightful! Indeed yes, I will go to the 'Doc' party, don't put it off too long however for in the interval I shall be unable to settle my mind to any thing serious...So Mrs Riggs has thrown the gauntlet? May she not be defeated! But secretly between you and me, the Doc is too flattered..." [MTP].

Neal Champ, age 78, wrote to Sam from St. Louis, relating people he'd known 50 years before in Hannibal, and writing of the time he pulled Sammy Clemens from the river [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Deer Creek Life Saved several times"

HUDSON 44th St., near B'way. Eve. 8:30.
Mats. To-morrow & Wed. 2:30.
ETHEL BARRYMORE in her new play,
HER SISTER.
By Clyde Fitch and Cosmo Gordon Lennox.

January 4 Saturday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: The King sent up an irritated message to me by Katherine this morning. “Was I ill? If not, then some telephoning.” I hopped out of bed, and put on wrapper and a shawl and went down. He was crossish—as the King has never been before—and pounded the bed. Dan Frohman must be telephoned to at once for a box for Ethel Barrymore’s play today—But Dan Frohman is never at his Lyceum office until after 11. I had my little campaign laid out for the King but he didn’t suspect it & he imagined I was just loafing. However, he reached for Kipling’s “Five Seas” and he read aloud, “The Bell Buoy.” Gradually his mood changed to sweet naturalness again. All the harsh edges gone & at 2 he set out for the matinee. He has been resting of late. Resting & sleeping a lot, & so is less nervous—The Templetons came over for billiards, & the King was sweet & gay. Mr. T. said that the King’s name had been down as a jurymen for the Thaw trial & the King told how when he was in Riverdale, he was drafted; he got Tom Reed to get him off and then when he was drafted again he got Mr. Rogers to get him off & then when he was drafted a 3rd time he went down to see Judge Seabury & had a nice little speech prepared. The place was full of people trying to get off & when the King reached Judge Seabury he began, “Your honor if you will allow me to explain my incompetency to act as jurymen, and the great inconne-.” Judge Seabury broke in “Mr. Clemens, you want to be let off, and certainly you shall be.” So the King’s little speech was never made. He had high praise for Judge Seabury as a handsome creature, & very courteous [MTP: IVL TS 3]. *Note:* **Ethel Barrymore** in *Her Sister*, playing at a 2:30 p.m. matinee. See insert.

Robert J. Collier wrote to reassure Miss Lyon that Sam’s presence at the meeting of the Educational Theatre was not required; that his duties were “purely honorary” [MTP].

Reuben P. Hallack wrote from the Male High School in Louisville, Ky to gain formal permission to give three performances of *P&P* [MTP]. *Note:* see Jan. 2 from Harpers on this issue.

January 5 Sunday – H.H. Rogers and wife paid a call on Sam at 21 Fifth Ave.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Mr. Lawrence, president of the Lotos club were here today to talk up the dinner that is to be given next Saturday evening in the King’s honor & the Oxford degree is to be made the feature of it. All day the King was in bed & he is resting up from these long fearful billiard nights, when he played so nervously from 8:30- until 12-1-2 & even 4 o’clock—that time—

He dined with the Colliers & Mr. and Mrs. Dan Frohman. Ethel Barrymore, Mr. & Mrs. Dooley, R.H. Davis were there and he said it was a “kissing bee”. Everyone of course wants to kiss him, for his the lovablest creature.

Mr. and Mrs. Rogers came in too. I tried to find a change in Mr. Rogers since his stroke last July. But there are no effects of it visible now [MTP: IVL TS 3-4]. *Note:* **Richard Harding Davis**.

January 6 Monday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: A.B. came in for a few minutes this a.m. but not to give any chance for billiards. The King was sorry. Miss Nichols arrived. The King is interested because Will Gillette speaks of buying a “Jay Farm” up in Redding.

Mr. Howells told the King a dear little story about a little girl who had a baby brother. She watched her mother bathing him one day, she had never seen him in his tub before, and she said to her mother, “Isn’t it good that it didn’t come on his face” [MTP: IVL TS 4]. *Note:* **Miss Marie Nichols**.

S.R. Benjamin wrote to Sam soliciting automobile insurance [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Thanks for the letter, but Mr. Clemens does not expect to own an automobile” and “Ans Jan 12, inst.”

Howells & Stokes wrote to Sam. “We enclose our certificate #1043 for \$2784.37 covering the fifth payment in connection with Mr. Sunderland’s contract for your new residence” [MTP]. *Note:* William Webb Sunderland and Son was the contractor on the Redding house.

Charles J. Langdon wrote to Sam enclosing a draft for \$2,120.00 for Minneapolis Electric Co. bonds which matured Jan 1 [MTP].

Joe Twichell wrote to Sam, forced to decline an invitation by the Lotos Club for a dinner in Twain's honor next Saturday evening. Saturdays were "near impossible" for him anyway, but had a long standing appointment to preach at Williams College on that day [MTP].

January 7 Tuesday – **Clara Clemens** gave a recital at the 21 Fifth Ave. house.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Santa's Day, really. And I wish all the world could have heard her sing this afternoon when about 14 people were gathered in the drawing rooms and Miss Nichols played her violin. The King didn't come down until the music was over, for he doesn't like a drawing room performance, but he listened over the balusters, & I heard him gently clicking the billiard balls around in between times. Then I slid up & got him. He cannot endure Mrs. Under Shirt Johnson [Underwood], says she is a damn fool & doesn't like to be misquoted by Mrs. Day, who said, "Yes I know she is foolish but—"

Sunderland came in to say that the King's house is getting on nicely but that they must have more money for it. Tomorrow, I shall send a check for \$2700. The king is beginning to feel that he wants to live there [MTP: IVL TS 4-5]. *Note:* **Miss Marie Nichols**, Boston violinist. **William Webb Sunderland**, Danbury Conn. Contractor.

January 8 Wednesday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** The King walked up to the Irish exhibition at Madison Square Garden this morning and saw Miss Yeates [*sic* Yeats], the poet's sister.

Santa sang again today. A great crimson rose nestled close to her heart and she was like a wonderful flower nestling in the ether of the world. The very air must love to caress her as she passes through it [MTP: IVL TS 5]. *Note:* **William Butler Yeats** (1865-1939) Irish poet, dramatist. His two sisters, Elizabeth and Susan Mary, were known as Lolie and Lily. Which sister Sam met is unclear.

Booker T. Washington wrote to Sam.

I had a talk with Mr. H.H. Rogers yesterday, and told him that Col. Henry Watterson is coming here to speak at a meeting for us in Carnegie Hall on the 17th. Mr. Rogers expressed the wish, in which I heartily join, that you be present at the meeting. Also I very much wish that you would consent to sit on the platform with Col. Watterson. It would help our cause greatly [MTP]. *Note:* see also Rogers' letter of Jan. 16 about this event.

After Jan. 8 Sam wrote the following reply on Washington's letter:

Ah, I'd just as soon sit on the platform & be looked at, as not. But it would mean a speech—and I don't want to make one. But I could sit there & be a target for bouquets. It might be a chance to heave in a word for the durned blue laws. But I don't decline & I don't accept. I leave it open [MTP; MTHHR 644n2 (&'s replaced in latter)].

Clemens acquired another case of Queen Anne whisky [L-A MS]. *Note:* see June 8, 1907 for the full list of acquisition dates of whisky, intended as ammunition against Isabel Lyon.

Eulabee Dix wrote to Miss Lyon asking her to phone "in regard to a desire of Mr Clemens," which she would explain [MTP].

Henry W. Lucy wrote from Kent, England to Sam, advising him that he'd replied to **Edward Verrall Lucas**, the biographer of **Charles Lamb**, addressing him as "My dear lady...I trust Lucas in his acknowledgement of your letter, lived up to the distinction inadvertently conferred upon him. / And how are you? How are the burglars? I hope that when they looked in they did not take your breath away" [MTP]. *Note:* Clemens to Lucas is not extant.

George Thomson Wilson for Pilgrims of the U.S. sent a printed notice of their annual business meeting on Jan. 22 in the Lawyers Club, NYC at 3 p.m. [MTP].

January 9 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Dorothy Quick** in Plainfield, N.J. (Only the envelope survives) [MTP].

Sam also wrote to the **Knickerbocker Trust Co. Depositors' Committee**:

Jan. 9, 1908

To the Committee:

Gentlemen: I am in receipt of the plan for the resumption of the business of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, and I willingly yield my assent. My interest in the matter is strong, since I measure it by my deposit, \$51,199, which is a large one for me.

I believe in your plan. In my judgment it will succeed, and I hope the other depositors will view it in the same way and will give in their adhesion to it. Very truly yours, / S.L. CLEMENS. [New York *Times*, Jan. 10, 1908, p. 1, "MARK TWAIN ON BANK PLAN." The article identified the Committee as the "Satterlee-Parsons committee of depositors." Also seen as "Satterly."

Though no extant letter deals with **Jean's** desire to move from Katonah to Greenwich, Conn. Hill uses Lyon's datebook and claims Jean was "adamant she must be allowed to leave Katonah.":

On January 9, 1908, she and two sisters, Edith and Mildred Cowles, who were to serve as nurses, moved into a house at 57 Maple Avenue, Greenwich, Connecticut. They were accompanied by Jean's young friend Marguerite Schmidt [or Schmitt], who may also have been a patient at Katonah. Miss Lyon and Clemens went to meet the quartet at the New York City station en route to the new cottage. "Poor Jean looks very very ill," Miss Lyon recorded. "She is so white and her once beautiful face is so drawn; her fingers have a curious movement. She is like a drooping lily" [196]. *Note*: In a letter on Feb. 11 to Charles Langdon, Sam reported Jean was happier at Greenwich, but by Mar. 23 she was dissatisfied there, and Sam wrote Jean that day that he hoped she would find another place close to NY and near Dr. **Frederick Peterson**, who recommended to Lyon that the four girls might find Gloucester, Mass. more attractive [197].

Isabel Lyon's journal: It is dreadful to have such a dearth of amusement for the King. Today—this evening at dinner he said "My life is so empty, it seems a pity that I cannot have a game of billiards when I want it—" Mr. Littleton [neighbor] is submerged in the Thaw trial & has to work every evening; and ABP's is submerged in his work & has to stay up in the country, for he cannot compose anything in town. We went up to the station to meet Jean who left Katonah today for Greenwich where she is to stay with the Cowles girls. 4 of them have taken a house together. Poor Jean looks very ill. She is so white & her once beautiful face is so drawn & her fingers have a curious movement, & she is like a drooping lily. The King walked down 5th Ave with Tesla, who he said once gave promise of being a mighty man. He had a wireless telegraph method all ready for demonstration years ago but a disastrous fire destroyed all the devices & years of research notes & all formulas & he has never rallied his forces [MTP: IVL TS 5-6].

Chatto & Windus wrote from London to send a statement and check £284 8/8, for the last six months ending Dec. 31. They hoped they would see him in England during the spring or summer [MTP]. *Note*: Lyon wrote on the letter, "Yes, thank him & say I'm grown too old to travel but I'm hoping to see them on this side"

D.B. John Roosa wrote to confirm Sam's acceptance to be at the **New York Post-Graduate Medical School** dinner at Delmonico's on Apr. 16 [MTP]. *Note*: Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Jan. 10, '08"

January 10 Friday – **Isabel Lyon's journal**: Cackle Madame. / Jean ill.

Eulabee Dix has been in to show the King some miniatures, & before she gets married, Sat. the 18th—she wants to & plans to paint a miniature of the King in his Oxford robe. The King says of her that she is "beautifully architected" and she is. Slim, tallish, beautiful upper lip, long almond finger nails. Everything is

right. It is dreadful that life has to be made up of extremes, either the King's life is a blurr with too much billiards or it is bleak with none.

Mme. Nordica stopped at the house this morning with an invitation to a Sunday evening party at her house. The King was just going out for a walk and got into her mobile with her for a ride. Dear, great, lonely King.

Ashcroft came for dinner & cards. We played until 11:15, then the King went for a walk of 2 blocks. He said his vitality was very low because he can have no billiards. I believe it.

Will told a story that Otto Roth told at a luncheon today. A teacher asked a small boy the gender of Father. "Masculine"—Then she asked the gender of Mother. "Feminine," the boy said. Then she asked the gender dog & the boy said "Show me the dog" [MTP: IVL TS 6-7]. *Note: Lillian Nordica* (1857-1914) Am. Opera singer. **Otto Roth**, native of Vienna was a Boston violinist. Hill adds, "The games, and card games, too, often lasted into the early-morning hours, and the 'blur' was not always billiard-induced" [Hill 194].

Harper & Brothers wrote to Miss Lyon about her Jan. 9 letter referring to the Musson Book Co.'s Canadian edition of *HF*; They were meeting with the management of that company this week [MTP].

Misses Winifred Holt and Edith Holt sent Sam their calling card for Wed. afternoons after 4 p.m., 44 E. 78th St. NYC [MTP]. *Note:* this was similar to the English "At Home" cards.

January 11 Saturday – In the evening Mark Twain was the guest of honor at a **Lotos Club Dinner**. The *New York Times* reported the event on Jan. 12, p. 2. Sam was obviously in his element:

MARK TWAIN NOW AFTER COMPLIMENTS

Says at Lotos Club Dinner He's Collecting Them as some Others Do Stamps.

NAME DISHES FOR HIS WORKS

Author Took a Nap Between Courses Because He Was Going to be Up So Late.

Through Innocent Oysters Abroad, Roughing It Soup, Fish Huckleberry Finn, and Joan of Arc Filet of Beef, which the menu of the Lotos Club's dinner to Mark Twain told the guests they were eating last night, the guest of honor in his white suit, sat in an armchair at the speaker's table. But when Jumping Frog Terrapin had been reached, the author, the names of whose works had been perpetuated in the dishes, thought he would be out of bed pretty late for him, and consequently he would like to take a nap.

While the guests cheered him and he waved his hand to them, he was escorted to the upper floor. Those left in the dining room continued with Punch, Brothers, Punch; Gilded Age duck, Hadleyburg salad, Life on the Mississippi salad, Prince and the Pauper cakes, Puddin'head cheese, and White Elephant coffee. Toward the end of the menu, Mark Twain reappeared.

When his turn to speak came he announced that he had discovered a new idea. People collected postage stamps, cats, dogs, and autographs, but he was collecting compliments, he declared. He had a number of specimens and he would read them. He did. And then he added his appreciation of their authors' sincerity. The paying of compliments was an art by itself, he said.

At the speakers' table with Mark Twain were Frank R. Lawrence, President of the club; Col. Robert P. Porter, Andrew Carnegie, Dr. Robert S. MacArthur, Hamilton W. Mabie, James M. Beck, Col. George M. Harvey, Col. William C. Church, Gen. Steward L. Woodford, H. H. Rogers, Chester S. Lord, Dr. Alexander C. Humphreys, and William H. McElroy. Near the close of the dinner Gov. Fort of New Jersey entered.

After Mark had taken his armchair again and the other guests had sipped their White Elephant coffee, President Lawrence as a prelude to the introduction of the guest of honor pointed out one significant feature of the occasion.

The first club dinner in the present clubhouse, at 558 Fifth Avenue, held fourteen years ago, had been in honor of Mark Twain. Seven years later, "on his return from diverse and irregular wanderings," he was the guest at another dinner.

At that time it had been jokingly proposed that at regular intervals of seven years dinners should be held for the author. Last night was the night. It was possible, Mr. Lawrence said, that this dinner might be the last given in the hold house. (The new house, 110 West Fifty-seventy Street, may be ready on Jan. 15.)

Mr. Lawrence then called upon Col. Robert P. Porter, who had accompanied Mr. Clemens to Oxford on the occasion of the conferring upon him of the degree of Doctor of Literature, to tell something of the author as he appeared then.

Dr. Porter said among other things that he had been impressed abroad at the number and kind of persons who knew Mr. Clemens. The people on the street—even the London policemen who had been sent down to the university town to help their comrades of Oxford with the pageant knew him.

Then after a toast had been drunk to him, Mr. Clemens began in his drawling gentle way:

"I wish to begin at the beginning, lest I forget it altogether," he said. "I wish to thank you for your welcome now and for that of seven years ago, which I forgot to thank you for at the time, also for that of fourteen years ago which I also forgot to thank you for. I know how it is; when you have been in a parlor and are going away, common decency ought to make you say the decent thing, what a good time you have had. Everybody does it except myself.

"I hope that you will continue that excellent custom of giving me dinners every seven years. I had had it on my mind to join the hosts of another world—I do not know which world—but I have enjoyed your custom so much that I am willing to postpone it for another seven years.

"The guest is in an embarrassing position, because compliments have been paid to him. I don't care whether you deserve it or not, but it is hard to talk up to it.

"The other night at the Engineers' Club dinner they were paying Mr. Carnegie here discomforting compliments. They were all compliments and they were not deserved, and I tried to help him out with criticisms and references to things nobody understood.

"They say that one cannot live on bread alone, but I could live on compliments. I can digest them. They do not trouble me. I have missed much in life that I did not make a collection of compliments, and keep them where I could take them out and look at them once in a while. I am beginning now. Other people collect autographs, dogs, and cats, and I collect compliments. I have brought them along.

"I have written them down to preserve them, and think that they're mighty good and exceedingly just."

Then Mr. Clemens read a few. The first, by Hamilton W. Mabie, said that La Salle might have been the first man to make a voyage of the Mississippi, but that Mark Twain was the first man to chart light and humor for the human race.

"If that had been published at the time that I issued that book ('Life on the Mississippi') it would have been money in my pocket," he said. "I tell you it is a talent by itself to pay complements gracefully and have them ring true. It's an art by itself.

"Now, here's one by my biographer. [Loud laughter.] Well, he ought to know me if anybody does. He's been at my elbow for two years and a half. This is Albert Bigelow Paine:

"Mark Twain is not merely the great writer, the great philosopher, but he is the supreme expression of the human being with its strengths and weaknesses."

Mark Twain looked up from the paper which the compliments were written.

"What a talent for compression!" he exclaimed.

W. D. Howells, Mark Twain said, spoke of him as first of Hartford and ultimately of the solar system, not to say of the universe.

"You know how modest Howells is," he commented. "If it can be proved that my fame reaches to Neptune and Saturn, that will satisfy even me. You know how modest and retiring Howells is, but deep down he is as vain as I am."

Mark Twain said Mr. Howells had been granted a degree at Oxford, whose gown was red. He had been invited to an exercise at Columbia, and upon inquiry had been told that it was usual to wear the black gown. Later he had found that three other men wore bright gowns and he had lamented that he had been one of the black mass, and not a red torch.

Edison wrote: "The average American loves his family. If he has any love left over for some other person he generally selects Mark Twain."

"Now here's the compliment of a little Montana girl," continued Mark Twain, "which came to me indirectly. She was in a room in which there was a large photograph of me. After gazing at it steadily for a time, she said:

“We’ve got a John the Baptist like that.”

When the diners’ laughter allowed him, Mr. Clemens added:

“She also said: ‘Only ours has more trimmings.’

“I suppose she meant the halo. Now here is a gold miner’s compliment. It is forty-two years old. It was my introduction to an audience to which I lectured in a log schoolhouse. There were no ladies there. I wasn’t famous then. They didn’t know me. Only the miners were there with their breeches tucked into their boot tops and with clay all over them. They wanted some one to introduce me, and then selected a miner, who protested that he didn’t want to do on the ground that he had never appeared in public. This is what he said:

“ ‘I don’t know anything about this man. Anyhow, I only know two things about him. One is he has never been in jail and the other is I don’t know why.’

“There’s one thing I want to say about the English trip. I knew his Majesty, the King of England, long years ago, and I didn’t meet him for the first time then. One thing that I regret was that some newspapers said I talked with the Queen of England with my hat on. I don’t do that with any woman. I did not put it on until she asked me to. Then she told me to put it on, and it’s a command there. I thought I had carried my American democracy far enough. So I put it on. I have no use for a hat, and never did have.

“Who was it who said that he police of London knew me? Why, the police knew me everywhere. There never was a day over there when a policeman did not salute me, and then put up his hand and stop the traffic of the world. They treated me as though I were a Duchess.”

Andrew Carnegie, who followed Mr. Clemens, said that the English public had made much of the author’s literary attainments but there was another Mark Twain—Mark Twain the man. He eulogized Mark Twain at length, and referred to his action in paying every cent of the debts of the publishing firm with which he had once been connected.

Other speakers were Dr. Robert S. MacArthur, Hamilton W. Mabie, James M. Beck, Col. George M. Harvey, Col. William C. Church, and Gen. Stewart L. Woodford.

The menu card was a large sheet rolled as a diploma or degree with its central feature a picture of Mark Twain in his Oxford doctor’s robes. The margins contained small pictures of scenes and characters from the author’s books.

There were also shown the old homes and the new of the Lotos club. A woman below the Mark Twain portrait held in one a scroll with Mr. Clemens’s various degrees, and in the other a mask whose features were those of Mark Twain. Near the bottom in the centre was the menu with its book and character names and titles.

Here is what the diners ate:

Innocent Oysters Abroad.
 Roughing It Soup.
 Huckleberry Finn Fish.
 Joan of Arc Filet of Beef.
 Jumping Frog Terrapin.
 Punch Brothers Punch.
 Gilded Duck.
 Hadleyburg Salad.
 Life on the Mississippi Ice Cream.
 Prince and the Pauper Cake.
 Pudd’nhead Cheese.
 White Elephant coffee.
 Chateau Yquem Royals.
 Pommery Brut.
 Henkow Cognac.

After it was all over President Lawrence told the company that while this might be the final gathering in the old quarters, the Lotos spirit must be made to burn brightly in the new quarters.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “The Lotos Club Dinner is tonight, in honor of the King. ABP came in to go” [MTP: IVL TS 7]. *Note:* in IVL’s Jan 12 she revealed that Sam and Paine played billiards till 3:30 a.m.

Martin W. Littleton wrote regrets to Sam that he would be unable to attend the Lotos dinner [MTP]. *Note:* the Littletons were neighbors of Sam's at 21 Fifth Ave.

Asa K. McIlhaney wrote from Bath, Pa. to Sam. Arbor day there would be celebrated by public school students in the planting of a tree dedicated to Mark Twain—would he send a letter of encouragement to the students? [MTP].

Robert Murray wrote a fan letter to Sam from Dundee, Scotland. "I am now well up in years and you are a trifle ahead, (due largely to the fact that you started before I was ready)." He related his son had spent time in Syria and that was thrilled in Jerusalem to have touched the sword of Godfrey de Bouillon, "which was once touched by Mark Twain" [MTP].

George Wade wrote on Hotel Belmont, NYC notepaper to Sam. "I wonder if you will remember me at all? Some years ago you came & honoured us with your charming wife at luncheon. We then made an excursion to the Tower of London. You also came and saw my studio, & were appreciative of my efforts" [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Jan. 14, 08"; No prior listing for Wade or the visit to the Tower of London.

Henry Watterson wrote from Louisville, Ky. to announce he would "hold forth next Friday evening at Carnegie Hall under the auspices of our great fellow-countryman, Booker T. Washington." Wouldn't Sam "make an effort and accept the seat on the stage which will be sent to you? I want to see you anyhow" [MTP].

January 12 Sunday – The New York Times, p.9, reported another event for this evening, where Mark Twain would be in attendance:

INVITED BY NORIDCA.

Mark Twain, Dr. Butler, Edison, and Sir Purdon Clarke to be Singer's Guests.

There will be a veritable herd of social lions at Sherry's to-night, when Mme. Nordica gives her musicale for more than 400 guests. She has engaged the entire second floor suite for the occasion.

Among the celebrities in various walks of life, who have accepted invitations are Mark Twain, Thomas A. Edison, Richard Watson Gilder, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Gustav Mahler, James Russel Soley, Karl Muck, Mme. Eames, Mme. Homer, Mme. Sembrich, George Munzig, Clyde Fitch, Frederick Townsend Martin, Sir Purdon Clarke, and Brander Matthews.

Society will be represented by Mrs. Styvesant Fish, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. George Jay Gould, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Orme Wilson, Mrs. Henry Clews, Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt, and Mrs. I. Townsend Burden.

Isabel Lyon's journal: AB has a talent for early rising. A little note left at my door said that his train left at 7:30 and he played billiards until 3:30 this morning after he & the King came over from the Lotos Dinner. The morning the King said that they stopped playing only because he "was weak from loss of profanity."

Eulabee Dix came in & made the first sketch for the King's miniature.

Minnie Maddern Fiske said a good thing: "Most women love with their nerves."

[written on separate, undated scraps inserted at January 12, 1908]

As I may be in jail next week—would like to see him—brought a proceeding to attempt.

So Ashcroft at 3? Thursday?

"1601" author or publisher?

If Mr. Orr or his heirs would but put this letter up for sale! Perhaps it will happen [MTP: IVL TS 7].

Irving Bacheller for Camp Fire Club of America wrote from Riverside, Conn. to invite Sam to the annual ladies night [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote for Sam on the letter, "I never liked an annual lady at all—I like a permanent one".

Thomas Coupe wrote to ask Sam if he was the gentleman who, on Christmas morning about 11 a.m., rode on a 42nd Street crosstown car, giving the conductor 15 cents and telling him to keep the dime for himself? Coupe was that conductor, and the rider was said later to be Mark Twain. He wanted to know so he might cherish the dime [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Jan. 17, 08”

Dorothy Quick wrote from Plainfield, N.J. to Sam.

My Dear Mr Clemens

Thank you so much for your letter I shall be so glad to come in next Saturday and stay until Monday don't bother about taking me to the theathre [*sic*] unless there is something you especially want to see and I shall be perfectly satisfied to stay home with you and play pool I hope you are well with lots of love to Miss Lyon and a hundred hugs and kisses for yourself / I am / your loving little / Dorothy [MTP:MTAq 95].

January 13 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to the Jan. 12 of **Dorothy Quick**:

You are just a dear little Dorothy, & I am ever so glad you are coming Saturday morning. We'll have a fine holiday together. I wish a person could rent you or buy you, just as he would other choice real estate, then I wouldn't let you go back any more.

Love & good-night, dear [MTP; MTAq 96].

In his A.D. of this date, Sam wrote about a follow up meeting with **Elinor Glyn**, whom he had met at a December private dinner at **Delmonico's** given by **Daniel Frohman**. In part:

Two or three weeks ago Elinor Glyn called on me one afternoon and we had a long talk, of a distinctly unusual character, in the library. It may be that by the time this chapter reaches print she may be less well known to the world than she is now, therefore I will insert here a word or two of information about her. She is English. She is an author. The newspapers say she is visiting America with the idea of finding just the right kind of a hero for the principal character in a romance which she is purporting to write. She has come to us upon the stormwind of a vast and sudden notoriety.

The source of this notoriety is a novel of hers called *Three Weeks*. ...
[Sam then summarized, in several paragraphs, the plot line and characters]

Mme. Glyn called...and she was a picture! Slender, young, faultlessly formed and incontestably beautiful—a blonde with blue eyes, the incomparable English complexion and crowned with a glory of red hair of a very peculiar, most rare and quite ravishing tint. She was clad in the choicest stuffs and in the most perfect taste. There she is, just a beautiful girl; yet she has a daughter fourteen years old. She isn't winning; she has no charm but the charm of beauty and youth and grace and intelligence and vivacity; she *acts* charm and does it well, exceedingly well in fact, but it does not convince, it doesn't stir the pulse, it doesn't go to the heart, it leaves the heart serene and unemotional. ...

I talked with her with daring frankness, frequently calling a spade a spade instead of coldly symbolizing it as a snow shovel; and on her side she was equally frank. It was one of the damndest conversations I have ever had with a beautiful stranger of her sex, if I do say it myself that shouldn't. She wanted my opinion of her book and I furnished it. I said its literary workmanship was excellent and that I quite agreed with her view that in the manner of the sexual relation man's statutory regulations of it were a distinct interference with a higher law, the law of Nature. ...

Of course what she wanted of me was support and defense—I knew that but I said I couldn't furnish it. I said we were the servants of convention; that we could not subsist, either in a savage or a civilized state, without conventions; that we must accept them and stand by them, even when we disapproved of them; that while the laws of Nature, that is to say the laws of God, plainly made every human being a law unto himself, we must steadfastly refuse to obey those laws, and we must as steadfastly stand by the conventions which ignore them, since the statutes furnish us peace, fairly good government and stability, and therefore are better for us than the laws of God, which would soon plunge us into confusion and disorder and anarchy if we

should adopt them. I said her book was an assault upon certain old and well-established and wise conventions and that it would not find many friends, and indeed would not deserve many.

She said I was very brave, the bravest person she had ever met (gross flattery which could have beguiled me when I was very very young), and she implored me to publish these views of mine, but I said, "No, such a thing is unthinkable." ...

....

Some days afterward I met her again for a moment and she gave me the startling information that she had written down every word I had said, just as I had said it, without any softening and purifying modifications, and that it was "just splendid, just wonderful." She said she had sent it to her husband in England. Privately I didn't think that was a very good idea, and yet I believed it would interest him. She begged me to let her publish it and said it would do infinite good in the world, but I said it would damn me before my time and I didn't wish to be useful to the world on such expensive conditions [Neider 353-7].

Elinor Glyn's account of this 90-minute meeting:

He is a dear old man with a halo of white silky hair and a fresh face, and the eyes of a child which look out on life with that infinite air of wisdom one sees peeping sometimes from a young pure soul. To find such eyes in an aged face proves many things as to the hidden beauties in the character. Mark Twain was dressed in putty-coloured—almost white—broad-cloth, very soigné and attractive looking. We sat on a large divan, and he gave orders that we were not to be disturbed [Glyn 143].

Note: **unless further evidence is found**, the afternoon call by Elinor Glyn is placed in the **last week of Dec. 1907**. The private dinner by Frohman is estimated at **mid-Dec. 1907**. Thus, Sam's above **A.D. of Jan. 13, 1908** thus allows time for both events.

Notes of Glyn's travels, appearances: **Elinor Glyn** came to the U.S. on Oct. 4, 1907, staying at the Wolcott Hotel. The *New York Times*, p. BR604 under "What Authors Are Doing" ran a squib announcing her arrival on the *Cedric*. The paper ran a feature article on her arrival on Oct. 6, p.X12 "Elinor Glyn Talks About Her American Critics." On Oct. 13, p. SM1, an article appeared under Glyn's byline, "How New York City Appears to Elinor Glyn." On Nov. 16, page 1 of the *Times* reported her in Philadelphia, commenting on the critics as idiots; her book reportedly had sold 50,000 copies during October. On Dec. 3, p.9, the *Times* headlined Glyn as a guest at the **Bagby Musicale**, guest of **Mrs. Francis R. Leggett**, at the Waldorf; and on Dec. 8 a feature article on fashion detailed her outfit at the Bagby Musicale. The *Times* further reported her appearance on Dec. 9 for the prior night's gathering of **Bohemian Clubs** at the Hotel Astor (p. 2; "Bohemian Clubs Hit By Blue Law"); she was quoted in the article as having written *Three Weeks* "in precisely six days." She was the subject of a tiff with the actress **Mme. Alla Nazimova** over her promise and renegeing to play in a stage version of *Three Weeks* [NY *Times*, Dec. 15, p. 1, "Mrs. Glyn Serves an Ultimatum"]. Her talk to members of the Pen and Brush Club on the afternoon of Dec. 17 was covered by the *Times* in a Dec. 18, p. 2 article, "Mrs. Glyn On Her Own Books." The Dec. 20 arrival in New York of Elinor Glyn's sister, **Lady Duff Gordon**, was mentioned in a page 1 squib, "Consult Burke's Peerage." Elinor Glyn was quoted at the **Hotel Plaza**. The Dec. 21 luncheon attendance and subsequent snub of Glyn by the **Pilgrim Mothers** was duly reported in more than one article, the first being "Pilgrim Mothers Cold to Mrs. Glyn" on p. 3, Dec. 22. A Dec. 21 tour of **Chinatown** by Glyn, her sister and eight others was also reported by the *Times* on Dec. 23, p. 9, "Lady Duff Gordon Sees Chinatown." See also the **Sept. 27, 1908** interview of MT by **Charles Henry Meltzer** of the *New York American*. Elinor Glyn returned to England the last week of June, 1908, arriving in early July [Glyn 159, 163].

George M. Case, James R. Case, Earl B. Holmes, Frank Sicor, Dwight H. Wickwill, and James E. Standish wrote from Colchester, Conn. to Sam: "Dan Beard, the founder of S.D.B. wished us to write to you & tell you that we have elected you an Honorary Member of Fort Roosevelt No. 1. Will you kindly send us your signature so that we can paste it in our Constitution?" [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Jan. 20, '08"

Alice H. Westovelt wrote from NYC to Sam. "Pardon a hasty line. You never came to my party & disappointed to[o] many." Could he come Sat. next, the 18th? [MTP].

Irene Fredericka Rau wrote from Boston to thank Sam for his signed photo. His Autobiography had been a “constant source of pleasure” [MTP].

January 13, after – A short time after **Elinor Glyn**’s visit and Sam’s A.D. of Jan. 13, he had another visitor, and added this A.D.:

Sure enough, her report came! It came several days ago, not by her hand but by the hand of another—by the hand of an American lady who is Mrs. Glyn's closest friend and most ardent admirer, a lady whom I know and like. She is young; she is beautiful; she has faultless taste in dress, and, I know she would be charming if she hadn't a hobby; but often a hobby so possesses its rider that it sucks all the juices out of the rider's personality and leaves it dry and feverish and hot-eyed and unwholesome, unspiritual, unwinning, unpersuasive, and I may even say repellent. As a rule, a person under the dominion of a hobby cannot be satisfactorily dealt with. It is the hobby-rider's conviction that his own reasonings upon his subject are the only sane ones; it is his conviction that your counter-reasonings are either insane or insincere; they make not the least impression upon him, if he even hears them, which he generally doesn't for while you are talking his mind is commonly busy with what it is going to say in reply to these reasonings which it has not been listening to—busy with what it is going to say when you make a temporary halt for breath and give it a chance to break in.

The lady had not been sent by Mrs. Glyn; she had come of her own accord, and without Mrs. Glyn's knowledge. She had studied Mrs. Glyn's report of our conversation, with Mrs. Glyn's permission, with the result that she felt it to be her duty to come and urge me to let it be published. The sense that it was her duty to do this was so commanding, so overpowering, that she was notable to resist it, but was obliged to surrender to its mastery and obey. She added that she was thoroughly convinced that it was my duty—a duty which I could not honorably avoid—to allow this conversation to be published, because of the influence it—would have upon the public for good.

I said I was sorry to be obliged to take a different view of my duty, but that such was the case. I said I was so habituated to shirking my duty that I was able now to shirk it fifty times a day without a pang; that is, that I could shirk fifty duties a day without a pang if the opportunity to do it were furnished me; that I did not get fifty opportunities a day, but that I got an average of about that many a week, and that I had noticed a peculiarity, a quite interesting peculiarity, of these opportunities—to wit, that the opportunity to do a duty was always furnished me by an outsider, it seldom originated with me; it was always furnished by some person who knew more about my duties toward the public than I did. I said I believed that if I should become the champion of every cause that was brought to my attention and shown by argument that it was my duty to take hold of it and champion it, I shouldn't ever have any time left to punch up the China missionaries or revel in any of the other duties that were of my own invention and that were occupying all the spare room in my heart. “And yet, “I said,” if you leave out the China missionaries, and King Leopold of Belgium, and the Children's Theater I am not working many duties of my own invention, but am mainly laboring at duties put upon me by other people.” I said, “I am really quite active in fussing at other people's good causes—by request. Let me show you—let me give you a list. At present my duty-mill is pretty persistently grinding in the interest of these several matters—to wit:

The Fulton Memorial Fund, which has imposed upon me two voyages to Jamestown, several appeal-letters for publication, half-a-dozen speeches and one lecture;

The movement propagated by Miss Holt for raising a large fund to be devoted to the amelioration of the condition of this State's helpless and unsupported adult blind persons;

The American movement in the interest of those Russian revolutionists whose hope is to modify the Czar and his blood-kin menagerie, and make life in Russia endurable for the common people.

However, the full list would take up too much room. Let the rest go. It is only noon now, yet between yesterday noon and the present noon I have had more opportunities of offered me in the way of assisting good causes than I could utilize, even if I should do my very best. For instance:

Speech at the impending banquet in the interest of that great society which is endeavoring to promote more intimate relations between America and France than now exist. I had to decline it;

Invitation to take a prominent part in another impending function in that same interest. I had to decline it;

Invitation to take a prominent part in still another impending function in that same interest. I had to decline it;

Invitation to attend a public meeting whose object is to obstruct the progress of Christian Science in the land. I had to decline it;

Invitation to make a speech at a public meeting whose object is to raise funds in aid of another polar expedition. I had to decline it;

That isn't the whole list—but never mind the rest. It is a sufficient indication that you have arrived late with your opportunity for me to do my duty toward the public in this matter of yours, and it will suggest to you that when a person gets so many chances, every twenty-four hours, to do good, he is bound to become callous eventually, and feel not a single responsive throb in his heart when a new chance, or a hundred of them, are offered him. You are very strongly interested in the matter which has brought you to me aren't you?"

"Yes, my heart is in it."

"Your whole heart?"

"Yes, my whole heart."

"It is the same with Mrs. Glyn, isn't it?"

"Yes, just the same."

"Both of you have been approached by people whose whole hearts were in other large causes and who wished to secure your sympathy and help in those causes—isn't it so?"

"Yes, that is true—there have been many instances."

"I don't need to ask you if you declined. I always know you did. It isn't human nature to feel a working sympathy in every good cause that is brought to one's attention, and without that warm sympathy in a person's heart he is not going to take hold of such things merely because somebody whose whole heart is in them wants him to do it. Now no part of my heart is in this matter of yours and Mrs. Glyn's, and I long ago stopped engaging my mouth in either good or bad causes where my heart was indifferent. You and Mrs. Glyn think it strange that since I have an opinion about this matter of yours I yet refuse to make that opinion public; you do think it strange, don't you?"

"Yes, we do."

"You think that if you were in my place you would consider a private opinion a public one as well, and that it was your duty to publish it, and that you could not refuse to publish it without being guilty of moral cowardice—isn't it so?"

"You have stated it in perhaps harsher terms than necessary, but substantially it is what we think."

"Don't you believe that there are often cases where you would do things in private which were without offense and yet which you would not be quite willing to do in public? For instance: you are the mother of three children."

"Yes" [MTP]. *Note:* the identity of the lady referred to is unknown.

January 14 Tuesday – After giving several luncheons for his close male friends earlier in the "season," Sam gave the first of his "Doe Luncheons" on this day, at the suggestion (perhaps urging) of **Kate Douglas Riggs**. Twelve ladies plus Twain were included in the luncheon, including Riggs, daughter **Clara**, **Isabel Lyon**, **Geraldine Farrar**, **Henrietta Barnes Farrar** (Mrs. Sidney Farrar), **Mrs. Harleston Deacon**, **Mrs. Frank N. Doubleday**, **Mrs. Robert Collier**, **Miss Emily W. Burbank**, **Dorothea Gilder**, **Geraldine Farrar**, **Mrs. Farrar**, **Ethel Barrymore** and **Clara Stanchfield** [Jan. 16 to Julia Olivia Langdon; MTP: IVL TS 8]. *Note:* Thanks to Victor Fischer for supplying some missing names.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "The King, Mrs. Riggs, Mrs. Deacon, Mrs. Stanchfield, Mrs. Doubleday, Mrs. Collier, Miss Burbank, Dorothy Gilder, Geraldine Farrar, Mrs. Farrar (who is impossible) Santa [Clara Clemens] & I at the 'doe luncheon' today. The King drew pictures of deer for the dinner cards" [MTP]. *Note:* Isabel did not mention Barrymore. **Geraldine Farrar** (1882-1967), soprano opera star noted for her beauty. She had a large following with younger women, who were called "Gerry-flappers."

Sam then inscribed his photograph to **Kate Douglas Riggs (aka Wiggin)**: “*To Mrs. Kate D. Riggs, with the love of / Mark Twain Jan. 14/08*” [MTP: Profiles in History catalogs, No. 31, Item 165]. *Note*: the 8x10 photograph was of himself with a kitten, and sold on eBay by Frogtown on Feb. 5, 2010, item # 330400331578.

Sam also inscribed his photograph to another guest of the “Doe Luncheon,” **Mrs. Farrar**: “*To Mrs. Farrar, with kind remembrances of hers very truly—/ Mark Twain / Jan. 14/08*” [MTP]. *Note*: Farrar was included in the above “Doe Luncheon.” This photo’s inscription is sometimes seen as “1905,” but Victor Fischer reports that “the ink on the photo inscription is so faded that it looks very much like 1905 rather than 1908, but it closely matches the 1908 on the photo signed to Kate Douglas Riggs the same day.” Other photos were likely signed at this luncheon.

Winifred Holt for Assoc. for the Blind wrote to ask permission to use Sam’s name on a list of those interested in a French Fete to be held in benefit for the Assoc. [MTP]. *Note*: Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Jan. 20, ‘08”

John Mead Howells wrote to lobby Sam for the annual dinner of the Architectural League [MTP].

Julia Langdon Loomis wrote to Sam hoping to be in NYC in three weeks and “wanting a long, satisfying gossip with you” [MTP].

Samuel E. Moffett wrote to Sam.

I called to see you to-day, but missed you, The other day I received a bunch of manuscript from Champ Clark, offered as a series of articles for *Colliers*. I am having it examined by the editors, but I don’t think it will be possible for Collier’s to use it, and it will be up to me to tell Clark so. Consequently it would probably have a better effect for you to write to him about the copyright bill than for me to do it. You don’t need to know anything about this manuscript, but if I wrote he might not be able to separate the two subjects in his mind. / Affectionately... [MTP]. *Note*: Lyon wrote for Sam on the letter, “That copyright bill doesn’t need to be meddled with by me, nor by anybody else at present. Therefore I shant write to Champ Clark at this time. The Supreme Court decision may be slow, but it will not be as slow as the Copyright bill in Congress”

Carlotta Welles wrote from Paris to Sam.

My Dear Mr. Clemens:— / I was very happy to hear from you. I should certainly have written you long ago if I had thought that you cared to hear from me, but you must have so many friends, so many people to remember you affectionately, that I didn’t think you very much wanted me to tell you that I hav’nt forgotten you. I’m afraid you’re joking when you say that, anyway!

Of course I remember Frances Nunnally. We exchanged Xmas cards. If I go to College next fall we shall be in the same class—and I hope you’ll come to Bryn Mawr then, and see the whole bunch of us, the three “doangiva-dams” and Frances and me, and, incidentally, the College.

I am getting on all right now. The lake in the “bois de Boulogne” right near us, has actually frozen up so that you could skate on it and I have been improving my opportunities, so you see I’m not very sick. Yesterday they had a sort of band there and you had to pay to get in, so it was quite stylish. I paid and went in and staggered around (not to mention the tumbles) and had a good time watching the fancy skating.

I have been reading a book called “Fraulein Schmidt and Mr. Pustender” by the author of “Elizabeth & her German Garden” which I like ever so much. I hope your radishes still agree with you, and keep you in perfect health. / Very affectionately / Charley [MTP; *MTAq* 96-7]. *Note*: in her entry for Jan. 2, 1908, Miss Lyon wrote that Sam had a “big dish of radishes...every night for dinner,” to alleviate heartburn.

January 15 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Frances Nunnally**.

Where are you, dear? At school? I suppose so, but you haven’t told me.

What I am anxious to know is, can't you steal a day or two & run up & see us? Miss Lyon & I will go down & board your train at Philadelphia & escort you up. Or, we will go all the way to Baltimore if you prefer. And gladly.

Can you come, dear? And will you? If it isn't possible to come now, will you name a date & come later? Don't say no, dear, say yes. / With love, SLC [MTP; *MTAq* 97].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "I went around to see Charlie Boyogian today and he gave me a wonderful Persian tray" [MTP: IVL TS 8]. *Note:* Boyogian's was a NYC rug importer.

In the evening during billiards play, Sam felt chilled and by the next morning he was in bed with a bad cold [NY *Times* Jan. 20, 1908, p.9 "Mark Twain No Worse"]. *Note:* The "engagement" that Sam rushed to, mentioned in the article, was not identified.

Rev. **Washington Gladden** wrote from Columbus, Ohio to ask Sam if he still lectured or read in public because the women of his church "have it in their heads that they want to hear you, here in Columbus" [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Ansd."

Joe Goodman wrote from Alameda, Calif to Sam.

I learned to-day, through a letter from Sam Davis and a conversation with Tufts, that they, unknown to me, have been pestering you in different ways with solicitations in my behalf. They meant well, beyond doubt, and I suppose I should be grateful to them; but I'm not, by a damned sight, and I don't want you to pay any attention to their requests, or anybody else's, concerning me. If I should ever wish a favor of you, I shall walk up to the captain's office myself and ask it.

It is true that I've encountered a financial typhoon—just as you have, I see. But I shall weather it through; or, if not, I will go down without a signal of distress. The thing that really worries most of my friends is that I have called upon them to repay a part, at least, of what they owe me. But Tufts is not in that list.

Hoping this may help you out of a lot of annoyance, / Yours ever ... [MTP].

N.W. Halsey of N.W. Halsey & Co. Bankers, NYC wrote to Sam. "The family cheerfully forgives you for almost anything,—including the sin of having \$51,000. cash, that isn't cash in the eyes of anybody but the assessor., but when it comes to embracing a stronger-lady in broad daylight in Fifth Ave it is another matter and would seem to require a word of explanation" [MTP].

John D. Williams wrote to send to Sam, at the request of **Daniel Frohman**, tickets for the Criterion Theatre next Saturday matinee [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Jan. 17, '08"

Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Miss Lyon, sending a circular by John W. Postgate for dramatizing *JA* [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Mr. Clemens would suggest that Miss Marbury let him make a contract for 6 months"

January 16 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Julia Langdon Loomis** (1871-1948), daughter of **Charles J. and Ida Clark Langdon**.

Jan 16, I think.

Julie dear, it is 10:30 a.m., & time for the dictating to begin; but it wont for I am half full of whisky—& not yet finished. I have discovered a cold, & this is to break it up; for with my bronchital tendencies I dread a cold as the Presbyterian burnt child dreads perdition.

Don't worry about the appeal in behalf of the poor in the South. Miss Lyon will squelch that without placing it before me—she does the like every day, & through habit & long experience, it costs her neither time nor pangs.

(Intermission of 5 minutes for whisky) But what delights me is that your letter has come just in time! For I am thinking out another “doe-luncheon” for about Feb. 10.

No unbrilliant person is admitted to the sacred function called the “doe-luncheon.” Brightness conceded, character be damned! You are eligible, Julie dear.

Two or 3 times, this season, I have called to 21 Fifth Ave. a stag-party luncheon—Howells, Harvey, Augustus Thomas & so on—the bright lights of the sex, none others admitted. Then comes that rare bird & darling of mine, Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs, & says reproachfully, “The brilliance, is not limited to the stags—give a doe-luncheon & you will see.”

And she was right. I summoned the does for the 14th & by God she was justified!

(Brief interval for additional whisky.) There were about 8 invitees, & not one of them failed to accept! A high compliment, nicht wahr? I was the only lady of my sex present. Ethel Barrimore [*sic*], & we captured Aunt Clara Stanchfield by telephone in her place, the peer of the best doe present. About the 10th of Feb, I mean to repeat, leaving out 2 or 3 of the first gang, & putting in 2 or 3 new ones in their places. I want you; & in due time Miss Lyon will notify you & we shall hope you will be able to come.

With love to you & Edward & the posterity, ...[MTP].

Dr. Edward Quintard paid a sick call on Sam and ordered him to stay in bed. Sam was suffering from a bad cold which developed into bronchitis, a chronic health problem for him, especially in winter [NY Times Jan. 20, 1908, p.9 “Mark Twain No Worse”].

In the evening **Ralph W. Ashcroft** came by and played hearts with Sam and **Isabel Lyon** until 2 or 3 a.m. [Jan. 17 to Quick; IVL entry below]:

Isabel Lyon’s journal: The King says that the Almighty is looking after him a little better than usual, or else he is punishing Mrs. Broughton by giving the King a snuffly cold in his head, so that he can’t go to her reception today. The King was going to dictate, and then he decided to fill up with whiskey and stay in bed, to try to get rid of the cold in him.

(My bell rings)

The King has written brilliant letter to Mrs. Loomis under the inspiration of the whiskey and as I sat beside his bed and we discussed the inspirational qualities of whiskey he said that there is something in it that strips off the artificialities of man, and brings out the real creature. They *are* the cobwebs that cover our brains & hearts & they are made by the conventionalities.

But that doesn’t mean in my mind that we must strip off our conventionalities by means of whiskey. (Later) Ashcroft came to dine and for cards. We played Hearts until after 3 in the morning, and the King got drunk. He sailed around the room trying to reach the door & landing up in the corner by the Joan of Arc. He cast a gay little eye over at me in his unsteady gait, & said “I’m just practicing,” as he sailed with light footsteps over to the door & up to the bath room. Ashcroft began to spill his cards on the floor and I picked up a discard of 27 cards and tried to arrange it as my hand. So much for the whole quart of scotch they—we—drank [MTP: IVL TS 8-9; also in part, Hill 194]. *Note:* Hill begins at “Ashcroft came to dine,” and inserts commas, and changes many “&” marks to “and.”

H.H. Rogers wrote from N.Y.C. to Sam.

The enclosed letters will explain themselves.

Lest you do not understand, I beg to inform you that Henry Watterson evidently is going to attend the Booker T. Washington Meeting on Friday evening, and you are invited to the platform or a box. If you want my company, I will go in a box with you, provided I can wear a veil. I think, however, that Mrs. Rogers is going to ask you and Stone to dinner Friday night. If you want to go to the Washington Meeting, we can take Stone along with us and have cards at another time.

Please let me hear from you by telephone or messenger what you will do. / Yours truly...[MTHHR 643-4]. *Note:* See Washington’s Jan. 8 to MT and his reply shortly after.

J.H. Friedlander for Groupe Architectes Americain, NYC sent Sam a typed invite to a dinner at the University Club on Jan. 28 to honor NYC's mayor, **George B. McClellan, Jr.** with a medal [MTP].

Elinor Glyn wrote on Plaza Hotel, NYC notepaper to Sam.

I am sending you my report of the interview we had, so I think you will be amused to find what an accurate 'reporter' I am! Even if you feel you would rather I did not publish it, I shall always keep it in memory of a delightful afternoon with a delightful American gentleman....P.S. I wonder if you knew how charming you were that afternoon?! & if you remember what wise things you said? [MTP]. *Note:* TS of her "interview" in the file.

Howells & Stokes wrote to Miss Lyon about Harry Lounsbury's bill [MTP].

Eden Phillpotts wrote from Torquay, England to Sam. "Very hearty thanks for your good letter. Now that you have granted my suit I am violently impressed with the inadequacy of the offering. / Yet you, who have written of the human boy as nobody else has, will not object to extend your friendship to my little company. / The book will appear anon & a copy shall reach you at the earliest moment. / Meantime receive the dedication; & if there is so much as a syllable that does not please you, order its alteration ...[MTP]. *Note:* enclosed the title page and dedication to Mark Twain of *The Human Boy Again* by Phillpotts (1908); see Gribben 544.

January 17 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Julia Langdon Loomis**.

Julie dear, I wrote you a day or 2 ago, but I don't remember what I said because I was sober at the time. But this not is to say—to-wit:

The next Doe-Luncheon will happen at the above address on

Tuesday, Feb. 11 at 1 p.m.

You are hereby invited. Don't fail to come, dear.

[in left margin]

Not *one* declined before! [MTP].

Sam also wrote to the **Other Depositors of the Knickerbocker Trust Co.**

To the Other Depositors.

The time is very short. It expires to-morrow. Mr. Grover Cleveland, a depositor, has approved the Satterlee plan for resumption, & it seems to me that that ought to satisfy every depositor that that plan is safe & wise. If we accept it we shall lose no part of our money; if we do not accept it the Knickerbocker will be delivered over to a permanent receivership. I have already tried a permanent receivership once, & did not like the results. It costs more to keep a permanent receiver than it does to keep a harem. Anybody who has had experience in these matters will endorse this statement. In the long run—in the very long run—we got some of our money, but not enough of it to keep a harem with. All the depositors said so, & were disappointed, & there was much regret. If we accept the Satterlee plan, & do it immediately, it will be well for us; if we refuse, we invite & insure a shrinkage which the patients will not find enjoyable. I have not been invited to say those things, still it has seemed worth while to say them. / Very respectfully / Mark Twain[MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Quick** in Plainfield, N.J.

Oh you dear child, I am so sorry for you, and also so sorry for myself! It is *such* a disappointment. I have been sick abed with a cold all day, but I was resolved to be up & dressed & ready for you tomorrow morning. We've got a box for a matinée tomorrow, and—well, we've got to bear these disappointments, so I may as well get *at* it; it's the best way & the only way.

Dear heart you must come *next* Saturday, if you are perfectly well & strong by that time; but if you aren't, we'll put it off still another week.

Ashcroft was here last night, & we played hearts till two or three hours after midnight—with the beautiful cards you gave me. I captured all their chips, & more besides.

With lots & lots of love, / SLC [MTP; *MTAq* 97-8].

Sam also sent **Kate Douglas Wiggin (aka Riggs)** an invitation for the next “Doe Luncheon” on Feb. 11 at 1 p.m. “Please don’t fail to come” [MTP].

Sam did not attend the **Booker T. Washington Meeting** to sit on the platform as invited by Washington on Jan. 8. As recently as **Jan. 16**, **H.H. Rogers** asked if Sam was going would he like to share a box. Ralph Ashcroft came again to Stormfield to play billiards with Clemens.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: All day the King was in bed but the whiskey had helped the cold and he is better. Mrs. Toy came in at 5:15 to talk with the King about the children’s theatre, which has been closed on Sundays by the Blue Laws, & then Paine came in for dinner & billiards. Billiard! I watched the game until 11. Early the King began to feel chilly in his little white silk coat, & I got a white serge coat for him, & at 11 I came up stairs to go to bed and read D. Deronda until sleep came. At 2:30 I wakened to hear the billiard bang and went down to find the King playing in a drunken haze. He was trying to drown out the chill, and couldn’t move without reeling. It was a great thing to see. P. was furious with me & told me to clear out, but I sat down & said I’d stay until the King started for bed. P. didn’t like me—but I didn’t care. It was wonderful to see the King pick up a ball and fondle it, & then try to hit it with his cue & be unable to touch it; but he swore splendidly. AB left the room & I gently took the King’s cue away & led him up to his room. He staggered & hit his head against one of the little angels on his bed post, & grabbed his dear head with a volley of oaths. Then I left the room but waited to hear his shoes drop [MTP: IVL TS 9-10]. *Note:* Hill quotes part of this (with his own edits).

Edith Anderson Logan wrote from NYC to Sam. “Will you do me the honour to dine with me on Thursday Evening January 23rd at Eight o’clock? / General & Mrs. F.D. Grant are to be with me & it would add greatly to our pleasure if you would...” [MTP].

Emma Gertrude Quick sent a telegram to Sam. “Dorothy sick with bad cold sorry cannot come this week / Mrs Quick” [MTP].

January 18 Saturday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “King is really ill today” [MTP: IVL TS 10]. *Note:* bronchitis.

In the afternoon **Edmund Clarence Stedman** (1833-1908) died of a heart attack in his NYC apartment. He was 74 [NY Times Jan 19, 1908, p. 1, “E.C. Stedman Dies of Heart Disease.”]

At 21 Fifth Ave, **N.Y.** Sam replied to a reporter from the N.Y. *Times*, who solicited his response to the news of Stedman’s death. Sam’s dictated response ran in the Jan. 19 paper.

MARK TWAIN STUNNED.

His Loss Unfits Me to Speak, He Says—Mr. Gilder Mourns Him.

Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) dictated the following last night from a sick bed, to which he has been confined with a heavy cold since last Thursday, on learning of the death of Mr. [Edmund Clarence] Stedman:

“I do not wish to talk about it. He was a valued friend from days that date back thirty-five years, His loss stuns me and unfits me to speak.”

Asked by a TIMES reporter for a tribute to his dead friend, Richard Watson Gilder said:

“Mr. Stedman was for a lifetime like an elder brother to me, and it is difficult to respond to your request for a work about him to-night. As poet, critic, leader in all matters pertaining to the interests and honor of literature, and as a helpful, loyal and generous friend of men of letters, his position was unique. He will be greatly missed and widely mourned [MTP]. *Note:* in Sam’s dictated draft he struck out after the above sentences, “~~I’m sick myself~~”, evidently thinking the line was unseemly.

D. Hoffman writes of Stedman’s death and of the two men’s respective opinions of each other:

In dictating more of his autobiography on the following July 3, he said Stedman was a good fellow but “believed that the sun merely rose to admire his poetry & was so reluctant to set at the end of the day & lose sight of it, that it lingered & lingered & lost many minutes diurnally & was never able to keep correct time during his stay in the earth.” Stedman, in turn, had complained twenty years earlier that so far as an author making a decent income, “not every one can be, like Mr. Clemens, his own Harper & Brothers, and his own Edwin Booth” [88].

Sam also sent a **telegram** and an inscribed photograph of himself with a note to **Dorothy Quick**.

To Miss Dorothy Quick
You are ill in bed so am I. With Bronchitis. But I am sending you a very nice picture. / SL Clemens [MTP; *MTAq* 98]. *Note:* on the photograph, Sam inscribed: *I think this is the best of the Tuxedo pictures save one, Dorothy dear. Mrs.Ogden made it. I have the bronchitis, & am barking at you affectionately.*

Sam also wrote to an **unidentified person**, referring to the Jan. 18 death of **Edmund Clarence Stedman**: “I am grieved to the heart, for we were close friends for more than a generation. Lord grant me his good fortune: to slip suddenly out of the tragedy of life unwarned!” [MTP].

Harper’s Weekly, p. 13 ran a full page photograph and short anonymous article about the **Dec. 28, 1907** luncheon at Lakewood, N.J., “Four Distinguished Americans. From a Photograph Taken at Lakewood, N.J. , Where a Luncheon was Given to Mr. Howells to Bid Him Godspeed on his Journey to Europe.” Tenney: “Full-page photograph of Howells, MT, Henry M. Alden, and Mayo W. Hazeltine” [45].

Frederick S. Dellenbaugh wrote from NYC to invite Sam to a dinner given by the Author’s Club on Feb. 11 in favor of **Andrew Carnegie** [MTP]. *Note:* on the letter, “Ans Jan 19, Inst H” (likely Josephine Hobby)

Julia Langdon Loomis wrote to Sam. “Well, dear Uncle Sam, I can without embellishment say that I could swear or cry, that it is impossible for me to go to you February eleventh” [MTP].

Frances Nunnally wrote to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens,— / That certainly is a lovely invitation you have given me, and I only wish I could say “yes”. Miss Carter never allows us girls to go away from the school, so I can’t possibly come to see you, though I surely wish I could. As I cannot persuade Miss Carter to let me come, I wish you would come down to Baltimore so I could see you. I know you don’t like traveling on the train, but if you should come to Washington or any where in this direction, do stop by here.

I came back to school on the ninth after a perfectly fine holiday at home. I had had such a lovely time and I did not want to come back to work a bit. I might as well get used to it, though, as I will have to study hard now until Easter, when we have about a week or ten days holiday.

I would give anything if I could come up to see you some time soon, but as I can’t, I hope I will see you down here. / I am / With Love, / Francesca [MTP; *MTAq* 98-9].

Clyde Potts wrote from Morristown, N.J. to Sam. “Dear Sir: / Have just finished my first reading of ‘The Jumping Frog.’ I bought the copy at one dollar net. I consider that I beat you on the deal and enclose herewith my ck for fifty cents. / Respy / Clyde Potts” [MTP]. *Note:* likely a ploy to gain a signature from Sam’s endorsement. Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Feb. 5, 08”

January 19 Sunday – In the morning **Dr. Edward Quintard** checked on Sam’s condition again, noting that he was “no worse” [NY *Times* Jan. 20, 1908, p.9 “Mark Twain No Worse”].

The New York *Times*, Jan. 18, 1908, ran a squib under “City Brevities” p.9:

Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) and Supreme Court Justice Greenbaum will address the annual meeting of the Hebrew Technical School for Girls to-morrow morning at 10:30 o’clock [Jan. 19] in the school building at Fifteenth Street and Second Avenue [*Note:* Sam was in bed with bronchitis and did not make this event. He sent a letter, not extant, to the group, expressing his regrets for not being present –New York *Times*, Jan 20, p.6 “Praises Teaching of Girls to Cook.” [*Note:* **Samuel Greenbaum** (1854-1930), was appointed to the NY Supreme Court in 1901 and served until 1923.]

The New York *Times* ran an article which included Mark Twain’s **Jan. 17** letter to “Other Depositors of the Knickerbocker Trust Co.”

THE KNICKERBOCKER GETS 2 WEEKS MORE
Additional Assents to Satterlee Resumption Plan Coming in Rapidly.
MARK TWAIN’S WARNING

Tells Fellow-Depositors Who Are Holding Back to Hurry Back, as Does Justice Clarke Also.

Cheering news for depositors in the failed Knickerbocker Trust Company came from more than one quarter yesterday. At the hearing before Justice Clarke on Staten Island yesterday the announcement was made that \$34,600,000 of deposits have already assented to the rehabilitation plan of the Parsons-Satterlee committee and that the present Directors had finally sent in their resignations, making possible the immediate consideration by the Voting Trustees of the long list of new Directors and officers tentatively selected by the committee. Justice Clarke granted a further extension of two weeks in which to get full assents to the resumption. Later a cheerful appeal, and at the same time a warning, from Mark Twain to the backward depositors was made public by Attorney Herbert L. Satterlee, counsel to the depositors’ committee.

Mark Twain, who has something like \$50,000 tied up in the company, has already sent in his assent to the plan. He is afraid that enough of the others will stay out to hold up the reorganization and leave the company to the mercies of a permanent receivership, which he says would be more expensive than a harem. His letter read: [See Jan. 17 for letter].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: A long crazy heedless kind of day as far as I’m concerned, but full of the goodness of life where the King is concerned. Mrs. Mother Hapgood came in & talked a good deal about Mrs. Clemens & poor Jean, & the way she was criticised in Dublin when no one knew of her incriminating malady. I was terribly tired. The King slept a lot. Mrs. Littleton telephoned over to say they were sending some extra large oysters from the Manhattan Club for the King for his dinner, and when I asked him if they were good, he said, “No, they looked and tasted like a foetus.” Dear wonderful original King [MTP: IVL TS 10-11].

Dorothy Quick wrote to Sam. “I received your telegram yesterday I am so sorry you are sick too, did you have to miss the matinee too. I hope I can come next Saturday” [MTP; not in *MTAq*].

January 19 Sunday ca. – **Kate Douglas Riggs (aka Wiggin)** wrote to Sam, heading the note, “Acceptance to Mark Twain’s Doe-Luncheon No 2 / February 11th 1908 / Air: ‘Believe me if all those endearing young charms!’” and drawing a musical scale, followed by 8 lines of poetry, followed by this note: “N.B. A lady who is invited

to, and attends, a Doe Luncheon, is of course, a Doe! The question is, if she attends two doe-luncheons in succession is she a doe-doe? If so she is extinct—and can never be asked to a third” [MTP].

January 20 Monday – The New York *Times*, p. 9 reported on Sam’s health, as “No Worse”:

MARK TWAIN NO WORSE

But Still In Bed Nursing His Cold—To Go to Bermuda Soon.

There was at least one sore man in the city yesterday, and he was sore in two places at once—in his chest and in his mind. The man was Samuel L. Clemens, whom almost everybody knows best as “Mark Twain.”

At this time last year he was enjoying the sun in Bermuda. To-day his is miserable and in his bed at his home, 21 Fifth Avenue, with a bad cold. If only he had gone to Bermuda, as he did last year at the beginning of January, he and Miss Lyon, his secretary, are certain that all would have been well with him. However, just as soon as he is able, the first steamer cannot take him to the West Indies too fast for Mr. Clemens’s liking.

It was on Wednesday that Mr. Clemens contracted his chill. In hurrying to keep an engagement he got very warm, and then he cooled off too quickly. Nothing more was thought of it until Friday evening, when, dressed in a thick white china silk suit, he was playing billiards at home and complained of feeling cold. He changed into another white jacket of thicker texture and continued playing, and before going to bed had a strong “hot Scotch,” but he slept badly and the next morning there wasn’t any doubt about his having a cold.

They gave him a mustard bath and Dr. Edward Quintard was summoned. He ordered Mr. Clemens to stay in bed, and that’s where he is now.

Yesterday morning the doctor said that Mr. Clemens was not any worse, but at 72 one cannot be too careful. By careful nursing it is hoped that an attack of bronchitis may be staved off.

Mr. Clemens is still keeping up his friendship with little Miss Dorothy Quick, daughter of Mrs. E.G. Quick of Brooklyn, whom he met on board ship last July while returning from England. Since his return Miss Quick has twice visited with him at Tuxedo, and is often a caller at his Fifth Avenue home.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Henry Watterson called to see his kinsman, the King” [MTP: IVL TS 11].

Robert Underwood Johnson for American Copyright League wrote to Sam respectfully requesting him to be “one of the representatives of the Council at the funeral of Edmund Clarence Stedman at the Church of the Messiah, Jan. 21 at 3:45” [MTP].

Rossiter Lines wrote to Sam, pasting a newspaper clipping from the *Milwaukee Free Press*, “Mark Twain Ill at Home.” The clipping ended with: “Dr. Quintard, his physician, said tonight that he apprehended no serious results,” to which Lines quipped that at least the bronchitis had not made Sam serious [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Jan. 23, ‘08”

George Lockitt wrote from Queensland, Australia to ask for Sam’s autograph in a letter [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Feb. 21, ‘08” and “Too busy to write letters”

Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Miss Lyon that she was sending **John W. Postgate**’s scenario and felt Lyon should read this before deciding to give him a 6 mos. option [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Returned the scenario”

Marion Peak Mason (Mrs. George Grant Mason) wrote from NYC to Sam. “When my two children came down to breakfast this morning they brought the inclosed and announced that it was for ‘Mark Twain.’ So at their solicitations I am sending it to you.” She hoped it would provide “an immediate cure” for him [MTP].

Polly Porter wrote to Miss Lyon enclosing a report from her father of the Oxford ceremonies [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Jan. 20, ‘08”; See earlier letter of Polly’s under 1908 entries.

Frank P. Stockbridge for the NY *Herald* wrote to Sam. He'd called this day but was told Sam was too sick to see him. He wanted "a few words" on vivisection as there was "a good deal of agitation over the matter just now" [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Mr. Clemens not able to see anybody before sailing for Bermuda"

January 21 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Frances Nunnally**.

Francesca dear

I wish you were here

And had 2 weeks to spare. Then I would pack you & Miss Lyon aboard ship & sail for Bermuda Saturday. Now you see what you are robbing her of—& she needs that trip very much. I shall take nobody but Ashcroft—yet he hasn't any use for a voyage.

You are going to spend those ten Easter days here, aren't you, dear? We'll come to Catonville & fetch you.

Two hours ago I didn't know I was going to Bermuda—and I can't swear to it now. But Ashcroft has secured the staterooms, & I fully expect to be out of bed by Saturday.

Good-bye, dear. With love. ... [MTP; *MTAq* 99].

Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Quick**.

Tuesday evening

Dorothy dear, tell your mother that the wisest way for her to spend money on your health will be to take you to Bermuda for a week or a fortnight; & you must tell her that the best TIME is next Saturday. (That is because I am going, then, & so is Ashcroft.) It's the big ship (the "Bermudian"). She makes the passage across in 45 hours.

In Bermuda a sick person gets well in 3 days, & strong in a week. I expect to be gone from New York till Feb. 11, but I may be back earlier. I tried the trip twice last year, & I know—the change made me well in 3 days.

The doctors say I shall be well enough by Saturday to sail—so Mr. Ashcroft has secured the staterooms.

I hope you are well by this time, dear. You only need the Bermuda air to make you weller than ever you were in your life before.

With lots of love ...

[MTP; *MTAq* 99-100]. *Note:* D. Hoffman writes that Sam had tried to interest **Robert Collier** and wife to join him on the Jan. 25 excursion to Bermuda, but "reverted" to Ashcroft [88].

Sam also wrote to **Joe Twichell**.

Dear Joe:

Miss Lyon told me the contents of Sam Davis's first letter, & I told her to pay no attention to it, he being a mere—VERY mere—acquaintance of mine, & his venturing to pass the hat to me on behalf of the oldest & proudest friend I've got in the world is damned impertinence, & properly an insult to both you & me. I said Davis was all ass; that there was nothing to him BUT ass; & that whenever he does a thing it is because he has an axe to grind; not for gain, but the mere axe of a busybody, a meddler seeking to advertise himself & seem to be on familiar terms with people who care not a godam about him.

When your letter came, a minute ago, Miss Lyon explained that there had been another letter from Davis on this matter, but none from Tufts. She or Paine answered Davis's letter—without my permission, (which would not have been granted.)

I am in bed bronchially & struggling with two doctors, but in 3 days I expect to be up & at sea—for Bermuda. I hardly know what I am writing, because my head is dizzy with drugs. My hand, too; but there's nothing trembly about yours.

With love / Mark [MTP].

Note: **Samuel Post Davis** (1850-1918); Davis' tale, "The First Piano in Camp" appeared in *Mark Twain's Library of Humor* (1888) [Gribben 179]. Davis was considered one of the talented writers in the "Sagebrush

School” of literature. A journalist all over the west he arrived in Virginia City in 1875, some eleven years after Mark Twain left. Davis also wrote poetry and sketches, including “The Typographical Howitzer,” a witty tale in the tradition of Twain. Perhaps his major achievement was the 1913 publication of *History of Nevada* in two volumes. **Joe Goodman** had written about Davis to Twain a few times (see Vol. I), but exactly when or if Twain ever met Davis is not clear. See the following readings for more on Davis:

Berkove, Lawrence I. *Samuel Post Davis in Nineteenth-Century American Fiction Writers, Vol. 202 of the Dictionary of Literary Biography*. Detroit: Gale Research, 1999.
 ———, ed. *Insider Stories of the Comstock Lode and Nevada's Mining Frontier, 1859-1909*. Lewiston, NY: The Edwin Mellen Press, 2007.
 ———, ed. *The Sagebrush Anthology*. Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 2006.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “The King is going to Bermuda. / Wandering Jew. A psychic day. Howells letters” [MTP: IVL TS 11].

Thomas Hastings for the Architectural League wrote to Sam, enclosing an engraved invite to the annual dinner on Jan. 31, and mentioning John Mead Howells’ urging of Sam to attend [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Jan. 27, ‘08”

Jervis Langdon II wrote from Elmira to announce to Sam that the organ at St. James Church, NYC will be “practically finished the latter part of this week.” He’d read Sam was ill and going to Bermuda—would it be possible for Sam to go and hear the organ before he left? And, if he liked it would he help plot to get Andrew “Carnegie to hear it as we have already talked of doing”? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “As soon as Mr. Clemens comes back from Bermuda we’ll arrange for Mr. Carnegie to go & hear it when I go”

Dorothy Quick wrote to Sam.

My Dear Mr Clemens / Thank you so much for our picture it is lovely and I am glad to have it I hope your cold is better now I am better but have not been to school yet the doctor is giving me a tonic and in another week I expect to be all right Mother say she dont think I will be able to come this Saturday but I hope surely the Saturday after I can come if you want me with much love to Miss Lyon and lots and lots and lots for you I am your loving little / Dot [MTP; *MTAq* 100]. *Note:* Dorothy hadn’t quite mastered the period, but did (sometimes) put several spaces between her sentences.

January 22 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Andrew Carnegie**.

Dear St. Andrew:

I have had to decline this mission a couple of times in the past year or two, & the most I can do now is to forward the letter—which I do, & leave it to take its chances.

That whisky came very handy. I had a very wild & exasperating cold, but a pint of the whisky tamed it in 3 minutes by the watch & I did not wake up again for ten hours.

I shall be out of bed tomorrow, I think, & I’ll break straightway for Bermuda [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **William Dean Howells**.

I find that Sam Moffett has been lending old letters of mine to Mr. Paine without first submitting them to me for approval or the reverse, so I’ve stopped it. I don’t like to have those privacies exposed in such a way to even my biographer. If Paine should apply to you for letters, please don’t comply. I must warn Twichell, too. A man should be dead before his private foolishnesses are risked in print.

I’m sick abed, these days, but shall be out & off for Bermuda Saturday.

Yours ever— / Mark

[MTP; *MTHL* 2: 828]. *Note:* Moffett at this time was on the staff of *Collier’s*. See Howells’ reply **Feb. 4**.

Isabel Lyon's journal: I am loving life very much. The King got up this afternoon & dined downstairs. He talked wonderfully about astronomy, a favorite topic, & then about morals, the moral quality, intellect, & temperament. I got mixed up in my mind of course.

Mr. Moffett came today & told me when I said the King was distressed to know that Paine had copied quantities of the King's early letters, that Paine gave him to understand that it was the King's particular wish that he should have them. The King said last night that the next thing Paine would be getting letters from Howells, and he proceeded to write to Mr. Howells asking him not to comply. When the King spoke of the Howells letters my heart stood still, for my anxiety had projected itself into his mind and he said the thing he should have said.

[*undated pieces of notepaper inserted at January 22*] *Note:* this appears to be draft of a letter to **Albert Bigelow Paine**. It may or may not have been sent. Isabel identifies the day as "Friday," which is likely **Jan. 24**, since Clemens left for Bermuda on Jan. 25.

The King has been talking about the volume of letters that Clara is going to compile, & asking for some old letters. I went up to the trunk tray that was in your room & found that some of the letters are gone. Have you taken them? & some of the Orion ms. too. If you haven't got them, then I'm terribly worried. I'm worried anyway. I should not have left them there. I wanted to speak about the matter to Mrs. Paine over the telephone this morning, but someone was listening. I know just about what was in that trunk tray, & now it seems to me that I saw you going down the hall with a bundle of letters, but I felt you wouldn't take any without telling me. I am becoming extraordinarily psychic lately. It must be that yogi philosophy, for within the last week several unusual things have happened. I see things—when I was making that call to Redding, & by the way I tried for an hour to get you, & central kept saying that it was a party-line & some one was talking. 3 times she rang me up to say "They're still talking." So you can see how impossible it would be for the King to be on a party line. But as I was saying, when I called for long distance, & you, I suddenly saw Mrs. Paine standing at the telephone, so I corrected Central telling her to be sure & call for Mrs. Paine too. I was absolutely certain that you wouldn't answer it. I have been pretty anxious over the King (& other matters too.) & have tried to have some one to cheer him, for he seems depressed & lonely. Terribly lonely. He got up at 10:30 yesterday (It is 5 o'clock Friday morning) & began billiarding, longing for a companion. I tried to get one, but of course everyone was busy & it made me so sick to hear him say that the Almighty was particularly attentive to him, denying him even billiards. I shall go to bed for a couple of days after the King goes, for I think I must be a little exhausted. I have taken sole care of the King which means an hourly attention from 8 a.m. until 12 midnight, in order to rout out a very tenacious germ, but we routed it. There is to be a Doe party, Feb 11th. I think life is very wonderful & extravagant in its interests. The King & CC are perfect companions for me, but when the King goes I shall be like a lonely grey smoke-woman. Can I endure it for 12 days. I'm so glad Ashcroft could take him, for he needs the change badly. / Sincerely IVL. / Please tell me 'bout the letters. I've just been thinking that perhaps I put those letters elsewhere. I'll look today.

[*The journal continues for Jan. 22:*]

Heavy snow over this beautiful wonderful world. The King is becoming very much interested in the house & C.C. is too. Oh very much. I'm another woman now & my new name is Madame Naud [MTP: IVL TS 11-14].

Edward John Bing wrote from Budapest, Hungary to ask Sam for his autograph [MTP].

Frances Nunnally wrote to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens,—

I surely do wish I could go to Bermuda for I cannot imagine anything nicer, and I should love to have a holiday like that with you. It certainly is lovely of you to ask me to spend my Easter vacation with you, and there is nothing I should like better, but I cannot promise anything now, as I don't know what Mother has planned for me.

I only have a very few minutes before I shall have to go to bed, but I just wanted to write you a line to wish you the very best of trips. So hoping you will enjoy your two-weeks voyage very much, I am / With love / Francesca [MTP; *MTAq* 101].

January 22-25? Saturday – In N.Y.C. Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to Capt. Frazier.

Dear Capt Frazier

By Mr. Clemens's direction I write to say that Mr. Chas J. Langdon is his brother in law, & he hopes that you will arrange the weather in such a way as to make it as pleasant for Mr. Langdon as possible, & when the opportunity offers, Mr. Clemens will be glad to reciprocate in kind [MTP].



January 23 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote his aphorism about honors, deserved and not deserved, to Miss **Eulabee Dix** [MTP]. *Note:* Eulabee Dix (1878-1961), American artist who painted watercolors on ivory for miniature works of art. Born in Illinois, Dix moved to NYC in 1899 and studied under various artists. She did commissions for well known persons, including **Ethel Barrymore**. In 1908 Dix did the last painting of Mark Twain from real life. Note the Oxford gown in **insert of miniature**: It is now in the National Portrait Gallery at the Smithsonian Institute. In *Looking for Eulabee Dix* by Jo Ann Ridley, Twain is quoted as saying he had only previously sat for one miniature portrait in Italy.

Sam also wrote to **Marcella Sembrich**:

Dear Madame Sembrich:

Eight or ten ladies will assemble at tables at the above address at

1 p.m. February 11

to partake of what Mrs. Kate Douglas Riggs calls my “doe luncheon,” & which I call my “dear-luncheon.” I am the only animal of my sex present on these solemn occasions. And I am in command: Clara is only a subordinate.

Will you do me the honor to come? I hope you will. / Sincerely yours [MTP].

The New York *Times*, p. 4, “Pilgrims to Dine Reid” announced a dinner in honor of Ambassador to England **Whitelaw Reid** to be held sometime in February. Mark Twain was noted as having agreed to speak at the dinner.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Englishman. / The Bermuda tickets have come, & Ashcroft is to take the King. He will be away 12 days. Mother must come back to me.

Today I telephoned out to Redding telling AB that the King is going to Bermuda & that he needn't come down. Somehow all my confidence is gone, & I do not greatly want to see him. My anxiety over the Howells letters incident seems almost to be making me ill. My philosophy is gone.

We had a glorious snow storm last night. & Today the King has spent a good deal of time at the windows, for he loves to watch the snow & its affects.

I played tonight to the King, his favorites, Chopin Nocturn Op 37 [.] No. 2 Schuberts Impromptu.

The adagio movement of Beethoven Sonata Pathetique, the Lohengrin Wedding March, and then he went gently up to his room, with a green woolen afghan falling from his shoulders. ~~I found my heart & soul flooding over with the tears that have been moving too heavy for me all day~~ [MTP: IVL TS 14].

Emily W. Burbank wrote from NYC to express her joy at being summoned to the Doe Luncheon [MTP].

Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Miss Lyon that she rec'd her letter and would inform **John W. Postgate** to go ahead and try to make a play out of *JA* [MTP].

Edmund Stedman's female cousin (unnamed) wrote to Sam relating the last moments of Stedman's life, realizing "what an irreparable loss you feel in his sudden 'going home'" [MTP]. *Note:* Stedman was not one of Sam's favorites and this editor speculates the loss was not quite irreparable.

Martha Thompson wrote from Bonaire, Houston Co. Ga., to ask Sam if she could write to him again for advice [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Jan. 28, '08"

January 24 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to the Jan. 16 from **Elinor Sutherlin Glyn**. The letter below was Sam's protest of the publication by Glyn of a pamphlet (*Mark Twain on Three Weeks*) which included a purported verbatim account of a conversation between the two discussing Glyn's novel, *Three Weeks* (1907), which had shocked sensibilities (and gained many sales) for its unabashed account of an adulterous relationship.

Dear Mrs. Glyn—it reads pretty poorly. I get the sense of it, but it is a poor literary job. However, it would have to be that because nobody can be reported even approximately except by a stenographer. Approximations, synopsisd speeches, translated poems, artificial flowers and chromos all have a sort of value, but it is small. If you had put upon paper what I really said it would have wrecked your type machine.

I said some fetid and over-vigorous things, but that was because it was a confidential conversation. I said nothing for print. My own report of the same conversation reads like Satan roasting a Sunday school. It, and certain other readable chapters of my autobiography, will not be published until all the Clemens family are dead—dead and correspondingly indifferent. They were written to entertain me, not the rest of the world. I am not here to do good—at last, not to do it intentionally. You must pardon me for dictating this letter; I am still sick a-bed and not feeling as well as I might. / Sincerely yours / S.L. Clemens [MTP].

Notes: Glyn's pamphlet is dated as 1908; it would have predated this letter by at least a few days. See also **Dec. 1907** entry and others on Glyn; Gribben 262; Scharnhorst 673-4, quotes the *N.Y. American* for **Sept. 27, 1908**, sec.2, p.1 (see Sept 27 entry for this short interview). Glyn would coin the term the "It Girl" for Clara Bow in 1927.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Headache. Such a busy day, planning for the King's departure, looking after him to see that he does not get into drafts when he stands at the leaky loose windows to watch the snow & the children & the dogs & things frolicking in the beautiful white storm. Ashcroft came after dinner & while Mrs. Littleton was here to say goodbye to the King & to bring him a great basket of pears I slipped away to talk with Ashcroft about the letters episode, & he approved of my method of procedure with Mr. Howells for I wrote him of the fact that the King is quite unaware that Paine sent for the letters. / ~~Ashcroft is so good—~~ [MTP: IVL TS 15]. *Note:* See Lyon's journal for Jan. 22 which included a letter to **Albert Bigelow Paine** written this day about the letters taken.

Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Miss Lyon, again about **John W. Postgate's** efforts to dramatize *JA* [MTP]. *Note:* Marbury wrote many notes to Lyon or Clemens on every detail with regard to dramatizing Twain's works.

F.J. Neil wrote to Sam, at least the second reader to catch that in his Autobiography he wrote he paid Horace Bixby \$100 while in *LM* paid him \$500. "There is yet time to repair the wrong & so save your reputation to future generations" [MTP]. *Note:* Was miscatalogued as "F.J. Weil." Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Jan. 28, 1908" and "Mr Clemens does not carry these small details in his mind. And the probabilities are that the statement in *Life* on the Miss is the correct one"

Dorothy Quick wrote from Plainfield, NJ to Sam on the SS *Bermudian*. “I am so glad you are over your cold and able to go away....I have a new book called Ozma of Oz by L. Frank Baum it is awfully nice, and awfully funny I am going to send this to the steamer for I am afraid you wont get it otherwise” Dorothy hoped to go to Bermuda in the spring [MTP].

Marcella Sembrich wrote to Sam, sorry she could not attend the Doe Luncheon on Feb. 11 due to a singing performance in Syracuse that day [MTP].

Stephen Terry wrote from Surbiton, Herefordshire to thank Sam for “Soldier Boy” and to ask him to read his articles in *The Animal World* for “April to Sept last year, which I am sending for your kind acceptance.” He wished he’d met Sam at the Savage Club in London [MTP].

Harry P. Wood left Sam his calling card: “With earnest wishes for your early and full recovery.” He also wrote a full letter from Washington, DC that when in NY he’d left photos and pamphlets describing Hawaii—a place he felt would bring Sam back to good health” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Jan. 27, ‘08”

January 25 Saturday – Sam left for **Bermuda** on the *Bermudian*. The *New York Times*, Jan. 26, p. 4 noted his departure and added:

“Mr. Clemens has been ill at his home for some days, and when he arrived at the vessel went direct to his stateroom and did not emerge while the vessel was at her pier. He was ordered south by his physician because of an attack of laryngitis.”

Isabel Lyon’s journal: The King left at 8 this morning in Margaret Frohman’s beautiful big motor car. Yesterday when she telephoned that she wanted to send it & I told the King, he was very glad, because he’d been wanting to go to the boat in mobile. He has been very beautiful these 2 or 3 days past, deintalized by his illness. At 7:30 I found him up & dressed in front of the fire in his room. I dropped on my knees beside him & he chatted for a moment, saying he hadn’t slept very well. Then came his breakfast, then his departure, & then the empty house. All day I’ve been on my couch, this afternoon going to bed, faint with anxiety, exhaustion, & loneliness. Santa had a wireless to say that the weather is good, sun shining & that there is what appears to be a good ships’ company [MTP: IVL TS 15-16].

Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Miss Lyon asking her to have Sam sign the enclosed contract with **John W. Postgate** (not in file) [MTP].

January 26 Sunday – After traversing stormy seas, the *Bermudian* docked in **Hamilton Harbor, Bermuda** in the morning [D. Hoffman 89]. *Note:* The passage took 45 hours; Sam left shortly after a ten-inch snowstorm in NYC [A.D. of Feb. 12].

Woodrow Wilson, at that time President of Princeton, arrived in Bermuda on Jan. 20, and wrote his wife, **Ellen Axson Wilson** on Jan. 26:

Now I am cut out by Mark Twain! He arrived on the boat this morning, and Mrs. Peck at once took possession of him. They are old friends. Indeed, she seems to know everybody that is worth knowing. She has been coming down here a great many winters, and everybody turns up here sooner or later, it would seem. I have not yet found out where Mr. Clemons [*sic*] is staying. I hoped he was coming to the Hamilton, but he went off in the other direction. I did not get a chance to speak to him, and do not now whether he would remember me or not [D. Hoffman 95]. *Note:* **Mary Allen Hulbert Peck** (Mrs. Hulbert). Of course Clemens would have remembered attending Wilson’s inauguration as Princeton’s President on Oct. 25, 1902, and possibly Wilson’s honorary degree at Yale’s Bicentennial on Oct. 23, 1901.

Wilson later became the subject of rumors about Mrs. Peck, with whom it seems evident that he had a brief extra-marital affair. Mrs. Peck's Bermuda residence was a sort of social hub for luminaries who visited the islands. **Theodore Roosevelt**, in a political battle with Wilson, refused to use the scandal or to question Wilson's morals. Roosevelt said that using such rumors wouldn't work—"You can't cast a man as Romeo who looks and acts so much like the apothecary's clerk." [*Edith and Woodrow: The Wilson White House*, by Phyllis Lee Levin (2001), p. 131].

D. Hoffman writes of the habit of children at the hotel to leave for the harbor whenever a cruise ship was docking, and quotes from **Elizabeth Wallace's** memoir, *Mark Twain and the Happy Island*.

The road to the hotel wound upward, and on either side of it palmettos rustled noisily beside still and somber cedars.

Out from under their shadows stepped a gray figure with a crown of glistening white hair. He walked lightly and looked about him with an air of interested and unconscious expectancy. As he came nearer the hotel veranda we recognized the shaggy eyebrows, the delicately arched nose, the drooping moustache...

As a usual thing Margaret [Blackmer] and I felt but a languid interest in the passengers who came, for they did not invade our world. But on the morning that Mark Twain arrived, we felt an unusual thrill...

Margaret's table was not far from ours, and that day she was sitting alone. Presently Mark Twain came in, and as he reached her table he stopped and spoke to her. He not only spoke to her, but had a conversation with her. I knew, then, that he had recognized her as one of the choice souls of the earth [90-1]. *Note: Margaret Gray Blackmer* (1897-1987), "a lovely looking child of twelve," was traveling with her invalid mother. She would become an Angelfish in Sam's collection. Wallace was a professor of French literature and dean at the University of Chicago [89]. See Jan. 27 entry.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Today I got out of bed to call up Tino [Paine] in Redding & to ask about letters that I am missing & that the King & Santa would hold me responsible for. He was cross & answered in a burst of ill temper that he had many letters & would take them when he wanted to. This is not quite right of Tino—& is a new & regrettable attitude, ~~& my anxiety over it is making me ill~~ [MTP: IVL TS 16].

January 26 to February 2 — Sometime during the short stay in Bermuda, Sam traveled to Somerset to see 29-year-old **Upton Sinclair**, who had arrived on the island on Dec. 20, 1907 for a six-month stay. In 1906 Sinclair sent a copy of his best-known book, *The Jungle*, to Clemens (see Gribben 644). At this time Sinclair was collaborating with fellow socialist **Michael Williams** on a book about health. The *Royal Gazette* of Feb. 8 reported on Sam's trip to Somerset. D. Hoffman writes, quoting the *Gazette*:

...the carriage ride to Somerset took so long they had no time for a vegetarian dinner. Although he did "not go to the length of declaring himself a vegetarian," the paper said, Clemens was "in the habit of curing occasional ailments by total abstinence from meat during periods of a week or more at a time" [98-9].

Also during the trip, day undetermined:

His A.D. for Feb. 14 concerned his discovery of a new photographic process called Lumiere, and of a photograph he had taken with **Margaret Blackmer**. This may have taken place any time during the stay.

One's first contact with a fresh, new, thrilling novelty is for him a memorable event. I still remember quite clearly the wonder and delight that, swept through me the first time I ever saw a daguerreotype; and alone with it was the sense that there wasn't any reality about this miracle; that it was a dream, a product of

enchantment—beautiful, astonishing, but impermanent. I still remember my first contact with the electric telegraph, and with the phonograph, and with the wireless, and with the telephone, and with the Hoe press—which with my own eyes I saw print twenty thousand newspapers on one side in an hour, and couldn't quite believe it although I was actually seeing it. Oh, compare that wee marvel with to-day's press! In Bermuda an addition was made to the list of these great first contacts, these splendid impossibles: it was the autochrome. I had never seen a sample of that lovely miracle before. A gentleman amateur there had half-a-dozen pictures, made by himself by the Lumiere process, of Bermudian scenery, and a picture of his little girl reposing in the midst of tapestries and vases and rugs, and flowers, and other things distinguished for variety and beauty of coloring, and I was carried away with them. I was glad to have lived to see at last that old, old dream of the photographer come true—the colored photograph painted by the master, the sun.

How many wonderful inventions have had their birth since I was born. Broadly speaking, it is an interminable list. I was born in the same year that the lucifer-match was born, and the latest link in this great chain is the dainty and bewitching Lumiere.

The amateur whom I have spoken of was preparing an article about the lumiere process for one of the great magazines, and he wanted a picture of me for use as one of the illustrations. I was quite willing to sit, but said Margaret must be put into the picture with me. The picture was notably successful. I was in white, and so was Margaret. Her frock was a very white white, and her white jacket had broad lapels of an intense red; also she wore a red leather belt. My white clothes were of three slightly differing shades of white, and in the picture those shades were exactly reproduced—the coat one shade of white, the shirt-front a slightly whiter white, the necktie a slightly whiter white than the shirt-front. The Lumiere had a sharper eye than myself; I had not detected those differences until it revealed them to me

One day Miss W. [Wallace] betrayed to me one of Margaret's sweet little confidences. Margaret said to her,

"Is Mr. Clemens married?"

"No."

Margaret after a little pause said, with a dear and darling earnestness, and much as if she were soliloquizing aloud,

"If I were his wife I would never leave his side for a moment; I would stay by him and watch him, and take care of him all the time."

It was the mother instinct speaking from the child of twelve; it took no note of the disparity of age; it took no note of my seventy-two years; it noticed only that I was careless, and it was affectionately prepared to protect me from my defect [MTP].

January 27 Monday – At the Princess Hotel in Hamilton, Bermuda Sam wrote to daughter Clara .

Clara dear, we arrived early this morning, after a voyage which began in good form but soon degenerated into storm and turmoil.

We are very comfortably located, in the new addition to the Princess, with private bathroom, etc. The weather is balmy and sunny and altogether satisfactory. The hotels are full of people, and a shark has been seen in the Bay. There is no other society-news, therefore nothing further to report to you. I am getting ready to catch the shark, and will send him when I get him. / With love and kisses, / Marcus [MTP].

Sam also wrote to daughter **Jean**.

Jean dear, we have arrived, & have been housed in the hotel an hour. There are many tourists here, & I know some of them—among others, Woodrow Wilson, Admiral Upshur, & Miss Sloan, of Long Island. The sun is brilliant & the temperature soft & balmy.

A beautiful dog has come in, uninvited, & has gone to sleep in a chair. He is a bow-legged brindle, & his underjaw sticks out so far that it breaks the fall of his tears when he weeps.

There isn't anything to write about, dear Jean, so I close with love & kisses / Father [MTP]. *Note: Admiral John Henry Upshur (1823-1917), veteran of the Mexican War and Civil War.*

Sam's A.D. of Feb. 13 revisited this first full day in Bermuda:

My first day in Bermuda paid a dividend—in fact a double dividend—it broke the back of my cold and it added a jewel to my collection. As I entered the breakfast-room the first object I saw in that spacious and far-reaching place was a little girl seated solitary at a table for two. I bent down over her and patted her cheek and said, affectionately and with compassion,

“Why you dear little rascal—do you have to eat your breakfast all by yourself in this desolate way” She turned up her face with a sweet friendliness in it and said, not in a tone of censure, but of approval,

“Mamma is a little slow, but she came down here to get rested.”

“She has found the right place, dear. I don’t seem to remember your name; what is it?”

By the sparkle in her brown eyes, it amused her. She said,

“Why you’ve never known it, Mr. Clemens, because you’ve never seen me before.”

“Why that is true, now that I come to think; it certainly is true and it must be one of the reasons why I have forgotten your name. But I remember it now perfectly—it’s Mary.”

She was amused again; amused beyond smiling; amused to a chuckle, a musical gurgle, and she said,

“Oh no it isn’t, it’s Margaret.”

I feigned to be ashamed of my mistake, and said,

“Ah well, I couldn’t have made that mistake a few years ago, but I am old now, and one of age’s earliest infirmities is a damaged memory; but I am clearer now—clearer-headed—it all comes back to me; I remember your whole name now, just as if it were yesterday. It’s Margaret Holcomb.”

She was surprised into a laugh this time; the rippling laugh that a happy brook makes when it breaks out of the shadow into the sunshine, and she said,

“Oh you are wrong again; you don’t get anything right. It isn’t Holcomb, it’s Blackmer.”

I was ashamed again, and confessed it; then

“How old are you, dear?”

“Twelve, New Year’s. Twelve and a month.”

“Ah, you’ve got it down fine, honey; it belongs to your blessed time of life; when we get to be seventy-two we don’t reckon by months any more.”

She said, with a fine complimentary surprise in her innocent eyes,

“Why you don’t look old, Mr. Clemens.”

I said I wasn’t, except by the almanac—otherwise I was only fourteen. I patted her dainty brown hand and added,

“Good-bye dear, I am going to my table now; but after breakfast—Where are you going to wait for me?”

“In the big general room.”

“I’ll be there.”

We were close comrades—inseparables in fact—for eight days. Every day we made pedestrian excursions—called them that any way, and honestly they were intended for that, and that is what they would have been but for the persistent intrusion of a gray and grave and rough coated little donkey by the name of Maude. Maude was four feet long; she was mounted on four slender little stilts, and had ears that doubled her altitude when she stood them up straight. Which she seldom did. Her ears were a most interesting study. She was always expressing her private thoughts and opinions with them, and doing it with such nice shadings, and so intelligibly, that she had no need of speech whereby to reveal her mind. This was all new to me. The donkey had always been a sealed book to me before, but now I saw that I could read this one as easily as I could read coarse print. Sometimes she would throw those ears straight forward, like the prongs of a fork; under the impulse of a fresh emotion she would lower the starboard one to a level; next she would stretch it backward till it pointed nor’-nor’east; next she would retire it to due east, and presently clear down to southeast-by—south—all these changes revealing her thoughts to me without her suspecting it.

She always worked the port ear for a quite different set of emotions, and sometimes she would fetch both ears rearward till they were level and became a fork, the one prong pointing southeast the other southwest. She was a most interesting little creature, and always self-possessed, always dignified always resisting authority; never in agreement with anybody, and if she ever smiled once during the eight days I did not catch her at it. Her tender was a little bit of a cart with seat room for two in it, and you could fall out of it without knowing it, it was so close to the ground. This battery was in command of a nice grave, dignified, gentle-faced little black boy whose age was about twelve, and whose name, for some reason or other, was Reginald. Reginald

and Maud—I shall not easily forget those names, nor the combination they stood for once I reproached Reginald. I said,

“Reginald, what kind of morals do you sport? You contracted to be here with the battery yesterday afternoon—on the Sabbath Day, mind you—at two o’clock, to assist in the usual pedestrian excursion to Spanish Point and Paradise Vale, and you violated that contract. What is the explanation of this conduct—this conduct which in my opinion is criminal?”

He was not flurried, not affected in any way; not humiliated, not disturbed in his mind. He didn’t turn a feather, but justified his course as calmly and as comprehensively as Maud could have done it with her ears:

“Why I had to go to Sunday school.”

I said with severity,

“So it is Bermudian morals, is it, to break contracts in order to keep the Sabbath? What do you think of yourself, Reginald?”

The rebuke was lost; it didn’t hit him anywhere he said, easily and softly and contentedly, “Why I couldn’t keep ‘em both; I had to break one of ‘em.” I dropped the matter there. There’s no use in arguing against a settled conviction.

The excursions party always consisted of the same persons: Miss W., [Wallace] ~~Mr. Ashcroft~~, Margaret, Reginald,

[*in handwriting*: Misses Elizabeth Wallace.]

A bright and charming lady with a touch of gray in her hair, head of a college in the University of Chicago, Margaret’s most devoted friend, if I except myself, Maud and me. The trip, out + return, was five or six miles, and it generally took us three hours to make it. This was because Maud set the pace. ~~Sometimes she kept up with her own shadow, but mostly she didn’t.~~ She had the finest eye in the company for an ascending grade; she could detect an ascending grade where neither water nor a spirit-level could do it, and whenever she detected an ascending grade she respected it; she stopped and said with her ears,

“This is getting unsatisfactory. We will camp here.”

Then all the vassals would get behind the cart and shove it up the ascending grade, and shove Maud along with it. The whole idea of these excursions was that Margaret and I should employ them for the gathering of strength, by walking—yet we were oftener in the cart than out of it. She drove and I superintended. In the course of the first excursion I found a beautiful little shell on the beach at Spanish Point; its hinge was old and dry, and the two halves came apart in my hand. I gave one of them to Margaret and said,

“Now dear, sometime or other in the future I shall run across you somewhere, and it may turn out that it is not you at all, but will be some girl that only resembles you. I shall be saying to myself ‘I know that this is a Margaret, by the look of her but I don’t know for sure whether this it is my Margaret or somebody else’s; but no matter, I can soon find out, for I shall take my half shell out of my pocket and say ‘I think you are my Margaret, but I am not certain; if you are my Margaret you will be able to produce the other half of this shell’”.

Next morning when I entered the breakfast-room and saw the child sitting solitary at her two-seated breakfast-table I approached and scanned her searchingly all over, then said sadly,

“No, I am mistaken; she looks like my Margaret, but she isn’t, and I am so sorry, I will go away and cry, now.”

Her eyes danced triumphantly, and she cried out,

“No, you don’t have to. There!” and she fetched out the identifying shell.

I was beside myself with gratitude and joyful surprise, and revealed it from every pore. The child could not have enjoyed this thrilling little drama more if we had been playing it on the stage. Many times afterward she played the chief part herself, pretending to be in doubt as to my identity and challenging me to produce my half of the shell. She was always hoping to catch me without it, but I always defeated that game—wherefore she came at last to recognize that I was not only old, but very smart [MTP; D. Hoffman in part, 93-4].

Note: **Elizabeth Wallace**, dean of women at the University of Chicago on vacation, saw Sam’s love of girls between ten and sixteen as a desire to retrieve the loss of daughter **Susy** [94]. **Margaret Gray Blackmer** (1897-1987) was the daughter of lawyer and financier **Henry Myron Blackmer** and his first wife **Helen Kerr**. Henry had made his wealth financing railroads, and in banking and oil. He was known as a free-spender.

Isabel Lyon's journal: The King throws such a new strong light, such a delighting original light on every subject that is brought up that when he is away we move through letter parade of conversation in darkness.

Lounsbury came in today to talk about the telephone line & poles & closing up the gates that let the cattle in to wander over the King's land, & the cess pool & the gas. Some of those men have been so slow. He says that the 3 big windows out of the dining room are outlined in red stucco—and that they don't quite like it. Lounsbury is touching, for his devotion to the King's place takes up all his thought & he sat here with the tears running down his cheeks when he told how he had sat up all night to keep the furnaces going so that the plastering wouldn't freeze. The men take turn about. Then he said that when Sunderland came up to figure up for the speaking tube that runs from the King's room to the kitchen & found the cost of it, because it isn't in the contract, then struck his pencil through the figures saying, "It's the only thing he has asked for, & I guess we can make him [a] present of that" [MTP: IVL TS 16-17].

January 28 Tuesday – Elisabeth Marbury wrote to bug Miss Lyon to return the contract with John W. Postgate ASAP [MTP].

January 29 Wednesday – M. Howard wrote from Richmond, Ind. to Sam, having been "very much entertained" by CS. He disagreed that Christian Science would spread over the world and mentioned past religious fanatical women whose movements failed [MTP].

Homer Saint-Gaudens wrote from Windsor, Vt. on "Estate of Augustus Saint-Gaudens" letterhead to ask Sam for any letters to his late father. He was planning a book and added:

What started me in writing to you was a remark of my Uncle Louis Saint-Gaudens who said that my father had seen a good deal of you when he was in Paris in the early seventies, and that it used to amuse him greatly to watch you smoke cigar after cigar in endless sequence [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Tell him with pleasure we let him have the letters which are prize, & that we shall like to have the originals back"

January 30 Thursday – Capt. John W. Crawford, "The Poet Scout" (1847-1917) wrote to Sam, enclosing a poem "To Mark Twain," and two printed sheets, one picturing Crawford in a Buffalo-Bill-like outfit, and the other "Poems and Songs of the Poet Scout." He also enclosed two post-card sized copies of a poem "A Sunshine Boomerang," and the following note:

Say Mark / Let's meet and shake before the parting—Sam Davis said to me in 1877, while sitting at my bedside when I was laid up with a leg on a strike, "if you ever get near where Mark Twain is, send your card and say 'by order of Sam Davis'"—and I've wanted to do it lots of times, but knowing you were a busy, strenuous worker, I hesitated to break in on you, but just lately I have had a great desire to meet and swap a few with you if only for a moment—I will be at the Hoffman till about the 5th or 6th of February, and I hope you will order me up, and believe me you are enshrined in my old Broncho heart low these many years—and I am your friend in clouds or sunshine

[MTP]. Sam's reply **after Feb. 5** and his return to NY: "Answer/ Dear Captain: / It is sorrow to me that you got away so soon. I arrived the very night that you escaped westward. / The next time you are coming, I beg you to give me a few days' notice, so that I can be clear of engagements. / Sincerely Yours / Mark Twain". *Note:* see also Sept. 19, 1908 from Crawford.

Sam's **A.D.:** "It takes a Cromwell...ten years to raise the standards of English official and commercial morals to a respect-worthy altitude" [Gribben 129].

The New York Times, p. 8 reported:

Receiver Wants to See Mark Twain.

Armed with an order signed by Judge Holt of the United States District Court, Charles L. Brookheim is looking for Mark Twain to get from him the books of the Plasmon Company, of which the humorist was President prior to the recent bankruptcy proceedings against it. Mr. Brookheim was appointed receiver of the company. Mark Twain is at present in Bermuda.

January 31 Friday – Sam was in Bermuda.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Such a delightful two letters from Ashcroft about the King & his journey down to Bermuda" [MTP: IVL TS 17].

John W. Crawford wrote on Hoffman House, NY notepaper to Miss Lyon after learning Clemens was gone to Bermuda. He asked if she might make sure Sam saw his Broncho Verse and asked for an autograph [MTP].

February – Clemens signed his copy of *Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling* (1907): "SL. Clemens / Feb. '08 / from Doubleday" [Gribben 376]. *Note:* Sam would read from the volume in Bermuda in March.

February 1 Saturday – Sam was in Bermuda.

February 2 Sunday – Isabel Lyon's journal: "Stevenson makes Gilbert in Urir falter mislon say he'd 'had great gale of prayer upon my spirit'—& it's a perfect expression" [MTP: IVL TS 17].

James D. Macnab wrote on Plainfield High School, NJ notepaper to ask Sam "the title of the composition and its location which contains the rhyme: 'Punch, brother, punch, punch with care'" [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Feb. 5, '08"

February 3 Monday – Sam left Bermuda on the S.S. *Bermudian* [D. Hoffman 100].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Homer Saint-Gaudens has written to ask if the King has any of his father's letters, & there are some" [MTP: IVL TS 17].

Gertrude W. Arnold wrote to Sam (not found at MTP).

Charles J. Langdon wrote from the Hotel Maryland in Pasadena, Calif. where he had evidently gone for his health. He apologized for being quoted regarding Clemens "being no businessman" in the NY *Tribune* and that Langdon had not agreed with Sam putting his money in the Knickerbocker. Although true, he didn't understand "How the statement ever got out." He also mentioned an inaccurate article in the Pasadena paper "of Saturday stating that I was stopping at this hotel and was telling jokes and stories..." Everything is in the first person, as if he is alone. He ends with, "I think I am doing as well out here as could be expected. I am very much better than when I came, but I don't rest well nights, which makes me rather weak and nervous during the day" [MTP].

February 4 Tuesday – William Dean Howells, in Rome, replied to Sam's Jan. 22:

My dear Clemens: / Your wish about your letters comes, I am sorry to say, two months too late. When a biographer asks me for the biographee's letters, I always give them, if I can find them, which sometimes I can't; and I saw Paine on such intimate terms with you that I should not have hesitated to offer him all your letters. I could only, as I remember find ten or twelve, from those you had written me during the last five or six years. He said he would have them copied and returned to me, but he has not done so, for I think I told him there was no hurry. You get them of him, and see for yourself how little their tenor could annoy you if

they were published after you were gone. The vast bulk of your letters are at Kittery Point, where no one but I could find them, even if I could. I don't think Paine could abuse the confidence put in him, or would make an indiscreet use of them; but I no more thought of asking you whether I should give them than I thought of asking Mrs. Aldrich whether I should give Aldrich's very intimate letters to his biographer, when he asked for them. Of course Paine will do exactly what you say about them; he spoke to me with entire judgment and good sense.

We are having a gay time here in a week's wet. My wife has not been out of the house since she came into it ten days ago, and Pilla has been three days in bed with the sorest throat in history. She bemoans her absence from Bermuda, where I hope we shall go with you next winter about bronchitis time.

I suppose we shall like Rome when we get round to it. Meantime, nothing could be more comfortable than this hotel. The nice quiet Americans in it don't speak above their breaths because the nice quiet English won't speak at all.

We join in love to each of you. Yours ever / W. D. Howells [MTHL 2: 829-30]. *Note:* source gives **Ferris Lowell Greenslet** (1875-1959) for his *Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich* (1908). At this time he was associated editor for *Atlantic Monthly*. See also Gribben 276.

David Bruce Conklin wrote from Brooklyn to ask Sam for his endorsement, "a few lines touching upon the sentiment depicted in the enclosed illustration of the fine photogravure that is being placed on the market." The illustration, referred to as "the Library picture" is not in the file [MTP].

Richard S. Graves wrote on St. Joseph News-Press, (Mo.) letterhead after receiving a magazine containing pictures of "Some of the Leading Humorists of America," and noting he was shown as well as Mark Twain. Graves bet Sam had never heard of him and observed that he'd acquired the title in 38 years while Sam had taken 70 [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Feb. 21, '08"

Woodrow Wilson in Bermuda, wrote again to his wife about Mark Twain:

"Mark Twain has been down here between boats, and I have seen a good deal of him. He seems to like being with me. Yesterday Mrs. [Mary Allen] Peck gave him a lunch at her house and gathered a most interesting little group of garrison people to meet him. He was in great form and delighted everybody" [R. Baker 268].

February 5 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon's journal: "Mother & I went to see Margaret Illington [Frohman] in The Thief. She was very fine & we went to talk to the dear impulsive creature after the play. Dan Frohman tried to find a cab for us, for ours didn't stay for us & so we had to get home by trams in a driving snow storm" [MTP: IVL TS 17].

February 5? Wednesday – On the S.S. Bermudian en route to N.Y.C. Sam, Ralph W. Ashcroft, and Margaret Blackmer wrote on an engraving of the ship to **Elizabeth Wallace** at the Princess Hotel in Hamilton, Bermuda: "We all send our grateful remembrances and kindest regards to Miss Wallace, Maud[e] & Reginald." [MTP]. *Note:* Maude was the donkey they used for excursions, directed by the 12-year-old black boy, Reginald. See Hoffman's *Mark Twain in Paradise* p.91-2.

February 6 Thursday – In the evening, the S.S. Bermudian arrived in N.Y.C. with Sam and Ashcroft [Feb. 8 to Nunnally].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "The Bermudian is just slipping up along side the dock" (here at 8:15) and "the gang plank will be laid in minute" the man at the telephone at Pier 47 tells me.

And now the King is home, with pink cheeks & a beautiful "spring in his hind legs," & full of health again & happiness too. For he found a ten-year old, Margaret Blackmer, who was his little companion constantly during his stay in Bermuda. The King found her alone at the breakfast table the morning after he got there, and the friendship began. They hired a donkey named Maude, with a tinier black master called Reginald, & with a Miss Wallace to couple up with Ashcroft, they'd go for long walks. After a while the King & Margaret would climb into the cart, while Ashcroft & Miss Wallace would push it along for Maude was a lazy beastie.

Up and down the long rooms the King and I walked while he told me the sweet story of his doings there. Dear God who made the rocks, the seas & the skies & the King, it is so wonderful to have him home again for it's a hell of a place without him.

Major Leigh & Mr. Chandler went down to the boat to meet the King, for I couldn't go and it seemed fittingest that some nice man creature would be there. So the King tumbled into the house just as Santa & Will were leaving to go to the Scribners' where Santa & Mark Rogers sang. Ashcroft came up & spent the night, but before bed time we 3 sat down stairs & talked over everything we could think of about the trip [MTP: IVL TS 17-18].

The New York *Times*, p. 7, reported that **Clara Clemens** and **Francis Rogers** sang for guests at a musicale given by **Mrs. Arthur H. Scribner** at her NYC home. Isabel Lyon called him **Mark Rogers**. Sam had just arrived from Bermuda so did not attend.

John Mead Howells wrote twice to Sam. The first enclosed "a list of the rooms and halls on the ground floor and Miss Clemens' room on the second floor," with square footage and other details. The Living room was 846 square feet with 9 foot ceilings. The second letter enclosed a certificate billing for \$2,071.54 for **William Webb Sunderland**, being the sixth payment on the contract [MTP].

Manley D. Hudson for the Harvard Missouri Club wrote from Cambridge, Mass. to invite Sam to address the club sometime during the current school year [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Feb. 10, '08"

Rennetts C. Miller for the Int'l Reform Bureau, Hartford wrote to Sam. Miller had been a student for many years of Oliver Wendell Holmes and planned a book on him; what was Sam's favorite poem of Holmes? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Feb. 10, '08"

Wiley J. Patrick wrote in a shaky hand from Bowling Green, Mo. to ask Sam what he knew of Col. John Ralls of New London or Rev. John Johnson [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Feb. 10, '08"

C. Ryder for Ryder & Protheroe, druggist wrote from Emporia, Kans. to thank Sam for the Captain Stormfield story; Ryder was a Unitarian and stated his views [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Feb. 10, '08"

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Scribner sent an engraved invitation for a musicale featuring **Clara Clemens** and **Francis Rogers**, Thursday evening Feb. 6 at 39 E. 67th Street, NYC [MTP].

February 6 on or after – Sam replied to **John W. Crawford's Jan. 30**, by writing on Crawford's letter:

Dear Captain:

It is a sorrow to me that you got away so soon. I arrived the very night that you escaped westward.

The next time you are coming, I beg you to give me a few days' notice, so that I can be clear of engagements. / Sincerely Yours [MTP]. *Note:* Crawford is mentioned by Sam in a Spokane, Wash. News article on Aug. 7, 1895 which lists Crawford as a Western Humorist. From this note, it's clear that Sam regretted not seeing Crawford. Sam did not return from Bermuda until the evening of Feb. 6, so this reply could not have been made until then. See Crawford's incomings.

February 7 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam sent a reminder invitation to **Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.)** to attend the "Doe-Luncheon" at 1 p.m. Feb. 11 [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: I telephoned for Dorothy [Quick] today and she will come tomorrow to stay over Sunday. The King went to lunch at the Lawyer's Club with Col Harvey. Tino [Paine] came in at 5, had tea with mother & me, & then later billiards. We talked about the Howells letters & I told him that I had tactfully informed the King the night before, that he had the letters; but I couldn't quite tell him of the scowl on the King's face. But oh the King is back so beautiful, so younger-than-ever, so full of happiness, that the house has burst into sunshine [MTP: IVL TS 18-19].

William Butler Duncan wrote to invite Sam to a Pilgrims dinner for **Whitelaw Reid** on Feb. 19 at Delmonico's [MTP].

D.W. May wrote on US Dept. of Agriculture notepaper to lobby Sam to consider a trip to Porto Rico (older spelling) and stay with them [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Feb. 20, '08" and "Not planning to make any more journeys—but thank him"

February 8 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Frances Nunnally**.

Francesca dear, I (*and* Ashcroft) got back from Bermuda night before last, after a pleasant absence of 13 days. I've brought you a Bermuda jewel & Miss Lyon will presently dispatch it to you when Ashcroft sends it to the house. It is decorated with an image of Bermuda's pride, the angel-fish. It is utilitarian—this jim crack. I think it's a hairpin, but other authorities think it's a safety.

But never mind, that isn't what I sat down to talk about. No, but to thank you & your mother again for that shawl, which has been a most handy & competent friend in time of need—that is to say, Illness. For three weeks it protected me night & day against fresh colds; & was also the only bed-covering I used on shipboard & in Bermuda.

Good-bye, dear. /With love, ... [MTP; *MTAq* 101]. *Note:* "jim crack," or gimcrack is a cheap and showy object of little or no use, possibly alteration of Middle English gibecrake, *small ornament*.

According to Lyon, **Dorothy Quick** arrived on Feb. 8 for another weekend visit.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Dorothy arrived today & the King was so impatient, pacing up & down the big rooms & going to the front door whenever the bell rang, & standing there in his white clothes in an icy blast of wind. An orchestrelle expert was here & I had to leave him constantly to rush after Mr. Clemens & beg him to keep away from that windy door. Up & down the rooms he went & once he said, "a watched Dorothy never boils." The expert was so happy & laughed so within his clothes to really hear something humorous. The King's interest in children increases—his interest in little girls. He can spend hours & hours with them & finds them such good company [MTP: IVL TS 19].

Sam also wrote an invitation to **Dorothea Gilder** for the Feb. 11 Doe Luncheon, that included a drawing of a sailboat with two figures on deck and one falling overboard: "Ship sinking—man overboard / SLC" [MTP].

Sergeant Hamilton Fish Camp, U.S.W.V. No. 46 (US War Veterans) sent an engraved invitation and calling card for the Yorkville Casino, a reception on Saturday evening Feb. 8 [MTP].

Duke E. Stubbs for the Chauffeurs' Club of America wrote to Sam. "We are preparing the yearly copy of our Manual for our membership, and as we are all 'Pilots,' who are 'Roughing It,' we hope you will send a message of good advice..." also a photograph [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Feb. 10, '08"

Major Wolfgang Goetz, M.D. wrote to ask Sam to be on the board of directors of a new publishing company set up to publish two books by Goetz [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Feb. 10, '08" and "Cant do it"

February 8? Saturday – Sam and daughter Clara sent invitations to the following for Clara’s music recital on Thursday, **Feb. 13** at 9 p.m.: **H.H. Rogers and Emilie R. Rogers; Benjamin S. Guinness and Bridget W. Guinness; and Melville E. Stone.** Also on the short program: Miss **Marie Nichols**, Violin, and Mr. **Charles Wark**, Piano [MTP].

February 9 Sunday – **Dorothy Quick** was spending the weekend with Clemens. She left the next day.

February 10 Monday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: All day the King has been playing with Dorothy, & when she left this afternoon he went upstairs quite lonely, but tired too & so he slept. I was having a long interview with a Dr. Beal who is a friend of the Col. Ingersoll family and surreptitiously he is trying to interest some rich people to buy the house Mrs. Ingersoll is now living in. And the man told me how he had been the one to start the fund for Mr. Clemens when he met with his failure through the Webster Company. Beall spoke of it as a smart thing to have done, & I said, “But of course neither Mr. nor Mrs. Clemens could consent to that, etc.” *Such* a long winded creature. Tonight after I had played the Tannhauser overture to Mr. Clemens & he said in the front room he said that little Margaret Blackmer asked Miss Wallace if Mr. Clemens were married and when she said no, the child said that if she were Mr. Clemens’s wife she would never leave him an instant, but would take care of him and watch him & look after his comforts always [MTP: IVL TS 19-20].

Harry Brook for the Los Angeles Times Mirror wrote to send Sam a copy of his 70th birthday speech from yesterday’s paper. For 30 years he’d been told he looked like Twain. He offered a page of his personal history and enclosed his photograph and asked for Sam’s photo [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Thanks for letter. / Has a photograph etc”

Herweigh von Ende wrote from NYC to ask Sam for “an hour of your time in the near future” to gain his opinion on “an educational matter” [MTP]. *Note:* staff note in the file asks why this, dated only Feb. 10, is 1908.

Jervis Langdon II wrote to arrange for Sam and **Andrew Carnegie** to visit the St. James Church, NYC sometime this week or next to hear the new Hope-Jones organ just installed [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Name the date & telegraph me so that I can see if it will meet Carnegie’s convenience”

Jennie Pomerene for the College Women’s Club, NY wrote to invite Sam to their annual benefit on Feb. 10 [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “My engagements cover that day very strongly—you can express regret but not grief”

February 10 Monday ca. – Bridget W. Guinness (Mrs. Benjamin S. Guinness) wrote to Sam, replying to Clara’s recital invitation [MTP].

February 11 Tuesday – Sam hosted his second “**Doe Luncheon**” at 21 Fifth Ave, **N.Y.** [Feb. 7 to Mary Rogers; IVL TS 20].

Sam also sketched drawings to **Dorothea Gilder** and **Helena Gilder (Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder)**, guests of the luncheon. To Dorothea he drew a sailboat with two figures on deck and one falling overboard, then wrote, “Ship sinking—man overboard / SLC.” To Helena he wrote a lady with an umbrella in the rain and wrote, “Lady out in the rain / SLC.” [MTP].

For **Kate Douglas Riggs (aka Wiggin)**, Sam also drew a cow, drawn sideways, with the caption, “A cow is a dern hard picture to make. / SLC” [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **William Butler Duncan**. “I am confined to the house again, but shall be out by the 19th without doubt & glad to be present at the dinner in honor of his Excellency our well-deserving Ambassador” [MTP]. *Note:* this refers to the **Whitelaw Reid** dinner at the **Pilgrim’s Club** on Feb. 19.

Sam also wrote to **Charles J. Langdon**, at this time in Pasadena, Calif.

There is good news from Julie; also from Jean, who has taken a house in Greenwich, Conn., & is much happier than she was in that desolate sanitarium; Clara is fat & prosperous; my own condition is quite satisfactory. I spent 9 days in Bermuda & beat the bronchitis for once, anyway. But you did well to stay away from there, for Bermuda is not for you. You would find it deadly dull & you couldn’t endure it, whereas dulness & nothing doing is good & satisfactory medicine for me—much the best I know of. I am glad Pasadena is treating you so well; & glad, too, that you are young enough not to mind that awful land-journey. It would kill me, I think.

Jervis is going to invite Mr. Carnegie & me to visit the new organ, & I am waiting with high anticipations.

With very best wishes for your continued improvement, Yours with love, / Saml [MTP]. *Note:* See Jan. 9 for Jean’s move to Greenwich.

Sarah S. Collier (Mrs. Robert J. Collier) wrote to accept Sam’s invitation for the Doe Luncheon this day [MTP].

Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Miss Lyon sending the signed **John W. Postgate** contract [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Feb. 18, 08”

Kate Douglas Riggs wrote to Sam: “At the first Doe Luncheon I sat at Mr. Clemens’s end of the table, & at the Second at the *other* end. Am I therefore to be regarded as a sort of Innu-End-doe?” [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “You can tell her she mustn’t bother her head with these difficulties—She’s merely to be regarded as the sweetest think there is”

The New York *Times*, p. 7, “Pink Ball At Plaza To Help the Blind” announced that on **Mar. 2** at the Plaza, “One of the novel entertainments of the season” would take place, “the bal de rose, or pink ball, a subscription affair,” with proceeds going to the **New York Assoc. for the Blind**. Mark Twain was headlined along with the French Ambassador, President Butler of Columbia as patrons. Tickets were \$5 each. *Note:* **Nicholas Murray Butler** (1862-1947), President of Columbia 1902-1945.

February 12 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to the Jan. 16 from **Eden Phillpotts** about Phillpotts’ proposed book dedication to Mark Twain:

My dear friend: / Indeed there is not a single syllable to be altered. The dedication pleases me “to the limit”—it could not be improved. I am anticipating a good time in the society of that book.

I have been disputing with bronchitis again, but I went down to Bermuda & quickly settled it *my* way. / Always & cordially yours ~ SL. Clemens [MTP]. *Note:* See Jan. 1 to and Jan. 16 from Phillpotts, and also Sam’s reply when the book, *The Human Boy Again*, arrived.

Sam’s A.D.

I suppose we are all collectors, and I suppose each of us thinks that his fad is a more rational one than any of the others. Pierpont Morgan collects rare and precious works of art and pays millions per year for them; an old friend of mine, a Roman prince, collects and stores up in his palace in Rome every kind of strange and odd thing he can find in the several continents and archipelagos, and as a side issue—a pastime, and unimportant—he collected four hundred thousand dollars’ worth of postage-stamps. Other collectors collect rare books, at war prices, which they don’t read, and which they wouldn’t value if a page were lacking. Still other collectors collect menus; still others collect playbills; still others collect ancient andirons. As for me, I

collect pets: young girls—girls from ten to sixteen years old; girls who are pretty and sweet and naive and innocent—dear young creatures to whom life is a perfect joy and to whom it has brought no wounds, no bitterness, and few tears. My collection consists of gems of the first water [*MTAq* xvii]. *Note:* also from the A.D. of this day (not in Cooley) Sam reviewed his trip to Bermuda with regrets he had not taken Livy there instead of Italy: "...for climate Florence was a sarcasm as compared with Bermuda."

Isabel Lyon's journal: Col. Harvey came in this morning, & toted the King off for luncheon with Mrs. Clarence Mackay. I stayed with him while he finished his dressing & seeing that he hadn't fastened his trousers, told him so. Darlingly he cocked his head at me & said, "I don't always; but since you're so particular I'll do it this time." He went along with the Colonel & had a very good time.

Now he is playing billiards with Mr. Riggs.

We've been sending notices to the Times & other papers of Santa's big musicale tomorrow, and then I peeped in to see a tired monarch with exquisitely chiseled features & a cigar between his teeth & that beautiful head nestling against his pillows and Quackenboses [*sic*] book on Natural Philosophy in his hands.

[*entry continued on an earlier blank page*]

Feb 12—At the King's request I wrote Mrs. Thayer to ask if she would send down the letters the King wrote her many years ago just after the Quaker City Expedition, for the King & Paine to see. Copies can be made there or here. Every day I am reminded of all the Thayers for by my desk is a framed photograph of the beautiful woman, picture that is in the Metropolitan Museum. However could Mr. Thayer express so marvelously the strong, yet warm woman that he gives us in that picture. She is the comforter of women and men, ~~for in a supremest agony I could put my head against that heart & find Solace~~ [MTP: IVL TS 20-21].

Note: **George Payn Quackenbos** (1848-1881). *A Natural Philosophy, etc.* (1899) [Gribben 565].

February 13 Thursday – In the evening at 21 Fifth Ave. **Clara Clemens** gave a musical presentation to about 140 persons, accompanied by **Miss Marie Nichols** of Boston, a violinist, and **Charles E. Wark**, pianist. The *NY Times*, Feb. 14, p 7, "Miss Clemens's Musicales" lists the following 60 guests. See also Sam's Feb. 14 to Jean.

Mr. & Mrs. H.H. Rogers
Mr. & Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.
Mr. & Mrs. John E. Cowdin
Mr. & Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder
Mr. & Mrs. Edward Loomis
Mr. & Mrs. John Alexander
Mr. & Mrs. Schuyler Schieffelin
Mr. & Mrs. H.W. Poor
Mr. & Mrs. R. Fulton Cutting
Dr. Cleveland Dodge and Miss Dodge
Mr. & Mrs. Andrew Carnegie
Mrs. John Rutherford Matthews
Mr. & Mrs. John Howells
Dr. & Mrs. Edward Quintard
Mr. & Mrs. Albert Herter
Mrs. Laurence Hutton
Mr. & Mrs. Frank N. Doubleday
Dr. & Mrs. G.M Tuttle
Mr. & Mrs. Norman Hapgood
Mrs. Henry Draper
The Misses Thursby
Mr. & Mrs. R.M. Johnson
Mr. & Mrs. Henry Holt
Mr. & Mrs. J. Newton Perkins
Mr. & Mrs. Howard Van Linder

Mr. & Mrs. Carroll Beckwith
 Mr. & Mrs. Boudinot Keith
 Dr. & Mrs. Clarence C. Rice
 Mrs. John Day
 Mr. & Mrs. Myron W. Whitney
 Mr. & Mrs. Daniel French
 Mr. & Mrs. Clarence C. Buell

At midnight until 4 a.m. this day, Sam enjoyed a big supper and ball at **Sherry's Restaurant, NYC** given by **Robert J. Collier** [Feb. 14 to Jan]. The New York *Times* reported the event:

COLLIE BALLET FOR COLLIER.

At a Dinner at Sherry's Dogs and Dancers Amuse Guests.

Robert Collier gave an elaborate dinner last night at Sherry's entertaining some thirty of his friends, among them many of the most prominent socially in town. Details about the dinner were not circulated, just because the affair was intended to be informal and an exceptionally cozy little matter.

It was not only a dinner; it was dinner and theatrical entertainment combined, for while the guests dined they were also amused with various novelties.

The dinner and entertainment last night was given in two of the rooms on the second floor at Sherry's. The two apartments had been arranged in Spanish fashion, one representing the Maison de Madrid, and the other the Court of the Royal Palace.

In the outer room the thirty guests sat at tables, surrounding the apartment on three sides. On each table were roses, and in the centre of each was an outspread Japanese parasol. The effect, with the soft lighting, was very beautiful.

At the further end of the room at the most prominent place sat Mark Twain, in ordinary evening dress. On his right was Ethel Barrymore, and near by were Mr. and Mrs. Collier and Richard Harding Davis. Alla Nazimova was at a table on the left side of the apartment as one faced Mark Twain. Among the others present were Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Astor, Mr. and Mrs. William Waldorf Astor, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney.

The sensation of the evening, however, was the Collie ballet from "The Top o' th' World." The dance never went better. And yet the dogs were hungry. When it was all over, and each girl had asked her pet whether he would be her little doggie dear, King, forgetting all decorum, ran to the centre table, where Mark Twain had sat, and there helped himself to ice cream. He stood on his hind legs and licked away complacently.

It was curious to see the guests, men and women, smoking cigarettes and watching the girls and the dogs. Not all the women smoked, but many of them did. The other chief entertainment introduced into the dinner was the dancing of a prima ballerina from the Manhattan Opera House.

Sam's A.D. of Feb. 19 gave comment on Collier's party:

The party at Sherry's was continuously interesting, from the beginning to the end. It was given by Robert Collier. He, and that sweet and beautiful girl, his wife, were at Clara's musicale, and we departed for Sherry's in their automobile at midnight. It was a large company, and was made up of well-known names. Among them was John Hay's poet-daughter, Mrs. Payne Whitney. I had not seen her since she was a little child. Neither her mother's nor her husband's limitless millions have smothered her literary gift or beguiled her into neglecting it. Among them, also, was her sister-in-law, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who is likewise staggering under weighty millions, but slaves daily and enthusiastically and faithfully at her statuary work, like the loftiest minded poor devotee of the great arts in the land. Twice, under the concealment of fictitious names, she has carried off the first prize in important public competitions. Prince Troubetskoi was there, a fine man and diligent and successful artist. I have known him some time. His wife is Amélie Rives, the poet. The dear ~~and~~ lovely Ethel Barrymore, actress, was there. She is the sole support of her widowed mother's family, and has been working hard and making and saving a deal of money these many months, and now misfortune has

befallen her. A few nights ago, when she was absent at the theatre, a burglar entered her apartment and carried off every valuable thing she had in the world, including her accumulated money, which she kept at home because in these disastrous and panicky days she was afraid to trust it in a bank.

Nazimova, the illustrious Russian actress was there, a most interesting character; I had not seen her before, either on the stage or elsewhere. She talks in easy and flowing and correct English, and she was playing in it acceptably two and a half months after her tongue's first contact with it. She said she was born and reared in Switzerland, and at eleven didn't know a Russian word; then she took lessons and acquired her native tongue by the same laborious processes required in mastering a foreign one.

I was at home by half-past four in the morning, in bed at five, asleep at six, and ready for breakfast at eight—refreshed and ready for more activities. They were liberally furnished, and have been industriously carried on ever since [MTP]. *Note: Paul Prince Troubetskoy (1866-1938), Russian sculptor b. Italy, son of a Russian nobleman and an American woman.*

Sam's A.D. for this day recounted the eight days on Bermuda with his latest Angelfish, **Margaret Blackmer**, a donkey named **Maude**, and a little black boy, **Reginald**. See **Feb. 1** for excerpt.

Isabel Lyon's journal: The King has a wee blood vessel broken on his eyeball, & it is inflamed.

Santa's concert was a great success. Mr. Melville Stone told me that anything in the world that he can do for her he will. There were some lovely people here. 140 I should say, & after everything was over I understood the hitches that occurred—the waiters got drunk.

Mrs. Riggs [Kate Douglas Riggs] recommended a book for the King, 'Uncle William' by Jeannette [sic] Lee [MTP IVL TS: 21-22; Gribben 404]. *Note: Jennette Barbour (Perry) Lee, Uncle William, The Man Who Was Shiftless (1906).*

Jerome Lynch wrote to praise Sam's last Autobiographical segment. Lynch knew all about the men of the *Enterprise*; his father was buried at Gold Hill. He also urged Sam to answer in a "permanent way" **Senator Stewart's** article in this week's *Saturday Evening Post* (see Feb. 15 entry for review of ex-Senator William M. Stewart's account.) [MTP]. **After Feb. 13 Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam, writing on Lynch's letter

Mr. Clemens is much obliged but haven't heard of it. "I [am] much obliged for the reason that while I don't think that so insignificant a person as Mr Senator Stewart could provoke me to reach down & hit him I have a strong curiosity to see his article because I knew him so long & so well, both the inside of him & the outside of him. Of course I don't answer such things. This policy I learned a long time ago with that ancient Stewart was a young creature ["] [MTP].

William Augustus Croffut wrote from Washington, D.C. to ask Sam if he should start a movement to help him in his financial difficulties, which he'd read about in the papers. He disclosed that he was born in the house next to the one Sam was building in Redding [MTP].

John F. Mills wrote from West Point, Ind. to Sam. For 30 years Mills had wanted to thank Clemens for his books and now his Autobiography was at hand. Each book from *IA* on had made him "eager for more." He'd pasted 'every scrap' that came his way about Twain. His 13 year old daughter cried over the account of Susy's death. "Twenty five years ago, in Dakota Territory, I met a man who said his name was Charles. Y. Redmond, and who claimed to be the original of 'the dissolute author' in 'Roughing It.' ... He gave his own version of the fake 'hold up.' To-day I read in this week's issue of the Philadelphia 'Saturday Evening Post,' Ex-Senator Stewart's account. It is time for him to go away back—yours sincerely..." [MTP]. *Note: See Feb. 15 entry for review of ex-Senator William M. Stewart's account.*

George L. Robinson wrote on NY Sewage Disposal Co. letterhead to Sam, acknowledging with thanks receipt of Sam's letter of Feb. 11, "enclosing check for \$100., at the request of my father, Mr. George M. Robinson" [MTP].

Homer Saint-Gaudens wrote to Miss Lyon about the letters from his late father to Clemens [MTP].

February 14 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to daughter **Jean** in Greenwich, Conn.

Dearest Jean, I must snatch a moment to tell you about Clara's musicale of last night [Feb. 12]. It was very rainy, but no matter about 140 of the 160 guests invited came to the show—& very choice people they were, too, bright, & cultivated. Clara was beautiful to look at, & her voice was in great form. She was a picture of grace, & ease, & conscious mastery of the situation. Sometimes she was playful & cunning. Sometimes she was sweetly & eloquently moving & pathetic, sometimes she was a storm, sometimes she was a majestic tragedy queen; & in all her moods she was an expert in expression, & carried the house! It was a splendid triumph. Everybody praised her singing, praised it with enthusiasm, & praised her acting in the same measure. They couldn't talk about anything else. Melville Stone, head of the Associated Press, was present, & he told Miss Lyon to furnish him any chance that might occur for him to be of service to Clara, & he would spread her merit from one end of the country to the other.

Miss Nichols played divinely, & she & Clara did a duet that so delighted the house that they had to do it all over again. And there were other encores. It was a great night.

At midnight I went to a big supper & ball at Sherry's, & enjoyed it thoroughly till 4.05 a.m., when I came away with the last of the rioters.

I have been dictating, this morning, & am going to play billiards all the afternoon.

I hope you are well & happy. With ever so much love, dear Jean / Father [MTP]. *Note:* at Sherry's, Sam met John Hay's daughter, Mrs. **Helen Payne Whitney**, a poet [Gribben 765]. See his A.D. of Feb. 19.

Sam's A.D. for this day continued to describe the Bermuda trips and give Angelfish accounts [Hill 209].

Robert J. Collier wrote from NYC to Sam "Wont you let Sadie steal you away after the music to-night for half an hour? We are giving a little *Valentine* supper party at about twelve o'clock and we can bring you and return you in the motor at whatever time you want to leave" [MTP]. *Note:* see IVL below; Sam got in at 4:30 a.m.

Isabel Lyon's journal: It was 4:30 this morning when the King came in from Valentine party at Sherry's. He went up with Mrs. Collier after the Musicales here. I heard the mobile come down the avenue like a tragic giant June-bug & so I went to look over the balusters & see the King come running up the stairs like a happy exhilarated boy. He told me that something happened up at Sherry's to make him sorrowful just after he arrived & that he told Robert Collier that he wanted to go to the urinal. R.C. said he's just come from home, too. But the King said that he only wanted to cry this time, & his tears was too many to be disposed of in any other way.

The King's eye is so inflamed that Dr. Hadley came down to look at it. I washed it out with ½ teaspoon full of boric acid to ½ glass of water [MTP: IVL TS 22].

Charles Harvey Genung and Frederick Burr Oppen for the Player's Breakfast Committee wrote to Sam that they'd just been informed by **George Riggs** that Sam would come to their "little breakfast at the Players on Sunday the 23^d at one o'clock P.M. / This is good news...and all hands will be delighted" [MTP].

February 15 Saturday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** Such a sweet comfort of an evening I have had with the King, after a busy & fluttering kind of a day. Mr. Rogers came in for a long talk this morning. Brio left at 12:45, leaving a baddish taste in Santa's mouth. At 2:15 C. Teller called up asking if the King would come to the telephone, but he wouldn't of course, & then she sent in a note asking him to go to the Brevort (where she is stopping) in order to do some work which he alone could do. I called her up telling her that she'd have to talk to me & what she wanted was to have him make a speech at a big mass meeting to be held in aid of the 20,000 unemployed in this city. She isn't alone in her belief that the King is the only one in the world best calculated to advance a cause, but she stands *quite* alone in being willing to sacrifice him in order to fulfil a whimsy of hers. Later we went to a little tea at Mrs. Dearborn's & then home to dinner—we two, & then I to play for him. The Erlkonig or "konig Suhl", & Schubert's Impromptu I played, but they didn't fit his mood, & finally the Lohengrin Wedding March, I played 5 times for him. Then to the billiard

room, where he gently knocked the balls about making some beautiful shots, and we both smoked [MTP: IVL TS 22-23].

Addison C. Harris, attorney in Indianapolis, Ind. wrote to Sam. "I have not forgotten your good fun over a very long word which I heard you play off in Vienna. / I therefore make bold to send you one; and claim for my Hoosier State..." The clipping contained the word: "Pappatheodorokoummountourgiotopoulos" [MTP]. *Note*: Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Feb. 21, '08" and "Thank him for sending the clip"

Charlotte Teller Johnson wrote from the Brevoort Hotel, around the corner from Sam.

My dear Mr Clemens—I am quite sure that I am right—in the biggest sense—in ignoring the personal pride dictated by social prejudice—and in asking you to do a very great thing, which will cost you little effort. I am right because I know and share to a certain extent—your bitterness against the scheme of things as we have been born into it. I count upon what I learned of your attitude to help in promoting true passion for justice—in a concrete undertaking [MTP]. *Note*: she pleaded a convalescence and therefore couldn't come in person. This one thing she wanted to accomplish before she died; he might bring Miss Lyon or Clara with him if he chose. See IVL entry this date for what Teller was grinding on about.

"A Senatory of the Sixties," ran in *Saturday Evening Post*, with references to Mark Twain [Tenney 46: *The Twainian* June 1943]. Additionally, Tenney quotes **William M. Stewart**: "In Nevada, MT 'went around putting things in the paper about people, and stirring up trouble. Naturally he was not popular. I did not associate with him.' Stewart's account of the mock robbery of MT ... is violent: the boys overturned the stage, threw MT in a canyon, broke up his portmanteau, and threw the pieces afer him. A few years later, he dropped in on Stewart in Washington, 'in a seedy suit,' 'a sheaf of scraggy black hair leaked out of a battered old slouch hat....He had a very sinister appearance.' MT asked for a cash stake to finish *IA*, but Stewart countered by giving him a job as a private secretary and a room in his boarding house. MT repaid this kindness smoking cigars in bed, pretending to be drunk, and frightening the genteel landlady, and Stewart had to threaten him with a thrashing to make him behave" [Tenney, *ALR Third Annual Supplement to the Reference Guide* (Autumn, 1979) 193].

February 16 Sunday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **William Augustus Croffut**.

My dear Croffut:

You will see by this morning's clipping that there is hardly any likelihood that the Knickerbocker will resume business. My deposit is \$51,199, & I am not expecting 15 per cent of it to escape alive.

It is lovely of you to want to have a foreign Ambassadorship conferred upon me as a refuge—with the usual salary, which pays part of the house-rent but doesn't include board & clothes—but no, although the Knickerbocker hasn't hurt me much I am a candidate for increased gain, increased luxury, augmented pomp & show. I want to be made a Permanent Receiver. Then I can live beyond my means for ten years & still come out a millionaire at the end.

Yours ever, / Mark

~~Private. Publish it if you can. Every little helps, in this Knickerbocker fight. / SLC~~

Later: One of the Satterlee committee has called. He read this, & was appalled! And said—

"Oh, for goodness' sake, don't *think* of publishing it. Everything is going well; we are absolutely *not* going into the hands of a permanent receiver, & so you mustn't antagonize anybody. Keep still; everything is as right & sure as any one could wish" [MTP].

Adele Burden wrote to invite Sam to luncheon on this day at 1:30 [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: The King's eye is still very much inflamed. He lunches today with Mr. Burden. He dines tonight with the Coes.

Friday the King got a letter from W.A. Crofutt [*sic Croffut*; see above letter to] suggesting that he be made an Ambassador to some big foreign country, because probably the Knickerbocker is going into a permanent receivership. Oh hell, it makes me so sick, but the King never winces.

Later & Mr. Lauterbach came in to say that the articles in the paper are put in for a purpose and the Knicker seems to be promising all good things.

Tonight the King dined with the Coes & when he came home I went to his room to find him seated on the edge of the bed & figuring with the calendar. He said that he was going to Bermuda on Saturday with Mr. Rogers if it could be arranged & of course it can be, & best of all I am to go with him to Bermuda, that darling island way from this cold, but heated, fretted dusty place [MTP: IVL TS 23-24].

February 17 Monday – Sam inscribed a copy of *Eve's Diary* to **Kim**

C. Tabley: “To / Mrs. K.C. Tapley / with compliments of / The Author. / *Clothes make the man, but they do not improve the woman.* / Truly Yours / Mark Twain / Feb/08” [Nate D. Sanders, Autographs, eBay # 170659440080 June 26, 2011]. *Note:* evidently Twain thought her last name was “Tapley,” though the incoming (below) clearly shows “Tabley.”

Isabel Lyon's journal: “Yes, we are to go to Bermuda on next Saturday” [MTP: IVL TS 24].

Mrs. **Kim C. Tabley** wrote from St. John, New Brunswick to Sam: “Will you accept the enclosed remittance for an autographed copy of your ‘Eve's Diary’? [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Please address & weigh”

Adolph Fuchs for the Progressive Literary Society, NYC wrote to ask Sam to spend an evening with them some Sunday [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, “Answd. Feb. 18, ‘08”



Howells & Stokes wrote to Sam discussing estimates for adding the “north wing, including the open loggia and Miss Clemens's suite of rooms above”—the wing was est. \$4,100; loggia \$2,250 [MTP].

February 18 Tuesday – **Sam's A.D. of Feb. 19** discloses his activities for the day and evening:

Yesterday I spent two pleasant and exciting hours witnessing a Ben Johnson masque performed at the Plaza hotel by about twenty young and attractive creatures of the two sexes, and it was wonder for rich and beautiful costumes, for excellent singing, and for acting which I had not seen approached before by amateurs. I dined out in the evening at the Doubledays'; and went from there to the Guinneses, in Washington Square. By eleven a great throng had gathered. There was fine instrumental music and fine singing. The illustrious Caruso was present. I had not seen him before, off the operatic stage. It was a highly fashionable company, but I went in white clothes, because that is my custom, and because everybody approves it. That bright and engaging and untamed young Virginian, a distant cousin of mine, Mrs. William Waldorf Astor, who is over from England on a visit to her people, was there, and at midnight she dragged me into the middle of the room and commanded the music to strike up and then she required me to dance with her. I was willing; I had never danced, but I always knew I could do it if I wanted to. Our performance brought down the house, as the phrase goes, and I privately thought it was rather unusually good myself—and I knew there was a sufficiency of life and activity in it, for one thing. We got an immense encore and responded to it, adding several fresh and hitherto unattempted and finely artistic variations. I promised to visit her in England next summer, and spend a few weeks at Cliveden. I probably can't go, but I would greatly like to see that wonderful place. Shortly after midnight I came away with Prince Troubetskoy and Peter Dunne (“Mr. Dooley”); many were departing, but many were arriving to take their places.

It is as I said, I am not leaving for Bermuda to build up my health, for there is nothing the matter with it; I am going because a change of scene and climate is absolutely necessary for H. H. Rogers, and he won't go unless I go too. I have divested myself of engagements until the 16th of April [MTP].

Notes: **Mrs. William Waldorf Astor** (1879-1964), wife of 2nd Viscount Astor, born **Nancy Witcher Langhorne** (insert photo). Sam's reference to the lady as "a distant cousin" is likely fanciful, as the Langhorns of Virginia were reported only to be friends of Sam's parents; **Enrico Caruso** (1873-1921), perhaps the greatest opera tenor of all time; Caruso made about 290 commercial recordings from 1902 to 1920. All of these recordings, which span most of his stage career, are available today on CDs and as digital downloads, while we have not a single recording of Mark Twain, either singing or talking. Tolstoy, Rodin, Anatole France, and George Bernard Shaw sat for Troubetskoy.

Clemens acquired another case of Queen Anne whisky. On this particular listing he put "1 case \$20" but did not put a price on other entries [L-A MS]. *Note:* see June 8, 1907 for the full list of acquisition dates of whisky, intended as ammunition against Isabel Lyon.

Isabel Lyon's journal: A turmoil—for many things must be adjusted before I can leave with the King. After a racking day the King & I dined with the Doubledays. That queenly creature Neltje Blanchan Doubleday, talked to me again bout Kipling, & said that he never puts a poem down on paper until he has gone over & over it in his head, & eliminated every superfluous word. When they were visiting him last summer in Sussex & motored about with him, his head was full of delightful verses that went in time to the rhythm of the mobile wheels & he would recite them as they sped along. The King put me down at the house & he went on to Mrs. Guinness's where he stayed until past midnight [MTP: IVL TS 24-25]. *Note:* **Bridget W. Guinness** (Mrs. Benjamin S. Guinness) of Washington Square.

Edward John Bing wrote from Budapest, Hungary to thank Sam for his letter. Bing enclosed his photograph (in the file; Bing is estimated at 10 or 11 years old) [MTP].

W.J. Hughes wrote from Minneapolis, Minn. to Sam, thinking the description of all the good things Sam had to eat as a boy in Hannibal "struck me just right" as he also was a boy there from age ten [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Feb. 21, '08"

John Larkin wrote to advise Sam that his taxable personal property was assessed at \$5,000 and the tax on it was \$79.77 [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Check sent to Mr. Larkin Feb. 20, '08"

A.W. Lines for Eastern High School (Detroit) wrote to ask Sam for "a few lines" from Sam's "ample pen" for their first literary quarterly [MTP]. Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Feb. 20, '08"

Dorothy Quick wrote to thank Sam for his "lovely valentine" and the "lovely belt" he brought her from Bermuda. She'd read in the papers about Clara's musicale. Dorothy still eschewed periods in her letters [MTP].

February 19 Wednesday – In the evening Sam attended the **Pilgrim's Club Dinner** at Delmonico's in honor of Ambassador to England, **Whitelaw Reid**. The *New York Times*, Feb. 20, p. 3 reported:

AMBASSADOR REID THE PILGRIM'S GUEST

Tells Them Talk of War with Japan is Silly and That England Wouldn't Aid Her.

CHEER KING AND PRESIDENT

Ex-ambassador Choate Presides In President Duncan's Absence—Mark Twain Speaks.

The Pilgrims of the United States obtained much information last night. They learned from Mark Twain that it was taking from the coins the motto, "In God We Trust" that caused the recent financial panic; they learned from Joseph H. Choate what a poor embassy this country has in London, and they learned from Whitelaw Reid, the present Ambassador to England and the guest of honor, how very remote the possibility of war with Japan is, and how still more remote is the possibility of England's supporting Japan in such a contingency.

In every respect the dinner was a typical Pilgrim dinner; a "hands-across-the-sea affair," with a joint toast to the President and the King, and more people singing "God Save the King" than "The Star Spangled Banner," because the words are easier to remember. The dinner was held in Delmonico's big dining hall, and the decorations consisted of English and American flags intertwined about the walls. The musical selections were not only Anglo-American, but also very reminiscent, the diners joining, at one point, in singing the chorus of "Annie Rooney."

President Duncan III

Unfortunately the President of the Pilgrims' Society, William Butler Duncan, was unable to be present owing to illness. Instead Mr. Choate was toastmaster, and sat next to the guest of honor, Mr. Reid. Others at the guest table were J. P. Morgan, Levi P. Morton, Gen. Theodore Bingham, Ogden Mills, Col. Hugh L. Scott, Lieut. Col. B. R. James, Alton B. Parker, Rear Admiral Caspar Goodrich, Seth Low, Samuel L. Clemens, Bishop Potter, Esme Howard of the British Embassy at Washington, the Right Rev. William Lawrence, Andrew Carnegie, Major Gen. Frederick Grant, Courtenay Walter Bennet, British Consul at New York; J. Edward Simmons; St. Clair McKelway, and Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke. There were altogether about 300 guests.

Isabel Lyon's journal: English. Tonight Mr. & Mrs. Robert Collier dined here. Just the 2 for Robert read aloud a play he has written. It is very good & brilliant in parts. The King got close to him to catch Mr. Collier's modest reading of it. He really is a little deaf.

Mr. Shaugnessy has given me a wonderful old cashmere sofa cushion. It is rare, & a study in design and coloring. I took it to bed with me tonight, to get acquainted with its wonders [MTP: IVL TS 25].

John W. Crawford ("Capt. Jack") wrote from Chicago to Sam. "I don't know how to thank you for your autograph letter." Crawford planned on notifying Bob Davis of *Munsey's* the next time he came to NY so that "a few congenials" might be gathered for Crawford to don his buckskins and entertain [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Thank him for letter & clipping & say that Mr. Clemens sales again for Bermuda"

William Augustus Croffut wrote from Washington, D.C. that no of course he wouldn't publish anything. He praised Sam and thought he should be an ambassador. When he talked with ex-Gov. **Morgan Gardner Bulkeley** the day before the Governor "laughed and answered that he didn't believe you would accept any diplomatic mission. I said probably you wouldn't, but Conn might do herself the honor of offering you your pick." Croffut ended by saying he'd been "very lucky in my investments since" he'd seen Twain [MTP].

Samuel Major Gardenhire for Gardenhire & Jetmore wrote to invite Sam, his daughter, and Mr. Paine to a dinner with Governor **Joseph W. Folk** of Mo. on Feb. 26; he heard of the event from **Eugene Christian** [MTP].

Gribben offers part of Sam's A.D. for this date having to do with **Ben Jonson** (1572-1637):

Though Mark Twain alluded to Jonson several times in print, it was not until 1908 that he mentioned seeing and enjoying one of Jonson's dramatic works—a masque performed at the New York Plaza Hotel (19 February 1908 AD). Jonson's praise for Shakespeare is one piece of evidence that Mark Twain must overcome in proving his thesis of "Is Shakespeare Dead?" (1909): in Part 3 he notes that Jonson "waited seven years" before he penned his encomium; in Part 5 he reiterates that it was only in 1623 that "Ben Jonson awoke out of his long indifference and sang a song of praise and put it in the front of the book" of

Shakespeare's plays; in Part 10 Mark Twain quotes from *Timber* (1641) Jonson's laudatory remarks about Francis Bacon's oratorical speech [360].

Also from this day's A.D., Clemens met "John Hay's poet-daughter, Mrs. [Helen] Payne Whitney. I had not seen her since she was a little child. Neither her mother's nor her husband's limitless millions have smothered her literary gift or beguiled her into neglecting it" [765]. See also Feb. 14

Note: For more of **Sam's A.D. of Feb. 19**, see Feb. 13, and 22.

February 20 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Dorothy Quick** in Plainfield, N.J.

Wednesday

An hour after Midnight

I got your dear Valentine, which I prize, & today I got your letter, & I thank you for it.

And you didn't take a single prize! Oh, you dear little rat, it was a shame, & I am sorry.

Clara was very busy, or she would have sent you a Valentine. She is grieving, now, because she forgot it.

I've been to a banquet, to-night, [Pilgrim Club Dinner] & got away at 11, which is blessedly early, for a banquet. I played billiards an hour, & now I have gone to bed. I sail for Bermuda in the "Bermudian" Saturday morning, with H. H. Rogers, his son-in-law Benjamin, a man-servant, & Miss Lyon. It is for Mr. Rogers's health. We shall stop at the Princess Hotel in Hamilton, & stay a month or two. You dear child, I wish you were going. /Most lovingly / SLC [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Julia Barnett Rice (Mrs. Isaac L. Rice)**:

Dear Mrs. Rice. / I have an abundance of sympathy for this movement for the protection of children. If I were younger I would like to work for it. But now I thank you for the compliment you pay me, & shall be happy to have my name used as President of the Children's Hospital Branch [MTP: *The Forum*, 39:564].

Note: This letter was included in a *NY Times* article, Feb. 27, p. 2, "Anti-Noise Society Reivews Progress."

Julia Barnett Rice (1860-1929) was a physician but never practiced; she was involved in medical issues and is credited with the creation of quiet zones around NYC hospitals. She was the founder of the **Anti-Noise Society**. Her husband **Isaac Leopold Rice** (1850-1915) was a manufacturer, lawyer, writer and chess expert who founded the school of political science at Columbia, founded *The Forum* magazine in 1885.

Raoul W. D'Arche wrote from Hartford to invite Sam to lecture for a benefit for the Spanish War Veterans. Twichell had told him they couldn't get Mark Twain for \$2,000 [MTP]. *Note:* Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. Feb. 21, 08" and "Mr. Clemens thanks him very much for his cordial invitation, but Mr. Twichell is right, he does not expect to ever again speak in Hartford as he has retired from the platform"

Frances Nunnally wrote from St. Timothy's, Cantonsville, Md. to Sam, surprised to get his letter since she thought he might still be in Bermuda. How she wished she could have been there with him. She had just finished her mid-term exams [MTP].

February 21 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote a letter of introduction to Albert Bigelow Paine for **Joe Goodman** [MTP: Am. Art Assoc-Anderson Galleries catalogs, 11-12 Nov. 1937, No. 4346, Item 88]. *Note:* Paine would travel in the West gathering information for the Mark Twain biography.

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE.
34th St. near 8th Av.
TO-NIGHT at 8. (11th appearance of
MME. TETRAZZINI) – **RIGOLETTO**.
Mmes. de Cisneros. Severina. MM. Bassi,
Sammarco, Arimondi. Glibert. Mus.
Dir., Campanini. WED. at 8. (1st time
in America) – **PELLEAS ET MELIS-**
ANDE. (in French) – **MARY GARDEN**,
Gerville-Reache. Sigrisi. MM. (Debut)
Hector Dufranne. (Debut) Jean Perler,
Arimondi, Crabbe. Mus. Dir., Campanini.
FRI. at 8. (12th appearance **MME.**
TETRAZZINI) – **LUCIA DI LAMMER-**
MOOR. Mlle. Severina. MM. Zenatello,
Sammarco, Arimondi. Mus. Dir., Cam-
panini. SAT. MAT. at 2 – **PELLEAS ET**
MELISANDE. **MARY GARDEN**, Ger-
ville-Reache. Sigrisi. MM. Arimondi,
Dufranne, Perler, Crabbe. Mus. Dir.,
Campanini. SAT. NIGHT at 8. pop.
prices. (75c.-\$3) – **SIBERIA**. Mlles.
Agostinelli, Trentini. MM. Zenatello,
Sammarco, Crabbe, Cazauban, Gianoli-
Galletti. Mus. Dir., Campanini. SUN-
DAY. Pop. Campanini Concert with
Cavalleria Rusticana Complete, 50c.-1.50.
MON. Feb. 24 – **LOUISE**. (**MARY GAR-**
DEN).
Seats for all above now selling.

In the two-volume copy of *Studies in the History of Venice* (1907) by **Horatio Robert Forbes Brown** (1854-1926), Sam put his name and the month and year, then wrote on the front free endpaper of vol. 1 a lengthy note dated Feb. 21, 1908 of his meeting with Brown in Venice thirty years earlier [Gribben 87].

Isabel Lyon's journal: The King went to hear Tetrizzini tonight. When he came home I went in to see him as he lay in bed smoking, & he said that he was enchanted with her singing. Here she is with her great fame to come after her after her 45th year. For years she sang in San Francisco & elsewhere, at a modest salary, & in London she burst upon the world in her great glory.

Mother is standing by me working for me, doing errands. Copying letters & today she bought tobacco for the King. I could not go without her wonderful & sympathetic help [MTP: IVL TS 25]. *Note:* insert ad of Feb. 17, 1908 shows this day's performance (Friday) was *Lucia Di Lammermoor*, a tragic opera in three acts by **Gaetano Donizetti**, running about 3 hours 40 minutes at **Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House**. **Luisa Tetrazzini** (1871-1940), Italian soprano of great international fame. Her 1907 debut in London's Covent Garden as Violetta in *La traviata* was a sensation, and in 1908 she played the same role in New York.

Howells & Stokes wrote to Sam to enclose a copy of **William Webb Sunderland's** letter agreeing to complete the loggia wing at \$4,100 by June 1, weather permitting [MTP].

John Larkin wrote to Sam enclosing a receipt for payment of personal property taxes of \$79.77 [MTP].

Frances Nunnally wrote again from St. Timothy's, Catonsville, Md. to Sam.

About two hours after I mailed that note to you the postman brought me that lovely pin. It certainly is pretty and you don't know how much I appreciate it. The angel-fish surely must be a beautiful fish if it has all those lovely colors. ...What has become of that trip to Washington you thought you might make? I certainly wish you would take it and stop by Baltimore [MTP].

Miss **Lula Phillips** wrote from Monticello, Va. to Sam. "In looking thru an old trunk of my mother's I came across this photo of your mother and thinking that you would like to have it I take pleasure in forwarding it to you. / The late Dr. J.M. Clemens of Louisville was a relation of mine (our Mothers being sisters) and I presume this is how the picture came to be in her possession" [MTP]. Lyon wrote on the env., "Important / contains photo of Mr. Clemens's mother / Answd. Explaining etc."

Dorothy Quick wrote from Plainfield, NJ to Sam. "I am glad you are going back to Bermuda because I know you love it there but I shall not see you for so long I wish I could go too / Will you write me when ever you have time and tell me all about the beautiful lilies when they come out / With lots of love and kisses your loving /Dorothy" [MTP].

February 22 Saturday – Sam, **Isabel V. Lyon**, **H.H. Rogers**, and **William Evarts Benjamin** sailed again for **Bermuda**. Rogers brought along his valet. Lyon noted in her journal that "Mr. Rogers came feebly onto the boat, a sick sick man" [MTHHR 645n1; D. Hoffman 102].

In his **A.D.** of Feb. 19, Sam had said:

"It is as I said, I am not leaving for Bermuda to build up my health, for there is nothing the matter with it; I am going because a change of scene and climate is absolutely necessary for H.H. Rogers, and he won't go unless I go too" [D. Hoffman 103].

The *New York Times*, p. 6, "H.H. Rogers Off to Bermuda" reported the departure on the *Bermudian* of Rogers and Twain for a Bermuda vacation of "two or three weeks." They actually stayed 47 days.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Headache / We sailed at 10:30. A full cargo of folks & I'm musing over a fellow cabiner. But she has proven herself a sweet & gentle Bermudian, a Mrs. Williams, who lets me alone. I must not forget that AB came to my rescue by first packing the King's trunk last night & then soothing my spine & then helping me out of the house with a seething head. Mr. Rogers came feebly onto the boat, a sick sick man. AB came up to me to say that Maurice one of the editors of the Bookman was aboard with what he called a "jag" & he introduced him to me that I might keep him away from the King. After luncheon I went to my cabin & slept for 4 hours, weak from headache, weary from my sleepless nights [MTP: IVL TS 25-26].

February 23 Sunday – A somewhat longer article on **H.H. Rogers** and Twain leaving for Bermuda ran on the front page of the *New York Times*.

ROGERS AND TWAIN SAIL

Exchanging Jests on the Pier—Financier Thinks the Outlook Bright.

"This is what I get for being in bad company," said Mark Twain, humorist, pointing to H. H. Rogers, financier, when a host of interviewers descended upon him yesterday morning on the deck of the steamship Bermudian, previous to their departure for Bermuda.

"My methods," responded Mr. Rogers quickly, "are no worse than your jokes, and they are bad enough."

Mr. Clemens is going to Bermuda to continue the stay which certain social and business obligations cut short. Mr. Rogers is going away for a rest and recreation. The former wore a light suit of gray and looked like a fashion plate. Mr. Rogers was in sombre black.

Mr. Rogers smilingly declared that there was no truth in Mr. Clemens's story that he was going to Bermuda to keep the financier straight. He added that his own reason for making the trip was because of Mr. Clemens's offer to stand treat.

"That's true," said Mark Twain, "but I'm \$2 shy of the amount, and I'm going to shake him down for it when we get to sea."

At this Mr. Rogers laughed and said that Mark Twain's remark might be taken as a fair sample of his jokes, but he doubted if it was worth the \$2.

Mr. Clemens said he expected to remain in Bermuda until April. When Mr. Rogers asked about the financial situation he smiled and, looking out across the river, said that the horizon was bright and he believed that the same thing could be said of the financial horizon.

On the Bermudian also sailed Mr. and Mrs. George Keegan. Mr. Keegan is assistant manager of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company. Two days ago he married Miss Mary Brennan of 2 West Seventy-fifth Street. When the bride and groom arrived at the steamer their friends fell upon them with rice and confetti. They found their stateroom appropriately decorated with signs announcing that they were "newlyweds."

Isabel Lyon's journal: Its' a lovely voyage. Calm & a lot of people there must be for every cabin is full, but I do not see anything but young Dr. Ditman who is bright & charming, & today Maurice came & sat down for a chat about books & automobiles & methods of work. We sit at a corner table with a Commander & Mrs. Burdick. Today it was a little rough & the racks on the table protected everybody's lap but Mr. Rogers's. A roll sent a cup of coffee that the King had been protesting about, into his lap, & the King suggested that I take that place, as I didn't object to holding such things in *my* lap. He said it with gravity & we took it in the same way [MTP: IVL TS 26]. *Note:* Dr. **Norman Ditman** (1877-1944).

February 24 Monday – The Clemens party arrived in Bermuda and Sam checked into the **Princess Hotel in Hamilton, Bermuda** where he wrote two postcards to **Frances Nunnally**.

Francesca dear, I got your letter just as I was leaving New York—thank you dear.

I am writing now because I suppose that the linchpin got lost in the mails; & if that is so, I want you to drop me a line here, so that I can replace it with another.

I suppose I shall [*continued on the back of a second postcard*] be here some time—possibly until toward the middle of April.

It is very pleasant. I hope / we are to have you with us in New York at Easter. / Goodbye, dear [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: We sighted land very early this morning & before ten sailed up the wonderful tiny channel between the tiny islands into Hamilton Bay. I took Dr. Ditman to the farthest most point forward that he might see the wonders of it, & he had the enthusiasm of a poet.

The Hotel is full & we are scattered. Oh, so scattered, until it seems as if one of my legs were in #70 & the other in 166. 166 is the King's room & is so small that the King says "it was intended for a cigar box, in fact it *was* a cigar box once." But little rooms are nothing, for here we are in this darling place. Miss Wallace is here, the Dean of Woman at Chicago University. It is raining & so we cannot go over to Mrs. Peck at Shoreby to see Mr. Woodrow Wilson whose last day it is here [MTP: IVL TS 26-27].

D. Hoffman writes of Sam's arrival with Rogers:

The most public of all Clemens's visits to the Islands began slowly. He found his room so small he declared it a former cigar box, and because the day was rainy, he and Rogers abandoned their plan of riding to Shoreby to see Mrs. Peck and Woodrow Wilson, who was spending his last day on the Islands. Miss Wallace, still on holiday, found it a mooted question whether Rogers was taking care of Clemens, or Clemens of Rogers. She also wondered about the relation between Clemens and his secretary. Miss Lyon was a "black eyed black haired Italian looking little woman," she wrote in her Bermuda journal, "who hovers about him with the tender care of a mother and daughter combined." Surprisingly, the two women became friends. Miss Wallace nevertheless made certain that the King found company with **Irene Gerken**, a pert little twelve year old from West Seventy-fifth Street, in New York. (She had not cast her net wide. Clemens played billiards with Irene in January, he said, and was amused to watch her seize advantage by freely repositioning the balls. He took to calling such a maneuver an "Irene") [103-4].

Elizabeth Wallace recorded in her diary Sam's arrival with Lyon and Rogers. On the earlier 1908 arrival by Clemens she had nicknamed Ralph Ashcroft "The Pilot Fish." He wasn't along on this extended stay:

no Pilot Fish conducted him but instead a black eyed black haired Italian looking little woman who hovers about him with the tender care of a mother and daughter combined. This is the Little Secretary of the King and my heart's doors were open for her to come in and she came in and will remain forever as *Caranana*. With Mr. Clemens and Caranana came a tall distinguished looking man with a fine cut profile and clear young complexion. It was Mr. Rogers [Hill 203].

Margaret Blackmer wrote from Misses Tewksbury's School, Briarcliff Manor, NY to Sam.

I received your nice letter, and I was very glad to hear from you.

We had a play a few nights ago. Mother came up and stayed all night.

I wonder how Maud [donkey] is. Do you miss the rides we used to have?

I am very happy and I hope you are also.

Miss Tewksbury is going to take us into New York today to go to the aquarium and to the metropolitan art museum. We are coming back sometime today.

I hope you will see mother soon.

With lots of love...[MTP].

Amy C. Hayes wrote from Pukoo, Molokai, Hawaii to Sam, working a description of the natives he'd described there in his writing so many years ago, into a request for an answer with autograph [MTP].

John M. Howells for Howells & Stokes wrote to Sam: "The house has now reached a state where it will be advisable to take up very shortly the question of mantel pieces. No fewer than 7 mantels were in the new house, the billiard room to be made as per the original contract, the living room mantel "is the carved Scotch mantel piece now in the attic of the Fifth Avenue house," so that the other 5 needed to be specified. John offered various options [MTP].

John Larkin wrote to Miss Lyon that he had her letter with Sam's check for \$5,000 on the Knickerbocker Trust and would follow instructions [MTP].

February 25 Tuesday – In **Bermuda**, Sam made another excursion in the donkey cart, this time to **Spanish Point** with **Irene Gerken**. **Reginald** handled the donkey as before, while **Isabel Lyon**, **Elizabeth Wallace**, and **William Benjamin** all walked. **H.H. Rogers** did not go [D. Hoffman 105]. See Lyon's entry below:

Isabel Lyon's journal: "The King has found a little girl—Irene Gerken—and this afternoon we started for Spanish Point, the King & Irene in the donkey cart, with Maude. IT was happiness haunted by a sadness to course along these lovely roads, with the memory of dead little Juliet in my heart [MTP: IVL TS 27].

Mrs. Gerrit S. Clemens for the Womens' Club of Texas wrote from Joplin, Mo. to invite Sam to visit Texas, where she spent part of the winter. She mentioned the "pleasant visit" she and the doctor had at Tuxedo Park in August 1907 [MTP].

Archibald Henderson wrote from Chapel Hill, NC to Sam. He was "almost finished" with his biography of **Bernard Shaw** but one chapter on Shaw's philosophy kept him "awake at night"—would Sam read it and offer his opinion? He thought Shaw's views must be close to Clemens' [MTP].

Jervis Langdon II wrote to Sam sorry that the Bermuda trip would keep him from joining "at St. James Church with Julie and Edward and a few others to hear that glorious organ played by a splendid player—Mark Andrews...." They also needed one more investor at \$5,000 and explained [MTP].

February 26 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave. NY, **Isabel Lyon** telephoned **Albert Bigelow Paine** after discovering some missing older letters of Clemens'. **Isabel Lyon's diary:**

Tino [a nickname for Paine] in Redding...to ask about letters that I am missing and that the King and Santa [Clara] would hold me responsible for. He was cross and answered in a burst of ill temper that he had many letters and would take them when he wanted to. This is not quite right of Tino—and is a new and regrettable attitude [Hill 201].

Note: Lyon was concerned that if Paine published the letters, the volume that she and **Clara Clemens** planned to publish might be injured. Hill adds that Paine wrote Isabel a letter claiming he had spent two years and over \$8,000 working on Twain's bio, and met her concern by saying that the brief excerpts he would publish would only serve to increase the public's appetite for Clara's later volume [201-2].

Jean Clemens wrote from Greenwich, Conn. to **Isabel Lyon**:

Howdy Lioness; / It's raining cats & dogs wherefore my walk in (I started a word & then ran to give George 3 cts. & now I don't know what the word was intended to be) had of necessity to be diminished.

Thank you so very much for those photographs, especially the one of "In the Garden" which I love. It brings out the wonderful details of the grasses, leaves & of the background so much better than the newspaper print. I hadn't so much as seen the houses & terraces in the background, before. It is all so exquisite, so perfect.

And what do you suppose? Mr. [George de Forest] Brush actually wants to paint me. He means to endeavor to find a stray moment before he sails to draw a sketch of me to work on in Florence & then when he returns paint some things. And besides all this he told me that he and "Mittie" had sat about in Dublin admiring me. Are you as utterly amazed as I was? I had never dreamed of a thing, not an atom in Dublin. And

when at Bedford I caught him staring somewhat hard, I thought he was looking to see whether I appeared well or not, as people had been peering at me on account of my health. ...

On Monday, I discussed Mildred most of the time with Dr. P. but when he asked me how I felt, I answered:

“Spry as a grasshopper” & that’s still true [MTP].

February 27 Thursday – In Bermuda, the Clemens party was entertained by a baseball game [D. Hoffman 105].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Ball game today / I turn on the practical faucet & suggest a publisher. This apropos to Miss W’s [Wallace’s] charming ms. reminiscent of her life in France. She’s been reading it to me on the porch & I went off to find the King just arrived from a trip to town with Mr. Rogers. St. Simeon Slylites—or Skylights—[MTP: IVL TS 27-28].

The New York *Times* reported Sam’s enlistment by **Mrs. Isaac L. Rice** in the **Anti-Noise Society**, though this was merely the use of his name, as he had allowed with previous social movements. In part:

ANTI-NOISE SOCIETY REVIEWS PROGRESS

Fifty-Nine Hospitals with 18,000 Beds Now Represented in Its Directorate.

CHILDREN HELP THE CAUSE

Mark Twain Runs Their Branch—Mrs. Rice, at St. Regis Meeting.

Tells What Has Come of Small Beginning.

The Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise held its first annual meeting last night at the Hotel St. Regis, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, and Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, its founder and President, reported the progress it had made.

One of the newest moves was the organization, with the full consent and cooperation of the Board of Education, of a Children’s Hospital Branch, to be composed of children pledged to make as little noise as possible in the neighborhood of hospitals. Mark Twain has agreed to be President of this. In accepting the office he wrote to Mrs. Rice:

I have an abundance of sympathy for this movement. If I were younger I would like to work for it. Now, I thank you for the compliment you pay me, and shall be happy to have my name used as President of the Children’s Hospital Branch. Sincerely yours, MARK TWAIN.

February 28 Friday – **Isabel Lyon’s journal:** There was a cold & tearing wind all day, so that when the Trinidad *finally* got in after lying to anchor outside the harbor, her smoke stacks were white with brine, & her few passengers looked wearily shaken. This morning Sorellatua & I went to a quaint little Belgian woman who has brought a quantity of lovely lace here for sale. The King drives out, & he walks out, & he is gay & young & full of a new and splendid life. Mr. Rogers is improving every day now, & he isn’t the grey feeble man he was less than a week ago. A dance tonight & a lot of English were here. Dr. & Mrs. Parker had the Governor General here for dinner. The Governor General looks like a parrot, Mr. Wodehouse is his name. The King plays billiards by the hour with the 2 childhood [missing word?] Irene Gerken & Anne Fields. He is hungry for the friendship & his association of children & his first interest when he goes to a new place to find little girls [MTP: IVL TS 28; also, in part and some modified: MTHHR 645n1; D. Hoffman 105]. *Note:* **General J.H. Wodehouse.**

D. Hoffman adds,

“When indoors, Clemens spent hours playing billiards with Irene and another child, Anne Fields, of Jersey City. That evening, before the regular Friday night hotel ball, his excellency the governor, Lt.-Gen. J.H. Wodehouse, arrived in regalia” [105].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote a laundry list to Miss Lyon, covering many of the things they'd been collaborating on. There is a certain playfulness in the second section of his letter:

Shall I tell Henderson to send along his chapter on Shaw as a philosopher?

I enclose clipping from the Sunday World; also one from the Westminster Gazette.

I have sent a package of magazines to Dr. Herring, for you. If you want others, tell me what to get.

Hobbe [Josephine Hobby] can't have struck any snags yet, as she had not attempted to continue the acquaintance recently formed.

At last we have found a couple of suitable shells, and they will be ready next Friday. I will send one to Bermuda by next mail, and one direct to Margaret [Blackmer]. If this is not right, say so now !

I was delighted to get your note, and to learn that you did not die on the voyage. Yesterday, before receiving it, I sent you a cartoon which I received from Richards, the cartoonist who crossed to England last summer with us. If the conditions on your return voyage are not satisfactory, think of this cartoon, and be comforted. There is always a lot of solace in the thought that things might be worse.

That Byrn Mawr school has been closed, temporarily, on account of scarlet fever, so Miss Howard and the Morfords are having holidays. Miss Howard and I are going to get drunk to-morrow at Fraunces Tavern, across the Way, just as George Washington did ; then we are going to see Paid in Full at the Astor, and where we will end up if our brains get mushy, I don't know. One thing is certain, we will not classify the tricks of the last game, and exclaim what a remarkable hand we have !

I am glad you like Miss Wallace, but I want to warn you that she is the daughter and grand-daughter of Presbyterian missionaries ; and, as you know, the offspring of parsons and professors will always bear watching.

By the way, did Sir Benjamin Stone (Keeper of the Sutton Coal-fields and Photographer-Extraordinary to the Houses of Parliament) ever keep his promise to send the King copies of the photographs taken on the Terrace, in which Balfour and Komura and the King appear?

I suppose Rogers and Benjamin monopolize the King. How do you put in your time? Not having headaches, I hope? / R.W.A. [MTP]. *Note: Arthur Balfour, Komura: Japanese Ambassador.*

Margaret Blackmer wrote from Briarcliff Manor, NY wishing Sam a nice time in Bermuda and when he got back her picture would be ready for him—could he ask Mr. Ashcroft to send her mother a picture of Sam and her in the donkey cart? “If you see Maud, give her my love, and tell her I hope I will see her again” [MTP].

February 29 Saturday – At the **Princess Hotel in Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam began a letter to daughter **Clara** that he added a PS to on **Mar. 2**.

Clara dear, there is nothing to report. Everything goes well & satisfactorily, therefore plan-making has not begun. It will not begin until Mr. Rogers becomes restless. He is in better condition than he was in when he left New York, & if he remains contented he will go on improving I think. He & Miss Lyon are very good pals, & Miss Wallace is another one. Benjamin is good company. Take it altogether, Mr. Rogers is well situated, as to the main requirement, which is cheerful & frivolous surroundings; the next requirement is pleasant & sunny weather. Thus far the weather has not been of high quality, but an improvement is promised. Ever yours [MTP]. *Note: see Mar. 2 for PS.*

Sam also inscribed a copy of *Eve's Diary* to **Irene Gerken**: “To / Miss Irene Gerken / with the affectionate regards of / The Author. / Bermuda, Feb. 29, 1908. / Let us save the to-morrows for work / Truly Yours / Mark Twain” [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: The best of all the lovely chaffing day was the evening when we went to the King's room after dinner & he read some Kipling poems to us. “The Bolivar”, “Soldier & Sailor Too” (so full of unapproachable words) “The Mary Gloster” & “McAndrew's Prayer.” We went from shouting joys to tears over the beauties, the perfections of that magician; & for Kipling to be able to hear the King read those verses might be solace to him for the loss of his dear little girl Josephine.

Oh the comings into our lives of sweet women & strong men who stay with us for a swift moment—then go. They bring a pungent joy, & a fearful one, for we know they come, only to go again. A woman came down on the ship; a woman with red hair & a tall slim figure, & a cleft in her chin and lovely eyes. She was the only woman I saw & I was drawn to her. This morning she stopped at our breakfast table to say she was starting for Nassau, & to give me a beautiful message. She was like Eulabie Dix who came like a burst of sunshine & love to us & then flew away to St. Louis to ponder on what may be marriage for her.

Today Elizabeth Wallace & I went up to Madam la Belge to buy more lace & after luncheon we drove to a little Devonshire Church, & went into the grave yard to make photographs of the giant, ancient dying cedar that has been standing for generations guarding the quaint small church, & the dead, lying under simple slabs. When we came home we had tea & Mrs. Peck joined us. She & Sorellatua talked in French all the time. It was a delight. Professor Ferguson & Mrs. F. & Miss F. are here [MTP: IVL TS 28-29].

D. Hoffman writes of “the mysterious” **Mary Allen Hulbert Peck** and of some of Sam’s activities on **Feb. 29**:

Another person who raised eyebrows, especially those of Miss Lyon and Miss Wallace, was the mysterious Mrs. Peck. At first, Miss Lyon simply recorded that she regularly wintered in Bermuda and called herself a “hardy annual.” But soon she wrote that Mrs. Peck was “a bewitching woman, and a snare for men folk.” People on the Islands, she added, “think she is not sincere.” Miss Wallace, more reserved, reported that no husband was in sight, and “there was a little restless look of unfulfilment about her eyes and mouth that gave grounds for romantic speculation.” They watched Mrs. Peck when she appeared at the hotel for tea on February 29 and conversed with a friend all the while in French. Clemens spent part of the day entertaining Irene. He gave her [above] an inscribed copy of *Eve’s Diary*, which he had lovingly written after the loss of his wife. That evening, lying on his bed and still wearing his white suit, he read aloud from the narrative poems of Kipling, who had just won the Nobel Prize. As he read “*Mary Gloster*,” Miss Wallace and Miss Lyon broke into tears [107]. *Note*: Elizabeth Wallace wrote in her memoirs that Mrs. Peck possessed “a little restless look of unfulfilment about her eyes and mouth that gave grounds for romantic speculation” [*ibid*].

Charles P. DeLaittre wrote from Aitkin, Minn. to ask Sam if one **Clarence H. Mackay** of NYC was authorized to receive funds for the Lincoln Farm Assoc. [MTP].

March – *Burr McIntosh Monthly* (NY) ran a portrait of Twain and daughter Clara, p. 57-8,. Tenney: “Accompanying text states that MT had approximately \$50,000 on deposit at the Knickerbocker Trust Company in New York at the time of the crash; he opposed establishing a permanent receivership on the grounds that it would be as expensive to maintain as a harem: ‘Anybody who has had experience in this line will endorse my statement’” [45].

Pacific Monthly ran an article by **Charles Warren Stoddard**, “In Old Bohemia, II, the *Overland* and the Overlanders,” p. 261-73. Tenney: “Contains anecdotes of MT in California and recollections of sharing rooms with him in London in the winter of 1873-74. Includes photograph of MT” [46].

Blackwood’s (London) printed an article by **Charles Whibley**, “American Literature,” p.414-22. Tenney: “On MT, pp. 419-20: ‘There is but one author who represents with any clarity the spirit of his country, and that author is Mark Twain. Not Mark Twain the humorist, the favourite of the reporters, the facile contemner of things which are noble and of good report, but Mark Twain, the pilot of the Mississippi, the creator of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer. He, indeed, is national as Fielding is national. Future ages will look upon Huck Finn as we look upon Tom Jones,—as an embodiment of national virtue’” [46].

March 1 Sunday – In **Bermuda**, the Clemens party took an excursion to see the new island aquarium, which had opened on Jan. 1, 1908. D. Hoffman gives “the effervescent and obliging U.S. consul,” **W. Maxwell Greene** as organizer of the trip, and writes:

Goodwin Gosling, secretary to the Bermuda Natural History Society, also came aboard.... Twelve fish tanks were cleverly constructed within a masonry moat around a powder magazine the Royal Navy had declared obsolete. Open to sunlight and fresh air, the tanks were designed to be approached through dark and mysterious chambers. "The fish were very wonderful in their coloring and form," Miss Wallace wrote, "but Mr. Clemens didn't seem to think that they were very sociable. ... Clemens, predictably, pronounced the blue and yellow angelfish his favorite. After a keeper prodded the octopus, so it was told, Clemens did the same to Rogers, and said, "There you are, H.H.—the Big Stick is after you, even down here."

Upon return, the group took cabs to **Prospect in Devonshire Parish**, just east of Hamilton to review the troops at the British garrison and listen to the band. Tourists were allowed to attend Sunday services in the chapel. D. Hoffman writes of Sam's approach:

Sundays saw Clemens adopt a careful strategy. He would arrive too late for church but in time for the band, which played under a grove of cedars. On such outings he took further opportunities to poke fun of Rogers, calling him "the Rajah" [108].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Sunday and a full day. This morning at 10:30 we went with the American Consul, Mr. Greene & a scientist, Mr. Gosling, to the Aquarium. We were a party of 2 or 15 & going up young Dr. Ditman talked to me about Lafcadio Hearn & he wished that Hearn could have come to Bermuda & could have written of its beauties, before he went to Japan to grow ever iller & finally pessimistic & then to die. The Aquarium isn't large, but its specimens are very beautiful. There was a young eager Bermudian there who seemed to know more about the real lives of fish than the scientist did. It was a darling sail, and when we reached the Princess, we scrambled for cabs and drove up to Prospect to see the young soldiers and to hear the band. We met some very agreeable people there. Mrs. Peck again, and Lieut. Frewen and Mrs. Frewen and Capt. Rose and others. Mrs. Peck comes down every winter and calls herself a "Hardy Annual". After luncheon at 4 "The Harem" and Miss Wallace started for Soucy to have tea with Mrs. Hastings and her daughters. It was very sweet and calm there. The King protested that the fire was poorly laid, and under his bidding I mended its structure, and up it blazed, while the King sat near the table with a sweet black cat in his lap. All day it has been an arriving and a departing, for after leaving Mr. Rogers at the Princess we drove up to Belleterre, Mayor James's very lovely house with its beautiful garden, quaint, and a pride to the Colonel and a joy to the rest of us. We had tea again, in the library, where there were 5 beautiful Chinese rice-bowls up on a high shelf. Then another departing and an arriving at the Hotel after a drive home in the twilight [MTP: IVL TS 30-31]. *Note:* likely Sir **Moreton Frewen**.

March 2 Monday – At the **Princess Hotel** in **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam added a PS to his **Feb. 29** letter to daughter **Clara**: "*P.S. Monday Eve.* Your letter has arrived, with its gratifying news. The Oswego incident is worth a dozen *word-compliments*."

Sam also replied to the Feb. 28 from **Margaret Blackmer** at The Misses Tewksbury's School, Irvington-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Dear Margaret:

I saw the ship coming in at 8 this morning, & very soon afterward the purser sent your letter to me, & I was glad to get it.

I will see that Mr. Ashcroft does not forget to send your mother the picture of you & me & the donkey. He gave one to Miss Lyon, & it was so good that I took it away from her. I shall be so glad to have the picture of you which your mother is saving for me.

I met Maude at the dock this morning, & gave her your message. She was all alone; Reginald had gone off somewhere. We made a trip to Spanish Point with Maude & Reginald the other day; Miss Lyon, Miss Wallace and Mr. Benjamin walked, & Irene & I rode in the cart. Irene is 12 years old, & lives in West 75th street.

There isn't any coasting here, but no matter, it is nicely hot & sunny and comfortable.

Don't forget that I am to see you at Easter, dear. I shall be here 2 or 3 weeks yet, I suppose. With lots of love, ... [MTP; *MTAq* 113-15]. *Note:* **Maude** was the donkey and **Reginald** the black boy who accompanied the pair on their cart rides during Sam's last visit in January.

Sam also wrote to daughter **Jean** in Greenwich, Conn.

Jean dear, there is nothing to report except that we are all comfortable & Mr. Rogers is improving, day by day. We do not know how long we shall stay, but it will be beyond the 10th, anyway. (The 10th is sailing-day 8 days hence.) It has been rainy, but we have lovely summer weather now, & the effect upon Mr. Rogers and Miss Lyon is fine.

The roads are good, & we drive a deal; when we are not driving we still live out-doors in the sun & gather health.

The hotels are full—and more than full. The cottages are full also. The weekly steamer brought 255 people this morning, & they are around skirmishing for shelter.

There's plenty of company in this hotel, & of an excellent sort, & there's a dance twice a week. We are not suffering for a lack of pleasant social life. / With lots of love & kisses / Father [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Mai H. Coe (Mrs. William Robertson Coe)** about her father, **H.H. Rogers**.

Dear Mrs. Coe:

Your father is ever so much better, & I think he improves daily. This is exactly the place for him, & I hope to get him to remain clear into April.

He has been pining for the expected picture of the baby, & when he saw the steamer come gliding past the windows at 8.30 this morning his anxiety rose to boiling point, which is 212 at sea-level.

The letters will not be delivered until 5 this afternoon, & he is waiting as patiently as he can. I do hope you haven't forgotten to send the picture / With love [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Emilie R. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers)**.

Dear Mrs. Rogers: / He is getting along splendidly! This was the very place for him. He enjoys himself & is as quarrelsome as a cat.

But he will get a backset if Benjamin goes home. Benjamin is the brightest man in these regions, & the best company! Bright? He is much more than that, he is brilliant. He keeps the crowd intensely alive. / With love & all good wishes, ... [MTHHR 644-5].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Cards we have in the evening now up in the King's room; the King and Mr. Rogers abuse each other with an earnestness entirely deceptive to the uninitiated, but it is blessedness to us.

This afternoon the King and I went up to the Victoria Lodge just opposite the public gardens, to call on the Misses Ladd and Miss Shibley and to hear the band play. Such a lot of people arrived. It is despairing to have to meet strangers by introduction, but to meet them because of a bond of sudden sympathy, that is good and natural. It's the way marriage ought to be: a natural beautiful meeting without the legal or ecclesiastical bondage that so often makes conditions fester under it. Elizabeth Wallace has promised that she will not introduce another human soul to me [MTP: IVL TS 31].

March 3 Tuesday – Sometime during the Bermuda stay with H.H. Rogers, **Elizabeth Wallace** recorded her impression of Rogers and the interaction between Clemens and Rogers during card games:

One day as the Rajah [Rogers] came in to the dining room in his slow stately manner, the King who was already seated at the table said, "There he comes just like Gibbs' Lighthouse, stiff and tall turning his lights from side to side." The kindly simile was perfect in a way and I never afterwards saw the Rajah bearing down upon us without seeing the resemblance. The Rajah and the King love each other dearly and manifest their affection by abusing each other whenever the occasion offers and when it doesn't making the opportunity themselves. Our favorite amusement of an evening is to play hearts and the Secretary [Lyon], who always

keeps score, writes our names thus, The Author, The Rajah, The Dean, The Secretary. The Author usually prefaces the game by saying to the Rajah in a tone of kindly remonstrance "Now I hope you are not going to show your disagreeable disposition tonight. Do try to show us some pleasant sides of your character." The Rajah with a perfectly serious face replies in the same vein and this is kept up throughout the evening so skillfully that the Secretary and the Dean never grow weary, on the contrary they are convulsed with silent mirth. They—the King and the Rajah—both hold to the theory that the other would be a hopeless outcast were it not for his regenerating influence and they assume a high moral tone when they reason with one another [Hill 204-5].

Charles E.S. Wood wrote from Portland, Ore. to ask Sam for the *Pacific Monthly Magazine* to submit some article. Wood had been writing for them without pay, but they would pay Clemens. He enclosed several articles from the magazine which are in the file [MTP]. Lyon wrote on the letter, "Answd. May 7, '08" and on the envelope a note "Answd. Mch. 10" with another cryptic note that Sam could not comply due to his contract with Harpers.

March 4 Wednesday – **Dorothy Butes** wrote from London to Sam.

Dear Dr. Clemens. / Your crimes follow you! In geography, the other day, the Professor said that at a little inn in Germany, where he stayed, *in the guest register he had to put down, his name & profession*, & just above *his* name was that of "S.L. Clemens, Profession, Mark Twain"!!

We are in a pretty flat (apartment) of our own, now—It is nice not to be in hotels—one gets so tired of living in trunks—I never saw anything which *quite* equals the slowness of *British Workmen*—They put all there pots & pans in the hall, roll up their sleeves, slap each other on the back, & solicitously enquire, "Wot's wrong, old Sport?" of one another—Then they do a little work—At eleven they go off—"for lunch" (they arrived at *ten*, you know,) and don't turn up again till 2 o'clock—Mother has been so tormented by them that the doctor has ordered her to bed for a few weeks, so the "British Workman" will be "on his own"!

I went to a Dance at Queen's College last night. Very, very few of the girls could "lead," & very few could even "follow" decently—We had a "Waltz Gallop" amongst other things. It was too funny to see our staid and stately English Grammar teacher gallop off like a Bucking Bronco from the Wild West! I & my partner started off in her wake, and bumped into a few couples—

It has been foggy and wretched. I loathe this climate!

You have been down in the Bermudas again, havn't you? We had a lovely stay in Paris—& brought back lots of mechanical toys. I must go and do my German exercises now. I don't see why one couldn't be just as happy without German verbs!

With much love, Your little friend / Dorothy Butes

P.S. *Am't* you coming over for the London Pageant? London would love to have you (I speak for *London*!) [MTP; MTAq 115-16].

John M. Howells for Howells & Stokes wrote to Sam about Clara's desire to have the two **Lucca della Robbia** (1399-1482) plaques set into the wall [MTP].

Frances Nunnally wrote from St. Timothy's to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens,— / I hope you got the letter I sent to you in New York just too late for you to get it before you sailed. In it I told you the lovely pin arrived just after I sent you the letter you received in New York. It hadn't been lost in the mails at all, and I surely am glad for I wouldn't have lost it for anything.

Bermuda must be a beautiful place and I am so glad you went down there, so you will miss the disagreeable cold weather of New York.

Last night we had great excitement here, though it all came out well. While one of the clubs was giving a party in the gymnasium, the school house caught on fire from some of the paper decorations on the walls, and all the favors just went up in one great flame. All the girls got out of the building in about two minutes and no one was hurt at all. The part that wasn't burnt was damaged by water, so we will not be able to use that building for several days. Our dwelling house was not touched, though there was a general confusion, as

everything was moved out for fear the fire would spread. Everything was fixed up again to-day and I think we are going to have school to-morrow in a little parish house near here. Though we lost only one day of school, I suppose everything will be more or less confused for the next three or four days, until we can get into our school house gain.

Must stop now / With love, / Francesca [MTP; *MTAq* 116-17].

March 5 Thursday – Sam appeared on stage at the **Princess Hotel** ballroom, for the benefit of the **Cottage Hospital**. He told the story of the “three-dollar dog,” which he had related in his A.D. of Oct. 3, 1907. See entry; also see D. Hoffman p.110-114 for the full tale. Hoffman writes:

Mark Twain told the story as though for the first time, aiming for what he defined in his autobiography as “the captivating naturalness of an impromptu narration.” He added an “application,” another of his techniques. “My friend was partly right,” he said, “when he assured me that the ‘Lord would provide,’ but it is rather doubtful whether the Lord really would have provided for us if I had not bestirred myself.” He continued:

The Bermuda Hospital needs financial assistance and it is very easy and very pleasant to believe that the Lord will provide for such a worthy institution, but it is safer for us to bestir ourselves a little....Therefore, give generously tonight to the cause. The larger the sums, the more cordially they will be received, and if you have not brought your purses with you, the ladies may contribute their jewels and the gentlemen their letters of credit, or express checks, properly endorsed. This does not mean that small sums will not be politely received, but simply means that the degree of enthusiasm for a shilling may be slightly less than one for one hundred pounds....And in closing, Ladies and Gentlemen, let me remind you that the hospital is always fighting pain, and pain is a King who is no respecter of persons [114-15].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: The King helped in an entertainment tonight for the benefit of the Cottage Hospital. He was rarely welcomed by his audience and when his turn really came—for he introduced a man who made misrepresentations (Faulkner his name is)—he told the Three Dollar Dog story, and he broke down at the point where the general asked if he would sell that dog. He broke down into a hearty boyish laugh [MTP: IVL TS 31-32].

In New York, **Clara Clemens** participated in another musicale at a private home, this time for **Dr. and Mrs. Edward Quintard** at 145 West Fifty-eighth Street. **Miss Lillian Littlehales** played the cello and **Charles Wark** accompanied on the piano [NY *Times*, Mar. 6, “Mrs. Quintard Entertains,” p. 7]. Wark, a married man, was to be later romantically linked with Clara. Dr. Quintard was Sam’s regular NYC physician.

Alice Minnie Herts for the Children’s Educational Theatre wrote to Miss Lyon so she might advise Sam of what had been done to incorporate the Educational Theatre [MTP].

Eden Phillpotts wrote from Eltham, Torquay to Sam.

My dear friend / Today your cargo of boys—mostly bad ones—sail for the States. Few men I think would welcome such an inroad as you have done.

May they serve to pass a spare hour or so for one who has in his own amazing gallery so many immortal pictures of “genus puer.”

I much regretted that my agents have not found a home for your book in this country. Perhaps American school boys are different from English ones—& yet that surely is an absurd proposition [MTP].

March 6 Friday – **Isabel Lyon’s journal:** This morning we had been gaily photographing the King and Irene, in and out of the donkey cart, and they went to the billiard room to be photographed there by a German whose name is uncatchable. I followed by and by to tell the King that the “battery” was waiting to move and looking through the

window into the billiard room as I passed along the porch, I saw the King, pale as death, leaning over the table, and the young German rubbing the back of his head. “Do you feel better now?” I heard him say. Then the King straightened himself up and said he did, he thought. It had been just a sudden “crick in his neck,” and the pain is always so acute with him that it makes him weak. All day I too was weak with the memory of the look on his face. We started off for the Spanish Point but we didn’t reach it—and turning home we met Mr. Rogers and Benjamin in a fiacre [hackney coach]. We induced Mr. Rogers and Elizabeth to climb into the battery and after making a photo of the blessed group, Benjamin and I started for a drive and wound up at the Admiralty Gardens, where after a talk with the English chauffer who couldn’t permit us to see the cave, we *did* see it, and it was very interesting. The Admiral now here is Inglefield. He is sent over in a battleship—he and his family and his 16 servants. He has a very charming home and 5 boats of different grades at his secret and that secret cave to go down into and watch the waters surging in from the sea at the openings that the prisoners made there more than 100 years ago. It is a place to fire the imagination of a Stevenson, or a lesser man too, for the sound of that water is eternal, and the movement of it is too [MTP: IVL TS 32-33]

Frederick T. Leigh for Harper & Brothers wrote to Miss Lyon, advising that \$5,057.70 had been deposited in Lincoln National Bank for Clemens [MTP].

John M. Howells for Howells & Stokes wrote to Sam detailing the mantel items and the Robbia terra cotta plaques; other details left to decide were mentioned [MTP].

Dorothy Quick wrote to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens / I hope you are enjoying the balmy sunshine and the lilies of Bermuda better than I am enjoying the sunshine of Plainfield for I am sick in bed and can do nothing but look at it from inside while I dose with “no 77” every hour [Humphrey’s # 77 a cold medicine]. I hope you and Miss Lyon are well and enjoying the comforts of life and the Bermuda air. I wish I were with you but as I am not I wish you would write to me occasionally but then I know you are busy enjoying yourself. Miss Clara sent me some beads which my friend’s and I have enjoyed very much also a very nice note [.] When are you coming to New York again [?] But now I must close [.] With love to Miss Lyon and lots & lots & lots for yourself.

I am your very loving / Dorothy

P.S. I have several new autographs Geraldine Farrar [.] Governor Fort [.] Booker Washington [.] and curso [Enrico Caruso]—I have written Mary Garden and other people / Love / Dorothy [MTP; *MTAq* 117].

George White wrote from Glen Ridge, NJ to Sam. White had been reading the latest Autobiographical segment and felt Sam’s work on the Mississippi had no equal in literature [MTP].

March 7 Saturday – The *Royal Gazette* of **Hamilton, Bermuda** noted the regular appearance of Sam and **H.H. Rogers** on Front Street. Quoted and summarized by D. Hoffman:

Rogers and Clemens often took short rides to town, and not without attracting notice. An idler on Front Street, the *Royal Gazette* reported, “may see almost any afternoon, weather permitting, two quiet looking, white haired old gentlemen taking the air in an open carriage, chatting cosily and absorbing with shrewd glances from under bushy eyebrows the sights and the scenes of the street.” Their reputations preceded them—perhaps with help from Upton Sinclair. The same piece said that Sinclair, a “representative of that fast growing class, the American Socialist,” was currently rusticated in Somerset. Of the two old gentlemen that appeared on Front Street, the Gazette continued, one was known as a maker of merriment, while the other was likewise in touch with the world but rather through their pockets than their sense of humor.” Miss Wallace maintained that Rogers, too, was a charming man “with a fund of quiet humor,” but Clemens found that his association with Rogers prompted more questions than his public attentions to schoolgirls. When asked why he befriended a man of so much tainted money, he had a ready answer. “Yes,” he said, “it’s doubly tainted: t’aint yours, and t’aint mine” [105-6].

March 8 Sunday – The New York *Times*, page 12, ran “Knickerbocker Will Open On March 26,” which announced the reopening of Sam’s bank where he had over \$51,000 in deposits. The **Knickerbocker Trust Co.** bank had suffered a run by frantic depositors and was forced to close shortly after noon on Oct. 2, 1907. It’s likely that Sam received the good news by this day or the next.

H.W. Finlayson wrote from Grassy Bay, Bermuda to Sam (**John Gay**, Capt. Of *Cressy*; also signed) Finlayson:

Dear Doctor Clemens: I understand we are cousins and in a closer sense than that you are American and I English. Your dear mother is sister to my (to me) dearer mother!

I am jealous that my Alma Mater was forestalled by Oxford in adopting you.

I regret also that the “exigencies of the service” prevented my being in Oxford—in fact, England—to assist those who desired to do you honour. Think you that we might square yards in some way? May I suggest a way? What if you did us the honour to lunch on board the battleship on Monday or Tuesday? Does that appeal to your sense of humour? If not, will you let it touch that whole-hearted generosity of yours, and come?

We won’t ask you to say anything funny, but will, if you will honour us, show you as much of the ship as you might wish to see, and do our best not to bore you too much.

I have a confession to make—my conscience compels me. Here it is—Fleet-Surgeon F—and I made a pilgrimage yesterday to your present shrine to do you homage. We had one golden opportunity, when you were smoking your after breakfast cigar on the terrace of the hotel, but being the shyest of a shy race, or let me say, the kindest of our kind, we refrained from taking advantage of your only moment of isolation to attack you and achieve the object of our visit. ...

I must apologize for the length of this invitation. My excuse is, that it is not so much an invitation as a humble petition from two / GRATEFUL ADMIRERS-IN-CHIEF [MTP: *Mark Twain and the Happy Island*, p. 65-66].

March 9 Monday – **Howells & Stokes** wrote to Sam, enclosing a bill for \$2,952.69 for William Webb Sunderland, the 7th payment in his contract [MTP].

March 10 Tuesday – At the invitation of ship’s captain, **John Gay**, Sam spent much of the day aboard a British Cruiser, the **HMS Cressy**, enjoying laughter and stories in the Officers’ Mess [Mar. 12 to Quick]. William Evarts Benjamin accompanied him. The *Cressy* was one of three warships anchored at the **Dockyard, Ireland Island, Sandys Parish** [D. Hoffman 115-16]. *Note:* since he did not mention his time aboard ship in the following three letters, they were likely written in the a.m. before boarding. Sam would mention this time aboard the ship to Dorothy Quick in his Mar. 12 letter.

At the **Princess Hotel in Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam wrote to daughter **Jean** .

Jean dear, we are having an exceedingly good time, & the weather is perfect now. It is American June weather. There’s a plenty of people—every Monday 250 arrive from New York, & half as many sail for New York next day. We make delightful friends, then they fly homeward, & we make a new accumulation in their places. We go driving or sailing or tramping every day, & also we go to teas & lunches, but not to dinner—we don’t go out at night, but stay at home & play cards & billiards.

Mr. Rogers is improving, & likes it here. I believe I can persuade him to stay till near the middle of April; but at first he wanted to get back home. I hope you are having good & satisfactory times & are happy. I have a note from Clara, & she is evidently in fine spirits.

Lovingly, with hugs & kisses / Father [MTP].

Sam also replied to the Mar. 4 from **Frances Nunnally**.

Yes, you dear Francesca, I got the letter, & was very glad to have it. But if the pin had been lost it wouldn't have mattered, because I find I am likely to be here a month yet, & therefore could get another.

I am very glad no harm came of your fire, but I hope you won't have any more accidents of that kind. It makes me very uncomfortable to hear about it & think of the risks.

I wish you were here, dear. You wouldn't ever be idle. We are busy everyday—sailing, driving, walking, lunching, dancing tea-ing, & so on; & at night we stay at home. We decline night-invitations, & go to bed by 10.30 or 11. Miss Lyon is getting strong & healthy, & Mr. Rogers is improving so decidedly that he is glad he came, & I expect to persuade him to stay until April 11.

The weather is perfect now. It is New York June weather, & I think there is no such thing possible as improving upon that.

Goodnight, Francesca dear. / With love / SLC [MTP; *MTAq* 119].

Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Quick**.

Dorothy dear, I am so sorry, sorry, *sorry* you are sick. I *know* you ought to come here. This heavenly climate & fine air would soon make you strong & well. It is doing wonders for Miss Lyon & Mr. Rogers. Can't you come? I don't expect to go home before the 1st or 10th of April. I hope your mother can bring you. You are a frail little creature, & you need to get away from doctors & let generous & wise Nature build you up & make you strong. Come to me, you dear Dorothy! You will be so welcome.

Miss Lyon is getting strong & robust, & Mr. Rogers is improving so decidedly that he has stopped talking about going back home—so I am hoping & expecting to keep him here until April 11th. We are having very lively times every day—sailing, driving, walking, lunching, dancing; & at night we play billiards & cards & never go out, to dinners or anywhere else. I am now so strong that I suppose I could pull up one of these islands by the roots & throw it half way to New York. In fact I know I could.

Write you? Certainly I shall. I don't intend to ever be too busy to write to my dear Dorothy.

Good-bye, with lots & lots of love— / SLC [MTP; *MTAq* 118].

Isabel Lyon's journal: The King and Benjamin went out to the Cressy to lunch with the regular mess and were escorted by Mr. John Gay, and Fleet Surgeon Finlayson. They went gaily off in the admiral's launch, and when he came back the King said that the day had been perfect. We waited for over an hour to be called for by that admiral's launch. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, Lafreda, and Madelon Wier and Elizabeth—to go out to the Cressy for tea—but the boat didn't come, and we had a sad sense of defeat, so we sat on the porch and had a riotous dish of tea with rum in it, and watched for the King to come back to us. These days are sweet—even the days with a sense of defeat [MTP: IVL TS 33]

Irene Gerken left the islands on this day. The *New York Times* of Apr. 19, 1908, p.4 would run a photo of Sam and Irene on the dock in Bermuda, possibly taken on this day.

The ledger books of **Chatto & Windus** show that 1,000 additional copies (3s.6d.) of *Pudd'nhead Wilson* were printed, totaling 12,000 [Welland 238].

March 11 Wednesday – Sam attended a garden party at the Governor **J.H. Wodehouse's** house and enjoyed music by a British band, which he called the “best band in the British army save one—the Horseguards” [Mar. 12 to Quick]. *Note:* if IVL's lined out phrase for this date means anything, Benjamin went with him.

March 12 Thursday – At the **Princess Hotel in Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam began a letter to **Dorothy Quick** that he added to on **Mar. 13, and 16**. Sam relates activities of this day, as well as time spent on **Mar. 10 and 11**.

My poor little Dorothy, I hope you are well again, & will write a line & tell me so. I wish you were here—you would be on your feet right away.

We are to be here about 20 days yet. We sail for New York April 1.

It is very pleasant. There is always something going on. Yesterday it was a large garden party at the governor's, & there was music by the best band in the British army save one—the Horseguards. I have not heard such lovely music except at the King's garden-party last summer, when the Horse Guards band played.

Day before yesterday I spent the day on a British cruiser, & had a screaming good time (the screaming was laughter over yarns in the officers' mess). And yesterday Miss Lyon, & 5 other ladies were the cruiser's guests, & *they* had a screaming good time too.

To-day five of us men drove to St George's, over beautiful roads with charming scenery & the wonderful blue water always in sight—distance 12 miles—and we dined at the hotel. However, on the way there we visited a wonderful cave that was discovered in December by a couple of black boys—the most beautiful cave in the world I suppose. We descended 150 steps & stood in a splendid place 250 feet long & 30 or 40 wide, with a brilliant lake of clear water under our feet & all the roof overhead splendid with shining stalactites, thousands & thousands of them as white as sugar, & other thousands & thousands of them brown & pink & other tints. All lighted with acetylene jets.

Every Friday night there's a ball in the hotel; & I look on. I go out to teas & lunches, but not to dinners. I stay at home, nights.

There's a lot of lovely sailboats, & we often go sailing in them. They are wonderfully handled by colored sailors. You dear child, if you were only here! There's a little bit of a donkey-cart, & a little bit of a donkey named Maude, & we would make trips to Spanish Point. It is 3 miles, & Maude can go there in an hour & a half. There is a pretty beach there, & the water is crystal-clear. But you can't bathe there, for lack of bath houses [MTP; *MTAq* 119-20].

March 13 Friday – At the Princess Hotel in Hamilton, Bermuda Sam added to his Mar. 12 to Dorothy Quick.

Friday, 9 p.m. This has been a lovely summer day, very brilliant & not uncomfortably warm. If you would only come, you could *stop* those deadly medicines & soon get well.

The ball has begun, & I think I will go down & look on.

Dear child I am taking the liberty of appointing you to membership in my “Aquarium”—if you will let me. It consists of 5 angel-fishes & one shad. I am the shad. The device of the club is a very small angel-fish pin, to be worn on the breast. I will fetch it when I come. I have to wear a flying-fish pin, until I can get a shad made [MTP].

Irene Gerken wrote to Sam including her charming spelling.

We arrived safely and found lovely spring weather. The trip was fine only I was a little sick. I met a lot of friends on board and so was not very lonesome. How is Mr. Roggers? I hope he is much better, and when he leaves I hope he will have recovered all to geather. My bird was not the least sick and now he is talking all the time. Please give my love to Miss Lion and Miss Wallace. Mother and Father wish to be remembered to you. With lots of love from all / Your little Angel Fish / Irene Gerken [MTP; *MTAq* 121].

Harry P. Wood for Hawaii Promotion Co. wrote to Sam, offering to “place some article of furniture in one of the rooms that would serve to continually recall to your mind the days you spent in these Islands many years ago.” They suggested either a chair or a mantel [MTP]. *Note:* see Nov. 30, 1908 entry for picture of chair.

Howells & Stokes wrote two typed letters to Sam, going over details on the Redding house: the sewage disposal plant and the gas lighting plant, with costs. The second letter noted that Clemens had left the matter of the mantel designs with them and they would aim at the “simplest and best effects.” [MTP].

March 14 Saturday – At the Princess Hotel in Hamilton, Bermuda Sam began a letter to Frances Nunnally that he added a PS to on Mar. 16.

I was very glad to get your letter, Francesca dear, & also glad that you all escaped uninjured from the fire. But I hope you won't be subjected to any more risks of that kind.

It is lovely summer weather here, now, splendidly sunny & yet not too hot. I believe this is the best climate in the world. The sailing, among the islands is delightful, & the water is divinely blue. The drives are very fine, too. I wish you were here.

We sail for New York April 1, arriving Thursday April 3—and then it will soon be Easter & you will let us fetch you to New York for a visit, won't you? I am depending on it, and I hope I shan't be disappointed.

Are you growing out of my knowledge? Would I know you if I met you on the street in a strange town? I hope so. / Lovingly / SLC [MTP; *MTAq* 122]. *Note:* see Mar. 16 for P.S.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "I've got 2 old Bermudian cedar chairs. They are darlings" [MTP: IVL TS 33].

The New York *Times*, p. BR140 ran this notice:

Completing Mark Twain's Works.

The American Publishing Company of Hartford, Conn., has just issued the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth volumes of Mark Twain's collected writings in order to complete the sets of the various uniform editions published by them. These volumes are important ones, and contain many of the stories, sketches, and articles written by Mr. Clemens during the last five years, and also a number of earlier stories, which a careful search, under Mr. Clemens's supervision, has brought to light, and which, in many cases, rank with his best work.

March 15 Sunday – Isabel Lyon's journal: The Yoke—Hubert Wales. / We lunched with Mrs. Peck today and had some wonderful Bermudian Pepperpot. The heart of it was a chicken and it had strange spices and pepper corns. It came on the table in what is called a buck kettle—a big black heavy old kettle, full of the flavor of many pepperpots. But first of all we drove up to Prospect to hear the Sunday morning band play, and to see the charming English people, and the pretty Americans under the trees, and the brilliant red coated bands and scatteringly few soldiers making a lovely picture. We went up with young Mr. and Mrs. Graham and Mr. Trumbull. The close of the day was the best—for we went to the King's room and he lay on his white bed and read Kipling to us [MTP: IVL TS 33-34]. *Note:* *The Yoke* (1907), by **Hubert Wales**, about a mother who seduces her son in order to keep him from a wicked woman, brought civil charges. Not in Gribben. This may have been Lyon's book. There's no evidence Sam read or was aware of it. **Mary Allen Hulbert Peck.**

D. Hoffman gives us an account of this day's activities, adding from Elizabeth Wallace's diary:

On March 15, after another Sunday morning drive to Prospect for the band concert, Clemens and his party rode to Shoreby, where Mrs. Peck entertained them with her favorite dish, West Indian pepper pot. It was brought to the table in a "big black heavy old kettle," Miss Lyon said. Typically, pepper pot took three or four days to prepare, with strips of pork, beef, and poultry cooked with cassareep, peppers, thyme, and salt. Mrs. Peck said it was a heathen dish, best enjoyed on Sundays. Although mild at first taste, Miss Wallace wrote, it soon began to burn insidiously. Clemens approved, but said a little more pepper was needed. The day ended in his hotel room with more readings from Kipling's poems [119].

March 16 Monday – At the Princess Hotel in Hamilton, Bermuda Sam finished his **Mar. 12 and 13 to Dorothy Quick.**

March 16. The Bermudian has arrived, with / 60 bags of mail & 250 passengers. She sails to-morrow.

We don't sail April 1. We have postponed to April 11. I am sorry, but Mr. Rogers is improving ever so fast, & we want him to stay as long as he will. Bermuda is better than four or five or six million doctors. Don't you forget *that*, dear. / With lots of love [MTP].

Sam also added a P.S. to his **Mar. 14 to Frances Nunnally.**

P.S. March 16 (Monday.) We don't sail homeward April 1. We have postponed it to April 11. Francesca dear, I am taking the liberty of appointing you to membership in my "*Aquarium*." (Club). It contains 5 angel-

fishes & one shad. I am the shad. The badge of the club is a very small angel-fish pin, to be worn on the breast. I will bring it when I come. I have to wear a flying-fish until I can get a shad-pin made [MTP].

Emilie R. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers) arrived in Bermuda on the *Bermudian*. On Mar. 23 Sam noted in his letter to daughter Clara that Emilie had not been in good health upon her arrival but that by then she was “much improved.”

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Mrs. Rogers arrived today. She has a peculiar nervous affection of the right arm and hand” [MTP: IVL TS 34].

Archibald Henderson wrote to Isabel Lyon advising he was sending Clemens the typed chapter on “Mr. Shaw’s Philosophy” [MTP]. *Note:* likely **George Bernard Shaw’s** philosophy, which was close to Clemens’.

William Webb Sunderland wrote from Danbury, Conn. confirming receipt of Sam’s Mar. 9 letter with amount of seventh payment (as per contract). He thanked Clemens and reported they had framed the loggia [MTP.]

March 17 Tuesday – **Howells & Stokes** sent another typed advisory about the Redding house under construction, specifically the wainscoting in the various bathrooms [MTP].

March 18 Wednesday – **Elisabeth Marbury** wrote to Sam, enclosing their readers’ criticism of the *JA* play produced by **John W. Postgate** [MTP].

The New York *Times*, p. 7 “Great Men’s Letters Sold at Auction” reported that three letters from Mark Twain sold for greater amounts than those from **Theodore Roosevelt, William Jennings Bryan, Andrew Carnegie**, and others.

March 19 Thursday – **Irene Gerken** wrote her typical no-periods note to Sam. “I received your letter this evening and was very glad to hear from you you say you are lonesome Why I should think Miss Allen would fill my place Allthough *I* am far away *I* hear *all* the news. By the score you sent me of the cards I see Mr Rodgers has lost every game I am very glad that you had a good time at the War ship and if I had knowen you were there I might of seen you.” She asked after Maud and Reginald [MTP].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote a short note to Isabel Lyon (though catalogued as to Clemens) [MTP]. *Note:* there are many letters in the file to Lyon which are catalogued as to Clemens. Though somer are listed in this volume, not all are.

John M. Howells for Howells & Stokes wrote again to Sam with many details about the Redding house, including placques, stonework and a possible fountain [MTP].

W.A. Morschhauser wrote from NYC to advise Sam that he’d sent “a few” photos he’d taken in Bermuda; if he wished more to please advise [MTP].

The Playground Assoc. sent an engraved invitation to meet **Mrs. Humphry Ward** at a dinner at the Waldorf on Mar. 31 [MTP]. *Note:* IVL wrote: “Answd. Mch. 19—Mr. C. in Bermuda, wd. Forward invitation, etc.”

C. Brereton Sharpe for the Plasmon Syndicate, London wrote to Sam enclosing the Mar. 18 issue of *Truth*, which had an article on Plasmon that Sharpe felt was “a good advertisement” [MTP].

March 20 Friday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: We went to the Hastings for tea today at four o’clock, It was assembled out on the beautiful point, and though there were a lot of people there, our own clan was the dearest. The others gave us no thrills. The King and I drove over with Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, the Rajah on the box, (Betsy is naughty—she says Mrs. Rogers could be called a Eunuch because she is the Rajah’s manager.) and after the tea and the sandwiches we drove around to the North Shore, and got out to look down a cliff side into the water 100 feet below. To look into Bermuda water, it is a blast of poetry just to say it. The King is having a darling time with 2 little girls—Jean Spurr and Helen Martin. Jean wears a blond wig and has no eye brows or lashes, but the King doesn’t care about a detail like that. He sees into her fair young soul and is very glad [MTP: IVL TS 34-35]. *Note:* see Mar. 23 entry.

March 21 Saturday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Such a wonderful day we have had, for Mrs. Rogers organized a party to go to Somerset, 12 miles away and to lunch there. We set out at eleven; Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. [Zoheth] Freeman, the King, Mr. Weir, Mrs. Peck, Mrs. [Marion Schuyler] Allen, Mr. John Wayland, Elizabeth [Wallace] and I. And the drive around by Paget and through Warwick was beautiful with glimpses of wide views of these waters through cedared openings, with each house more quaint and satisfying in its architecture than the last one, with darkeys bending over the vast onion fields, patiently thinking they are finding weeds; with the oleanders just coming into bloom; with the life plant lifting its stately bells, and with the sight of the King’s beautiful head always away in front, 3 carriages ahead. Then the drive home was even better, for John Wayland and I talked alone, and he said that his father had said of the King that the King stands for the same things that Lincoln stands for—that he is of the same greatness, and it is very true [MTP: IVL TS 35].

March 22 Sunday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Betsy, the King and I drove up to Prospect to hear the band play. We sat on a cab rug under the trees and watched that colony of red coated players with its graceful leader, and we watched the little children who were enraptured by the music, and who gamboled around through “the forest of legs” (Betsy) and tumbled over the dogs and were so very, very happy. They were great human beings in little, and showed openly the characteristics that their elders were concealing under stolid masks. Sometimes a riotous bonnet would reveal a hearty heavy with the love of color. But oh, the outward show of us all. The King is happiest in white. I am most comfortable in yellows; and today Mrs. Freeman told me that living as I am with the greatest human being, there can be no danger of my ever over dressing the part, the danger will be in my failure to dress up to it. The King would love to have me in rich soft clinging silks and splendid or delicate colors; and when I told him what Mrs. Freeman had advised me to do, he said that she was a wise woman [MTP: IVL TS 35-36].

March 23 Monday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Yesterday the King, Mr. Rogers and I drove over to call on Sir Bronlow Grey’s elderly daughters who have never been off these islands. He was attorney general here and in those old days he would not let them leave, and now they are afraid to venture, I believe.

This morning the King started off on a picnic with Jean and Helen to be gone all day; and we, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, and the Waylands lunched with Mrs. Peck again, and again had pepperpot. Col. Frewen was there. He talked to me about South African and the Boer War and about India and his brother who sat at the other end of the table and who was the discoverer of Kipling; found his youthful contributions to some local paper to be full of interest and said that he was a rising genius, but was snubbed for his pains. And now those who snubbed him are having a bitter laugh at themselves.

Mr. Wayland said on Saturday that Mrs. Peck is reaching out for friends. People here think she is not sincere [MTP: IVL TS 36-37]. *Note:* **Sir Moreton Frewen; Mary Allen Hulbert Peck; Jean Spurr and Hellen Elizabeth Martin.** Jean was thirteen and from Newark. Helen was twelve and from Montreal, Canada [D. Hoffman 118-19].

At the Princess Hotel in Hamilton, Bermuda Sam wrote to daughter Clara.

Dear heart, it *isn’t* “better than Mark ever done.” They used to shorten-up base-ball games to ’tend my lectures. And as for mere charity entertainments, they didn’t dast to play agin me at all, except Sundays, & then I squashed them. But you are coming along, dear, you are coming along. You are getting splendid notices, & I am aware that you deserve them. It makes me very glad.

We are having good times. To-day I went pic-nicking with some other children, & romped in the sand on the sea-shore about 6 hours. I returned dog-tired, & at first I thought I oughtn’t to have went, but 2 hours of billiards rested me up again.

Mr. Rogers was pretty poorly when we came down here, & Miss Lyon was not much better off, but both are in much improved condition now. There was nothing the matter with me, yet I seem to have improved a little myself.

Our sailing-date is April 11. / With heaps of love / Marcus [MTP].

Sam also wrote to daughter **Jean** in Greenwich, Conn.

There is nothing to report to you, Jean dear, except the weather, & it may be pronounced perfect. Tomorrow the ship will carry away a number of pleasant friends, & she didn't bring any in their places—not a single familiar face. But no matter, there's plenty of good times, & I like Bermuda ever so much.

I hope you will find a place that will be entirely satisfactory to you & your friends—but be sure it is close to New York, because I want you to be near Dr. Peterson, & also near enough for me to see you, & I can't stand long land-journeys. However, you'll find the right place, no doubt. When you think you have found it, submit it to Dr. Peterson, & if it satisfies him it will satisfy me.

Mrs. Rogers is here, now, but her health is bad, & I think the climate does not altogether agree with her.

I believe I will go to bed, now. I have been pic-nicking & billiarding 9 hours to-day.

With lots & lots of love

Father [MTP].

Sam also sent a postcard with a photo of the “Royal Palms” to **Dorothy Quick** in Plainfield, N.J., adding:

The weather is perfect, & if you want some of it for your own use or for sale, please let me know, & I will see that you get all you want—but our government will swindle you on the duty, as it does on all imports./ S.L.C [MTP].

Howells & Stokes wrote to Sam with Sunderland's estimate of \$450 for the sleeping porch “as designed for Miss Clemens opening over the west end of the loggia and projecting from her room.” He included specifications for the addition [MTP].

Jervis Langdon II wrote to ask Sam if he would sign the enclosed letter (not in file) or write one of his own, as a testimonial for the Hope-Jones organ to **Daniel Frohman** [MTP].

March 24 Tuesday – At the **Princess Hotel in Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam wrote to **Frances Nunnally**.

Francesca dear, this note will leave here 4 days hence by a slow steamer, & reach you 8 days from now—April 1. We sail April 11 & reach New York April 13th—Tuesday. Miss Lyon & my daughter will then go to Redding, Conn., where we are building a house, & return at the week-end—Saturday, April 18.

Then on Monday Miss Lyon will go to Baltimore & stay over night & fetch you home to New York Tuesday, & rest you up, & take you back to your school by the time it opens.

You consent, don't you, dear? There is a comfortable room for you, & I would give you two if I could—or a dozen, if I had them. You will give us this pleasure, won't you? The ship that fetches us home will leave New York the 9th of April, & if you write me by the 7th (to above address) I shall get your letter before we go hence. I am hoping you will say yes, dear heart. / With love, SLC [MTP].

Miss Elizabeth Wallace and her mother left the Islands on this day [D. Hoffman 119].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Betsy [Elizabeth Wallace] has gone away on the Bermudian. I've come to my room very lonely and very forlorn, and my spirit is covered with white blisters. Again I say it, that I must not let myself love people—but forever I am doing it. It is just as I said to Ashcroft: Betsy is wonderful because she understands a thousand things she does not know or even suspect. She lives out her dean-ship of the Junior College in the University of Chicago with not entire interest; for she is a living throbbing woman, and meant to be living a stronger throbbing life [MTP: IVL TS 37].

Victor H. Paltsits wrote on NY State Capitol letterhead to invite Sam to the annual dinner for the **New York Library Club** on Thursday, Apr. 30, at the Aldine Assoc [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “Answd Mch. 25—wd. Forward his letter to Mr. Clemens in Bermuda. Date of his return uncertain”

March 25 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Bermuda: Mr. and Mrs. Freeman took me for tea at the Women’s Exchange. We sat up on the latticed balcony and watched the darkeys in afternoon toilets, and the other folks go by and then we drove out to Spanish Point and around by the North Shore and to visit some charming rentable vacant houses, and that started me to telling the Freemans about Redding and Lyonesse and they want to go there too. Someone—Dr. Gallanded—has written to say that the King’s name has been suggested for the Nobel Prize [MTP: IVL TS 37-38].

Frances Nunnally wrote to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens,—

I am sure I have not changed so much that you would not know me in a strange place, and I really do not think I have changed at all, unless I have gained some flesh.

I am deeply honored to be a member of the “Aquarium,” which from the number of members I see is a very select club.

We have not had anymore excitement of any kind since the fire, and we have once more gotten back into our school house. Everything is in running order now just like it always was. We only have three weeks now before our Easter holidays begin, and I can hardly wait until that time. I think Mother is coming up to take me to New York, but I shall certainly see you while I am there. If we go to Europe this summer as we hope to do, we will have to make our preparations and do all our shopping at Easter, as we shall probably sail as soon as school is out in June. I am making all these plans in my mind, but I am not sure that we are going abroad at all. Any how I shall be in New York in about three weeks and I surely hope to see you there.

Hoping you are still having a fine time in Bermuda, I am / With love, / Francesca [MTP; *MTAq* 123-4].

C.F. Stromeyer, Furniture & Upolstery, NYC, wrote acknowledging Clemens’ letter and informing that they had shipped the Mantel to **Harry Lounsbury** and **William Robertson Coe** [MTP].

March 26 Thursday – Dr. Frederick Peterson wrote to **Isabel Lyon** recommending that **Jean Clemens**, her two nurses, and young friend **Marguerite Schmidt (or Schmitt)**, who shared a cottage in Greenwich, Conn., might prefer Gloucester, Mass. On Apr. 18, Lyon and one of the nurses, **Edith Cowles**, would go to Gloucester and select a cottage for the girls [Hill 197; MTP]. *Note:* IVL wrote: “Heartily approve of Gloucester”

Isabel Lyon’s journal: We dined—a lot of us—with Mr. and Mrs. Wayland, here in the hotel—Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, and Mr. & Mrs. Weir, Mrs. Peck, Mr. Ely, the King and I and afterward we all came up to the King’s room to hear him read Kipling. He was never in better spirit—never in completer understanding and John Wayland said that to hear such an appreciation of an appreciation—as in the “Sailor and Soldier Too,” poem—was a thing never again to be repeated. I suggested it to John Wayland, knowing that sometimes the King is weary after a dinner, or bored which is worse—and I knew that every soul there would treasure the memory of it, and then Mrs. Peck would have a place to smoke in. She wore a very beautiful gown that she called one of her “life-boats”—she is a bewitching woman, and a snare for men folk [MTP: IVL TS 38]. *Note:* **Mary Allen Hulbert Peck, Robert Erksine Ely.**

Margery H. Clinton wrote to Sam.

I telephoned to your house the other day, to find out if you had returned from Bermuda, and was told that you would not be back until April. I am so sorry, because I wanted to see you before sailing for Europe. Mother and I are leaving next Tuesday (the 31st), by the steamer Hamburg, for Gibraltar....

Looking back over this winter, my pleasantest recollections are the good times you have given me, and I want to thank you again for being so sweet to me... [MTP; not in *MTAg*].

March 27 Friday – The Bermuda *Royal Gazette* of Mar. 31 reported Sam's reading of Kipling's poems at **Shoreby** on Mar. 27 for the guests of **Mrs. Mary Allen Peck**: "He read these in a tone and with a depth of feeling that gave to the verses a value seldom recognized" [D. Hoffman 108]. *Note*: Gribben offers more detail:

...Clemens repeatedly read aloud to groups of vacationing Americans in Bermuda in 1908. "These people had never, never heard anything of the real Kipling before," an admiring Isabel Lyon commented in her journal. Following a reading on March 27th Miss Lyon heard one of the fifteen people present, a Mr. Chamberlain, declare that "there isn't anyone else in the world who could read between the lines as the King can" (Lyon's journal, TS 313, MTP). Another account of these Kipling readings appears in Elizabeth Wallace's valuable if saccharine memoir, *Mark Twain and the Happy Island* (1913), pp. 93-100. Miss Wallace, the dean of women at the University of Chicago, heard Clemens entertain Henry H. Rogers and other friends in his hotel room in Hamilton on several occasions in March and April 1908. She remembered that Clemens held his pipe in one hand and gesticulated with it during highly dramatic passages. Rogers urged his friend Clemens not to read "too slowly" [376].

The New York *Times*, p. 1 included a short article about Mark Twain in Bermuda:

NEWS FROM MARK TWAIN.

Enjoying Himself in Bermuda and Teaching Little Girls to be Wise.

Some new epigrams by Mark Twain were brought home yesterday by the Quebec Line steamer Bermudian from Bermuda. Among the passengers was Miss Jeanne [*sic* Jean] Spurr, a Newark little girl, who proudly showed a ball programme on which Mr. Clemens had written:

"Considering the proportion of things, it is better to be a young June bug than an old bird of Paradise."

C.H. Pedrie of Glens Falls, N.Y., told of an incident at the ball. Mr. Clemens, seeing another little girl making faces and otherwise causing consternation to her guardians, wrote on her programme:

"Never do anything naughty when any one's looking."

Mr. Pedrie said that Mark Twain spends most of his time romping with the children and telling them stories.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Two days ago I gave Mrs. Freeman "Eve's Diary" to read and today when I went to her room and she said she had finished it between laughter and tears, and that she didn't see how a man could ever get into the heart of a woman as he had done, she finished her worshipful delight by saying "but he is just a combination of God and women and little children, and so he is the perfect man." It was a darling tribute for me to be able to bring back to the King, and he gathered it to his heart, as only he could.

This afternoon we went over to Mrs. Peck's, for last night the King said he would read Kipling over there to Col. Graham, and someone else, and the someone else ran up to about 15. These people had never, never heard anything of the real Kipling before for as Mr. Chamberlain said: there isn't anyone else in the world who could read between the lines as the King can. It was a proud hour for me, and almost spoiled a little by having Josephine Bacon recite some baby verses and then stand and bid for the applause that she got—of course—and the King was annoyed almost into showing that annoyance [MTP: IVL TS 38-39].

I.K. Funk for Funk & Wagnalls wrote, enclosing a tract, "A Uniform Alphabet For Respelling for Pronunciation" and asking his "careful attention." The tract was "sent only for criticism" and not for public use. "I would take it as a special favor if you should write me fully" [MTP]. *Note*: IVL: "Answrd Mch. 30 – wd. File to mail Mr. C's return / He cannot do these things—"

Howells & Stokes wrote again with more details on the Redding house's finishing touches [MTP].

March 28 Saturday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Bermuda: Sometimes it seems to me as if each person were surrounded by a wonderful color, and that is a sacrilege to try to penetrate it. There be some whose color could never be merged into that of another person, but in the main there is only one person in all the world whose color would match with its mate, to make a perfect harmony. For we can’t be many things to many people. I look at all these people and they seem either monotonous or crude in coloring, but suddenly a comet goes by in flashing beauty, and we clap our hands in joy at the splendid vision and recognition of it. I lunched with all the Waylands today at Ardsheal, and Mr. Wayland drove me home talking brilliantly during the splendid glimpses we got of the south shore. Thursday night John Wayland seemed to rebuke me for loving the King as I do and said I mustn’t be a “priestess”. Last night after a dance we thrashed it out on the porch and now he knows that I couldn’t even aspire to that great place [MTP: IVL TS 39-40].

The New York *Times*, p. BR177 included the following anecdote:

When Authors Are Tonguetied.

A few weeks ago, at a dinner given to Gertrude Atherton in London, a story was told by a woman who had been present at a New York luncheon when Mrs. Atherton and Mr. Clemens were introduced and placed next each other. Mark Twain thought his neighbor was about to speak, and gallantly waited for her, while Mrs. Atherton, with her customary reserve of manner, waited for him. There ensued a chilly silence, which was broken by Mark Twain saying, as he shook his white locks: “Child, child, don’t be so terribly boisterous.”

March 29 Sunday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: The band concert at Prospect when dear John Wayland and the King sat on a rug apart from a batch of women, for when he goes to listening to music he doesn’t want anything else. No feminine chatter—and up near the tennis court sat Madame Wayland, and Mrs. John W. and Josephine Dascomb [*sic* Daskam] Bacon—such a chatterer—and a Mrs. Gordon. Then home. This afternoon we went over to the Long Beach on the South Shore where the King and Zoe Freeman went in swimming. The King at 72 was as young and vigorous in his wide strokes as a youth would have been [MTP: IVL TS 40]. *Note:* **Josephine Dodge Daskam Bacon (Mrs. Selden Bacon)** (1876-1961) poet and author of novels and several stories published in *Atlantic*, *Scribner’s* and other magazines [*Who’s Who in America* 1908-1909, p. 68]. She was also a pioneer in the Girl Scouts movement and compiled their guidebook.

Dorothy Quick wrote to Sam.

Dear Mr Clemens.

I wrote you a long letter last week but by some mistake it was not mailed in time for Saturday steamer so I am writing again I will mail this one at once so there can be no mistake I know from your letter it must be beautiful in Bermuda and I should love to be there with you and make the acquaintance of Maud I am sure we would all be very good friends and have lots of fun together I have one more autograph of F. S. Church (artist) it is very nice, he drew a picture and autographed it wasn’t that nice of him? I am doing very well in school now. I have a lot of stamps and am getting along very well with my collections I suppose the lilies are out now they must be beautiful I shall be very glad when you are back but I do not blame you for wanting to stay as long as you [can] as the weather here is very changable. Hot one day cold the next. With lots & lots of love to you and Miss Lyon I am / your very loving Dorothy

P.S. I am so glad I am a member of the Aquarium lots of love [MTP]. *Note:* the source surmises the artist was Frederic E. Church, landscape painter who lived near Hudson New York, and had a brief friendship with Twain in 1888 [n1].

March 30 Monday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “We had a darling lazy sail this afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, and then tea in the billiard room—that to give Zoe Freeman a chance for a cup, for he was tired” [MTP: IVL TS 40].

Among new arrivals to the Islands were the fourth **Earl Grey** (1851-1917), (aka **Albert Henry George Grey**) Governor General of Canada (1904-1911), and **Nicholas Murray Butler** (1862-1947) president of

Columbia University (1902-1945) [D. Hoffman 120]. *Note:* **Alice Holford Grey**, Mrs. Earl Grey (d. 1944), was also along on the trip. Canadian football's Grey Cup is named for Lord Grey, a supporter of the sport.

David C. Grant for Lincoln National Bank wrote to advise Sam that of the two checks he'd presented, drawn on the **Knickerbocker Trust Co.** they had been able to cash the \$5,000 check but not the \$45,000 [MTP]. *Note:* this letter enclosed in Ashcroft's Apr. 1.

March 31 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon's journal: "The King is going boating with Nicholas Murray Butler and Lord Gray [*sic* Grey] who arrived yesterday on the Bermudian" [MTP: IVL TS 40-41]. *Note:* **Albert Henry George Grey, 4th Earl Grey** (1851–1917) served as Canada's Ninth Governor General (1904-1911). He established the Grey Cup for the Canadian football championship. The Cup was initially for the top amateur rugby team in 1909, but since 1965 it has been the prize for the top professional football team.

At the **Princess Hotel in Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam wrote to **Frances Nunnally** at St. Timothy's School in Catonsville, Maryland.

Your letter has come, Francesca dear, you dear indefinite little body! But anyway, you are coming to New York, & *that* is something. I do hope your mother will let me have you part of the time.

Won't she go to the Grosvenor? It is the nicest, quietest, genteel little hotel in all New York. We have used no other for a good many years. It is on the corner of 10th and 5th avenue, just a block from our house. Tell her I know she will like the Grosvenor.

We sail April 11, arriving the 13th a day or so before you arrive. Do you know my telephone address (it isn't in the book): "3907 Gramercy." With love ... [MTP].

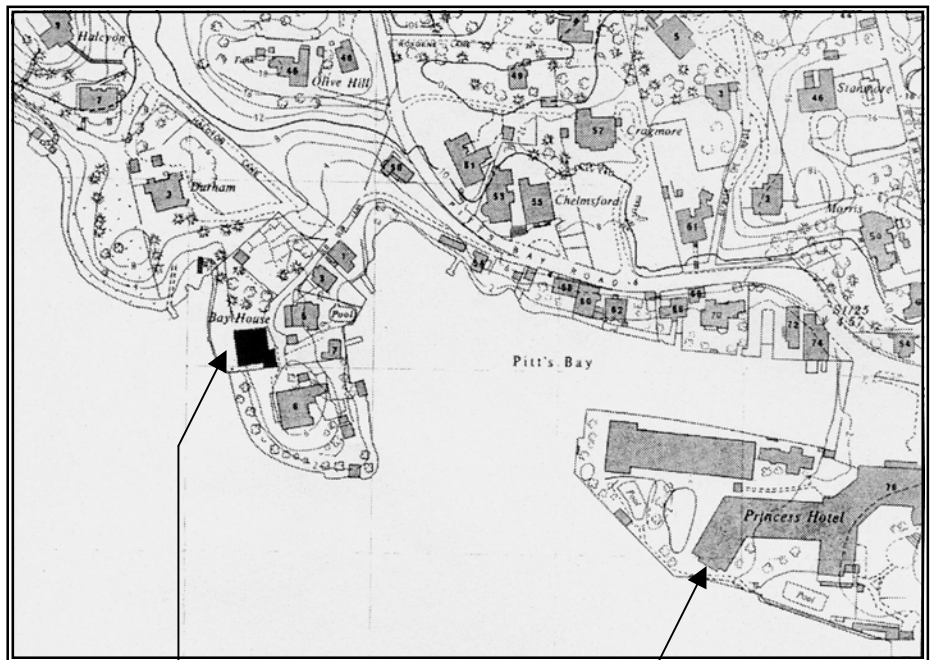
Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Quick**.

Insert Below: Pitt's Bay with Bay House on left, Princess Hotel on right.

You dear little Dorothy, this is only a line to say I hope you are not still looking out upon the snow-storms from a sick bed & taking "77," but are up & around & well again. Next time you are sick you must come to Bermuda, then you won't need any medicines.

We sail for home April 11, & then I shall see you./ Lovingly ... [MTP]. *Note:* Humphreys #77 was a common cold medicine of the day.

According to D. Hoffman this is the day Sam met another angelfish, **Helen Schuyler Allen** (b. 1894), thirteen year old daughter of **William H. Allen and Marion Schuyler Allen**. William Allen was the vice-consul under **W. Maxwell Greene**. Helen's grandmother, **Susan Elizabeth Allen**, then 82, knew **Olivia Langdon Clemens** when she was only a small child (Susan died in 1909). Sam knew Helen's grandfather, **Charles Allen** when he was American consul in the days of *Innocents Abroad*. Helen was not a tourist, but lived across Pitt's Bay from the hotel. She had come to watch the



dancing at the hotel [120]. *Note:* In his Apr. 17, 1908 A.D. he described Helen Allen as “aged 13, native of Bermuda, perfect in character, lovely in disposition, and a captivater at sight!” [140].

Note: Hoffman also writes that Sam visited Susan Allen when he learned of the family’s Elmira connections, and talked for an hour and a half [120]. Hoffman does not specify if the visit was on this day, but since the dancing was in the evening, the visit was likely the following day, or later. Helen would visit Sam at Stormfield on Oct. 16-17, 1909. / Bay House & Princess Hotel

Lawrence B. Evans wrote to advise Sam that at a meeting of the **Boston Authors Club** he’d been elected an honorary member [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “Answd April 3 – Mr. C. in Bermuda, wd. File carefully to mail, etc.”

Howells & Stokes wrote to Sam that Isabel Lyon had authorized proceeding with the sleeping porch. They also advised of other details and blueprints and mantels [MTP].

Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Isabel Lyon (though catalogued as to Clemens); would he consent to a flat royalty of \$50 per week for all performances of “How I Became an Editor” for **Arnold Daly**? [MTP].

April – **Gessford**’s photograph of Mark Twain ran in *Forum*, facing p. 441. “No significant commentary” [Tenney, *ALR Third Annual Supplement to the Reference Guide* (Autumn, 1979) 192].

April 1 Wednesday – **Isabel Lyon’s journal: Bermuda:** The Bermudian sailed away with *such* a cargo of folks. The greatest “miss” as these Bermuda darkeys say, is the Waylands. Another of the King’s angel fish went too. He has his aquarium of little girls and they are all angel fish, while he wears a flying fish scarf pin, though he says he is a shad. Off he goes with a flash when he sees a new pair of slim little legs appear and if the little girl wears butterfly bows of ribbon on the back of her head then his delirium is complete [MTP: IVL TS 41].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote to Isabel Lyon, enclosing the Apr. 30 from Lincoln National Bank. He asked her opinion of various department stores in NYC. Also: “I saw Betsy and her mother off to Chicago. Betsy is quite my ideal of a girl.” [MTP]. *Note:* “Betsy” was **Elizabeth Wallace**.

Margaret Blackmer wrote to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens:— / I received your nice letter and card.

I would like very much to join your club. I think it would be a very nice one.

I like the shell more and more every day, don’t you?

Mother is out west and will be out for a long time. Maybe I can get Miss Tewksbury to bring me down to see you in the Easter vacation.

Today lots of pie beds were made and we played a lot of jokes on each other.

With lots of love. / Yours lovingly. / Margaret B. [MTAq 131-2]. *Note:* source claims “pie beds” were short-sheeted pranks.

April 2 Thursday – Clemens was in Bermuda.

April 3 Friday – **Isabel Lyon’s journal: Bermuda:** “I’ve just been reading AB’s article on Stedman in the April ‘Pearson’s’ and somehow it isn’t all Stedman at all. I’m afraid that some of it is a eulogization of Paine through a dead man” [MTP: IVL TS 37-38].

Kendrick Lewis for Louisville Male High School wrote twice to Sam. One is a formal letter of thanks bound in blue cardboard, thanking him for the right to put on a *P&P* play. The other is a short note inviting him to a performance of the play on Apr. 24 or 25 [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “Answd. Apr. 6. Mr. C. may return abt. Apr. 13 – Thanked him for Mr. C. wd. Hold letter & ‘greeting’ to mail his return.”

April 4 Saturday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Bermuda: We went out to the *Euryalus* again to the children’s party this time—and it was a rough little voyage. 15 of us had to cramp-up in a tiny cabin and our stomachs felt badly. But we got inside the breakwater and onto the flagship and officers Gray and Boyer and Beatty showed us about and were very good to us and made the children adorably happy. We went into the Bake room, and into the “Sick-Bay,” and we climbed into the turrets and saw the beautiful great guns and heard about the workings of them, and then all the children and the King and we women (Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Butterfield and I) sat down to tea and 14 kinds of cake. It was so good to see the King in his happiness sitting between Helen Allen and Dorothy Darrell, and putting his panama hat on top of Helen’s nob-on-her-head as a hat rack, and he eating cakes and drinking ginger pop, and loving it all. Going out in that rough little sea, the King sat in a corner of the cabin reading Woodrow Wilson “Mere Literature,” and he didn’t seem to realize that he had a lot of giggling youngsters there—or more likely he never read a word but took it all in with the tail of his eye and the tail of his ear [MTP: IVL TS 41-42].

Daniel Frohman for the Lyceum Theatre wrote to Sam. “I am to-day in receipt of your letter of March 31st. I did not know that Jervis Langdon was your nephew and so I just happened to treat him with unusual politeness.” His enthusiasm was somewhat held back by the \$20,000 price of the Hope-Jones organ; he wondered if it were adaptable to the theater. He added, “I shall convey to Margaret Illington your message...” [MTP]. *Note:* Margaret Illington was at this time Mrs. Daniel Frohman.

Hellen Elizabeth Martin wrote to Sam. In part: “We arrived at home on Sunday morning April 5th, We stayed five days in New York and had a fine time there. We found our cat had run away on Saturday evening, We did not get him back until Monday morning. Our dog was delighted at our coming back. How are you feeling. I was very sick on the boat and so was Mother, it was very rough coming back.” [MTP; not in *MTAq*].

Frances Nunnally wrote from St. Timothy’s school to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens,— / Your letter reached me this morning, and I am awfully sorry to have to tell you that I will not be able to come to New York at all during the holidays. I did not know this until two days ago, when Mother wrote and said she thought I had better come home. I certainly am disappointed that I will not be able to pay you a visit, for I had been looking forward to it with a great deal of pleasure. We have about decided to go abroad right after school closes in June, and as I will not have time to go home then, Mother things it best that I come at Easter. So I will have to give up my trip to New York.

Must stop so this letter will get mailed right away.

Hoping you will have a very pleasant ocean trip up, I am / With love, / Francesca [MTAq 132].

April 5 Sunday – At the Princess Hotel in Hamilton, Bermuda Sam wrote to daughter Clara in N.Y.C.

Clärchen dear, I hope you are entirely well & hearty by this time. I don’t know where you are, but you are drifting professionally around somewhere, I suppose—and hope.

I have led a lazy & comfortable life here for six weeks, & am sorry it will come to an end next Saturday—a shade less than a week hence. It is a most pleasant & useless life,—as far as other people are concerned. I have been useful only once: I talked for the hospital, one night & made some money for it. Next Thursday I am to be useful again—a talk for the aquarium, which is the Governor’s pet, & a very worthy one. It will be a great institution by & by, & will draw the scientific folk from many countries. But it needs money now.

Earl Grey, Governor General of Canada is visiting here, & is a good fellow—yes, & charming. This morning he said I was about the most conspicuous detail of the island scenery (my white clothes). But I was frank, & told him not to deceive himself: that it was not nature, it was art, & premeditated,—I got myself up so, to attract attention.

We have accumulated a fortune in delightful friends—some from abroad, some native to the place. In this way our sojourn had paid richly.

We’ll be at 21 on the 13th.

With heaps of love & kisses, / Marcus [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Josephine Dascomb [*sic* Daskam] is such a damn fool that the King would like to kick her and I'd like to give him a push to add force to the kick. Smirking and preening her feathers she kept calling herself the Rose of the Harem, and calling *other* people idiots, but put the accusation into their own mouths as in the case of Capt. Egerton the ADC, who, she said, told someone that he hadn't any brains and so made him ADC. *Her* way of getting even with him because he hadn't invited her to Government House. She took the good taste out of the morning we had had there at Prospect listening to the music, and watching the people. The cunning Freeman children, who more and more remind the King of Susy and Clara, came and snuggled up to us, and when the King went off to speak to Lord Grey, little Mary in despair said, "Oh, where has Mark Twain gone?" A part of the music finished in the banging overture style and she said, "I don't like the way the music happens, now" [MTP: IVL TS 42-43]. *Note:* **Earl Grey** governor-general of Canada. **Capt. Egerton** is not further identified. **Josephine Dodge Daskam Bacon:** see 29 Mar. 1908.

April 6 Monday – Bermuda. Mark Twain and **Earl Grey** met and talked to the children at the garrison school. Their comments appeared in the Apr. 19 *NY Times*. See Apr. 8 below for these.

Isabel Lyon's journal: We went up to the Garrison School at 11, and were met by Col. Chapman who took us into the primitive school room where the tiny children were in charge of a Mrs. Wates, who had charge of the Garrison School in Cairo a few years since. Both she and the school master in Kahki had a pardonable pride in their pupils. They sang old English hymns for us without any accompaniment and their sweet voices made our hearts ache. The King sat there in his white clothes, and his eyes were filled with tears as those dear children sang. Then he spoke to them and told them how when he was a boy he had given the cat "pain killer", and the greave children broke out into shouts of laughter. After we got home he told me that they were so serious that he did not know how he was going to break through that barrier; but the first ripple of sound broke, and then they were enthusiastic. When leaving time came they gave him three—no four—splendid cheers, following the Khaki schoolmaster's "hip hip" which he said as "ip, ip." Then we went to the officers mess. The Freemans took me to drive this afternoon and then we went to the Arts and Crafts for Tea [MTP: IVL TS 41-42].

April 7 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon's journal: Bermuda: The King and I went out to the reefs this morning in a kind of royal party, for Lord Gray the Governor General of Canada and Lady Gray and Mrs. (Bermuda Governor) Wodehouse went—and I did like it very much. Mostly it was quiet and restful. But I had a talk with Mrs. Wodehouse who turned to me at once when someone said of me "That is Mark Twain's private secretary." We got into the glass bottomed boats and were rowed out over the coral reefs. Oh, it is so beautiful to see the coral mound and the sea fans, and the finger sponge. The King said that the deep places were like the sage brush and the desert. Coming home I got some snapshots of the King and Lord Grey. I had a nice little chat with him and he is just a human man. Lady Grey let me take a photo of her, and we sat and chatted along for some time. It is just an accident of birth—but is it?—that makes them fitted for their great position—so someone says. But Lord Grey is a big strong man. We drove out to Tuckertown and then had tea at Frascati (the Freemans and the Rogerses) [MTP: IVL TS 43-44].

Howells & Stokes wrote to advise Sam that the total cost of "all masonry, paving and carpentry work in connection with the terraces, steps, balustrades, paths, fountain, pergolas, benches, etc. arrived two days ago from Mr. Sunderland. It is \$2,200..." Sunderland didn't feel it was possible to finish all by the first of June, when Clemens had planned to move in [MTP].

April 8 Wednesday – The *New York Times*, Apr. 19, p. X4, "Mark Twain's Outing in Bermuda" ran with three photos of Twain and **Irene Gerken** (not identified), Twain and **H.H. Rogers**, and one of **Earl Grey** and **Lt. Gen. Wodehouse**:

Mark Twain Tells About the Cat.

HAMILTON, Bermuda, April 10.—A distinguished party consisting of Earl Grey, Governor General of Canada, Lady Grey, S. L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Rogers, and Lieut. Gen. and Mrs.

Wodehouse made a trip to the coral reefs on Wednesday [Apr. 8] as the guests of the Bermuda Natural History Society.

They entered the glass-bottomed boat as the steam launch came to a stop about three miles out from Hamilton, and gazing down into the crystal clear depths, they admired the waving sea fans, the graceful coral formations, and the many brilliant rainbow hued fishes that played about beneath them. The party spent the better part of an hour looking at the wonders of this varied marine life. On the trip back they were entertained by Mark Twain's comments and stories which he has always ready for the occasion. It was while viewing the parade of the Forty-sixth Regiment at Prospect on Sunday last that Col. Chapman invited him to address the children of the garrison school. He consented, and next day appeared before them with a solemn mien.

"As I was on my way up the hill," he said, "I saw a cat jump over a wall, and that reminded me of a little incident of my childhood that may interest you. I was a little boy once upon a time, and before that I was a little girl, perhaps, though I don't remember it.

"There was a good deal of cholera around the Mississippi Valley in those days, and my mother used to dose up children with a medicine called Patterson's Patent Pain Killer. She had an idea that the cholera was worse than the medicine, but then she had never taken the stuff. It went down our insides like liquid fire and fairly doubled us up. I suppose we took fifty bottles of that pain killer in our family. I used to feed mine to a crack in the floor of our room when no one was looking.

"One day when I was doing this our cat, whose name was Peter, came into the room, and I looked at him and wondered if he might not like some of that pain killer. He looked hungry, and it seemed to me that a little of it might do him good. So I just poured out the bottle and put it before him. He did not seem to get the real effect of it at first, but pretty soon I saw him turn and look at me with a queer expression in his eyes, and the next minute he jumped to the window and went through it like a cyclone, taking all the flower pots with him; and seeing that cat on the wall just now reminded me of the little incident of my childhood after many years."

Earl Grey met the children of the garrison school and told them about his plans for a great celebration of the Canadian Tercentenary. He said that it would cost a hundred thousand pounds to buy the Plains of Abraham, the scene of the famous battle, and that he hoped to raise that amount by subscriptions of threepences from all the quarters of the British Empire. The names of the subscribers would be enrolled in vellum scrolls and deposited in the great monument, which it is purposed to erect on the scene of the historic event.

"Gentlemen, you have remarked that my visit is a new departure of a Governor General of Canada. Well, I believe that to be true, but I also believe that if I am the first to visit Bermuda I shall not be the last.

"If you resolve to have the best transportation service and the best hotels, you will encourage people from abroad to make homes in your islands, and I believe Providence has destined them to become in ever-increasing degree the Winter homes and the market garden of the Canadian people"

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Drove out to Mrs. Allen's—fish, flowers with coffee, a lovely picture. / This morning Grace Freeman and I went out to Somerset by the ferry boat to hunt for cedar chests, but didn't find them. I brought away a Boer War trench shovel" [MTP: IVL TS 44]. *Note:* **Grace Freeman (Mrs. Zoheth S. Freeman).**

April 9 Thursday – Bermuda. Either this day or the next, Sam lost his half of the seashell used to identify him to **Margaret Blackmer** (see May 25 to Blackmer). It was found by a servant in the mess hall at **Prospect Army Garrison** and handed to Major **Malcolm D. Graham**, who mailed it back to Sam in New York. See also May 25 to Graham.

Isabel Lyon's journal: The King does love these English people. He has just been talking about Col. Chapman and says "he is such a sweet man, he has that curious diffidence and shyness that always means the unhardened heart."

It was a mistake for us to drive over to St. George's today—15 of us—for last night the King dined up at the officers' mess, and for some reason he didn't want and wouldn't eat any breakfast this morning, and he felt so badly at luncheon, that he and I left the table at St. George's and drove home alone and in silence along the beautiful north shore [MTP: IVL TS 44-45].

Eva C. Dix wrote to Sam about his letter on vivisection, in which he'd given permission for her to publish. She'd handed out a few of the letters, but wanted to wait to include it in their annual report. How many copies would he like? [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Answd. Apr. 4" and on reverse, "Mr. Clemens would be glad to have 8 or 10."

Jean Spurr wrote from Newark, NJ to Sam.

I am writing to you to wish you a pleasant trip home. But if you do have a rough trip do not be foolish as I was and get so sick you cannot eat a thing.

I am back at school again but we are to have Easter vacation next week. I could not bear to be indoors if I did not have that to look forward to.

Our country is looking fine for this time of year. Spring has set in early.

Have you seen many oleanders in bloom. We did not see any.

Hoping you a pleasant trip,

I am/ your little friend / Jean Spurr [MTP; not in *MTAg*].

April 10 Friday – Several photographs of Mark Twain swimming in the Bahamas are given this date [Bob Slotta, eBay item 180516263500, June 4, 2010; See Hellen Allen's of Apr. 27, D. Hoffman, picture p. 122]. *Note:* advertised at that time as the "Only known Under Water Images of him."

Isabel Lyon's journal: "I went to get a cedar chest today, and all the morning I was very busy, but went to the Allens at Bay House to photograph the King and Helen Allen in swimming" [MTP: IVL TS 45]. *Note:* see one of the photographs taken on this day in D. Hoffman, p. 126.

April 11 Saturday – In **Bermuda**, the Clemens party boarded the steamer *Bermudian* for a return trip to New York. **Isabel Lyon's journal:** "We sailed—Josephine Dascomb [*sic* Daskam Bacon] is killable—the King calls her 'Josephine Bastard Bacon'" [MTP: IVL TS 45]. *Note:* see Mar. 29 on Bacon.

Howells & Stokes wrote to Sam, noting he would be leaving Bermuda this day, and asking if it would be possible for Lyon to meet at Bradley & Hubbard Mfg. Co. to choose gas fixtures. Also what type of kitchen range and ice box would be desired? [MTP].

An **unidentified person (Grateful Admirers in-Chief)** wrote a fan letter to Sam [MTP]. *Note:* also given as Feb. 27.

April 12 Sunday – Sam was aboard the *Bermudian* on the way home to New York. In the Apr. 14 edition of the *New York Times*, p. 9, Sam related an incident aboard ship:

...
Mark Twain told of one exciting incident of the voyage home. The ocean he characterized as "most rude." On Sunday afternoon, dressed in his famous white suit, he was standing at the stern rail with Miss Dorothy Sturgis of Boston, watching the play of the ship's log, when a wave struck the vessel astern and a great comber climbed over the rail and drenched the pair.
...

Isabel Lyon's journal: "So ill I was" [MTP: IVL TS 45].

April 13 Monday – The *Bermudian* docked in New York in the afternoon. On Apr. 14 the *New York Times*, p. 9 ran this tale about Mark Twain and Rogers returning:

TWAIN AND ROGERS BACK FROM BERMUDA

Offer to Lend \$2 to Rogers Not Accepted—Strain of Traveling with Financier.

JOINS ANTI-NOISE CRUSADE

“Fourteen Banks of England Could Not Finance” Lakes to Gulf Canal.

“Birds of a feather,” said Mark Twain, as he appeared on the deck of the steamer Bermuda yesterday holding H. H. Rogers by the arm. “You know the rest of it,” and both humorist and financier laughed heartily. All this marked the end of a five weeks’ vacation on the Island of Bermuda. Both looked in the best of health. Mark Twain wore a gray flannel suit, a long fur-lined overcoat, and a peaked cap, which sat jauntily on his long, gray hair.

Mark Twain, smoking a long, black cheroot, met interviewers standing under a sign warning male passengers that smoking on deck annoyed mal de mer patients. “It’s a terrible strain, this being a financier,” he said, nodding his head in the direction of Mr. Rogers. “It is also a strain traveling with one. I offered to loan Rogers \$2, though I knew I was taking an awful risk. Rogers thought it was simply a courtesy and so did not take me up. Now I am \$2 ahead.

“I have returned from my trip a reformer. I have joined the ranks the anti-noise society. I have retired both from the making of after-dinner speeches and the lecture platform. No one can tolerate noise, you know, unless they are noisemakers. I am through making a noise and so I now insist on quiet. Mrs. Rice started her crusade at the right time for me.”

“Mr. Twain, what do you think of the scheme to improve our interior waterways by dredging a fourteen-foot channel down the Mississippi River?” asked one.

“I have no sentimental interest in such a project, and I have too many realities to deal with to be chasing a will-o’-the-wisp. When the Almighty built this earth He knew very well that a fourteen-foot channel from Chicago to the Gulf would have been a very excellent and much needed thing, but he also knew that it would tax even His resources. If there were fourteen Banks of England behind the scheme, and fourteen more behind them, there would not be enough available money to finance the scheme.

“I know the Mississippi Valley and its oozy soil too well. The digging of the channel would be but the beginning. A thousand dredges could not keep it clear.”

Mr. Rogers said that he had had a pleasant vacation and was much improved in health, but was out of touch with current events.

Mark Twain told of one exciting incident of the voyage home. The ocean he characterized as “most rude.” On Sunday afternoon, dressed in his famous white suit, he was standing at the stern rail with Miss Dorothy Sturgis of Boston, watching the play of the ship’s log, when a wave struck the vessel astern and a great comber climbed over the rail and drenched the pair.

Mr. Twain said he will remain in his Fifth Avenue house for five weeks and then go the new home he is building on a farm at Redding, four miles out of Danbury, Conn.

The Bermuda brought a large consignment of West Indian fish for the Aquarium. She also had on board a consignment of 1,000 boxes containing 60,000 Easter lilies. The Bermuda steamer Trinidad, arriving later in the week, will, it is expected, bring a great cargo of lilies.

At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam began a letter at midnight to **Dorothy Sturgis** that he added to the next day, **Apr. 14.**

Tel: 3907 Grammercy.

21 Fifth avenue, 13th—midnight

Good-night, dear, und schlafen Sie wohl! It was a great disappointment, for I was confident that you would fail to catch the train. I never gave you up until dinner-time. Then Miss Lyon telephoned Plainfield, N. J., & asked the youngest (no, next-youngest) angel-fish in the Aquarium to come up & spend a few days, but her mother cannot bring her until Monday—so that was another disappointment, & the Aquarium is going to be empty all that interval.

Mr. Littleton was called to Washington this afternoon, & could not keep his appointment to play billiards to-night—still another disappointment. But my biographer (Albert Bigelow Paine), was in the house, & agreed to stay all night. We left Miss Lyon on guard against the reporters & went upstairs at 5 p.m. & played until 5 minutes ago (barring the dinner-hour.) My cat came up from the basement to superintend. She leaped upon the table & spread herself out, after her sociable habit, & we had to play around her for half an hour, then she went about her other affairs.

The house is looking very homelike & inviting, & I am not sorry to be in my own bed again.

Mr. Ashcroft came up with the trunks, but he had an engagement & could not stay; but Mrs. Littleton came over & sat with Miss Lyon in the billiard room until 11. It has been a pleasant evening, but if you had been here it would have been pleasanter.

I hope you reached home safely—but I am very very sorry you caught the train. I beg to be remembered kindly to your father & mother & your brother; & with love to you, I am ... [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Article about children. Lord Grey has been an enchanting Englishman on this trip—as he must be on any trip and anywhere" [MTP: IVL TS 45].

Will McClintock, a seventeen year old fan who'd read *TS* five times, wrote from Brooklyn to ask Sam for an autographed letter [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Too busy to write a letter but glad to send auto." Clemens consistently refused to send "a few lines" or opinions or a letter from this year on, but gladly sent autographs and a few photos.

April 14 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Margaret Blackmer**.

Dear Margaret, we arrived from Bermuda yesterday afternoon, & in the accumulation of letters I find yours of a fortnight ago. I've brought the little angel-fish pin—badge of my Aquarium—& will keep it for you till you come, which I hope will be as soon as Miss Tewksbury can escort you. Come VERY soon!

We had 7 very lovely weeks in the island, & the lovable Miss Wallace was with us until recently. We made only one excursion to Spanish Point. Irene—one of my angel-fishes—drove me, & the others walked, & shoved Maude up the acclivities. You would hardly recognise Maude now. She has been closely clipped, & her pelt is shiny & smoothe, & looks like velvet.

Think—there isn't a solitary angel-fish in the house, Margaret. Francesca was to come to-day, but can't, because she has to go home to Georgia & get ready for Europe. Another was to have come yesterday to dine & stay all night, but she was called out of town. We telephoned Dorothy of New Jersey last night, but her mother cannot bring her until next Monday. Imagine this desolation—a house with not an angel-fish in it! Hurry up, dear!

I am inconsolable. Three days before we left Bermuda my shell was stolen from my watch-chain. It grieves me deeply; but Mr. Ashcroft will hunt for another one—so that I can identify you when I see you, dear. / With lots & lots of love / SLC / Chief ~~Servant~~ slave of the Aquarium [MTP]. *Note:* See Jan. 26 account of the seashell halves, by which Clemens and Blackmer could "identify" the other.

Margaret Blackmer wrote to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens:— / My Easter vacation begins Thursday. I am going away with papa for a little while. But if you will write and tell me when you will be home I will come and see you. I will be away with papa for about a week but after I come back I will come.

I love my shell so much. / With lots of love / Your loving friend / Margaret [MTP; *MTAq* 134]. *Note:* Sam wrote on the letter "Have asked her to go with us to the Children's Theatre April 23."

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Mrs. Guinness, Jean, Edith Cowles. Blue facings. / Lunch with Mrs. Day [MTP: IVL TS 46].

Nancy Langhorne Astor wrote a postcard from Taplow, England to Sam. "Dear Cousin — / When shall we expect you? Let me know & I will promise you rest & absolute freedom from the reporters—& the most lovely garden in England to take your sun baths in—I will also collect little children from miles around to amuse you!" [MTP]. *Note:*

the card is not addressed or stamped, so likely enclosed in another letter not extant. Sam was not related to any Langhorne, as the name was given in honor of a friend, not a relative.

Robert Erskine Ely for New York City History Club wrote, enclosing a program of performances on Apr. 23 and Apr. 28, given by the **Children's Educational Theatre** for the Club. Clemens was invited to attend and possibly to say a few words [MTP].

Dorothy Sturgis wrote to Sam.

My dear Mr. Clemens / I was so very, very sorry that we caught that horrid 5 o'clock train, and I wasn't able to dine with you!

I suppose you saw what they said in the newspapers about our being caught by that wave. The account in the Boston Herald was really very funny, and of course mostly incorrect!

We had a very comfortable trip out here, and arrived safely at our house shortly after ten.

I hope you got home safely, and that Mr. Ashcroft met you alright.

Please give my love to Miss Lyon, and tell her not to forget to send me those photographs she took of us on the steamer, and by the way do you want the pictures I took of you, if so I will send them to you as soon as they are printed [MTAq 135].

April 15 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to the Apr. 14 of **Margaret Blackmer**.

I have your letter of yesterday, & you are a very dear Margaret, & have given me great pleasure. Now as I cipher it you are to go away with your papa Thursday the 16th (to-morrow) & will return on or "about" the 23^d.

So I will look for you about the 23^d. I am the honorary President of the Children's Theatre, & on the 23^d the children will give a performance in aid of one of the great charities. Ah, they are great, those gifted children. Of course I shall be there (for I have to speak a few words,) & it would be lovely if you could go there with Miss Lyon & me. Can you? Will you? / Lovingly / SLC / C.S. of the A. [MTP]. *Note:* C.S. of the A. = Chief Slave of the Aquarium.

Clemens acquired another case of Queen Anne whisky [L-A MS]. *Note:* see June 8, 1907 for the full list of acquisition dates of whisky, intended as ammunition against Isabel Lyon.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Hunting fixtures. / Doesn't want article. Santa came home" [MTP: IVL TS 46].

Caroline Coddington wrote the first of several "crank" letters to Sam: "We hope our Idea will succeed in pleasing the Numerous Beings whose names will become enrolled in the various departments of the Alphabet." Enclosed a list of A to Z standing for the Woman Department and the Man Department, as well as an envelope containing some "mix' for a bird's nest" [MTP]. *Note:* in each letter she enclosed wood scraps and other small objects, all of which shows that insane people also loved Mark Twain.

Joe Twichell wrote to Sam.

Dear Mark:

You were doubtless grieved to learn, if you did learn, on your arrival home that you had missed the honor of my "keep" over last Sunday.

But dry your tears. ...Providence does favor some people.

I am called to New York again;—this time to attend a meeting in Carnegie Hall next Monday evening (Apr. 20) and I will lodge with you then—if you say so.

But there's no compulsion about it, you understand./ Yours aff / Joe [MTP].

April 16 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Dorothy Quick** in Plainfield, N.J.

Thursday night.

Friday—Saturday—Sunday—Monday—then you are here! Monday afternoon. About half-past 2, I suppose. Well, I shall be on the lookout, & powerful glad to see you. Shan't we have good times? I do most confidently guess so.

In Bermuda I bought a trinket for your Christmas. But I can't keep it that long, I'll give it to you now.

That reminds me that you are a member of my Aquarium Club, which consists of a few very choice school-girl angel-fishes & one slave. I am the slave.

I think you have the badge. But if you haven't, I'll get it for you.

Do remember me kindly to your mother & all the household,—& don't forget that I love you, you dear little rascal [MTP].

Dorothy Quick wrote to Sam.

Dear Mr Clemens / I am very glad you are home and I am so glad I am to see you on Monday I will not be able to come Monday morning but will come on the one-nine train I will be so glad to see you I am sorry not being able to be with you on Saturday but I really want to be with Grandpa and now I must close.

With love to you and Miss Lyon / your loving / Dorothy

P.S. Grandpa is going away that is why I must be with him on Sunday / Dorothy [MTP]. *Note:* this letter was included in Sam's Apr. 17 A.D.

Sam's A.D. for this day continued to describe the Bermuda trips and give Angel fish accounts [Hill 209].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "All day in Redding" [MTP: IVL TS 46].

The New York *Times*, p. 3, announced that Mark Twain would speak for the **Children's Educational Theatre** on **April 23**, under the auspices of the **NYC History Club**.

April 17 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Richard C. Carr** in Bogotville, Chicoutine County, P.Q., Canada.

"I have not heard of the learned pere Vignie before, still he could have existed. The main trouble with him is, that he did not furnish his "documents" instead of merely talking about them. In my judgment the unverified testimony of no unknown person is valuable—even when found in a Bible. / Very Truly Yours "... [MTP]. *Note:* "Père," or father, was used by certain Catholic priests; it also was used to distinguish a father from a son. No further reference for Carr or **Père Vignie** was found.

Sam also wrote to **Margery H. Clinton**.

Dear Miss Marjorie—

It was lovely of you to knit that beautiful tie for me. It is in the right hands, it is in appreciative hands: I shall wear it with ostentation.

I am so sorry you have escaped to Europe; & I am sorry you will not be in the box to-morrow with Miss Polly & the rest of us. / Sincerely Yours / SL. Clemens [MTP].

Sam also wrote to Angelfish, 10-year-old **Hellen Elizabeth Martin** of Montreal, Canada.

I miss you, dear Helen [*sic* Hellen]. I miss Bermuda too, but not so much as I miss you; for you were rare, and occasional, and select, and Ltd., whereas Bermuda's charms and graciousnesses were free and common and unrestricted,—like the rain, you know, which falls upon the just and the unjust alike; a thing which would not happen if I were superintending the rain's affairs. No, I would rain softly and sweetly upon the just, but whenever I caught a sample of the unjust out-doors I would drown him [MTP]. *Note:* **Hellen Elizabeth Martin** (b. *ca.* 1897), one of five children and the daughter of **Robert Dennison Martin** and **Helen**

Moncrieff Morton. Robert died in 1905; at this time Mrs. Martin was a wealthy widow. Sam recorded in his NB for June 1908 that Hellen's age was 12. Cooley notes that this is Clemens' only surviving letter to Hellen [MTAq 141n3].

Sam also replied to the Apr. 15 from **Joe Twichell**. A draft survives:

I am glad, Joe—uncommonly glad—for you will tell me about the “new movement” up your way which your clergy have been importing from Boston. Something of it has reached me, & has filled me to the eyelids with irreverent laughter. You will tell me if my understanding of the New Movement is correct: to-wit, that it is just Christian Science, with some of the earmarks painted over & the others removed, after the fashion of the unanointed cattle-thieves of the wild, wild West. My word, how ecclesiastical history do repeat herself! The Jews steal a God & a Creation & a Flood & a Moral Code from Babylon; Egypt steals the like from a forgotten Antiquity; Greece steals the swagger from Egypt; Rome steals it from Greece; Christianity comes belated along & steals morals & miracles & one thing & another from Budh & Confucius; Christian Science arrives & steals the Christian outfit & gives it a new name; & now at last comes the Boston puritan—hater of Christian Science—and steals the plunder anew, & re-baptises it, & shouts tearful & grateful glory to God for winking at the mulct & not letting on—according to His shady custom these thirty million years.

Oh yes, I am aware that the Science was emptying New England's churches, & that the wise recognized that something had got to be done or the Church must go out of business & put up its pulpits at auction; I am aware that the peril was forestalled, & *hoo*; I am aware that Christian Science, disguised & new-named, has arrived in Hartford & is being preached & thankfully welcomed—where? In the most fitting of all places: The Theological Factory, which was largely built out of stolen money. Money stolen from me by that precious Christian, Newton Case, & his pals of the American Publishing Company.

Oh, dear Joe, why doesn't somebody write a tract on “How to Be a Christian & yet keep Your Hands off of Other People's Things” [MTP]. *Note:* **Newton Case** (1807-1890), wealthy railroad executive and past Hartford neighbor of Sam's. Case was also a friend of Twichells, who had offered to pay Julia Twichell's passage to Europe. See entries on Case, Vol. I & II.

In **Sam's A.D.** for this day he dictated about his collection of Angelfish, listing the names and sketches of each girl: **Dorothy Butes, Frances Nunnally, Dorothy Quick, Margaret Blackmer, Irene Gerken, Hellen Martin, Jean Spurr, Loraine Allen, Helen Allen, and Dorothy Sturgis.** Notably absent from this list was **Margaret Illington (honorary), Dorothy Harvey, Louise Paine, and Marjorie Breckenridge,** all of whom were listed in the “Constitution for the Aquarium” dated only “Summer, 1908.” This suggests that Clemens added this last group to his Aquarium Club sometime after Apr. 17. **Loraine Allen,** on the other hand, appears in this list and dictation below, but not in the Constitution. See Schmidt's Twainquotes website for more on Loraine and the other Angelfish.

After my wife's death, June 5, 1904, I experienced a long period of unrest and loneliness. Clara and Jean were busy with their studies and their labors and I was washing about on a forlorn sea of banquets and speechmaking in high and holy causes—industries which furnished me intellectual cheer and entertainment, but got at my heart for an evening only, then left it dry and dusty. I had reached the grandpapa stage of life; and what I lacked and what I needed was grandchildren, but I didn't know it. By and by this knowledge came by accident, on a fortunate day, a golden day, and my heart has never been empty of grandchildren since. No, it is a treasure-place of little people whom I worship, and whose degraded and willing slave I am. In grandchildren I am the richest man that lives to-day; for I select my grandchildren, whereas all other grandfathers have to take them as they come, good, bad and indifferent.

The accident I refer to, was the advent of Dorothy Butes, 14 years old, who wanted to come and look at me. Her mother brought her. There was never a lovelier child. English, with the English complexion; and simple, sincere, frank and straightforward, as became her time of life. This was more than two years ago. She came to see me every few weeks, until she returned to England eight months ago. Since then, we correspond.

My next prize was Frances Nunnally, school-girl, of Atlanta, Georgia, whom I call Francesca for short. I have already told what pleasant times we had together every day in London, last summer, returning calls. She

was 16 then, a dear sweet grave little body, and very welcome in those English homes. She will pay me a visit six weeks hence, when she comes North with her parents Europe-bound. She is a faithful correspondent.

My third prize was Dorothy Quick—ten years and ten-twelfths of a year old when I captured her at sea last summer on the return-voyage from England. What a Dorothy it is! How many chapters have I already talked about her bright and booming and electrical ways, and her punctuationless literature and her adorably lawless spelling? Have I exhausted her as a text for talk? No. Nobody could do it. At least nobody who worships her as I worship her. She is eleven years and nearly eight-twelfths of a year old, now, and just a dear! She was to come to me as soon as I should get back from Bermuda, but she has an earlier grandpapa, and he is leaving for Europe next Monday morning, and naturally he had to have the last of her before sailing. Is she her old self, and is her pen characteristically brisk and her spelling and punctuation undamaged by time and still my pride and delight? Yes:

[Dorothy Quick's Apr. 16 letter was inserted here; see entry]

Next is Margaret—Margaret Blackmer, New York, 12 years old last New Year's. She of the identification shell. Those shells were so frail and delicate that they could not endure exposure on a watch-chain, therefore we have put them safely and sacredly away and hung gold shells enameled with iridescent shell-colors on our watch-chains to represent them and do the identifying with. Margaret's father will bring her down from her school at Briarcliff on the Hudson six days hence to visit me—as I learn per her letter of five days ago—and then she will go with me to play at the Children's Theatre, where, as Honorary President of that admirable institution, I am to say a few words.

Next is Irene—Irene Gerken, of 75th Street, New York, that beautiful and graceful and altogether wonderful child—I mean fairy—of 12 summers. To-morrow she will go to a matinee with me, and we are to play billiards the rest of the day. In Bermuda, last January, we played much billiards together, and a certain position of the balls is still known by her name there. When her ball backed itself against the cushion and became thereby nearly unusable, she was never embarrassed by that defect but always knew how to remedy it: she just moved it out to a handier place, without remark or apology and blandly fired away! Down there, now, when a ball lies glued to a cushion, gentlemen who have never seen that child lament and say,

“O hang it, here's another Irene!”

Next is Hellen Martin, of Montreal, Canada, a slim and bright and sweet little creature aged ten and a half years.

Next is Jean Spurr, aged 13 the 14th of last March, and of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

Next is Loraine Allen, nine and a half years old, with the voice of a flute and a face as like a flower as a face can be, and as graciously and enchantingly beautiful as ever any flower was.

Next is Helen Allen, aged 13, native of Bermuda, perfect in character, lovely in disposition, and a captivator at sight!

Next—and last, to date—is Dorothy Sturgis, aged 16, of Boston. This is the charming child mentioned in yesterday's chapter when I was talking about Lord Grey. On the voyage together we were at the stern watching the huge waves life the ship skyward then drop her, most thrillingly H—alifax-ward, when one of them vast bulk leaped over the taffrail and knocked us down and buried us under several tons of salt water. The papers, from one end of America to the other, made a perilous and thundersome event of it, but it wasn't that kind of thing at all. Dorothy was not discomposed, nobody was hurt, we changed our clothes from the skin outward, and were on deck again in half an hour. In talking of Dorothy yesterday I referred to her as one my “angel-fishes.”

All the ten school-girls in the above list are my angel-fishes, and constitute my Club, whose name is “The Aquarium” and contains no creature but these angel-fishes and one slave. I am the slave. The Bermudian angel-fish, with its splendid blue decorations, is easily the most beautiful fish that swims, I think. So I thought I would call my ten pets angel-fishes, and their club the Aquarium.

The club's badge is the angel-fish's splendors reproduced in enamels and mounted for service as a lapel-pin—at least that is where the girls wear it. I get these little pins in Bermuda; they are made in Norway.

A year or two ago I bought a lovely piece of landscape of 210 acres in the country near Redding, Connecticut, and John Howells, the son of his father, is building a villa there for me. We'll spend the coming summer in it. I have never been to that region, but the house is so lauded by Clara and Miss Lyon that I am becoming anxious to see it.

The billiard room will have the legend “The Aquarium” over its door, for it is to be the Club's official headquarters. I have good photographs of all my fishes, and these will be framed and hung around the walls.

There is an angel-fish bedroom—double-bedded—and I expect to have a fish and her mother in it as often as Providence will permit.

There's a letter from the little Montreal Hellen. I will begin an answer now, and finish it later: [MTAq 137-41]. *Note:* see letter to Hellen above in entry.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Went to Boston with E. Cowles" [MTP: IVL TS 46]. *Note:* **Edith Cowles.**

Diana Belais for the New York City Humane Society wrote to Sam. Having called on Clemens the day before but not finding him in, Belais wrote she'd had a "charming conversation" with Lyon who suggested she write. She wanted to acquaint Clemens with their society, especially on the issue of vivisection, in which she knew he was interested. She hoped he "might be inclined to take some very slight, but active, part in our endeavor" [MTP].

Hellen Elizabeth Martin wrote to Sam.

I wrote you a letter but was just too late for the mail for Bermuda. I hope you had a pleasant voyage coming back. My Brother Charlie who is at Boarding School, is coming back for the Easter Holidays. How are you feeling now? I am feeling fine. Lots of Love from / Your Loving Little friend / Hellen Martin / P.S. Wishing you a very Happy Easter. H.M. [MTP].

Photo insert: Twain and Rogers are standing in the middle next to the windows.

April 18 Saturday – Mark Twain, H.H. Rogers and State Senator Patrick H. McCarren were guests of honor at the **Humorists and Cartoonists Beefsteak Dinner at Reisenwebers** in NYC. His speech and the event was covered by the *NY Times*, Apr. 19, p.16.

TWAIN AND M'CARREN MIX WIT WITH ART

**And Incidentally Devour
Beefsteak and Beer with
Cartoonists.**



LONG PAT WANTS TO PAINT

**Says He'd Like to Picture Some Folks as He Sees Them—Inside—
Twain on Heroes.**

Mark Twain, the humorist; Mam'selle Fay Douglass, introduced as "the champion long-distance soubrette of the world"; Patrick H. McCarren, and H. H. Rogers of the Standard Oil Company met some 150 comic

artists, cartoonists, caricaturists, humorous writers, comic writers, and other funny-looking people last night at Reisenweber's, third floor, where there was beefsteak and animal and vegetable spirits.

Everybody did something, and many things were still doing at 11 o'clock when Mark Twain, Mr. Rogers, and Senator McCarren withdrew, but at that hour Roy McCardell, exuberant with animal and vegetable spirits, was trying to hold down all speakers to two-second addresses.

This was the first meeting of this company, most of those present being from New York, though Philadelphia and Newark were represented; and some sort of organization may eventuate from the meeting. At 11 o'clock it appeared that the proper name for the organization would be the Mutual Protective Bail Bond Association.

The eating cards were of huge size, so that the artists might write down their stimulated fancies and pass them around. This was done. One of the inside pages of the big card had "Steak" in the size of type sometimes used on front pages to herald murders, and on the other inside page was "Beer," in type no smaller.

The Introductory Speech.

The card was entirely correct in its details. The things on the card were finally disposed of, though the drawing of pictures and seizure of autographs had been going on at such a pace, as said Homer Davenport later, that Mark Twain's signature, which last week sold for a few cents over \$4, would now fall below 30 cents.

Walt McDougal, said to be of Philadelphia, attempted to call the meeting to order, and proceeded with his address notwithstanding, as follows:

"I want to tell you of the pride and exaltation that fills me at the thought of having been called upon to preside over the greatest galaxy of human intellect ever gathered under one tent." [Violent applause.]

Voices: "Let McCarren speak."

"You are a dear old man, Mac, but—"

"Call the Committee on Credentials."

"I could make a long speech," went on the Chairman.

"Terrible!" yelled the audience.

"But I will now call on one," went on the Chairman, "who has hobnobbed with royalty, run the Standard Oil Company—"

Many voices: "Pat McCarren!"

Mark Twain on Heroes.

Mark Twain was called, however, and he said:

"In the matter of courage we all have our limits. There never was a hero who did not have his bounds. I suppose it may be said of Nelson and all the others whose courage has been advertised that there came times in their lives when their bravery knew it had come to its limit.

"I have found mine a good many times. Sometimes this was expected—often it was unexpected. I know a man who is not afraid to sleep with a rattlesnake, but you could not get him to sleep with a safety razor.

"I never had the courage to talk across a long, narrow room. I should be at the end of the room facing all the audience. If I attempt to talk across a room I find myself turning this way and that, and thus at alternate periods I have part of the audience behind me. You ought never to have any part of the audience behind you; you never can tell what they are going to do.

"I'll sit down."

He was talking across the room.

It must be said parenthetically and looking backward, that before Mark Twain spoke Rennold Wolf had introduced Mam'selle Fay Douglass, the champion long-distance soubrette of the world, who sang a song about somebody getting on a horse with her out around Pueblo, Colorado. Mam'selle Douglass wore a sort of bathing-suit costume. Considerable applause greeted Mam'selle Fay Douglass.

Clarence Harvey was introduced as one who would read a poem. He did not, though no direct word against it was spoken. He started in to say that he thought that what had gathered around the boxes on which beefsteak and beer had been sitting, was the nucleus of a fine club, but he was cut off by this voice:

"Cut that out! That's my speech!"

Mr. Harvey did so, switching to a plea for the return to the simple life of Arcadee, as it is in most rhymes, where (in Arcadee, that is) the dairy maid attends to her own dairy and baby does not have to leave home for its meals.

Senator Pat Says He Got His.

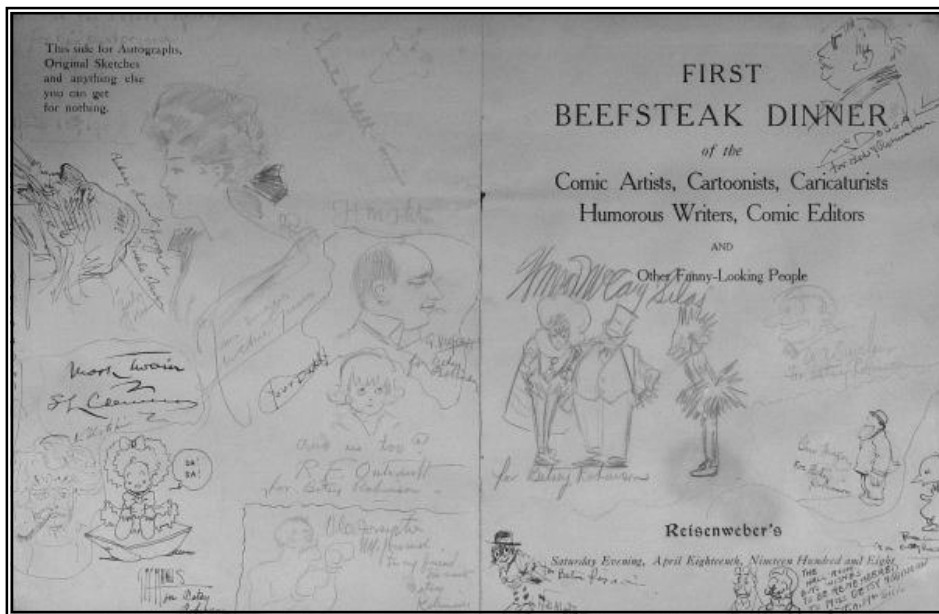
Chairman McDougall said that, nevertheless, he would try for one more speech, anyhow, thus introducing Senator McCarren. Thus spoke the Senator, playing with his apron strings in a nonchalant sort of way:

"I am unlike Mr. Clemens; I know no limits to my courage. All that could happen to be has been performed. I don't care whether I talk across the room or along it.

"I have often thought that if I ever adopted the profession of caricaturing I would draw the insides of some people, using some sort of X ray apparatus to find what they were really like inside.

"Now, the artists, the excellent artists whom I see around me, have drawn my exterior in excellent pictures. They know not what they have done. They have made me popular with the female sex, and they can't vote.

"I have recently been in a position where I would have like to picture some people as I saw them—inside."



Senator McCarren said he did not agree with Frank J. Gould, who was quoted in he papers yesterday as saying that money was a curse. But even if it was, he said, he was anxious to find out just exactly what kind of a curse it was. He pleaded with the cartoonists to draw him henceforth as a man who wanted to be a philanthropist, one who took pleasure in handing out money. He had noticed the pleasure it gave other men to hand out money; he wanted so much to taste that

pleasure to the full.

"I have a great deal before me," he went on. "I now receive a salary of \$1,500 a year, and most of that is spent before I receive it."

In conclusion he made this appeal to the artists and humorists present:

"If you can't do me any good, then go ahead and do me as much harm as you can."

Mr. Clemens Gets a Picture.

Archie Gunn, artist, sang, and was going to do it again when Chairman McDougall called upon Charles Battell Loomis for the story about the lady with the gold fingernails.

"Flown!" was the cry.

It was true.

The artist who is best known by the names "Pal," which he signs to his pictures and "the Big Turk," which he does not, drew the beautiful head of a beautiful girl in a few minutes, presenting it to Mark Twain, who said it was the most beautiful thing of the evening. "Pal," alias "the Big Turk," said privately that the picture was not at all what it should have been: He had happened on the wrong canvas. It was an oil canvas. If he had had a chalk canvas, why then—

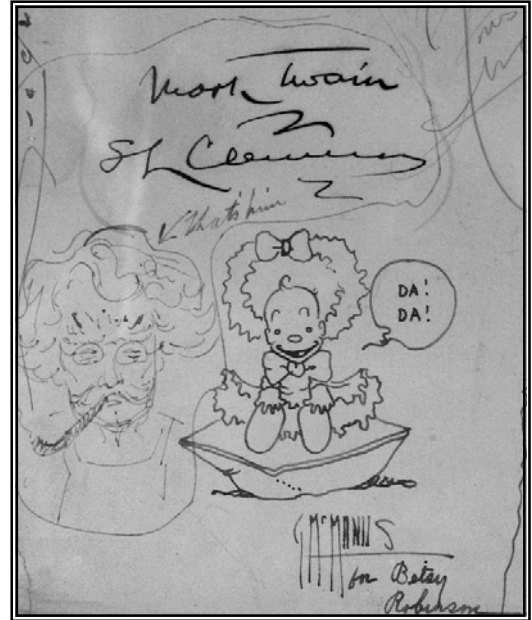
H. H. Rogers, who sat by the side of Mark Twain, was called upon for words. These he said:

"Mr. Clemens has paid me to keep still."

Bob Davis tired to make a speech and was cried down, Roy McCardell leading the opposition. R. F. Outcault also tried and couldn't.

Then Senator McCarren, Mark Twain, and H. H. Rogers withdrew. But Mr. McCardell said he wouldn't.

At last reports somebody was "singing" at Reisenweber's, third floor [Note: See also Fatout 619; State Senator **Patrick Henry McCarren** (1849-1909), political boss who dominated Brooklyn politics for two decades; known as "Friend of the Sugar Trust"].



A program/menu for this dinner survives, autographed by Mark Twain to **Betsy Robinson**. The large menus contained Headline fonts only for "Steak" and "Beer." See two inserts: large program (above) & enlargement of left side with MT signature (at right). The 20" x 13" program was signed by: "Mark Twain SL Clemens". Political cartoonist **Homer Davenport** (1867-1912) added a sketch of Clemens to which he wrote, "That's him." Betsy Robinson attended the event and had many of the attendees, in addition to Clemens and Davenport draw sketches and sign her program. Included were:

George McManus (1884-1954), **Charles Battell Loomis** (1861-1911), **Walter McDougall** (1858-1938), **Victor C. Forsythe** (1885-1962), **Richard F. Outcault** (1863-1928), **Winsor McCay** (1867-1934), **H.A. MacGill**, **Gus Mager** (1878-1956), **G. Viafora**, **Archie Gunn** (1863-1930), **F.M. White**, **Walter Sinclair** and one other [Written Word Autographs auction June 27, 2009 Lot 398].

Isabel Lyon and **Edith Cowles**, one of **Jean Clemens'** nurses, went to Gloucester, Mass. to select a cottage for Jean, her two nurses, and young friend **Marguerite Schmidt**, to rent for the summer [Hill 197]. **Isabel Lyon's journal**: "To Gloucester hunting houses. Cream puff" [MTP: IVL TS 46].

Solomon J. Douglas wrote from New Haven, Conn. to Sam. Douglas remembered sailing in the brig *George* to Bermuda in 1868. He also recalled Sam's interest in the Russian movements for freedom. He complained of "Russian spies" in the US: "We allow these spies to sneak into our libraries, & try to catch a Russian subject reading books on human freedom. Shame on the Astor Library officials for ever allowing it." He signed and noted "class of '57 Yale" [MTP].

John W. Postgate wrote to Sam, appealing for an extension to produce JA as "The Maid of Orleans" play [MTP].

April 19 Sunday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Dorothy Sturgis**.

Easter Morning

Yes indeed, dear Miss Dorothy, I want the pictures you took; & I am hoping that Mr. Russell will not forget to send copies of those which he took of you & me, for I want good ones to frame & hand in the billiard room of the house I am building in the country—the said room's name being "The Aquarium," because it is to be the Aquarium's official headquarters.

It is 11 a.m., now, & as soon as Miss Lyon gets up I will remind her to send you the pictures she took of us on the steamer, when she gets up. She arrived late last night after a journey to Gloucester, where she secured a house for my daughter, Jean. She is probably tired out.

===

1 p.m. Miss Lyon is up, & I shall get up myself before long, as there is to be company at dinner. I am very glad she caught you on the telephone & delivered my affectionate greetings to you & got yours to me in return.

With a further consignment of love, ... [MTP; *MTAq* 142].

Isabel Lyon's journal: A rainy Easter—but a good quiet restful day. Young Dr. Norman Ditman has won the \$20,000 Gibbs prize for original investigation in sick kidneys. We read an interesting article about Dr. Koch's investigation of the Sleeping Sickness and its cause. He says that it has been traced to the crocodiles or alligators because only the natives near rivers become infected, for that is where the tsetse fly, the cause of the disease, lives.

By and by evening came and with it the Waylands for dinner, and dear Dan Frohman and Margaret Illington [Frohman]. Santa and Will came down for a change too and we had a beautiful time. Then after dinner and after we had smoked in the drawing room and had watched the King and Margaret Illington making the most beautiful picture in the world as they sat on the floor and watched Tammany and her pile of kittens (quietly they touched them, and the King's white head was so lovingly beautiful, as he bent over that striped batch), we went to the billiard room and the 3 men played cowboy pool and each one of them got a game and so the rubber is to be played next Sunday night, when they will all be here for dinner again at seven [MTP: IVL TS 46-47]. *Note:* Ditman, 31 at this time, won the prize for an essay dealing with "the cause and possible prevention of Bright's disease" [NY *Times*, Apr. 19, 1908].

April 20 Monday – If Sam's estimate was correct, **Dorothy Quick**, Angelfish, would arrive for a visit at about 2 p.m. this day. See his letter to Dorothy of Apr. 16.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Went to look at Cremone bolts" [MTP: IVL TS 47]. *Note:* Cremone bolts are used for door and window casement locks; sliding bolts.

Caroline Coddington wrote another short "crank" note from Brooklyn. "I hope Miss Clemens will *not* have the pleasure of *laying out* her father — / I have suffered sufficiently to free him from his 'Ideas' I trust they both will enjoy future success" [MTP].

Harry P. Wood for Hawaii Promotion Co. wrote to Isabel Lyon, "glad indeed to know that Mr. Clemens accepts our gift. Upon receipt of the architect's plans, we will lose no time in getting the work done" [MTP]. *Note:* the gift was a koa wood carved mantel for Sam's billiard room.

April 21 Tuesday – Sam, feeling "in the humor to dance" at midnight, "went round the corner," but not finding **Nancy Langhorne Astor** there, decided not to dance [Apr. 28 to Astor].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Went to hunt for wall paperings. Santa and her troupe are planning to go to England [MTP: IVL TS 47].

Alice Moran wrote from Oil City, Penn. to Sam.

In my effort to prove that Who's Who in America, is he who has some infusion of Celtic blood, I have come upon a rough place. In the beginning I assumed that your blood was considerably Celtic because I know Mark Twain well, and there's much of the Celt in him.

However, now that I am summing up my material & I have little time left, I realize that my assumption will not pass for a fact.

Please, Mr. Clemens—may I know from you if Mark Twain gets his humor from some bit of the Celtic in you! [MTP].

John B. Stanchfield for Reynolds, Stanchfield & Collin (law firm) wrote to Sam. "Baldwin & Baldwin have sent over to me a copy of the summons and complaint in the action brought by Mr. Butters against you for libel. I

discussed the subject with you some time ago and in conversation you directed me to put in the necessary appearance on your behalf. Kindly advise me whether I am to carry out those instructions. I am at present engaged in Court, but as soon as I am at leisure I will come up and see you about the matter”[MTP]. *Note*: IVL: “carry out the instructions”

April 22 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: The King, Dorothy, Ashcroft and I went down to the Aquarium today for a little frolic, but the King was very limp, and didn’t stay there very long, for there weren’t the wonderful fish that you see in Bermuda waters. The angel fish cannot live here at all it would seem. The King cosied-up in the corner of the elevated train, and come home to rest for Zoeth and Grace Freeman came to dine and to meet ABP. AB wasn’t very well, and so not very bright, but Grace was scintillating [MTP: IVL TS 447-48].

Caroline Coddington wrote another “crank” letter to Sam, addressing it “Dear Spakers.” She apologized for the “tangled message from ‘Snarles’ sent ...last evening” She hoped to see him “ere long and apologize” [MTP].

Ethel Courlander wrote from Croydon, England, enclosing a print (not in file) for Clemens to autograph [MTP].

April 23 Thursday – The New York *Times*, p. 13, “Business Troubles” ran a paragraph on the **Plasmon Co. of America’s** bankruptcy:

Schedules in bankruptcy of the Plasmon Company of America, food products, 59 Pearl Street, of which Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) was acting President, show liabilities of \$26,843 and assets of \$1,395, consisting of cash, \$915; accounts \$30; patents \$100; machinery at Briarcliff Manor, \$200, and 30,000 pounds of spoiled casein, \$150. Among the creditors are John Hays Hammond, \$10,000, secured; Ralph W. Ashcroft, \$8,565, salary as Secretary and Treasurer and money loaned; William B. McGann, \$2,500, salary as President; William T. Robson, \$1,000 salary as Treasurer; W.W. Wallace, \$1,000 wages as clerk, and Samuel L. Clemens, as assignee of the International Plasmon, Ltd., \$456.

Sam spoke at the **Children’s Theatre of the Educational Alliance**. The New York *Times* covered the event in it’s Apr. 24 issue, p. 9:

CHILD ACTORS WARM TO THEIR MARK TWAIN

An Eye at Every Peek Hole and an Ear at Every Crack as He Speaks.

HE TELLS GOOD NEWS, TOO

Bigger Theatre and New Directors for the Children’s Educational
Play Acting—Society Gives Aid.

“Say, didn’t youse ever see an automobile before?”

This in most scornful tones last night from the larger boys in the crowd outside the Children’s Theatre of the Educational Alliance, at Jefferson Street and East Broadway. It was announced that “Mark Twain” was to speak at the evening’s performance, and society, with its motor cars descended upon the Children’s Theatre, so naturally all the curious small boys in the neighborhood swarmed around.

To be sure, society didn’t arrive till the first play, “Editha’s Burglar,” was well under way, and the regular patrons of the theatre who save their few pennies desperately to go there, were thrilling with admiration for the tiny Editha.

“Say! Ain’t she the cute one? Oh! She’ll have that boiglar fooled,” they murmured to each other as Society walked down the aisles.

The curtain fell on the first play, and they “got busy” behind, according to stage managerial directions. The child-actors retired to the dressing rooms, while the youthful stage hands did their work. The assistant property man stowed away safely the auto horn with which he had announced the arrival of Editha’s papa, and took a hand at the lashing. As the scenery was rushed hither and thither, just like the “real behind the scenes,” except for the conspicuous absence of profanity, there were many officious calls of “Sh-sh! Silence, there!” for the children’s orchestra was playing Mozart’s “Magic Flute” music between acts, and the artists behind respected their fellow-workers in front. All of a sudden a small girl at one side of the curtain called out:

“That’s him, there he comes.”

“Him” was Mark Twain, taking his place before the curtain to make his speech.

At the call, the stage hands stopped shifting, the property men came running out with a vase in each hand, and out swarmed the actors from the dressing rooms. Those from the first play had their make-up only half off, and those who were to be in the coming play had not yet developed sufficient “temperament” to object to being disturbed before going on to play their roles. One and all, the entire staff of the Children’s Theatre, ranged itself behind the curtains, with an eye at every possible peep hole, and an ear at every crack. At the furthest left hand edge sat “Mrs. Whitmore” taking down the speech.

“I’m going to have every word he says, every word,” she declared.

Meanwhile, quite unaware of this enthusiastic devotion behind the curtain, Mark Twain was making his speech to the audience in front. In opening, Mr. Clemens called attention to the playing by the children’s orchestra.

“We have all home talent here,” he said.

“We,” sniffed a girl flippantly.

“Silence, Becky!” answered the dressing room mistress severely. However he is regarded elsewhere the children at the Educational Alliance take Mark Twain seriously.

Mr. Clemens made only a short address, pointing out the need for a children’s theatre to supply the demand for amusement, and to give amusement of the right kind. He asserted that the work was entirely educational, and that the boys and girls training for the plays knew their Shakespeare far better than many Broadway audiences. [Sotto voce applause from the actors, with their ears against the curtain.] Of the hundreds of children in the classes of “Speech and Action” only three, Mr. Clemens said, had developed any desire to take up acting as a profession.

Then Mr. Clemens announced the news of the evening. After July 1 the Educational Theatre for Children will enter upon an independent existence, under a different Board of Directors. The Honorary President of the board is Mr. Clemens himself, and he said he took great pride in the choice as he understood that the children themselves had some voice in that election. [Emphatic nods of approval from all the assembled theatre staff.] The other Directors are Robert Collier of Collier’s Weekly, the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, and President Stanley Hall of Clarke University. Under this new direction a larger building will be erected to give more seating room at the theatre and to provide schoolrooms for the accompanying class work.

The speech was over, with great applause in front, but that was nothing compared with the joyous war dance behind, in which all joined to the chant: “oh, we’re to have the new theatre.” Then the stag manager called: “Hey there! All ready!” The actors fled, the scene shifters stood at attention, the light man gathered up his blue bulbs, and all was order once more. But they crowded around the girl in the corner, who had been taking notes.

“Did you get it all down—every word he said?” they demanded as the curtain went up on “‘Op-o’-me-Thumb,” the second play of the evening.

At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to Dorothy Quick.

Thursday.

I miss you so! I wish you were back, you dear little rascal.

When I found that your luggage could not be expressed until morning I asked Miss Lyon to telephone you so, right away, & no doubt she did so.

It is past midnight—we have been to the Children’s Theatre, where you *must* go with us some day when you can be spared from home. You will like it, dear.

I thought you left your story with me, & I told Miss Lyon she might read it—but we couldn't find it, & she was so disappointed, & so was I. Won't you send it to me, dear heart? I will send it back as soon as she has read it.

I have been playing billiards alone for half an hour, but it is no fun, & there are no cats & no Dorothy, & the house is silent & asleep. I will follow suit now. With love good-bye, good-bye, good night! [MTP; *MTAq* 143-4 (gives as Apr. 24)].

Isabel Lyon's journal: *Such a busy day.* Dictating letters to Hobby, looking after the King, attending to furniture repairs for the new house, going with Santa to select hats, going up to Mrs. Freeman (Mother and I) in the Hotel Willard, dining (the King and I) with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Collier and then going down to the Educational Alliance to see "Editha's Burglar" and "Op'o My Thumb". Between the 2 plays the King spoke in behalf of the Educational Theatre, and I was nervous about him, for he wasn't himself. He miscalled words, and seemed to have great difficulty in holding his thoughts together, but I was the only one who knew it. It was enough for the rest of the audience to look at him and be enchanted. Today after Dorothy left, I found the King laughing as he sat in his room and he told me how D. had written a story of a woman ghost who appeared before her sorrowing husband and told him to be comforted for he was happier as he was without her, as she was planning to get a divorce [MTP: IVL TS 48].

Kendall Banning wrote from NYC to Isabel Lyon (though catalogued to MT) about taking a plaster cast of Clemens' hand at 2 p.m. Tuesday [MTP].

Dorothy Sturgis wrote to Sam.

I got my photographs the other day, but none of the ones I took of you came out at all so I won't send them.

When Miss Lyon was here in Boston I told her that I was going to send you an Easter present. It was a little sketch I drew while in St. George's, of the church on the hill which was started, but never finished. Mama said she thought that you would like it. Where I took it to be framed they said they would send it by Saturday, but I don't think they did, did they? I thought I'd better write and tell you who it was from as there was no card or anything with it.

Now that I have not got my own pictures of you, please tell Miss Lyon to be sure and send me hers. Give her lots and lots of love, and keep oceans for yourself. / Ever Lovingly, the newest arrival / DMS [MTP; *MTAq* 143].

April 24 Friday – Clemens and **Ralph Ashcroft** traveled to **Greenwich, Conn.** to visit **Jean Clemens**. Jean, her two nurses, and friend **Marguerite Schmidt**; the ladies would shortly move to Gloucester, Mass. Meanwhile, Isabel Lyon inspected the construction site of what would be Stormfield at Redding [Hill 197; 203]. *Note:* the exact date of Jean's move was not determined, but on May 20, Sam wrote a "welcome to your new home" for her. It becomes apparent that Hill used IVL's journals for much of his source, though he didn't always cite it.

Isabel Lyon's journal: We went to Redding today, Mother and I; and it was like driving along and looking through veils of exquisite color at a darling landscape, for the blooms of willow and maple and birch and cedar were so delicate and so different in color that you could see through them easily. The King's house is coming on very well, but the chaos there is appalling just now, for they are working on Santa's wing, and the loggia and the road and the path to the pergola and the terraces and the perron, and the cess pool and the gas works, and the interior decorations and today it seemed a little despairing, and I couldn't see my way, or their way out. And Lyonesse is so dear. The long line of study and living room and buttery and kitchen and wood house is such a splendid satisfying original long line, and the view from there is so beautiful, that we are both filled with happiness over it. Real happiness.

The King went to see Jean today. Ashcroft took him to Greenwich [MTP: IVL TS 48-49].

Diana Belais for the New York City Humane Society wrote to thank Sam for his permission to use his name in their cause; she'd asked the favor in her Apr. 17 letter [MTP].

Irene Gerken wrote from NYC to Sam. "I want to thank you very very much for your kind invitation and I was very sorry that I had to refuse you but my friend is giving a theater party and I have accepted the invitation. / Please give my love to Miss Lion [*sic*] and hoping that this letter will find you in good health" [MTP; Not in *MTAq*].

Hellen Elizabeth Martin wrote to Sam. "I received your nice letter and was so glad to get it. I also miss you very very much indeed. My brother Charlie went back to school on Wednesday 22nd. I have started my lessons and have a lot of new ones. We have got another little kitten only a month old.... Would you please write an autograph for a friend of mine her name is Grace Brown" [MTP; Not in *MTAq*].

J. Pease Norton for American Health League wrote to advise Clemens that his name had been nominated for membership in their organization. Questions (not detailed in the letter) were enclosed (not in file) for his reply [MTP].

April 25 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Helen Schuyler Allen**.

I miss you ever so much, you dear Helen. There's been a queer & constant reminder of you—salt in my hair—ever since that pleasant bath, until an hour ago when I washed it out with 5 separate & distinct soapings & scourings.

We had an enjoyable voyage—(though a little rough)—because I had a member of the Aquarium along, & also the Governor General. The Governor General (Gray)—is just a love! There couldn't be a more winning, & respect-compelling and human-being-at-its-very-best personality. And so the voyage was too short.

But I'm desolate now. My youngest daughter came yesterday, but she could stay only an hour or two, then hurry away. My other daughter (Clara) will arrive this evening. Meantime there's not an angel-fish on the place; the Aquarium is empty. Francesca (Atlanta Ga.), can't come till June. Dorothy (London) can't come any earlier. Margaret (up the Hudson at school), can't come till April 23. Dorothy (New Jersey) can't come till next Monday. You can see yourself, that things were looking gloomy for me—but my weather is improving, I am glad to say. Irene has telephoned that she is coming Saturday morning. She will play billiards until luncheon & after that, we will go to a matinée. Maybe her parents will allow her to stay over till Monday, then Dorothy will come.

The billiard room in the house we are building up-country will be the official headquarters of the Aquarium. On the walls will be the framed photographs of the members and over the door will be the sign "The Aquarium," in wood-carving. My daughter Jean will do the carving, & she is competent.

Good-bye, dear heart. Please remember me cordially to the others & at least all of that to yourself.

Lovingly,

SLC

The people of the Sandwich Islands have offered me a mantel-piece, of native wood, for the new house. Isn't that nice? Miss Lyon & the architect have forwarded the design, dimensions, etc. [MTP; *MTAq* 144-5].

Sam also replied to a not-extant letter from **Andrew Lang**, which from this reply, asked if Sam had received Lang's latest book. Gribben supplies *The Maid of France, Being the Story of the Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc*, London (1908) [395].

Dear Mr. Lang,—

I haven't seen the book nor any review of it, but only not very understandable *references* to it—of a sort which discomforted me, but of course set my interest on fire. I don't want to have to read it in French—I should lose the nice shades, & should do a lot of gross misinterpreting, too. But there'll be a translation soon, nicht wahr? I will wait for it. I note with joy that you say: "If you are lazy about comparing, (which I most

certainly *am*), I can make you a complete set of what the authorities say, & of what this amazing novelist says that they say."

Ah, do it for me! Then I will attempt the article, & (if I succeed in doing it to my satisfaction,) I will publish it. It is long since I touched a pen (3½ years), & I was intending to continue this happy holiday to the gallows, but—there are things that could beguile me to break this blessed Sabbath. / Yours very sincerely, ... [MTP].

Sam also replied to the Apr. 23 from **Dorothy Sturgis**.

Dear Miss Dorothy, I thank you ever so much for the picture; I am very glad to have it—your mother was quite right about it. I did not know it was from you until your letter came. Miss Lyon thinks you think you told her you were going to send me an Easter present, but forgot to really say it.

It is generally agreed that Joe Jefferson's son's Rip Van Winkle is not as good as his father's was, & some folks say the like about Sothern jr's Lord Dundreary as compared with his senior's rendition of the part—but *that* is a distinct mistake. Miss Lyon & I saw the piece this afternoon, & I laughed as I have not laughed before in 30 years—that is to say, not since I saw the elder Sothern in the part for the last time a generation ago. When you have the opportunity, go & see that play.

Miss Lyon sends you lots & lots of love, & so doth [MTP].

Note: **Edward H. Sothern**, son of **Edward Askew Sothern**, ended his engagement on this very day at the **Lyric Theatre**, where Sam, Miss Lyon and **Mrs. Collier** viewed the performance. Sothern played the part of Lord Dundreary, a part his father had played for many years [NY Times, 17 Apr. p. 7, "Theatrical notes"; NY Times 28 Jan, "Dundreary's Charm and Genial Humor"; Gribben 689]. See Sam's A.D. Apr. 28; Insert ad for play.

42d. W. of B' way. LYRIC SOTHERN NOTE.—Mr. Sothern has received so many requests from persons who saw his father play Lord Dundreary that he begs to state that a Special Matinee will be given on Wednesday, May 20th. during his coming engagement at the Academy of Music.	Last Matinee at 2. Last Night at 8. LORD DUNDREARY

Isabel Lyon's journal: "I shall never, never be able to catch up again for the days are only a kind of wind that whirls me along and away through a wonderful maze of living. Mrs. Collier, the King and I went to see Sothern in Dun Dreary" [MTP: IVL TS 49]. *Note:* see insert.

Philip Nichols Sunderland wrote to thank Sam for his check of \$4,063.78, the eighth payment on the contract for construction of the Redding house [MTP]. *Note:* Sunderlands were a three generation Danbury family of builders, who built Stormfield.

Monroe Sunshine wrote on Sunshine Pressing Appliance letterhead, NYC to Sam.

I dare say that as you strolled past 14 E 8th St. on your way to Fifth Ave late this afternoon you little dreamed that you passed within a few feet of one who was the protégé of old Joe Brown, once Mayor of Atton, Ill, later Mayor of St. Sonis and at one time owner of some of the fastest Mississippi boats.

Mr. Brown often told me that you were a very "bum" pilot. He said you had the habit of running "her" on sand banks.

Joe Brown is sleeping on one of the hills above Atton overlooking the river he loved so well.... I never had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Mr. Mark Twain but I certainly would like to [MTP].

April 26 Sunday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Eden Phillpotts**.

Dear Mr. Phillpotts:

The Human Boy Again has arrived, & I have just begun it & am greatly enjoying it. Meantime (in Bermuda) I read—& re-read—The Mother of the Man, with high admiration. A great book!

I wish I had energy enough to resume work upon one or two of my several half-finished books—but that is a dream, & won't ever come true. / Cordially your friend ... [MTP].

Note: Gribben supplies Phillpotts's dedication of the book: "TO MY DEAR FRIEND, / MARK TWAIN, / FATHER OF 'TOM SAWYER' AND / 'HUCKLEBERRY FINN,' / THESE HUMAN BOYS, / WITH SINCEREST REGARD." The title page quotes Mark Twain's aphorism from "Pudd'nhead Wilson's New Calendar" about the schoolboy who said that "Faith is believing what you know ain't so." *The Human Boy Again* (1908), and *The Mother of Man* (1908), both by Phillpotts [Gribben 544-5]. *Note:* See Philpotts letter of May 11.

Isabel Lyon's journal: That last Sunday evening batch was here again and we had a lovely time, for downstairs Margaret Frohman told us how she doesn't wear any drawers in her first act, and we chatted a cosy lot. The Frohmans left early and then the Waylands stayed until 1:30 and I a-perishing with sleep. But it is lovely to be a-perishing with sleep when the Waylands are here [MTP: IVL TS 49].

April 27 Monday – Helen Schuyler Allen wrote to Sam.

My dear Mr. Clemens, / I was afraid that possibly you had forgotten to write me, so decided I would write you first, and tell you how much I have missed you, I shall always remember the lovely times we had together and particularly our fine swim that last day you were in Bermuda. When ever I use my camera I think of you, and how kind you were to help me get it. Please do write me soon. I remain you loving and devoted "Angel-fish" / Helen Schuyler Allen

P.S. Please give my love to Miss Lyon [MTAq 146].

Dorothy Quick wrote to Sam, including her story, "Martin Chown," that Sam had asked for in his Apr. 24 letter.

Dear Mr Clemens

here is the story

What would have happened. The guests were gone and Martin Chown sat by the fire it was almost out. Martin Chown was an old man no not old but he was not young he was 65 years old he was alone and his thoughts were sad they went back to the last Christmas where he had sat in the death chamber of his wife and how she had when his train of thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a figure clothed in white You are happier as it is it said so is she.

"No No interrupted the man."

You are the spirit but I will show you what would have happened if she had lived Come Come

Martin Chown drew back.

Where was he to be taken but the spirit drew him forward do not be afraid come again. Martin Chown followed it. It led him to a room he looked and recognized the courtroom he was on the witness stand so was his wife

What does it mean he asked the spirit

it means that your wife would have loved someone eles and gotten rid of you through the divorce court

Will she suceed he was about to ask when he looked up the spirit and the courtroom had vanished he was once more seated by the now dying fire there was no sign of the spirit

Martin Chown slowly arose it is better as it is he said slowly He had learned that it is best to be contented with what is ordained

[—]

I have missed you very very much (also the cats but not so much) the play went on very well everyone said I did very well thank Miss very much for sending the bag Mother would write but she is sick in bed with lots of love your loving / Dorothy

P.S. give lots of love to Miss Lyon [MTAq 146-7].

Isabel Lyon's journal: A larynghaical cold, I've got. But I went with John Howells to look at gas fixtures at Caldwells' wonderful place on 15th street where they have the most exquisite reproductions from all nations. These men (Mr. Von Lossburg among them) spend their lives searching museums and excavations and

palaces for the most beautiful, perfect lamps and chandeliers and lanterns, and their place is comforting—more comforting than a museum [MTP: IVL TS 50].

V.F. Von Lossberg for Caldwell & Co., NYC wrote a list of fixtures “under consideration for your new residence” [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

April 28 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Nancy Langhorne Astor**.

Dear Cousin:

I am very sorry to hear that you have been sick, & very glad to believe that you are well again.

I wonder if I am really to have the lark of darting over to England & back, in the summer? The thought of it is enticing, but—There’s always a but. I do not suppose I can go—still, it is good enough material to dream upon, till by & by.

I went round the corner at midnight last Tuesday, & was in the humor to dance, but refrained, you not being there. I couldn’t manage it alone./ Ever yours [MTP].

Note: Virginia-born **Nancy Wicher Langhorne** (1879-1964) married Englishman **Waldorf Astor** (1879-1952) in 1906. It was the second marriage for both. Their English home, “Cliveden,” was the focal point for gatherings of literary figures and political leaders. It is likely that Sam met the Astors in his 1907 trip to England. When Astor inherited the title of Viscount he was elevated to the House of Lords. Nancy (Lady Astor) was elected to her husband’s former seat in 1919 in Parliament, becoming the first woman to serve in the House of Commons. The term “cousin” which Sam used was likely due to their common surname “Langhorne,” though Clemens family tradition held that the name was given to Samuel as an honor to a friend, not a relative. Clemens’ parents were from Virginia, as were the Langhornes, so it is likely that Nancy was related to the man whose name was given to Sam. Just where Sam went to dance at midnight on Apr. 21 is not known.

Sam also wrote to **Andrew Carnegie**.

Dear St. Andrew:

The whisky came at the right time. Of course—for whisky never comes at the wrong time.

“My boat is by the shore

And my bark is on the sea

But before I go, Tom Moore,

Here’s a health to Carnegie.”

Byron.

As always

† Mark [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Quick**.

Oh, you dear Dorothy, you have changed the story! You little rascal, you have put things in it that were not there before, & I want it *just as it was*. Be a good child, & send me the original manuscript—I will be sure & send it back to you.

Of course you did very well, in the play—I knew you would.

Dear heart, can’t you come up Saturday after next & play billiards & take lunch & go to a matinee & stay over till Monday? Can’t you? Won’t you? I hope so. Ask your mother, if you may come. I shan’t be here long—only a month; then our new house in the country will be finished, & we’ll go & live in it. And you must come there as soon as you can. There will be a bed in your room for your mother.

I haven’t seen a cat since you went away until to-night—then Tammany came up to play billiards.

With lots of love, / SLC

[*In the left-margin of the first page.*] I like the story in its changed form, but I like the former form a little the best [MTP; *MTAq* 147-8].

Sam's A.D. is given by Gribben:

"Clemens said that he last saw the senior **Edward A. Sothern** (1826-1881) as Lord Dundreary twenty-five years ago in Hartford, when Clemens laughed so constantly that he felt obliged to leave the theatre so as not to distract from Sothern's acting. "In those days it was the funniest thing I had ever seen on the stage, and I find that it is just as funny now as it was then. I saw it yesterday [*sic*]. I am old & intelligent now, and by earnest and watchful effort was able to keep from going into hysterics over it" [Gribben 689].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "These days are a crashing rush over the King's house [Redding]. I'm having a sorry time wasting time finding [wall]papers, but at the Alfred Peats Co. I'm getting them" [MTP: IVL TS 50].

Richard Watson Gilder wrote to Sam.

My grandfather was a Methodist class leader; my father was a Methodist preacher; my uncle was a Methodist preacher. These facts account for those virtues which you have always found shining so brightly in my person.

The above are the reasons also for my writing this line of introduction to a committee of Methodist ministers who have designs upon you. I do not know why they prefer yourself to Twichell but they apparently know what they want. ... [MTP].

John M. Howells wrote to advise Sam that they had ordered the Verrochio Cupid for the fountain on the lower terrace, enclosing a letter from The Erkins Co. supplying the Cupid [MTP].

John Larkin, attorney, NYC wrote to Sam.

The two suits by the City of New York one against you as executor of Mrs. Clemens for about \$75. for taxes for the year 1905, and the other against you personally for about \$750. for taxes for the same year, have, as you know, been pending for some months. I have kept the suits open during your absence.... I think the suit against you as executor for the small amount will have to be paid. As regards the other suit...the only way to settle the suit is by your appearing either in person or by your secretary or someone else who is familiar your your affairs and making an affidavit before the Corporation Counsel showing that the assessment, which was \$50,000, was excessive [MTP].

Edith Thompson wrote from Milwaukee, Wisc. to Sam. "When I reached home last Saturday, I found your letter and book. It was lovely of you to send it to me and I appreciate it very much. / We had a very rough trip home also, but it was not as rough as yours, I don't think. / Yours..." [MTP]. *Note:* the lady was likely in Bermuda about the same time Clemens was there.

April 29 Wednesday— Sam wrote a sketch unpublished until 2009: "Dr. Van Dyke as a Man and as a Fisherman" [*Who Is Mark Twain?* xxvi, 87-94]. *Note:* title assigned by the MTP. Undoubtedly the sketch owes itself to an *Atlantic* article in the May 1908 issue by **Henry Bradford Washburn**, "Shall We Hunt and Fish? The Confessions of a Sentimentalist," where Washburn opens with a quotation from Van Dyke's "Some Remarks on Gulls, with a Foot-note on a Fish," *Scribner's Magazine* Aug. 1907. In his **A.D.** for this day Sam wrote (not dictated): "Last night I read in the *Atlantic* a passage from one of Rev. Dr. Van Dyke's books....I like Van Dyke, and I greatly admire his literary style—notwithstanding the drawback that a good deal of his literary product is of a religious sort" [Gribben 722: DV 251 MTP]. *Note:* Van Dyke would be "an officiating clergyman" at Sam's funeral at the Brick Presbyterian.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "The King can't dictate these days—he is waiting to be settled in the Redding house" [MTP: IVL TS 50].

Kendall Banning wrote to Lyon (though catalogued to Lyon & Clemens) about making another cast of Clemens' hand. "The cast taken this afternoon has turned out satisfactorily so far as we know, but we would like to show the hand in different position.... I am writing to Mr. Henry H. Rogers to-day with a request that he also pose for us. It might be possible to arrange to take casts of both Mr. Clemens and Mr. Rogers' hands at the same time—a plan which was suggested by Mr. Clemens himself" [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "It was a poor cast they made—not showing the wrist or palm." Also, a clipping is in the file, paper not specified, "H.H. ROGERS SAID TO BE IN VERY POOR HEALTH."

Howells & Stokes wrote a short note advising that they were ordering two exterior Venetian blinds to fit the two openings at the end of the loggia, for \$128.50 [MTP].

April 30 Thursday – **Frances Nunnally** wrote from Baltimore to Sam.

While I was at home for my holidays, I started several times to write to you, but something always interrupted me, so I am going to try to write now. I had such a good time at home, that it was awfully hard when I had to come back to school. There is just six weeks to this term, though, and I think it will pass very quickly. When I come up to New York about the first or middle of June, I hope very much I can see you. Margaret Disosway told me when she came back to school that Mrs. Quick had taken her to call on you while she was in New York, and I surely wish I had been there.

I think we will sail for England on the "Minneapolis" on the sixth of June, but there may be some trouble about my leaving school before it is over. We have gotten our passage for that date and I don't know what we will do if they will not let me leave school early. They have always been very strict about that sort of thing here, thought. Perhaps we can get passage on a later boat.

I want this letter to go off on the afternoon mail so I will stop. / With love, / Francesca [MTAq 148-9].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "I went to Redding this afternoon, and after a drive of 4 miles in a driving rain (open carriage—no top) Lounsbury's wife welcomed us, and I went early to bed" [MTP: IVL TS 50].

May – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam inscribed a copy of *LM* to an **unidentified person**: "Mark Twain /. I published this book at my own expense, as an experiment in economy. It cost me fifty-six thousand dollars before the first copy issued from the press. / SLC / May, 1908." [MTP].

Sam discussed *The Age of Reason* by **Thomas Paine** (1737-1809) with **Albert Bigelow Paine**, who quotes Twain:

"...that seems a mild book now. I read it first when I was a cub pilot, read it with fear and hesitation, but marveling at its fearlessness and wonderful power. I read it again a year or two ago, for some reason, and was amazed to see how tame it had become. It seemed that Paine was apologizing everywhere for hurting the feelings of the reader" [MTB 1445].

Bookman (NY) ran an anonymous article, "Travelling with Mark Twain," p. 227-8. Tenney: "Describes the hold of MT and Kipling on all who speak English; for example, when MT boarded the *Bermudian* a stevedore asked, 'Where's his white suit?' On the ship, a traveler introduced himself because he thought it was 'the duty—and the privilege—of every American—to shake hands—with Mark Twain'" [Tenney, *ALR Third Annual Supplement to the Reference Guide* (Autumn, 1979) 192].

The Circle published an anonymous article, "At Home with Famous Authors: A Glimpse into the workshop where seven great writers do their thinking and writing." Tenney: "Includes a photograph of W.D. Howells at his desk, and one of MT in bed" [Tenney, *ALR Second Annual Supplement to the Reference Guide* (Autumn, 1980) 175].

May 1 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to the Apr. 30 to **Frances Nunnally**.

The way you are arranging things, you little rascal, what sort of a glimpse of you am I going to get? Before the 6th of June we shall be living in the house I am building in the country. However, it isn't far away—only an hour & a half. When you arrive here I will come to town & see you—and then I hope you & your mother can run out to the villa with me & give me a visit.

If you should need to change your steamship-date, let me know, & I will put it into the hands of Ashcroft & Miss Lyon & save you the bother of attending to it.

It was a great pleasure to see Miss Margaret; I hope it isn't to be the last time. Francesca dear, is Atlanta vain of you two, or are you samples of just the ordinary average product of that place? /With love ... [MTP; *MTAq* 149].

Isabel Lyon's journal: I drove to look at a Redding farm of 70 acres and a dear old house for \$3500. for Zoheth and Sheba and then Lounsbury took me to Lyonesse and Eugene Adams and I had a splendid half hour planning for the arrangement for the house. We tore the plaster from the stone work around the mantles and it reveals a lovely old chimney piece of coarse stone work that I shall leave exposed. But the work of the day was at the King's house going over and over the rooms to get the sense of them, and to correct a score of tiny mistakes.

The work *seems* to go forward very slowly and outside of the house is chaos. Santa's wing is an improvement to the whole house [MTP: IVL TS 50-51].

May 2 Saturday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** Headache. So ill all day, for I wept without control for hours last night, because I was exhausted, and the fact that Santa [Clara] misunderstood all my efforts, in working over the house. My anxiety over the finishings, my interest in my search for the right thing for the King's house has all been misinterpreted, and the child says I am trying to ignore her. All my effort has been to please her, to keep her from the dreary search of hours and hours to find the right thing, or shape or color. The King has resented my being out of the house so much, until I've told him that I only seem neglectful and that all my days are only for his interest, and that when he thinks that I am out frolicking, I am only trying to save *his* money and Santa's strength. Oh, so ill I am [MTP: IVL TS 51].

Charles H. Higgs wrote from Chicago to Sam about CS and the cult which he'd studied for 25 years. Higgs praised the book as "the best presentation of the facts of any work so far," and advised Sam to revise the first half of the book so as not to "raise prejudice in the minds of some" [MTP].

Rossiter Johnson for the National Alumni wrote to ask Sam's permission to include 2 to 4,000 word synopses of *GA* or *PW* or *TS* in their forthcoming 20 volume set [MTP]. *Note:* Harper's was consulted and, in a May 23 letter to Lyon, they thought it unwise.

Charles J. Langdon wrote to Sam from 355 South Marengo Avenue in Pasadena, Calif., where he'd gone for his health. He asked Sam for an autographed photo for a friend, **Joseph E. Hinds**, who "lives here and has been very kind to me during my stay." He finished with: "I expect to be here until about the middle of June and a letter sent to the above address would reach me" [MTP; Mark Woodhouse, Elmira College email Jan. 31, 2011]. *Note:* Twain signed a photo for Joseph sometime in 1905: see 1905 year listings.

Dorothy Sturgis wrote to Sam.

My dear Mr. Clemens / How do you think I have spent my entire day to-day? Reading "The Prince and the Pauper". I have always loved it, but now it has an added interest for me since I know its author!

Perhaps you remember that in your last letter to me you spoke of Sothorn's Lord Dundreary. I saw it when it was here, and thought it was perfectly splendid, and just as funny as it could be! But possibly a little too long drawn out in some places, such as the time when Lord Dundreary has that long conversation with the girl, whom [he] eventually marries, just outside the house.

Papa went to New York last night on business, and I begged him to take me with him so that I could come and see you, but he remained hard hearted and refused to take me!

Give my love to Miss Lyon, but tell her I shan't love her any more if she does not send me those pictures of you pretty soon, because you must remember that I have no picture of you at all! On Easter mama gave me a beautiful Japanese silver picture frame, with the opening four inches in diameter, and I am hoping that a picture of you will fit that. / Ever your loving / Dorothy [MTAq 149-50]. *Note:* **Edward H. Sothern**; see Apr. 25 entry.

May 3 Sunday— Isabel Lyon's journal: "Ill all day, but I did go up to the Wayland's for dinner with a stiff larynx—and a heavy heart" [MTP: IVL TS 51].

A.J. Dawson wrote from Scotland to ask Sam, "When will you come back again? The U.S. shouldn't be selfish; we too have rights....Yours so affectionately." Dawson quoted Sam's "The Aged Pilot Man" from *RI* (1872) [MTP].

Dorothy Quick wrote from Plainfield, NJ, enclosing the story of "Martin Chown" she'd written. "I think I copied the story exactly...I have lost one sheet of the original but I'll send what I have[,] I'm sorry now I copied it over but Mother said the writing was very bad. I want to come up next Saturday very much & I think I can" [MTP; not in MTAq].

May 4 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to the May 3 from Dorothy Quick.

You are just a dear, you little rascal! I shall be so glad to see you. I shall be downstairs waiting for you at 11.30 when you come.

It was lovely of you to send me the original MS of the story.

We certainly did have good times in Tuxedo, & I guess we will duplicate them in the new house in the country. We'll start The Author's League again, & you will dictate & I will be your amanuensis.

Yes, Wednesday will be time enough to let me know whether you can come or not—but I do hope you won't fail to come, dear heart.

I am watching out for the violets; it is very sweet of you to send them. / With lots of love ... [MTP; MTAq 150]. *Note:* in his **Apr. 28** to Quick, Sam had asked her to "come up Saturday after next" (May 9) and to stay over till Monday, May 11. She wrote him shortly about May 6 however (not extant) that she was down with a cold and wanted to postpone the visit until the following weekend.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Somebody has put all these sickening ideas into Santa's head and I feel that my interest in the house is dead forever" [MTP: IVL TS 52].

Arnold Briggs from England wrote a fan letter to Sam. While confessing that American humor seemed "abstruse" to him, he'd just finished "A Horse's Tale," which he loved. He closed by asking for an autograph [MTP].

Andrew Lang wrote from Kensington, London. "If you will lay 60s [*illegible word*] it is all right. I believe he is to be translated, and has only afraid that he may expect his [*illegible word*], but I will give you what I can find" [MTP]. *Note:* see Clemens' Apr. 25 reply to Lang's non-extant.

May 5 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon's journal: "Eulabee Dix / Mr. Clemens remembers that you want a sitting for his hand./ Margery. / Mustn't forget that Mr. Clemens is counting on your & Carolines visit. It isn't entirely selfish" [MTP: IVL TS 52]. *Note:* this entry is on a separate scrap of paper, undated and placed in this date; it may not relate.

Homer G. Curless wrote from Springfield, Ohio to ask Sam's advice. Which books should a young man put in his library? [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Mr. Clemens would be glad if he were able to give advice, but he finds that the taste of each person must determine the matter"

Howells & Stokes wrote to Sam about “addition of certain apparatus” to “facilitate the connection of a second generating unit” for acetylene gas [MTP].

May 6 Wednesday – In N.Y.C. **Isabel Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Frederick A. Duneka**.

“Mr. Clemens asks me to write for him & say that as these people want such a small quantity of stuff, & as it would look better to be in the collection than out of it, if you have no objection he will tell them to go ahead” [MTP]. *Note:* likely some unidentified group wanting to reprint snippets of Mark Twain’s published works, though also unidentified.

George L. Carlisle wrote to Sam, enclosing his first attempt at a book, *Around the World in a Year*. (1908). He sought Sam’s opinion of the book [MTP]. *Note:* See Gribben p. 127.

Dorothy Quick wrote a short note to Sam. “I have such a bad cold I won’t be able to come in this week if you want me I can come next week instead. I am disappointed. I put off writing till the last minute as Mother thought I might be all right...”[MTP; not in *MTAq*].

May 7 Thursday – **Isabel Lyon’s journal:** “I dined, Mother too, with the Waylands at the Café Beaux Arts and then we went to see Margaret Illington [Frohman] again in ‘The Thief’”[MTP: IVL TS 52].

Charles H. Keep for the Knickerbocker Trust sent a form letter thanking Sam as one of their depositors, allowing them to reorganize [MTP].

May 8 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Dorothy Quick**.

(Joan of Arc’s Day.)

Your letter came last night, dear, & brought me such a disappointment. I am so sorry you have a cold, but glad you are taking proper care of it. It would not be wise for you to make a journey in the draughty cars at such a time.

“If you want me I can come next week.” If I *want* you! Can you imagine when I *don’t* want you? As far as my understanding of it goes, I want you all the time. I hope you will get entirely over your cold, dear heart, & will come to me to-morrow week sound & well.

The violets came promptly, & the reason I did not write you to that effect was, that I wanted to *tell* you, & show them to you unwithered; for Claude undertook to keep them fresh, & he has done it. You dear sweet child, to send them to me [MTP; *MTAq* 151]. *Note:* **Claude Benchotte** the butler.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Santa is never sure for 24 hours if she will be able to make this trip to London. The plans are all going forward. / My days are terrible—except for a few placid moments with the King” [MTP: IVL TS 52].

Zoheth S. Freeman for Merchants National Bank wrote to Lyon (though catalogued as to Clemens) [MTP].

May 9 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Dorothy Sturgis**.

Dear Miss Dorothy:

Why, bless you heart, your father isn’t a bit necessary on a short journey like that. Use him for company, & leave the rest to us. We will meet you at the station; & take care of you; & when you return homeward we will put you on board your car. It is all easy, & handy, & safe—you see that it is, yourself. Next time you have a chance to come down, tell us your train, & come right along. We will take you off your father’s hands at the station, giving a receipt for you if required; & on your return we will deliver you unimpaired into his hands.

There, I've said it twice. That is because I wrote pages 1 about a week ago, & didn't re-read it when I began page 2 at the bottom of page 1.

[May 9] I have been waiting and waiting for the photographs to come from the developer before writing you. They never came until last night, & they were bad, when they *did* come. I enclose the only good one. The likeness of you is very good, but I wish you had washed your face before sitting. The picture ought to have been taken right after the wave-drench, then you would have been up to standard. The chair-back at your left is VERY good.

The picture will fit the frame your mother gave you, I think. You say you have no picture of me at all. Do you mean a solitaire? There's plenty, but they are too large for the frame—but *they* don't belong in that frame, anyhow.

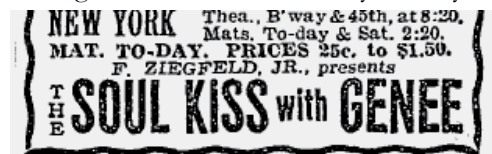
We are going to the police-parade, now. Good bye. With the love of / S L C

P. S. Miss Lyon has brought copies of the two other pictures. I enclose them [MTP; MTAq 151-2].

After the parade, Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Quick**, revealing the day's activities.

I hope the cold is well—I mean I hope *you* are well of the cold, you dear Dorothy. I had arranged to take you to the police-parade, but I took Miss Lyon in your place. Perhaps it was best that you were not there, for it was cloudy part of the time, & a little chilly. It was much the most splendid parade I have ever seen, either in Europe or America, & I am sure you would have enjoyed it.

I took Ashcroft & Miss Lyon to the matinée, & the box was an unusually large & comfortable one, but I didn't like the piece. It was too frivolous & vaudevillian, & too much ballet & clothes and foolish songs. I got very tired of it, & was glad you were not there. We must find something better for next Saturday when you come. I miss you, & shall be so glad to see you, dear. / With lots of love, ...[MTAq 152-3]. *Note:* IVL's journal gives the matinee performance: *The Soul Kiss*, a musical in two acts, produced by Florenz Ziegfeld at the New York Theatre [Gribben 649].



Sam inserted the following newspaper article:

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS REVIEWING TO-DAY'S POLICE PARADE

[photograph of five men captioned as follows:]

MARK TWAIN. CARDINAL LOGUE. ARCHBISHOP FARLEY. PRESIDENT M'GOWAN. PATROLMAN FARLEY.

This is a photograph of the scene on the reviewing stand this afternoon while the medals of honor were being presented to the brave policemen who had won them during the past year. At one end of the row of guests shown here is Mark Twain, wearing a derby hat, and at the other end Patrolman James Farley, who has been fifty years on the force and who was present at the special invitation of Commissioner Bingham. next to Mark Twain is Cardinal [Michael] Logue, Primate of Ireland, with Archbishop Farley on his left. President McGowan, of the Board of Aldermen, is on the Archbishop's left.

[beside a face in the background SLC has written '× Miss Lyon.']

Isabel Lyon's journal: The King, Ashcroft and I went to see "The Soul Kiss"—a horrid sort of play, but Gence the Danish dancer was beautiful and wonderful" [MTP: IVL TS 52-53].

Irene Gerken wrote from Deal Beach, NJ: "My dear Mr Clemens / I am now in the country and am having a fine time, only it is not very good weather and can not go out. But as it is a good day to write letters I am kept pretty busy, I am going to call on Anne Fields tomorrow and as it is not very far I am going in the Auto. Please give my love to Miss Lion" [MTP; not in MTAq].

Howells & Stokes wrote to Sam, enclosing a copy of drawing #45, showing the arrangement of bookcases in the living room, hall and billiard room of the Redding house [MTP].

May 10 Sunday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “The Waylands and the Frohmans were here for dinner again, and a young journalist” [MTP: IVL TS 53].

Frances Nunnally wrote to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens, — / Thank you very much for your kind offer to change our steamship passage for us, but we have already succeeded in getting very good accommodations on the “Minnetonka.” So we shall sail on the thirteenth instead of on the sixth of June. By the present arrangements, I will only have about one day in New York before we sail, as I am not to leave here until the eleventh. I certainly hope I can see you before we leave. When do you expect to go to your new house? I know you will be glad to get there, in the country. I surely would love to make you a visit in your new home, but as I said, I will just have one day before we sail.

I am having to study awfully hard now, but in three weeks the worst part of my work will be over, and then it will not be anytime before school closes. Then I am sure my summer abroad will make up for all the hard work. / With love, / Francesca [MTAq 153].

May 11 Monday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Margaret Frohman has sent me a darling colonial tea service” [MTP: IVL TS 53].

A.C. Furbush wrote from Georgetown, Conn., hearing of Sam’s plans to donate books to start a library in West Redding at the Umpawaug Chapel. Furbush argued that Clemens’ books would get better exposure if he donated them to Georgetown’s library, which was recently started by laboring people [MTP].

Katherine Nichols wrote from Newark, NJ to Sam. “Dear Cousin: / If you think I am worthwhile, I would greatly appreciate a reproduction in marble of Karl Gerhardt’s bust of you, miniature size. / Its really an accurate likeness!” After her signature: “How would you like me to get you into spiritual communication with Susie? I can do it; under the proper influences or auspices” [MTP].

Eden Phillpotts wrote from Hotel Minerva, Florence, Italy to Sam.

My Dear Friend / I do hope you are back like a giant refreshed from the vexed Bermoothes to your unfinished books.

I saw a plaster picture of you in a shop window yesterday & smiled upon it. And somehow I seem to expect the white vision of you at every street corner! “The Mother” [see Apr. 26 Notes] (the line little which has to be changed in U.S.A.) is a little too saccharine, but it was written for love of one woman: my own mother who said to me “the time has come for you to write me a book; & my book shall be a joy & not a grief.” So I obeyed & found in the heredity of goodness a them that promised beauty & hope.

I wonder if you would like a copy of the book from me? You shall have it when I go home in July.... I wonder what you liked best in Florence?

PS / I suppose it is not in my power to do you any service in Florence but if so, command me [MTP].

Dorothy Quick wrote to Sam.

My Dear Mr Clemens

I am almost well now but not quite. I am so glad you got the violets all right. It was so funny how I got this cold that I must tell you about it. I was in school Tuesday when suddenly my eye began to get red. & Miss Arnold (my teacher) said she was afraid I was going to have a pink eye and I had better go home which I did. I did not have pink eye but I got nervous; hence the cold. But I am all right now except a slight cough. How are the cats? “Oh dear! look at the time quarter of nine; I must go to bed.” So I will say “good night” and close with lots & lots of love / I am / Your very loving / Dorothy

P.S. Please give Miss Lyon lots of love for me. Dorothy [MTP; *MTAq* gives May 12].

May 12 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Dorothy Quick**.

You dear little Dorothy, it was very fortunate that you escaped the pinkeye, for although a cold is bad, pinkeye is worse, & is a stubborn & painful malady.

I shall look for you Saturday morning with high anticipations. We've got a box for "Girls," & they say it is very good, & is clean & wholesome & hasn't any of that horrible ballet-dancing in it, such as we saw last Saturday.

Margaret Illington has been trying to get into our Aquarium, & I wouldn't let her; but Sunday night she came here to dinner with her husband (Daniel Frohman), & she was dressed for 12 years, & had pink ribbons at the back of her neck & looked about 14 years old; so I admitted her as an angel-fish, & pinned the badge on her bosom. There's lots of lady-candidates, but I guess we won't let any more in, unless perhaps Billy Burke.

I've got something for you. It cost 10 cents. I took it away from Ashcroft.

I haven't seen the kittens lately, but Tammany came up Sunday night & jumped up on the table & helped us play billiards—uninvited. / With lots & lots of love, / SLC

Dear heart, we must start the Author's League again [MTAq 154].

Note: source provides that *Girls* ran for 64 performances at Daly's Theatre in New York and starred **Laura Nelson Hall**. **Margaret Illington**, wife of Daniel Frohman, manager of the Lyceum Theatre [n1-2].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Hunting clothes for Santa" [MTP: IVL TS 53].

Frank Bloodgood wrote to Sam, agreeing to "furnish and hang all wall papers, Japanese grass cloth, Burlap, etc., prepare and tint all ceilings, paint all bath rooms, etc. at your residence in Redding...for the sum of ...\$1,285.00" [MTP].

Angie J. King wrote from Janesville, Wisc. to praise CS [MTP].

May 13 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote a letter of introduction for **George M. Robinson**, wealthy Elmira furniture maker, to **Bram Stoker**. "This is George Robinson, a friend of mine of 40 years' standing, & I hope you will tell him the things he wishes to know, for Clara's sake & mine" [MTP]. *Note:* **George M. Robinson** was a lineal descendant of John Robinson, one of the Mayflower emigrants of 1620. See Aug. 20, 1890 entry, Vol. II. Also, the reference to **Clara** and the need for Sam's note become clear by this **May 14, 1908**, p. 9 squib in the New York *Times*, under the heading, "MUSIC AND MUSICIANS":

George M. Robinson sails on the Baltic to-day to arrange for the concert appearance in London and Paris of Miss Clara Clemens, the contralto, daughter of Mark Twain, and Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, who will sail Saturday on the Caronia [*Note:* Robinson was Clara's new manager, hired at \$300 per month [Hill 215].

Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to **Calvin H. Higbie**. "Mr. Clemens asks me to write for him & say that he has no idea of the value of the article you speak of; that you might be able to sell it to some newspaper out here, but what they would give you for it is a thing that Mr. Clemens could not possibly determine" [MTP]. *Note:* this a reply to a non-extant request from Sam's old mining partner.

Helen S. Allen wrote from Bermuda to Sam.

My dear Mr. Clemens,

I was so glad to hear you hadn't forgotten me but that it was only the mail. How sorry I was to hear that Miss Lyon was ill and I am also glad to hear that she is better now. A dreadful thing happened the other night!

Some dogs came and killed all my guinea pigs and rabbits, except one rabbit who hid itself away in the coal room.

There is to be a fancy dress dance at Government House on the 22nd of May. It is the Governor's little boys birthday and lots of children are asked and some of the cadets from the ships. Maxwell is going as an Indian Chief and I as Juliet, I went in this costume once before.

I have never met Irene, but I saw her with you while she was here and I must admit I envy her being with you in New York.

Mother and Daddy have not decided whether I am to go away this winter to school, but if I do not I am looking forward to seeing you here.

Will you please write to me again soon? because I shall love to here about all your plans and doings.

With lots of love for Miss Lyon and yourself

I remain / Your "Bermuda angel-fish"

Helen Schuyler Allen [*MTAq* 155-6].

John H. Finley sent a telegram to Sam: "Electric cab will call for you tomorrow morning nine fifteen to bring you to the college for exercises" [MTP]. *Note:* see May 14 entry.

Jessie G. Happ wrote from South Bend, Ind. to tell Sam the story of his father, who was injured in the Civil War and had been denied twice in applying for a pension increase. Would Clemens aid his father "in bringing this matter before Congress"? [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: Mr. Clemens would like to be able"

Frederick T. Leigh for Harper & Brothers wrote to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens: / You will remember that you referred a letter to us, of Mr. Rossiter Johnson [May 2], Editor-in-Chief of the National Alumni, in which the gentleman offered you \$500. for permission to use in his forthcoming set of books, from 2,000 to 4,000 words either from "The Gilded Age" or "Pudd'nhead Wilson" and "Tom Sawyer".

After considerable consideration and examining into the matter, I think it would be an undesirable thing to grant the permission asked.

We have consistently, for more than four years, refrained from letting anybody print anything from your books in the various collections of authors' writings, in readers, etc., etc., and it is believed that this policy has been a wise one and resulted in increased sales of your books in sets and singly. As it is, no one can now make use of your name to help them sell the collected writings of others. ...[MTP].

Otto H. Kuhn for Kuhn, Loeb & Co., NYC wrote to Sam.

I am obliged for your note of the 13th instant. As I wrote Miss Herts yesterday, existing engagements make it impossible for me to be present at the meeting at your house this afternoon. I regret this exceedingly, both because the object of the Children's Educational Theatre is particularly sympathetic to me and because it would have afforded me much pleasure to meet you and the other gentlemen concerned [MTP].

Dorothy Sturgis wrote to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens

I'm just going to write you this letter to see how famous you are & not put any address on it. Do tell me if it reaches you! / DMS

Samuel Clemens

21 5 Ave.

N.Y.

I put this on so that if they don't know your address they will find it inside [*MTAq* 156]. *Note:* Sam wrote on the page, "It arrived promptly."

May 14 Thursday – Sam left **21 Fifth Ave.** at 10 a.m., sat on the platform for the **City College Ceremonies** for three and a half hours, then returned home at 3 p.m. and an hour later took a walk: “At 4 I walked out to 57th street & made a call, then came back in the ’bus—for it was raining” [May 15 to Jean]. In the evening he gave a speech for the banquet of the **Alumni of the City College**, below:

Sam was included as a speaker at the **Waldorf-Astoria Hotel** for the **Jubilee celebration of the College of the City of New York**. He arrived at 9:30 p.m. The *New York Times*, p. 5 covered the event:

JUBILEE DEDICATION FOR CITY COLLEGE

Eighty Seats of Learning Represented at the Ceremonies on St. Nicholas Heights.

BRYCE AND TWAIN THERE

Mrs. Cleveland Touches Electric Button That Rings
the Tower Bell Signalizing the Dedication.

The College of the City of New York which cost \$6,500,000 and in its completed state is said to be second to none in the United States, was dedicated yesterday to the cause of higher education, free to all, under the most auspicious conditions.

The day was an ideal one for the ceremonies, at which no less than eighty colleges of this and other lands were represented in the throng that was gathered for the dedicatory exercises.

Aside from the actual dedication there were two notable features. One was the ovation with which Mark Twain was received. The other was the raising of the Stars and Stripes to the lofty flagstaff on the plaza, while the assembled company sang “America” and the silken folds of the emblem snapped in the breeze.

The exercises began at 9:15 o’clock with a reception for the speakers and distinguished guests in Townsend Harris Hall, where the academic procession was formed. It was a few minutes after 10 o’clock, while the Seventh Regiment Band played an overture, that the line, with Major Charles E. Lydecker, Marshal in Chief, at its head, moved from the north door of Harris Hall toward the plaza, where the presentation and raising of the flags of the city and of the Nation took place.

President McGowan of the Board of Alderman, introduced by Dr. Finley, President of the college, presented the city flag.

“We of New York owe allegiance to three flags,” said Mr. Gowan. “First is our allegiance to the National flag, with beautiful and inspiring Stars and Stripes; second, to the flag of this Commonwealth, the emblem of the great Empire State, and the greatest and most powerful in the Union; third, the flag of this city.”

Flag Flung to the Breeze.

The emblem was received by a delegation of students, who hurried with it to the tower of the auditorium, from which it was soon flung to the breeze.

Edward Lauterback, on behalf of the Associate Alumni of the college, presented the National emblem. The flag-raising which followed the address and formal presentation, was inspiring. With thousands grouped about the flagstaff “Old Glory” was run up and in a moment it was caught in the breeze.

As the band struck up the “Star Spangled Banner” every hat was doffed and cheer after cheer rang out to be echoes and re-echoed among the turreted towers of the surrounding buildings.

Mark Twain reached the grounds just before the flag-raising, and instantly recognized he was welcomed with cheers as he walked with buoyant step from the Amsterdam Avenue gate to the plaza. He wore the gown of a Doctor of Laws of Oxford, and the red and pale blue of his flowing robe and his shock of white hair would have made him a conspicuous figure in any assemblage. He joined a group of the guests and speakers consisting of Ambassador Bryce, President Eliot of Harvard University, Joseph H. Choate, Mayor McClellan, and Edward M. Shepard, President of the college trustees, all greeting him cordially.

The movement of the guests and speakers to the main hall, where the dedication exercises proper took place, proved a triumphal procession for Mark Twain. He walked with St. Clair McKelway, but all efforts to

carry on a conversation with the editor were futile. Cheer after cheer rang out for the distinguished author. He smiled, waved his hand and doffed his cap to the enthusiastic throng. The undergraduates were unsparing in their welcome of the famous man of letters.

"What do you think of it?" he was asked.

"I am not a bit embarrassed," he replied.

Another reporter asked him if he didn't wish all the shouting boys could vote.

"That I don't," he said, laughing. "I am afraid they might elect me Sheriff, or to some other high office which I am not qualified to fill."

It was the City College's day, and Mark Twain's.

In the great hall those taking part in the programme were seated in the front row on the platform. Among them was Mrs. Grover Cleveland, who had a simple but interesting duty to perform in connection with the dedication. She sat between Mr. Shepard and President Finley, and was quickly recognized. She was quietly dressed in black, with just a dash of color in the form of purple trimming and a bit of lace at the throat. Her hat was trimmed with flowers and a white wing.

The exercises began with an invocation offered by Mgr. Lavelle, followed by the formal presentation of the buildings to the Mayor of the city by Mr. Shepard. Turning to Mayor McClellan, Mr. Shepard said:

"It is the plain duty of the Trustees at this dedication to express their special sense of the obligation which the college and city owe the genius and labors of George B. Post, the architect, and of those who have labored with him here.

"We offer, Mr. Mayor, this great hall and these buildings upon St. Nicholas Heights as the result of our stewardship over the moneys and other power which the city has put into our hands. Whatever may be amiss in what we have done we are confident that here is fit provision for the present work of the President, Faculty, and instructors, who must, in truth, be the rulers of the college, and for it earn its lesser or its greater glory.

"No doubt there must in time come still larger provision, but what has thus far been done makes easy on these very heights that increase in college work which will inevitably come with the Greater and still Greater New York. through the work of President Finley and his associates and successors may God bring the full measure of a great blessing to the City of New York, to those who dwell within its borders, and to those who are within the ever larger and larger, and, we pay, the nobler and still nobler, scope of its influence."

[passage cut here]

Every one settled back for a good laugh when President Finley called on Mark Twain to speak for Oxford, introducing him as the foremost figure in American letters. When he could make himself heard, the author said, in all seriousness:

"How difficult, indeed, is the higher education. Mr. Choate evidently needs a little of it. He is not only lacking as a statistician of New York, but he is off, way off, in his mathematics. 'Four thousand citizens of New York,' indeed!

"But I don't think it was wise or judicious on the part of Mr. Choate to show the kind of higher education he has obtained. He has said that seventy years ago he was in the lap of that great educator Horace Mann. I was there at the time—and see the result, the lamentable result. May be, if he had had a sandwich here to sustain him, the result would not have been so serious.

Gov. Hughes was to have spoken, but telegraphed that he was kept away by pressing official duties. He sent his congratulations.

400 ALUMNI AT THE WALDORF. [This at 9 p.m.]

They Sing Old Songs and Listen to the Wisdom of Mark Twain.

The "old boys" of the College of the City of New York—400 strong—representing the Associate Alumni of the institution, lustily last night drank to the long life and prosperity of their alma mater at a dinner in the Waldorf-Astoria. It was the closing feature of the day of celebration in connection with the dedication of the new buildings on St. Nicholas Heights. The alumni sang the song with a zest which revived memories of the old days, when they were enrolled as students in the buildings now vacated for the larger and more magnificent quarters which the city has built.

And when the echoes had died away, the alumni and members of the college Faculty, together with the Presidents of several other colleges in this and other States, listened to the words of wisdom and wit by Mark Twain and others.

One suggestion made by Mark Twain may take root and grow, the college men say, although, when offered last night, it was partially cloaked in jest. The suggestion was that a chair of citizenship be established at City College, and the idea met with applause. Mark Twain, who was late in arriving at the dinner, was lustily cheered. Some one facetiously shouted, "Who is Mark Twain?"

Instantly came the reply from many throats:

"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Before the author was called upon to speak, the other speakers had been frequently interrupted by cries of "Louder!" And on this Mark Twain commented:

"If you have a voice loud enough to state what you have to state you don't have to have anything in what you say anyhow." And then he told of the Mayor's suggestion made in his speech at the dedication exercises in the afternoon, that citizenship should be placed above everything, even learning.

Mark Twain's Suggestion.

"I thought when the Mayor said that there was not a man within hearing who did not agree with that sentiment," added Mr. Clemens. "And then I thought—is there in any college of the land a chair of citizenship where good citizenship and all that it implies is taught? there is not one—that is, not one where sane citizenship is taught. There are some which teach insane citizenship, bastard citizenship, but that is all. Patriotism! Yes, but patriotism is usually the refuge of the scoundrel. He is the man who talks the loudest.

"You can begin that chair of citizenship in the College of the City of New York. You can place it above mathematics and literature, and that is where it belongs.

"Some years ago on the gold coins we used to trust in God. We didn't put it on the coppers and the nickels because we were not sure. If you teach citizenship you will teach that veracity is one of the first principles of good citizenship. I think that the Congress of the United States should take it upon itself to state just what we do believe in.

"That statement on the gold coins, 'In God We Trust,' was an overstatement. There is not a nation in the world which ever put its faith in God. In the unimportant cases of life, perhaps, we do trust in God—that is, if we rule out the gamblers and burglars, and plumbers, for of course they do not believe in God.

"If cholera ever reached these shores the bulk of the Nation would pray to be delivered from the plague, but the rest of the population would put their trust in the Boards of Health. If I remember rightly, the President required or ordered the removal of that sentence from the coins. Well, I didn't see that the statement out to remain there. It wasn't true.

"The author then told of the forty-two children in the Holy Land who were devoured by two bears, and suggested that if they put their trust in God, as they had been advised to do by the prophet, they were sadly disappointed.

He Respects the Prophets.

"But I have a great respect for the baldheaded prophets," he resumed. "I expect to be one myself sometime. I don't know Mr. Bryan, but he's got that sort of a head. If congress puts that motto back on the coins I hope they will modify it. There are limitations. If there is not room on the coins for the limitations let them enlarge the coins.

"Now I want to tell a story about jumping at conclusions. It was told to me by Bram Stoker, and it concerns a christening. There was a little clergyman who was prone to jump at conclusions sometimes. One day he was invited to officiate at a christening. He went there sat the relatives—intelligent-looking relatives they were. The little clergyman's instinct came to him to make a great speech. He was given to flights of oratory that way—a very dangerous thing, for often the wings which take one into the clouds of oratorical enthusiasm are wax and melt up there, and down you come.

"But the little clergyman couldn't resist. He took the child in his arms and, holding it, looked at it a moment. It wasn't much of a child. It was little, like a sweet potato. Then the little clergyman waited impressively, and then: 'I see in your countenances, he said, 'disappointment of him. I see you are disappointed with this baby. Why? Because he is so little. My friends, if you had but the power of looking into the future you might see that great things may come of little things.

His Name Was Mary Ann.

“ ‘There is the great ocean, holding the navies of the world, which came from little drops of water no larger than a woman’s tears. There is the great constellations in the sky, made up of little bits of stars. Oh, if you could consider his future you might see that he might become the greatest poet of the universe, the greatest warrior the world has ever known, greater than Caesar, than Hannibal, than er —er (turning to the father,) what’s his name?’ ”

“The father hesitated then whispered back, ‘His name? Well, his name is Mary Ann.’ ”

It was nearly midnight when Mr. Clemens finished speaking. With a long cigar in his mouth he hastened from the dining hall, pausing at the door to say:

“I have an important engagement at a quarter of eleven.”

It was then 11:45

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “The King, Paine and I went up to the New City College to see the gift of them to the city” [MTP: IVL TS 53].

Albert Bigelow Paine wrote for Sam to **Charles Gladstone Bird** in Oakland, Calif., asking for a negative of Bird’s picture of the cabin at **Jackass Hill**, which Paine wanted for publication in the only authorized biography of Mark Twain. Paine mentioned that he had been to the very spot though there “was no trace of the old cabin” remained [MTP].

Caroline Coddington of Brooklyn wrote another bunch of drivel to Sam, enclosing some wood chips and a wooden ring, and some doodles with abstruse captions. All pretty *non compis mentis* were these crank letters of hers [MTP].

Mrs. Beaumont Packard for the Golden Gate Professional Club, NYC wrote to invite Sam to be their guest of honor at a reception, May 24 at the Plaza Hotel, and “make a few remarks on California and what it stands for in the world.... The objects of this Club are many principally however to benefit young aspirants, especially young women, coming here from California to seek their fortunes by studying the arts” [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “Answrd May 15, ’08 / Regret very much”

Dorothy Quick wrote to Sam.

My Dear Mr Clemens / I got your letter & will be so glad to come Saturday I may come in with grandma on an early train which will bring me to your house at 11 but if I come in with mother it will be half-past I am writing this letter in a great hurry so you must excuse it this is going to be a very short letter as I want it to catch the first mail

With lots & lots of love I am your loving / Dorothy [MTAq 157].

May 15 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to daughter **Jean** in Greenwich, Conn.

It is a sour wet day, Jean dear, & at noon I am still in bed, but not idle. I am trying to arrange in my head some perplexing statistics to use in a speech I am to make in the afternoon 5 days hence, & am also trying to think of something to say at a banquet that night, & at another banquet 5 days afterward. These are busy times. I sat on the platform 3 hours & a half, yesterday, at the City College ceremonies, after prowling in gowned procession for an hour previously. There were about 200 degree-men in gowns, but they were black ones; I was glad to have a red one on, because it made me conspicuous. We left home at 10 in the morning & got back at 3. At 4 I walked out to 57th street & made a call, then came back in the ’bus—for it was raining. At 9. 30 p. m. I went to the City College banquet at the Waldorf, & got back at midnight. I made a vicious half-political half-theological speech, but sugared it over with a gentle-spirited tale at the end.

I am expecting you to-day, but you haven’t come yet. With lots of love, you dear Jean,

Father.

P. S. I find you are not coming to-day, dear heart, & I am disappointed [MTP].

In **N.Y.C. Ralph W. Ashcroft** wrote for Sam to **Sanford, Bell, & Lahm**, 61 Fourth Ave., NYC, confirming an order for a new pool table to be set up at the new Redding residence:

Gentlemen: / I hereby accept, for Mr. S. L. Clemens, your offer of the 14th inst., of one 5 x 10 pool table, quartered oak, "Baltimore" design, top of rails veneered with rosewood, new billiard rubber cushions fitted, new Simonis #2 cloth, oak cue rack to match table, one dozen selected hardwood butt cues with ivory tips, one mackintosh cover, one billiard brush, two bridges, one set of counters on wire, packed and delivered on board cars, for \$130. net cash. This price to include labor of setting table up at Mr. Clemens' residence in Redding, Conn. The pockets to be made same size as those on the table in Mr. Clemens' city residence.

Please arrange with Miss Lyon, Mr. Clemens' secretary, as to the date for setting up the table at Redding.

Thanking you, I am,

Yours, very truly,

P. S.

I enclose card of introduction to Miss Lyon [MTP]. See Insert ad:



Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Sturgis**.

Yours of day-before-yesterday arrived this morning. It stopped over at Hartford for refreshments.

The newest photographs (& the best, we think) arrived from the photographer's yesterday evening, & Miss Lyon will mail one to you. The upper part of the figure, if judgmatically scissored out, will go into the 4. inch circle very well, if a part of the right arm be chopped off.

Land! I forgot all about the dancing lessons. I must attend to that. Don't you mind about the "bother," & we shan't. All we need to know is about your trains, & we'll receive you & re-ship you, & take good care of you *between*. And there won't be any bother about it. Dorothy comes from New Jersey every now & then & stays two or three days (she is coming tomorrow), & we don't discover that there is any bother about it. Just you give us your trains, & leave the rest to us.

You remember the Waylands? They are just lovely. They come here to dinner every Sunday night. The Freemans, too when they are in town. / With lots of love ... [MTP; *MTAq* 156]. *Note:* **Zoheth S. Freeman** was Sam's banker; **Grace Hill Freeman** (Mrs. **Zoheth S. Freeman**); **Mr. & Mrs. John Elton Wayland**.

Caroline Coddington wrote yet another crank letter to Sam; see prior [MTP].

Frank N. Doubleday for Doubleday, Page & Co. wrote to Sam. "As I telephoned Miss Lyon, I saw Mr. Rogers, and he agreed to come to our luncheon at one o'clock on Wednesday, May 20th, at the Aldine.... Mr. Rogers, I think, will come if he is in town, but I am almost afraid that he will run away so that he will not have to come, and I hope you will corral him for the good of the cause" [MTP].

Alice Minnie Herts for the Children's Educational Theatre wrote to advise Sam of two performances on May 21 and May 24, and to ask if he would send any names he thought might like to be invited [MTP].

Elizabeth Jordan wrote from NYC to invite Sam to "dine with me at Delmonico's Sunday evening, June seventh at 8 p.m. to meet **Mr. & Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy**" [MTP]. *Note:* editorial emphasis.

May 16 Saturday – **Dorothy Quick** arrived in New York for a visit and stay-over at Sam's house until Monday, May 18. With **Isabel Lyon**, the pair had tickets for "Girls" at **Daly's Theatre**:

Insert: *Girls*, play at Daly's theatre (See May 12 to Quick)

GIRLS  **DALY'S** Ev. 8:15. Mt. To-day 2:15.

Sam saw daughter **Clara**, accompanist **Charles E. Wark** (“Will”), and violinist Miss **Marie Nichols** off on the steamship *Caronia*, headed for Europe, where they were to give a series of concerts in London and Paris [May 19 to Allen; *NY Times*, May 17, p. 9, “Miss Clemens Sails to Sing in Europe”]. *Note*: Hill gives a performance in London at Queen’s Hall ca. June 6 and at Bechstein Hall, London on June 16 [200].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Santa sailed today in the *Caronia*. / Dorothy Quick arrived this morning to stay ovr Sunday” [MTP: IVL TS 53].

The New York *Times*, p. 3, “Top Price For Grant Letter” included two letters by Mark Twain sold:

Two letters of Mark Twain, one dated “Kaltenleukgeben 1898,” “Go on: fire away; I am a firm and trustworthy target for checks,” and the other, dated “London, 1900,” “A month ago I put \$25,000 into a promising venture here,” respectively \$4.50 and \$6.50.

[*Note*: Both letters were to **John Brisben Walker**, Aug. 20, 1898 and Apr. 7, 1900. The investment was in the Int’l Plasmon Syndicate of London.].

May 17 Sunday – **Dorothy Sturgis** wrote to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens.

You are indeed a most noted personage if a letter will reach you without any address on it at all. But do tell me why it went to Hartford, did you ever live there?

I saw a lovely article about you in the Transcript the other day, headed

“Mark Twain-Nuisance Senator Stewart tells how he wrote ‘Innocents Abroad’ and frightened his landlady”! Was that true? If so I didn’t know that you were such a bad character, the description of you was truly awful, and not at all correct—now, except for the cigar. You wouldn’t be you if you didn’t have a cigar in your mouth or between your fingers.

Papa read aloud “The Brushwood Boy” to me last night for about the tenth or twelve time. I believe, & I love it more every time I read it. Don’t you think yourself that of all the short stories in the English language it is one of the most wonderfully worded, the most clearly expressed, and the most exquisitely thought out of any you have read? I certainly do. Did you ever come across a writer who could cover so large a space of time and introduce so many wonderful thoughts in so short a story. / Ever your loving Dorothy [MTAq 158].

Note: “The Brushwood Boy” by Rudyard Kipling.

May 18 Monday – **Dorothy Quick** ended her weekend visit and left for home in the late afternoon [May 19 to Allen].

Howells & Stokes wrote to advise Sam the cost of bookcases on drawing #45 would be \$267 [MTP].

Elizabeth Jordan wrote to Lyon (though catalogued to Clemens). She was delighted he would come if in town [MTP].

Robert Mountsier for Univ. of Michigan Students Lecture Assoc. wrote to invite Sam to lecture sometime during the coming year [MTP].

Phillip F. Cunliffe Owen wrote from Staten Island, NY to Sam. “With your permission I will call for you on Monday evening next, at a quarter to seven, to escort you up to Delmonico’s for the British Schools and Universities Dinner. I have placed a copy of your speech in the hands of Melville Stone with the necessary directions” [MTP].

May 19 Tuesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Helen S. Allen** in Hamilton, Bermuda.

I am so sorry, you dear child! You must be pretty desolate, now, with so many of your pets gone. I hope the disaster will not spoil the fancy dress dance for you.

Indeed you will be very likely to see me in Bermuda next winter, but I shall also hope that you will come to New York to school. I wish to keep in touch with my angel-fishes. One of them came Saturday morning & stayed until late yesterday afternoon, but could not stay longer because she goes to school. We drove to the ship, Saturday afternoon, & saw my daughter Clara off to England.

The new house up-country is getting finished. Miss Lyon expects to go up & take possession about the first of June; then I will follow about the tenth.

To-morrow I attend two functions, & two on the 25th—then I'm free till next fall. It's a blessed thought!

Miss Lyon sends lots of love, & so do I. / SLC

The pictures of you & me in the Atlantic Ocean are VERY cunning! Miss Lyon has sent you copies—or will, anyway. She has just gone out a while ago, so I don't know [MTP; not in *MTAq*].

Sam also wrote to daughter **Clara**.

Clärchen dear, you are half-way across, now—I have been keeping the progress of the ship in mind ever since you left, & watching her lay the meridians of longitude behind her. By this time she has cut twenty-five or thirty of them in two, I guess.

Robert Collier did certainly do well by you. He is a dear. He was going to find an automobile for us, but we'll call him off from that quest to-day. We should need it only 4 or 5 months in the year; it would cost a good deal; the chauffeur would be expensive; we shouldn't use the thing often, for I mean to walk, not ride; we should have to build a garage—an unsightly one, no doubt. And so, there's not going to be any 'mobile.

We took the subway at 9 this morning, & had half an hour with Jean at the Grand Central station. She was on her way to Glo'ster—a tedious long journey. I was sorry for her, but she was cheerful. From the station I walked out to the Plaza Hotel, & then back home.

If you should run across little Dorothy Butes, be good to her. She is one of my pets.

With warm regards to the others & lots of love & kisses to you. / Father

Dear heart, I hope everything will come out exactly as you would wish [MTP].

Hellen Elizabeth Martin wrote to Sam. "I was so pleased to get your letter. I am glad you heard from Jean Spurr, Our cousin Bruce is dead. Mother went to ... see him buried. I am glad you are feeling well and hope you are still well. Edith and I went picking flowers with my Sunday school teacher and the class. Did you get the letters I sent you? Lots of love..." [MTP; not in *MTAq*]. *Note:* IVL: "ans. June 7"

May 20 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to daughter **Jean**, now under the care of **Dr. Harlands** and **Dr. Peterson**, in a house taken for the summer at Eastern Point, Gloucester, Mass. Two hired nurses, **Edith and Mildred Cowles**, and friend **Marguerite Schmidt**, looked after her there. **Insert: Eastern Point Lighthouse, erected and first lit, 1832.**



Jean dear, welcome to your new home, & happiness therein! In earlier days I would not have expected you to be otherwise than unhappy in a new & strange home, but your spirit & your philosophy have undergone great & beneficent improvement in these latter days, along with your improved physical health. I am aware that you are sweet, & forgiving, & helpful, & now, & not fretful & not given to complaining, & fault-finding. In a word, that the fine & fortunate disposition you were born with is again in the ascendant—and long may it keep its supremacy!

I hope your house will turn out to be a pleasant one, & satisfactory to you & all your excellent household, & that its situation & surroundings will soon come to be homelike & to your mind. I believe you are going to be happy. The best sign I have heard of is, that you are not absorbed in yourself, now, so much as you are in those about you, & in contributing to their lives whatever of comfort & peace & sunshine you can. I wish I

was like this, myself, but it has long ago been petted out of me if it was ever in me, & I am too old & “set,” now, to learn to interest myself in anybody’s welfare but my own.

Miss Lyon went to the farm yesterday afternoon, & will be there to-day, superintending. I told her to stop negotiations for an automobile, & make horse-arrangements with the Redding livery-stable for the season.

The stenographer has come.

With lots of love & kisses / Father [MTP].

Note: “Eastern Point, at the entrance to Gloucester Harbor, has been home to farms, a quarry, a Civil War fort, a number of summer residences and the Eastern Point Yacht Club. One of the most famous locations at Eastern Point is Beauport, a sprawling 40-room mansion that is now open as a museum. Among the visitors entertained at Beauport were Henry James, Amy Lowell, Booth Tarkington, Noel Coward and Eleanor Roosevelt”[New England lighthouses: <http://lighthouse.cc/easternpoint/history.html>]. Also, a 300-room luxury hotel at Eastern Point burned in 1908.

In his **May 21 to Jean**, Sam wrote that he spent three hours in the afternoon listening to speeches and two hours from 10 p.m. to midnight doing the same. A search of the *New York Times* for May 20-21 turned up one good possibility for a meeting with speeches during the day of May 20 that Twain would likely have been interested in:

May 21, 1908, p. 5, “Want City to Pay for Drive Extension,” was a public meeting and taxpayers protest at a \$1,500,000 assessment on their property for improvements made to Riverside Drive. The meeting was held in the **Gerken Building**, 90 West Broadway, during the day; this may have been the three hours Sam spent listening to speeches. As a former resident of Riverside, he would have known many of the speakers and groups.

In the evening Sam spoke before the **American Booksellers** annual dinner. The *New York Times*, May 21, 1908, p. 7 reported on the event:

MARK TWAIN GIVES THANKS

To the American Booksellers for Helping Him Make a Living.

At the annual dinner of the American Booksellers’ Association last evening at the rooms of the Aldine Association, Mark Twain, in his usual white flannel suit, told how well his books had sold since they had passed from subscription agents into the hand of the booksellers.

“For thirty-six years my books were sold by subscription,” he said. “The books passed into the hands of my present publishers in 1904, and you then became the providers of my diet. I think I may say without flattering you that you have done exceedingly well by me.

“By the terms of my contract my publishers had to account to me for 50,000 volumes per year for five years, and pay me for them whether they sold them or not. It is at this point that you gentlemen come in, for it was your business to unload the 250,000 volumes upon the public in five years if you possibly could. Have you succeeded? Yes, you have—and more. For in four years, with a year still to spare, you have sold the 250,000 volumes and 240,000 besides.”

The story teller then said he was building a farmhouse with the proceeds, where he intends to take a vacation for thirty or forty years before completing the five books he is now engaged on.

Other speakers at the dinner were the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, Burges Johnson, Will Irwin, Holman Day, and Simon Brentano. About 400 were present [*Note:* part of Sam’s speech ran in the June 6 issue of *Harper’s Weekly*.]

Isabel Lyon wrote for Sam to an **unidentified man**, advising that Sam must decline his invitation as he was now retired from the platform [MTP].

Howells & Stokes wrote a short note to Sam to enclose a letter from **Harry P. Wood** of the **Hawaii Promotion Committee**. “We told them not to hurry the matter, but to do something interesting” [MTP]. *Note:* relating to the gift of a mantel piece for Stormfield.

Alfred J. Silberstein for NYC College wrote to Sam. “Accept this Dedication Number of the ‘College Mercury’ as a remembrance of the splendid ceremonies on May 14th last, in which you so nobly participated” [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “Many thanks / Answd. May 25”

May 21 Thursday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to daughter **Jean** in Gloucester, Mass.

Thursday night.

Your beautiful letter [not extant] has come, Jean dear, & I draw a deep breath of relief—you like the place, & my anxieties have vanished away! I had a growing fear—founded upon nothing—that you would feel the other way about it. I am unspeakably glad that it pleases you, & now I hope & believe you will have a happy summer. By your description, it is a place that would delight the heart of any one that has the seeing eye for the graciousness of the woods & fields & rocks & their wild inhabitants, & for the majestic ocean. You can live out of doors there; you were virtually in prison at Greenwich, & would still have been in prison if you had occupied the whole forlorn & uninspiring town.

Oh, don’t trouble about me! I am a happy & vigorous loafer. Yesterday afternoon I spent 3 hours listening to speeches, & spent 2 hours in the same way last night—from 10 till midnight. Then I played billiards & freshened myself up. I have no public engagement until Monday night—and that is the last one for the season, thanks be! There’s a great banquet to the Primate of Ireland Tuesday night, but I am sticking to my wise resolution of not going out any more until autumn.

Evidently there is something that has been kept from me—but that is right, & as it should be, unless it is something that I could remedy. Clara, Miss Lyon & Mr. Paine keep all sorts of distresses from me, & I am very thankful for it—distresses which they are aware I could not remedy, I mean. They know I desire this; for I am taking my holiday, now after 60 years of work & struggle & worry & vexation, & am willing to know nothing, ever any more, of what Susy used to call “the wars (woes) of life.” But whenever there is anything that depends upon *me* & *my* help, I want to know all about it.

I am glad to have Brush’s address & very very sorry for his bereavement. I will write him the first thing in the morning.

With ever & ever & ever so much love, dear child, / Father [MTP].

Note: see May 22 to **George de Forest Brush** (1855-1941), painter who was active at the artist colony in Dublin, N.H. during Twain’s Oct. 1905 stay; Sam also called on Brush in Florence, Italy on Jan. 22, 1904. See Sam’s note of condolence on May 22. Sam’s Monday night “public engagement” was a **May 25** speech given at Delmonico’s on Victoria Day. See entry. Hill sees Sam’s reply here to Jean as “openly unimpressed” that “Jean apparently implied that the truth about her unhappiness [at Katonah, Greenwich, etc.] was being kept from” him.

Sam also wrote a line to **Franklin G. Whitmore**: “I am unspeakably glad to hear the good news, give my best love to the patient, / S.L. Clemens” [MTP].

Helen Stewart Campbell wrote from Arlington, N.J. to ask if Sam had rec’d her “rhyming effusion on ‘The Ladies!’ after he arrived” in NY on the *Bermudian* [MTP]. *Note:* same woman wrote Nov 28, 1907 asking for a loan.

E.J. Ridgway wrote from NYC to Sam, “sending you by bearer, a copy of ‘A Mind That Found Itself’ the book which I spoke to you about yesterday. I hope you will enjoy it as much as I did” [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “Answd May 25, ’08 / Thank him for sending it. Began it at once but shall read it slowly as it is strong goods.” The book (1908) was by **Clifford Whittingham Beers**, (1876-1943) [Gribben 56].

Dorothy Sturgis wrote from Boston to Sam.

My Dear Mr. Clemens / I got the picture the other day, and it's a perfect beauty, not exactly four inches in size though, is it. I hate to spoil it by cutting it up. It's such a nice picture as it is.

Mama has gone up to Woodstock to spend a week or so, and I'm left all alone now, you see I only see Papa and my brother at breakfast and dinner, and not always there. But I'm doing all the housekeeping, and that's lots of fun.

Please give my love to Miss Lyon and thank her ever so much for taking all the trouble she has to send your various pictures out to me.

When you write next please tell me lots of news about yourself and Miss Lyon, and about what's happening in New York.

I spoke of The Brushwood Boy in my last letter to you, and that reminds me that I meant to ask you where Kipling is now, I have often wondered where he spends most of his time, and I have often longed to meet him, but I don't suppose I ever shall. / Lovingly Dorothy [MTAq 159].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

May 22 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote condolences to **George de Forest Brush**, after hearing of his loss from daughter **Jean**.

My dear friend, I have just learned through a letter from Jean of the heavy stroke that has smitten you, & I hasten to do as we all do, & as it is our nature to do: say the word that would comfort & console if it could, but never yet has healed the hurt it sought to heal, for in no words of any man is there healing for a breaking heart. But it is all we can do. We can only say—and I say it:—out of my heart I grieve for you. Most sincerely, ... [MTP]. *Note:* see Aug. 25 from Brush, who had recently lost a daughter, Georgia Brush.

Witter Bynner wrote to Sam. "I'm glad if you're nesting—even if its from me. But I surely'd like a word with you before I take to the woods again. Can't you stick on a post-card the hour and day when I might find you next week between Tuesday and Saturday? Yours..." [MTP].

L. Dean Sands for the Missouri University Savitar wrote to ask Sam if he'd be "gracious enough to write something to go in our Savitar '09?" [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

May 23 Saturday – **Harper & Brothers** wrote to Sam, advising him not to satisfy the request of **Rossiter Johnson**, who wanted "permission to include in his forthcoming set of books the synopsis of 2 or 3 of" Sam's books, and to stick to "that policy which you have followed so consistently in refusing permission for your works & name to be associated with other publications..." [MTP].

Robert W. Breckons wrote on U.S. Attorney's Office, Honolulu, to ask Sam to put his autograph on enclosed postcard for Breckons' eight year old daughter [MTP].

May 24 Sunday – **Clara Clemens'** cabled from England that she had arrived safely. The cable arrived in the morning at 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. [May 24 to Sturgis] Sam then sent a telegram to daughter **Jean**, c/o Dr. Harlands: "Clara has arrived safely. Much love to you. Father" [MTP]. *Note:* **Clara Clemens** had arrived in England for her singing tour of Paris and London.

Sam also replied to the May 21 from **Dorothy Sturgis**:

Dear Dorothy—

Indeed I would tell you lots of news if there were lots to tell, but there's only *some*. We shipped my daughter Clara to England a week ago, & she has just arrive there—so says her cablegram of this morning.

Last Tuesday we shipped my daughter Jean to Eastern Point, Gloucester, Mass, where she has taken a house for the summer, & has two very charming companions who do for her what you are doing for your father & brother—keep house. Miss Lyon found that place & secured it, but as Jean had never seen it we were in deep suspense & anxiety until we should hear from her, for it might not content her. But it is all right, now—she can't find adjectives enough to express her delight in it. I did not fully appreciate how cautious I had been, until her letter came & relieved me.

One of the angel-fishes is stopping over Sunday with us, & she & I took the top of the electric stage this morning and traveled from our door to 90th street, then down again to 55th where we entered the St. Regis & sat down to wait until church should break out. When the porter informed us, we crossed the street & mixed into the crowd issuing from a 5th avenue church, & gained good & great reputation at no expense of fatigue or contributions. Everywhere you could hear people say in an awed & hushed voice, "How nice that young Clemens is—people think he doesn't go to church, but you can see he does." Then I whispered to the fish to look as if she had put 10 cents in the plate, & I put on a look indicating a dollar & a half—and you never saw such admiration as it excited. Many of the ladies swooned, from pure joy.

We joined every congregation between 55th and 28th, & by careful & delicate art convinced each & every [one] of them that we had been partakers of *their* clerical feast. It has been a good lesson to this child; she will always know how to make an inexpensive good impression, Sundays, after this; & by & by it will have a splendid commercial value for her.

Kipling? I don't know where he is, now. England, no doubt. He winters in South Africa.

Good bye. With love— / SLC [MTP].

May 25 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Margaret Blackmer** at Miss Tewksbury's School in Irvington, N.Y.

Dear Margaret—

Did I tell you, when you visited me, that I had lost my half of the enameled shell in Bermuda? I've got it back again! Of course the real shell, the original shell, the frail jetsam of the waves of Sandy Point, was the *valuable* shell, because of its odd & pretty associations, (& I still possessed *that*), but I held the enameled one in very high regard because it was that original's official deputy & representative. I lost it off my watch chain at a dinner at the officers' mess at Prospect a day or two before we sailed, & now it has been found & handed to Major Graham by one of the servants. I shan't lose it again, dear.

One of my angel-fishes stayed over last Sunday with us, & another one stayed over yesterday with us. I wish you would do us that honor. / With love ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to Major **Malcolm D. Graham** at Prospect Army Garrison in Hamilton, Bermuda.

Dear Major Graham:

Yes, it is my shell, & I am very glad it is found, for two large reasons: 1, it purges of suspicion a colored maid of some particular friends of mine—a suspicion which I kept to myself of course, in the absence of positive proof; 2—a minor reason—it has very pretty associations with an American child of twelve, whose acquaintance I made at the "Princess,"—one of ten little girls, scattered about England, France, Canada & the U.S., with whom I am in continuous correspondence. One day at Spanish Point I found a delicate little bivalve, & severed its dried hinge, & said, "You are to keep one of these halves always, & I the other—for identification purposes. Some day I may meet some child I may *think* is you, but not be certain; then I will expose my half-shell & say 'If you are *my* Margaret & not another, produce the duplicate of this, & prove your my-Margaretship!'"

Afterward, for many days, I used to strike a dramatic attitude of glad surprise when I met her, then turn heart-brokenly away, murmuring, "Alas, no, it is not my Margaret!"—whereupon with innocent exultation she would fetch her shell out of her bosom & hold it up to the light of day.

She was here with an aunt a week ago, & would give no name to the servant, but sent up her eloquent dumb shell to me, with the enameled iridescences glinting from its hollowed surface. I carried down my *original*, & didn't tell her I had lost its representative.

I shall be very glad if you will give the enclosed trifle to that mess-room waiter, with my thanks. It has of course been a pleasure to autograph the cards: they will be posted to-day. (If they—or one or two of them—should fail to reach their destinations, you will remember that sometimes postmen are collectors of picture-cards & autographs.)

The new house in the country will not be completely finished & furnished before the middle of June, & so we are tied to the hot town until then, instead of being set free of it the first of May, as heretofore. But no matter, I am enjoying life.

There's an agonized call on the telephone!—& not from a stranger; so I will run & pacify it. Aufwiedersehen in Bermuda next winter! / Very sincerely yours ... [MTP]. *Note:* Sam evidently lost his half of the shell at one of the band concerts he attended at the **Prospect Army Garrison**, and a waiter at the mess there found it. The good major returned it.

Isabel Lyon replied for Sam to **Rossiter Johnson's May 2**, enclosing **Harper & Brothers' May 23** advice not to give consent for Johnson to quote from two or three of Sam's books [MTP].

Lyon also wrote for Sam to an **unidentified man** to decline an invitation, and explaining Sam no longer took "any railway journeys that are not compulsory" [MTP].

In the evening Sam spoke at **Delmonico's** to celebrate **Victoria Day (Empire Day)**. The New York *Times*, May 26, p. 5, covered the event and Sam's speech:

TWAIN EULOGIZES QUEEN VICTORIA

Humorist Speaks at Victoria Day Dinner of British Schools and Universities Club.

**"HAD NO PEER IN HER TIME" Mentioning War Only to Scoff at Idea,
He Tells of Affection Between Countries.**

Old "boys" from many famous English universities and schools, including Oxford and Cambridge and Eton and Harrow, met at Delmonico's last night to celebrate Victoria Day, under the auspices of the British Schools and Universities Club. Victoria, or Empire Day, as it is more generally known throughout the British colonies, was founded on the late Queen's birthday, the 24th of May. Falling this year on a Sunday, the annual dinner of the club had perforce to be held one date late.

The chief guest of honor last night was Samuel L. Clemens, who as Mark Twain is loved throughout the British Empire as much as he is in his native land. Mark Twain is an Oxford Doctor of Literature, this degree having been conferred on him by the university during his visit last year.

Dr. W. E. Lambert, President of the Club, was toastmaster and read a cable from King Edward sent through Lord Knollys, conveying a message of good will to the club. Seated at the guest table with him were Mr. Clemens, W. Courteney Bennet, C. I. E., British Consul General at New York; J. E. Grote Higgins, the Rev. A. H. Judge, past President of the club; the Rev. D. Parker Morgan, D. D.; Dr. John MacPhee, President of the Canadian Society; Robert P. Porter, Reginald Walsh, and J. D. Petersen, Secretary.

Mr. Clemens responded to the toast, "Queen Victoria—An American Tribute." He prefaced his remarks by reciting one or two of his humorous experiences, including an imaginary interview which he thought he overheard between Livingstone and Stanley, when the latter found Livingston in Central South Africa. Livingstone wanted to know the news of the world for the five years he had been in Africa, and Mark Twain overheard Stanley tell how the rulers of most of the countries had been changed, finally concluding, "and Horace Greeley has changed his political faith."

"As a woman the Queen was all that the most exacting standards could require. As a far-reaching and effective and beneficent moral force she had no peer in her time among either monarchs or commoners. As a monarch she was without reproach in her great office. One may not venture, perhaps, to say so sweeping a thing as this in cold blood about any monarch that preceded her, either upon her own throne or upon any other. It is a colossal eulogy, but it is justified.

“What she did for us in America in our time of storm and stress we shall not forget, and whenever we call it to mind we shall always remember the wise and righteous mind that guided her in it and sustained and supported her—Prince Albert’s. We need not talk any idle talk here tonight about either possible or impossible war between the two countries; there will be no war while we remain sane and the son of Victoria sits upon the throne.”

Consul General Bennett, alluding to the feeling between England and America, said:

“I will stake my reputation that there never can be serious trouble between the two countries. They are marching along the same line, and the same object in view, and they are marching now as they will in the future, as one great nation.”

Mrs. George S. Brock wrote from Washington, D.C. to ask Sam where she might get a copy of a toast he made called “Friends” or “To a Friend”. “An actor impersonating Mark Twain at Chase’s this winter gave this toast at a dinner but I can’t remember it and I am very anxious to get it to send to a friend...” [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “not a toast of mine, but an ancient one & a very good one.”

*As you ascend the hill of prosperity may you not meet a friend.
May the best of your past
Be the worst of your future.*

*Here’s to you as good as you are
Here’s to me as bad as I am
But as bad as I am &
As good as you are
I’m as good as you are
As bad as I am.*

Billie Burke wrote from Oakland, Calif. to Sam. “My dearest friend / I can’t tell you what happiness your darling note gave me. Just to know that I had not been forgotten was in itself a joy...” [MTP]. *Note:* IVL wrote a list of girls and ladies on the envelope, members of MT’s Aquarium.

Edward M. Colie wrote from East Orange, NJ to thank Sam for his “presence and talk at the [Empire Day] Dinner.” She also thanked him for inscribing her copy of *HF* [MTP].

Irene Gerken wrote from Deal Beach, NJ: “My dear Mr. Clemens, / I received your letter and was very glad to hear from you. I am very glad you are coming down ~~Monday~~ Wednesday. It is lovely weather down here now and we are all having a grand time. I am sure that the air down here will do you good. Soon the bathing pool will open and then we can have fun going swimming every day” [MTP; not in *MTAq*].

J.A. Lloyd wrote from Dixon, Ill., a long rambling letter amounting to a request for Sam’s autograph and the enclosing of his book [MTP]. *Note:* not in Gribben. IVL wrote on the letter: “Thanks for letter / Would so like to be able to say that he will find time to read the book”

Dorothy Quick wrote to Sam.

My dear Mr Clemens

I have intended writing every day since I left you to thank you for the lovely time I had with you I haven’t got my pony yet but we are looking all the time & may get one any day, it is very warm here today & if the weather keeps warm I suppose you’ll be glad to get into the country yourself. My drawing class on pleasant days goes out to sketch from nature it is very nice but I don’t like it very much. With lots of love hugs & kisses I am your loving / Dorothy [*MTAq* 161-2]. *Note:* Dorothy seemed to be growing more familiar with punctuation.

May 26 Tuesday – Sam went to **Deal Beach, N.J.** to spend a week with Col. **George Brinton Harvey**. During this stay he spent time with Harvey's daughter **Dorothy Harvey** (1894-1937), who he added as an Angelfish in his club [June 2 to Allen]. *Note:* Dorothy was the only child of George and **Alma Parker Harvey**. In the source Sam mentioned being with two Angelfish members in Deal; Dorothy Harvey and **Louise Paine**, (1894-1968), daughter of **Albert Bigelow Paine**, were the first members of Sam's club to visit the new home in Redding, Conn. (first called "Innocents at Home," later "Stormfield."). Louise Paine was the most likely to be second Angelfish at Harvey's Deal, N.J. home. Ever since her father became Mark Twain's official biographer in Jan. 1906, Louise was around Clemens a great deal. See the website www.twainquotes.com for more on Louise and all the other Angelfish. In his 1910 memoir, *In the Kaiser's Capital*, J.F. Dickie recalled seeing Twain and Louise Paine together in New York. Perhaps they were on their way to or from Deal, N.J.

In May 1908, the last time I met him, he was taking his walk on Fifth Avenue as heretofore, clad in his white flannel suit. He had as his companion a sweet young maiden of perhaps thirteen summers, whom he introduced to me as the daughter of his biographer, Mr. Bigelow Paine. It was a very pretty sight to see, and left the sweet impression of a heart that, in spite of his seventy years, had never learned to grow old [190].

Helen S. Allen wrote to Sam.

My dear Mr. Clemens,

The party at Government House was a perfect success, everybody looked their very best. I am going to send you some pictures taked of Max and myself just before we started and while we were there. We got there by 3:30 and went right down on one of the lower terraces and had our pictures taken and played musical chaires then had tea and after that the cotilion and just before we went home we fished for candies, we didn't get home until quite late, later than we expected.

Monday was a legal holiday and I went to a lovely picnic at St. David's Lighthouse. Tuesday I had a small tennis party. I am getting on beautifully with my tennis but will not stop until I am not ashamed to play with anybody.

Dr. Herring told us that he saw you in New York and that you thought there was some hope of your coming down here this summer if so please let me know so that I will be able to be down to see you.

I will be delighted to get the pictures. With lots of love for Miss Lyons and yourself.

Believe me as ever

Your loving little "Angel-fish"

Helen Schuyler Allen [*MTAq* 162].

Mabel Hill wrote from Irvington, NY to ask if Clara Clemens had left any word for her about some music manuscripts that she was looking over. She'd called "the other day" but the butler didn't know anything about them [MTP].

W.H. Langhorne wrote a rather long letter from Oxford, England. Langhorne was 82 and retiring from being a minister to two parishes for the Church of England. He possessed the MSS. of Richard Langhorne, a man he claimed was "unjustly condemned," and W.H. wanted to publish them. He wondered if Clemens might help get the memoirs into helpful hands [MTP].

A.S. North wrote from Montclair, NJ to enclose some sheets of handwritten music and lyrics of "Scroll Song" [MTP].

May 27 Wednesday – Sam was the guest of Col. **George Brinton Harvey in Deal, N.J.** [June 2 to Allen].

Howells & Stokes wrote to Isabel Lyon (though catalogued to Clemens) about newspapers inquiring for photos of the new Redding house [MTP].

Phillip F. Cunliffe Owen wrote from Staten Island, NY to thank Sam for his appearance at the British dinner at Delmonico's, and especially for his eulogy of Queen Victoria. Owen added he'd written to **Whitelaw Reid** about Clara Clemens' presence in England [MTP].

Dorothy Sturgis wrote from Boston to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens / I got your letter the other day, and I never knew you had so many daughters before, but I'm glad you got them all "shipped" safely!

What are *your* summer plans? or haven't you got any? I don't know exactly what I am going to do except that in July and August I am going to a camp on Lake Asquam in New Hampshire, and in June I may go up to Woodstock and join Mama there.

I'm afraid I must stop now as I have lots of lessons to do. / Lovingly / Dorothy
Love to Miss Lyon! [MTAq 163].

May 28 Thursday – Sam was the guest of Col. **George Brinton Harvey in Deal, N.J.** [June 2 to Allen].

May 29 Friday – Sam was the guest of Col. **George Brinton Harvey in Deal, N.J.** [June 2 to Allen].

Sam wrote to **Carlotta Welles**.

Friday night.

Dear Charley, I am vexed to the last limit, & disappointed, & so sorry. If my secretary hadn't chanced to be out, it would not have happened, for she sees all strangers that come, whereas I see none of them. The butler took you for a stranger, & followed the law of the house, but if you had told him you were a friend he would have found me, for I was in my room. In fact he did find me, but I was asleep, & so he foolishly & criminally did not wake me. I hope you will not come as a stranger next time, & I also hope that there will be a next time.

Frances Nunnally is at school near Baltimore, & I shall see her here June 12th. She sails, Europe-bound, on the 13th. She & her mother visited me in Tuxedo Park last September, but it was only a glimpse, for they were flying homeward from Europe.

Mr. Ashcroft is well. He dined with us Wednesday, & spent the night. The burden of city life is heavy upon me, but we go to the country for the summer June 15th. We have been delayed a month by an unfinished house.

I hope you will come again, & not as a stranger, Charley. / Affectionately, ... [MTP; MTAq 163-4].

Note: Cooley adds after the letter: "At the bottom of the letter Carolotta Welles (Briggs) later wrote this note: "This was my last letter from Mr. Clemens. I called at 21 Fifth Avenue around the first of June '08 just before going to Bryn Mawr where my sister was graduating. He sent this letter to Bryn Mawr. I have not got the envelope as someone begged to have it" [MTAq 164].

May 30 Saturday – Sam was the guest of Col. **George Brinton Harvey in Deal, N.J.** [June 2 to Allen].

Sarah A. Blanchard wrote to ask Sam if he would lecture before the Dorchester, Mass. Women's Club next season [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Answd June 2, '08; Sincere thanks for compliment of invitation"

Dorothy Quick wrote to Sam.

My Dear Mr Clemens

My letter has not reached you are you have been sick. I am worried please let me know.

I'm very well and very very busy studying for examinations its awfully hard work. commencement is Tuesday June 9th I'm going to be there and expect to have lots of fun Tell miss Lyon I send lots of love to her and hope she is well and now I must close
 With lots and lots of love hoping youre not sick / I am / Your very loving / Dorothy / Please write
 [MTAq 164].

May 31 Sunday – Sam was the guest of Col. **George Brinton Harvey in Deal, N.J.** [June 2 to Allen].

Louise Paine wrote to Sam.

Your lovely picture came out safely and is very popular. Every one who sees it says that it is such a beautiful picture, and that you are such a handsome man. You really should be hiding somewhere to hear the nice things that are said about you.

I would have written sooner but I wanted to wait till the picture should come; besides we only have one writing hour a week.

Often I think of the lovely time I had at your home last week; so thanking you again, both for the lovely visit and the picture, I am / your little friend [MTP; not in MTAq].

Summer – Sometime during the summer of 1908, Clemens drafted his Constitution for the Angelfish. It follows:

THE AQUARIUM

Issued By

THE ADMIRAL

INNOCENCE AT HOME

REDDING, CONN.

SUMMER-TIME 1908

Qualifications for Membership

Sincerity, good disposition, intelligence, & school-girl age.

Secrets of the Order

Members of the Aquarium are forbidden to divulge its affairs to any but their parents & guardians.

N.B.

This is the only copy of these Rules & Regulations. They must be read to each Member when opportunity shall permit, but they must not be printed or otherwise copied.

Note

I have built this house largely, indeed almost chiefly, for the comfort & accommodation of the Aquarium. Its members will always be welcome under its roof.

The Name

Its Aquarium name is "Innocents at Home," & it is not misnamed, for I know the Fishes well, and am aware that they can furnish the innocence necessary to make the name good.

Private Headquarters

The Billiard Room is the Aquarium's Private Headquarters. Members may exclude non-members from that room at any time they choose, & for as long as they choose. They may stop a game whenever they please & put the players out. The power to exercise these privileges is lodged not only in the Members as a whole, but may be used by a single Fish if she shall desire to do so.

Neither the Admiral nor the Officers and Servants of the Aquarium are immune from this rule.

The Fish-Market

This is the Loggia, which projects from the Western end of the house. It is open to the scenery & the breezes, by grace of its high & wide arches, & forasmuch as its piers support a second-story wing, it is sheltered from sun and rain. It is large, & cleanly tiled, & is the Aquarium's play-&-exercise quarters when the weather is not of a sort to invite the children to the wood, & hills.

The Niche

This is one of the piers & will contain a vase of flowers at times, & at other times an Angel-Fish who has been tried & found guilty of conduct unbecoming her high estate. The Court may sentence her to remain in the Niche of Repentance for a period of not less than two minutes nor more than ten. While under sentence she must live on bread & water.

The Criminal Court

This is the spacious room which opens upon the Fish-Market. Here accused Members will be tried for conduct unbecoming an Angel-Fish. The Admiral will sit as Judge, & the prosecution & defence will be conducted by the Official Legal Staff of the Aquarium.

All prisoners shall be granted trial by jury.

None may sit upon the jury except Members.

The jury shall consist of not fewer than one Member nor more than three.

Any Member refusing to sit upon the jury shall be fined. The Judge alone may name the fine, & he alone may collect it.

Non-Members cannot act as witnesses.

Conspiracies

The right to conspire is restricted to Membership. Conspiracies cannot be concocted in the house; nor anywhere upon the estate except in the gorge below the Aquarium Cataract in the daytime, nor anywhere at night except in the privacy of the Pergola at the foot of the grounds below the northern front of the house.

Members desiring to conspire must give notice to the Admiral & tell him what it is about.

Except when the proposed conspiracy is against the Admiral himself; in that case notice must be given to the Official Legal Staff.

Persons intruding upon a lawfully arranged conspiracy with a view to obstructing it, will be tried in the Criminal Court.

Portraits

The only important decoration of the Billiard Room is the framed photographs of the Membership. Portraits of non-members are not permitted there.

The Badge

The official Badge of the Order is a small angel-fish pin. It bears the splendid colors of that beautiful inhabitant of the West India waters, exactly imitated in enamels. Members wear it upon the left breast, usually. The Admiral is obliged to furnish this pin to every Member without charge, & he is also obliged to replace lost ones on the same terms. Members need only give him notice.

Membership

Members are created by appointment. By the Admiral.

None above school-girl age is admitted.

But, once a Member, always a Member—for life.

Margaret Ellington [*sic*] Frohman, a choice & valued Member, is beyond school-girl age, but with opportunity by the Admiral will be able to explain her case & justify it.

M.A.

Members of the Aquarium are entitled to put M.A. after their names.

Non-members can be admitted only by pass, signed by the Admiral. They are not privileged to take part in the proceedings.

Bribery

Attempts to bribe the Court or Jury, by either members or non-members, will be subjected to such punishment as the Judge in his discretion prescribe.

Dress

At all trials the Judge, the Mother Superior, the Chatelaine & Staff must appear in their official robes.

Spectators must wear evening dress.

Members must wear their badge and their head-ribbon.

Ceremonial

Proceedings cannot begin until the Chatelaine shall have made proclamation that the Court is now open & ready for business.

Order of Appointment

There are 12 Members, & the names of the same are here set down in the order of their appointment, with the ages which they had reached at the time of appointment.

Dorothy Butes, 14, England. (honorary)

Frances Nunnally, 16, Georgia.

Dorothy Quick, 10 & 10 months, New Jersey.

Margaret Blackmer, 12, New York.

Irene Gerken, 12, New York.

Helen Allen, 13, Bermuda.

Hellen Martin, 13, Canada.

Jean Spurr, 13, New Jersey.

Dorothy Sturgis, 16, Massachusetts.

Margaret Illington, New York.

Dorothy Harvey, 13, New Jersey.

Louise Paine, 13, Connecticut

Marjorie Breckenridge, 15

Honorary Members

Members who fail to write the Admiral during an unbroken period of 3 months do not cease to be Members, but are retired from the Active list & banished to the roll of Honorary Members with reproaches!

Conspicuously charming unmarried ladies above school-girl age may be appointed to this degree. But the members in occupation must at no time exceed 6.

The Board

Admiral of the Aquarium

S.L. Clemens

Mother Superior Miss Clara Clemens

Legal Staff, Dan Frohman

The Admiral is a Member, but gets no salary; the others are paid, but not Members. The foregoing Constitution, Rules & other particulars are respectfully submitted to the Aquarium, for approval or dissent, by

S.L. Clemens

Admiral

[MTAq 191-5].

June – **Sam's notebook** contained a roster of his Angelfish:

The Aquarium, (June 1908)

Dorothy Butes (16) London, England (Honorary)	16
Dorothy Quick (11 ½) Plainfield, N.J.	12
Dorothy Harvey, (13.9) Deal Beach, N.J.	13
Dorothy Sturgis (16) 153 Beacon Street [Boston]	16
Hellen Martin, (12) 1 Murray ave, Westmount, Montreal	12
Helen Schuyler Allen, (13) Bay House, Bermuda	13
Irene Gerken (13) 52 W. 75 th street	13
Margaret Blackmer, (12) New York	12
Louise Paine (13) Redding, Conn	13
Frances Nunnally (17) Atlanta, Ga.	17
Margaret Illington	<u>13</u>
Jean Spurr, (13) 129 Mt. Pleasant ave, Newark, N.J.	150
Marjorie Breckenridge, 15, Brooklyn	

The 12 children's ages foot up 165 years. Margaret Illington isn't a child, but she is charming enough to be one. She dressed for 12 & elected herself, & was accepted & invested with the badge of the Order (an enameled angel-fish pin) [MTAq 165; NB 48]

Sam passed on a "chain prayer" to **Beatrice M. Benjamin.**

[*typewritten:*]

Endless chain Prayer

Oh Lord Christ we implore thee Oh eternal God, to have mercy on all mankind keep us from sin by thy precious blood. take us to be with thee eternally Amen

This prayer has been sent by Bishop Laurence recommending to be rewritten and sent to some other persons. he who will not send it will be afflicted in some way by some misfortune. one who paid no attention met with a terrible accident. he who will write this prayer for nine days and distribute it to nine other persons comencing the day rec'd. on or after the ninth day experiences great Joy. at Jerusalem during the holy Feast it was said to who will rewrite this prayer will be delivered from every calamity. please do not break the chain copy all on this page

This prayer was sent me by a Friend

[*handwritten:*]

"Save yourself, dear Beatrice! This comes to me from an unknown benefactor, & I am distributing my 9, in fear and trembling" [MTP].

Sam also sent the same "chain prayer" to **Mai H. Coe (Mrs. William Robertson Coe)**, and enclosed a newspaper report that the prayers of **Father Curry** of St. James Church had saved a prisoner (**Sullivan**, whose sister was a Nun) at midnight who was to die at 6 a.m. [MTP].

June 1 Monday – Sam was the guest of Col. **George Brinton Harvey in Deal, N.J.** [June 2 to Allen; June 2 to Sturgis].

Henry Hersch Hart wrote from San Francisco, Calif. to ask for Clemens' autograph on a note [MTP].
Note: IVL: "Answd June 9, '08 / Would be so glad to but demands are great"

Lucia Hull wrote from Newport, R.I. to thank Sam for his "awfully sweet letter." She vowed to keep the letter and someday when her grandchildren were in financial straits she would sell it for a fortune [MTP].

June 2 Tuesday – Sam left the **Harvey** residence in **Deal, N.J.** and returned home to New York at noon. Before leaving, he settled on the name “**Innocence at Home**” for the new home in Redding [June 3 to Clara].

At 21 Fifth Ave, **N.Y.** Sam wrote to **Dorothy Sturgis**.

I am just back this moment, & find yours of May 27. I have been down in Jersey eight days, visiting around among my angel-fishes of that region, & have had a very good time indeed.

Oh yes, I have plans, but what disturbs me is, that they don't seem to fit in with yours very well. About next Monday (June 8) I expect to pass through Boston on a visit to my daughter Jean at Gloucester, Mass., & I was planning to stop over, (in Boston) one or two hours, if the trains might permit, & run in & see you. But there are two maybe's—1, Maybe the trains will connect too closely; & 2, maybe you will be gone to Woodstock. Then there are some more maybes—thus: 3: maybe after I shall have spent a couple of days in Gloucester, the return trains may connect less closely in Boston; & 4, maybe you will be back from Woodstock by that time. And so I am going to hope for a glimpse of you in that Gloucester trip somewhere. Meantime I will wait & see what happens. / Lovingly ... [MTP; *MTAq* 166-7].

Sam also wrote to **Helen S. Allen**.

I have been away, 8 days, Helen dear, visiting a couple of my angel-fishes at Deal Beach, New Jersey, & we had fine times together. But through being away, I missed a girl's-school musicale at Irvington-on-Hudson where another angel-fish was to perform (Margaret Blackmer of the “identification-shell.”) I lost my half of the shell in Bermuda at the Officers' Mess dinner, but it has been found & is on its way to me now.)

The new country-house is finished (its name is “INNOCENCE AT HOME”), & we shall occupy it two weeks hence. In succession these following angel-fishes have promised to visit me there: Irene, & 3 Dorothys.

The Aquarium contains 12 fishes, & 4 of them are named Dorothy. If you come to New York before December I require you to give me the pleasure of a visit there. Please do not forget. When I reached home yesterday I found letters from 6 of my 12. I am beginning the answers now, & they will all be finished before I stop.

(I am glad you had such a happy time at the fancy-dress party, & I thank you ever so much for the pictures. Max takes well. I think you are best in the large group.) Miss Lyon kept her promise *to send you some pictures* I believe. I will ask her when she comes; (*she has gone to Innocence at Home on furnishing-business. Goes every 2 or 3 days, & is desperately busy.*) / Very lovingly ... [MTP; not in *MTAq*].

Sam also replied to the May 30 from **Dorothy Quick**, revealing his plans to move to Redding, Conn.

You dear little Dorothy, I am so glad to hear from you. No, I haven't been sick, I have been away, eight days, at Deal Beach, arranging a lot of matters with my publisher. I am home now for a week, then I am going to Gloucester, Mass., to spend a few days with my daughter Jean, who has taken a house near there on the sea shore for the summer. After that I shall run back to New York & then up-country to the new house. It will be ready for us by the 15th or 20th of June, we think. By & by you & your mother must give us a visit there, when we get things well going. Miss Lyon & I will do our very best to make it pleasant for you. Promise me you will come, dear.

I hope you will have a splendid good time at Commencement. I expect to arrive at Gloucester about that date.

Clara is singing in London, & I judge by the cable-news that she is having a very satisfactory time.

Miss Lyon sends you lots of love, & I send you lots & lots of mine. / SLC [MTP; *MTAq* 165-6].

Eleanor L. Nicholas wrote a begging letter from NYC to Sam asking him to “send all you can spare” so she might afford to move [MTP].

Francis Ram wrote from London to Sam. It seems the first page of the letter, an unflattering assessment of Queen Victoria, is missing. Enclosed is a newspaper clipping, May 25, from the *London Times*, that Ram responded to: “Mark Twain on Queen Victoria.” Ram claimed Victoria at one time had broken another woman’s heart [MTP].

June 3 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to daughter **Clara**.

Well, Clärchen dear, I have your dear letter from ship board saying what fine shape you are in: also there are cablegrams whereby we know you sang twice last Saturday; & now I am waiting for particulars by mail. It seems a good while to wait, too.

I’ve been down-country 8 days, at Col. Harveys, & have had a charming time. I got back yesterday noon. I devoted the 8 days to trying to invent a name for the Redding house. After many & many a defeat, I won out at last, yesterday morning, & am quite well satisfied with my performance. I wanted a name that wasn’t use-worn; & wouldn’t resemble any other house’s name, either in this world or Sheol; & couldn’t be copied by anybody; & would at once suggest *me* to anybody hearing it uttered or seeing it in print, by suggesting my best-known book. I reckon INNOCENCE AT HOME covers these several grounds. Many populations will think it describes me, but I do not wish to seem to know that.

Have a good time, dear heart, & success, to your satisfaction & clear up to your utmost desire. / With lots & lots of love / Father [MTP]. *Note:* Clara would override Sam’s initial choice for the home, making it “Stormfield,” which may have contributed to the false notion that Twain’s final years were unhappy, unproductive ones.

Sam also wrote to **Frederick A. Duneka**.

Dear Brer Duneka:

Ostler & I helped him out. Ostler put it into his head to go, & I furnished him a “philosophy of life.” The quoted paragraphs are (barring two or three inconsequential & unliterary errors) from my 70th-birthday speech of 2½ years ago. Reads pretty well, too! / Yrs ever ... [MTP].

Note: Sam may have referred to Sir William Osler, who in one of his talks claimed a paraphrase from Mark Twain’s *Christian Science*, that “so-called Humanists have not enough Science, and Science sadly lacks the Humanities.” Since nothing like this claim was found in the book, Osler may have been “the whole force of Twain’s criticism, rather than one passage” [Osler’s ‘a way of life’ and other addresses, etc. note 124]. Just whom was helped by Clemens and Ostler is made clear by Duneka’s reply of June 4, “the Chicago man who killed himself on his 70th birthday quoting your great speech...” See Sam’s reply June 4.

From Google books: **Sir William Osler** (1849-1919) had a long and distinguished career as a physician and professor at McGill University, the University of Pennsylvania, the Johns Hopkins University, and finally, as the Regius Chair in Medicine at Oxford University. Over the course of his professional life, Osler gave many addresses—mostly to medical students—on medical ethics, medicine and the humanities, the relationship between the medical practitioner and the patient, and, as the titular essay makes clear, on the “way of life” he advocated for the ethical physician. He remains an inspiration to many contemporary medical practitioners; there are active Osler Societies throughout the world. While Osler’s talks were frequently published during his lifetime and they have been published individually and in different compilations since his death, none contain the over 1500 annotations that appear here, notes that serve to explain the many philosophical, biblical, historical, and literary allusions contained in Osler’s writings. This thoroughly explicated selection of Sir William Osler’s writings will be cherished by physicians, medical students, nurses, philosophers, theologians, and ethicists in this-and future-generations.

Sam also wrote to **Frances Nunnally** at St. Timothy’s School, in Catonsville, Maryland.

Francesca dear, I am ciphering over the situation. The country-house is finished & I shall move into it June 15th, by Miss Lyon’s guess. So I am planning as thus:

Sunday, June 7, my last public engagement here.

Monday, June 8. To Boston.

Tuesday, 9th. To Gloucester, to visit my daughter Jean, who has taken a house on the sea, near there.

Thursday, 11th. Back to New York, *to see you next day.*

That is my scheme. Tell me your hotel, dear, so that I can go & find you.

And make a note of my telephone address, for it is not in the book:

3907 Gramery. / With love [MTAq 167]. *Note.* Sam's travel plans were changed; he wrote daughter Jean on June 5 that "I shall have to be here until near June 20."

The New York Times, p. 12 reported an updated schedule for bankruptcy of the **Plasmon Co. of America**:

BUSINESS TROUBLES

....

THE PLASMON COMPANY OF AMERICA.—Another set of schedules of the Plasmon Company of America, manufacturer of food products, 59 Pearl Street, of which Mark Twain was acting President, was filed yesterday by R. D. Hanna, Secretary. They show liabilities of \$17,347 and assets of \$4,173, consisting of stock, \$1,500; cash in Knickerbocker Trust Company, \$819; office furniture, \$700; machinery and tools, \$1,000, and accounts, \$154. In addition to these assets there are unliquidated claims for damages to the goodwill of the business against S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain) for \$25,000 and R. W. Ashcroft for \$5,000. The schedules filed several weeks ago showed liabilities of \$26,843 and assets \$1,395 [*Note:* **Robert D. Hanna**]

The Times, p. 5, "Child Actors Close The Winter Season," also reported the final performance of the season, and announced that the Entertainment Department of the **Educational Alliance** the following season would be incorporated as the **Educational Theatre**, under the management of **Mark Twain**, **Robert Collier**, **Otto Kahn**, the Rev. **Percy Stickney Grant**, and President **G. Stanley Hall** of Clark University in Mass.

Lilian W. Aldrich wrote to Sam advising that the dedication exercises for the **Thomas Bailey Aldrich Memorial** would be June 30. He would get a formal invite later [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Of course I shall be there if writing happens to prevent. Have an engagement in Boston for that evening but that will not prevent"

Ferris Greenslet for the Aldrich Memorial Museum wrote to Sam, detailing the upcoming ceremonies, asking for his brief remarks, five or ten minutes [MTP].

Dorothy Harvey wrote from Asbury Park, NJ to Sam. "I received your sweet letter to-day and think it very nice of you to write to your 'angel-fish'. / I suppose Miss Lyon is very busy getting 'Innocence at Home' ready for you to live in and I should love to see it myself sometime. We had pie for lunch to-day and it was too bad that you were not here for it was very good indeed" [MTP; not in MTAq].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

June 4 Thursday – **Frederick A. Duneka for Harper & Brothers** wrote offering a rather humorous reply to Twain's of the previous day:

Oh Royal Sire: / My correspondence with royal personages has been so limited and intermittent that I am a little creaky in the joints as to the proper form of genuflective address. "Dear King" has a ring far too rudely and robustly democratic, "Dear Sire" proclaims a hint of equality which royalty is swiftly sure to resent and "O King Live Forever" is a plagiarism which spells instant expulsion from the light of the royal presence.

So I don't know how to begin—and this I am convinced accounts for the one-sided nature of the correspondence which I have heretofore carried on alone with Kings and such.

But without beginning—this is to thank you for your note with its strange newspaper clipping of the Chicago man who killed himself on his 70th birthday quoting your great speech (which I had the pleasure of hearing on your 70th birthday,) and quoting it as a philosophy of Death rather than of life. My own point of view is that we could better spare people who have not yet reached this serene age, and if a method could be arranged whereby your great peroration might become executioner, I should be happy, O King! to furnish a list for the royal off-with-his-head roster.

Thank you again for the information which I am venturing to make the basis of a “literary note”.

With bowed forehead, I am, Hoch-wohlgeboren, / Your humble subject [MTP]. *Note: Hoch-wohlgeboren* = high well-born.

Irene Gerken wrote from Deal Beach, NJ to Sam.

My dear Mr. Clemens, / I received your letter and was very glad to hear from you. I am very sorry that I could not say goodbye to you but I suppose the auto was not finished in time. Is it very warm in New York it must be as it is very warm here. We have had no more lovely days like the one when I was at Dorothy's and I hope we will not for a long time...I have not had the pleasure of having Dorothy over yet as I have been to New York with Mother but hope to have her next week [MTP; not in *MTAq*].

Frances Nunnally wrote to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens,—

Your letter came this morning and I am so glad you are going to be in New York when we sail. I was afraid you would have gone to your new house. Mother leaves Atlanta on the sixth and is going right to New York, as she has some shopping to do before we leave. Then Father is coming up and take me up on the eleventh. I shall reach New York on the afternoon of the eleventh and will be there until some time on the thirteenth, whenever the “Minnetonka” sails. We shall be at the Waldorf and I will telephone you when I get to New York. I certainly am glad I am going to have a chance to see you before I go. I wish you were going over again this summer. The picture you enclosed in your letter reminds me so much of last summer. It is awfully good, I think.

I want this letter to get off on the afternoon mail, so I will stop. Hoping to see you in about a week, I am / With love, / Francesca [MTAq 167-8].

June 5 Friday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to daughter **Jean**, at Eastern Point in Gloucester, Mass.

Dear Jean, consound the well-intending dog! And certainly he *had* good intentions, & a heroic spirit. The great big majority of our race are away below him in this regard, & not worthy to untie his shoe-latchets.

Miss Lyon is slaving away at the new house, getting it ready. She will make an admirable job of it if she survives.

I have named the house *Innocence at Home*. A good name—& susceptible of more than one interpretation.

I shall have to be here until near June 20th. Then I am expecting to be *there*. *Must* be, I reckon; & must remain there some days & straighten-up things & entertain two or three sets of visitors who may possibly settle in the neighborhood—& certainly I do hope they will.

Then on the 30th of June I am due in Portsmouth N.H. for the dedication of the Tom Bailey Aldrich Memorial. Along about that time you will be well settled in your home, I guess, & can receive me, on my way to or from Portsmouth.

We have started a village library up yonder, & the people have named it for me. ~~We have dug four or five hundred old books out of our over-burdened shelves & inflicted them upon that library.~~

I have no doubt the Spider is having a good time in London. I hope so, anyway. With lots of love & kisses, / Father [MTP]. *Note:* One might only speculate as to the line Sam struck out. Was there some reason he decided Jean should not know about the large donation of books? However, he must have thought it would upset her, because on June 14 he wrote her not to be troubled by the donation; there were no books that Jean would “wish to withhold.” The first paragraph about the dog is clearly a response to a recent letter from Jean, but none are extant.

Sam also wrote to Father **William Fitz-Simon**, at this time in Washington, D.C. about his approaching wedding in Tuxedo Park to **Miss Ursula Juliet Morgan**.

Dear Father Fitz-Simon,—Marriage—yes, it *is* the supreme felicity of life, I concede it. And it is also the supreme tragedy of life. The deeper the love the surer the tragedy. And the more disconsolating when it comes.

And so I congratulate you. Not perfunctorily, not lukewarmly, but with a fervency & fire that no word in the dictionary is strong enough to convey. And in the same breath & sincerity I grieve for you. Not for both of you & not for the one that shall go first, but for the one that is fated to be left behind. For that one there is no recompense—For that one no recompense is possible.

There are times—thousands of times—when I can expose the half of my mind, & conceal the other half, but in the matter of the tragedy of marriage I feel too deeply for that, & I have to bleed it all out or shut it all in. And so you must consider what I have been through, & am passing through & be charitable with me.

Make the most of the sunshine! & I hope it will last long—ever so long.

I do not really want to be present; yet for friendship's sake & because I honor you so, I would be there if I could. / Most sincerely your friend, / S. L. Clemens [MTP: Paine's 1917 *Mark Twain's Letters*, p.811-12]. *Note:* the MTP's TS replaces Sam's "&" signs and makes a few other changes. **Rev. William Fitz-Simon** would marry **Miss Ursula Juliet Morgan** (niece of J. Pierpont Morgan) at St. Mary's church in Tuxedo Park on June 24 [NY *Times*, 24 June, p. 7, Miss Morgan Weds Rev. Wm. Fitz-Simon].

Julia O'Connell wrote from NYC to invite Sam to visit their literary club at Morris High School; they had been studying *TS* and "are greatly delighted with your style and humor" [MTP].

Myron H. Phelps for the Society for Advancement of India wrote to Sam. "In view of your interest in the subject, I take the liberty of sending you a report regarding our work which we have just issued; and also some newspaper clippings which possibly you may not have seen, and which may interest you" [MTP]. Clippings from the NY *Sun*, NY *Post*, NY *Herald*, all June 3 are in the file.

Dorothy Quick wrote to Sam.

My Dear Mr Clemens / I have a bad cold rose fever and Bronchitis together its almost over now. We except to leave on Wednesday for Atlantic City. I have not gotten my pony and mother says that there is no use in getting one now as we are going away but get it in the fall and hire one wherever we go. I like that idea dont you? I have two rabbits. Billy and Dorothy (Dodo for short) they are two weeks old pure white with blue eyes. They're so lovely.

When we go away I shall let my friend Claire Kenworthy take care of them for me. She can have the products. You must be having a lovely time going everywhere. I hope you enjoy your visit with Miss Clemens I look forward to visiting you later on.

I hope you will like your new house when you see it. but, oh dear how late its getting and I must close with lots & lots of love your loving / Dorothy / P.S. Please give Miss Lyon my love / Dorothy [MTAq 168].

June 6 Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Frances Nunnally**.

You are a very dear & sweet Francesca to answer so promptly, & you so heavy-laden with work, you poor little chap! But soon you'll be at sea, & that will be fine & restful. I wish I could go with you.

I go away Monday the 8th, but shall plan to return Thursday forenoon so as to be on deck & listening for your telephone message that afternoon. You & your parents must spare us a little of your time at our feed-trough, either at dinner that evening or at luncheon or dinner next day. I'm going to count on that, dear heart. / With love, ... [MTP; MTAq 169].

Sam and Isabel Lyon went to the Savoy Theatre to see Charles Rann Kennedy's play, *The Servant in the House*. Sam would meet Kennedy at a dinner given by Miss Elizabeth

Jordan on June 7 [June 7 to Sturgis; *NY Times*, June 8, p.7 "Dinner to Charles Rann Kennedy"]. Note: the Henry Miller Associate Players.

SAVOY 34th St. & B'way. Evs. 8:20.
Mat. to-day, best Seats, \$1.50.
HENRY MILLER *The Servant in the House*
ASTE PLAYERS

The New York Times, June 14, p. C3, ran a special story datelined London, June 6:

TWAIN'S DAUGHTER TALKS ABOUT HIM

Miss Clara Clemens Says It Is Hard to Have a Genius for a Father.

TAKEN FOR BUFFALO BILL

"Father Wears White Suit to Remind Him of Bed," Says Miss Clara.

Special Correspondence THE NEW YORK TIMES.

LONDON, June 6.—Miss Clara Clemens, daughter of Mark Twain, who is the possessor of a rich contralto voice, has made her debut in this country as a concert singer at the Queen's Hall. She will give a recital, with Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, and Mr. Wark, pianist, at the Bechstein Hall on June 16.

Miss Clemens inherits her father's sense of humor, and in an article published in the London Express she tells of the tribulations which face the daughter of a celebrity.

Miss Clemens writes as follows:

"I have just come to the conclusion that things want readjusting in this old world of ours.

"Need I mention the fact that I refer to the glaring injustice of having to go about labeled 'Mark Twain's daughter' when I am doing my best to pursue a musical career?

"Father, is, of course, a genius—and that is what makes me so tired. My fatigue is directly caused by the incessant strain—prolonged over some years and induced by trying to find a secret hiding place when I can shroud my identity and be sure of a really comfortable bed.

"I have a mind to scour Europe for such a place, and when I have found it to take to bed for, say, a couple of years, and arise—a genius. For the bed habit is the recipe of father's success.

"While I have been tiring myself out in an endeavor to rise to the heights as anybody else's daughter he has just lain in bed and thought things and got out of bed now and then to loaf around on a lecture tour or tramp lazily through Europe. That's why I'm looking for a really comfortable bed. Genius is the art of taking—to bed.

"Father called me a genius once when I was about 15, and, although I guess he was just fooling me, I am not likely to forget the occasion. He had gone on a lecture tour with Mr. George W. Cable, the Southern writer, and during his absence we girls—my two sisters and myself—arranged some theatricals as a surprise for him on his return to our home at Hartford, Conn.

"The piece we selected was 'The Prince and the Pauper,' and father pretended to enjoy it just as much as we did, and, as I said before, he informed me that I was a genius. Shortly after that memorable night I came over to Europe.

"Then my troubles began. They began in Berlin, where father, thanks to no violent physical efforts on his part, is wonderfully popular. When I was not studying hard at my music I would go out occasionally to little functions, where I would sit in a corner and be completely ignored by all assembled until some foolish person whispered to another: 'I believe that's Mark Twain's daughter in the corner.'

"Then the guests would arise as one man and swoop down upon me, and expect me to be 'bright' and amusing after a hard day's work. These, of course, were the occasions when my august parent was not present. At social gatherings graced by his presence my existence was on the level of a footstool—always

unnecessary object in a crowded room. Father, fresh from bed, would completely flood the place with his talk. And yet the secret of his popularity never occurred to me at the time.

"But father has had much to endure, too. The last time he was in London he was assailed in Regent Street by a venerable old lady, who shook him cordially by the hand and repeated fervently: 'I have always wanted to shake hands with you.' My father, who was feeling particularly brilliant after a long day's rest, was much moved, and responded gratefully: 'So you know who I am, madam?' 'Of course I do,' answered the old lady with enthusiasm, 'You're Buffalo Bill!'

"Father's white suit is another of my trials. I have always believed that the reason he took to wearing it is that it soothed him and reminded him of bed. His white hair, too, can be explained scientifically. The explanation can be found in any well-equipped natural history museum. The hares and the bird and the foxes in the arctic regions are of a dazzling whiteness when the snow covers their haunts. Father is, therefore, a striking example of what is known as sympathetic coloration. His hair has gradually assumed the color of his pillow.

"But I must do father bare justice. In spite of his lying-in-bed habit he can be impetuous both in speech and action. When he gets too impetuous in speech I rise to the occasion and answer him back.

"Last Winter I was to sing at an important evening concert on the other side, and the entire family had been invited to attend a function in the afternoon, Father, being unmusical, could not understand that I should have been unfit to sing if I had chattered after his own fashion all the afternoon. And so I coaxed him to go and represent the family. At first he objected strongly, but finally, in a burst of impetuosity, he said: 'Yes, Clara, I'll go to that reception. I'd go to _____ for you.'

"To which I thoughtfully replied: 'If ever, father, you should be called upon to go there, please go labeled 'I'm for Clara.'"

[*Note:* Sam approved of this article: in his **June 14** to daughter **Jean** he wrote, "Clara has been writing something for a London paper, & doing it very well. I will try to remember to enclose it."]

Harper's Weekly published an excerpt from Sam's speech at the eighth annual banquet of the American Booksellers Assoc. on May 20: "Mark Twain, His Books, and the Booksellers," p. 32 [Tenney, *ALR Third Annual Supplement to the Reference Guide* (Autumn, 1979) 192].

Leopold Godfrey-Turner wrote from England for "Life's Pictorial Comedy" to ask Clemens to write an answer to the question, "What is the greatest mistake" of his life [MTP] *Note:* IVL: "Contract prohibits," meaning his contract with Harper's prohibited him from submitting elsewhere.

June 6? Saturday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Jennie A. Eustace**.

Dear Miss Eustace:

I wish to contribute the inclosed \$10 to that \$1,000 which you propose to raise among our profession. I think I have fairly earned the right to say "our," for I have been monologuing before the footlights for forty years & I am on the free list of all the righteously conducted theatres in the country. / Sincerely yours, / S. L. Clemens [MTP: *NY Times*, June 9, 1908 p.7]. *Note:* the following from the Times article explains:

To Miss Eustace's Fund for Feeding Needy School Children.

Jennie Eustace, leading woman of the "Witching Hour" company at the Hackett Theatre, who has undertaken to raise \$1,000 for the fund to aid the indigent school children of New York, yesterday received a letter from Mark Twain inclosing a check for \$10. The letter, which was written from 21 Fifth Avenue, said:

[Sam's above letter appeared here].

Though Miss Eustace announced her intention of collecting funds only three days ago, she has already received nearly \$200. The subscriptions have been from "professional" friends and also from friends and acquaintances in no manner connected with the stage.

Note: Just after this letter from Sam, **Jennie A. Eustace** replied: "You are very kind. I thank you sincerely. Your cheque will do a great deal of good. But you will do a great deal more. I cannot tell you how I appreciate

your subscribing to my fund. Would you object to my using your charming letter” [MTP]. *Note:* This is catalogued as simply 1908 but it is clearly in response to Sam’s above.

June 7 Sunday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam wrote to **Ebenezer J. Hill**, postmaster, N.Y. A draft plus a signed letter survive.

Dear Sir: /I am just about to settle in Redding; but to live *there*, & have to break bulk at Branchville, on then mail addressed to Georgetown, is too confusing for me. The Railroad Co has done its part to my entire satisfaction, in the matter of granting us express-service after June 15, and now I turn to you to help me out of the difficulty of being outside the limit allowed to the rural free delivery that starts from the Redding Post Office. There are several of us newcomers, & there will be some more. Hoping you will be able to help us, I am / Very ... [MTP: Christie’s East catalogs, Nov. 12, 1997, Item 27].

Sam also replied to the June 5 from **Dorothy Quick**.

You dear little rat, aren’t you ever going to stop catching cold & struggling with bronchitis? I am so sorry for you. Wait till I get you up-country at “Innocence at Home”—then we’ll set your health up!

Yes, I like the idea of waiting till fall to buy the pony. A hired one will answer quite well in the meantime.

I am glad you’ve got Billy & Dodo. In December they will be just right, & I will run down to see you & we will have them for dinner. I am like you, I just *love* rabbits.

I have been scheming to get down to your school-exercises day after tomorrow, but I failed, because of a string of business engagements which are going to keep me here for more than two days yet. I would love to see you, dear.

Will it be safe to leave them with Claire Kenworthy? Do you know her well-enough? Is she good, & does she go to Sunday school? I think I wouldn’t take any rash chances; because if she should eat them—however, maybe she can resist. I will hope so. She can eat the “products,” & that will be all right, because they will belong to her.

Miss Lyons sends her love, & I send lots & lots of love, dear heart / SLC

I reckon this will catch you before you get started toward Atlantic City. Tell me—what is your address there, & how long shall you stay? [MTAq 170-1].

Note: Cooley in the latter source cites Clara in *MFMT* that the name for the new house at Redding was changed from “Autobiography House” to “Innocence at Home” on June 3, but this is incorrect. Sam made the change on the morning of **June 2**, at the end of his stay in Deal, N.J. with the Harveys; see entry. Such errors often get repeated.

Sam also wrote to **John L. RoBards** in Hannibal, Mo.

If the graves of my family need putting in order, will you kindly have it attended to and send me the bill? I shall be greatly obliged.

I was very sorry to miss you that afternoon at the Auditorium, but I was constantly being introduced to people, & had no chance to get out my glasses & examine the cards placed in my hands until you were gone; then all my efforts to get on your track were futile. By George it was a day of confusions, mistakes, disappointments, defeated intentions, & cross-purposes!

You came east, that time, without looking in at 21 Fifth avenue. Please don’t act like that again. I will always be a delight to me to see you—& the time left us is not long, John / Sincerely Your friend ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Sturgis**.

The Directors of the Children’s Theatre are holding a business meeting down stairs, but as I am only Honorary President, I don’t have to do any work & can therefore stay up here & answer Aquarium letters. Yours I cannot find; & so, as I don’t know what State Woodstock is in I will send this to your Boston address.

I find I am not going to pass through Boston till then end of the month, because I can't get away from here earlier. I do hope you will be at home again by that time. I have to be in Portsmouth, N. H., June 30 for the Tom Bailey Aldrich Memorial dedication.

I go visiting on Long Island tomorrow, but shall return on Friday to receive an angel-fish (the Georgian) & her parents, who will dine with me & sail for Europe next Day. Then I shall go back & finish the visit.

Yesterday we went to see "The Servant in the House" (oh, a noble play), & tonight I go dining out, to meet the author of it, whom I very much wish to know.

I don't know how I have managed to mislay your letter. Such is not my custom—certainly it isn't as regards the letters of the Aquarium. I don't care for the others, they are Miss Lyon's affair. / Lovingly ... [MTAq 169-70]. *Note:* **Charles Rann Kennedy** (1871-1950) Anglo-American dramatist, was the author of *The Servant in the House*; his plays dealt with moral dilemmas. **Frances Nunnally** was the Angelfish Sam planned to receive on Friday.

The New York *Times*, June 8, ran a squib on p. 7 covering the Kennedy dinner:

Dinner to Charles Rann Kennedy.

Miss Elizabeth Jordan gave a dinner at Delmonico's last night in honor of Charles Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House," and Mrs. Kennedy, (Edith Wynne Mathison.)

Among those present were Mark Twain, Mr. and Mrs. Selden Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair McKelway, Charles A. Conant, Mrs. James Robert McKee, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Goetchius, Miss Elizabeth Cutting, and Mr. Arthur Brisbane.

Newton Wallop (Earl of Portsmouth) wrote to Sam. "I wish I could have seen you as well as your handwriting. We shall not be returning to town before the end of this month; but Lady Portsmouth hopes then to give herself the opportunity of making your daughters acquaintance." The Wallops were visiting the US [MTP].

June 8 Monday – **Clara Clemens' 34th birthday**. Clara was in London on tour.

William Fitz-Simon wrote from Tuxedo Park, NY to Sam.

I thank you most heartily for your letter. I appreciate what you say and even now can understand the deep truth you express. You honor me greatly in writing me as you have done and I am so glad because of your expression of friendship. You will allow me to say that I have regarded it as a great privilege to have had an opportunity during your stay here to learn something of that great humanness—that great heart that is the mainspring of your life. Miss Morgan is very anxious to meet you... [MTP].

T.H. Green wrote a three-page typed letter from Minneapolis about his sister discovering a note about Clemens' grandmother, **Pamela Goggin Clemens**, during a search of Virginia genealogical records [MTP]. *Note:* IVL on letter: "Many thanks for your very pleasant letter. / Answd June 11, 08"

Ferris Greenslet for the Aldrich Memorial Museum wrote a short note on Houghton Mifflin notepaper to Sam. "It is great pleasure of us all to know that you can be present at Portsmouth on June 30th. You don't say anything about the matter of the little talk on Aldrich as a Wit, but I shall venture to assume that your silence gives consent..." [MTP].

June 9 Tuesday – **Malcolm D. Graham** wrote from Hamilton, Bermuda to Sam. "I am indeed glad to have traded the owner of the shell, and am returning it to you by the mail under registered cover & trust it will duly reach you." He also discussed Bermuda's weather [MTP]. *Note:* the "identification" shell was from **Helen Blackmer**; See **May 25 to Graham**.

Ebenezer J. Hill, Congressman, wrote on Committee on Ways and Means, House of Representative letterhead to Sam. "I am in receipt of your letter of the 7th, and think you are mistaken in regard to a rural free

delivery service starting from Redding. I am under the impression that the rural free delivery service to which you refer starts from Bethel... / I will at once forward your letter to the Post Office Department and ask them to send an inspector there and see if the route cannot be extended so as to take you in" [MTP].

June 10 Wednesday – Dorothy Sturgis wrote from Woodstock, Vt. on Woodstock Inn stationery:

My dear Mr. Clemens.

Do please tell me who wrote "the Servant in the House"! I am ashamed to say I don't know. But now we are "quits" because you didn't know what state Woodstock was in. If you find my last letter please peruse its contents very carefully; if not, remember that I want you to come up here awfully badly! There's a sweet little girl up here too, whom I'm sure you'd be entirely captured by! Besides I should think it would be horrid in New York now. / ... I have taken to writing poetry! Silly verses about the people here..." She includes a verse about a lawyer there named Skeels [MTP; not in *MTAq*].

June 11 Thursday – Dorothy Quick wrote to Sam.

My dear Mr Clemens

I received your letter just before I left I'm so sorry you could not have come out to commencement but I must confess I felt very much disappointed I wanted to show you my school and all my friends. Claire took the rabbits I think I can trust her

Dorothea Ofrdytce took my bird Nellie Arnold my goldfish. so you see my pets are pretty well scattered around Plainfield.

I wish you were here. It is lonely here and there is no crowd. I except to be here until July first and I expect Grandpa and Grandma will be back by then My Rose fever is not very much better but I have scarsely been here long enough to be cured.

However, I slept through all of last night.

Which was a big improvement.

As I have been awake coughing all most every night for a whole week

I had a merry-go-round ride yesterday and got the brass ring Was'ant that exciting I wish you had been here to watch me catch it. it is almost an art. Please write to me very soon wont you.

With lots & lots of love to Miss Lyon & yourself send lots of hugs & kisses / Your loving / Dorothy [MTAq 171-2].

June 12 Friday – Charles Hinckley Baker (b. 1864) wrote to Sam, sending his new book *Life and Character of William Taylor Baker, President of the World's Columbian Exposition and of the Chicago Board of Trade, by His Son* (1908). Baker inscribed the book: "To Mr. Samuel L. Clemens / 'Mark Twain' / with the compliments and good / wishes of the author / Charles H. Baker / June 12th 1908." Sam wrote on the front pastedown endpaper, "A valuable book, & capably constructed. A tribute from a son to his father which does honor to both. SL C June/08" [Gribben 40; MTP].

June 13 Saturday – G.E. Stechert & Co., books, NYC wrote to Sam.

We are in receipt of your favor of the 10th inst. in which you ask us to mail future members of "Simplicissimus" to your country address but regret that on account of the periodical being declared illegal for mailing, owing to the obscene illustrations as well as the lottery advertisements appearing in the columns from time to time, we cannot send the copies through the mail. Shall we retain the numbers sending them to you by express from time to time until your return to the city? [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Answd June 23; Deliver to R.W. Ashcroft 24 Stone St."

June 14 Sunday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to daughter Jean (incoming not extant) at Eastern Point in Gloucester, Mass. He was planning a visit to Gloucester.

The time is drawing near, dear Jean, & I shall be glad to start. Miss Lyon has been hard at work up there among the workman for the past 3 days, & it is now *almost* definitely settled that next Thursday is my date for moving into the house. There has been a whole world of work to do, but I have escaped it all from the start (a year ago) to the finish.

Clara has been writing something for a London paper [See June 6 article], & doing it very well. I will try to remember to enclose it.

Do not trouble about the books I am giving to the village library. There's none that you would wish to withhold.

There is no hurry about the Aquarium-sign, Jean dear. It can wait as long as you wish.

Indeed I should like to tarry with you a considerable spell, but Dr. Peterson will not allow that. For your good he will restrict me to hours, not days.

I am dreading that Portsmouth journey. I suppose I shall have to come down here from Redding; then take 5 hours to Boston; then some more hours to Portsmouth—all in dead summer-time! By God, I would rather be hanged. However, it is a memorial service in honor of an old friend, & I think he would reciprocate by & by, if he could.

Goodbye, dear heart, with lots of hugs & kisses— / Father [MTP]. *Note:* Jean was making a woodcarved sign for Sam's Aquarium Club to hang in his den at the new house. Also, she was "insistent" in asking for a visit of several days [Hill 198]. The Portsmouth trip was to attend the dedication of the **Thomas Bailey Aldrich Memorial**. See June 29.

Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Quick** in at the Hotel Windsor, Atlantic City, N.J. relating updates on the new house in Redding, Conn.

I am so sorry, dear heart, that I could not come to Commencement, for I would have been so glad to see your school & meet your friends.

Miss Lyons is working very hard, these days, getting the new house up-country ready. Of course it requires a world of labor to get a new house in shape. She has been at it might & day, this past week, & has gotten all the furniture & the orchestrelle & a billiards table in, at last, and says the house will be ready for me next Thursday. I shan't be able to leave here till Thursday afternoon—Then I'll go. I am sure I shall like the house, from all accounts. I think you will like it too, when you come to pay me a visit.

You careless child! How do know you can trust Claire & Dorothea & Nellie? As for me, I never expect to see those rabbits nor that bird nor that goldfish again. I wish *now* I had gone to Plainfield while they were still alive.

I wish you wouldn't be sick so much, dear. You seem to be always traveling from one malady to another, & it grieves me. Get *well*, dear! & *stay* well! Won't you?

I am glad you got the brass right—I think you did well.

Miss Lyon sends you lots of love, & so do I—multiplied by 6 [MTAq 172].

Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Sturgis**.

Dear Dorothy: / Charles Rann Kennedy is the author of "The Servant in the House." His wife, who was the chief figure in "Everyman," plays in it, & so does his niece, a girl of 18 or 19. It is a wonderful play & a wonderful cast.

The reason I didn't know where Woodstock is, was because I knew it used to be in another State & had moved, but I didn't know what State it had moved to until your last letter came.

Yesterday morning I shipped the Georgian member of the Aquarium to Europe, with her parents; but they will visit me at "Innocence at Home" (the house I have built near Redding, Conn.) the 21st or 22^d of September, & I hope you can come at that time, too, & have ventured to enter you upon the list accordingly. The house is about ready, now, & I shall go up there next Thursday, if nothing happens to defeat Miss Lyon's calculations. I haven't seen it yet.

Yes indeed, I wish I could come to Woodstock, but I know I can't manage it. I'm too old to skirmish around like an angel-fish. / Yours, with love, / S L C [MTAq 173]. *Note:* See June 7 for more on Kennedy.

Lilian W. Aldrich wrote to Sam, inviting Sam to a function on June 29, the day before the Memorial to Thomas Bailey Aldrich [MTP].

June 15 Monday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam replied to the June 14 from **Lilian W. Aldrich**.

Dear Mrs. Aldrich: / It is lovely of you to invite me for the 29th, & I wish I could accept, but I shall not be able to arrive until the next day. I shall be pretty sure to catch the special train; but failing that, I shall go by the 10 a.m. I could easily miss both trains if I were alone, but a friend will go with me who will protect me from myself. / Yours affectionately / Mark. / P. S. / I started this note, was then called away, & presently came back & unwittingly made a new start [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.)**.

Mariechen dear, it is lovely of you to invite me, & I do wish I could say yes, but I am tied up with preventive engagements—that is to say, company at “INNOCENCE AT HOME” (name of the house I have built in the country—you are permitted to keep your sarcasms to yourself, dear; & it wouldn’t be safe for you to utter any, anyway.)

The final last tinkering & fussing & finishing was completed yesterday on the Sabbath day, & everything is shipshape & ready now. Miss Lyon & the servants & the four cats will go up to-morrow morning & take possession, & I am to follow two days later, in the later afternoon. Friends will arrive Friday, Saturday & Monday. I am conscious of a steadily augmenting great curiosity to see what the house looks like. And also the region round about. Clara & Miss Lyon claim that it is as beautiful as Tuxedo, but I doubt it.

Of course you can have any head I’ve got, & right welcome—but I don’t know of any “large” head, unless you mean the brown-tinted London one such as H. H. has. If that is it, I can get a copy from London in about 3 weeks. If it is the Gessford (New York) picture, tell me & I will attend to it. I think I like the London one better.

The skinning of this house goes steadily on, hour by hour. There is not an ornament left in my bedroom now but a bottle of Scotch whisky, & somebody has even been skinning that.

Paragon of nieces, I herewith enclose my warm regards and regrets to Father Fitz Simon; & to you my love. / Uncle Mark [MTP]. *Note:* **William Fitz-Simon** was about to be married. The London photographer was **H. Walter Barnett**; see June 26.

Monte A. Dernham wrote from San Francisco to ask for an autograph [MTP].

June 16 Tuesday – **Ferris Greenslet for the Aldrich Memorial Museum** wrote to Sam about his train connections from Boston to Portsmouth on June 30—even the 10 o’clock train would suffice [MTP].

Mary R. Townsend (Mrs. W.W. Townsend) wrote from Marshallville, Ga. Mary wrote she was the daughter of Jere Clemens of Alabama, Sam’s “distant cousin.” She asked about an anecdote she’d read in his Autobiography in *Youth’s Companion* that she felt certain was of her father—where did Sam get it from? Also, she planned on republishing two of her father’s books about the Mexican War and the Texas War. Could he advise her on the matter? [MTP]. *Note:* extremely light faded letter. IVL: “Regret to say that the only advice he can offer is that the best thing for her to do is to apply to some publisher. Doesn’t know which anecdote is referenced to; Answd June 23”

June 17 Wednesday – At 21 Fifth Ave, N.Y. Sam inscribed a copy of *LM* to Commander **Daniel Dow** (1860-1931): “*Very truly yours / Mark Twain / To Commander Dow, R.N.R. / June 17/08*” [MTP]. *Note:* this from a message board posted by Dow’s grandson, Michael Dow, in 2004:

My grandfather was Commander Daniel Dow RD, RNR and he commanded all the Cunard ships during his career until his retirement. He went to sea in 1876 as an Apprentice to Thos and John Brockelbank and sailed in the barque “Baroda”. His last sea command was in 1919 but he then was sent to become

Cunard's American representative until his retirement. On a voyage in the "Mauretania" in September 1910 he achieved a record westbound passage from Daunt's Rock to Sandy Hook in 4 days, 10 hours and 50 minutes, an average speed of 26.06 knots so taking the Blue Riband record off her sister ship "Lusitania". He died in 1931. However, he did have command of the "Lusitania" from 1913 until her penultimate voyage in May 1915; (a total distance of 1,635,092 nautical miles) during which time he came into public prominence on several occasions most notably after flying "Old Glory" after being instructed to fly a neutral flag in the hope that it would deter an attack from German Cruisers patrolling off Sandy Hook! Needless to say this did not go down well here in the UK but his American passengers loved it! There has been a lot of controversy over the events leading up to the final and fateful voyage of the "Lusitania" and of Captain Turner a great deal of which is inaccurate.

[For more on Commodore Dow see http://www.dowfamilyhistory.co.uk/daniel_dow_.html].

Sam also wrote to an **H. Walter Barnett**, London photographer, "My charming niece requires me to give her my best photograph, very well, you made it." Sam asked if the photographer would send a copy [MTP: Myers and Co. catalogs, Autumn 1952, No. 373, Item 88]. *Note:* see June 15 to Mary B. Rogers.

June 18 Thursday – The History of Redding website notes that Sam arrived at the **West Redding Train Station** shortly before 6 p.m on the *Berkshire Express* out of New York. The train made a special stop for Twain and thereafter continued the stop for his many visitors.

At 6 p.m. Sam arrived by buggy at his new (and last) home in **Redding, Conn.**, one that **Isabel V. Lyon** had been getting ready for some weeks. Sam played billiards with **Ralph Ashcroft** and **Albert Paine** until midnight [June 19 to Jean Clemens]. Initially he named the house, "Autobiography House," then "Innocence at Home," but finally "Stormfield" would stick at the insistence of **Clara Clemens** in Oct. The house cost about \$45,000 [MTHL 2: 830-31n1].

Cooley writes of Mark Twain's arrival in Redding:

When Clemens arrived at the Redding rail station, he was greeted by a crowd of townspeople. Carriages decorated with flowers formed something of a parade, transporting Clemens, his well-wishers, and curious onlookers the three miles to the gates of his new home. The house and its grounds seemed to him perfect in every detail. That night more townsfolk and some neighbors stopped by to set off fireworks in the garden and give welcome to their celebrated new neighbor. Afterward, because the billiard table was already in place, Paine and Clemens played until after midnight. Before retiring that night he wrote to Dorothy Quick [See June 19], inviting her to come for a visit [MTAq 174-5].

Louise Paine also remembered the arrival:

On the 18th of June, 1908, at about four in the afternoon we left New York City by an express train that was to make its first stop in Redding that day. With Mr. Clemens were my father, a reporter or two, a photographer and that most fortunate little girl, myself, whose boarding school closed that day so that I, too, was homeward bound to Redding.

Waiting for us at the Redding station was a proud array of carriages, flower trimmed, and filled with smiling people who waved warmly. I knew I would never forget it. Mr. Clemens waved in return, then stepped into his own carriage and drove toward the beautiful house that was to be his last home.

- Louise Paine [<http://www.historyofredding.com/HRtwainstormfield.htm>].

Philip Nichols Sunderland, along with his father, **William Webb Sunderland**, builder of Stormfield, recollected the day:

The day he arrived, I went down to be present, as a representative of my father, at his entry into the house. It was all rather informal, I recall; there were quite a lot of people who came out with him on the train

from New York and we all drove up from the Branchville station (he says Branchville but that's incorrect, unless a photo surfaces to prove otherwise, Twain arrived in West Redding) in buggies. And it was all there, just as he had wanted it, even to the cat and I believe that he was very pleased [*ibid.*]

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Benar, Mr. & Mrs. Paine. / The King arrived this afternoon" [MTP: IVL TS 53].

Joe Twichell wrote a note to Sam on an engraved invitation announcing the marriage of their daughter Harmony to Charles Edward Ives, June 9 in Hartford.

"Dear Mark, / Harmony—old lady Harmony—and I sail for England Saturday. Good bye. We have just received a quite long and very nice letter from Jean at Gloucester. Yrs." On the bottom of the announcement he wrote of his daughter: "Harmony is to be domiciled in NY at 70 West 11th St.; so that she will be your rather near neighbor" [MTP].

Sam's new guestbook:

Sam signed himself, **Ralph W. Ashcroft**, and **Albert Bigelow Paine and wife** into the first page of the guestbook. He wrote "1908" at the top, and put Brooklyn, N.Y. for Ashbrook, and Redding Conn. for the Paines, who lived nearby. After his name he wrote "Arrived. Saw the place for the first time. Came for the summer. Soon concluded to remain permanently. Gave up the New York house." *Note:* these entries were made on or after Dec. 28, when **Mary B. Rogers** gave Sam the new guestbook. The original guestbook of five pages was merely signed by guests with a few dates.

June 18 after – Maud W. Littleton wrote Sam a note on a postcard: "My dear Doctor Clemens—Why don't you answer my last letter? Are you too busy or have you forgotten us? Martin was mightily set up over the nice things you said. My house will soon be finished — & then I am going to invite you again—with love..." [MTP]. *Note:* a similar postcard to Isabel Lyon is in file.

June 18-August 31 – Sometime during this period in **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **Margaret Blackmer** about a humorous exchange with a supposed lookalike.

I'm already making mistakes. When I was in New York, six weeks ago, I was on a corner of Fifth Avenue & I saw a small girl—not a big one—start across from the opposite corner, & I exclaimed to myself joyfully, "That is certainly my Margaret!" so I rushed to meet her. But as she came nearer I began to doubt, & said to myself, "It's a Margaret—that is plain enough—but I am afraid it is somebody else's." So when I was passing her I held my shell so she couldn't help but see it. Dear, she only glanced at it & passed on! I wondered if she could have overlooked it. It seemed best to find out; so I turned & followed & caught up with her, & said, deferentially, "Dear Miss, I already know your first name by the look of you, but would you mind telling me your other one?" She was vexed & said pretty sharply, "It's Douglas, if you're so anxious to know. I know *your* name by your looks & I'd advise you to shut yourself up with your pen & ink & write some more rubbish. I am surprised that they allow you to run at large. You are likely to get run over by a baby-carriage any time. Run along now & don't let the cows bite you."

What an idea! There aren't any cows in Fifth Avenue. But I didn't smile; I didn't let onto perceive how uncultured she was. She was from the country, of course, & didn't know what a comical blunder she was making [MTP: MTB 1438].

June 19 Friday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Dorothy Quick:**

Oh, this will never do! You are having altogether too good a time, you little rascal (because I am not in it.) Still, I'm glad. I mustn't break into it now, but I'll have to do it before long; you & your mother will have to pay me a visit here. I want you; & I want my other angel-fishes. I must have a couple of them under this roof all the time, from now until January. There will be 2 under it to-morrow, to stay a week, I hope.

The billiard room, downstairs, is the Aquarium Official head-quarters. Their framed photographs are being hung around its walls.

"Innocence at Home" is the right name for this house, because it describes me, & describes the Aquarium Club. What do you think, dear?

I was never in this beautiful region until yesterday evening. Miss Lyon & the architect built & furnished the house without any help or advice from me, & the result is entirely to my satisfaction. It is charmingly quiet here. The house stands alone, with nothing in sight but woodsy hills, & rolling country.

We brought Tammany along. / With lots & lots of love / SLC [MTP; *MTAq* 179].

Notes: Cooley claims this letter was written in the wee hours of June 19, after a long billiard game with Ashcroft. Nothing in the letter or the MTP notes makes this claim. The following letter to **Mary Rogers**, however, states he had been in the house "several hours" and is a much more likely candidate for a note written after midnight. The two Angelfish arriving the next day were **Dorothy Harvey and Louise Paine**, though in the first page of the guestbook, Sam wrote next to these two Angelfish names, "first week in July" and "8 days". The discrepancy is explained in that he added these entries on or after Dec. 28, upon receiving the new Guestbook from **Mary B. Rogers**.

Sam also wrote to daughter **Jean** at Eastern Point, Gloucester, Mass.

Dear Jean, I like the house ever so much, & I like the deep quiet, after tumultuous New York. I arrived at 6 p.m., yesterday, & Paine & Ashcroft & I played billiards until midnight & had a good time.

Certainly it *is* a pity that I can't stay all night in your house, but your health is *the* important thing, & I must *help* Dr. Peterson in his good work, not mar it & hinder it by going counter to his judgment & commands. I am very grateful to him for the wonderful work he has done for you, & I feel that you & I ought to testify our thankfulness by honoring his lightest desire. Your mother would say this too, out of her grateful heart.

Mr. Cleveland? Yes, he was a drinker in Buffalo, & loose morally. But *since* then? I have to doubt it. And of course I *want* to doubt it, for he has been a most noble public servant—and in that capacity he has been utterly without blemish. Of all our public men of today he stands first in my reverence & admiration, & the next one stands two-hundred-&-twenty-fifth. He is the only statesman we have, now. We had two, but Senator Hoar is dead. Drinks? No, I hope it is a mistake. However, Cleveland *drunk* is a more valuable asset to this country than the whole batch of the rest of our public men *sober*. He is high-minded; all his impulses are great & pure & fine. I wish we had another of this sort.

Yes-indeedy, it was just *too* bad that there wasn't a solitary junior member of the family here to help me christen the house. But you know the adage: Man proposes, but God blocks the game.

With lots & lots of love— / Father [MTP]. *Note:* a reply to a letter not extant.

Sam also wrote to **Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.)** in Tuxedo Park, N.Y.

Dear Lazy: I looked in at Gessford's, & realized that the London picture is much the best; so I wrote to London for it. As I shall be away all summer, I asked that it be sent to Harry, at 26 Broadway. Then, even if he should be in the Yellowstone Park there'll be someone to receive it.

I was told yesterday, in the Grand Central that the other Rogerses & the Broughtons are gone to Bermuda & have secured houses there. I should have doubted it if it hadn't been told me by a Bermudian.

I have been in this house several hours, now, & I like it ever so much.

There—from your very loving / Uncle Mark

I am very *very* sorry I am not to be with you the 23rd. Do give my love to Father Fitz Simon, & my best good wishes to the bride, if I may take that liberty, on the plea that I know all her people, even if I be a stranger to her / P.S. the London man writes that he has sent the picture to the office [MTP]. *Note:* **Miss Ursula Juliet Morgan** (niece of J. Pierpont Morgan) was Fitz-Simon's bride.

June 20 Saturday – In the morning in **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to daughter **Clara**, now in London.

Clara dear, I have been in residence two days, now, & I realize that this is the most satisfactory house I was ever in & also about the most beautiful. The Hartford house was a lovely home, but the architect damaged many of its comfort-possibilities & wasted a deal of its space. The New York house is a roomy & pleasant home, but it is sunless not beautiful. This house is roomy & delightful & beautiful, & no space has been wasted. The sun falls upon it in such floods that you can hear it. Miss Lyon has achieved wonders, I think. There isn't a discordant note in the whole place, inside or out, except the dining room carpet. It is to be superseded.

The New York house is ours for another year, otherwise I would remain here, & never go back. If I could rent the New York house to somebody, I should never have to go to another banquet or make another speech.

Your outside bedroom (the Nightingale's Cage), is the prettiest feature of the whole house. I expect to move into it when it is finished & furnished. No, I will lodge angel-fishes in it. Two will arrive this afternoon, & one governess.

Another one (Dorothy Butes, of 32 Carlisle Mansions, Victoria street) has been trying to get speech of you, & I hope she has succeeded before this time. Francesca Nunnally (of Atlanta), reached London yesterday, with her mother, & I hope they will find you.

Your cablegram about the recital rejoiced me, & I hope for full particulars about it soon.

With ever & ever so much love / Marcus

I am going to put a tin roof on the house so that I can hear it better. Miss Lyon is overdone, quite. She would write to you if she could, but rest is best for her, & necessary. She did not write her mother on her 70th birthday. She will go to New York now for a couple of days, for repose & change [MTP]. *Note:* this letter written and the following Nunnally letter were written before the arrival of the two Angelfish—**Dorothy Harvey** with governess **Pauline Martin**, and **Louise Paine**; the following letter to Blackmer written after their arrival, likely in the evening.

Sam also wrote to **Margaret Blackmer** at Misses Tewksbury's School, Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.

Dear Margaret, I thank you for inviting me to the musicale. I would have been there sure, if I had received the message in time.

Do you know, I lost my shell! The enameled one. I missed it from my chain a day or two before I sailed from Bermuda. I was so grieved about it! I didn't tell you, when you visited me, because I hoped to be able to find a duplicate of it before I should see you again. And I was careful not to strike a histrionic attitude & exclaim,

"Why, you look almost exactly like a little Margaret of mine! Maybe you *are* that Margaret. I think not—I am afraid not—No, it is some other Margaret. If it was mine, she could produce the duplicate of this shell."

I couldn't say it, for I hadn't any shell.

But I've got it now! The officers dined me at Prospect just before I sailed, & I lost the shell there, though I always had supposed it was stolen at the hotel. A waiter found it & the Major of the regiment has sent it to me. It was put into my hand when I stepped into this new country-house of mine for the first time, day before yesterday—a good omen!

Two angel-fishes arrived this afternoon, to stay a week, & we shall have good times. After dinner they took billiard-lessons until their bed-time, half-past 8. We took a long discovery-walk thro' the woods first. I hope you will come & see me here one of these days. / With love & good wishes / SLC / Mr. Ashcroft is coming tomorrow [MTP; *MTAq* 179-80]. *Note:* **Dorothy Harvey** arrived with governess **Pauline Martin** of Ann Arbor, Mich.; **Louise Paine** also arrived from down the road. The trio would visit eight days [Guestbook].

Sam also wrote to **Frances Nunnally**, now in London with her parents.

You dear little fish, I suppose you are arriving in England today. I had a cable from Clara 4 days ago, announcing a successful recital. I hope you & your mother will see her, but I don't know her address—except J. S. Morgan & Co., bankers.

I have seen the house at last, & have been in it two days, now. You & your mother will like it when you step into it about the 20th of next September—to stay as long as you can. It is altogether satisfactory, & requires no change.

Half of my fishes are framed & are decorating the wall of the billiard room, on the ground floor, which is the Official Headquarters of the Aquarium, & the other half will be there presently. Your Atlanta picture & the London picture of the two of us are there.

I am so sorry I took the New York house for another year. If I hadn't done that, I would never go back to New York again. Here there is nothing in sight between the horizons but woods & hills; & the stillness & serenity bring peace to the soul.

Good-bye, dear. With kind regards to your mother, & to you— / S L C
Two fishes will arrive at mid-afternoon—to stay a week, I hope—Dorothy Harvey & Louise Paine; also Dorothy's governess [MTP; *MTAq* 180-81].

Sam also wrote to **John Brown, Jr. (“Jock”)**.

Dear Mr. Jock:

I have economised the “Letters,” tasting them at intervals & making them last, but the pleasant feast is finished now, to my regret. In the book your father has painted his portrait with his own hand, with a free brush and unconsciously, & how beautiful it is! And in a sentence he has painted Mrs. Clemens, just as she was. Just as she was when she was a black-haired girl & he a white-haired youth with his spirit untouched by the years. Susy was with them, then—sometimes the eldest of the three! They are gone, now, all gone; & it seems as if they had never been—except in a dream.

I have built this house in the solitudes of the woods & the hills; it was finished & furnished yesterday—so to speak—and I am already in it & half-used to the healing deep stillness, & the flooding sunshine & the fainting & fading distances. It is next to unthinkable that only forty-eight hours ago I was still weltering in the tumult & turmoil & thunder of New York. It is a satisfactory house; a good place to live in, a good place to die in—presently. / Sincerely Yours / SL. Clemens [MTP].

Charles Rollinson Lamb, architect wrote from NYC to Sam, offering his services for the planned new building for the **Children's Educational Alliance** [MTP]. *Note*: IVL: “Ansd.”

June 21 Sunday – The photograph of Clemens playing cards with **Dorothy Harvey** and her friend **Pauline Martin**, and **Louise Paine** was likely taken this day, the day after their arrival at Stormfield [*MT Journal* Spring/Fall 2006 p. 25].

The New York *Times*, p. C2 under “Nearly 10,000 Guests Bidden to Windsor,” ran a final paragraph about **Clara Clemens**:

Miss Clara Clemens, daughter of Mark Twain, left for Paris with Miss Marie Nichols, the Boston violinist, after giving a successful concert at Bechstein Hall. Miss Clemens and Miss Nichols will pass the rest of the summer on the Continent, returning to the United States in September for a concert tour, which will extend from Boston to San Francisco. Miss Clemens complains that her father's reputation has overshadowed her here as well as in America.

June 22 Monday – In Redding, Conn., Isabel Lyon wrote for Sam to **Dorothy Quick**.

Dear Dorothy: / Mr. Clemens has just left for town, & he asks me to invite your mother & you to come up here on Thursday the second leaving N. Y. Central on the 4:15 train M for Redding. Mr. Clemens & Mr. Paine will be on the same train. Please do not disappoint Mr. Clemens. He sends you much love, & to your mother too. / Yours Ever / I. V. Lyon [MTP].

John Larkin wrote to Sam about the Archer County, Texas property, enclosing a check for \$135.52 in payment of **Samuel Wilson** for interest for 1908 [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “Answd / June 24, 08”

John R. Marks wrote from Prince Edward Island to thank Sam for the “kind words spoken at Delmonicos on May 25 in honor of Queen Victorias birthday.” Though Marks was only 30, he had read of the Queen’s history; he sent verses for her on the day she died (not in file) asking their return when convenient [MTP].

June 23 Tuesday – **John J. McCowan for the Actors Society of America** wrote from NYC. He planned to enter vaudeville dressed up as Mark Twain, if Clemens had no objection [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “Answd / June 29, 08; Please refer him to Miss Elizabeth Marbury 1430 Broadway”

Mr. & Mrs. Whitelaw Reid sent an engraved invitation to the wedding of his daughter **Jean Reid** to **John Hubert Ward** on June 23 at Dorchester House [MTP].

Pauline Robinson for Playground Assoc., NYC wrote to Sam. She had rec’d from Lyon “a second note saying” he would consider joining the council. She encouraged him to do so; it would be an honor to use his name, and listed at the end twelve men who had accepted, including **John Pierpont Morgan** [MTP].

Skillings & Page, Real Estate, Boston wrote to Sam, noting in the *Dramatic Mirror* the announcement of incorporation of the **Educational Theatre** of New York. They felt a similar theatre would do well in Boston and had some “very choice sites” for same [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “Refer them to Miss Minnie Hertz Children’s Theatre 20 Gramercy Pk”

June 24 Wednesday – In Princeton, N.J.. ex-president **Grover Cleveland** succumbed to a heart attack. His last words were, “I tried so hard to do right.” Sam consistently held the man in high esteem, and wrote condolences to Cleveland’s widow on **June 25**.

Alice Minnie Herts for the Children’s Educational Theatre wrote to Sam announcing their move and asking for “a good picture of yourself” [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “Answd/ June 29, 08 / Say, yes. For her to get the photo & Mr. Clemens will present it. Mr. C. is in his country home”

June 25 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Frances F. Cleveland (Mrs. Grover Cleveland)** in Princeton, N.J.: “Your husband was a man I knew and loved and honored for twenty-five years. I mourn with you. S.L. Clemens” [MTP]. *Note:* for some reason the *NY Times* reported this as June 26 [June 27, p.2, “From Mark Twain to Mrs. Cleveland”].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: I shan’t ever be able to write any thing again, for all my time, my strength are given over to the finishing and furnishing and installing the King in this beautiful home. I am savagely interested in it—not tenderly; because although in a way much of it is my creating, I have no sense that any corner of it belongs to me. Not even my own cluttered room [MTP: IVL TS 53-54].

Elias Cornelius Benedict wrote from Greenwich, Conn. to Sam.

“I expect to leave here on Sunday morning next (28th) on the *Oneida* to be present at Portsmouth on the 30th Inst. to attend the dedication services of the Thomas Bailey Aldrich Memorial—and at the suggestion of our mutual friend Mr Gilder (who was obliged to decline my invitation) I write to ask if you will not do me the great favor of being my guest on the trip.” He related it was on the *Oneida* that the **Players Club** was formed; Aldrich was one of the forming group—“all who took part in the affair are dead save Mr. Bispham & myself & he is much too crippled to attend” [MTP]. *Note:* **William Bispham**.

Howells & Stokes wrote twice to Sam, with details and expenses connected with fixtures and other items for the Redding house [MTP]. *Note*: IVL: “Answd / June 29, 08”

June 26 Friday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to H.H. Rogers.

Dear Mr. Rogers: / Will you & Mrs. Rogers come & pay me a visit? I hope you can, & that you will give me that pleasure. I have been in the house a week, now, & am nearly wonted. I am sending this note to New York, as you were still there & making preparations for Bermuda when I last heard of you, which was a week ago.

This is a good house, & a very comfortable one—however, it is better that you judge of that when you come. / Yours ever ... [MTHHR 649].

H. Walter Barnett, London photographer, replied to Sam’s June 17. “It was with very great pleasure that I received your very kind note this morning, instructing me to send one of the portraits that I made of you eight years ago to Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Junior....” Barnett was also sending photos of **Clara Clemens** and Miss **Marie Nichols**, who were in England. Soon he’d be able to make full color photographs, but was still experimenting with them [MTP].

Robert H. Syms wrote from NYC, simply to appreciate Sam’s “literary work” and “to emphasize particularly the value which I put upon your sympathetic insight into the hearts of men and your poetical appreciation of the beauties of nature” [MTP]. *Note*: IVL: “Answd / July 1, 1908”

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

June 27 Saturday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Augusta M.D. Ogden in Tuxedo Park, N.Y.

Dear Mrs. Ogden: / It is a great pleasure to me to hear that I am missed. I could not want a pleasanter compliment. Last autumn when the panic came I tried to stop the building of this house, my idea being to get a house in Tuxedo again; but the contracts had all been signed & I had to go on to a finish—very much to my regret. However, the matter has turned out well. I saw this region & this house for the first time ten days ago, & am already infatuated with both. There are no hot days; & as for the house, I like it better than any I have ever lived in. I shan’t leave it any more. It is a better winter house than the New York one, therefore I shall give up the New York one & stay here permanently. I was afraid my daughter Clara might not like this arrangement, but she has cabled her approval from London.

I was vindictively sorry to have to miss the Fitz Simons [*sic* Fitz-Simon] wedding, but I could not get away at that time.

With love & all good wishes to you & yours, ... [MTP]. *Note*: See June 5 for details on the wedding, which took place on June 24.

On or after June 27 Isabel Lyon wrote for Sam to an unidentified person.

“Mr. Clemens’s permission is not sufficient. By the enclosed letter you will see that the publishers are most unwilling, which Mr. Clemens regrets. Mr. Clemens wants them to visit him here when next they come to America as he does not expect to be in N.Y. anymore to live” [MTP].

Phillip Nichols Sunderland wrote to Sam.

Dear Sir:—

Having been dumb in your presence on the occasion of the memorable visit to your house to-day, I feel constrained to express to you, in some measure, our feeling of gratitude.

It has been an interesting year to us all, and from the time that Mr. Lounsbury began to shoot up the ledges last June, every man of us has felt a personal pride in the fact that he was working for you. Having enjoyed the privilege of doing our best for you, and hoping that you would be pleased with the result, you

must know that it was a supreme satisfaction to go there and see you in your house, and to have you tell us that you liked it.

It has all been a most unusual and a most delightful experience [MTP]. *Note:* Phillip was the son of **William Webb Sunderland**, a three-generation family of contractors. **Harry A. Lounsbury** was a Redding man who aided in the construction.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Mr. & Mrs. Littleton, Judge & Mrs. Moreau" [MTP: IVL TS 54].

Sam's **new guestbook** contains entries for the following:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Elizabeth Richards Moreau	-----	June 27	
J. T. Moreau (Judge)	-----	" "	
Maud Littleton	2 nd st. & 5 th Ave New York	" "	
Martin W. Littleton	" " " " " " " "	" "	

Note: the original guestbook was "installed" on June 27. On Dec. 28 Sam transcribed most of the entries in the original guestbook from June 27 to Dec. 26 into the "new" guestbook, a Christmas gift from Mary B. Rogers..

June 28 Sunday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Dorothy Quick.

"Dorothy dear, bring with you a doll about 8 inches long—Paine's little daughter Frances will fetch a doll when she comes up the hill to visit you, & you and she can have a fine domestic time together./ With lots of love" [MTP; *MTAq* 181]. *Note:* **Frances Paine** was a younger sister to **Louise Paine**.

June 29 Monday – Sam and **Albert Bigelow Paine** left **Redding** and traveled to **Boston**, where they took rooms at the **Touraine Hotel**. Before they left, Paine wrote a letter for Sam to **Dorothy Quick**, then followed it with a telegram and another letter. The first letter:

Mr Clemens asks me to write a line to you to say that we expect to leave here Thursday morning (8 am), for Redding, Mr Clemens's new home. We shall reach South Norwalk in time to catch the same train that you would take, if you left N.Y. (Grand Central Station) at 12:03. Mr Clemens hopes that you will do this & bring your mother along, as it will be quite hard for him to come to the Grand Central, as was his first plan, and as Miss Lyon has no doubt written you. Now, if for any reason you cannot take the 12:00 train, or if your mother can't come through with you, then please write first as soon as you get this and say just what you can do. You can write to Mr Clemens at this Hotel [Hotel Touraine, Boston] & he will get it, if you write at once & put on a special stamp.

I shall also telegraph you tonight that I have written you about coming. Of course this letter takes the place of anything that Miss Lyon may have written or telephoned you, as we left her this morning early & did not change our plans until we got started.

Remember, the train that leaves the Grand Central at 12:03 for So Norwalk will meet our train there—that is, we will be waiting for you, there & all go to Redding together, & your mother is going to bring you & spend a day or two, if she can— / Yours truly / A B Paine [MTP].

Then the telegram: "Have written you about Visit Please wait for letter / S. L. Clemens" [MTP].

And finally the third communication, a letter, repeating the first, for reasons Paine explained:

Mr Clemens has changed his mind about his return from Boston & asks me to say that he will leave here at eight o'clock Thursday morning & will reach South Norwalk in time to meet the train that leaves New York at 12:03 (noon) He hopes you will take that train, with your mother, & come to S. Norwalk, when you will change & take the Redding train. I am with Mr Clemens & we will be on the platform waiting for you & then we will all go up to Redding together—I wrote a letter a while ago, like this, to you, but I'm afraid I forgot to put on the name of your hotel, so am writing again. I have also sent a telegram to you to "wait for a letter."

Remember, you are to take the 12:03 train from the Grand Central, for Redding, via South Norwalk Conn. & we will meet you at the latter place, & your mother is to come for a day or two, if she can spare the time.

Write as soon as you get this & put on a spl stamp. Write to Mr Clemens, here c/o Touraine / Yours ever / A B Paine [MTP]. *Note:* evidently Dorothy could not make connections, but wrote she could come on Wednesday, July 8. See July 2 from Quick.

On this first day in Boston, Sam went to **Dorothy Sturgis'** house but found no one at home [July 5 to Sturgis].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Dorothy Harvey, Miss Martin" [MTP: IVL TS 54]. *Note:* **Hellen Elizabeth Martin.**

James M. Dodge for Link-Belt Co., Phila. wrote to Sam enclosing photographs (one remains in file) for him to enjoy again [MTP].

June 30 Tuesday – In the morning, Sam and Paine traveled to **Portsmouth, N.H.** for the dedication of the **Thomas Bailey Aldrich Memorial Museum**, an event staged by **Lillian Aldrich**.

The New York *Times*, July 1, p. 16 covered the event:

MEMORIAL TO T. B. ALDRICH

Notable Speakers at Opening of Poet's Home as Museum.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., June 30.—A large gathering of distinguished persons, representatives of many walks of life, came to this city today to do honor to the memory of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the poet, by assisting in the exercises held in connection with the dedication and opening of the poet's former home as a memorial museum.

Mayor Wallace Hackett of Portsmouth, President of the Thomas Bailey Aldrich Memorial Association, presided over the exercises, which had been arranged under the direction of Major Talbot Aldrich, son of the poet.

Prominent among those who took part in the literary exercises were Gov. Curtis Guild, Jr., of Massachusetts, Hamilton Wright Mabie, Richard Watson Gilder, and Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain") of New York, and Thomas Nelson Page of Washington, D. C., fellow authors and friends of Mr. Aldrich.

Sam's A.D. of **July 3, 1908** reflected on this day and criticized placing the museum in "that decayed town," where few would visit:

Last Monday, Albert Bigelow Paine personally conducted me to Boston, and the next day to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to assist at the dedication of the Thomas Bailey Aldrich Memorial Museum. ...

The justification for an Aldrich Memorial Museum for pilgrims to visit and hallow with their homage may exist, but to me it seems doubtful. Aldrich was never widely known; his books never attained to a wide circulation; his prose was diffuse, self-conscious and barren of distinction in the matter of style; his fame as a writer of prose is not considerable; his fame as a writer of verse is also very limited, but as such as it is it is a matter to be proud of. It is based not upon his output of poetry as a whole but upon half a dozen small poems which are not surpassed in our language for exquisite grace and beauty and finish. These gems are known and admired and loved by the one person in ten thousand who is capable of appreciating them at their just value [Neider 358; Gribben 16]. *Note:* Hill writes: "Mrs. Aldrich earned five days of spectacular venom for her pretentious but miserly behavior at her husband's memorial (July 3, 4, 7, 8, and 9)" [209].

MTHL 2: 831n2 gives more detail of the dedication:

At the time, on the stage of the Opera House, Howells had murmured to Clemens that Aldrich would have treated the whole affair as an old-time minstrel show. Clemens further said: "Howells's speech [concerning his relations with Aldrich on the staff of the *Atlantic*] was brief, and naturally, and necessarily felicitously, worded, for fine thought and perfect wording are a natural gift with Howells and he had it by heart and delivered it well; but he read his poem from manuscript. He did it gracefully and well, then added it to the pile and came back to his seat by my side, glad it was over and looking like a pardoned convict. Then I abolished my prepared and vaguely and ineffectually memorized solemnities and finished the day's performance with twelve minutes of lawless and unconfined and desecrating nonsense."

Paine writes of an exchange with **J.T. Trowbridge** after the ceremonies:

Outside, when the services were ended, the venerable juvenile writer, J. T. Trowbridge, came up to Clemens with extended hand. Clemens said: "Trowbridge, are you still alive? You must be a thousand years old. Why, I listened to your stories while I was being rocked in the cradle." Trowbridge said:

"Mark, there's some mistake. My earliest infant smile was awakened with one of your jokes."

They stood side by side against a fence in the blazing sun and were photographed — an interesting picture [MTB 1456].

In the evening after the event, Sam and Paine returned to the **Hotel Touraine in Boston** [July 5 to Sturgis; MTB 1456]. *Note:* Sam wrote he spent three nights at the hotel.

George H. Davis, Jr. wrote to send Sam a picture taken at the Aldrich Memorial [MTP]. *Note:* IVL on the note: "Dear Sir: / In Mr. Clemens' absence I wish to thank you for the photograph made of Mr. Trowbridge and himself at Portsmouth / Very truly"

Ernest C. Hales wrote from NYC to Sam after speaking to him in the morning on the North Station Boston. Hales related asking for his autograph years before in London, and receiving instead a letter, which was his prized possession [MTP].

July — Sometime during the month a lawn party was held by the **Mark Twain Library Association** at **Harry A. Lounsbury's** home. Another party at the same location was held in August [MT Library minutes copied by Tenney, Nov. 15, 1981].

Amo Umbstaetter and Elizabeth Atwood wrote from Lovell, Maine to thank Sam for his letter and autographs. Signed, "Your little friends" [MTP].

July 1 Wednesday — Sam and **Albert B. Paine** were still in **Boston** at the **Hotel Touraine**, staying the third night there [July 5 to Sturgis]. According to Paine:

Clemens did not wish to hurry in the summer heat, and we remained another day quietly sight-seeing, and driving around and around Commonwealth Avenue in a victoria in the cool of the evening. Once, remembering Aldrich, he said:

"I was just planning Tom Sawyer when he was beginning the 'Story of a Bad Boy'. When I heard that he was writing that I thought of giving up mine, but Aldrich insisted that it would be a foolish thing to do. He thought my Missouri boy could not by any chance conflict with his boy of New England, and of course he was right."

He spoke of how great literary minds usually came along in company. He said:

"Now and then, on the stream of time, small gobs of that thing which we call genius drift down, and a few of these lodge at some particular point, and others collect about them and make a sort of intellectual island — a towhead, as they say on the river — such an accumulation of intellect we call a group, or school, and name it.

“Thirty years ago there was the Cambridge group. Now there’s been still another, which included Aldrich and Howells and Stedman and Cable. It will soon be gone. I suppose they will have to name it by and by.”

He pointed out houses here and there of people he had known and visited in other days. The driver was very anxious to go farther, to other and more distinguished sights. Clemens mildly but firmly refused any variation of the program, and so we kept on driving around and around the shaded loop of Beacon Street until dusk fell and the lights began to twinkle among the trees [MTB 1456-7].

July 2 Thursday – Sam and **Albert B. Paine** left **Boston** at 8 a.m. for N.Y. [June 29 and July 2 to Quick]. Later, in **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to daughter **Jean**.

Dear Jean I am disappointed, distressed, & low-spirited, for that dream of yours & mine has come to nothing. That house turns out to be a poor trifling thing, like the rest of the ancient farmhouses in this region, it has no room in it. Paine told me all about it on the way home to-day; & Miss Lyon thinks she told me all about it earlier, but I suppose it went out of my worn-out head, as everything does. I am so sorry. I wish I could situate you exactly to your liking, dear child, how gladly I would do it. And I wish I could take your malady, & rid you of it for always. I wish your mother were here; she could help us.

I will not try to write any more. I love you dear, dear, dearly, & I am so sorry, so sorry. What can I do? / Father [MTP]. *Note:* The “dream” had been for Jean to stay in a nearby house to Sam.

Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Quick** in Atlantic City.

You dear Dorothy, I got your latest letter in Boston last night, & was ever & ever so glad that you & your mother can come to us here on *next Wednesday, July 8*. You will be very welcome.

And now I must tell you *the only & only train to come by*: it leaves the Grand Central at 4.15 p.m. & comes *straight to Redding without change of cars*.

It has a Pullman car, but one must apply for seats a day or two beforehand.

Miss Lyons expects to be in New York the 8th, & she will come up in that train.

I hope your mother will spare you to us a whole week, as she did in Tuxedo that time. When she sees this place she will realize that it will be healthy for you.

I’ll be glad when you come! / Lovingly [MTP; MTAg 185].

Lilian W. Aldrich wrote her gratitude for Clemens’ “tribute of friendship” for her late husband [MTP].

A.B. Smith for New York, New Haven and Hartford RR wrote to Sam. “Referring to your letter of the 24 ult., introducing your Secretary, Miss Lyons, to Mr. Call, then Gen’l Agent at Grand Central Station, requesting that New York and Pittsfield Express trains #232 and #245 make stop at Redding on signal for New York Passengers.” It was arranged for the #232 but could not be for the #245 [MTP].

July 3 Friday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **John M. Howells**, who had designed Sam’s new home in Redding.

Dear John: / You have set up a charming Italian villa here & made it look native & at home among these Yankee woods & hills. It is a fine feat. It is a shapely & stately & handsome house, & grows more & more impressive & satisfying and beautiful the more I enlarge my acquaintance with it. I am speaking of its outside. Inside it is sane,—a compliment which cannot be applied to any other Italian villa, I suppose. The distribution of the rooms is rational, no space is wasted, all space is profitably utilized. It has four times as much useful & usable room in it as was findable in that East Florentine villa of ours, although that one was 200 feet long, 60 feet wide, 3 stories high, and & had a cellar under the whole silly mess. You couldn’t even get to one bedroom without passing through somebody else’s; & it had only 3 *good* bedrooms in it.

All of our visitors are as delighted with the house as I am. Go on, John. Introduce the American-Italian villa, & spread it over the land. It is the ideal house, the ideal home. / Affectionately ... [MTP].

Sam's A.D. for this date dealt with "spectacular venom" (Hill 209) against **Lillian Aldrich** for the June 30 Memorial of her late husband, which Sam attended. See June 30 entry.

Ebenezer J. Hill, Congressman on the Committee on Ways and Means, wrote to Sam. "I am in receipt of a communication from the Post Office Department under date of June 30th stating that Rural Route No. 41 will be extended so as to serve you at your residence...effective from and after July 15, 1908" [MTP].

N.J. Lee for the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad wrote to Sam, repeating the July 2 from A.B. Smith of the railroad and advising the #232 would begin stopping at Redding on July 6 [MTP].

George M. Robinson wrote from NYC to Sam about Clara's fall and winter tour; he also had a photo of Clara and Miss **Marie Nichols** to deliver to Clemens and "give him a detailed account of our trip to London" [MTP]. *Note*: Robinson was Clara's tour manager.

July 4 Saturday – **Sam's A.D.** for this date continued to focus with "spectacular venom" (Hill 209) against **Lillian Aldrich** for the June 30 Memorial of her late husband, which Sam attended.

Harper's Weekly ran an anonymous article, "Mark Twain's New Home at Redding," p. 24, 29. Tenney: "On the purchase of the land, building of the house, and the neighbors. Illustrated with photographs of the house, local scenes, and MT playing billiards with Albert Bigelow Paine" [45].

July 5 Sunday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam began a letter to **Dorothy Sturgis** which he mislaid, found and finished on **July 14**. The July 5 portion:

Sunday noon.

Dear Dorothy, I was not in Boston much, but I slept there 3 nights at the Touraine. I went to your house the first day—not really expecting to find any one there, but hoping to be pleasantly mistaken as to that. The weather is divine here, to-day & I wish we had some angel-fishes with us to enjoy it. We have had visits from two, & another is coming day after tomorrow. Meantime Mr. Paine comes every day & plays billiards, & Ashcroft comes up for the week-ends. I may stay here all the winter, but I suppose I shall keep the New York house. But I shan't be there much. This place is pleasanter.

Cohasset, if I remember rightly, is in Michigan—or maybe India, or around those places somewhere. I will inquire, or send this letter to Beacon street when I finish it tomorrow.

The billiard room in this house is Aquarium head-quarters, & on its walls hang the framed photographs of 6 of the 12 members—yours among the 6; but it is not a good picture at all, & I think you must send me a better one. I shall soon have all the 12. However, it can very well wait until you come here. In time I hope to have all the beloved dozen photographed here on the premises [MTP].

John Brown, Jr. ("Jock") wrote to Sam, "pleased and proud" to have rec'd Sam's letter of June 20. His son was now sixteen, daughter fifteen, and he thought his son (also Jock) was "in character & mind like my father" [MTP].

Alice Von Versen wrote to Sam.

Dear Mr Clemens / I am going to ask you to help me in the International popular Art Exhibition which takes place next year in Berlin. They have asked me to take charge of the American exhibit. What I want you to do is to give me the name of some lady in New York who would be willing to receive all the artists sent for this Exhibition & have them forwarded to Europe; of the Lyceum Club has *[illegible word]* perhaps some member of it would do this... [MTP]. *Note*: MT wrote in the margin of the first page, "Hofrath von Reuvers" and "J. Borden Harriman"

July 6 Monday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to *Collier's Weekly*.

Hon. Collier Weekly which furnish Japanese Schoolboy to public not often enough, when is his book coming out? I shall be obliged if you will send me the earliest copy, or at least the next earliest. That Boy is the dearest & sweetest & frankest & wisest & funniest & delightfulest & lovablest creation that has been added to our literature for a long time. I think he is a permanency, & I hope so, too. / Truly yours [MTP]. *Note:* see Mar. 8, 1909 to **Wallace Irwin** (1875-1959; pseud. "Hashimoto Togo"), author of *Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy*, which first ran in *Collier's Weekly* in installments (1908-1909) and later became a book. See Gribben 154, 347.

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote for Sam to **James A. Renwick, owner of 21 Fifth Ave. NYC.**

Mr Clemens directs me to inform you that he does not expect to be able to renew the lease of the house, no 21 Fifth avenue for another year but that he would like to retain his tenancy of it after Sept. 30th next, by the month or by the quarter.

When Miss Clemens returns from Europe in the late autumn, Mr Clemens will be able to decide whether he will need the house for a further period, but in the meantime, he would like to know that it is agreeable to you that he shall return it subject to a month's or a quarter's notice by either party, as you may elect [MTP]. *Note:* Isabel Lyon revised this draft, which is in the file for the Renwick to MT of 7 July.

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

July 7 Tuesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Margaret Blackmer.**

I was wondering what was become of you, you dear little angel-fish, & was very glad to find out by your letter, which came an hour or two ago. I hoped & believed I should hear from you before very long. My fishes are good & faithful correspondents. There are 12 of them, & two days seldom go by without a letter from one or another of them. Yesterday I answered letters from Dorothy Harvey, Dorothy Quick & Dorothy Sturgis. I watch the mails, for the Aquarium is one of my life's chiefest interests.

The fishes are as good as they can be, & they come & see me whenever they can. The first to come, when I opened this new house among the hills & the woods, were Dorothy Harvey & Louise Paine; they stayed a week & said they enjoyed it. I know *I* did.

Dorothy Quick will arrive with her mother day after tomorrow & stay a week. Irene Gerken expects to come before long; Francesca Nunnally will come when she lands from Europe Sept. 21; Helen Allen, (Bermuda), is coming in December, & her mother too, I hope. And I hope you & your mother will come when you return home. The English member (Dorothy Butes) expects to come over before the summer is ended. The others are coming as opportunity offers.

I like the new house so well that I am likely to remain here all the winter. We are on high ground & it is always cool, for we get all the breezes. All about are richly wooded hills, & only half a dozen houses in sight. There are no sounds but the singing of the birds, so it is very quiet & peaceful.

We spend our days in the loggia, which opens out from the living-room & has 8 tall arches & they frame the scenery and make 8 pictures of it. It is tile-paved, & the fishes play diablo & other violent games in it. I think I will call it the Fish-Market, for I built it for the fishes.

The billiard-room is Aquarium headquarters, & the angel-fishes are in command there. Their framed photographs hang on the walls, & yours looks very sweet there.

Half a mile from the house there is a deep little gorge spawned by an antique stone bridge with a single arch under it. I am going to stop up the arch & make the water flow over the bridge & make a cataract, to be called the Aquarium cataract. The arrested water will make a fine pool above the bridge, & the children can skate there in winter. My house is named "Innocence at Home," & it is the angel-fishes that are to furnish the innocence though the public don't know that. It isn't the public's affair. Please remember me to your mother. / With lots of love to you, dear— / SLC [MTP; *MTAq* 185-6]. *Note:* this is a reply to a non-extant from Blackmer; also the three letters Clemens mentioned to other angelfish are also not extant.

Sam also wrote to **Margery Hamilton Clinton** in Glen Cove, Long Island, N.Y.

Dear Miss Marjorie: / Won't you run up here July 18th for the week-end & a day or two longer if you can?

I am asking Miss Lucia Hull to do the same, so that you will have comradeship in addition to Miss Lyon & me.

I hope to get both of you, but will compromise on one if I can't have two.

You will find it cool & comfortable here.

The Express, with Pullman car, leaves the Grand Central at 1.27 p.m. (Saturdays) & at 4.15 p.m on the other weekdays, & fetches you to Redding station in an hour & a half without change of cars.

There is a morning-express, too, at 9 a.m.

With hopes for the best, / Affectionately, ... [MTP]. *Note:* Sam's guestbook shows 21 year old Margery there from **July 18 to 24**.

Sam's A.D. for this date continued to focus with "spectacular venom" (Hill 209) against **Lillian Aldrich** for the June 30 Memorial of her late husband, which Sam attended. Sam also referred to **Bayard Taylor's** translation of *Faust. A Tragedy*. "Clemens referred to Taylor as the poet 'who made the best of all English translations of Goethe's 'Faust'" [Gribben 264]. Sam also remarked in his A.D. that "Bedouin Love-Song" was one of only two of Taylor's poems that were still remembered, "the tremendously inspiring love song of an Arab lover to his sweetheart; and "The Song of the Camp" (poem), "about the Scotch soldiers singing 'Annie Laurie' in the trenches before Sebastopol" [687, 688].

Edward Verrall Lucas (1868-1938), popular English writer of over 100 books (aka **E.D. Ward**), wrote from London to Sam. Lucas provided extensive content for *Punch*.

Dear Mr Clemens in a collection of stories for boys entitled Runaways & Castaways I very much want to include two chapters from Tom Sawyer describing how the three boys run to the island & pretend to be Indians. Your English publishers said that I might make the inclusion in our edition; but they cannot of course give permission for America where the book would be issued by the Macmillan Co. What do you think? / Believe me yours faithfully / E.V. Lucas [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "The Harpers couldn't grant the permission, because they have withheld it from a thousand others.." On another sheet also by IVL: "Mr. Clemens's permission is not sufficient. By the enclosed letter you will see that the publishers are most unwilling, which Mr. Clemens regrets. Mr Clemens wants them to visit him here when next they come to America, as he does not expect to be in N.Y. any more to live. Also not in the MTP file: "see letter to 'dear Lucy' 20 July 1908 for dating of year."

Zoheth S. Freeman for Merchants National Bank wrote to Isabel Lyon (though catalogued to Clemens), regarding letter of credit for **Clara Clemens** [MTP].

James A. Renwick wrote to Sam, acknowledging receipt of \$291.67 for July rent of the Fifth ave. house and his July 6 letter (see entry). "In regard to your inquiry about the lease I want time to consider your proposition & submit it to Mrs Whittingham who jointly owns this property with me" [MTP].

R.A.S. Wade wrote from Los Angeles, Calif. to ask Sam for his help in publishing a poem. He enclosed a sample of his writing [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Answrd July 15 08"

July 8 Wednesday – Sam's guestbook has the following entries (also noted in IVL TS 54):

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Frederick Leigh	New York City	July 8-9	Staff of Harper & Bros.
F.A. Duneka	" " "	" "8-9	

Note: Major **Frederick Leigh** was Treasurer of Harper's.

William Dean Howells, in Kittery Point, Maine, wrote to Sam.

I am sending a huge mass of your letters to you for Paine, because I am vague as to their going direct to him, after your doubts of last winter. I have written him saying merely that I think it best all round that you should see them first. You will note that for some reason I had got them ready to send you two years ago at Dublin.

That was beautiful of you to write John of your pleasure in his house. I believe I would rather have such a letter than the most perfect villa.

I have been thinking how Aldrich would have enjoyed that thing the other day, and what fun he would have got out of us poor dodderers. How old is Col. Higginson anyway? A thousand? He made you look young and made me feel so. / Yours ever ... [MTHL 2: 830]. *Note:* **Thomas Wentworth Higginson** was 85.

Sam's A.D. for this date continued to focus with "spectacular venom" (Hill 209) against **Lillian Aldrich** for the June 30 Memorial of her late husband, which Sam attended.

July 9 Thursday – **Sam's A.D.** for this date continued to focus with "spectacular venom" (Hill 209) against **Lillian Aldrich** for the June 30 Memorial of her late husband, which Sam attended.

Sarah S. Collier (Mrs. Robert J. Collier) wrote from Racquette Lake in the Adirondacks, N.Y. to thank Sam for his invitation to stay with him, "but I am settled here for the summer, and don't expect to leave till some time in September" [MTP].

July 10 Friday – **Sam's guestbook** has the following entries (also noted in IVL TS 54):

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Mrs. Quick	Plainfield, N.J.	July 10-17	Remained until
Dorothy Quick M.A.	" " "	" " " -17	July 18
Frances Paine	Redding, Conn.	" " " -17	

William Henry Watts wrote from Gloster, England to send Sam some "relics of old Tewksbury"—a horseshoe "on the track of the battle of Ixby of 1471," and "The smaller pipe bowls are Elizabethan and Jacobean" of around 1643 [MTP]. *Note:* see Sam's reply on Aug. 15.

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

July 11 Saturday – The New York Times, "Topics of the Week," p. BR385, led off with the following paragraph about **Elinor Glyn** and Mark Twain:

ELINOR GLYN'S decision, after carefully sifting the evidence, that Mark Twain is our most distinguished citizen, is valuable. It helps to adjust our appreciation of contemporary genius. Mrs. Glyn has a report, written by herself from memory, of some private remarks by Mr. Clemens, which she is going to print in the future. She might better print it now, as Mark would not mind, and what he says is generally timely, and belongs particularly to the moment of its utterance. But Mark has already placed her transcription of his words in the class with "approximations, synopsized speeches, translated poems, artificial flowers, and chromos." Nevertheless she thinks that his eyes indicate hidden beauties of character. He impressed her more favorably than President Roosevelt did, who she thinks, might have read "Three Weeks" and not liked it. This would indicate the possession of a "bourgeois soul." Mrs. Glyn, because of one silly, overwrought book, is now on the top wave of popularity, so far as interviews, newspaper portraiture, and cable dispatches signify popularity.

She is the subject of common talk. Yet her first work, "The Visits of Elizabeth," a trifle and not of an elevating character, remains her best book, and nothing she has done is of world-wide importance.

"Mark Twain's Pastor: Some Stories of Samuel L. Clemens," ran in the *Daily Graphic* (London) [Tenney 45].

July 12 Sunday

July 13 Monday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.).

Why, bless your dear heart, you do give a body such a turn! I was expecting a word from you from the Yellowstone Park these two or three days past—& instead, all of a sudden—you appear above my horizon mutilated & in pain! It was very sweet of you to tell me of it first of all your friends, with your own hand. But I wonder you got out of the submerging influence of the ether sufficiently to handle a pencil on the third day. Clara was still torpid & incapable considerably longer than that. I hope to hear you haven't had a backset. If you will come up here I will furnish you plenty of cool weather & the freshest of fresh air to get strong in, & make you very welcome besides.* Tuxedo is lovely, but sometimes the weather has spasms of being warmish there. [*in margin*: I wish Harry would come too, but the idea of his going anywhere on a visit is not merely unthinkable, it's unimaginable!*

This house was certainly a very pleasant surprise to me, & I was glad I knew nothing of its shape & character & furnishing & situations until I saw it three & a half weeks ago. It is a home—unquestionably a home. I have lived in only one other house which was able to produce in me the deep feeling inspired by that word; that was the Hartford home. I have the New York house for 14 months longer, but I do not wish to see it again; it was crude & rude, & its too pronounced & quarrelsome colors broke the repose of my spirit & kept me privately cursing & swearing all the time, even Sundays. I am negotiating a return of the property to its owner, after Clara shall have come home in October & consented. It is a good house in many ways, but I don't expect to see it again. *This* is the place for *me*, my dear!

I have three neighbors within walking distance—a mile & a half, & I am good for that, after my long tramps up & down Fifth avenue to show my clothes. Half a dozen other friends live 5 or 6 miles from me, & they can easily drive over & see me & lunch with me, & they will do it. And I will lunch with them; but there are to be no dinners on either hand, & no gadding around at night, when I ought to be at home playing billiards. It isn't lonesome here, & I don't intend that it ever shall be. We have two kinds of visitors—week-enders & whole-weekers, for this place is handier to New York than is even Tuxedo. The friends come & go, right along—laps & slams—the new visitor getting into the old visitor's bed before it is cold. One went away this morning; three came last Friday & will remain until next Friday, when Miss Marjorie Clinton will arrive—& Miss Lucia Hull too, I hope, though she hasn't returned a Yes yet, & is probably away from Tuxedo.

We have good times, dear. Sunday services regular. We didn't finish billiards, Saturday night, until 3 o'clock yesterday morning.

These statistics, these particulars, these informations, unto my dearest niece, along with my love—
Uncle Mark.

Read this & grit your teeth, Mariechen dear. Yesterday you were sending me that cunning post-card picture [not extant?] of a brother of mine, with the unrighteous purpose of "taking me down a peg"—as you slangers phrase it—& this morning comes this nice buttery card from a just & judicious shipmatess, & antidotally sets my self-complacency up again, a whole peg higher than it was before! Grit your teeth & try again—maybe you'll score next time. Henry will sail at 10 tomorrow, & I am tied up & out of luck. / With love— / Uncle Mark [MTP]. *Note*: the guest who left this morning may have been **George Robinson**, an overnight stay not entered in the guestbook, but mentioned in the July 18 to Clara; the three who came on July 10 and left on July 17 or 18 are shown under July 10.

Katharine I. Harrison wrote to Sam.

My dear Mr. Clemens: / Thank you a thousand times for the lovely photographs which Miss Lyon handed me this morning. They are both fine and I'm delighted to have them. Also for the kind invitation extended me to spend a night at Redding. Please keep this open, for I really and truly want to come, although at present I

cannot on account of mother's ill health. I'm glad you have such a beautiful spot to rest in. The heat in the City is intense, but I believe cool weather is in sight. Mr. Rogers is coming to town for a day or two for which I'm mighty glad as the office does not seem right without him.

I'll forward that picture to Mr. Lancaster, but between you and me and the lamp post, I think my two are the best.

Again thanking you for the pictures and with best wishes believe me / Most sincerely...[MTP].

Claude H. Miller for *Country Life in America* (a section of Doubleday) wrote to Sam, interested in seeing his home and getting a few photos and an interview [MTP]. *Note*: IVL: "The thing for him to do is to send a very competent man up here who will take my view & his own too. Couldn't he sent that stenographer who came once in New York"

Joe Twichell wrote twice to Sam, from Chester, England.

Dear Mark: / In writing to you in some haste this morning, I forgot to tell you that a man—an English "divine" again—in Edinboro [*sic*] brought me [a] copy of "A Tramp Abroad," and saying that he was informed that I was the "Harris" of that book, asked me to enrich the volume with my distinguished autograph!! Which, of course, I did. He must have got his information from some one of the American contingent of delegates assembled in the big council.

I have no doubt that they—the Americans—were responsible for my being clothed—as I related—with the glittering distinction of "M.T's pastor" but it shows how you stand in both Gt. Britain and the U.S. It shows too what manner of [*illegible word*] is required of you as a man advertised to the whole world as a *parishioner*—with all the term implies.

A poor white Virginia woman whose children I baptized during the Civil War, said to the kids after the benediction, speaking with much severity of tone, "You've always got to be mighty good now!![?]" You are under like compulsion to righteousness; or what becomes of me? I have received a note from Mr. J.Y.W. MacAlister of London, who says that you are his dear friend, begging me to let him see something of me when I am in town. If I have time I think I will give him a call, anyhow to thank him for his courtesy. I much need a treatise on the Rules of Proper Manners for a Satellite—or is it Sattelite as I wrote it first? Harmony and I can't agree on the point, but I am about sure I am right. / Yrs Joe [MTP].

In the second longer letter Joe wrote this day, his sermon at Endinburgh, Scotland was over and off his mind. He asked Twain to send an autographed photo to a man in Edinburgh and talked of being interviewed by the London *Daily Graphic*. He announced they would sail from London on the S.S. *Minnehaha* on Aug. 8. "We are on the outlook for Clara, though we are not sure that she is still in the country. We mean to appear to her if she passes our way, or we her's. Love to you dear old Fellow." He also told of being informed of the death of "Uncle Remus," and after his signature, Joe wrote, "I am sad to think that I shall see 'Uncle Remus' no more. I liked him well, and he as your very warm admirer" [MTP].

July 14 Tuesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam finished the mislaid July 5 letter to **Dorothy Sturgis**.

TEN DAYS LATER

It has long been my impression that this letter went to the mail at the time it was written. But that was a mistake. It got mislaid, & had turned up by accident this morning.

To-day is Tuesday. Can't you come next Saturday, Dorothy, & give us a few days? I hope you can. Miss Marjorie Clinton, a highly valued friend of ours, will arrive at 6 that evening, & Ashcroft our favorite male friend will come by that or an earlier time. It isn't a hard journey for you, you are so young. You leave Boston at 8 a.m. (there's a Pullman card) & in 4 hours you reach South Norwalk. There you descend & cross under the tracks to take a train which is *waiting* and ready for you. It fetches you to Redding in half an hour, & Miss Lyon or I will be waiting for you there with a carriage. The drive is a half-hour, over a country road. Do come, dear—& telegraph or telephone us.

With lots of love— ... [MTP].

In his **A.D.** Sam ridiculed **Norman Hapgood's** editorial comments in the July 11 issue of *Collier's Weekly* [Gribben 154]. He also scalded **Theodore Roosevelt** in this A.D. on the Brownsville incident. Gribben writes:

Mark Twain evidently depended on the manuscript of Paine's book [*Captain Bill McDonald, Texas Ranger. A Story of Frontier Reform* (1909)] in arraiging Theodore Roosevelt for mishandling the Brownsville incident (14 July 1908 AD, MTP). "By the testimony of Captain McDonald, Texas Ranger, a man whose character for veracity is well established...the government and its agents acted in a shabby and dishonest and dishonorable way from the beginning to the end" [522].

J.G. Hester wrote from Calgary, Canada to Sam, having delayed writing for 40 years after once meeting him on a train during Clemens' first trip to England, but not knowing who he was [MTP].

George H. Teague wrote from London to Sam, who had given him an autograph the previous year. Teague asked for "a few lines" for his new magazine "The White," shortly to be published in London [MTP].

July 15 Wednesday

July 16 Thursday – **Jeanne E. Wier for the Nevada Historical Society** wrote to inform Sam that he'd unanimously been given honorary membership in their annual meeting on June 8. She added that she felt *RI* was the best history of Nevada yet written [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

July 17 Friday – **Frank N. Doubleday for Doubleday, Page & Co.** wrote to Sam that he was sending "some books for your library at Redding." He declined the invitation from Miss Lyon to spend a night but he and the wife were taking a steamer for France next Tuesday. He offered to send their "bang-up photographer," Mr. **A.R. Dugmore**, to take colored pictures of the Redding house [MTP].

July 18 Saturday – **Sam's guestbook** shows the following entry (also noted in IVL TS 54):

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Margery Hamilton Clinton	29 (?) East 57 th , New York	July 18-24 (?)	*

* Sam added the following in the Remarks column next to Margery's entry:

Note, Dec. 28. After a day or two of thought upon the matter, I yielded to Margery's wish for a "job," & appointed her Official Plumber of the house—without salary. She pays us a visit whenever she can (she promised this), but if ever she plumbs [*illegible word*], I well, I don't believe she ever does. In fact sometimes I doubt if she knows *how* to plumb. But she's a good child & means well

[Sam wrote Margery on **July 22** that her "going silenced a most pleasant note in the melody of this house's atmosphere," so his question mark in the date column likely reflects his faulty memory, since by July 22 she had left; if she stayed a week it would have been *ca. July 16-22*]

In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **Clara Clemens** in London, England.

Clara dear, the enclosed, from an Italian paper, was forwarded to me by our consul at Palermo. He did the red-penciling himself.

George Robinson came up & spent a day & a night here, & told us all about you & was therefore inexhaustibly interesting. He is fine and lovable. I hope to see more of him.

I do so delight in this home that the thought of ever going back to that crude & tasteless New York barn, even to stay over night, revolts me. I do not wish to live anywhere but here.

I have written Mrs. MacMillan a letter of hearty thanks.

Always your very loving / Marcus [MTP].

July 19 Sunday

July 20 Monday – In Redding, Conn. Sam replied to the July 7 request by **Edward Verrall Lucas**.

Dear Lucy: / My permission to include the Tom Sawyer extract in your series, you *have*, straight from the bat, as the worldlings say. My secretary will ask the Harpers to add *their* permission, & forward it to the Mac Millans or to you.

Love & all good wishes to you & to Punch & that dear little fairy./ Sincerely Yours ... [MTP].

Sam's original guestbook, now in the possession of Kevin Mac Donnell, page 1: Contains the following names headed by July 20, 1908:

S. L. Clemens – “Innocence at Home”

Ada Frances Howard [not in the new guestbook (also noted in IVL TS 54):]

Margery H Clinton

Predating the new guestbook, which **Mary B. Rogers** gave to Sam for a Christmas present, and which Sam wrote a preface to on **Dec. 29, 1908**, this original prior log survives dated **July 20, 1908**, and contains seven pages with Clemens' signature and the signatures of guests, followed by 44 blank pages and the last dozen pages at the back have been torn out. The signed pages were transcribed by Sam into the new guestbook a day or two after receiving it. There are discrepancies between the two guestbooks. Guests for the period July 20 to Dec. 29 were transcribed into the new book by Clemens. Ada Frances Howard was a piano accompanist, likely for Clara Clemens.

Witter Bynner wrote two lines on a postcard from Katahdin Iron Works, Maine: “I hear you’ve moved in. / Congratulations!” [MTP]. *Note*: IVL: “No answer”

Mrs. Timothy D. Crocker wrote from Geneva, Switzerland to Sam, having read of his Oxford honors and his new home. She referred to their time on the *Quaker City* [MTP]. *Note*: see *MTL* 2: 311n10.

July 21 Tuesday

July 22 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Margery H. Clinton** at 39 E. 57th N.Y.C.

Miss Clinton—
New York.

Madam: Favor of date 21st rec'd & contents noted. In reply to same would say, place such as desired by you is at your disposal, & will be kept open—at all times, both winter & summer—to be occupied at your convenience, with or without notice of your coming. Desire to call attention to fact that establishment is non-union. Factory hours, 8.30 a.m. to 10 p.m., with reasonable intervals for meals; after 10, over-time allowed, at advance of 20 per cent. Washing done on premises, meals served in room without extra charge. N. B. Tipping not permitted, except in case of Bishop of Benares, & then only when looking after baggage.

Terms & conditions as above stated. Hoping same will meet with approval, & same confirmed by early reply, am

Resp'y
S L. Clemens

Asst. Manager

Dear Miss Margery:

Your going silenced a most pleasant note in the melody of this house's atmosphere. Restore it. Restore it as often as you can. Your presence is a benefaction. One does not have to lie awake trying to think up ways to entertain you & keep you from getting homesick, you cause no anxieties & solitudes, you are as unburdensome as the sunlight & the summer air. Your visit was a great pleasure, a continuous & unbroken pleasure & we want it repeated, & repeated, & repeated.

Affectionately, ... [MTP]. *Note:* see note in guestbook dated Dec. 28 (in July 18 entry) about Margery wanting a "job" as plumber.

Sam also wrote to **William Dean Howells**.

Dear Howells— / Thank you once more for introducing me to the incomparable Pink Marsh. I have been reading him again, after this long interval, & my admiration of the book has overflowed all limits, all frontiers. I have personally known each of the characters in the book & can testify that they are all true to the facts, & as exact as if they had been drawn to scale. And how effortless is the limning! it is as if the work did itself, without help of the master's hand.

And for once—just this once—the illustrator is the peer of the writer. The writer flashed a character onto his page in a dozen words, you turn the leaf & there he stands, alive & breathing, with his clothes on & the African odor oozing out of him! What a picture-gallery it is, of instantly recognizable, realizable, unassailable Authentics!

Pink—oh, the shiftless, worthless lovable black darling! Howells, he deserves to live forever. / Mark [MTHL 2: 832].

Note: Pink Marsh was the protagonist in a book by that title (1897) by **George Ade**; Howells admired Ade's early writing. The illustrator was **John Tinney McCutcheon** (1870-1949), political cartoonist, known as the "Dean of American Cartoonists." He worked at the *Chicago Tribune* from 1903 until retirement in 1946. He won the Pulitzer for Cartoons in 1932. See also Gribben p.11 on Ade.

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Dan Beard ↑	[New York]	July 22	
Beatrice Alice Beard	" "	" "	

Clemens acquired two cases of Queen Anne whisky. He wrote, "2 cases—24 bot. In 40 days—up to" and then continued with the Aug 31 entry [L-A MS]. *Note:* see June 8, 1907 for the full list of acquisition dates of whisky, intended as ammunition against Isabel Lyon.

July 23 Thursday – **George M. Robinson**, Clara's tour manager, wrote to Isabel Lyon c/o Clemens: "Will you kindly send me a check for \$75., in accordance with our understanding. I am sending out two thousand circulars with letters enclosed. Will send you a copy of the circular to-morrow. I think it a vast improvement on last year's issue" [MTP].

July 24 Friday – Sam, **Ralph Ashcroft**, and **Zoheth S. Freeman** played billiards from 9:30 p.m. till after midnight [July 27 to Quick]. *Note:* Freeman, at this time Vice-President of Liberty National Bank, N.Y. Along with Jervis Langdon II, and Edward Loomis, Freeman would be an executor to Sam's estate.

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Mrs. Grace Hill Freeman ("Sheba")	New York	July 24-26	
Z.S. Freeman (her property)	" "		

John B. Stanchfield wrote from NYC to Sam, feeling that addressing Clemens as “Doctor” did not sound natural.

...my errand in writing was not to comment on your various titles that your ability and fame have won for you, but to say that immediately following our visit at your home [see Aug. 14-15], I am intending with my touring car to run up into the White Mountains, across to Poland Springs, down to Boston, then back home. I have a very comfortable car, the trip leads us each day to first-class hotels where we will have good sleeping accommodations and be otherwise well cared for, and covers about seven days. It is the finest automobile trip in this country and August is the ideal time to take it. I have plenty of room for you and would be charmed to have the pleasure of your company. Does the prospect stir your pulses sufficiently to make you want to go? ...it would give us an opportunity to discuss Butters, Plasmon and hair pins to our hearts' content. ... [MTP].

Note: **Henry A. Butters.**

July 25 Saturday – Sam sent a brief note to Miss **Dorothy Butes**, who was sailing home to England: “Goodbye you dear child, and a happy voyage / SL Clemens” [MTAq 188].

Mary Desha wrote from Washington, D.C. anxious to “establish kinship” to Clemens through her great grandmother **Katherine Montgomery**. A photo of a woman is in the file [MTP]. *Note:* on the letter, but not by IVL: “ans’d 9/7”

John M. Howells wrote from Onteora Park, NY to Sam.

It was awfully nice of you to really write so kindly about the house—even if somewhat under pressure, and Stokes and I will put it proudly in our archives. / It came just as I had again finished reading the Yankee at K. Arthur’s Court, which I, socialist as I am, think a glorious book. I wish everyone *bad* to read it—it is such a splendid study in democracy. My father saw me reading it—and took it off to bed with him. Next morning at breakfast he was full of it—“That’s a great book of Clemen’s” he said [MTP].

July 26 Sunday – **Jean Clemens’ 28th birthday.**

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Today when the King and Sheba and Zoe [Mr. & Mrs. Zoheth Freeman] were driving and passed a cemetery, Sheba said that the King reverently lifted his hat from his beautiful head and after a moment Sheba reached over and touched his beautiful hand in sympathy.

While they were driving Ashcroft came to my room with me and told me—after questioning me about Paine’s friendship for me—that coming up in the train on Friday Paine sat with him and talked against me. Said that I am ruining my mentality, etc. with drugs, fenascetine—Why I can’t even spell the word [MTP: IVL TS 54-55].

Note: likely referred to here is Phenacetin, an analgesic and antipyretic whose major metabolite is acetaminophen, now rarely used due to its toxicity.

Sam, **Ralph Ashcroft**, and **Zoheth S. Freeman** played billiards from 9:30 p.m. till after midnight [July 27 to Quick].

Sam’s original guestbook under this date:

Grace Hill Freeman “Sheba”

Zoheth S. Freeman “~~Prince~~ Consort”

Jenine Coker Gay

Susie Coker

Duncan Gay

Harriet E.G. Whitmore [Kevin Mac Donnell TS 1]. *Notes:* the Freeman entries were copied to the new guestbook under dates July 24 to 26. All the other names were not transferred to the new book.

July 27 Monday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Dorothy Quick.

Dorothy dear, I miss you. It seems a long time since you were here. Louise has been here once, for a few minutes, & we have had a five minutes' glimpse of Frances; Frances [Paine] went back home to her father's house the day you went away.

We have not been lonely, for we have had company almost all the time, & Mr. Paine has come whenever he could, to play billiards. Mr. & Mrs. Freeman & Mr. Ashcroft are here now. On Friday Paine & I played 37 games of 10-point caroms & I beat 24 of them. Yesterday Freeman & Ashcroft & I played 62 games of 3-handed hearts. Freeman got 285 hearts, Ash got 298 & I got 223. It was great fun, my dear. On Friday night & last night we played billiards from 9.30 till past midnight, & shall do the same to-night.

They're all at luncheon, now. We have spent the whole forenoon in the loggia reading & talking & enjoying the wonderful day—with Ashcroft at the orchestrelle much of the time.

"Hearts" will begin in ten minutes from now. So I will go down stairs & be ready.

I send lots & lots of love, to you & my kindest regards to you mother. I think we had good times, those days. / Lovingly ... [MTP; *MTAq* 188-9 misdates as July 26].

Sam also wrote to Mai H. Coe (Mrs. William Robertson Coe).

Dear Mrs. Coe: / A few days ago a most beautiful picture of you & the children arrived here—from whom or whence I don't know, but I am very glad to have it, anyhow, & am thankful to the sender.

I suppose you are not in New York, now—of course you are *not*—but by & by you will be, & then you & William & the maid will run up here & pay me a visit, won't you? I shall be very glad if you can & will. The distance is less than two hours, & there are good trains with Pullmans thereto.

With love to you both— / SLC [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Mother went to town today, when the Freemans left" [MTP: IVL TS 55].

July 28 Tuesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to daughter Jean at Eastern Point in Gloucester, Mass.

Dear Jean it is a luxuriously lazy & delightful day; & the sun, & the shade, & the far-spreading green & the sumptuous dense foliage, & the soft blue distances, & the gossiping birds make me stay out doors. With myself for company. Miss Lyon has gone to New York & all of the servants have gone to the woods to gather decorations for the rooms—they do it every morning, of their own accord. Claude [Benchotte] has a rare gift for arranging flowers—I guess he is aunt Sue's equal in this regard.

Yesterday we arranged a dining-table for the birds. It is a shallow cigar box on the end of a stick. The stick projects from Clara's out-door sleeping cage, three feet below one of her windows. Tammany can't get at it, but I reckon she will enjoy wishing she could. [*sketch of cat jumping below cigar box to the left of this paragraph*]

I am very glad you enjoy sailing. Sixty years ago I think I ranked it above all other pleasures, & enjoyed it above all other pastimes. But I am more different now. I found out, in Bermuda, that my passion for it was gone. Partly, maybe, because I could indulge in it if I wanted to. It was forbidden when I was a boy.

I am doing very very very very little work. I am sorry, but I can't help it—without an effort, & I have ceased from having a liking for efforts. I seem to greatly prefer cards, & billiards, & reading, & smoking, & lying around in the shade. However, I worked 60 years, & if I am ever going to take a holiday it is time I was at it.

Go on with your boating, dear Jean, & have the very best times you can! The pursuit of happiness is the most precious of the liberties granted by the Declaration.

With lots of love & kisses— / Father [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "I went to town and to the P.E. vaults with Benares [Ashcroft]" [MTP: IVL TS 55].

Wallis D. Walker, M.D. wrote from Portsmouth, N.H., thanking Sam for successfully launching the Aldrich Memorial and including a "small check" [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Mr. Clemens couldn't allow that"

July 29 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Frances Nunnally in London, England.

Dear Francesca—

Your letter arrived to-day with picture of Interlaken. What an architectural transformation! There's nothing of the former Interlaken left but the Jûngfraû.

I am sorry you did not catch my daughter in; & she was sorry, too. She was more fortunate with Dorothy Butes, who found her at home.

You sail Sept. 12, & will reach New York the 20th. So I shall keep the succeeding days open & the guest-room ready for you & your mother, up to the 26th, when a couple of Bermuda friends will arrive. I hope you will occupy the room those several days. I wish I could invite your father, too, but there is only one other good guest-room & it will not be furnished until October, when we give up the New York house.

This place is easier to reach than Tuxedo, there being no river to cross. You will not mind the journey of one hour & 43 minutes. Good train. Pullman car.

With a good deal of love to you, dear, & Kindest regards to your mother— ... [MTP; *MTAq* 189].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "The King says that he lives more in an hour here, than he can live in a week any where else" [MTP: IVL TS 55].

William Read wrote from Columbia Falls, Montana to Sam, wondering if Clemens had been the author of "a little newspaper story...clipped from the 'Virginia City Enterprise' and was entitled 'Wind Puddings'". The story of a tramp begging breakfast [MTP].

July 30 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to daughter Clara.

I place with this a copy of a letter of today's date which I have just written to Colonel Harvey.

I have given you all letters of mine now obtainable. You have full authority over them. Paine's extracts will be judiciously made but that mass should not exceed the limit of 6,000 words per volume. You will be able—if necessary—to enforce this, by injunction. Decisions of English courts have established the principle that private letters cannot be published without the consent of the writer of them or of his heirs & assigns.

Pond gave a lot of my letters to that bogus relative, Will M. Clemens, but by threat of an injunction I stopped his publisher (Bobbs Merrill) from issuing them. / Lovingly / Father [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Joe Goodman**.

Dear Joe: / I have authorized Clara & Miss Lyon to edit & publish a volume or so of my letters—but not in my lifetime. If you have any of my letters will you send them to me so that I can have copies made? They would be returned to you or destroyed, according to your pleasure.

I like this house, Joe. I have occupied it 40 days, & this seems test enough. I am not likely to go back to New York or elsewhere. It is isolated, & not very close to anything & not very easy to get at. But in a way these seeming defects are an advantage. Indeed a very large advantage: in these 40 days no stranger with an axe to grind has called; & so 80 visits—usually of an empty & futile character—have been escaped. I shall stay here, I am sure. I wish you were here & would try it a month or two with me. If you come east, give me a chance, you will not find it dull here.

Clara is in Europe, but will come home in September. Jean goes to Europe in October. / With love / Mark [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **George B. Harvey**.

Dear Colonel Harvey: / I do not want Paine's biography of me to contain many letters or other original matter of mine—there must be a limit. His book must be a Biography, not an Autobiography: I am preparing the latter myself. His purpose is to merely use extracts, not whole letters, but even in that case I want a limit. And so I ask you to make the limit 6,000 words per volume of his book.

I also ask that Galley-proofs shall be sent to Clara, so that she can edit the extracts, & suppress such parts of them as she is not willing to see printed. / Sincerely Yours ... [MTP].

Jervis Langdon II for Charles J. Langdon wrote from Elmira, NY to advise Sam his father had just paid the taxes on the Genesee Street Property in Buffalo of \$766.93, of which one third, \$255.64 was Sam's share [MTP].

July 31 Friday – Sam's guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Harriet E.G. Whitmore	Hartford, Conn	) July 31 – Aug 3	
Franklin G. Whitmore	" "	)	

Note: in the original guestbook, Franklin Whitmore was dated as Aug. 2 [Mac Donnell TS].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "The Whitmores and Ashcroft arrived this afternoon" [MTP: IVL TS 55].

Charles J. Hamlin, Boston attorney and president of the Old Colony Club wrote to invite Sam to the annual dinner on Friday, Aug. 28, hoping he would deliver a short address [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Answd"

August – In Redding, Conn. Sam inscribed a photo of him seated (by **Underwood & Underwood**) with "best wishes" and the month/year to **Jeannette Cholmeley-Jones** [MTP].

Sam also inscribed a copy of *JA* to **Mrs. Niehaus:** "*Truly Yours / Mark Twain / To Mrs. Niehaus, / the dear & valued friend of my daughter Jean—with my gratitude. / S.L. Clemens / August, 1908*" [MTP].

Sam also inscribed a copy of *JA* to **Etta R. Willson:** "*Truly Yours / Mark Twain / To / Miss Etta R. Wilson / with the grateful appreciation / of her kindnesses to / my daughter Jean, / S.L. Clemens / August, 1908*" [MTP].

Sam also inscribed a copy of *JA* to **Mrs. Frances Serrill Knowles:** "*Truly Yours Mark Twain / To Mrs. Frances Serrill Knowles with grateful appreciation of her kindnesses to my daughter Jean. S.L. Clemens*". Additionally inscribed by **Jean Clemens:** "*To Mrs. Knowles as the emblem of my affection Jean L. Clemens September 1908.*" On **Jan. 8, 1910**, after Jean's death, Mrs. Knowles wrote to Sam, "It is very pleasant to me, now, to know that I could be of so much help and comfort to her, the summer spent in Gloucester—we were fond of having her in our home, and as her daily companion" [ABE books, 19th Century Shop, # 1368098226, Oct. 22, 2009]. *Note:* source gives Mrs. Knowles husband as a physician in Gloucester, Mass.

Sometime during the month a lawn party was held by the **Mark Twain Library Association** at **Harry A. Lounsbury's** home. Another party at the same location had been held in July [MT Library minutes copied by Tenney, Nov. 15, 1981].

August 1908 to February 1909 — Sometime during this period **Albert I. Frye** wrote from Brooklyn, NY to inquire of Sam a "less expensive method to insure copyright" [MTP]. *Note:* In the file a note by the MTP staff: "Since MLH, Mary L. Howden, is SLC's stenographer from Aug 1908 to Feb 1909, this letter must have been written during that time"; the same note is in several letter files.

August 1 Saturday – Samuel E. Moffett, Sam's nephew and longtime booster, "drowned in the surf off the Jersey beach," while his wife and children (**Anita Moffett**, 17 and **Francis Clemens Moffat**, 13) watched from shore. He was 47. At the time of his death he was an editor of *Collier's Weekly* [MTHHR 651n1; *NY Times* Aug. 2, 1908 p.1]. *Note:* The *Times* gives **Normandie-By-The-Sea** (now Normandy Beach, N.J. just south

of Pt. Pleasant). See **Aug. 6 to Emilie R. Rogers**. The New York *Times* reported the tragedy on the front page of its Aug. 2 issue:

EDITOR MOFFETT DIES, STRUGGLING IN SURF

Mark Twain's Nephew a Victim of Apoplexy on High Sea at Seabright.

WIFE SEES HIM GO DOWN

**A. Q. W. Tollman, His Brother-in-Law, Plunges in
and Drags Him Out, but He is Dead—An Editor of Collier's**

Special to The New York Times.

NORMANDIE-BY-THE-SEA, Aug. 1.—Samuel E. Moffett, nephew of Mark Twain, an editor of Collier's Weekly and before that a well-known magazine writer, was taken from the surf here this afternoon dead. Three physicians who tried to resuscitate Mr. Moffett decided that death had been due to apoplexy superinduced by fright and overexertion and not to drowning. His struggles in the water and death were witnessed by his agonized wife.

Mr. Moffett, bringing his wife and two children, Anita, 17, and Francis Clemens, 13, alighted from a train here just before dusk, and the party registered at the Normandie Hotel. Mr. Moffett hurried to the rooms assigned to his party and in a few minutes reappeared in a bathing suit. Throughout the day a gale had been blowing and breakers twenty feet high were crashing in over the beach. Even earlier in the day, when the storm was not so heavy, only a very few swimmers had risked the heavy seas, and when he saw Mr. Moffett arrayed for a bath James Russell, the bathing master of the Normandie, cautioned him against risking his life in the breakers. Mr. Moffett laughed at the warning, remarking to Russell:

"I'll be all right. I'm a fairly strong swimmer and frequently take long swims with my brother-in-law, Albert Tallman." Mr. Tallman was stopping at the hotel, and Russell knew him for a sturdy swimmer.

An instant later Mr. Moffett dashed into the surf. His wife stood on the shore just out of reach of the breaking waves, and gazed admiringly at her husband's powerful overhand strokes by which he forced himself through the water until he had reached the last of the posts supporting the life lines. Then he was seen to stop swimming, grasp the post, and an instant later his voice was borne in over the whistling of the wind, calling for help.

Mrs. Moffett screamed, and John Artson, a life saver, hurried down to the shore. He took in Mr. Moffett's predicament and dived into the water and struck out for him. Against the incoming breakers Artson made but little progress and from the shore Mrs. Moffett saw her husband lose his grip on the post, fall back into the water and sink. He arose again to the surface, and for a moment or two those on the shore saw him struggle to swim in. Then he sank again.

By this time scores of people had rushed down to the bathing pavilion where Mrs. Moffett stood crying for help and almost hysterical. Among these was Mr. Tallman. He realized his brother-in-law's danger, and seeing how little progress Artson was making, seized a life preserver and ran headlong into the surf.

When waist deep he stopped for a moment to adjust the life preserver, and then once again he set out with strong powerful strokes toward his brother-in-law. Supported by the life preserver he made better headway than the life saver, and presently Mrs. Moffett and others on the beach saw him reach Moffett and clasp him around the waist. Then he called to those on the beach to haul in on the rope which dangled from the life preserver.

Both men were pulled ashore quickly. Mrs. Moffett was hysterical by this time and wept and screamed as her husband was stretched out on the beach where Dr. T. T. Goodwin and Dr. L. Denslow, both of New York, and Dr. Jones Reed, of Seabright, who were stopping at the Normandie, worked over Mr. Moffett.

Mr. Moffett had not been in the water more than three or four minutes, but after working over him for half an hour the doctors found themselves unable to resuscitate him. Then they got oxygen and this was administered as a last hope. Meantime, Mrs. Moffett walked back and forth wringing her hands and crying to the physicians to save her husband.

The doctors spared no efforts, but after an hour they determined that their work was in vain. Not a spark of life flickered in the man, and after one last effort the physicians announced that there was no hope of resuscitating him—that he was dead. Then they decided that it was apoplexy that had caused Mr. Moffett's death, as there was no water in his lungs.

Mr. Tallman took exception to this diagnosis, declaring his belief that his brother-in-law had been drowned. He said that Mr. Moffett was a powerful swimmer and corroborated Mr. Moffett's statement to Russell that he had taken long swims with him, but these swims, Mr. Tallman said, had always been made in still water. He said he thought the rough surf not only frightened Mr. Moffett, who was unaccustomed to it, but also weakened him more than he realized, so that he was thoroughly exhausted by the time he reached the post and had not strength enough to cling to it until help came.

The body will be taken back to the dead man's home, in Mount Vernon, tomorrow. Mrs. Moffett and the children are prostrated.

Mr. Moffett was born in St. Louis on Nov. 5, 1860, the son of William A. and Pamela A. (Clemens) Moffett. His mother was a sister of Mark Twain. As a youth he showed a marked tendency toward literary work. In 1881 he entered the University of California, but after spending two years there came East and finished his course at Columbia. The latter university conferred an A.M. upon him in 1902. Soon after his graduation he went back to California and commenced newspaper work. His rise was rapid, and in 1885, he was made chief editorial writer of The San Francisco Evening Post. Mr. Moffett then held various editorial positions in the city, until in 1891 he was sent to Washington as correspondent for The San Francisco Examiner. At the end of two years he went back to San Francisco and served as chief editorial writer for the same paper for four years. Then Mr. Hearst brought him to New York, and he was connected with The Journal for four years.

In 1902 he was made managing editor of The Cosmopolitan, but severed his connection with the Hearst interests in a little over a year after this to become editorial writer for The World. He remained there for two years and then joined Collier's. Recently he had attracted much attention to his department, "What the World Is Doing."

Mr. Moffett was a member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, the American Economic Association, the American Political Science Association, the American Social Science Association, the National Geographical Society, the American Forestry Association, the Council of the American Association for Harbor Legislation, and the Municipal Art Society. While in college he joined the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity, and was also a member of the City, National Arts, and Reform Clubs of New York.

Among the books published by him were "The Tariff," (1892,) "Chapters on Silver," (1893,) and "Suggestions on Government," (1894.)

Mr. Moffett married Miss Mary E. Mantz of San Jose, Cal., in 1887. He was frequently identified with his distinguished uncle in much of his literary work, and when Mr. Clemens started on his trip around the world in 1894, [*sic* 1895] Mr. Moffett accompanied him across the Continent as far as San Francisco.

Mary M. Moffett (Mrs. Samuel E. Moffett) sent a telegram from Normandia by the Sea, NJ to Sam: "Your nephew Samuel Moffett drowned this afternoon notify Annie Webster" [MTP].

Emma S. Stilwell wrote from Phila. to Sam claiming to be Samuel Moffett's first teacher outside of his mother and grandmother. Stilwell sent tears and sympathies for the death of Clemens' nephew. She enclosed a poem and followed up with another note after forgetting to enclose the poem [MTP].

August 2 Sunday— In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Charles M. Fairbanks**.

Dear Charley— / Will you please entrust temporarily to the hands of the bearer, Mr. W. R. Ashcroft, such of my old letters and ~~original~~ (unpublished) MSS as your mother left in the family's possession, so that he may have copies made of them for me. I have empowered Clara to publish a book of my letters for her bread-&-butter's sake, (after my death.) / Sincerely Yours [MTP].

Sam also sent a telegram to **Mary M. Moffett (Mrs. Samuel E. Moffett) (Mrs. Samuel E. Moffett)**:

“THE FAMILY DEEPLY SYMPATHIZE WITH YOU IN YOUR GREAT BEREAVEMENT. ~~KATY & I WILL ATTEND~~ I SHALL ATTEND THE FUNERAL. / S.L. CLEMENS” [MTP].

Sam’s original guestbook contained an entry for **Franklin G. Whitmore**; **Harriet E.G. Whitmore** was on the line above her husband but no date was entered; both were guests this day [Mac Donnell TS 1].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “The Whitmores are here and this morning when the King and I were having breakfast on the loggia, a fly pestered the King and he said ‘I’d rather have a rank old prostitute around than one fly’” [MTP: IVL TS 55].

August 3 Monday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Dorothy Sturgis**.

Dear Dorothy: /Good! Then you will be very welcome in September, & your journey from Boston will not be a heavy one. We will tell you how to come, & what trains to take.

And so this is hoping you can come September 18th, & stay till Sept. 25th. Francesca M. A., (Member of the Aquarium) will arrive Sept. 20 or 21st from England. Other guests will arrive on the 26th.

I enclose a photo made a few days ago, in the loggia (where I am writing this[]). The cat is “Tammany,” the pride of the place. You will notice that I have become extraordinarily humpshouldered. The doctors say it will never diminish, but will increase. They say it is due to bad circulation, lack of exercise, & excessive smoking. I do not care. It is a good enough shape, & I like it. / Lovingly ... [MTP; *MTAq* 197-8].

Emilie R. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers) wrote to Sam. She was leaving for the mountains later this day but hoped Sam could find his way to Fairview soon [MTHHR 649-50].

W.R. Green wrote in an aged scrawl from St. Louis. Much of the letter is illegible, but recalled old times and his appreciation for Sam’s account of Hannibal days in his Autobiography [MTP].

August 4 Tuesday – Sam went to **New York City** for the funeral of his nephew, **Samuel E. Moffett**, and where, per **Robert Collier**, he wrote to the **Accident Insurance Co.** which had determined that Moffett did not die from an accident but from natural causes. Moffett held an accidental death policy but had few assets.

Dear Sir

I shall be obliged to you for giving every consideration in your power to the case of my nephew, Samuel G Moffett, who was insured in your company and who died on Sat. Aug. 1st.

I am sure you will do all you can to make things easy for his family [MTP; Aug. 17 to Mary Rogers].

Sam stayed overnight in New York [Aug. 6 to Emilie Rogers]. *Note:* during the trip for the funeral, Sam later claimed he’d suffered “sunstroke,” but this may have been the beginning of his fatal heart disease. See Dec. 19 to H.H. Rogers.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: The King and Ashcroft started this morning for Mr. Moffett’s funeral. Last night I couldn’t sleep, so the morning broke with no strength in it. But I dismissed Hobby, paid her in full—so that expense is closed up—and I worked and I lunched with mother and then at 8:30 Benares telephoned me to say that Robert Collier had taken the King and him out to the funeral service at Mount Vernon in a splendid motor car. The heat in the city was intense [MTP: IVL TS 55-56].

S. Reid Spencer wrote from NYC to Sam looking for a copy of *1601*, and not finding it anywhere [MTP].

J.M. Turner wrote from Lansing, Iowa about a plan to further channel the Mississippi. He transcribed what appears to be a NYC news article quoting Clemens: “This deepening of the channel of the Mississippi River is an excellent thing,” he said, “but Providence willed that the stream should always be crooked. If fourteen Banks

of England were back of the scheme and fourteen more Banks of England back of the original bakers the task of deepening the channel to fourteen feet from Chicago to the Gulf is a hopeless one" [MTP]. *Note:* IVL for Sam: "I didn't say *that*. I put it stronger. I said God Almighty tried to do it & didn't succeed; so it isn't for you people to——"

August 5 Wednesday – Sam called on **H.H. Rogers'** office at 26 Broadway and talked **William Robertson Coe** into visiting Redding with his wife "later in the season." Later in the day he returned to his **Redding** home, accompanied by Col. **George B. Harvey** and **David Munro** (of the *N.A.R.*), who stayed over until Aug. 7 [Aug. 6 to Emilie Rogers; IVL TS 56 below].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Col. Harvey and Mr. Munro came home with the King tonight, and the wise Colonel, after reading an article to us, played billiards with the King and D.M. [Munro] played too, and then the Col. And I curled up on the couch to chat in whispers and he gave me advice for the future comfort and entertainment of the King. We have planned for guests for him as late as late September, the Colonel truly says that the novelty of the place hasn't worn off yet, and the lonely early winter days are what will make him gloomy. He mentioned Mr. James and Ingles as men good to know and to invite here [MTP: IVL TS 56].

August 6 Thursday – Paine writes of Sam's reaction to **Samuel Moffett's** death:

Clemens was fond and proud of his nephew. Returning from the funeral, he was much depressed, and a day or two later became really ill. He was in bed for a few days, resting, he said, after the intense heat of the journey. Then he was about again and proposed billiards as a diversion. We were all alone one very still, warm August afternoon playing, when he suddenly said:

"I feel a little dizzy; I will sit down a moment."

I brought him a glass of water and he seemed to recover, but when he rose and started to play I thought he had a dazed look. He said:

"I have lost my memory. I don't know which is my ball. I don't know what game we are playing."

But immediately this condition passed, and we thought little of it, considering it merely a phase of biliousness due to his recent journey. I have been told since, by eminent practitioners, that it was the first indication of a more serious malady [MTB 1458-9].

Note: See Aug. 9 to Jean and Aug. 12 to Crane. Also, in his Aug. 12 To Emilie Rogers, Sam wrote he was "threatened with a swoon, 10 or 12 days ago, & went to New York a day or two later to attend my nephew's funeral..." which places Paine's above account of Sam being dazed after returning from New York in question; Was there more than one such episode? Or, if only one, it seems more likely that Sam's "swoon" and Paine's account of "dazed" took place sometime between **July 31 to Aug. 2**.

In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Emilie R. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers)**.

Dear Mrs. Rogers:

Yes, it is as you say: I am perfectly contented with my new home, perfectly delighted with it; & I realize that I haven't had a real home, until now, since we left the Hartford one 17 years ago. It is a long, long time to be homeless. I can hardly bear to go a mile from this one; that is the reason I haven't been to Fairhaven, though I have longed to go there. It was always lonesome & home-sicky in New York, with Clara & Jean seldom in sight & no guests but 2-hour & 3-hour luncheonites & dinnerites, but is not lonesome here. The friends come & bring a trunk, & stay from two days to eight. Already we have had 21 in the 7 weeks that I have been here, & the guestrooms are fast being taken for August & September. The distance from New York is so easy that the friends do not mind the journey. I wish you & Mr. Rogers had elected to come here for a few weeks' rest, for this is the very quietest place outside the dungeon of St. Peter & St. Paul; no strangers, no crowds, no fashion, only one neighbor within three-quarters of a mile—Miss Lyon's mother. Whereas it ain't so where you are, in the mountains, & of course you *can't* rest *there*. I guess the Clam-bake would be a very pleasant thing, with uncle Henry for company, but I shan't be able to go, because friends will arrive on the 26th & 28th to stay several days, & the Clam-bake is to take place on the 25th.

I saw Will Coe at 26 Broadway yesterday, & he has engaged to come with his wife later in the season; & Miss Harrison promised also. I was down there to attend the funeral of my nephew, Samuel E. Moffett, who was drowned in the sight of his little son, & also in sight of his wife. It is the most heart-broken family I have seen in years. Sam left \$30,000 or \$40,000 accident insurance, but no other property of consequence; & as the body had no water in the lungs, it is claimed that he died not by accident but by apoplexy, a natural disease, brought on by fright caused by the turbulent seas. Robert Collier & I took measures to do what can be done to contest that curious view.

Col. Harvey & David Munro came up with me yesterday to stay overnight, but they like it here & are not going back until tomorrow. This was the place for you; still I am aware that Poland Spring is next best, & I hope you will soon be as well & strong as ever you were.

With love to you both & best wishes, ... [MTHHR 650-1].

Redding neighbors, Miss **Ida M. Tarbell** & Miss **Jeannette Gilder**, came to luncheon with Sam, **George B. Harvey** and **David Munro** [Aug. 10 to Quick]. **Sam's new guestbook:**

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Jeannette L. Gilder	Redding Ridge	August 6	{The Big Four
Ida M. Tarbell	Easton - -	" "	{
Colonel George Harvey	Deal Beach, N.J.	" " 6-7	{They lunched with us
David A. Munro	Editor North Am. Review	" "	{

Note: none of the above names were in the original guestbook.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Miss Tarbell and Miss Jeanette Gilder were here for luncheon today. Paine came too. It was pleasant company and the King approves of those 2 fine old girls. They love the house with its mellow colorings, its "mouth watering" colorings, as Jeannette Gilder calls it. But the King was only half the King, for he was tired. At dinner he was so silent that several times I spoke to him to see if he were conscious. He dropped like a leaden man on the couch after dinner, and then at the Colonel's suggestion they played and played billiards. I hovered near the room in great anxiety, for I could see that the King was ailing and then I made the game stop and we came up for bed. Just as I was getting in, there came a groan from the King's room, and I sped wrapperless to him to find him staggering and vomiting in the bathroom. It was a terrible experience. I called the Colonel's valet to fetch the Colonel. But all night, after we got the King to bed, I could not sleep, and at every little sound from his room I would go in to find him lying like a sick and restless baby; but he had no fever. Nobody knows what happened to David Munro, but anyway he came into my room in the middle of the night. I think he was drunk, for his pajama coat was open, showing his hairy chest, and he didn't seem to know which way to go in his embarrassment. At a quarter before seven, I heard the King go into David's room and say, "Well I *did* have a clearing out." And then I went to the King and found him lighting a pipe and feeling as fresh and looking as sweet as a baby. In the afternoon AB told me that the King had a faint spell 10 days ago while they were playing billiards [MTP: IVL TS 56-57].

Hill writes and quotes from **Isabel Lyon's diary:**

In August 1908 the "sunstroke" that Clemens suffered at the funeral of Samuel Moffett produced in Miss Lyon a response that was distinctly proprietary in its sense of dedication. She wrote in her diary that on August 6, 1908

Thursday evening Col. Harvey and I had a talk about a literary executor for the King and I told him how nearly Paine had called that for himself. Now Col. Harvey is to do the editing of the Biog. Benares [Ashcroft] and I have a moral obligation now in looking after the King. I shall not leave him for an hour unless Benares or another as good is here to look after him, and together we must uphold him in our spiritual arms. The plan was for me to take Jean to Germany, but I must not go away from the King, ever. He is too wonderful [Hill 207-8; MTP IVL TS 58-59]. *Note:* Lyon wrote this on Aug. 8 referring to Aug. 6; Hill's emendations are removed to display the exact text of IVL's journal.

August 7 Friday – George B. Harvey and David A. Munro ended their 2 day visit [new guestbook].

H.C. Fish for N. Dakota State Historical Soc. wrote from Bismark, N.D. to ask if under date of May 26, 1874 Clemens had checked into the Capitol House in Bismark [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “Mr. Clemens was not West at all in 1874.”

Howells & Stokes wrote to bill Sam another \$4,000 in favor of **William Webb Sunderland**, contractor, and to note that the **J.B. Colt Co.** was owed \$513.63 for installation of the gas lighting plant. Total cost of the house, \$38,000 [MTP].

August 8 Saturday – **Isabel Lyon’s journal:** The King wandered out from dinner tonight to look at a wonderful sunset and he called Benares and me to look at the mighty show. But we were compelled to stop in the great room to look at the slim beautiful white figure of the King standing in an archway of the loggia, with the hills and gorgeous glow of the sunset as a background. Claude went out to ask him to have some cut up peaches, and when the King turned to come in and saw us still in the big room, he plaintively said, “You can’t see it from *there*.” So I told him we had halted to see the more beautiful picture of himself. We cut the meal short to go out and sit in the archway and watch the sunset that had for its top a great spray of white thin strip-like clouds, and we watched it until the moon came riding high enough to call the west from the sun to herself. All the time the King talked about astronomy—one of his pet subjects, and he and Benares calculated the distances between the stars—and “light years”, and they talked about air ships and the King said, “Oh, I suppose that a hundred years from now people will be sitting in these very arches to watch the air-ships go by.” A few stars were faintly glimmering away up toward the Zenith, and the King said “The sunset is like some Brobdignagian fire Company that is trying to put out the stars” [MTP: IVL TS 57-58]. *Note:* for the remainder of IVL’s Aug. 8 entry, see Aug. 6, to which it refers.

Julian Hawthorne wrote from the Cambridge Bldg., NYC to Clemens:

My dear Clemens: — / Why should you be surprised to see me going into mining? You have yourself described how Cecil Rhodes took hold of business, when no one suspected it of him. I have not found a shark on the beach in Australia, but, with a few friends of mind, I have found a silver mine in the Cobalt region up in Canada, and we are developing it with a view to living on our dividends....We shall keep clear of Wall Street, and of all speculation.

Of course, you are rich; but you should consider that it is invidious in a literary man to grow rich from his own profession; and it would allay the feeling against you if it were known that you had made an additional fortune out of silver. Get somebody to read the enclosed prospectus to you, and then act promptly. The stock is sold in bunches of not less than 1000 shares, at a good reduction from face value. We shall close up about the end of September; but I have set my heart on landing you for a purchase.

I am glad to hear that you are a neighbor of my daughter’s up there—which, of course, I could not be if it were my intention to sell you a gold brick.

Drop me a line here, and believe me... [MTP]. *Note:* IVL wrote on the bottom of the letter for Sam: “I’m not gambling on the mines because I know people sometimes say things about mines that are not true. I used to do it myself when I had mines to sell. But I am gambling on Julian Hawthorne’s integrity & levelheadedness.

August 9 Sunday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to daughter **Jean** in Gloucester, Mass.

Jean dear, don’t trouble about those financial matters; there will be no occasion for that; the expenses were fair & reasonable, & in any case Miss Lyon will take care of my interests. I knew all about the arrangement when it was made, & not only approved it but helped to make it.

It will be a pity to try to bind George in any way. You might greatly regret it. He should be left quite free. None of us can make plans very far ahead for ourselves, much less for others, & I am particularly opposed to that kind of unwisdom.

The Stanchfields are coming next Friday [Aug. 14], & I am full of anticipations. They will be able to tell me all about your prospects in Germany, which I think will be full of pleasure & interest for you & turn out splendidly successful—which God grant, for all our sakes!

I was gone two days to New York to the funeral; & the shock of the tragedy, & the blistering heat, & the heavy black clothes & the pathetic sight of the broken-hearted family, was a heavy drain upon me & struck me down; but I am getting over it now, & indeed am about as well as I was before I went.

Be happy, dear love, & put all disturbing solitudes away from you, & bury yourself in cheerful books & pleasant thoughts. Oh, yes, dear Jean, dear heart, shut your eyes & your heart to all burden of life, & be happy. / Your loving / Father [MTP]. *Note:* the guestbook shows a visit on Aug. 14-15 by **Mr. & Mrs. John B. Stanchfield**, with daughter.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "A quiet lazy day with just Benares, and Hearts. We played by the hour" [MTP: IVL TS 59].

Susan L. Crane wrote to express her "loving sympathy" at the loss of **Samuel E. Moffett**. She recalled his humanity and kindness to **Jean**, and also reported the drowning of **Ralph Wales**. She also reported the return of **Charley Langdon** on June 14, but seemingly without gain in his health.. She was happy that Clemens found a home he wanted to stay in year around, and said she'd rec'd a letter from **Jean**, who was enjoying the seaside (in Gloucester, Mass.) [MTP].

Mrs. Kim C. Tabley wrote from St. John, New Brunswick to thank Sam for the autographed copy of "Adam's Diary" [MTP]. *Note:* Tabley had requested the book on Feb. 17.

August 10 Monday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **George B. Harvey**.

To-day I have written as follows
To Clara Clemens in Europe:

1. "By the original understanding with Paine I was to edit the Biography, with power to approve & disapprove with finality. But I have turned that editing over to Col. Harvey, & he has accepted the job.

2. "He is to limit *letters* of mine, & *excerpts* from letters of mine (when paragraphed *apart* from Paine's text) to an *aggregate* of 10,000 words for the *whole* Biography."

And I added this, which I hope you will approve, & make it an annex to the editing-powers which you have assumed:

3. "But Paine may sprinkle single & double sentences & brief remarks here & there & yonder *IN* his text with considerable freedom. (This would help your & Miss Lyon's volumes of "Letters," not hurt them.)

"Paine is proposing several volumes: *two or three* complete letters (& preferably short ones) in each volume is all I would be willing to allow."

===

Now dear Colonel, if you are agreed, will you please send me a copy of this letter with your O. K. upon it, to be put in the Safe Deposit box? / Yours ever [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Quick** c/o Mrs. D.W. Dow, North Epping, N.H.

Dorothy dear I have been to New York. It was a week ago. I was gone two days, in that sweltering weather, & it brought on a bilious attack. We have no such weather here. I shan't make any more summer trips.

I am sorry about the rabbits, but you can get some more. You still have your bird, so you are not out of luck altogether. I have only Tammany & her kittens, & Miss Lyon & Mr. Ashcroft. But they are all good company. Yesterday we played hearts several hours—at least, 3 of us did. I got 116; Miss Lyon got 185, & Mr. Ashcroft 208. Ashcroft plays the orchestrelle for me a great deal; & he has improved so much that if I am out in the loggia & don't see him I think it is Miss Lyon. And he plays good billiards now. Not as good as Col. Harvey or Mr. Paine, but better than formerly. Col. Harvey has been here, & David Munro of the North American Review, & we had very good times; Miss Ida Tarbell & Miss Jennette [*sic*] Gilder drove over &

lunched with them. Also we have had the Whitmores, & in a day or two John B. Stanchfield & his wife & daughter are coming, & after they go the Freemans are to come for a few days. But Ashcroft is going away tomorrow & I am sorry. I have seen Louise but little; she has been away on several visits; & I have had only a glimpse or two of Frances. Miss Lyon goes to New York to-day, to send up my daughter's furniture & piano—then the house will be complete & nothing more to do.

I miss you Dorothy dear, I wish you were here. Please give my kindest regards to your mother & my love to yourself. / SLC / Curator of the Acquarium [MTP; *MTAq* 198]. *Note:* **Ida M. Tarbell** and **Jeannette Gilder** were Redding neighbors; **Louise and Frances Paine** were daughters of Albert Bigelow Paine.

Dr. Robert Hurtin Halsey visited Sam in Redding but did not stay the night [new guestbook; IVL below].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "To New York. Saw Robinson, brought Dr. Halsey home with me" [MTP: IVL TS 59].

Katharine Boland Clemens (Mrs. James Ross Clemens) wrote from S. Dartmouth, Mass. to ask if Sam was coming up their way soon, since they were only "about ten miles" from Mr. Rogers' Fairhaven. She described Salters Point where they were staying, and motoring to Newport. **James Ross Clemens** would leave St. Louis and travel by auto, taking ten days to arrive there. Just where was Sam's country home? They'd been thinking of moving from St. Louis but hated to give up Jim's practice—could Sam suggest a place "that holds prospects"? She felt he would succeed any place [MTP].

Charles Soby, Cigars, Hartford, wrote to advise Sam they were sending samples of tobacco for him to try and advise them [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "The mixture is better than the Havana, & Mr. Clemens believes that the Broad leaf will be best / but none of it was good"

August 11 Tuesday – In Redding, Conn., **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to an **unidentified person**.

"Mr. Tallman should keep in touch with Mr Robert Collier in order that he may keep what Mr. Collier & Mr Clemens have done in the Accident Insurance matter from going astray.

"Mr. Clemens has refrained as long as he could from troubling you in this matter but he feels that it should not be neglected" [MTP]. *Note:* this note was to **Albert Q.W. Tallman**, the brother-in-law of the late Samuel Moffett. See Aug. 18 from Moffett's daughter Anita Moffett to Clemens. Also Aug. 1 news article on the drowning.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Benares left—to be gone until mostly September" [MTP: IVL TS 59].

Elisabeth Marbury wrote a short note to Sam that his letter of the 10th enclosing Mr. Martin's application rec'd. "As arrangements have already been made for Puddnhead Wilson we cannot accede to his request" [MTP].

Thomas Commerford Martin for *Electrical World* wrote to Sam, enclosing a letter to him from **Frank L. Dyer**, president of National Phonograph Co. **Thomas A. Edison** was desirous of making a record of Mark Twain's voice. Martin asked if he might visit Sam to accomplish that [MTP]. *Note:* IVL on Dyer's letter to Martin: "this is a business matter. Very fond of Mr. Edison but do not want business mixed up with friendship"

Annie Eliot Trumbull wrote to Sam, enclosing a booklet (in file) "Haman A tragedy" in blank verse. She asked him to evaluate it without deception [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Not competent to sit in judgment on a printed tragedy would have to see it on the stage, but glad she let me read it." And "he finds poetry all through—good poetry—fine poetry—& some he read to me"

August 12 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Susan L. Crane**.

Dear Aunt Sue: / It was a most moving, a most heart-breaking sight, the spectacle of that stunned & crushed & inconsolable family. I came back here in bad shape, & had a bilious collapse, but I am all right again, though the doctor from New York has given peremptory orders that I am not to stir from here before frost. O, fortunate Sam Moffett! fortunate Livy Clemens doubly fortunate Susy! These swords go through & through my heart, but there is never a moment that I am not glad, for the sake of the dead, that they have escaped.

How Livy would love this place! how her very soul would steep itself thankfully in this peace, this tranquillity, this deep stillness, this dreamy expanse of woodsy hill & valley! You must come, Aunt Sue, & stay with us a real good visit. Since June 26 we have had 21 guests, & they have all liked it & said they would come again. I wish Jervis would run up here when he is in New York.

And Charley too, but—(this in your ear, privately), how can I ask Ida? She has kept back those little heirlooms all those years, & by that conduct she made Livy shed many a tear—which I never expect to either forget or forgive. No, I can't invite her, and so I don't know how to invite Charley. I want him, but I can't put upon him—and upon myself—the discourtesy of not including his wife.

And truly, this is pitiful—I clearly realize it. For God, & God alone, is responsible for whatever Ida or any other person, black or white, pagan or christian, does or says in this silly & villainous life. And so, how can I blame Ida for keeping back the trinkets when she was in no way to blame? Well, in my *mind* I do not blame her, but only in my heart. That is to say, God blames her, in my heart. I would not like to be as inconsistent as God is. Nor as incandescent.

Jessu but it is a beautiful day here! Come, Aunt Sue! / With love & ever so much love. / † Samuel [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **William Dean Howells**.

Dear Howells:

Won't you & Mrs. Howells & Mildred come, & give us as many days as you can spare, & examine John's triumph? For to my mind it *is* a triumph. It is the most satisfactory house I am acquainted with, & the most satisfactorily situated.

But it is no place to work in, because one is outside of it all the time, while the sun & the moon are on duty. Outside of it in the loggia, where the breezes blow & the tall arches divide-up the scenery & frame it.

It's a gastly long distance to come, & I wouldn't travel such a distance to see anything short of a memorial museum, but if you can't come now you can at least come later when you return to New York, for the journey there will be only an hour & a half per express-train. Things are gradually & steadily taking shape inside the house, & Nature is taking care of the outside in her ingenious & wonderful fashion—and she is competent, & asks no help & gets none. I have retired from New York for good, I have retired from labor for good, I have discharged my stenographer, & have entered upon a holiday whose other end is in the cemetery. / Yours ever / Mark [MTHL 2: 832-3]. *Note.* **Josephine Hobby** was the stenographer discharged; she had been hired in 1906.

Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Quick**.

Dorothy dear, I wrote you a number of days ago, & mailed it to Epping, but I don't think you'll get it, because I couldn't make sure of the address you gave me. If it is Dow, you should write it like this: DOW—not like this [*scribbles*] (which is the way you wrote it). Don't ever again write a proper name in any but CAPITALS—do you hear?

But you'll never get this, so why should I go on writing? / With lots of love [*written sideways on envelope*:] You careless little rascal, why don't you write addresses plainer? SLC [MTP; *MTAg* 199 in part].

Sam also wrote to three Angelfish, one being the above to Dorothy, the other two not extant but referred to in Sam's **Aug. 13** to Blackmer. One of these missing two letters was undoubtedly to **Dorothy Sturgis**, who evidently answered Sam's **Aug. 12** in time for him to send a reply on **Aug. 15**; see entry [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Emilie R. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers)**.

Dear Mrs. Rogers,—I believe I am the wellest man on the planet to-day, & good for a trip to Fair Haven (which I discussed with the Captain of the New Bedford boat, who pleasantly accosted me in the Grand Central August 5) but the doctor came up from New York day before yesterday, & gave positive orders that I must not stir from here before frost. It is because I was threatened with a swoon, 10 or 12 days ago, & went to New York a day or two later to attend my nephew's funeral & got horribly exhausted by the heat & came back here & had a bilious collapse. In 24 hours I was as sound as a nut again, but nobody believes it but me.

This is a prodigiously satisfactory place, & I am so glad I don't have to go back to the turmoil & rush of New York. The house stands high & the horizons are wide, yet the seclusion is perfect. The nearest *public* road is half a mile away, so there is nobody to look in, & I don't have to wear clothes if I don't want to. I have been down stairs in night-gown & slippers a couple of hours, & have been photographed in that costume; but I will dress, now, & behave myself.

That doctor had half an idea that there is something the matter with my brain. . . Doctors do know so little & they do charge so much for it. I wish Henry Rogers would come here, & I wish you would come with him. You can't rest in that crowded place, but you could rest here, for sure! I would learn bridge, & entertain you, & rob you.

With love to you both./ Ever yours,... [MTHHR 651-2].

Elisabeth Marbury wrote a short note to ask Sam if he was "willing to allow Mr Colwell a further 6 months extension on A Yankee in King Arthurs Court?" [MTP]. *Note:* **M. Worth Colwell**.

August 13 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Helen S. Allen** in Bermuda.

To

Helen Allen, M. A. (Member of the Aquarium).

Dear Helen: Don't forget that you are coming here to spend a week with me when you come to New York. Several of the fishes have visited me already, & others are coming later. Just now they are pretty well scattered; & I find by their letters that they are not all amusing themselves in only one monotonous way, but in a healthy variety of ways: you with your regattas & fancy dress parties; Dorothy M. A. & Irene M. A. with sunbathing; Dorothy Quick M. A. with scrambling around on sea & land; Helen of Montreal M. A. with mountain-climbing in Scotland; Boston-Dorothy M. A. with foot-races & swimming-matches in her school-camp far up towards the North Pole (& she wins them, too); Margaret Blackmer M. A., with foregathering with the Indians in South Dakotah. The rest of my little tribe are—somewhere, I don't quite know where, but I shall soon know, for they are loyal & they always write me, sooner or later, & tell me what they are about.

We have good times here in this soundless solitude on the hill-top. The moment I saw the house I was glad I built it; & now I am gladder & gladder all the time, after 8 weeks occupancy. I was not dreaming of living here except in the summer-time—that was before I *saw* this region & the house, you see—but that is all changed now; I shall stay here winter & summer both, & not go back to New York at all. Miss Lyon is extravagantly fond of the place, & so is Ashcroft. Ashcroft comes up ever[y] Friday & stays over Sunday. All the guests like it. We have had 21 guests since June 26, & lots more have engaged to come. My child, it's as tranquil & contenting as Bermuda. You'll be very welcome here, dear.

With lots of love from Miss Lyon & from me— / S L C./ Curator of the Aquarium [MTP]. *Note:* for some reason Cooley did not include letters to and from **Helen Allen**, clearly given the distinction of "Member of the Acquarium" here by Clemens.

Sam also wrote to **Margaret Blackmer**.

It's a charming letter, you cunning little angel-fish! and glad I was to get it. My fishes find many ways to entertain themselves: you with the Indians & the circus; Irene with sea-bathing; Helen of Montreal with climbing mountains in Scotland; Helen of Bermuda with regatta-races on stormy seas; Boston-Dorothy with foot-races & swimming-races in her school-camp away up towards the North Pole—& she wins them, too. The others are scattered far & wide, but I shall hear from all of them presently & know what they are at, for

they are not going to neglect me; they are too dear & faithful for that. I answered letters from 3 of them yesterday; & this morning I have your letter & one from Irene.

I shall be so glad to welcome you & your mother here, when you get back home. You will arrive September 16th, & you will write me on the 17th, won't you? & you & I will arrange that visit.

Goodbye, dear, with lots of love, / SLC. / Curator of the Aquarium [MTP; *MTAq* 199-200].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "I heard sounds—sneezes from the King's room in the night and going to his room I found him very wakeful and threatened with another attack of nausea" [MTP: IVL TS 59].

Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to **Katharine Boland Clemens (Mrs. James Ross Clemens)** in South Dartmouth, Mass.

Mr. Clemens asks me to write for him & tell you how very glad he is to know you are in this part of the country again, & to say that he very much hopes that you & Dr. Clemens will be able to motor over, or to come over here to see him, for it will not be possible for him to make any visits this season. Mr. Clemens went down to New York to attend the funeral of Mr. Moffett, & he returned entirely exhausted. A day or two later he had a bilious collapse, & the doctor has forbidden him to leave the quiet of Redding until frost. But he can have his friends; and any time that you can come to Mr. Clemens he will be most happy to see you, & make you welcome, and it will confer a benefit upon him. Mr. Clemens sends much love to you & to Dr. Clemens & hopes you will not disappoint him [MTP].

August 14 Friday – Sam's guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
John B. Stanchfield	)	)	
Mrs. Stanchfield	) New York City	) " [August] 14-15	[Clara Spaulding Stanchfield]
Alice their daughter	)	)	

Note: none of the above names were in the original guestbook.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "The Stanchfields arrived by motor hours late. / Ashcroft started for Canada" [MTP: IVL TS 59].

George Hasselmeyer wrote from Kennesaw, Ga. to recollect being with Sam in St. Louis before the war. Did Sam remember **Miss Compton (Dick)** and **Jacob Enders-Compton** and the Enders Music Store? Hasselmeyer was in his 74th year. He also mentioned Judge **James K. Knight** of St. Louis who committed suicide. Joe Enders and Dick Compton were dead. Joe used to sing songs in German [MTP].

Margherita Pariente wrote a letter from Cairo, Egypt in French to Clemens. She expressed admiration for Twain. She owned many of his books and particularly admired *IA*. She enclosed a self-addressed postcard which she asks Twain to autograph and return. She promised she would treasure it as a souvenir of "the great and immortal American writer," and wished him good health and hoped to meet him one day [MTP]. *Note:* translation summary courtesy of Holger Kersten.

Joe Twichell, back in Hartford after his trip to Europe, wrote to Clemens.

Dear old Mark: / So here we are again—since last Tuesday. Our homecoming is glad and sad, both—sad because it meets us with the news of the death abroad of our long-time beloved friend Harry Hopkins President of Williams College, one of the noblest, gentlest most generous spirits life has made us acquainted with. You will remember him, I think. The first paper I took up on my arrival—a copy of *Colliers Weekly*—told me that Sam Moffett was gone. So you are in sorrow too, and by a bereavement that comes closer to you than ours to us, and is intrinsically more afflictive, for Harry had done a full day's work, but Sam is "dead in

his prime,” cut off in the bloom of his promise. As we speak of him the face and voice of his sweet mother came back to us. We have never forgotten her.

Our vacation has been full of interest and pleasure throughout. I can’t stop to tell you about it now, but will say that few things coming into it are so delightfully memorable as two evenings we passed with Mr. MacAlister in London, who showed us great favor for your sake. It is scarcely necessary to remark that you were the principal theme of our converse with him [MTP].

August 15 Saturday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Dorothy Sturgis.

Dear Dorothy:

Good! You will be very welcome.

To-day, in a lovely place in the woods a mile & a half from here we visited a fine swimming-pool a hundred yards long, twenty wide & 26 feet deep—water as clear as crystal, with a perpendicular rock jumping-off place 15 feet high—densely wooded shores all around. You get to it by an obscure path leading from the distant wagon-road. It is an ideal bathing-place. I thought of you, but you can’t use it, because there is no bath-house. But you shall go & look at it—& grieve because you can’t get into it. If I had it on my land there’d be a bath-house. / With love & best wishes ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **William Henry Watts** in Tewkesbury, England.

Dear Sir: / I highly prize the pipes, & shall intimate to people that Raleigh smoked them—& doubtless he did. After a little practice I shall be able to go further & *say* that he did. They will then be the most interesting features of my library’s decorations. The horse-shoe is attracting a good deal of attention, because I have intimated that the Conqueror’s horse cast it. It will attract more when I get my hand in & *say* he cast it.

I thank you for the pipes & the shoe; also for the Official Guide, which I read through at a single sitting. If a person should say that about a book of mine I should regard it as good evidence of the book’s interest. / Very truly Yours [MTP].

Note: an 1894 Tewkesbury directory lists Watts as a “Builders’ Foreman.” **W.H. Watts & Son**, formed in 1903, sold all sorts of household goods. In his 1917 volumes of MT’s letters, Paine offers a note on the above letter: “...is an acknowledgement of an interesting souvenir from the battle-field of Tewksbury (1471), and some relics of the Cavalier and Roundhead Regiments encamped at Tewksbury in 1643” [812]. See July 10 from Watts.

William Dean Howells wrote from Kittery Point, Maine to Sam.

My dear Clemens:

I will surely and gladly come to see you when I go up to New York about the middle of next month, not merely because you live in the house that Jack built, [his son, John Mead Howells was the architect of Stormfield] but because I want to pour out on you the praise that has been filling me up ever since I re-re-read *The Innocents Abroad* last winter in Rome. I wonder you could write it, and I wonder you could write the Ct. Yankee, which I re-re-read after I got home. I could not have written it myself, although it is the most delightful, truest, most humane, sweetest fancy that ever was. Now that you have taken the pen into your own hand, why don’t you try something like it in your old age?

The other morning, after first waking, I dreamt of talking with a girl in Bermuda. I said that as it was coming spring I supposed she would be going north, but she said “No, we are going further into the tropics,” and I made the reflection how perfectly natural that was, when she added, “We want to see some Pepper Trees, and hear a pigeon sing.” Then it occurred to me that I had never heard a pigeon sing, and that it must be very nice.

Somewhere I have some more letters of yours, and I will send them as soon as I can think where I put them. But for goodness’ sake, haven’t you enough now?

My poor wife has been suffering with her teeth all summer, and can only gnash out her thanks to you for remembering her. Pilla thanks you too, tho’ not so hopelessly.

The unmuffled motor boats have made this place a pandemonium, and I am afraid we cannot come here any more. I am thinking of going to England as a summer resort. But there are the English. Unmuffled too. Yours ever, / W.D. Howells [*MTHL* 2: 833-4].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "A lazy day. A busy day. The Demings and Hildegard Hawthorne came for tea" [MTP: IVL TS 59].

August 16 Sunday – Sam wrote a tribute to his late nephew, "Samuel Erasmus Moffett" and quoted from an obituary in *Collier's Weekly* [Gribben 154]. *Note:* Moffett died on Aug. 1, 1908.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Stanchfields left, creeping down the long hill through the field" [MTP: IVL TS 59].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

August 17 Monday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.)**.

Where are you at, Mariechen dear? I was in New York on the 4th & 5th—called there by the tragic death of my nephew—and I had half a glimpse of Harry for half a moment—maybe less than that—and so I did not learn how you are getting along. Very satisfactorily, I hope, & that you will drop me a line & say so. Those were a couple of sweltering days, & I got a violent bilious attack out of it after my return home. The hot weather, the heavy black clothes, the depressing funeral, & the spectacle of that crushed & broken-hearted family—altogether it was a ghastly episode.

I had a glimpse, also of Will Coe, & extracted a promise from him to bring Mrs. Coe here. They will come in September, by automobile—60 miles, but they think nothing of the distance. Don't you think you & Harry could do that? I do wish you would. This is a quiet place, on high ground, & you would flourish most wholesomely. And you wouldn't have to play billiards till 3 in the morning, unless you felt that a little dissipation like that would do you good. Our women-guests go to bed at 10 or along there, it is only the men that are late birds. We have had 21 guests since June 27, & they've all survived. They say they like the place, & I am sure they do. I like it myself; I liked it from the start; & when I was in New York those hot days, I found I had ceased to like No. 21, so I canceled the lease, & now we are fetching its furniture up here; all but enough to furnish a small flat for Clara. Jean goes to Germany early in October, to be placed under a famous specialist in Berlin. And she is glad, for she likes Germany & the language.

Mrs. Rogers writes me from the mountains that Mr. Flagler is there & wants that series of photographs illustrative of the evolution of a moral principle in a person urgently desirous of being good. A Mr. Davies, a friend of his, carried off his series. I remember it. It all comes back to me now. You had a set; & you were to send it to him & I was to have another set made for you. I reckon you forgot it, but it's all right, I will attend to it. At bottom I thought he was joking, anyway.

Come—dash me off a line & tell me how you are.

These—from your oldest relative & the one who loves you best— / Your uncle / Mark [MTP]. *Note:* **Henry M. Flagler**; see earlier from.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "The King ate watermelon and became an aqueduct. Miss Julia Stanford, Mr. Driggs and 3 girls came over by [the] mobile to salute the King, but Miss Julia really came to see me" [MTP: IVL TS 60]. *Note:* **Silas W. Driggs**.

George B. Harvey wrote to Sam enclosing an unspecified "communication and my endorsement." Harvey also suggested Sam come down during the Asbury Park Carnival where 100,000 people were expected. "Please let me know as soon as you decide so that I can post the committee" [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: You can post them No, the doctors wont let me leave here until the first frost"; Sam's reply is dated Aug. 19?

John B. Stanchfield wrote from NYC to Lyon c/o Clemens: "I directed Brentano to forward you a Perplexity Puzzle this morning. When the combined talent of your house shall have worked it to a correct solution, I wish you

would express it to me in Babylon, as we have not had this one yet, and I will send you one of ours from that place” [MTP].

August 18 Tuesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote an aphorism to **Margery H. Clinton**.

“Let a sleeping dog lie.”

It is a poor old maxim, & nothing in it: anybody can do it, you don’t have to employ a dog.

Truly yours / Mark Twain

To

Miss Margery Clinton

(August 18, 1908, at Redding, Conn.) [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “We went, by way of the Peck’s mobile, over to their place at Redding Ridge, and then to see Jeannette Gilder” [MTP: IVL TS 60].

Anita Moffett wrote a mourning bordered note from Mt. Vernon, NY.

Dear Uncle Sam: — / Miss Lyon writes that you think it wise for my uncle, Mr. Tallman, to keep in touch with Mr. Robert Collier in regard to the accident insurance matter.

Mr. Collier is out of town, and Mr. Tallman has made an appointment to see him next week upon his return.

Mother is not able to write, but she wishes me to tell you that four New York pathologists and two physicians have found that it was neither apoplexy nor cerebral hemorrhage, but a clear case of drowning that killed papa. Mother will write soon. / Very sincerely... [MTP]. *Note:* See Aug. 1 news account of the drowning.

Mary Mantz Moffett wrote from Mt. Vernon, NY, **two letters** to Sam. The first:

Dear “Uncle Sam,” — / The report of the pathologist for the Insurance companies has been sent in to Mr. Alger—a friend of Sam’s—an attorney who is looking after the insurance. (Sam had said to call in Mr. Alger if we were ever in trouble.)

The report of the pathologists gives “drowning as cause of death.” I had two pathologists and two physicians at the autopsy to represent me—to *prove* that it was *not apoplexy—nor brain hemorage [sic]*. This awful thing that has happened was the result of cowardice and criminal negligence on the part of the hotel authorities — — — *failure to provide a life saver* — — and *failure to provide proper ropes*.

We were assured — — and Sam said “we have got to trust some people in this world” — — that they had an experienced life-saving man constantly on the beach. He turns out to be a butler—filling in his summer. When within 20 ft. of Sam—he *lost his nerve* and *turned back* — — *abandoning Sam* [MTP].

In her second letter of this date, Moffett’s widow thanked Clemens for a tribute he wrote intended for publication in a posthumous edition of a book by Samuel Moffett. Mary regretted the drowning especially since her son needed his father, and recounted the mountain of work and “hot travel” Moffett had made during his last year to Denver, Chicago and Washington, D.C. [MTP].

John B. Stanchfield wrote from NYC to Lyon c/o Clemens: “I have your letter under date of August 17th with check enclosed. The stock is not assessable. In due course you will hear from the proper parties in reference to the matter” [MTP].

August 19 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Mr. Lounsbury is ill, a fistula caused by a strain in moving Santa’s piano. AB and his nice old father came up for billiards. I entertained his nice old father and gave him tea on the loggia. He called the dear little cedar trees ‘volunteers’” [MTP: IVL TS 60]. *Note:* Paine’s father is shown as **Samuel E. Paine** in the Aug. 24 original guestbook entry.

William Webster Ellsworth sent Sam a letter addressed to "Subscribers to the Pond Fund," about Major Pond's son, **James B. Pond, Jr.** —his schooling, ill health and that no further need was advisable since his mother was dead and he could not return to college, due to several previous breakdowns there. Subscribers were listed and fund details given.

James B. Pond, Jr. ["Bim"] is a fine young fellow. He has an honorable ambition, a good mind, and I am sure we may feel that we have done a splendid work in helping him on his way. He has been thoroughly appreciative of all that has been done for him. Without this fund he would have been obliged to go to work at thirteen years of age, and that without any training [MTP]. The letter was also signed by Robert Bridges, and William B. Howland, who found the account records correct.

August 19? Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam replied to the Aug. 17 of **George B. Harvey**. "You can post them No, the doctors wont let me leave here until the first frost" [MTP].

August 20 Thursday – In Redding, Conn., **Isabel Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Katharine B. Clemens**.

"Mr. Clemens asks me to thank you for the photograph which he is very glad to have, & also for your note containing the very pleasant news that you will probably be able to spend a Sunday here.

"Mr. Clemens is better, & asks me to convey his love to you" [MTP].

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Jervis Langdon	Elmira, N.Y.	August 20	(My nephew).
Margery Clinton O.P.	39 E 57 th	" 20-24	Margery came up to neglect the plumbing. She knows how.

Note: Margery was given the "job" at no pay as "Official Plumber": O.P. None of the above names were in the original guestbook.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Mother came back from Farmington. We had a business-library meeting at Mrs. Lounsbury's.

Marjorie Clinton arrived and Mr. Jervis Langdon came for the day.

I lifted my bronze cat up onto some book shelves, and have a vivid pain in my side [MTP: IVL TS 60-61].

Elin Liljebloom wrote from Wiborg, Finland to ask about a story she described but could not find and did not know the name of [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "the Death Disk"

Maud W. Littleton (Mrs. Martin W. Littleton) wrote a postcard from Interlaken, Switzerland to Sam. "Hello—How are you? We are very tired traveling, & I remember that you said you felt sorry for us when we left. We feel sorry too. With love..."[MTP].

Die Zeit sent a form letter to Sam regarding the 80th birthday of Tolstoi on Sept. 10. They were inquiring of "representative personages in the world of Politics, Science and Art" just how Tolstoi had influenced them. They intended to publish the results [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Contract intervened" (meaning Clemens was barred from such submissions by his Harpers contract. Even if not strictly so, he often used it as a reason to decline.

August 21 Friday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** "The day was a placid one. We played Hearts, and then more Hearts" [MTP: IVL TS 61].

Charles W. Birge wrote from the Fitch Home for Soldiers in Noroton Heights, Conn. to ask Sam if he'd be some help to him in securing a cheap pair of spectacles to help him read; he could get a pair for \$2 in Stamford. At age 72, Birge had a shaky hand [MTP]. *Note*: IVL: "No ans."

Joe Goodman wrote from Alameda, Calif. about locating old letters from Clemens.

Dear Mark— / I've searched alow and aloft, and in every corner and receptacle, but can find only two of your letters. I had a package of them down in Fresno, but it has been lost in one of the many moves I've made since then, probably. Should it ever turn up, I'll send it to you or Clara.

Tufts begged the letter you wrote of Little Ward's death, to go with one of yours that Ward had given him; and I also let him have the note you wrote in answer to his warning that the Bobbs Merrill Co. were having your writings copied from the files of the *Enterprise*, *Union* and *Call*. He has them bound in his collection of your works.

Steve Gillis has some of your letters to Jim [Gillis], but he said one of the newspapermen they formerly harbored stole most of them.

Of course, I should like the two letters returned—unless you should prefer to cancel them. They are intimately personal, and will be about the most prized legacy I can leave the children.

I saw the description of the Innocents at Home [Stormfield] in *Harper's Weekly*. It must be a charming place apart from hits seclusion, which you seem to regard as its best quality. I should dearly like to see it, and to hold communion with you once more; but neither is likely to be. I don't expect to ever come East again; I can see nothing between now and the finish but a hard grind.

I rejoiced at Clara's success as a singer, for I remember how ambitious she was when a child to get out in the world and do things. Please ask Jean to kindly carry my congratulations to her.

With benedictions on your new home, and a prayer that you may live long to enjoy it, / Yours ever. J.T. Goodman [MTP].

August 21 Friday ca.

H.J. Learoyd, managing editor for the *NY Evening Post* wrote to Sam. "We are anxious to get expressions of sentiment on the subject of the advisability of renominating Governor Hughes." He asked for "a few lines" [MTP]. *Note*: Clemens answered on aug 25.

August 22 Saturday – Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Z. S. Freeman	New York City	" [August] 22-24	[Zoheth S. Freeman]

Note: not in the original guestbook.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "I went to N.Y. on the 8:15. Back on the 1:27 and Zoe Freeman came too. It was torrenting when I went to the station, and the flood gates [*sentence unfinished*] [MTP: IVL TS 61].

Margaret Chisholm wrote from Butler, Ill. to Sam.

My papa says when he gets rich he is going to buy all of your books. He says he would have been rich long ago if his parents had been brought up in the same locality.... / I saw papa looking at these two pictures and he said he was glad you had made enough to buy you a new suit of clothes, and then he wondered if this very same fellow was still doing your washing. But he wont write so I though I would write and ask you [MTP].

James Longstreet Clemens wrote from Macon, Miss. to disclose his genealogy and to enclose an 1870 clipping from the *Macon Beacon* containing editorial criticism of America's humorous writers, the article inspired by Mark Twain. James' mother was the sister of Confederate General **James Longstreet** [MTP].

August 23 Sunday – **Zoheth S. Freeman** was visiting Sam in Redding [new guestbook].

August 24 Monday – **Isabel Lyon’s journal:** Zoe and Margery left today. The King seems to improve with every day. Paine who came up for billiards remarked that the King doesn’t play as good a game as he did. But that is clearly understandable, for the King has been teaching the game to young strong men, who now are playing as well as he does, and better, for many of them have had instruction from experts in “draw shots” and “English” etc. and have no more wit than to come here and to tell the King how to make his shots. That would have to sap the strength from any man’s game. It is no wonder that he said, “This is a God damn Hell of a game! Let’s quit!” [MTP: IVL TS 61].

Albert Bigelow Paine and **Samuel E. Paine** show as guests in the original guestbook, p.1 under Aug. 24 [Mac Donnell TS 1].

Miss Ethel Payne wrote from Dover, Missouri to Sam. She was compiling an article, “Famous Flowers of Famous Men” and asked him to write with his favorite and give her permission to quote his remarks [MTP].

August 25 Tuesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam replied to **H.J. Learoyd**, Managing Editor of the N.Y. *Evening Post*, heading the note “*Private.*”

Dear Sir: / If you had asked me two months ago, my answer would have been prompt & loud & strong: *Yes*, I want Governor Hughes renominated. But it is too late, & my mouth is closed. I have become a citizen & taxpayer of Connecticut, & could not now, without impertinence, meddle in matters which are none of my business. I could not do it *with* impertinence without trespassing on the monopoly of another. / Very Truly Yours ... [MTP].

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Jeannette L. Gilder	Redding Ridge	August 25-26	
Jeannette Cholmeley-Jones	“ “	[ditto]	

Isabel Lyon’s journal: I’ve just been cutting the King’s hair; he sitting up in his sunshiney room and teaching me how to use the flat shears that clip the back of his neck. And it was a successful cutting too. He has just come down to say that I’d beating the barber at his own trade. How much of happiness that means. Miss Jeannette Gilder and her niece Jeannette Cholmely-Jones are here for the night, and I am so glad that the King likes them both and particularly Jeannette Gilder, for she is very genuine, and the youngest woman at 59 that I ever saw [MTP: IVL TS 61-62].

William Allen wrote from St. Louis to Sam.

Referring to a chapter in your Autobiography in last week’s Associated Sunday Magazines, I believe Redpath’s “gallant jayhawker chief”—the man who was “out of words” in your presence—was Dave *Stringfellow*. He was a prominent “border ruffian” in “bleeding Kansas” days, and he and Redpath made things lively in raids and counter raids. There was another fellow, *Jim Lane*, and he may have been the “chief.” He hoped the Autobiography would be finished in his lifetime, as he was 73 [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “Know it wasn’t Jim Lane, but think it must have been Stringfellow, but cannot be quite sure”; and “rece’d 8/31/08”

George de Forest Brush wrote from Italy to Sam.

Dear Mr Clemens / That was a beautiful letter you wrote me on learning of Georgia’s death. I was very grateful to receive it. I love to refer to those who are dead that I have loved the death of a child is very sad

because you find that they have gone before they have made any impression; I am surprised how little I knew her living with her every hour of her life. One day sitting at the breakfast table before I left for America I said [“]Georgie you are a quiet little girl who never wants anything[.] what can I do for you what would you like[?]”] “Nothing” said she “but education”...the last request she made was to be read to from Huckleberry Finn...[MTP].

Rev. Fred V. Christ (1878-1937), at this time asst. pastor Lutheran Church of Atonement, Edgcombe Ave. & W. 110th Street, wrote to Sam, recalling “The Captain’s Story.” He inquired as to Sam’s source of inspiration for the tale [MTP]. *Note:* see Sam’s Aug. 28 intriguing reply.

Henry W. Ruoff wrote from Buffalo, NY to ask Sam’s input on the 100 greatest men he was compiling for a series of biographies. He wanted those “with the greatest visible influence on the life and activities of the race.” Would Sam look at the list? Would he include Jesus? [MTP]. Two copies of the list are in the file, for eight categories. “Good” was placed on each sub-section and other names were added for Religion (Jesus and Satan), Science, politics and industry. IVL: “8/31 wrote for another list”; see **Aug. 28** reply to Ruoff.

R.E. Sherwood, bookseller, NYC wrote to Sam about the practice of department stores cheapening the price of books, and with the **American Publishers Assoc.** being dissolved by Federal courts, there was no protection of retail prices. Sherwood offered to send his car for Clemens, so he might talk over these trends [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “The thing for him to do is to hop into the train at nine o'clock Friday morning. He did it. But it didn't amount to anything of interest”

August 26 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “The King watches Tammany’s kittens by the enchanted half hour. We get them into the library after dinner. They carry on like beautiful wild monkeys” [MTP: IVL TS 62].

Jeannette Cholmeley-Jones wrote from Redding Ridge to Sam. “I hardly know how to express to you how much I enjoyed our all too short visit at ‘Stormfield.’” She thought it a “great privilege” and “one of the greatest treats” she’d ever had, and she was still reflecting on what he talked about [MTP].

August 27 Thursday – Anna Goldschmidt wrote from Hamburg, Germany to Sam about “A Dog’s Tale,” and the great pleasure she had translating it. Since this was the first translation she’d attempted she sent a copy for his review, hoping he would give permission for her to publish [MTP].

August 28 Friday – In Redding, Conn. Sam replied to the Aug. 25 of **Fred V. Christ:**

Dear Sir: / You say: “I often owe my best sermons to a suggestion received in reading” . . . and let us add, “or from other *exterior* sources.”

Your remark is not quite in accordance with the facts. We must change it to “I owe *all* my thoughts, sermons & ideas to suggestions received from sources *outside* of myself.”

The simplified English of this proposition is—

“No man’s brain has ever *originated* an idea.”

It is an astonishing thing that after all these ages the world goes on thinking the human brain-machinery can *originate* a thought.

It can’t. It has never done it. In *all* cases, little and big, the thought is born of a suggestion; and in *all* cases the suggestion comes to the brain *from the outside*. The brain *never* acts, except from an exterior impulse.

A man can satisfy himself of the truth of this by a quite simple process: let him examine every idea that occurs to him in an hour; in a day; in a week;—in a lifetime, if he please. He will always find that an *outside* something suggested the thought: something which he saw with his eyes, or heard with his ears, or perceived by his touch—not necessarily to day nor yesterday, nor last year, nor twenty years ago, but *some time or other*. Usually the source of the suggestion is immediately traceable, but sometimes it isn’t. However, if you will examine each thought that occurs to you for the next two days, you will find that in at least nine cases out of

ten you can put your finger on the outside suggestion—and that ought to convince you that No. 10 had that source too, although you cannot at present hunt it down and find it.

The idea of writing to me would have had to wait a long time if it waited till your brain *originated* it. It was born of an outside suggestion—Sir Thomas & my old captain.

The hypnotist thinks he has invented a new thing—*suggestion!* This is very sad.

I don't know where my captain got his "Karosene" idea (it was forty-one years ago and he is long ago dead): but I know it didn't originate in his head, but was born of a suggestion from the outside. The chief mate (who was present) couldn't invent the idea of writing out the tale for print, and there was nothing in his circumstances to bring that idea to him from the outside; but my case was different: my *trade* was sure to flood me with suggestions that this was usable stuff for me.

Yesterday a guest said:

"How did you come to think of writing the Prince and Pauper?"

"I didn't. The thought came to me from the outside—suggested by that pleasant and picturesque little history-book, Charlotte M. Yonge's "Little Duke." I doubt if Mrs. Burnett knows whence came to her the suggestion to write "Little Lord Fauntleroy," but I know: it came from reading the "Prince and Pauper." In all my life I have never originated an idea, and neither has she—nor anybody else."

Man's mind is a clever machine, and can work up materials into ingenious fancies & ideas, but it can't *create the materials*. None but the gods can do that.

In Sweden I saw a vast machine receive a block of wood and turn it into marketable matches in two minutes. It could do everything but make the wood. That is the kind of machine the human mind is. Maybe this is not a large compliment, but it is all I can afford.

Your friend and sincere well-wisher, / S L. Clemens [MTP].

Note: the old Captain of 41 years before, "long ago dead," was likely **Edgar (Ned) Wakeman** (1818-1875); A review of Christ's letter reveals Sir Thomas to be **Sir Thomas Browne**. Gribben gives us a short discussion of disagreement about *The Little Duke, Richard the Fearless* (1854) by **Charlotte Mary Yonge** (1823-1901) being in Sam's recollection here [792]

Sam also replied to the Aug. 25 from **Henry W. Ruoff**, editor and compiler of *The Century Book of Facts*, which ran yearly during this period, published by the King-Richardson Co. Sam headed the letter "Private."

Dear Sir: / By "private," I mean don't print any remarks of mine.

===

I like your list.

The "*longest visible influence*."

These terms REQUIRE you to add Jesus. And they doubly & trebly require you to add Satan. From A.D. 350 to A.D. 1850 these gentlemen exercised a vaster influence over a fifth part of the human race than was exercised over that fraction of the race by all other influences combined. Ninety-nine one-hundredths of this influence proceeded from Satan, the remaining fraction of it from Jesus. During those 1500 years the fear of Satan & Hell made 99 Christians when love of God & Heaven landed *one*. During those 1500 years, Satan's influence was worth very nearly a hundred times as much to the business and was the influence of all the rest of the Holy Family put together.

You have asked me a question, & I have answered it seriously & sincerely. You have put in Buddha;—a god, with a following, at one time, greater than Jesus has ever had; a god with perhaps a little better evidence of his godship than that which is offered for Jesus's. How then, in fairness, can you leave Jesus out? And if you put him in, how can you logically leave Satan out? Thunder is good! Thunder is impressive; but it is the lightning that does the work. / Very truly yours [MTP].

Nathan H. Weed for National Phonograph wrote to ask Sam for "a brief interview...on a matter which it is confidently believed you will deem of mutual interest." Would it be convenient for Weed to come sometime next week? [MTP].

August 29 Saturday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Benares [Ashcroft] came back from Canada today and arrived when Paine was playing billiards with the King and I was unpacking books” [MTP: IVL TS 62].

August 30 Sunday – In his Sept. 3 to Dorothy Quick, Sam related, “We had a kind of house-warming three or four days ago, & the people of the countryside came, about 300, young & old, & boys & girls, & we had a very pleasant afternoon.” The gathering was likely this day, and included the guestbook entries below; these guests were residents of the surrounding area, which Sam gave no addresses for.

Sam’s New guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Arthur R. Pearson	-----	August 30	
Jeannette Cholmeley-Jones	-----	“ “	
R.G. Cholmeley-Jones	-----	“ “	
Robert M McBride	-----	“ “	
Jeannette L. Gilder	-----	“ “	
Mabel F. Cholmeley-Jones	-----	“ “	

August 31 Monday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “John and Isabel Wayland came today” [MTP: IVL TS 62].

James Ross Clemens wrote to Sam, having arrived in South Dartmouth, Mass. and finding Sam’s invitation for him and his wife to visit Stormfield. Unfortunately only he could come and wanted to look in the following Sunday. He would stay overnight [MTP].

Mary B. Hackett wrote from Morristown, NJ to relate what she’d heard in a department store during the Christmas holiday two years before. A woman patron asked for “Eve’s Diary” and was told it must be in the religious section [MTP].

Sam’s New guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
John Elton Wayland	Little Pumpkin Island	August 31 – Sept 2	Bermuda Friends
The dear Mrs. Ditto	“ “ “	“ “ “ “	

Note: In his Sept. 3 to Quick, Sam stated that the Waylands left that day, not the 2nd. **Isabel S. Wayland (Mrs. John Elton Wayland)**

Clemens acquired two more cases of Queen Anne whisky and wrote “2 cases used in August” [L-A MS]. *Note:* see June 8, 1907 for the full list of acquisition dates of whisky , intended as ammunition against Isabel Lyon.

September – Sam inscribed a photograph of himself in his white suit sitting in a chair and holding a book, to **Isabel S. Wayland (Mrs. John Elton Wayland):** “Mrs. John Wayland, with the affectionate regards of Mark Twain, Sept/08”[Sotheby’s auction June 19, 2003, Lot 127]. The Waylands were logged into Sam’s guest book for the period **Aug. 31 to Sept 2**, giving their home as “Little Pumpkin Island.”

Clemens acquired two more cases of Queen Anne whisky and wrote, “2 cases used before Oct. 3”, bracketing this entry with the Aug. 31 entry [L-A MS]. *Note:* see June 8, 1907 for the full list of acquisition dates of whisky , intended as ammunition against Isabel Lyon.

September 1 Tuesday – Sam had **Mr. & Mrs. Albert Bigelow Paine**, and daughter **Louise** to luncheon [Sept. 3 to Quick]. *Note*: he did not enter this visit into his new guestbook.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Lou and David arrived to visit mother, but I couldn't meet them, for I was full of the King's reception today" [MTP: IVL TS 62].

Bruno Frede wrote from Altona a.d. Elbe, Germany to ask for Mark Twain's autograph. He included some verses in German [MTP].

Zoheth S. Freeman wrote a card thanking Sam for his weekend at Stormfield [MTP].

George L. Robinson, Clara's tour manager wrote to Isabel Lyon (though catalogued as to Clemens) [MTP].

Joe Twichell wrote from Hartford to Sam, assuming he had already seen what Joe enclosed (not in file) about **Julian Hawthorne**, who had turned from literary pursuits to mining, much to Twichell's displeasure, though he did not know Hawthorne's situation. If Julian was poor and his family in need, Twichell hoped his mine would be a bonanza. Joe had spent time with his newly married daughter Harmony in NY and in passing Sam's old abode judged, "from the look of things that your tenancy there is ended," something he regretted since he often had to make trips to the City. He reported that Gen. [Daniel Edgar] **Sickles** was home in NYC but looked "sadly old and feeble." Why hadn't Clemens written—was he angry? [MTP].

September 2 Wednesday – **Dorothy Quick** wrote to Sam.

My dear Mr Clemens.

I wrote you from Epping telling you I had changed my address but as I have not heard from you I have decided my writing was so bad you could'ant make it out yesterday I was 12 years old and I had a beautiful birthday Mother and my aunt Syda took me to Rye Beach in the afternoon to see Ben Greet in an outdoor performance of "As you Like it" It was really wonderful right out in the woods with the sea roaring in the distance I wish you had been with me you would have liked it and I would have loved to have you. Then I returned and had a party and in the evening we went to see Olivette, The Opera of the casino at Hampton beach about fifteen minutes on the car from here so today I am rather tired and glad it is stormy so I can rest We expect to remain here until Sept 15 school opens the 17 or 19th I don't know which it has been to cold here to go in bathing but it is beautiful on the beach last Wed we had a terrible storm and mother said she had never seen such a wild and beautiful sea before but she loves it and I dont. I liked it at Epping and Redding much better I shall even be glad to get back to Plainfield and all my friends will you give my love to Francis and Miss Lyon and keep lots & lots for yourself. / your loving / Dorothy [MTAq 200-1].

John Elton Wayland and **Isabel S. Wayland (Mrs. John Elton Wayland)** of Little Pumpkin Island, Conn. were entered in the original guestbook [Mac Donnell TS 2].

September 3 Thursday– In **Redding, Conn.** Sam replied to the Aug. 31 from **James R. Clemens** by sending a telegram: "Shall be very happy to see you on Sunday but am very sorry you not both come. / S. L. Clemens" [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Quick** in Plainfield, N.J.

Dorothy dear, I have been over-busy with guests, for a time, & I guess you are back home before this. There isn't much news to report. We lunched with the Paines day before yesterday & saw to Louise, but Frances has gone back to her school in Rochester. Louise is soon going away to school on Long Island. We had a kind of house-warming three or four days ago, & the people of the countryside came, about 300, young

& old, & boys & girls, & we had a very pleasant afternoon. The Waylands have been here several days, & went away today. Some more guests are coming tomorrow & next day, to sleep over Sunday, & on the 10th my daughter Clara will arrive from Europe. Jean will sail for Germany towards the end of this month. There will be some more friends coming in the meantime—two young girls & an elderly couple.

I hope you & your mother have had a pleasant summer, & that you are well rested-up & ready for school & glad to begin again. Miss Lyon has nearly emptied the New York house, & so this one looks more furnished & less naked than it did. / With lots of love— ... [MTP]. *Note:* see **Aug. 30** for the gathering.

Isabel Lyon's journal: The burden of this house is heavily upon my shoulders. Being on my shoulders it is an alien weight and has all the chances of being shifted to other props. I keep it there rather than in my heart *too* securely for if it were, or when it is taken from me, all the bleeding heart of me would be torn out with it. It's because I've been down to the N.Y. house working hard all day, and because Paine was there and was sad at leaving it; sad at seeing the dismantling of the rooms where we've had charming times, and gay times, but for me they have been sadder than gay I think, or more agonizing, for in that house I saw the terrible sorrow and grief of the King after Mrs. Clemens's death, and I saw the crying rage of servants dismissed by Jean and Clara. I saw Jean in her convulsions, and I saw Clara in her agony and in her illness, and in her struggles with her career and in her hates and fierce lovings, and while my heart was full of loving for all of them, there was a long, long lack of peace, and the stairs I climbed were often pitifully weary ones. But against it all was the great joy of living close to the King and of learning his ways and his moods and of holding my spirit arms about him, and of having my life fuller than I thought it could be.

Benares met David and me at the station [MTP: IVL TS 62-63].

Alice Minnie Herts for the Children's Educational Theatre wrote to Sam, this letter enclosed in a Sept. 2 to Lyon.

Arrangements are now completed for the lecture course to be given under the auspices of the Educational Theatre during January, February and March, 1909...

My immediate object in writing all this is to ask you to introduce the lecture course at the Lyceum Theatre on the afternoon of Jan. 8th by saying a few words concerning the aims and objects of the theatre as a force for shaping character in the young through the joy and happiness they experience in the work [MTP].

Matt H. Hewins wrote from Hartford to Sam having read in the morning paper that Clemens had "established another home." Hewins spent 3 or 4 pages describing liquor he'd had in his billiard room for the past 50 years; now he wished to dispose of it and offered the whole lot for \$500 for Sam's wine cellar [MTP].

September 4 Friday – **Frances Nunnally** wrote from Brown's Hotel, London to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens,—

Thank you so much for the invitation you have given Mother and I to come visit you at "Innocence at Home." We should like very much to come up and spend the day with you any day that it is convenient before the twenty-sixth. I am very sorry we cannot spend more time with you, as we are very anxious to see you, but there are so many things to be attended to in New York before I go back to school and we will not have quite ten days. I shall let you know as soon as I arrive at the Waldorf, and then if you will tell us when it suits you best, we should love to come up for a day.

We left Paris a little over a week ago and came directly here. We met a great many friends in Paris and so I enjoyed my visit there, but I don't like the city itself nearly as much as London. One of the pleasantest days we had, was out at Versailles, where there is so much of beauty and interest to be seen. We made another excursion out to Chantilly, but I think we should have gone there before we went to Versailles. Our hotel was quite near the Louvre, so we went in there several times, but after all that, I don't think we have seen half of the things in that enormous place. We enjoyed the pictures more than any other part of the museum, but we spent a good while looking at the beautiful "Venus de Milo."

After about ten days we crossed a very rough channel and came to London, where it has been raining incessantly. Just a week from tomorrow we sail and I shall be very glad to see the “Minneapolis” again, though I don’t like to think that it is carrying me back to school. / Lovingly / Francesca [MTAq 203-4].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Hattie & Jack” [MTP: IVL TS 63]. *Note:* **Harriet & John Enders**; see log below.

September 5 Saturday – Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Harriet Enders	Pittsfield, Mass	September 5-6	
John O. Enders	“ “	“ “	
John Howells	New York City	“ “	[Illegible notes]

Harriet E.G. Whitmore was also listed as a Sept. 5 guest in the original guestbook, as were the Enders, **Louise Belden Moore**, and **June Moore Farmington** [Mac Donnell TS 2]. *Note:* Sam evidently did not transfer all the names into the new guestbook he received from Mary Rogers for Christmas; also, he entered some names which were not in the original guestbook. Together then, we get a more complete listing.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “John Howells” [MTP: IVL TS 63].

Emily Clinton (Mrs. Charles William Clinton) wrote from Tuxedo Park, NY to Sam. “It is so good of you, & Miss Lyon to give Margery such a lovely time, she enjoys her visits at “Innocence At Home” so much, & we thank you very much ...” [MTP].

September 6 Sunday – Note guestbook for Sept 5-6 above. Sam’s guestbook, as well as IVL TS 63-64:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
James Ross Clemens M.D.	St. Louis, Mo.	September 6-8	[Illegible notes]

September 7 Monday – James Ross Clemens was a guest at the Redding house [new guestbook]. Also stopping by for a visit were the following Redding neighbors. **Sam’s new guestbook:**

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Annie R. Banks	_____	_____	
Fannie Sanford Shaw	From over	September 7	[Fanny]
Emma Shaw Reid	on the Ridge		
Marshal E. Driggs	_____	_____	

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “There is a report in the paper today that Santa is engaged [see NY *World* below]. I brought Katherine in and we worked because it was Labor Day apparently, and the parades were streaming up and down 5th Avenue. Benares telephoned me the Paragraph in the World about Santa. I saw reporters and contradicted that and many things” [MTP: IVL TS 64].

The New York *World*, p.2, ran the rumor about **Clara Clemens** and **Charles E. Wark (“Will”)**, her accompaniest:

The engagement of his daughter, Clara, to Mr. Charles E. Wark of this city, has been rumored. Miss Clemens has been traveling in Europe for some months with a party of friends. In the party is Mr. Wark” [Hill 205]. *Note:* Hill suggests Clara believed that Isabel Lyon had leaked the rumor, since Clara had written Lyon just

over two months prior expressing frustration at not being able to to express “frank expression of the truth.” Wark was a married man.

September 8 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “There is a row about the red ms. trunk with Mrs. Paine who insulted the King and Benares and me over the telephone” [MTP: IVL TS 64].

James Ross Clemens ended his visit at the Redding house [new guestbook]. **Sam’s guestbook** shows another two-day stay by a Member of the Aquarium, or Angelfish.

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Marjorie S. Breckenridge, M.A.	From down the glen.	September 6-8	
Clara Clemens	21 Fifth Ave., New York	-	We had not given up that house as yet.

Note: the entry here for Clara comes between the Sept. 6-8 and the next of Sept. 12. In his Sept. 3 to Quick he gives **Sept. 10** as the date of her expected return. Clara actually returned on Sept. 9, however. See entry. She thought it inconceivable that her father would give up the NY house.

James S. Clarkson wrote on Custom House, Surveyor’s Office letterhead, NY to Clemens.

I have your letter of the fifth, and have instructed J.M. Bishop, Deputy Surveyor, to meet your daughter and her friends at Quarantine, down the bay, and to pay them every attention and help which will make their arrival home pleasant and agreeable... / We have a common tie dating back to the days when you were in a printing office at Keokuk and I in a printing office at Des Moines... [MTP].

Thomas Commerford Martin for *Electrical World* wrote to Lyon about the desired recording of Mark Twain’s voice. **Thomas A. Edison**, now in Yellowstone, and Martin felt Edison would like to make the recording himself [MTP]. *Note:* sadly, this was never done; or if it was, the recording was lost, as all were.

The New York *Times*, Sept. 8, p. 8, “New York Loses Mark Twain.”

NEW YORK LOSES MARK TWAIN

Physician Leases Fifth Avenue House and Author Will Live in Connecticut.

With the leasing of 21 Fifth Avenue for a term of years to a physician that address ceases to be the town house of Mark Twain. Mr. Clemens will spend his time principally at his Italian villa at Redding, Conn., in the future. His physicians have pointed out to him the strain of life in town during the Winter, which in his case involved attendance at many dinners given in his honor.

Even with the usual indulgence in the famous Mark Twain nap between the roast and the coffee there was still an element of weariness left for the author. Then, too, he was liable to interruption in his work, though not so liable as less known writers, since he was well guarded, some of his near relatives being unable to see him without an appointment.

At the present time the only furniture remaining in the Fifth Avenue house is a small table for the card of visitors, some chairs, a rug on the drawing room floor, and a few pictures on the walls. The author’s daughter, Miss Clemens, is due to arrive on the Caronia on Thursday. She has been traveling abroad with friends. With the party is Charles Wark [“Will”] of New York, whose engagement to Miss Clemens has been rumored. Mr. Clemens will come to town from Redding to-day to be on hand when the Caronia comes in. With the aid of the few furnishings left in the house Miss Clemens will give a reception at the old house on the evening of her arrival. It has been suggested that her engagement will be announced at that time.

The Fifth Avenue house has been leased by Dr. Robert J. Kahn for five years. It will be somewhat altered. Mr. Clemens’s billiard room will become the physician’s consulting room, while the top floor, where Mr. Clemens had his study and library, will be given over to servants.

September 9 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “We met Santa today at the Cunard pier. Paine came in pale, and I begged him not to quarrel there. He had no intention of that though. Santa came right up here to Redding and finds it very beautiful” [MTP: IVL TS 64].

Sam’s original guestbook contains the following guests: **David L. Moore** with Sept. 9; below Moore: **Doris A.L. Fosdick**, Stamford, Conn.; **Beatrice Alice Beard**, Flushing, L.I.; **Bertha M. Jackson**, Flushing, L.I.; **Cornelia T. Talmage**, Redding; **Goyne Addison Talmage**, Redding [Mac Donnell TS 2]. *Note:* guests assigned a single date usually came by for lunch or tea or dinner, and did not stay the night.

Clara Clemens returned to New York on the *Caronia*. The *New York Daily Tribune*, Sept. 10, p.7, covered her arrival:

MISS CLARA CLEMENS RETURNS HOME.

Plans Concert Tour to Pacific Coast and Says Father Will Not Desert New York.

Miss Clara Clemens, the contralto, and daughter of Mark Twain, who had been abroad on a concert tour arrived here yesterday [Sept. 9] on the Cunard liner *Caronia*. She said her trip had been successful and that she would soon make a tour of the United States extending as far as the Pacific Coast.

Mark Twain was not at the pier to meet his daughter, but as soon as the gangplank was made fast Miss Clemens received a letter from him, in which he explained that he was bilious, and, as his doctor had advised that he stay in Connecticut until the first frost, he thought it advisable not to go to the steamer to meet her. Miss Clemens said that, although her father may have known the meaning of what he wrote, she certainly did not know.

Miss Clemens said the report circulated recently that her father would abandon New York City as his home was absurd. “Just wait until the first part of the real cold weather comes on,” she said, “and you will see father coming to New York on the fastest train.”

[*Note:* the article is instructive in that Clara, who decorated the 21 Fifth Ave. house, found it inconceivable that her father would choose to live permanently at the Redding house, which Isabel Lyon had planned and directed. It was possibly, as Hill points out (p.205), the beginning of the rupture between the two women.]

Josephine S. Hobby wrote to Lyon (though catalogued to Clemens) offering her services for copying [MTP].

September 10 Thursday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Will [Charles Wark] came up this morning. / At early breakfast came 2 letters from Paine. Benares and I were in the loggia at breakfast and I had to have him read them, for since the day when Paine wrote a letter that must have been terrible, for he forestalled my reading of it.”

Victor Sauer wrote from Essen, Germany to ask Sam where he might procure some number of the *NAR* for 1908 containing another Autobiography segment, as he was going to lecture, and Twain’s books were held in great interest in Germany; he abhorred black clothing for men [MTP].

Citizens of Hartford sent a folder and engraved invitation to the Hartford Bridge Dedication on Oct. 6 [MTP].

September 11 Friday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Benares came this afternoon” [MTP: IVL TS 64-65].

September 12 Saturday – Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks

Silas W. Driggs			
Teresa W. Driggs	From over the Ridge	September 12	
Clara D. Driggs			

Isabel Lyon's journal: "We worked in the garret over ms. trunks" [MTP: IVL TS 65].

Sam's A.D. included comments on **Theodore Roosevelt's** selection of **William Howard Taft**: "Things will go on well enough under this arrangement so long as a Titus succeeds a Vespasian, and we shall best not trouble about a Domitian until we get him," referring to *The Lives of the Twelve Caesars* by **Tranquillus C. Seutonius**, translated in 1796 by **Alexander Thomson** [Gribben 677].

September 13 Sunday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** "We worked again over ms. trunks and in the afternoon drove over to the Griggs log cabin, Benares and I" [MTP: IVL TS 65].

September 14 Monday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** "I went to town with Santa" [MTP: IVL TS 65].

September 15 Tuesday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** "I came back from town with Santa" [MTP: IVL TS 65].

Hawaii Promotion Co. sent a press release about the imminent shipment of the koa wood mantel carved by **Franz (Frank) Nickolous Otremba**, who had worked on the piece the last four months [MTP].

Nathan H. Weed for National Phonograph Co. (letterhead picture's Thomas A. Edison), wrote to Sam that he'd been away from NY and so hadn't answered Lyon's about the Sept. 21 invitation which he'd suggested on Aug. 28; since he knew Martin had communicated with them about the subject (of making a recording) he would leave it with Martin [MTP].

September 16 Wednesday – **Dorothy Butes** wrote from England to thank Clemens for his autograph:

...my friend was delighted with it. I am sending you the long-promised snap-shot. If I have a better one taken I will send it to you. I am so glad I am a Jellyfish! An Anglican-American Jellyfish—it sounds rather sweet, doesn't it! I am longing to see my badge of membership. Do you remember "The Human Race" club that you told me about?" She wrote on about her travels and sightseeing in England, then asked, "Were you *really* lost in the cave, as Tom Sawyer was, & did you really see Injun Joe murder the young doctor in the grave-yard? It must have nearly frozen ou with fright! *Please* tell me! [MTP; not in *MTAq*]. *Note:* most likely Clemens did not give Butes the full name of his "God Damned Human Race Club."

Arthur G. Stedman, second and last son of the late **Edmund Clarence Stedman**, died in NYC of Bright's disease. His father died on Jan. 18, 1908 [NY Times, Sept. 17, p. 7 "Arthur G. Stedman Dead"]. *Note:* Arthur had assisted his father on the *Library of American Literature*, a series that had taxed the bank account of **Charles L. Webster & Co.**

September 17 Thursday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **Charles Gilman Norris** (1881-1945), author and playwright (see notes) in Toronto.

Dear Mr. Norris: / Someday, I hope, you will be moved to visit me here, & will obey the impulse: then I will explain why I have not long ago done some of the things which you suggest—for I have thought of them, considered them, pondered them, & *waited*; waited for the right time. It is coming. When it arrives, I shall know it, if alive; if dead, my absence will *not* affect the result—at least deleteriously.

What I have desired, & what I still desire is, to have What is Man examined by *unpreoccupied* (& CAPABLE) minds. *Examined*—not glanced at. To accomplish this, the authorship must be concealed—for the present. To publish the book with my name to it would defeat this. I want a backing of several hundred

capable men before I come out of hiding—men who have read *unprejudiced*, & have approved. Then they are *committed*, & will stand to their guns; & will persuade others.

I marvel that you have found several persons who were able to put their training aside sufficiently to enable them to understand the book. I have placed it (clandestinely) before 5 or 6 competent persons—with deliciously sad results! I have read it—with comments & explanations—to six persons; three understood, three didn't. Since I finished this house & moved into it on the 18th of June, we have had about three dozen guests—all educated, all intelligent—but I have not brought the matter before one of them. They would not have understood.

I got my first person 23 years ago, when I threw out a feeler among 12 men of very superior intellect. Not one of them could understand & accept the proposition that *personal* merit is an impossible thing.

Yes, typewrite as many copies as you please, adding “copyright by J.W. Bothwell.” I hope your printed copy will get worn out by & by; then Ashcroft will send you another.

Very sincerely yours / S L. Clemens [MTP].

Note: from *The Oxford Companion to American Literature*: “Charles G. Norris, brother of Frank Norris, author of novels dealing with such problems as modern education, women in business, hereditary and environmental influences, big business, ethics and birth control.” **Kathleen Thompson Norris** (1880-1966) his wife, a popular novelist.

Isabel Lyon's journal: “Will has found an apartment on Styvesant Square. The King and I walked for 3 hours this afternoon down the Glen road and to the Garnet cliffs” [MTP: IVL TS 65].

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam. “Mrs. Sanderson has sent to me the enclosed speech [not in file] which you made years ago defending General Grant's English.” Duneka thought it might be good “turned over to Paine” (for the biography) [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “Mr. Clemens decided to use the sketch autobiography”

Percy Spalding wrote from London to advise Sam he was sending a copy of “The Tichborne Trial” under separate wrapper [MTP].

September 18 Friday – At 12:30 a.m. two burglars, **Charles Hoffman** and **Henry Williams**, broke into Sam's home in **Redding, Conn.** They were surprised by **Isabel Lyon** as they were removing silverware. As they were fleeing **Claude Benchotte** the French butler fired shots at them, and a neighbor, **Harry A. Lounsbury**, followed them. A deputy sheriff joined the chase and after a shootout at the West Redding rail station the pair was arrested [MTHL 2: 835n2; Hill 210].

Sam entered the burglars names in to his new guestbook, along with the sheriff and his other guests.

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Charles Hoffman (per SL Clemens)	The State Penitentiary (afterward).	September 18 12.00 a.m.	[* see below re: burglars]
Henry Williams (per SL Clemens)			
Charles E. Wark (a guest)			[NY attorney]
Harry A. Lounsbury	{ Arrived 1.30 a.m.	September 18	
George S. Banks, Dep. Sheriff	{		
Dorothy Sturgis M.A.	153 Beacon st. Boston	September 18-28.	

* Sam wrote on the Remarks column:

Burglars. They broke into the house at 12.30. Miss Lyon summoned Mr. Lounsbury, & he & the sheriff arrived within an hour. They & Mr. Wark tracked the burglars 6 miles to Bethel & caught them on a train. One of them shot the sheriff three times, but the sheriff held on to him & handcuffed him. On Nov. 12 they went to the penitentiary Williams (the shooter) forty [ten] years, & Hoffman for 4. The silverware they stole was recovered.

The 'Muniments' Notice to the Next Burglars, which hangs in the billiard room, is Dorothy's work, from my ink original [*Note: Dorothy Sturgis* was thus not in the house at the time of the robbery, but arrived at 7 p.m. on September 18 (See Sam to Blackmer). In a small oval on the bottom left of the Notice to the Next Burglars, Dorothy's name can be seen. (A "muniment" is a document as a title deed or charter by which various rights are given)]

Isabel Lyon's journal: "At 12:30 I was wakened by a sound down stairs and it was burglars. I saw them. Reporters—Dorothy Sturgis came, Benares came too" [MTP: IVL TS 65].

Sam's original guestbook included two names not found in the new guestbook for this date: **Elsie Vanderhoff**, and **Dan Beard** (with a spade symbol) [Mac Donnell TS 3].

At 2:30 a.m. in **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **Theodore A. Bingham**, Comissioner of Police, N.Y.C.

Dear General: / A couple of hours ago these burglars entered this house, but were interrupted in their operations & fled. They got only the following silver articles: marked, in Italian script, with Mrs. Clemens's maiden name, Olivia Langdon:

I do not want the burglars, but the silver has great value for me, because of its associations. One of the men was a professional & doubtless came from New York.

I would like to give notice to the next burglars, through you, that nothing but plated ware will be kept in the house hereafter. / Sincerely yours ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Margaret Blackmer** at the Woman's Club, 9 E. 46th Street, N.Y.C.

You dear little Margaret! I am so glad to hear from you. Yesterday, in the billiard-room I said to Mr. Paine, "There's Margaret, hanging on the wall, & I know by some instinct that within 3 days I shall hear from her"—& it has come true.

I have not been away from this house since I arrived here just 3 months ago; but I am going to New York Sept. 25, (Friday), arriving toward 1 p.m., & shall walk over from the Grand Central to the Woman's Club, 9 East 46th street & call upon you & your mother. The rest of the day & evening I shall spend with my youngest daughter at the Martha Washington hotel, & then see her off to Germany next morning.

I have had a most pleasant 3 months here, with delightful guests coming & going, some staying a day or two & some a week. A while ago Louise Paine, M. A. & Dorothy Harvey M. A. were here together 6 or 7 days; Dorothy Quick, M. A. & her mother gave us 6 days; Marjorie Breckinridge M. A. left here last Monday; at 7 this evening Dorothy Sturgis M. A. & maid will arrive, & will remain until the 25th; on the 26th Miss Wallace (you remember her?) will reach New York from Europe, & she & Mr. Ashcroft will come home with me the next morning (Sunday) in the 9 a.m. train, which reaches Redding in about an hour & forty minutes.

And as soon as we can arrange the date, you & your mother must come. I hope you will like this place, & I am sure you will.

Yes indeed, dear heart, you can have any book of mine you want.

My favorites are: Joan or Arc; Prince & Pauper; Huck Finn; Tom Sawyer. I will take them to you on the 25th.

I hope you will have your shell with you, for you have been away a long time, & without it I should be almost certain to mistake you for somebody else. / With lots of love / SLC / (Curator) [MTP; *MTAq* 204-5].

Sam also wrote to **Frances Nunnally**.

Francesca dear, you are nearing these shores, now, & in less than half a week you & your mother will arrive, & run up here, according to schedule. You will be very very very welcome. I hope your father can come, too. Will you please ask him? Expresses leave the Grand Central for Redding at 9 a.m. & 4.15 p.m. on all days but Saturdays, & come through in an hour & forty minutes.

Will you telephone Miss Lyon or me & tell us your train, so that we can meet you at the Redding station, which is about 20 minutes by country road from this house. / With love, ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Quick**.

Dorothy dear, the postcards have just arrived, & I judge you are reaching Plainfield to-day. You have had a long holiday, & I guess by your letters that you have had a healthful & delightful good time. So have we. Very pleasant guests right along, all the time. Among them a Member of the Aquarium, (Marjorie Breckinridge M. A.) Who left here last Monday. This evening Dorothy Sturgis M. A. will arrive, & remain until the 25th; & not long after that date I shall expect Margaret Blackmer M. A. & her mother to come. Yes indeed, it has been a most delightful summer for us.

With lots of love / SLC / (C.A.) Curator of the Aquarium

Burglars broke in after midnight this morning. But they were caught afterward, & are on their way to jail this afternoon.

Note from Francesca Nunnally M. A., England. She & her mother are due here next Monday for a short visit [MTP; *MTAq* 206].

The New York *Times*, p. 9, ran the following account of the Redding burglary:

BURGLARS INVADE MARK TWAIN VILLA

Captured After a Pistol Fight on a Train in Which Prisoner and Officer Are Shot.

ALARMED BY A WOMAN

Notice Posted by Mark Twain Notifying the Next Burglar Where to Find the Plated Ware.

Special to The New York Times.

DANBURY, Conn., Sept. 18.—Mark Twain's home at Redding, "Innocents at Home," was visited by two professional burglars last night. The wakefulness of Miss Lyons, the humorist's private secretary, was the undoing of the bold crooks, who were captured after a fight on a New Haven train.

Mr. Clemens today posted this notice on the door of his house:

Notice: To the Next Burglar:

[see notice text on following page]

Miss Lyon the humorist's secretary, was aroused about midnight by the sound of breaking glass in the lower part of the house. She went softly down the stairs to find a flood of light in the dining room and that the sideboard, with its solid silver, was missing from its customary place in the room. Cautiously slipping along in the shadows to a point where she could have a view of the garden, to which her attention had been called by an open window in the dining room, Miss Lyon saw two men forcing the doors and drawers of the sideboard, which they had carried out, apparently in the hope that they would not be interrupted in their work. Without giving the burglars any cause for alarm Miss Lyon summoned Mr. Clemens and the butler and then telephoned for Deputy Sheriff Banks, Harry Lounsbury, and several neighbors.

Before any of them reached the scene the burglars had fled with their booty.

Following the awakening of Miss Lyon and her discovery that burglars had been at work, search of Mark Twain's place was made by Mr. Lounsbury, the Deputy Sheriff, and neighbors, and on the lawn some distance away was found the empty drawer.

Mr. Lounsbury and Deputy Sheriff Banks found peculiar footprints, which they followed to Bethel.

Mr. Lounsbury discovered the men on the train in the smoking car. He attempted to engage them in conversation and asked them if they lived in Danbury. The men replied vaguely. Mr. Lounsbury said he noticed that both men's shoes had rubber heels, which it was said would correspond with the tracks in the roadway. When the train arrived at Redding Mr. Lounsbury got off and notified Banks that he believed the men they were after were the two to whom he had been talking. Banks boarded the train, and when an attempt was made to arrest the burglars one ran out of the car door and jumped off and the other showed fight and drew a revolver. He fired four shots, one of which struck the Sheriff in the leg, and one, the last in the struggle, hit the burglar himself in the head.

A passenger jumped into the fight and subdued the burglar with a club, cutting his head open. The burglar who jumped was found under a bridge in Brookside Park.

A physician was called and the wounds of the Sheriff and of the injured robber were attended to. Later in the morning the men were taken before Justice Hickerson for a hearing. Mr. Clemens, his daughter, Miss Clara, and Mr. Wark appeared at the hearing. The men had taken only the solid silverware and this was all recovered. The plated ware they had evidently discarded.

The hearing was held in a small room of an old-fashioned house. Justice Nickerson sitting at a little table. The witnesses and the prisoners occupied the same settee. Mr. Clemens had on his white suit.

The prisoners described themselves as Charles Hoffman, aged 30, of South Norwalk, and Henry Williams, aged 40, no address. Both men were held for the Superior Court. Other counts of assault, resisting an officer, and carrying concealed weapons were lodged against Williams. He was the wounded man. They were taken to the Bridgeport Jail this afternoon. Later they were taken before Judge William Case of the Superior Court. Williams was charged with burglary, and held under \$5,000 bail. Besides the burglary charge, a second charge of assault, with intent to kill, was entered against Hoffman, and his bail fixed at \$7,500.

The May 1924 issue of *True Detective Magazine*, p. 46-9, & 70-2, "The Love Story of Mark Twain's Burglar" told the episode from one of the burglars points of view (**Henry Williams**, though his name is not given; he was the burglar who shot the Sheriff); the tale was set in a romantic envelope by one of the burglars, who was on his "last job" after being changed by the love of "Alice." Names were changed, and even the date was in error as the night of Sept. 16 instead of Sept. 17. In this narrative the following account is offered after the two burglars were apprehended:

We were to before the justice of the peace at Redding Center. In the dingy back room of the Town Hall the handcuffs were removed from The Smiler [pseudonym for his partner in crime] and me, and we were taken before him.

NOTICE.

To the next Burglar.

There is nothing but plated ware
in this house, now and henceforth.

You will find it in that brass thing
in the dining-room over in
the corner by the basket of kiltens.

If you want the basket, put the
kiltens in the brass thing. Do not
make a noise - it disturbs the family.

You will find rubbers in the front
hall, by that thing which has the
umbrellas in it, chiffonier, I think they
call it, or pergola, or something like that.

Please close the door when you go away!

Very truly yours
S. Clemens



A carriage drawn by a pair of spirited horses stopped at the Town Hall. Mark Twain, his daughter, Miss Clara Clemens, and his social secretary, entered.

As he passed very close to me, he stopped long enough to deliver a scathing lecture on morality, ending by denouncing me as “a disgrace to the race.” I was so weakened from loss of blood and so crushed by the thought that I would never see Alice again, that I did not feel the sting of his mental punishment. ...

The aged humorist took a seat near the Justice of the Peace, and court convened. We were given a preliminary hearing, the bag with the stolen silver and my revolver being produced as evidence [the Sheriff has been shot by the burglar during a struggle on apprehension]. It was a clear case of burglary. We had been caught with the goods. A heavy bail, which neither of us could furnish, was the ultimate conclusion, and the Fairfield County Jail at Bridgeport the lock-up.

...

The sentenced me to ten years in the Connecticut State Prison at Wethersfield. My partner was given five years, because technically he had not attempted to resist arrest.

Alice A. Driggs wrote from New Canaan, Conn. to Sam. “Hurrah! / We are glad you Reddingites were smart enough to catch those two burglars” and felt it might be the same burglars who had robbed homes there [MTP].

M. Lightpen wrote from St. Louis to suggest that the two burglars were really looking for the Ascot Cup! [MTP]. *Note:* While in England the newspapers spoofed that Clemens had made off with the Cup.

B.A. Myers of Myers & Levitt Amusement Enterprises, NYC, wrote to offer Sam \$1,500 per week for ten weeks in Vaudeville [MTP].

Melville E. Stone of Assoc. Press sent a telegram to Sam. “Are you willing to pay carfare and the other expenses New York to Redding and return for two efficient and trustworthy burglars / Best of reference” [MTP]. *Note:* see Clemens’ reply of Sept. 19.

John Elton Wayland sent a telegram to Lyon c/o Clemens about the burglary: “Are you and the king all right can I do anything” [MTP].

Later, with the help of **Dorothy Sturgis**, who arrived at 7 p.m. for a visit,. Sam wrote the above “NOTICE!” insert [MTP]. *Note:* perhaps too small to see here is Dorothy’s name inside the oval on the lower left corner, just to the right of the drawing of a burglar.

In Gloucester, Mass. **Jean Clemens** sent a telegram to **Isabel Lyon**. “Couldn’t get room tried for, what hotel shall I go to [?]” [MTP].

September 19 Saturday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Marjorie Breckenridge**, in Brooklyn.

Marjorie dear, we all thank your Mother ever so much for her invitation, but meantime I have been accepting an invitation to a matinee on the 26th, & was waiting for the tickets to come, so that I could send a couple to you & your mother & ask you to come to that matinée. The tickets have just arrived, & I enclose two. Do come if you can, for they say Billie Burke is just irresistible in this piece. Indeed you must, must, *must* come! At 2 p. m. Saturday Sept. 26 you will find Miss Lyon & me waiting for you at the door of the Lyceum Theatre, 45th st between Broadway & 6th avenue. But if by chance we should be delayed, don’t wait for us but go into the box & wait for us there. You won’t have to wait ten minutes.

Dorothy Sturgis M. A. arrived yesterday evening. She will stay till the 25th. We’ve been playing billiards this morning. On Tuesday Francesca M. A. will arrive from Europe but can stay with us only a day. Margaret Blackmer M. A. is coming before long, with her mother. They reached New York day before yesterday from the Pacific. After luncheon Dorothy, Miss Lyon, Ashcroft & I will drive down & call at the house of the Sheriff & inquire. He was shot by one of the burglars in the scuffle early yesterday morning.

Miss Lyon & I walked down (by way of the old bridge) to your house day before yesterday & climbed those cliffs that fence your clearing. It is to be repeated tomorrow. I found your porch a comfortable & restful & welcome place after that violent climb. We returned home by a perfectly charming woodland trail that I hadn't known of before. We will exploit it when you come. / Good-bye, dear. With lots of love—...[MTP]. *Note: Billie Burke* was starring in *Love Watches* at the Lyceum Theatre, opening on Aug. 27.

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
S.J. Cholmeley-Jones	_____	September 19	
Dorothea Gilder	Tyringham, Mass	September 19-21	

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Dorothea Gilder for over Sunday. / Last night my nervousness was so great that I went to the billiard room at eleven where D. Sturgis and D. Gilder were playing at billiards with the King and I watched them from my perch, the observer or umpires seat in window" [MTP: IVL TS 65-66].

James W. Clinton wrote from Passaic, NJ to ask if the "William Clinton" mentioned in Sam's autobiography in the Sept. 13, 1908 issue of the *New York Tribune* was the man's true name, and if so, was he still alive? [MTP].

Porter F. Cope for the Anti-Vaccination League of Penn. wrote to ask Sam if they might use his name for the upcoming conference [MTP].

Captain John W. Crawford wrote from Manistee, Michigan:

My dear Twain: - / I am sending you, under separate cover, my Broncho Book and I have taken the liberty of writing a verse on the flyleaf, to a man who has rubbed up against old Mother Nature in the early days of the wild and fuzzy west. The Broncho speaks for itself. I am sure there are some things in my little modest volume that you will appreciate and thoroughly understand. After you have glanced through it, I should be very glad to receive just a line from you and remember I am going to notify you in good time so that we can have the greatest western camp-fire just among a few thoroughbreds that have ever been seen in New York.

Some time I should be glad to entertain you at my Glen Mineral Springs which I am fixing up for a very beautiful summer resort. Trusting you are in good health and with very best wishes, believe me, in clouds and sunshine, / Your Friend J.W. Crawford / Capt. Jack [MTP]. *Note: The Broncho Book, Being Buck-Jumps in Verse* (1908); not in Gribben.

Gustav Haller for Security Mortgage, Pasadena, Calif. wrote to Sam having read in the local papers that Twain was "contemplating taking up a residence in Southern California—probably in Pasadena," and offered their real estate services [MTP]. *Note:* the origin of this rumor is not clear, but **Charles Langdon** had recently spent time in S. California for his health and visiting a friend.

Frederick A. Wright, clergyman wrote from Brooklyn, NY to Sam. Wright's wife had met Clemens at **George Washington Cable's** house in New Orleans as a girl. This a thoughtful and sincere fan letter which details the joys of the *HF* characters [MTP].

September 19? Saturday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam drafted a collect telegram reply to the Sept. 18 from **Melville E. Stone** of the Associated Press, NYC. "No. I can get burglars here at club rates and they pay their own fare. Can you lend me a dog? I want one that will leave strawberries and cream to eat burglars" [MTP].

September 20 Sunday – **Sam's new guestbook:**

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
F. Oppen	New York	" [September] 20	[Note: IVL: misspells Oppen as "Opher"]
C.J. Taylor	" "	" "	

Note: **Frederick Burr Oppen** (1857-1937), pioneer of American newspaper comic strips; famous for *Happy Hooligan* strip; also political cartoons for Hearst's campaign battling the trusts. The above pair were also in Sam's original guestbook, along with: **Clara Clemens; Dorothea Gilder**, Tyringham; **Dorothy Sturgis**, Boston; **R.G. Cholmeley-Jones**, N.Y.C. [Mac Donnell TS 3].

Charles H. Battey wrote from Providence, RI to Sam, enclosing two pages of verse about Sam's latest "adventure" with the burglars [MTP].

Margaret Blackmer sent a telegram to Sam: "So Glad they did not steal you / Margaret Blackmer M.A." [MTP].

September 21 Monday – **Isabel Lyon's journal**: "F. Opher [*sic* **Frederick Burr Oppen**] & C.J. Taylor / Santa to N.Y." [MTP: IVL TS 66]. See guests above for Sept. 20.

Helen Kerr Blackmer (Mrs. Henry Myron Blackmer) wrote to Sam.

Hail the dear Curator of the wonderful Aquarium back with the angel-fish Margaret and her mother on Friday at one o'clock or thereabouts! There is a lovely little private dining room on the first floor where "new guests" are entertained by members & there we can enjoy a little visit undisturbed. The angel-fish has grown—if possible—dearer & sweeter—and I'm sure you will think that she resembles more than ever your dear Susy— / Anticipating with much pleasure seeing you on Friday—very sincerely yours / The angel-fish's mother [MTP].
Note: in Twain's hand: "Mrs. H.K. Blackmer / The Woman's Club / 9 East 46th street / New York. / I accept with great pleasure / S.L. Clemens"

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam. "How foolish burglars are. Not content with embarking upon a profession which entails unwholesome night work and is often closely confining, they try to rob a house knowing that its most valuable jewel (genius) is unburglarable. / But I am glad you escaped and congratulate you heartily" [MTP].

James M. McCool, grocer in Montgomery, Ala. to praise Clemens for "the softening influences of your works" [MTP].

Nettie Moore Powell (Mrs. S. Powell) wrote from Redding, Conn. asking how she might get Sam's Autobiography complete [MTP].

In Gloucester, Mass. **Jean Clemens** sent a telegram to **Clara Clemens** in Redding. "Reach city at six am. Uncertain about wisdom of taking Anna" [MTP]. *Note:* from Jean's Sept. 22 to Lyon, we know that the city she was planning to reach was NYC.

September 22 Tuesday – **Isabel Lyon's journal**: "Benares goes" [MTP: IVL TS 66].

Charles Henry Meltzer, reporter for the *New York American*, visited Sam to question him about the pamphlet that **Elinor Glyn** had been circulating. The visit is referred to in Meltzer's letter of the following day, Sept. 23.

In New York, **Jean Clemens** wrote to Isabel Lyon [MTP]

Dear Lioness; / Saturday the grain man brought a bill for horse-food bought since May. I paid the two orders of Aug. 21st & Spt.—and Dr. Knowles succeeded in getting him to send the bill to the Cowles, first by telling him that if they failed to pay the \$41 odd (as without doubt they will) Father would pay it. In case you get the bill it will be from Burnham Bros. The fish man, Nelson, will send his bill directly to you. I have two others, with the slips, here, which I will send to you if you like, if not I'll wait until you come down.

Also, I wish you would write Dr. James H. Knowles East Gloucester, a nice little note & ask him for his bill. They had been so lovely to me that I hadn't the courage to ask for it for the few times I consulted him. If it hadn't been for Dr. K. Mr. Burnham might have either forced me to pay the close to \$50 bill or held Scott [her horse] as security. I was somewhat short of funds & I had no very large amount left in the bank, wherefore I was thankful to be helped out of the excessively awkward position. Clara doesn't think there are any rugs that aren't being used, but you can let me know in time to buy some, if need be. Then, you remember my blue dress, muff & boa, of course. It's so nice & considerate to load a weary, ill, be-robberized mortal down with clothing & furniture!

Up to now, Lioness, the money that I have paid out for household things & fares, etc. amounts to \$198.27. I don't need my allowance before I sail but I should like a check for the above amount. Hoping you are better & with much love, / Jean. / I believe George will reach R. tomorrow [MTP].

N.E. Agent and E.R. Kidder for Thomson's & Co. distillers, London, wrote to Sam after seeing in the *NY World* an article (enclosed) about his burglary.

Where I underline in red I notice you use the proper beverage as you mention (SCOTCH) but as I am not sure it is (ROYAL ARMS SCOTCH) I am sending you some samples of same so you can have one in each room and one in (the brass thing beside the Kittens) also one in (the thing in the front hall). / Trusting you will have used these up long before the Kittens are cats, I am / Most Respectfully... [MTP].

Robert J. Collier wrote to Sam that he'd promised **Alice Minnie Herts** to ask Sam for a "very brief autograph pronuciamento about the Educational Theatre which is intended to enclose in a facsimilie form with an appeal for funds." He was "off for a month's shooting in Wyoming" hoping to see him on return [MTP].

F.A. Paddock for Rochester NY Grace Church wrote to ask Sam if he might give them a lecture to help raise funds for their new church [MTP].

H. Tree wrote from Hastings, England to Sam after seeing his address in the papers regarding the burglary. Tree enclosed a "copy of an old print" of the tower he thought Joan of Arc was confined in [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Ansd."

Annie E. Trumbull wrote on a picture postcard showing H.H. Rogers "Summer Residence" in Fairhaven: "I read your ms. speech in the library this evening and between that and the burglary notice I am ... impelled to write and thank you again being a citizen of Connecticut" [MTP].

J. Perry Worden wrote on American Consulate, Bristol notepaper to Sam after reading of the burglary.

Perhaps the account of your experience with the burglar as the Daily Telegraph of London summed it up, may not come before you; hence the enclosed [not in file]. / Mrs. Worden who called upon you in Florence joins in wishing you the blessing of health assured of the warm place you have in the hearts of ...the world [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Dear Mr. Worden"

September 22? Tuesday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **Helen Kerr Blackmer (Mrs. Henry Myron Blackmer)** (mother of **Margaret Gray Blackmer**). "I accept with great pleasure. / S.L. Clemens" [MTP]. *Note:* because Sam wrote on Sept. 18 to Margery as if his call at the Woman's Club had already been accepted, it may be that this note predates Sept. 22, which the MTP has placed it with question mark.

September 23 Wednesday – Sam’s original guestbook contained one entry for this date: **Harriet W. Barbour**, Farmington, Conn. [Mac Donnell TS 3].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Ill all day – nervous shock” [MTP: IVL TS 66].

J.H. Burchford for the Circumnavigators Club wrote from Burlington, NJ, a short note to advise a “prospectus” of the club was being sent, “and we should be very glad to receive your application” [MTP].

Mary L. Howden wrote to answer Sam’s ad for a stenographer in this day’s *NY Herald*. “I am a Scotch girl, an Episcopalian, refined and well educated” [MTP]. *Note*: Mary would be called “Miss Mollie” after she was hired to replace the dismissed **Josephine Hobby** as Sam’s stenographer. She was put in charge of answering and sorting Sam’s voluminous mail and appears to have begun employment on **Oct. 1, 1908**, with her earliest annotations on Sam’s incoming mail on **Oct. 3**. Howden would be replaced by a male stenographer, **William E. Grumman**. Isabel Lyon had fired Josephine Hobby, who Hill calls “Paine’s ally.” Howden had answered an ad in September. She was replaced by Grumman on Feb. 3, 1909 [208, 229].

Dr. Louisa H. Richardson’s short note recommending Mary Howden as “most faithful and painstaking” in her stenography work, is in the file with Howden’s above letter to Sam [MTP]

Charles Henry Meltzer wrote twice to Sam, the first from Redding, the second from NYC. He was a correspondent for the *New York American* and his editor had requested him to “annoy you with a few questions... / Mrs Eleanor [*sic* Elinor] Glyn has been circulating—privately a pamphlet which, it seems to be published, and which embodies a summary of an alleged (apparently genuine) interview with yourself and what seems to be your written comment.” Was the interview and Sam’s comment genuine? He enclosed a copy of the “Glyn matter” and expressed the desire to meet while in Redding.

Meltzer’s second letter from NYC reveals he had visited and interviewed Clemens the previous day, Sept. 22:

My Dear Sir. / I had written my story and turned it in to the Editor when quite by chance—happening to call at the office. I was handed your message. You will believe me when I say that it greatly disappointed me—For I will not pay you the poor compliment of assuming that you supposed I was talking *en l’air* today without purpose. — That would have been disrespectful to you. Of course I supposed that you knew I was interviewing you for publication. Moreover, if you recall the circumstances, you twice in the course of our conversation told me that you had no objection to my quoting your very words—and indeed *asked me* to do so—especially in expressing your opinion of certain “indiscretions” of that lady [Glyn]. Only at certain points had I put exact words in your mouth in my story and I had been careful to explain that I did not pretend to be literally quoting you—I have referred the whole matter to the managing Editor, who is a most courteous gentleman—quite desirous to do everything fair and decent.

He says (quite truly) that the *pamphlet* is public property anyhow, as it has been circulating in London & New York. That will therefore be printed in the “*American*” in *any case* and be read all over the country. It was with the wish to give you an opportunity of commenting and repudiating or qualifying the statements attributed to you by Mrs. G. that the “*America*” requested me to interview you. —The intention was entirely courteous and deferential and I had hoped you understood this. —If you wish to modify what was said to me yesterday, or to omit certain remarks, it would give the paper pleasure to accommodate you. But would it not be less rather than more desirable to have those statements of Mrs. G.’s go out to the world without your protest and explanation than with them? — I shall endeavor to call you up tomorrow by telephone and should appreciate your courtesy if you would kindly answer me yourself. — It would gratify the “*American*” if, on re-consideration, you let the matter go as now planned and waived your objections to the publication. If you absolutely wished (though time is an important factor in all journalistic things) possibly the Editor would submit my story to you for you to revise. But I have no authority to say this and the matter is (technically) out of my hands. — Very sincerely and without presuming to counsel you, it does seem a case in which *hard plain*

speech was more than permissible; and I believe everyone would think the better of you for using it. / With many thanks... [MTP].

W.W. Sanford wrote from NYC to send Sam a copy of the *Christian Herald* which contained an account of Sanford's mother's life. "I have often heard her speak so feelingly and so kindly of your mother and have many times heard her relate the occurrences of those early days at Fredonia, N.Y. / I thought it might interest you to read a few lines..." [MTP].

Thomas Weiss sent a picture postcard (of a fountain) from Munich, Germany with a brief salutation in German [MTP].

September 24 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to William Dean Howells.

Oh I reckon you will be able to stand such abuse as my autobiography will deal out to you. Particularly as you will be in heaven & not caring a dam in that distant future day appointed for the appearance of the Auto in print.

But—speaking of the burglary: I thought it was merely a pretty little adventure & useful to joke about—but *no!* It happened 6 days ago, but not a woman in this house has had a whole solid hour's sleep since. I mean Clara, Miss Lyon & all the others. They drop into feverish cat-naps, & at the very slightest & almost inaudible noises they spring to a sitting posture, panting & gasping & quaking. It is pitiful. They look wan & haggard, & Miss Lyon has kept her bed for the last two days. Clara left for New York promptly & never wants to sleep in the house again. Miss Lyon & two of the maids will soon go away for a week & busy themselves with theatres & other burglar-abolishing restfulnesses.

Lately I was once more reading your incomparable Tuscan Cities—a book [1886] whose details I love to forget, so that I can read them again with the pristine relish. If I had a memory I should know the book by heart by this time.

Damn the flies!—there's a million of them swarming around me, this sultry close day. / Good-bye, / Yrs ever [MTHL 2: 834-5]. *Note:* the source adds, "apparently a missing letter from Howells made jocular inquiry about his role in Mark Twain's autobiographical Dictation" [n1].

Sam also inscribed a copy of *JA* to **Marguerite Schmidt (Schmitt)**: "*To / Mademoiselle Marguerite Schmitt, / with the high esteem & the / friendly regards of / The Author. / Sept. 24/08*". Sam added the very last paragraph from *JA*, noting from page 461 :

"Love, Mercy, Charity, Fortitude, War, Peace, Poetry, Music—these may be symbolised as any shall prefer: by figures of either sex & of any age; but a slender girl in her first young bloom, with the martyr's crown upon her head, & in her hand the sword that severed her country's bonds—shall not this, & no other, stand for PATRIOTISM through all the ages until time shall end?" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Benares [Ashcroft] came back" [MTP: IVL TS 66].

Manfred Goldschmidt wrote from NYC to Sam, enclosing a letter and translation by his sister who was 21 and had lived in Germany for eleven years [MTP].

Julia Langdon Loomis (Mrs. Edward E. Loomis) wrote to Sam on notepaper from French Lick Springs Hotel (Ind.) for which she apologized. Was there a chance he might come and visit them at their country home in Short Hills, NJ? It wasn't far from Redding [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "answered"

Inez Shannon wrote from on Gerard Hotel, NYC letterhead to ask Sam for a fifteen-minute interview from “the daughter of one of your boyhood schoolmates at Hannibal—namely—‘Fanny McFarland’. Before she died she told me to make myself known to you.” Shannon needed advice badly for things she could not explain on paper. She enclosed a very large playbill picturing “Inez Shannon And Her Children—Frances, Pat and Zyllah” from the *Morning Telegraph*, NY, July 26, 1908 [MTP].

William Singerman for the Children’s Educational Theatre wrote to thank Sam for his “very beautiful photograph” [MTP].

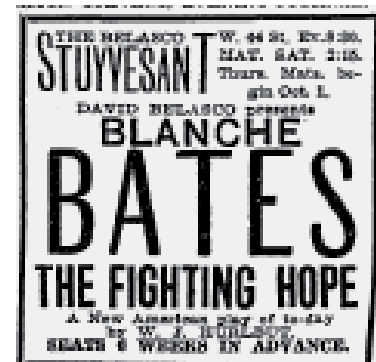
September 25 Friday – Sam was in NYC to see daughter **Jean** off for Berlin, where she would be treated by a German physician, Professor **Hofrath von Reuvers**, recommended by Dr. **Frederick Peterson**, Jean’s primary physician. **William Dean Howells** and Sam spent some time together [MTHL 837n1]. *Note:* Clemens likely spent the night in a hotel and saw Jean off early the next morning.

Shelden writes that it was Lyon’s maneuvers which sent Jean abroad:

Though Lyon was successful at preventing Jean from coming home for the summer, she knew that the short of Eastern Point would lose its appeal as soon as the weather turned cold. By September, she would need to find another place to send Jean or risk having her at Redding. A solution came to her when she heard of a medical professor in Berlin—Hofrath von Reuvers—who was supposedly achieving great results in his work with epilepsy patients. Actually, Dr. Von Reuvers’s treatments were no better than Dr. Peterson’s, but Lyon probably exaggerated their effectiveness in order to create a good excuse for sending Jean abroad. She knew that a long stay in Germany wasn’t something Jean would object to. After all, Jean was fluent in the language, and she had enjoyed living in Berlin with the rest of her family when she was eleven. If Lyon wanted an effective way to keep father and daughter apart for another year, sending her to Germany made sense [256-7].

Note: various biographers have ascribed various motives to Lyon; here Shelden takes the darker view, while Hill claims Dr. Peterson recommended six or eight months for Jean in Berlin. It is undeniable at least, that Jean’s seizures frightened the delicate, melodramatic Lyon. Shelden further argues that Lyon worked for months to gain Dr. Peterson’s approval of sending Jean to Berlin. Isabel Lyon continues to be an enigmatic figure in Twain’s life. Lystra adds another important detail to the von Reuver story—that he had become known to Lyon through the Stanchfields, “who were enthusiastic about his treatment of their daughter” [142]. Lystra further writes:

Peterson had in fact written to another doctor, whom he considered the best in Germany, and was waiting for a reply to his query. Lyon, however, preferred to make her own arrangements for Jean, although, despite Peterson’s impression that all had been settled by mid-August, she did not request Dr. von Reuvers’s services until September 4. And he did not mail his confirmation until September 16, only ten days before Jean’s scheduled departure [142-3].



Isabel Lyon’s journal: “The King, Dorothy and I to N.Y. to see Jean off. Benares doing all the wonderful little things. We went to see Blanche Bates in “The Fighting Chance” [MTP: IVL TS 66]. *Note:* see insert ad.

I. Samuelson & Co., Importers of Cigars, wrote from Memphis, Tenn. to Sam. “Your letter of Sept. 19th was referred to us as the reliable tobacconist and cigarist of Memphis. We are pleased to state that we believe we can fill the bill to your entire satisfaction. / We are sending you under separate cover twist of the real genuine article, Tennessee home grown leaf tobacco” [MTP].

September 26 Saturday – At 11 a.m., **Jean Clemens** sailed for Germany on the *Pretoria*, accompanied by **Anna Sterritt**, and **Marguerite Schmidt**. On the dock waving goodbye were her father, **Isabel Lyon** and **Dorothy Quick**. Jean would cable her father on Sept. 30 that she was well and having a comfortable voyage [Sept. 30 to L. Paine; *MTOW* 179; Hill 213]. *Note: MTHL 837n1* erroneously gives Sept. 25 as Jean's sailing date; Howells' Oct. 30 refers to the time the two spent in NYC "three weeks ago" [837]. Only one ship sailed from NYC on this date to Germany (Hamburg), the *Praetoria* [*NY Times*, Sept. 26, p.7, "Sailing to Europe To-Day"].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Jean, pathetic and wan, sailed at eleven today on the *Pretoria*, with her Anna and Marguerite Schmitt [*sic*]. / In the afternoon the King had a box at the Lyceum to see Billie Burke in her new play 'Love Watches.'" [MTP: IVL TS 66]. *Note:* a comedy in four acts by **Robert De Flers** and **Gaston Caillavet** [Gribben 180].



Sam's original guestbook contains the following entries for this date (not transcribed into the new guestbook): **Meta G. Southmayd**, East Orange, N.J.; **Meta A. Southmayd**, East Orange, N.J.; **Julia H. Sanford**, Redding Ridge; **Imogen Hawthorne Deming**, Redding; "X" **Hawthorne Deming**, His Mark, Redding [Mac Donnell TS 3]. *Note:* p. 4 was left blank. p.5 continued without a new date for: **Adelaide Deming**, Litchfield, Conn.; **Mary Ashton Wade**, Boston [5].

James Ross Clemens wrote from St. Louis to Sam, jesting about the burglary and thanking for "a delightful treat" of his stay at Stormfield [MTP].

Madame Y. Miral wrote from Tunis, N. Africa to ask Sam if "during the past twelve years, gold has been found in the States" [MTP].

September 27 Sunday – The *New York American*, p. 1 section 2 ran an interview of Mark Twain by **Charles Henry Meltzer**, about the pamphlet *Mark Twain on Three Weeks* that **Elinor Glyn** had published earlier in the year, probably in January. The pamphlet had contained Clemens' supposed verbatim opinion of Glyn's *Three Weeks*, her scandalous but popular novel which depicted an adulterous relationship. Sam cleared up the matter of the pamphlet, which he called "not important," and set the record straight, that Glyn put words in his mouth in trying to promote her work, and had left out the most important aspect of his opinion, that it had been a mistake for her to publish her book.

Twain Says He Told Her "Book a Mistake."

By Charles Henry Meltzer.

When I placed a copy of the pamphlet in the hands of Mark Twain, he accepted it in the philosophic attitude so characteristic of the man, and began to read it and make his comments as the reading progressed. He then dictated the following statement to me for publication in *The American*:

"This is not an important matter. I can say in two minutes all it is worthwhile to say about it. Let me dictate it to you, and you write it down. Proceed:

"I am not well pleased with her conduct in publishing in a printed pamphlet (as charged by you) a private conversation which I had with her; also for making me talk in the first person, when she could not by any possibility reproduce the words I used, since she did not take me down in shorthand.

"She put into my mouth humiliatingly weak language, whereas I used exceedingly strong language—much too strong for print, and also much too indelicate for print—a fact which she has fully recognized by not reproducing any of it.

"Inadequate as was her report of my sermon, she got at a good part of the substance of it, but she left out its only worthwhile feature—which was the argument I offered that her book was a mistake, since, while it uttered a very large truth, it was a sort of truth which the world for wise reasons lets on to be unaware of and

does not talk publicly about—a sort of truth which is best suppressed, because it is not a wholesome one and its discussion is much more likely to do harm than good.

“I think Mrs. Glyn originated the idea of getting you to publish that private conversation. It has the look of it. I think she gave you that typewritten report of it. It looks like the very one she showed to me the time I told her it was a quite extraordinary piece of misreporting, and much below her literary capabilities.

“I am afraid she wants another advertisement of her book. I am sorry, for it is a very harmful and very readable book, though I did not pay it the extravagant compliments which she has put into my mouth.

“There, I think of nothing further to say. And it is just as well, for your space is valuable and so is my time.” [MTCI 673-4]. *Note*: **Charles Henry Meltzer** (1853-1936), translator and playwright. See also Neider’s version of MT’s Auto, p. 353-7, and Gribben p. 262.

Sam’s new guestbook includes day visitors and a two-day stay by an angelfish with mother:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Cora W. Nunnally	Peachtree Road, Atlanta, Ga	)September 27-29	[*]
Frances Nunnally M.A.	“ “ “ “	) “ “	
Uneida? W. Teets	Redding Ridge	“ [27]	
J.W. Teets	“ “	“ “	[Joseph W. Teets]
D. Sanford	“ “	“ “	[David C. Sanford]
Samuel T. Dutton	New York	“ “	

Note: Dr. **Samuel Train Dutton** (b.1849), educator, coauthored the first school administration textbook, *The Administration of Public Education in the United States* (1908). He was secretary of the Peace Society of the City of New York, headed by Andrew Carnegie.

* Sam wrote in the Remarks Column the following:

“Francesca.” The year before—aged 16—when I was on the other side to receive an Oxford degree, she helped me pay calls in London every day for two weeks. Her picture is in the billiard room with the other M.A.^s (Members of the Aquarium.)

The Aquarium is a club of 12 school girls. I appointed them. I am Curator (otherwise Autocrat) and the only male member.

Subordinate Officers:

Clara Clemens, Mother Superior

Miss Lyon, Chatelaine.

Daniel Frohman, Legal Staff.

R.W. Ashcroft — — “ “

The Aquarium’s Official Device / is an Angel-Fish [MTP].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “This morning 8 of us, the King, Benares, Dorothy Sturgis, Mrs. Nunally, Francesca, Santa and I came home into this beautiful wonderful country” [MTP: IVL TS 67].

Friedrich Henke wrote a two-page letter in German to Sam. Apologized for bothering Twain by saying that he is a lover of his books and that he cannot get them at the public libraries because they are constantly checked out. Explained he got Twain’s address from reading his “Abenteuer mit den Dieben” (“adventures with the thieves”) in a newspaper. He identified himself as a young man of 16 years of age training to become a bicycle and car mechanic. He said he would like to emigrate to America with his mother, to join their relatives in Hiawatha, Kansas; announced if he got to America, he would visit Twain. Asked for a reply [MTP]. *Note*: translation summary courtesy of Holger Kersten.

Mabel Lakie Patterson from Miles City, Mont. wrote a thankful fan letter to Sam [MTP].

September 28 Monday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “On Saturday I saw everything to be done in the N.Y. house and not a whit done that Katie had said should be done. So this morning I set out for N.Y. and with Will Wark we worked savagely all day—going from garret to cellar. Santa came in at 6—for Mary has tonsillitis, and Benares came too” [MTP: IVL TS 67].

Sylvester Baxter wrote from Boston to Sam after reading in the paper the account of Clemens’ speech at the Whittier birthday dinner back in 1877.

Dear old Mark: - / I was delighted to read yesterday your account of your experience at the Atlantic Dinner in honor of Whittier’s seventieth birthday. I was there myself as a very young author, having lately returned from studies in Germany. I was, I believe, the “kid” of the company, and had merely contributed to the Atlantic a couple of poems that Howells liked and an article on the theater in Germany which had then, I believe, not appeared.

I want to tell you that your speech at the time gave me great delight, and I could not account for the frosty reception that it received. I felt about it then precisely as you feel now. I believe I laughed immoderately. Howells, a little while afterwards, told me that he really enjoyed it himself, and, for his part, he could not see anything out of the way in it.

In those days there was, I think, too great a tendency to take authors solemnly, and the eminent ones, I fear were reciprocatingly inclined also to take themselves solemnly, and to accept their roosting places upon the pedestals assigned to them as Exalted Ones. I was talking about those old-fashioned tendencies with Bliss Perry not long ago, and he agreed with me. Authors now-a-days, I think, as a rule,—that is, those who amount to anything,—do not like to be taken solemnly and assigned to pedestals....

.... It seemed to me queer at the time that Emerson, Longfellow, and Holmes, did not appreciate the fun of it, and appeared to consent to let it pass that they felt themselves objects of blasphemy. Really they ought to have thanked you. ... [MTP].

Miss Annie Sullivan wrote from Connellsville, Pa. to Sam enclosing poetry and asking if he would tell her if they were any good [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “return poems”

Mrs. **R.M. Wallace** wrote from NYC to Sam. Hers was a melancholy and melodramatic appeal, having been directed by **Ralph W. Ashcroft** in NYC that Clemens no longer lived in the City. She was working to finish her late husband’s work, “The Flowers and Plants of Robert Burns,” and would send letters from Andrew Carnegie, William Winter, Dr. Henry Van Dyke “and others” once she got back to West Gloucester [MTP]. *Note:* the envelope was not mailed, and likely delivered by Ashcroft.

Chandler N. Wayland wrote from Stonington, Conn. to Sam. “I have just read your account of that old time Boston dinner. I only remember now, reading about it in the papers at the time and feeling that you were ‘in for it!’ How different it comes out from what it seemed then. / And you were funny.” He closed hoping to see Clemens in Bermuda again this winter [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “Oct 20 /08”

September 29 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Work all day long—packing and clearing out the dreadful rubbish of many years’ accumulating. / Bought a bicycle” [MTP: IVL TS 67].

Ralph W. Ashcroft came to Sam’s at 4:15 p.m. After dinner they played billiards until 10:30 p.m. Sam lost [Sept. 30 to Sturgis]. *Note:* likely Ashcroft delivered Mrs. R.M. Wallace’s appeal on this visit.

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam. “I had an awfully nice time at your house yesterday, and I hope you will let this ‘Autobiography of John Stuart Mill’ help say to you how pleasant it was.” He enclosed a printed list of Sam’s books that had been fire damaged for which they proposed “a kind of fire sale” [MTP].

George William Hill for US Dept. of Agriculture, division of publications wrote to Sam. "In reply to your letter of September 26, I have to say that the Volume of the Experiment Record should have been 9 instead of 11, and this copy of the publication will be sent to you" [MTP].

Burges Johnson for *Judge's Weekly* wrote to ask for a funny anecdote for their Christmas issue [MTP].

Roi Cooper Megrue for Elisabeth Marbury wrote to Isabel Lyon (though catalogued to Clemens) [MTP].

Mary Yates Watson wrote to Sam. Unfortunately, the letter is nearly illegible, what with thin paper, bleed through and a scrawl that any inebriated invertibrate would be proud of [MTP].

September 30 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Louise Paine** in Locust Valley, N.Y.,

Dear Louise, I was very glad to hear from you. Your father brought back the plated ware to-day, & I have forgiven him, for he did not know it was plated or he would not have taken it. He thought it was silver; that was the only reason he took it, he said to himself. One is not blameable for mistakes, we all make them. A mistake is not a crime, it is only a miscarriage of judgement.

Your father & mother & Mr. & Mrs. Verbach have just gone. We had a very pleasant hour or two together.

We had two fishes & some other nice guests up to yesterday, when they all went away, & Miss Lyon & my daughter with them. And so I am to be all alone now several days, then on Friday we shall have another angel-fish & her mother, & Mr. Ashcroft.

My daughter Jean sailed for Germany Saturday & is now in mid-ocean. I had a wireless message from her a few minutes ago saying she is well & is having a comfortable voyage.

Your father is coming to play billiards with me to-morrow—then I shan't be lonesome.

With love & all good wishes— / ... [MTP; *MTAq* 210].

Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Sturgis**.

You dear delightful Annianlouise! You cannot realize how much we all miss you, nor what a continuity charm your presence was, nor how it pervaded this house like a fragrance & refreshed its mouldy & antique atmosphere with "the unbought grace of youth." I wish you were back again. However, if wishing could do any good, you would be *already* back. It was lovely of your mother to let us have you, & I hope & trust she will let us have you again soon. Will she? Pray say she will.

Yes, we played billiards that night & Benares beat me by one point, (that is, by two of his points, which is one of mine.) Yesterday Miss Lyon failed to find a comrade for me, so Benares came up in the 4.15; & after dinner he played the Erbkönig twice for me, then we played billiards until 10.30. He made a 150 points while I made 280: so he beat me again, & worse than before. He was to have stayed here with me until tomorrow, but he is gone; Miss Lyon telephoned him while we were at breakfast, & he left by the 10.31, half an hour before your letter came. And so all day today, & all day tomorrow & all day next day there isn't going to be *anybody* here but me, & I don't count, as personal society. *These* aren't the "bes' g.d. days" for me, for sure.

Mr. Lounsbury has just this minute been in, with a "find." It is the stolen plated ware. The burglars hid it behind a rock almost in front of that farm house which he says you called beautiful. I do not remember which one that was. The finding was an accident, & happened early this morning.

Yesterday morning, after the rainstorm I went down to the gorge to see the results. You can't think what a cataract was raging past the Brushwood Bay's seat! But it was a double stream, & needed some practised experts to dam one of them & concentrate the waters in a single volume.

"And say we shall always be thus."

That was lovely, & just perfect, until you took it back in the postscript. Why did you do it, unless the sentiment was a jest? I don't want it to be a jest. Come Annianlouise dear, you mustn't say it was a sarcasm: I wouldn't have you say that for anything. In my belief it wasn't a jest when you wrote it, because I think it goes without saying that if it had been, it would have stopped in your thoughts & you wouldn't have written it. I

am going to believe that the postscript was a momentary afterthought, & you underestimated the force of it. Isn't this solution correct? [MTP; *MTAq* 211-12]. *Note*: *Der Erlkönig*, was a poem by Goethe used in art songs by several composers, the most famous being by Franz Schubert, his Opus.1.

Jean Clemens cabled her father. The cable is not extant but referred to in Sam's to Louise Paine, Sept. 30

Isabel Lyon's journal: "This morning I was exhausted and sent out to Redding for Benares to come in and take me home" [MTP: IVL TS 67].

October – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **Amelia D. Hookway**, principal of the George Howland Elementary school in Chicago.

P. S. to my secretary's letter:

Dear Mrs. Hookway: /Although I am full of the spirit of words this morning—a rarity with me lately—I must steal a moment or two for a word in person; for I have been reading the eloquent account in the Record-Herald & am pleasurably stirred, to my deepest deeps. The reading brings vividly back to me my pet & pride, The Children's Theatre—of the East Side, New York. And it supports & reaffirms what I have so often & so strenuously said in public: that a children's theatre is easily the most valuable adjunct that any educational institution for the young can have, & that no otherwise good school is complete without it.

It is much the most effective teacher of morals & promotor of good conduct that the ingenuity of man has yet devised, for the reason that its lessons are not taught wearily by book & by dreary homily, but by visible & enthusing *action*; & they go straight to the *heart*, which is the rightest of right places for them. Book-morals often get no further than the intellect, if they even get that far on their spectral & shadowy pilgrimage but when they travel from a children's theatre they do not stop permanently at that halfway house but go on home.

The children's theatre is the only teacher of morals & conduct & high ideals that never bores the pupil, but always leaves him sorry when the lesson is over. And as for history, no other teacher is for a moment comparable to it; no other can make the dead heroes of the world rise up & shake the dust of the ages from their bones & live & move & breathe & speak & be *real* to the looker & the listener; no other can make the study of the lives & times of the illustrious dead a delight, a splendid interest, a passion; & no other can paint a history-lesson in colors that will stay, & stay, & never fade.

It is my conviction that the children's theatre is one of the very, *very* great inventions of the twentieth century; & that its vast educational value—now but dimly perceived & but vaguely understood—will presently come to be recognized. By the article which I have been reading I find the same things happening in the Howland School that we have become familiar with in our own Children's Theatre (of which I am President, & sufficiently vain of the distinction.) These things, among others:

1. The educating history-study does not stop with the little players, but the whole school catches the infection & revels in it.

2. And it doesn't even stop there: the children carry it home & infect the family with it—even the parents & grand-parents; & the whole household fall to studying history, & bygone manners & customs: & costumes, with eager interest. And this interest is carried along to the studying of costumes in old book-plates; & beyond that to the selecting of the fabrics & the making of the clothes. Hundreds of our children learn the plays by listening, without book, & by making notes; then the listener goes home & plays the piece—all the parts!—to the family. And the family are glad & proud; glad to listen to the explanations & analyses, glad to learn, glad to be lifted to planes high above their dreary workaday lives. Our Children's Theatre is educating 7,000 children—and their families. When we put on a play of Shakespeare they fall to studying it diligently, so that they may be qualified to enjoy it to the limit when the piece is staged. They know Shakspeare. They haven't much competition in this.

3. Your Howard School children do the construction-work, & stage-decorations, etc. That is our way, too. Our young folks do everything that is needed by the Theatre, with their own hands: scene-designing, scene-painting, gas-fitting, electric work, costume-designing, costume-making—everything & all things, indeed—and their fine orchestra & its leader are from their own ranks.

The article which I have been reading, says—speaking of a historical play produced by the pupils of the Howard school—

“The question naturally arises, What has this drama done for those who so enthusiastically took part? . . . The touching story has made a year out of the Past live for the children as could no chronology or bald statement of historical events; it has cultivated the fancy & given to the imagination strength & purity; work in composition has ceased to be drudgery, for when all other themes fall flat a subject dealing with some aspect of the drama presented never fails to arouse interest & a rapid pushing of pens over paper.”

That is entirely true. The interest is not confined to the drama’s story, it spreads out all around the *period* of the story, & gives to all the outlying & unrelated happenings of that period a fascinating interest—an interest which does not fade out with the years, but remains always fresh, always inspiring, always welcome. History-facts dug by the job, with sweat & tears, out of a dry & spiritless text-book—but never mind, all who have suffered know what that is.

Commendations uttered by President Eliot of Harvard are quoted in that article which I have been reading. That great man & great citizen is a strong friend of our Children’s Theatre. And what is more, he is officially connected with it. He is a subordinate of mine.

I remain, dear madam, sincerely Yours ... [MTP].

Sam also inscribed a copy of his photograph, reading in bed, to **Frederic Bulkeley Hyde**. “*To Mr. Frederic Bulkeley Hyde, with the best wishes of Mark Twain Oct’08*” [MTP: eBay Mar. 25, 2002]. *Note*: Hyde took photographs at Stormfield in Nov. 1908.

William Wymark Jacobs (1863-1943) sent Sam a copy of his book, *Salthaven*, inscribing the title page: “*To: Mark Twain / with the author’s compliments / Oct 1908*” [MTP; Gribben 348]. *Note*: Clemens wrote under this inscription: “It’s a delightful book. / Mark” then below the title itself “Bay House / Bermuda, March/10 /I have read it about 5 times. The above verdict stands.” See Clemens to Jacobs of 28 October.

Jacob A. Riis for Riis Neighborhood Society sent Sam a printed form letter seeking subscriptions of one dollar per year [MTP]. *Note*: IVL: “Yes”

October 1 Thursday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **John Henniker Heaton (also seen as Henniker-Heaton)**.

“Dear Mr Henniker-Heaton: / At midnight to-night the Great benefaction to two nations conferred by your labors reaches consummation, & I send my first 2-cent letter to you, along with my cordial congratulations. / Truly Yours” ... [MTP]. *Note*: Henniker-Heaton’s long campaign for cheap postage between England and the US resulted in his being called “the father of International Penny Postage.” See July 2, 1907 entry, Sam’s A.D.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Claude announces that he is going—and all the girls will follow suit”[MTP: IVL TS 67]. *Note*: the Redding servants were nervous after the burglary, and so most of them left.

October 2 Friday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to daughter **Jean** in Berlin, Germany (she would have arrived about this day after leaving Sept. 26).

[*in left margin*: Clara is to send us your address to-day, by telephone or letter.]

Oct. 2’08.

Jean dear, it was delightful to hear from you from mid-ocean. Wonderful times we live in!

As I understand it, Clara has completed the arranging of her little flat in Stuyvesant Square, & is moving in, to-day. There is a small extra room for a guest.

Martin W. Littleton has bought a house in east 57th street near Park avenue, & will allow me to lend him my New York billiard table if there is a place for it. There’s a bedroom for me, & so, between Clara & the Littletons (and the Stanchfields) I am at last well fixed in the matter of accommodations, & shan’t ever have to go to a hotel. The Stanchfields got their house for \$85,000 (in the panic days) & it is worth a great deal more.

I think Clara has so strong a desire that this house shall be called, not “Innocence at Home” but “Stormfield,” that you & I will let her have her way. Stormfield is the best name anyway—in two ways: 1, It is set so high, that all the storms that come will beat upon it, there being no obstruction; 2, the whole loggia-end of the house was built with money received for a magazine article entitled “Captain Stormfield’s Visit to Heaven.”

We have 6 cats, now, & they are all beautiful: Tammany & her 2 children & her 3 grandchildren. We crowd one of the grandchildren into a pocket of the billiard table (which he fits as snugly as a hand fits a glove), & he sits there by the hour & watches the game—and sometimes obstructing it: for when a ball passes near him he puts out a dainty paw & changes its direction & spoils the shot.

Dear heart I am so glad you are under the care of the great & good Geheimrath —unto whom I offer salutation & homage. / With lots of love & kisses, / Father [MTP]. *Note:* see several entries on **Martin Wiley Littleton**. “Geheimrath” may have been Sam’s nickname for Professor **Hofrath von Reuvers**, who took Jean under his care.

Sam also wrote to **Mabel L. Patterson**.

Dear Mrs. Patterson,—The contents of your letter are very pleasant & very welcome, & I thank you for them, sincerely. If I can find a photograph of my “Tammany” & her kittens, I will enclose it in this. One of them likes to be crammed into a corner-pocket of the billiard table—which he fits as snugly as does a finger in a glove & then he watches the game (& obstructs it) by the hour, & spoils many a shot by putting out his paw & changing the direction of a passing ball. Whenever a ball is in his arms, or so close to him that it cannot be played without risk of hurting him, the player is privileged to remove it to anyone of the 3 spots that chances to be vacant.

Ah no, my lecturing days are over for good & all. / Sincerely yours, ... [MTP].

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Helen K Blackmer	New York City	October 3-5	
Her daughter Margaret, M.A.	(at school) Briarcliffe	October 2-5	→ [*]

* Sam wrote next to this entry as he transcribed it on **Dec. 28**: “This is ‘Margaret of a sea shell.’ *Note. Dec. 28.* In 3 more days she will be 13 years old. She & her mother are in Bermuda now for a month. A New Year’s gift was Margaret. A pretty rare one, too.”

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Claude left and Benares arrived with Margaret Blackmer—a darling, grave yet gay child” [MTP: IVL TS 67-68].

Katharine Boland Clemens (Mrs. James Ross Clemens) wrote from Somerset, Virginia to Sam.

“I am distressed to find myself on my way home without having seen you, but it was impossible to manage a little visit to you. Jim enjoyed his so very much and has great admiration for your beautiful new place, and he liked Miss Lyon so much. We are now visiting your other cousin, Minnie Clemens Anderson, of Richmond.” Katharine spent the rest of her letter describing her hosts and the area. She added that she’d written Alice von Versen (her aunt) and told her that Jean was in Berlin [MTP].

John McComb, (Jr.) wrote from Denver, Colo. to Sam, “presuming on the friendship that existed between” his father and Clemens to ask for either a loan or an investment in a new mining pump, the “Starrett.” [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “Mr. Clemens directs me to write for him & say that he regrets not being able to grant your request.” **John McComb, Sr.** proprietor of the S.F. *Alta California*, had been instrumental in encouraging Clemens to give his first lecture at Maguire’s Academy of Music in San Francisco in 1866. See *MTL 1*: 361, *MTL 2*: 12n1, etc.

N.Y. Association for the Blind wrote to Sam enclosing an issue of *Everybody's Magazine* for October, which contained an article by **John Albert Macy**, husband of Helen Keller's former teacher **Anne Sullivan Macy** [MTP]. *Note*: IVL: "Ans'd"

Mrs. Georgia C. Taylor wrote from Taunton, Mass. to Sam after reading of the old Whittier birthday speech, and thinking it "one of the best things" he'd ever read [MTP].

October 3 Saturday – At "Stormfield," Isabel Lyon wrote for Sam to Miss **Lucy Maud Montgomery** (1874-1942), author of *Anne of Green Gables* (1908):

Dear Miss Montgomery:

Mr. Clemens directs me to thank you for your charming book & says I may quote to you from his letter to Francis Wilson about it:

In "Anne of Green Gables" you will find the dearest & most moving & delightful child since the immortal Alice.

I am, / Yours, sincerely, I.V. Lyon ... [MTP]. *Note*: see also Gribben 480.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Mrs. Blackmer came and this morning I had such a nice letter from Jervis Langdon congratulating me on my "good nerve" but I don't deserve much credit for going down stairs that burglar night, because though I knew something was wrong, I had no idea that two burglars were in the house, and I wish I could get rid of the terror I still feel in my heels, when I fled up those stairs [MTP: IVL TS 68].

The **Bobbs-Merrill Co.** wrote to Sam sending a copy of *Colonel Greatheart*, by **Henry Christopher Bailey** (b. 1878), without obligation [MTP; Gribben 39]. *Note*: IVL: "Don't believe I shall catch up with the books I have undertaken to read for a year. Hope to get at it some day or other"

C.T. Pardee for The Southern New England Telephone Co. wrote to Sam. "I have your letter of Sept. 8th in reference to a call from New York by Miss Clemens. I have looked up this matter thoroughly, and I think that no impertinence was intended. I have taken the matter up with our operators, however, and I hope there will be no further cause for complaint" [MTP]. *Note*: Twain was quick to react to any real or imagined slight to his daughters.

Samuel W. Sherman for the Emerson Literary Society, NYC wrote to Sam, noting that each year for the past five years they'd sent him an invitation to their Annual Reception and that each year he'd declined. Would he allow them to send a member down for a "10 or 15 minute" interview? [MTP].

Katherine Wylie wrote from Edinburgh, Scotland to advise Sam she was sending an album in which she was collecting author's autographs. Since he was her favorite, would he allow this? [MTP].

October 3? Saturday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Francis Wilson**. "In 'Anne of Green Gables' you will find the dearest & most moving & delightful child since the immortal Alice" [MTP: *The Bookman* Dec. 27, 1908]. *Note*: this quoted by Lyon on Oct. 3 to Miss Lucy Maud Montgomery, author of the book.

October 4 Sunday – **Isabel Lyon's journal**: "Fanny the pony, Jeannette Cholmely-Jones's little steed arrived today for me to use and to take care of. The use of her for the care of her. She is very soft; Benares and I just drove around the circle and that is all, before we took her out to the stall made for her in the garage. We shan't be able to drive her for a fortnight" [MTP: IVL TS 68].

October 5 Monday – In his Oct. 6 to **Margaret Blackmer**, Sam related activities of this day. See entry.

Edith Virginia Gazella wrote from Rutherford, NJ to Sam. She'd sent him a copy of *La Vita Nova*, her new magazine and asked if he might look it over and offer how she might improve it. She'd ridden on the streetcar with him a few

times but never had the nerve to speak to him. As a girl she would hide in the attic and read *HF* and *TS* and wanted so badly to be a boy [MTP].

George Hahlweg wrote from Brooklyn, NY to ask Sam where in his books she might find a certain quote, “Where is California? / Oh California / Why is it on the earth? On the earth!” [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “C.S. Visit to Heaven”

Katherine Koch for Denver Public Schools, noting Clemens’ publicized struggles with the German language, wrote to ask if he would “make a brief suggestion” for her article (to be published in *Education*) about how German might be more easily taught or learned [MTP].

October 6 Tuesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to daughter **Clara** at 17 Livingston Place, N.Y.C.

Clärchen dear, your letter sounds ever so good. Your sunny apartment seems to be a rare & fine stroke of luck. I hope you have secured a refusal of it for a year or two; but if you haven’t you can keep it anyway, no doubt, if you behave yourself. Miss Lyon will be able to give me a lot of details concerning the place when she comes back.

Well, I don’t know that it’s a shame about the servants—we must wait & see if there aren’t some compensations in it for *us*. I think it is plain that we cannot have two breeds of Christians on the premises & have peace. We are limited to one breed, & must now try the Italian. I shall be ever so glad if the experiment shall succeed. If it fails we shall go down into the country parts of Virginia & visit the new Clemens discovered by Mrs. Dr. Jim, & import a battery of colored Christians unacquainted with city life. I shall never be happy in either heaven or hell, because both places will be so infested with mixed breeds of Christians—human cat & dog.

With lots & lots of love, dear child, / Marcus [MTP]. *Note:* “the Italians” were **Teresa and Giuseppe Cherubini**, the emegrees who had come with the Clemenses to the US in 1904. They were rehired after the servants all quit following the Sept. 18 burglary. Also hired was a young man, **Horace Hazen**, as butler.

In the Lyon-Ashcroft MS, Sam would blame Lyon for the servants quitting:

It wasn’t the burglars that scared the former servants away. They couldn’t stand Miss Lyon. I told her several times she wouldn’t be able to keep servants if she stormed at them. However, she couldn’t break herself of it. She came several times to me & bragged about the fierce things she had said to them. I told her it was not a thing to brag about. Lately she gave Horace [Hazen] a third-mate dressing down; then sent for him & apologised. It would have been wiser not to make the apology necessary. Rosa was in our family 12 years—till she married; George (colored), served us 18 years—till he died; Patrick, (coachman), claimed that he had served us 35 years. I was a pall-bearer at his funeral. Katie has been with us 27 years. They did their work faithfully & well—and yet none of them ever got a harsh word from us.

Sam also began a letter to **Margaret Blackmer** that he added to on **Oct 7, 8, and 9**. Here is the Oct. 6 segment:

You dear Margaret, I went to your room an hour ago on my way to breakfast, to call you—then I remembered. I had to go down all alone. I should have been much better satisfied if I had had your company. To look at you a person would think you couldn’t take up much room, but you do; this place seems pretty empty without you.

We went down to the gorge toward sunset yesterday afternoon, & sat a good while on the rocks that border the bridge—where you & I hulled the nuts. Then Ashcroft went down on the upper side, where we gather’ed chestnuts, you remember, & when he was tripping his way to the entrance of the tunnel he found the chocolate & the letter on the ground. You see, I threw them there & forgot about it.

A beautiful little bird has just flown into the kitchen. The cook brought him to me, & he was not at all afraid. She is taking him down into the woods below the pergola to keep Tammany’s family from getting hold of him [MTP; *MTAq* 212]. *Note:* Margaret had been a guest of Sam’s from Oct. 2 –5.

Mrs. R.M. Wallace wrote from West Gloucester, Mass. She was “sending out everything” she could find about her husband’s “Heather” books. See hers of Sept. 28.

Sam’s A.D. for this date focused on the two burglars at Stormfield [Hill 209].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Today to N.Y. I went to see about getting more servants and went to Santa’s new apartment at 17 Livingstone Place. It is very pretty. These days I am so over-driven with the small affairs of getting a house in order that I cannot find either time or wit to write of the King and his moods. All the servants are going. It is a sorry thing to have to give so many hours of sweet time to—this thought of getting new servants, but the business of getting the King’s house in order is the mainest thing in my life. I could not do it alone; but I am unafraid, for always there is Benares to be near me, and to help me. And not merely to help me, but to *do* the many things I cannot do [MTP: IVL TS 68-69].

October 7 Wednesday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam added to his **Oct. 6** to **Margaret Blackmer**. Here is the Oct. 7 segment:

Oct. 7. Your letter came yesterday, & was very welcome. Do the kittens miss you? Indeed they do. Why, even the rocks & the trees & the flowers miss you. Yes, & the landscape, too. It doesn’t think as much of itself as it did when you were a part of it, & I shall not be satisfied with *it* until you are a part of it again. It is pathetically doing its very best to make up for your loss with other splendors, but it doesn’t succeed—doesn’t with *me*, dear, for sure.

I am not quite certain of your school-address, so I am waiting till I hear from you again [MTP; *MTAq* 212-14]. *Note:* see segments added on Oct 8 & 9.

Sam also wrote to **Helen S. Allen** in Hamilton, Bermuda.

“Dear heart, I wonder what has become of that Bermuda angel-fish of mine. She hasn’t answered my last letter, & it makes me a little uneasy. Can you tell me she & her household are well? I hope so. / Lovingly” ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Marjorie Breckenridge**.

Dear Marjorie: / Indeed you are right: This region *is* beautiful now; every day adds new & richer tints & shades to the splendor of its autumn glories. I wish you were here to prowl the woods & the glen with me.

Those three fishes have been here, & they all liked the place & greatly admired the Gorge. Margaret & her mother went away day before yesterday, & the others on the 28th Sept.

No, dear, the scare remains. Not a woman in the house has had a good night’s sleep unpersecuted by ghastly dreams since the burglary 19 days ago. My daughter Clara has the shudders every time she thinks of that night, & so does Miss Lyon.

Miss Lyon is now in New York for a day or two, & Mr. Ashcroft went away this morning. So I am a solitary. I don’t like being a solitary. However, it isn’t for long; Miss Lyon will return this evening, & Mr. Ashcroft tomorrow.

With my kindest regards to your parents, & lots of love to you, dear, ... [MTP; *MTAq* 217].

Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Quick**.

How are you getting along, dear heart? The women-folks in this house are not getting along well at all. Their sleep is broken, & is pestered with dreadful dreams every night—dreams about burglars. Catherine says she has the same dream nightly, in which a swarm of masked burglars are riddling her with bullets. It fetches her out of her slumbers with a shriek.

We've built a garage. It was necessary, for the Sunday morning train is taken off, & actors cannot come to us now, save by motor car. They can fetch it by train to South Norwalk, & motor the rest of the way in less than an hour.

We are putting glass in the arches of the loggia now, & turning it into a winter parlor, so that we can sit there with our knitting & watch the snowstorms.

We have plenty of cats & kittens, now—all descendants of the incomparable Tammany.

With lots of love to you, dear, ... [MTP; *MTAq* 218].

Sam also wrote to **Emilie R. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers)**.

Dear Mrs. Rogers: /The letter was an urgent one from Clara; & as she knew I was going to Fairhaven she rushed it thither. Dear me, I wish you two would come here, & right away! & look at the foliage. Can't you? Won't you? *Will* you? / With love to you both, ... [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: I met Benares at the station; it was an inspiration of mine, as I drove up Madison Avenue in a cab, on my way to an intelligence office, and the look on his face was one of grave astonishment and solemn delight, when he saw me suddenly appear. Oh the good Benares. I had a wonderful sleep in Santa's little apartment and I came home to find the King full of interest in my servant hunt [MTP: IVL TS 69].

To My Guests

*Greeting and Salutation and Prosperity!
And Therewith, Length of Days. Listen:*

MY fellow farmers of this vicinity have gathered together some hundreds of books and instituted a public library and given it my name. Large contributions of books have been sent to it by Robert Collier, of Collier's Weekly, by Colonel Harvey, of Harper & Brothers, and by Doubleday, Page & Company—all these without coercion; indeed upon the merest hint. The other great publishers will do the like as soon as they hear about this enterprise. The Harper Periodicals, Collier's Weekly, World's Work, Country Life in America, and other magazines are sent gratis to the library—this also without coercion, merely upon hint. The hint will in due time be extended to the other magazines. And so, we have a library. Also, my fellow farmers have arranged for the librarian's salary and the other running expenses, and will furnish the necessary money themselves. There is yet one detail lacking: a building for the library. Mr. Theodore Adams gives the ground for it. Mr. Sunderland furnishes, gratis, the plans and specifications, and will let the contracts and superintend the erection of the house. The library building will cost about two thousand dollars. Everybody will have a chance to contribute to this fund. Everybody, including my guests—I mean guests from a distance. It seems best to use coercion in this case. Therefore I have levied a tax—a GUESTS' MARK TWAIN LIBRARY BUILDING TAX, of one dollar, not upon the valuable sex, but only upon the other one. Guests of the valuable sex are tax-free, and shall so remain; but guests of the other sex must pay, whether they are willing or not. I desire that the money be paid to me, personally: this is the safest way. If it were paid to my secretary a record would have to be made of it, and the record could get lost.

The peace of the house be upon thee and abide with thee!
"STORMFIELD," REDDING, CONN., October 7, 1908.

Received of John Elton Wayland \$2
Mark Twain

Malcom Fiddis Greenridge wrote a letter all in rhymed verse from Brooklyn, NY to ask Sam for a photograph, enclosing his own [MTP].

Emily C. Hawley wrote from Brookfield Center, Conn. to ask Sam if he would allow her to quote a paragraph he'd written many years before on Hawaii, for her to include in a sketch she was writing of the first missionaries sent to the Islands in 1819 [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Request"

Alexander Ross MacMahon wrote from Norwalk, Conn. to ask Sam for the honor of calling with a friend, the **Marquis of Montcalm** some Sunday. He enclosed his photo (in file) [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Oh, yes." The famous French general (1712-1759) during the French and Indian wars bore this title, and had at least six children, possibly as many as twelve. This Marquis was possibly a descendant.

October 7 after – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam sent printed broadside notices dated Oct. 7, 1908 as receipts for various small contributions for a local public library established in his name.

The receipts which survive are to the following: **Harriet Whitmore Enders ("Hattie")** for \$25; **Albert B. Paine** for \$2.45; **Philip Nichols Sunderland** for \$1; **Chatelaine** for \$2.50; and **John Elton Wayland** for \$2 [MTP]. *Note:* See insert.

October 8 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Sam added to his **Oct. 6, 7** to **Margaret Blackmer**. Here is the Oct. 8 segment:

Oct. 8. You've been gone so long, now, that I suppose I wouldn't know you if I met you. But fortunately there's the shell! By that I should know you in a minute; for there's only the one shell.

Day before yesterday Ashcat & I found a new trail, & a long one. First it goes down the road to Mrs. Lyon's; then takes the old road to the left (the one we drove over to the Branchfield station when you & your mother went away); by & by you turn sharply to the left again & prowl through deep woods over an old grass-grown road which curves gradually leftward & at last comes out on the road that goes down past the red barns & the gorge. You cross our bridge there & go up past the mound toward our hickory trees, & up the slope to the top, & there you are! with the kitchen-end of the house in sight—and in two minutes more you are at home. It is a splendid long oval tramp, you see, with quails whizzing up all about you & the deep woods rich with autumn colors. Next time you come, dear, we'll try it, *wicht wahr?*

As soon as Helen is old enough to travel you must bring her here every little while & teach her to like the place, for your sake & mine. Will you, dear? And her brother, too. I know I shall love the children; in truth I love them already, & often think of them.

Noon, 8th. I got up at 9.30 & went down stairs. The woods were so beautiful from my bedroom window, all drenched with sunshine & purpled with shadows, that I *had* to go down & observe them from the loggia arches.

The servants came to bid me good-bye, at 11. They gave notice a week or ten days ago, still frightened to death about that burglary. All of them are gone, except the two outside men (Harry & the Italian general-utility-man.) Our two old-time Italian servants will arrive from New York at 5 this afternoon. The man is a good cook & his wife is expert in chamber-work. We shall get some natives from the farm-houses in a few days, & bother no more with city-servants. Meantime we are quite comfortable & perfectly satisfied. Tomorrow Ashpan will arrive with the captain of one of the great Cunard liners & his body-servant, for over Sunday; & also my daughter Clara will arrive with her aunt. Ashhopper & Miss Lyon & I will dress up in aprons & gorgeous Chinese jackets & east-Indian turbans & wait on the table & have lots of fun; & if we could only have you here, in your dainty blue costume to pass the cocktails around in the library the whole scheme would be just perfect! I wish we had you, you little witch! [MTP; *MTAq* 214-15]. *Note:* Sam finished this letter on Oct. 9; see entry. The captain of the Cunard liner was **Commodore Daniel Dow** [Oct. 12 to Nunnally]. See also June 17, 1908 entry on Dow. "Ashpan" and "Ashhopper" were Sam's nicknames for Ashcroft.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Today all the maids left. Katie Murray, Katherine, Mary—cook and the kitchen maid. They shirked their work, left no luncheon for me and on the whole I was glad to see them go. At 6 o'clock Goddam brought Teresa and Giuseppe. She was excited and important; he was excited and eager and shy. It was a pleasure to see those 2 good Italians [MTP: IVL TS 69]. *Note:* who Goddam is, not clear.

Jean Clemens, aboard the *S.S. Postdampfers* in route from NYC to Germany, wrote to **Isabel Lyon** [MTP].

Dear Lioness; / In my bankbook, which I received the day before I sailed, there is no statement about the \$200 you meant (or did) to telephone them to add to my account. I am writing them that it should have been there & doubtless now is & about sending me money. I meant to bring more of my own with me, so as to have plenty in time in which to make the necessary arrangements, but I didn't succeed in completing all my plans, so that I came on board with *very* little. I may have to borrow from Father, if I find it necessary to buy any clothing—and I am afraid I may—before my own fortune reaches me. But of course it won't be forgotten.

Anna's behavior lasted three full days & then on the morning of the fourth she asked me if I was angry with her. I told her I had been very much annoyed but that I had felt badly, too, because I knew she had been unhappy & crying but that after I had started to speak about different things several times & had gotten either grunts or bare answers, I had decided she better work herself out of her frame of mind herself. I reminded her that before we left she had been told she must not act as she had, that that kind of conduct *must* stop. She

said some idiotic & impudent things about Béb  which were caused by imagination, ignorance & perhaps a tinge of jealousy. I made no mention of her rudeness to me & actual insolence to B   , in *public*, nor did I give her the satisfaction of knowing that I had been so upset by her performance, my feelings of exasperation & pity combined, that I had lain awake until about two that morning. I didn't immediately let her think it was all over & gone but I didn't want her to be unkind, either. Among other things, she said I treated her so differently whenever B    was about that she felt she wasn't wanted. That was due to our talking French the greater part of the time. Well, the first squall has passed—it took it eight days to develop & three to wear out.

After having heard so much about the horrors of fog from my sailing-captain last summer, I felt far worse every time we have been enveloped than ever before. In the channel, since yesterday morning we have had fog right along—part of the time so dense that we went at quarter-speed & even stopped for a short time. We have come very close to several quaint fishing boats—so close that it made me shudder.

To my amazement we passed Dover at about ten this morning—just a few minutes after our table steward told me we might not be able to land until Sunday. Of course, if the fog is dense at the Elbe light-ship we may not reach Cuxhaven for a day or more, but the Captain's dinner takes place tonight, so they are evidently hoping to land us tomorrow afternoon.

If you haven't sent the \$200 & my allowance of \$100 *please* do so at once—at least *one* of the two sums. With ever so much love... [MTP]. *Note: Anna Sterritt*, Jean's maid, hired by Clemens.

Hill writes of **Jean** in Germany:

After getting settled, Jean explained to Miss Lyon in detail the need for additional money to cover unanticipated expenses. Anna Sterritt angered Jean by saying "some idiotic and impudent things about B    [**Marguerite Schmidt**] which were caused by imagination, ignorance and perhaps a tinge of jealousy." But she was pleased with her progress under Professor Hofrath von Reuvers and was convinced he could cure her. She enrolled in a lecture course on Faust, made many friends among the American colony, and began a round of teas and luncheons. She even delivered her father's ghost story, "The Golden Arm," successfully to a charity benefit [213-14].

Mary Helen Lathrop Nelson wrote from Cincinnati, Ohio to invite Sam to speak at their women's club [MTP]. *Note: IVL: "Answd Oct. 8"*

Edith A. Pond wrote from NYC to Sam. "I presume you will remember me when I tell you I am Major Pond's daughter." She wanted him to do a reading for her to raise funds so she might raise her nearly blind son, and suggested she engage the New Amsterdam Theatre for an afternoon [MTP]. *Note: MLH: "Ans. Oct 20"*

October 8 after – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Maud W. Littleton (Mrs. Martin W. Littleton)**:

You dear Mrs. Pinkerton!

You are really back & I am so glad. It was lovely of you to send me those beautiful handkerchiefs, & I shall prize them, not only for their own merit but for the sake of the giver.

You & your chief slave must come up here very soon, & render an account of what you have been doing abroad; & I want you to bring President Butler & Miss Sara. I would like very much to have Miss Sara in my Aquarium of Angel-fishes if she will consent & will follow the consent with her presence here. You see the Rules & Regulations are very strict in several particulars; among them the investiture has to take place in this house & not elsewhere, just as if he were an L.L.D, because there are many universities, but only one Aquarium. Miss Lyon will take the matter up with you & write the president & Miss Sara.

(Privately in your ear: Miss Lyon is pretty airy this morning because Germany is glorifying her as a Burglary-Heroine.) / With my love, ... [MTP].

Note: Nicholas Murray Butler (1862-1947) American philosopher, diplomat and educator: President of Columbia University; President of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace; recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize (1931); Nazi sympathizer until war broke out.

October 9 Friday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam finished his **Oct. 6, 7, 8** to **Margaret Blackmer** at the Misses Tewksbury's School in Irvington-on-Hudson, NY.

Friday, Oct. 9. I have a lovely letter from your mother this morning, & I gather from it that one of these days you are going to invite me again to visit the school. That is very pleasant, dear heart, I shall be sure to accept.

Do you like romances? Very well, here is one. About next Tuesday or Wednesday a Missouri sweetheart of mine is coming here from Missouri to visit me—the very first sweetheart I ever had. It was 68 years ago. She was 5 years old, & I the same. I had an apple, & fell in love with her & gave her the core. I remember it perfectly well, & exactly the place where it happened, & what kind of a day it was. She figures in “Tom Sawyer” as “Becky Thatcher.” Or maybe in “Huck Finn”—anyway it's in one of those books. She is bringing one of her granddaughters with her—a grown-up young lady, I guess.

It is noon, now. I think I will get up. There is no hurry about finishing this letter; I will mail this much of it today, & then go on with it a paragraph per day till I get it done some time or other. You are busy & I mustn't tax you; but whenever you've got any love for me, save it up till there's enough of it to fill a few lines, then find a chance when you've a minute or two to spare, & send it along.

Distributed along through this letter I'm sending you *my* love—not all of it, but such of it as I've found room for. / S L C., Curator [MTP; *MTAq* 215]. *Note.* Becky Thatcher was actually **Laura Hawkins, now Frazer.**

In the evening, **Ralph W. Ashcroft** brought Commodore **Daniel Dow** of the Cunard line to Stormfield for a weekend stay. Dow's “table-steward” accompanied him [Oct. 12 to Nunnally]. See insert of Sam wearing a jacket and cap of Dow's. The two men met on one of Sam's many trans-Atlantic crossings, perhaps many years before.

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Commander D. Dow, R.N.R.	On board his ship	October 9-11	[Daniel Dow]
R.M.S. “Caronia”			

Note: Sam's original guestbook also shows Dow for Oct. 10 [Mac Donnell TS 5].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Tonight Captain Dow of the Caronia arrived and with him his pet steward Billy. Always Benares comes on Fridays. The King was walking around the circle for a little exercise, and his white figure in the moonlight fell in like a spirit in the landscape. All day I have been very busy, for young Horace Hazen has come to try to be the King's butler. He has never been in service of any kind, but he feels that it is an honor to be given the privilege just to try to be the King's butler. Eighteen he is, and 6 feet 1—and very slender, but with the spirit of work in him. If only it will last. Anyway he drifted to the position. We did not search for him, so who can tell? [MTP: IVL TS 69-70].

Hawaii Promotion Co. wrote to announce that the mantel piece had been shipped. They asked if he would have his photo taken sitting by the mantel or standing next to it [MTP].

Charles Gilman Norris wrote from Toronto, Canada to Sam, hoping “the time will come” when he'd have the “pleasure of visiting...and of expressing a great deal difficult to put on paper.” Norris discussed Free Masonry and enclosed a four and a half page single spaced typed treatise on religion, philosophy and the like [MTP].

Alice von Versen wrote from Germany to Sam having read of the burglars and Sam's new house. She would call on **Jean** in Berlin, and thought that Prof. Hofrath von Reuvers had “an excellent reputation & I hope he will benefit her” [MTP].

William Wainwright wrote from NYC to Sam, agreeing to charge \$97 to install a burglar alarm system at Stormfield, Clemens to pay the cost of lodging and meals for the electrician sent [MTP].

L.E. Wild wrote from NYC to Lyon asking about references for **Claude Benchotte**, previously a butler for Clemens who now applied with Wild [MTP]. *Note*: IVL: “No faults that I know of / an excellent man”

October 10 Saturday – Sam wrote an aphorism to an **unidentified person**: “*We ought never to do wrong when people are looking. / Truly yours / Mark Twain*” [MTP: Superior Auction Galleries catalog, Oct. 15, 1991, Item 1832].

In **Redding, Conn.**, **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Laura Hawkins Frazer**, his childhood sweetheart.

Dear Mrs. Frazer: / Mr. Clemens asks me to tell you for him how glad he is that you are coming to Redding, & that he hopes that you & your granddaughter will give him the pleasure of spending a night here in his house, before you go away. Perhaps it will be Tuesday night, for on Sunday & Monday the house will be very full, but by Tuesday there will be plenty of room, & Mr. Clemens wishes me to say that he would not miss seeing your granddaughter for a good deal. He asks me to convey to you his sincere regards. This morning four of us were taking a walk through these beautiful fields, & were saying how much we owe to Mr. Paine for finding this wonderful country side which is now a lovely home for all of us.

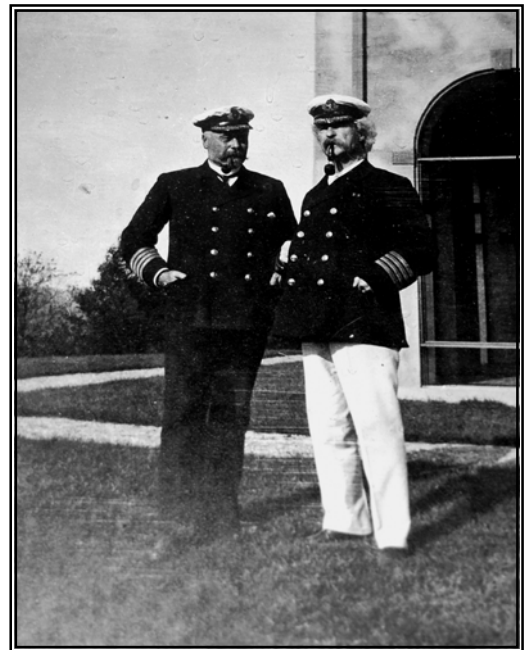
I will telephone Mr. Paine about making a plan for you to come ... [MTP].

Sam also began a letter to **Frances Nunnally** that he finished on **Oct. 12**. The Oct. 10 segment:

I have had a fine time worrying about you, you dear little rascal! It didn't begin until you had been gone seven days—then it swiftly made up for lost time! By yesterday morning—after a vacant mail—I was perfectly sure you were sick or had met with an accident. Miss Lyon said no, you were only very busy with school-work, & would write presently. But it did not convince me, for I am like any other mother, I suppose, when her imagination gets alarmed. I said, “try the telephone the first thing in the morning & see if Francesca is well.” And so she did. She brought up the news a little while ago, before I was dressed, & if she had been a man I would have hugged her [MTP].

On or about this day Sam sent the library notice with receipt to **Ralph W. Ashcroft** (whom he called the “Bishop of Benares,” among other nicknames) for \$2.50 [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: The King, the Captain, the Bishop [Ashcroft] and I took a most lovely walk this morning around what we call Howells Hill, for to the westward there is a lot that the King would gladly give to Mr. Howells, if only he would come here and build. But he can't do that for Mrs. Howells won't hear of his settling anywhere. In the afternoon Clara arrived and later Will came. It makes a big and nice household [MTP: IVL TS 70].



Jean Clemens wrote from Hamburg, Germany to **Isabel Lyon**. Only the envelope survives [MTP].

The Anti-Vivisection Society wrote to invite Sam to their first attempt at raising funds from the public and “by a few words” from him, on Nov. 10 at 4 p.m. at the Waldorf [MTP].

Nicholas Murray Butler sent a form letter on Columbia Univ. letterhead to solicit funds for surviving American recipients of honorary degrees from Oxford. Since 1870 Oxford had conferred honorary degrees on 40 Americans, and over half were still living, including Clemens [MTP].

Insert: Commodore Daniel Dow with Twain at Stormfield (courtesy of Michael Dow, grandson)

Franz Nickolous Otremba wrote from Hawaii to expressing “the greatest pleasure...in building and carving” the mantel for Clemens’ billiard room. “In carving the capitals I have tried to faithfully portray, first (commencing at the base) Taro leaves, then Palapalae ferns, then Hao leaves and flowers, then Ilma leaves and flowers.” He also wrote that he’d included enough extra pieces of wood to make six pool cues and four walking sticks [MTP]. *Note:* see Oct. 31 entry for a photo of this mantel from *Harper’s Weekly*.

Mrs. **R.M. Wallace** wrote to Sam, having forgotten to enclose the copy of “that agreement for transfer of the copyright of my husband’s book on ‘The Heather’.” She went on for several pages about a copyright fight between her late husband and Mr. De La Mare. She repeated that Ralph W. Ashcroft had directed her to write Clemens [MTP].

October 11 Sunday – Cunard line Commodore **Daniel Dow** ended his weekend stay at Stormfield. Sam returned his coat and cap worn in the insert photo, likely taken this very day (see Oct. 12 to Nunnally).

Sam’s original guestbook lists **Elizabeth G. Guillaume** and **Jules A. Guillaume**, New York [Mac Donnell TS 5].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: The question of servants is certainly solving itself for the present, for this morning a young relative of Harry Iles’s, a nice girl of 17 or so, came to help Teresa in the upstairs work. Elizabeth Dick is her name. So now we have 2 Italians, and 2 natives, and the washing is to be sent to the laundry in Bethel on trial.

It’s been a gay day. Captain Dow is a charmer. He played billiards with the King; and then off we went in the rumble, he and Will and I, in the wake of Santa who went spinning along these sweet country roads on Senciramide. Her legs flew out exactly like the legs of a fox terrier. Santa rides her beautifully. Then we made photographs—one of them of Captain Dow standing on his head [MTP: IVL TS 70-71].

October 12 Monday – In Redding, Conn. Sam finished his Oct. 10 to **Frances Nunnally**.

Monday, Oct. 12—noon.

I find it no sin to be still lying in bed, for we have been having very diligent times entertaining ourselves Friday evening, Saturday & Sunday. Ashcroft & Capt. Dow of the *Coronia* (Clara’s ship) arrived Saturday afternoon; Clara followed in a later train, & Mr. Wark in a still later one! Our old servants were all gone, & in their places we had only our two Italians from the New York house with a new & untrained butler (a native youth of the neighborhood,) & with Clara’s maid & the Captain’s table-steward to join these forces. But no matter, we got along ever so well with the “simple life,” & had a good time. Oh, you should know the captain! The loveliest darlingest Irishman that ever was. We were all photographed many times, yesterday, in singles, couples & groups—which reminds me! When you come to dinner with the beautiful pink bows on the back of your head I wanted them, to hang up over your picture in my room when it comes from the developer in New York, but I resisted the temptation to steal them. Now for that resistance you ought to give them to me. I mean, when you are done with them, don’t throw them away, but remember me & send them. Will you? And in return I’ll send you a book—“*Anne of Green Gables*.” It came two days after you went away, & I was to read it & give it to Francis Wilson; but I was at once so taken with it that I thought I would send it to you & get another copy for him. I think Anne is a very pleasant child to know, & that the literary quality of the book is fine. You may not have time to read it, & in that case you mustn’t; but don’t waste it, dear—give it to some other girl, who appreciates good literature.

Your letter arrived an hour ago, & was very welcome; and so you are forgiven, now, for alarming me. But don’t you do it again! Next time, I will go straight down to Catonsville & preach you a sermon. Francesca, you

will have a long holiday at Eastern—won't you spend it here? Miss Lyon & I will gladly go to Catonsville & fetch you. Don't make any other arrangement, please. / Lovingly / The Curator.

[*in left margin of page 2*: No there have been no more conspiracies, & I have warned Ashcroft that *he* mustn't conspire again, for he isn't a member.]

P. S. I know you are busy, & I don't want to overtax you greatly, but indeed you *must* send me a line now & then, do you hear?

P. P. S. I am going to plant 12 Aquarium cedars—but I'll tell you about it some time when there's more room on my paper [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Nicholas Murray Butler**, President of Columbia University.

Dear President Butler:

I gladly join you & enclose \$100. The amount is shamefully small, but the smallness is compulsory, because the Knickerbocker Trust crippled me a year ago when I was committed past escape to house-builders & because the house has since cost me (of course) double what I had expected it to cost. If these calamities had not happened my check would not be of a sort to need this apology.

Thanking you for calling upon me, & for not overlooking me. / I am sincerely Yours ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to daughter **Jean** in Berlin, Germany.

Oh Jean dear, I am so glad you escaped the collision unhurt—& also glad that when those we love are in peril like that, we are spared the anguish & terror of knowing about it while it is happening. Clara was in a collision 15 months ago, I was in a collision a month later. "Three times & out!" The family record is complete, now.

Don't you be fooled by the immense noise & racket the Presidential election is making—there is no substance to it & no great interest in it—it is just make-believe. No sane person wants Mr. Roosevelt's shadow elected, & the apparent enthusiasm consists of wind mainly—there are a good many evidences that these things are so, & that deep down under the noise & the storm the national ocean is quiet, apathetic, & massively indifferent.

I've got a new stenographer, & she is competent & ladylike, & educated & agreeable; but I haven't gone to work yet. But there's a world of work for her to do, without my adding to it. By & by I shall get to work again—when the strong desire comes.

I do a long walk every day, & it keeps me finely fresh. Last night Tammany accompanied me—uninvited, but very welcome. She glided along over the meadows in the moonlight like a spirit. A beautiful one, too; for Tammany is much the handsomest cat on this planet. It isn't my opinion alone—Clara thinks so too. And her two children & three grandchildren are a good deal like her, both physically & in rare qualities of mind.

I guess you are happy now, & certainly I do hope you are, & that your health is going to thrive & flourish. / With lots & lots of love & kisses, / Father [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Emilie R. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers)**.

Yes, I was coming, & my arrangements were all made; but on the evening of the day that I telephoned you about it some guests arrived & broke it up. My idea was to fly over there & get a one-day glimpse of you before the next guests were due to arrive, & put in the said day persuading you & Henry H. to come out of your seclusion & pay us a visit.

I'll try again, the first chance. By my calculation that may occur about Tuesday or Wednesday of next week, but it may possibly fail, because 3 guests who are booked to come have not given us their dates yet.

The reason we have company in the house all the time now, is because we never had *any* in New York during four winters, & I got nearly starved for human society, & am trying to catch up. I don't ever want to be so lonesome & dreary again. I've grown young in these past three months of dissipation here. And I have left off drinking—it isn't necessary now. Society & theology are sufficient for me.

Jean has arrived in Germany. Off the coast of Holland her ship sunk another ship in a fog. Clara was in collision fifteen months ago; I was in collision a month later. The family record is complete now.

The burglars scared off every servant we had. We brought up our two Italians from the New York house & are getting along plenty well enough, by help of a native or two, from the farmhouses around. We think we shan't need city servants at all. I don't like them anyway: they have to have facilities all the week for going to hell, & facilities every Sunday for grafting their way into the other place.

I am sending my love to you both & would desperately like to see you. /SLC [MTP].

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Mrs. Susan L. Crane	Quarry Farm, Elmira, N.Y.	October 12-15	

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Mrs. Crane came today and charmed Benares by her beautiful and gentle presence" [MTP: IVL TS 71].

John Boyle, Jr. for the Republican County Committee wrote to ask if Clemens might address a meeting during "the present campaign in behalf of Gov. Hughes" [MTP]. *Note:* MLH: "Ans. Oct 14 08"

Julia H. Farwell for Miss C.E. Mason's School, Tarrytown, NY wrote to ask Sam if he would "give us a lecture some Friday evening after the Christmas Holidays" [MTP].

William Hirschfeld, D.D.S. wrote from Paris, France to ask Sam's opinion on an after-dinner speech he was to give on "France and America"—his idea to imagine Mark Twain was with them giving his views on life in Paris—what would Twain say? [MTP].

John M. Howells for Howells & Stokes wrote to Isabel (though catalogued as to Clemens) [MTP].

W&J Sloane, carpets, NYC sent a form-printed postcard requesting return of Ingrain samples sent on Aug. 24, 1908 [MTP].

Victor Speer for the Saturn Club, Buffalo, NY wrote to beg Sam to speak "on any subject acceptable to yourself" [MTP].

October 13 Tuesday – Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Mrs. Laura Hawkins Frazer	Hannibal, Missouri	October 15 —————>	My first sweetheart (65 years ago when she was 6 or 7 years old.)
Her granddaughter Clara	" "	" "	

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Mrs. Laura Frazer, the King's earliest sweetheart came today, and her niece, a sweet girl, came with her. They have been visiting the Paines [MTP: IVL TS 71]. *Note:* there are several letters between Frazer and Paine in the files.

George B. Harvey wrote to Sam.

Dear Uncle Mark: / Dorothy's schooling has begun at Deal and it will cause a serious break in the operation to take her away at this time. / Can you come down to Deal on Tuesday and stay as long as possible? I have communicated with Northcliffe and he is choked up with business engagements...impossible for him to leave the City, but he says he is very anxious to see you and have you lunch with him [MTP].

Emily C. Hawley wrote to Sam learning that he had moved to Redding, and sending her book, *The Hills of Fairfield County*. She thanked him for letting her use his squib on Hawaii for the meeting of the American Board of Missions this week [MTP]. *Note:* not in Gribben.

F.L. Shellabarger for the American Art Assoc. of Paris wrote to ask Sam for “a sketch or story for the December” issue of their small monthly magazine. Their assoc. was for American students in the Latin Quarter of Paris [MTP].

Francis Wilson wrote from New Rochelle, NY to decline Sam’s invitation to visit as his “play days” were over and he was “settling down to real work.” He was building a cottage [MTP].

October 14 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Margaret Blackmer.

Oh, you dear Margaret, you are coming up with Ashcroft, & I’m just as glad! He will go to your school & fetch you. Then by the 5 p.m. train, Sunday he will take you back—or rather, *I* will take you back to your school & we will let him accompany us & see that we don’t get lost. I have to go to Deal Beach Monday afternoon or Tuesday morning; so I mean to go down on Sunday & take you home, then wait over in New York till Monday afternoon or Tuesday morning, according as Col. Harvey shall elect.

I haven’t eaten all the hickory nuts, I’m saving some for you; & at noon to-day I found a good chestnutting place, I think, on the main road below our bridge. We will exploit it when you come, & see if it will pay us for our trouble.

We are all to help open the Mark Twain library about an hour from now. It won’t be a very formidable ceremony.

Love to you, dear!

The Admiral.

P. S. That is according to the new By-law, which transforms the Curator into the Admiral & requires the member to say “Admiral, do so & so,” instead of “Mr. Clemens, do so & so.” Don’t you forget it, dear. I added that Bylaw last night. Curator isn’t a large enough title for me [MTP; *MTAq* 220-1]. *Note:* Cooley misdates this letter as “[11 October 1908],” though headed “Wednesday.” Fatout gives Twain’s speech [*MT Speaking* 630-1] taken from *MTB* 1472-3, but gives it as Oct. 28.

Paine quotes and remarks about Sam’s speech at the opening of the new Redding Library:

I am here to speak a few instructive words to my fellow-farmers. I suppose you are all farmers. I am going to put in a crop next year, when I have been here long enough and know how. I couldn’t make a turnip stay on a tree now after I had grown it. I like to talk. It would take more than the Redding air to make me keep still, and I like to instruct people. It’s noble to be good, and it’s nobler to teach others to be good, and less trouble. I am glad to help this library. We get our morals from books. I didn’t get mine from books, but I know that morals do come from books—theoretically at least. Mr. Beard or Mr. Adams will give some land, and by and by we are going to have a building of our own.



This statement was news to both Mr. Beard and Mr. Adams and an inspiration of the moment; but Mr. Theodore Adams, who owned a most desirable site, did in fact promptly resolve to donate it for library purposes. Clemens continued:

Insert: Redding Library, original building.

I am going to help build that library with contributions—from my visitors. Every male guest who comes to my house will have to contribute a dollar or go away without his baggage. If those burglars that broke into

my house recently had done that they would have been happier now, or if they'd have broken into this library they would have read a few books and led a better life. Now they are in jail, and if they keep on they will go to Congress. When a person starts downhill you can never tell where he's going to stop. I am sorry for those burglars. They got nothing that they wanted and scared away most of my servants. Now we are putting in a burglar-alarm instead of a dog. Some advised the dog, but it costs even more to entertain a dog than a burglar. I am having the ground electrified, so that for a mile around any one who puts his foot across the line sets off an alarm that will be heard in Europe. Now I will introduce the real president to you, a man whom you know already—Dr. Smith [MTB 1472-3]. *Note:* Fatout adds that Dr. Ernest H. Smith was first vice-president of the library, and William E. Grumman was the librarian [630]. Dan Beard was the second vice-president; Isabel Lyon third vice-president; Mrs. Zalmon Read, Secretary & Treasurer, Mrs. William E. Grumman Librarian [Mark Twain Library Association minutes, copied by Tenney Nov. 15, 1981].

Cooley also writes of Sam's dedication at the new library in Redding, adding some details not given by the other two scholars:

Clemens gave a large collection of his surplus books to the town of Redding to be used as a nucleus for a public library. An unused chapel, which could be seen from his house, was obtained for the library. Clemens was elected president of the Mark Twain Library of Redding and delivered a brief address at the opening ceremony. Dorothy Quick and Louise Paine were visiting Clemens at the time; they dressed up in Japanese kimonos and carried paper parasols at the dedication [221n2].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "The King opened the little library today at 4 o'clock" [MTP: IVL TS 71].

The History of Redding website offers this:

"Umpawaug Chapel. On October, 28, 1908, Twain dedicated a nearby chapel as the temporary location for the Mark Twain Library. He donated thousands of books from his personal collection. The library was actively used, and a librarian was on hand Wednesday and Saturday afternoons" [*Note:* misdated; should be Oct. 14, 1908 <http://www.historyofredding.com/HRTwainstormfield.htm>].

To make the date of the dedication even more confusing, these minutes of the Mark Twain Library Association show **Sept. 14** as the date, which is likely in error:

On Sept 14 – The Library was opened and presented to the town, a large number of people attending, also many from out of town. Dr. Ernest H. Smith, presiding, delivered the opening address—introducing Mr. S.L. Clemens—who delivered the presentation speech, therefore personally presenting the Library to the people of the town of Redding [Mark Twain Library Assoc. minutes, copied by Tenney Nov. 15, 1981].

Sam also inscribed a photograph to **Laura Hawkins Frazer:** "*To Laura Frazer, with the love of her earliest sweetheart / Oct. 14/08 Mark Twain*" [MTP]. *Note:* This was the day that Laura Frazer and her granddaughter **Clara Frazer** ended their visit with Sam. The photograph was "found" on Laura's dresser in the morning [*Hannibal Evening Courier-Post*, Mar. 6, 1935 p.3C]. Laura was the inspiration for the character Becky Thatcher in *TS*. On or just after this date Sam mailed the photo to Clara Frazer in Withers Mills Mo., and wrote on the envelope: "I don't suppose there's any such place but never mind, let the government hunt around & find out" [MTP #11250].

Ambrose W. Barratt wrote from Scranton, Penn. to offer Sam his price to come and speak [MTP].

Nicholas Muray Butler wrote to thank Sam for his "prompt and generous response, under date of the 12th, to my suggestion about Oxford. We are all poor men, and if we can raise a hundred pounds between us we will be doing well." Butler hoped Clemens was "nicely settled" in his new house [MTP].

L.N. Jenkins for Kolynos Co., New Haven, Conn wrote to Sam to pump their latest product, a mouth cream. Jenkins' father, Dr. N.S. Jenkins of Dresden invented "Porcelain Enamel for restoring defective teeth [MTP].

Alfred E. Lunt for National Republican Colleges wrote to ask Sam if they might publish his photo with one of their articles in the *National College Republican*, a paper with 50,000 circulation [MTP].

William B. Reeve wrote from Brooklyn, NY to ask Sam for an autographed photo. Reeve had watched as a boy when the *Quaker City* left the dock in NY, "longing to be one of them" [MTP].

October 15 Thursday – **Sam's original guestbook** contains the following names for this date, which do not appear in the new guestbook, transcribed after Dec. 28: **Kate V. Saint Maur**, The Maples, Redding; **Vida C - - ly Sidney**, Siasconset Mass.; **Fanny Sanford Shaw**, Redbank, N.J. [Mac Donnell TS 5, 7]. *Note*: p. 6 is left blank.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Mrs. Crane went away today—but not before I had discovered another of AB's indiscretions. He has had letters written from Mrs. Clemens to Mrs. Crane in his possession for over a year. The King's anger burned furiously, so he bade me go to the telephone and demand those letters. I did so—with Benar standing beside me so to courage me up, and Paine said "certainly" and they came up with Sanford the Grocer [MTP: IVL TS 71].

Hill writes: "Paine appeared to be vanquished and Miss Lyon the victor in their power struggle, with Ashcroft on her side. But Clara Clemens had not yet chosen to exert her authority over her father" [208-9].

W.H. Holmes, Jr. wrote for Public Schools, Westerly, R.I. to inquire if Sam was "open to engagements for lectures" [MTP].

Ezekiel Leavitt wrote from New Haven, Conn. to ask Sam's permission to translate his autobiography into Yiddish; he was sending under separate cover his book, *Songs of Grief and Gladness*, as well as a booklet, "Education and Psychology" and would be "very happy to have your opinion about them" [MTP]. *Note*: Leavitt's book is not in Gribben.

The **Taunton, Mass. Post Office** sent a postcard notifying Sam that his letter to **Mrs. Georgia C. Taylor** remained undeliverable [MTP].

John C. Brownbridge wrote from Durham, England to ask Sam for "some small material help" being unable to work at hard manual labor and being "stone deaf" [MTP]. *Note*: MLH: "Mr. Clemens regrets"

October 16 Friday – The *New York Times*, p. 9, "Says Arnold Daly Will Try Vaudeville," reported that **Percy Williams**, vaudeville manager and proprietor of the Orpheum circuit announced that **Arnold Daly** and company would produce a new one-act farce by Mark Twain entitled "Becoming An Editor," which would open at the Colonial Theatre in Brooklyn on Oct. 26.

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Margaret Blackmer, M.A.	Miss Tewksbury's school	" [October] 16-19	→ Margaret-of-the-shell

Isabel Lyon's journal: Early I went to N.Y. this morning on the 7:30 train, but when we reached Stamford the power on the electric division gave out, and we were hours prowling along the road to N.Y. I had time for only an errand or two, and then to go down to the Caronia, where we were to lunch with Captain Dow, Benare was there, and Will Wark, and Ethel Newcomb and C.C. and Mr. McCubbin, the purser. It was very gay, and very good. The Benare and I met Margaret at the station, and we came home to find the King watching for the coming of Margaret. He stood out in a loggia archway in the late twilight; his figure as straight and lithe as that of a youth [MTP: IVL TS 71-72].

Charles L. Andrews wrote from Bendigo, Victoria Australia to advise Sam that by lecturing on Mark Twain's works he was raising "hundreds of pounds for Hospitals & other charities," and listing various works he used. He wanted to be included in a list of invitations to Sam's funeral [MTP].

New York Times sent an engraved invitation to meet **Lord Northcliffe** and **Guglielmo Marconi** (1874-1934) at a dinner on Oct. 16 at 7:30 p.m. Tower Hall, Times Building [MTP].

October 17 Saturday – Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Geo. Neilgruen	)		To discuss my
Gustave Kobbé	) From Harper & Bros, N.Y.	October 17	new copyright law
Mr. Phayre	)		

Note: **Gustav Kobbé** (1856-1918) was an author in his own right, with at least two books on opera. At the time of his accidental death from a hydroplane, Kobbé was the music and art critic of the NY *Herald*. **John F. Phayne** of Harpers.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Headache. Mr. Milzener—Gustave Kobbé" [MTP: IVL TS 72].

Emilie R. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers) wrote from Fairhaven, Mass. to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens / We just got home last evening and now Mr Rogers says we must go to town again tomorrow night. Can you not come to us the last of the week? We shall surely be back here by Friday—We want very much to see you and we must find our way to Redding sooner or later—Send me a little telegram to 3 East 78th st and let me know—Your letter reassures my mind as to your habits—I am so glad. With kind regards to Miss Lyon / Very Sincerely ...[MTHHR 655-6].

John B. Stanchfield wrote to advise Sam not to invest in the **Fleischman Baths**; he returned a check for \$10,000, the amount Sam thought he would invest [MTP].

M. Ellen Zerfass wrote from Mt. Vernon, NY to invite Sam to lecture or talk to the **Westchester Women's Club** [MTP]. *Note:* MLH: "ans Oct 20."

October 18 Sunday – Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Miss Ethel Newcomb	Interior N.Y. (& Vienna)	October 18-21	

Isabel Lyon's journal: In the late twilight Benar and I wandered down to the pergola. The soft light and the dim trees put a spell over the place, like that of Debussy music. It was all soft grey harmony. The only pin was the sound of Benar's voice, in the still green greyness, and now I know why the earth was so lonely when he was in Canada and it seemed as if he would never come back. He is strong and by his calm judgment he

carries me through difficulties, he gives me support and a knowledge of the values of things [MTP: IVL TS 72].

Leigh Hunt sent a telegram from NYC to Sam.

My dear Doctor I much prefer to have you speak at random it was stupid of me to think of confining your to any particular line of thought however I'm sure you will accept my apology I'm looking forward to seeing you again with more pleasure than I can tell you I wish you could have heard Lord Northcliffe express his satisfaction you were going to speak for us [MTP].

October 19 Monday – Isabel Lyon's journal: "This servant question is an anxiety. The running of the house is a big business. It almost commercializes one—first now the little house maid who has come and leans over me to say that she cannot stay unless she is able to go home nights to sleep with her mother. The quaint wee soul! I'm letting her go home to her mother's bed tonight; but also she goes to talk to her mother and to try to make herself and her mother believe that she will get over her homesickness. Poor wee soul! I remember my own misery—the same agony can creep over me, even now. The King and Benare and Margaret Blackmer left today. The King to drive Mr. Leigh Hunt to meet Lord Northcliffe—and then to go down to Deal [NJ] with Colonel Harvey. There are left here, C.C. Will, and Ethel Newcombe—but the loneliness for me is heavy [MTP: IVL TS 72-73].

Jean Clemens wrote from Berlin to **Isabel Lyon**

Dear Lioness; / This is just a note to detail a few facts.

Living in Berlin is not inexpensive by any means. In fact, I am quite distressed to find that my board and lodging is going to amount to \$50 a week. My room costs 10 M. a day Bébé's 8 M. & Anna's 5.50 M. That includes food, of course, & may include my milk—in the a.m. & evening but it includes neither baths, heating, lights, nor tea. When I went to see Mr. Thalkara, for my necessary certificate of American citizenship, I told him of a few of the difficulties I had to contend with here and he told me about an American pension [rooming house] where the rates were 10 M. but I haven't been to see it, because it would be sure to mean extra dressing & there are some people here that are nice & interesting. Also, things, except the cold in the dining-room & parlor, are going better. I did go & look at a pension which the doctor advised my seeing & I found the prices ranging from 15 M. to 50 M. and the rooms were small & furnished after the regulation hotel style. This place is homelike.... My room is the largest of our three.... I could probably put Anna into a court room & pay 4 M. 50 instead of 5 M. 50 but I should hate to. Her life is none too joyful, nor her food too plentiful & if she had a court room she would have bad air & nothing to look at outside.

Professor von Reuvers wants me to eat a cereal, if not every day, at least frequently, for breakfast. He mentioned hominy & I promised to try it. So far the ladies haven't been able to find any. I wonder if it would be possible for you to ship me some wheaten or something similar—it sounds preposterous but I very much doubt the ability of Berlin to furnish anything besides oatmeal & possibly hominy—ugh!

One of the ladies here, Mrs. Jenkins, lived for some time in Gen. Sickle's house. After a painful time at lunch, the other day, when I had to admit that Mark Twain was a humorist & act astonished at the fact that I reminded Fr. Stubenrauch of his exquisite daughter (Clara), whom she had seen at Fr. Dr. Hempel's, I let out the fact of my identity to Mrs. J. because I was afraid that after she had heard my name a few times she would recognize it and tell. It was well I did. Her most intimate friend's house was occupied by Father in Tuxedo [Voss house]. She has kept my secret even from her cousin since the latter said to me, last night, "You dance much more slowly than we do, don't you?" I was taken completely by surprise & asked her what she meant. She repeated what she had said, adding, "in England", whereupon I told her I wasn't English & gave *her* cause for surprise.

The first time I saw Prof v. R. he said he tho't he could help me & the next day, after mentioning Alice S. said he tho't he could cure me, too. His medicine is absolutely harmless, he says, & his rules as to food are almost the same as Dr. P.'s. I have permission to go to the theatre once a week & to continue once weekly Faust lectures I started. Then, he said that after two weeks he would be able to tell whether I could undertake any actual studying.

I am rather afraid that Bont is not going to dress quite as neatly as I wish she would. She's a little inclined to be messy, very likely partly due to her lack of strength. I shall have to wait for awhile but I am terribly

afraid I shall have to speak about it & her jiggling her feet constantly, before people. I know it will make her rabid, poor child, but if she's to go & call with me I shall probably be obliged to do the unpleasant deed.

Please thank Mr. Ashcroft for his note. I had already signed the book on the steamer. / With much love... [MTP]. *Note.* The transcription reads "Prof v. B" which should read "Prof. v. R." or **Dr. Hofrath von Ruevers; "Bont"** may be a nickname for one of her nurses, **Anna Sterritt** or **Marguerite Schmidt**. Mrs. Jenkins may be **Margaret Jenkins**; see other entries for her.

Charles L. Andrews wrote from Melbourne, Australia. "When writing you from Bendigo a few days ago I omitted to enclose a report of the lecture." He enclosed a complimentary newspaper clipping from the *Geelong Advertiser* dated Aug. 8 and also a handbill for the Oct. 9 performance in Bendigo [MTP].

Eliza L. Dodge wrote from San Francisco before this date. "Will you accept a reminder of the days when we were young, and dear old [*illegible word*] seemed the fairest spot on earth. / Respectfully..." [MTP]. *Note.* "Ans Oct 19 MLH"; Based on letter deliv. from SF this would have been at least 4 or 5 days prior, say **Oct. 14-15**

Elias Lieberman wrote from NYC, noting Sam's interest in the Lower East Side, the Educational Theatre, etc. Lieberman was a teacher in Public School #62 on the East Side and under his supervision a journal/newspaper came out twice each term. Would Sam be as "equally obliging" as Dr. Henry Van Dyke had been and write something for their paper? [MTP].

Zoheth S. Freeman for Merchants National Bank wrote to Lyon (though catalogued to Clemens) [MTP].

October 20 Tuesday – Sam was at Col. Harvey's "country house" in Deal Beach, N.J. [IVL Oct. 19].

Isabel Lyon's journal: A good part of the burglar alarm system was installed yesterday. The gong is just outside my door, the indicator is just in my bath room, and last night I slept as I have not slept for nearly 5 weeks, for there has been no night since Sept. 18th without a terrified mental shriek in it. It is not fear, it is a pathological condition.

Such deeps of loneliness with the King away!

There is such a confusion over the servants and the confusion lies not in the servant department, but in a part of the house that gives itself credit for a high line of conduct. I was to go with the King to Irvington yesterday—but I dared not leave this house to a *certain* derangement and a possible clearing-out of the present working force. The servants do not want more than one head—hence the wearying, wearying confusion [MTP: IVL TS 73-74].

Jean Clemens wrote from Berlin to **Isabel Lyon**

Dear Lioness; / In haste & speed, I write to tell you, that as my average expenses will be nearly two hundred marks a week & I have only four hundred still on the letter of credit, I hope you will make some further arrangement at once. By the time you succeed in sending me some money by mail I shall be nearly minus. Of course, it may not amount to absolutely that each week, but it won't be far from it. I have arranged today to make my own tea, so the MO. 75 a day will be saved & even cover the purchase of the lamp & two cups.

I am being careful but it is not possible to get low rates & at all decent food. ... Love to Father & the Spider [Clara] [MTP].

Gratia H. Bain wrote from Rutherford, NJ to ask Sam for "a few lines" [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Thanks for letter, & wishes he were able to grant request, but such demands come with every mail"

Edmund W. Ballentine wrote from Chicago, Ill. to remind Sam of a conversation in his Hartford home "some years ago" when Sam said if he ever spoke in Chicago he would hire Ballentine to manage the event, and Clemens had further said no greater pleasure would be his than to appear with **James**

Whitcomb Riley. Ballentine recently visited Riley who agreed to come out of retirement from the platform if Twain would come to Chicago and appear with him [MTP].

October 21 Wednesday – Sam went to New York City and attended a banquet for **Lord Northcliffe** at the **Union Club**, given by **Leigh Hunt**. He wrote of the evening in his Oct. 23. That excerpt:

I stopped over in New York, night before last, [for a banquet] to Lord Northcliffe, given at the Union club by Leigh Hunt. I didn't go until 10 P.M. & so it didn't tire me.

There were only a hundred guests, & as I knew all of them, it was very pleasant. Old Chauncey Depew was there, & D. O. Mills & Pierrepont [*sic*] Morgan; & Laffan;—and, well, everybody including Mr. Rogers. I did not expect to go to a banquet for a year to come, but this was an exception, for Leigh Hunt is a special friend of mine [MTP] *Note:* See Oct. 23 for the rest of the letter. **Lord Northcliffe** (**Alfred Harmsworth** - 1865-1922) headed up the Harmsworth firm in London, which owned *The Daily Mail*, *Evening News*, *Globe*, *Observer*, and 35 other British publications [NY *Times*, Oct. 23 p. 4, "Pilgrims to Dine Lord Northcliffe"]. **Leigh S.J. Hunt** (1854-1933), educator and publisher who became a multi-millionaire by 1901 through tax-free gold mining concessions in Korea.

Since he did not go to the banquet until 10 p.m., it's likely he stayed the night at the **Wolcott Hotel** before going on to Deal, N.J. the next day. It is the hotel he mentioned for his return trip to NYC on Oct. 24 to daughter Clara.

Miss **Ethel Newcomb**, pianist and past student of Theodor Leschetizksy ended her visit to Stormfield on this day [New guestbook].

Isabel Lyon's journal: I went away this morning on the earliest train, to get away from the gloom that misunderstandings frequently put into my heart. As far as S. Norwalk I talked with Mr. Oddy, the man who struck burglar Williams over the head with a billy, and so saved the lives of 2 or 3 on the train that morning. Benares met me at the station—even at the train, and before I had time to banish my glooms, they were written all over my face—but he scattered them. And all day he wouldn't leave me; he even came down with me and we drove home in the twilight, along these darling roads and through the woods, made so stately by their naked trees. We had a most lovely evening. We got an electrical vibrating machine for the King, in N.Y., and tested it on me and on him—Benar—and he read aloud to me. Benar is a very wonderful man [MTP: IVL TS 74]. *Note:* Skandera-Trombley made a reference to the vibrating machine as a "sex toy" and "gift" from Lyon, to which Robert Hirst replied forcefully in a post for the online *Mark Twain Forum*, May 2010: "That Clemens would have recognized the vibrator as a potential sex toy is entirely Laura Skandera-Trombley's idea; and since Skandera-Trombley specifies that it was a sex toy "for women," its meaning as a putative present to Clemens would be deeply puzzling." For more, see the MTP's rebuttal which claims the device was "osteopathic and not masurbatory," see Benjamin Griffin's excellent article in the UC Press blog: "Mark Twain: His Own Devices." <http://www.ucpress.edu/blog/9857/mark-twain-his-own-devices/>

H. Walter Barnett wrote to Lyon (though catalogued to Clemens) [MTP].

F.S. Griffen wrote from Brookfield Center, Conn. sending a block for a quilt she wished Clemens to sign. The quilt was to be for St. Paul's church [MTP].

Henry Hersch Hart wrote from San Francisco doubting that the autograph he recently rec'd was indeed that of Samuel Clemens; could he get one in "Clemens' own name"? [MTP]. *Note:* "ans. Nov. 3 MLH"

Ezekiel Leavitt for *The Time*, a New Haven Jewish weekly wrote again to Sam about translating his Autobiography into Yiddish and Russian; as directed he would contact Harpers. He then asked for "two favors": Sam's "testimony" on Leavitt's book *Songs of Grief and Gladness* which he'd sent, and a date

when he might call at Redding to talk over the translation “and many other things” [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Oct 23 / 08 MLH”

October 22 Thursday – Sam went to **Deal, N.J.** to “talk business” with **George B. Harvey**, and planned to stay “2 or 3 days,” but left at noon, Friday, **Oct. 23** [Oct. 23 to Jean] .

In **Deal, N.J.**, probably on this evening, Sam wrote to daughter **Clara**.

Deal, N.J.
Saturday eve.

Clara dear, I saw Mr. Sawyer & Mr. Benedict & arranged that matter. Here at this country house, exposed to all the winds of winter, they warm all the bedrooms with oil stoves, & are well satisfied with them. They say we need have no fears.

I expect to return to the Wolcott next Tuesday forenoon—don’t you dare to leave before I see you, dear heart. / With lots & lots of love— Father [MTP]. *Note:* It’s not clear why Sam headed this Saturday eve., which was Oct. 24, since he left Deal on at noon Friday, Oct. 23 [Oct 29 to Blackmer]. Mr. Benedict was likely **Elias Cornelius Benedict**.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “We took Benar to the Station—mother and I—and then we drove for a long way, 20 miles in all. Over Pickett’s Ridge, and through a most beautiful country” [MTP: IVL TS 74].

M.E. Zerfass wrote on Westchester Women’s Club, Mt. Vernon, NY notepaper to again urge Sam, though Lyon had replied he was retired, to speak to their group [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Oct 23 / 08 MLH”

October 23 Friday – In **Deal, N.J.** Sam wrote to daughter **Jean**, giving some account of his activities for the last few days.

Dear Jean: / I came down here yesterday to stay 2 or 3 days, & talk business with Col. Harvey. It has suddenly turned cold. Yesterday it was fine weather, today is like November.

I stopped over in New York, night before [...see this excerpt in Oct. 21 entry]

Our neighbor—our charming & lovable neighbor at Redding Jeannette Gilder—has been surprising & grieving us by falling ill—fatally ill we feared—but she is happily over it now, as I see by this morning’s paper, & I am glad.

Clara is leaving soon on her tour—I guess she is well prepared for it, & I think she is expected to have a very satisfactory time—a kind of pleasure excursion in fact. I hope it will turn out so.

There is a most kind word from Excellenz Frau von Versen. She is most kindly disposed toward *you*, and I feel very grateful to her.

I love you dearly & hope you are happy & prosperous. / With lots of love & kisses, / Father [MTP].

Sam left at noon. This was **Dorothy Harvey’s** 14th birthday [Oct 24 to Blackmer]. Lyon details his arrival (below).

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Tonight the King came back, very tired he was, and he literally tumbled out of the carriage, as is his wont. He was so glad to get home. Benar took him to his room and got him out of his clean white clothes and he went down to the library and stepped lovingly from point to point in it, reveling in the copper beauty of the big room, and dwelling with satisfaction on the big bunch of rich red sumach heads that I’d put in a copper bowl [MTP: IVL TS 74-75].

M.G. Rider wrote from Norwalk, Conn. to sell or give Sam some antiques [MTP]. *Note:* “to say if he were collecting” and “Ans. Oct 23 / 08 MLH”

October 24 Saturday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **Emilie R. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers)**.

Thank you very much, & I hope to take advantage of the invitation.

I want Mr. Rogers to buy & try the Arnold electric vibrating machine—for sale cor. 38th & 5th ave.,—& you must try it too. It seems to do all that the human massager does with his hands—& more, & better, & pleasanter, and simpler, & more effectively. It stops headaches for Miss Lyon & cures & limbers lame & stiff backs for me. It claims to ease all sorts of pain, & I judge it can do it, for it stirs up the circulation quite competently—& that is really *the* essential function of osteopathy & kindred treatments.

It costs but little, & I am convinced you will like it, & prosper by it. / Yours as always ... [MTHHR 655].

Insert: 1913 Ad on the Arnold Vibrator.

Sam also began a letter to **Frances Nunnally** that he added to on **Oct. 26, 27, 28, 29, and 31**. Here is the Oct. 24 segment:

Yes, keep the Easter holiday in mind, you dear Francesca, & don't let any of those mates of yours persuade you to go home with them. No, come here! And persuade your mother to come with you; she will be needing a change from the Georgian gentle climate by that time.

Come, dear, let's make a bargain—like this: if your mother can't come with you, I will send Miss Lyon for you; then, later, I will go down & see you graduate. That will be one journey for me, & I am just old enough & rickety enough to dread two journeys. I do dearly want to be there when you graduate; & I am not going to miss it for any light matter.

==

The first shadow has fallen upon the Aquarium—Margaret Illington is very sick. I am speaking for all the members, & sending her their sympathy & good wishes.

==

Some of those photographs came out so-so. Two of you are better than any of the others, but not so good as they ought to be. I will enclose copies. The best one is to be enlarged for my room. That is the one I want the ribbon-bows for—please don't fail to send them when you are done with them, dear [MTP]. *Note:* **Margaret Illington Frohman.**

Sam also began a letter to **Margaret Blackmer** that he finished on **Oct. 29**.

[one page missing]

Dear heart, you wouldn't let me go to the gorge that Monday morning & recover the lost section of the cup, & now—oh dear, the place is all covered deep with fallen leaves. As soon as we got back from New York we went to the gorge, & Ashcroft & Miss Lyon shoveled the leaves away & hunted a long time, but there was no result, & I was so sorry. I ought to have made you stay back, that day, while I went down & got it; but you were a disobedient angel-fish, & you wouldn't stay back. You'll have to be tried for this.

[one page missing]

Send me a kiss. No, bring it. / Lovingly, /S L. C., Curator [MTP; MTAq 221-22].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "The King is in bed doing a copyright problem" [MTP: IVL TS 75].

Will F. Bromley wrote a short note from Clark Falls, Conn. to Sam, enclosing a clipping from the *Saturday Evening Post* of Feb. 15, 1908, which he thought "may bring a moment of amusement..." [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Oct 27 / 08 MLH; Mr Clemens has seen the clipping but thanks you for sending it"



James H. Roberts wrote from Hartford to Sam. Roberts was administrator of his uncle's estate (**James D. Willard**) and had "for sale several hundred copies" of Twain's portrait. "Could you make use of them?" [MTP]. *Note*: "Ans. Nov 3. 08." [MLH]

W.B. Miller wrote for the International Committee of **YMCA**, enclosing printed material (not in file) and a request for donation [MTP]. *Note*: "Ans. Oct 27 / 08 MLH"

October 25 Sunday – Isabel Lyon's journal: We all had tea with Mother this afternoon, and after we got back the King read the copyright problem he has been working on. He was lying in wait for Benar and me, and Benar flew upstairs with his white legs, not waiting for me to say that the King was waiting in the library. These impulsive creatures are so *much* the best in the world, and the best example of it is the King, the beautiful King [MTP: IVL TS 72].

C.P. Jones, M.D. wrote from Vineland, NJ, having just read *FE* about the endurance of pain by aborigines. Jones had recently sent his book, *Quick My Rifle*, which he thought his secretary had not allowed Clemens to read. The book contained a chapter, "The Torture Chamber" describing "elegantly the practices of the Tibetan Lamas." He suggested that when Lyon was out for a walk that Clemens "sneak" the book out and read it [MTP]. *Note*: "Ans. Oct 28 / 08 MLH"; Gribben 358 lists the book with Jones and **A.L. Sykes** as co-authors (1907).

Hazel Stourton for the Working Girls' Assoc. wrote from Evansville, Ind. to ask Sam to donate his handkerchief to their Assoc [MTP]. *Note*: Ans. Oct 27 / 08 MLH; and, "In the country where it is not easy to buy handkerchiefs, but is glad to send an autograph."

George L. Smith of YMCA Canal Zone, wrote sending his autograph in a rather spoof of a letter and not directly asking for Clemens' autograph [MTP]. *Note*: "Autgr sent Nov. 6. MLH".

October 26 Monday – In Redding, Conn. Sam added a line to his **Oct. 24, 26 to Frances Nunnally**: "*Monday, 26th*. Now if you are—however, I am interrupted" [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **William Dean Howells**.

Oh, I say! Where are you hiding, & why are you hiding? You promised to come here & you didn't keep your word. (This sounds like astonishment—but don't be misled by that.)

Come, fire up again on your fiction-mill & give us another promise. And this time *keep* it—for it is *your* turn to be astonished. *Come*; & stay as long as you possibly can. I invented a new copyright-extension scheme last Friday & sat up all night arranging its details. It will interest you. Yesterday I got it down on paper in as compact a form as I could. Harvey & I have examined the scheme, & to-morrow or next day he will send me a couple of copyright-experts to arrange about getting certain statistics for me.

Authors, publishers & the public have always been damaged by the copyright laws. The proposed amendment will advantage all three—the public most of all. I think Congress will pass it & settle the vexed problem permanently.

I shall need your assent, & the assent of about a dozen other authors. Also the assent of all the large firms among the 300 publishers. These authors & publishers will furnish said assent I am sure. Not even the pirates will be able to furnish a serious objection, I think.

Come along. This place seemed at its best when all around was summer-green; later it seemed at its best when all around was burning with the autumn splendor; & now, once more it seems at its best, with the trees masked & the ground a painter's palette. / Yours ever [MTP; *MTHL* 2: 835-6]. *Note*: latter source notes claim that Sam's copyright scheme has not survived, but gives *MTB* p.1641 and speculates as to the main considerations, that is, the author after 42 years would be able to extend copyright 30 more, when certain conditions were met.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Englishman. / The soul is so dead within me. It must be a pathological condition; for when I saw Dr. Quintard in the train on Wednesday he said I was badly in need of rest and change. I cannot have either, and so I must try to develop the soul within me. It *is* so dead.

Later. But it isn't dead. It's just over its ears in mud—the mud of criticism—no, misunderstandings fired by C.C. and I'm a coward to not know that mud can clarify things in time, and can build a foundation from which I'll be the better able to see the King.

Benares went hurtling away today, glad to get clear of the mud; but breathing at me his sweet philosophy that we must pay for what we have. And to hold so great a treasure as the King means that the price one must pay can never be too high a one. It will be a high one. But to know that you know the King is to send big roots down to support your tree [MTP: IVL TS 75-76].

Charles Emerson Cooke for The Friars, NYC wrote to invite Sam to a dinner recognizing the actor, **John Drew**, Oct. 31 at 10:30 p.m. [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Oct 29 MLH”

Republic Magazine, St. Louis, sent a telegram:

Professor Guthrie of University of the South in lecture here says that Mark Twain's humor “is mostly rot” though he concedes “he has genius”. “Just compare him with Alphonse Daudet who was required by the People of France to be extremely refined in his offerings and there you have the difference”. He says will you reply to him through columns of the Republic wiring direct at our expense [MTP].

October 27 Tuesday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam added one word to his **Oct. 24** to **Frances Nunnally**, “Interrupted.” [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Sturgis**.

Dear Annieanlouise, when you wrote last you had been indulging in a good many gay activities, & manifestly enjoying them. Go on with it—it is wholesome. I have lately been gay myself—partly upon compulsion. Business. Flying around. I did not get entirely over the fatigue of it until last night. I was in New York, Boston, Deal Beach, & Irvington—and kept late hours part of the time. I mean to stay at home, now, all the winter, & be quiet.

We've got the burglar alarm in, & nobody in the house is nervous now, or loses any sleep. And the arches of the loggia are snugly filled with glass, & we occupy that place a good part of the day, because it is so cosy & so deluged with light. It is equipped for steam heat—a fact which we discovered by accident. The pipes come up under the floor.

The heart-game begun early in September still goes on, & the record is kept. Benares' score is 1385 hearts, mine is 1418, & Miss Lyon's closing up on 1600. So the game stood today when Benares left in the last train for New York. He is well, & is getting very fat.

It is a good book you sent me, but your annotations are better still. Thank you very much.

Margaret (of the shell) was here several days. Benares and Miss Lyon brought her up from her school, & Benares & I took her back to it, & had a very enjoyable time there.

Paine was here yesterday for billiards, & Sinbad assisted the game for half an hour & was killingly entertaining. /With a great deal of love / The Major

Ten minutes later. I went to the billiards room a moment ago to get a picture of Tammany which you have not seen, & there I found some friends of yours—the kittens. The two Omars are slumbering on the sofa, & Sinbad is asleep in his pocket in the billiard table—the same one you saw him in. We put him there just when Benares was leaving.

Tammany's part of the photograph is good, but the rest of it is bad; & not only bad but unflattering, which is a crime.

You are very busy these days, I know; but please don't be too busy to write me. / Lovingly / The Major [MTP]. *Note:* Clemens named two of his cats “Omar.”

Sam's original guestbook contains the following for Oct. 27: **Annie Reid Banks**, Bridgeport, Conn.; **Alice A. Driggs**, Brooklyn, N.Y. [Mac Donnell TS 7]. *Note:* Driggs has no date next to her name but is shown directly under Banks, and before a Nov. 19 listing. The Driggses from Redding were earlier visitors and likely related.

Isabel Lyon's journal: The King is gay and strong these days. He talked with Ethel Newcomb last night at dinner and reminisced over the life in Vienna. But today Mr. Phayre and Mr. Nast came up from Harpers to hear the King's copyright project. Mr. Nast sat there like a brutal rival fighting clenching beast waiting for his "kill" in the death of the copyright on the "Innocents Abroad." I think Colonel Harvey or any gentleman could have kicked him for talking the pirate publisher's view. The King never lost his control—though his eyes blazed and his color rose high, as he answered that brute, slapping his challenge back at him. Mr. Phayre crossed and uncrossed his legs nervously [MTP: IVL TS 76]. *Note:* **John F. Phayre** (1843-1919) of Harpers, worked there for 40 years and was Joseph Wesley Harper's (1830-1896) assistant.

Jean Clemens began a letter from Berlin to **Isabel Lyon** that she finished on Oct. 28. After detailing more about her allowance and expenses, she responded to servants leaving Stormfield:

I am very much surprised at Katherine's & little Katie Murray's leaving—the latter more than the former's because without doubt she missed the city festivities. But did they actually *leave* inside of a week? It seems as though that were really too unjust to be permissible. I don't in the least envy you your undertaking of finding and breaking in new servants.

I had forgotten that Father had been in a collision a year ago, & even now, after having been reminded of it, I cannot remember anything very distinct about it.

Bébé [**Marguerite Schmidt**] has begun lessons at the Berlitz School. She went for the first time yesterday & enjoyed it very much & also considered it very good! I was afraid that she might find the lesson, especially, dull but she pays less than *one* Mark per lesson—just think of it! [MTP].

Arthur McDonald scrawled a letter in Washington, D.C., enclosing "the general purpose of a humanitarian and scientific work" and asking for any contribution. No enclosures in file [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Oct 29 MLH"

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam that after going through their stock of fire damaged books there were "a good many damaged very, very little indeed." He estimated a thousand in a range of titles. They wished him to accept them as a donation to the Mark Twain Library in Redding. Where to ship them? [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "The telegraph is too slow to send him out appreciation & thanks. It's the best Goddam [*illegible word*] get. We're going to add them a few at a time with the compliments of Harper & Bros."

K. von Louis wrote a long letter all in German to Sam. "Ach! Mark Twain, Der Humorist!" [MTP].

October 28 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam added to his **Oct. 24, 26, 27** to **Frances Nunnally**. "28th. It was a very very pleasant interruption—It was the mail, & brought the pink ribbons. Thank you, dear, ever so much. They will make a charming decoration for the enlarged picture" [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **William Wymark Jacobs**. Paine introduces this letter:

Clemens was a great admirer of the sea stories of W.W. Jacobs and generally kept one or more of this author's volumes in reach of the bed, where most of his reading was done. The acknowledgment which follows was sent when he had finished *Salthaven*.

Dear Mr. Jacobs—It has a delightful look. I will not venture to say how delightful, because the words would sound extravagant, & would thereby lose some of their strength & to that degree misrepresent me. It is my conviction that Dialstone Lane holds that supremacy over all purely humorous books in our language, but I feel about Salthaven as the Cape Cod poet feels about Simon Hanks:

"The Lord knows all things, great & small,
 With doubt he's not perplexed:
 'Tis Him *alone* that knows it *all*—
 But Simon Hanks comes next."

The poet was moved by envy & malice & jealousy, but I am not: I place Salthaven close up next to Dialstone because I think it has a fair & honest right to that high position. I have kept the other book moving; I shall begin to hand this one around now.

And many thanks to you for remembering me.

This house is out in the solitudes of the woods & the hills, an hour & a half from New York, & I mean to stay in it winter & summer the rest of my days. I beg you to come & help occupy it a few days the next time you visit the U.S. / Sincerely yours, ... [MTP: Paine's 1917 *Mark Twain's Letters* p.823]. *Note:* see also Gribben 348 on Jacobs.

E.C. Bross for the New Amstel Press wrote to advise that he was sending an issue of the *New Amstel Magazine* which contained special appreciation of **Charles Dudley Warner** [MTP]. *Note:* "Oct 29.08" and "Thanks for sending cute mag, which he is glad to see"

Samuel Duncan Patterson for the Westchester Women's Club, Mt. Vernon, NY wrote to Sam, adding to the previous pestering requests for him to speak there [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Oct 29 MLH; and "Decline form"

Jean Clemens finished a letter from Berlin to **Isabel Lyon** that she began on Oct. 27. After instructing on her correct address, she wrote:

I called on one of Mrs. Henderson's sisters a few days ago and was surprised to find that she lived at the same number a former school-mate of mine had lived. I think the house has been decidedly changed because my memory of my friend's home was that the house was an ordinary one, whereas this one is rather elaborate with a sort of court-garden. Frä. von Bunsen lives in what is called the "Gartenhaus." I didn't find her in nor have I heard anything from her yet but I hope I shall.

I haven't gotten permission to study yet but I am going to ask next Friday. It made me fairly boil to undertake *something*, when I escorted Bébé to the Berlitz School to get her ticket. I have no desire to go there—except that it always has a sort of fascination for me—but I do most desperately want to begin to study history with a really good teacher. Of course, since I so *much* want to do it, I fail to grasp why one lesson a week should be undesirable. It may not be considered so. Next Friday my two-week's probation ends & then I shall ask. I didn't mention the subject last time but the doctor said not to use the brain by reading or writing too steadily—that such work must be interrupted.

Prof. von R. did one thing last week which I can't remember Dr. Peterson's ever having done in exactly the same way. He held a magnifying glass against each one of my eyes in turn, with one hand, while with the other he held a small instrument with some metal on it to his eye, & made the light flash on my eye by means of the metal. When he was through I asked what the deed was done for—what he could tell by it and he told me that he was able to see the blood vessels of the eye & that the eye reflected the condition of the blood vessels on the brain; if they were close together the person was not in a good condition—the brain was excited, etc. He found mine in a normal condition. Dr. P. always (or almost always) pulled the lower lid of one eye down but that merely showed the condition of the blood in general. Once or twice, I believe he held something to his eye & looked at mine but without using any particular light & he never would explain anything that he did. When I inquired of Dr. von R. about bicycle-riding & he said no he explained why & knowing the reason I was perfectly willing to give up all tho't of it. Dr. P. used to irritate me by invariably stating that such & such a thing was better for me or not feasible but without ever giving a definite explanation. In that respect I like this doctor better. His personality is one of quiet & kindness. When he asked me about my breakfast last Friday & I spoke of coffee he said, "coffee & milk" & I gave him the proportion that I usually take in it, then he said: "Gut. Milch mit Kaffee aber *nicht* Kaffee mit Milch!" Give my love to the family & please send me word of poor old Prosper [dog] & the sores he got on the journey. / Ever so much love...[MTP].

October 29 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Sam added to his **Oct. 24, 26, 27, 28** to **Frances Nunnally**.

Thursday 29th. The glass is in the arches now. There is steam heat. So the loggia makes a cosy winter-parlor, with plenty of chance for sunshine. Miss Lyon is going to put a couple of powerful reflector-lamps in there for night-service—then, seen from all the distances, the glare will make the place look like a light-house. At night, with a light in every window & viewed from that white church over on the Ridge, the house already looks like a factory that's running over-time to fill rush-orders. Coude the painter lives over there, & he says it's the dreadfulest object under these skies on a gloomy night.

A new fact in natural history: some cats *do* like water. Ashcroft dipped Sinbad in the fountain, & he manifestly liked it. He made no objection, & presently came back for another dip—& got it, & looked pleased & grateful. / Lovingly ... [MTP]. *Note*: he would finish this marathon letter on Oct. 31.

Sam also finished his Oct. 24 to **Margaret Blackmer** in Hamilton, Bermuda:

Four or 5 days later—Oct 29.

The glass windows are in the arches now, & the loggia makes a most cosy & comfortable parlor. It was snug & pleasant in there this morning during a driving rain-storm, with the kittens romping around.

The kittens are fine—Ananda & Annanci. Do you remember Billiards? Billiards is the tame big brother. A remarkable cat, for he isn't prejudiced against water. The other day Ashcroft dipped him in the fountain to see how he would like it. He didn't object at all, & didn't try to scramble out. When we went off walking down towards the spring-house he followed; & when we came back Ashcroft sat him in the fountain & took his hand away & Billiards sat there quite contented. I suppose such a cat as this is worth three or four thousand dollars.

The Mark Twain Library is getting along very nicely. I am required to give a reading or a talk for the benefit of its treasury during the month of November. You are invited. I invite you. You'll be the only complimentary ticket. The performance will take place here in the house. Miss Lyon & Lounsbury & the other officers will select a date presently.

Ashcroft & I had a delightful time at your school, & we wish to thank the Misses Tewksbury cordially through you.

I went down to Deal Beach the next day, & was there until Friday noon with Dorothy Harvey, M. A. Friday was her 14th birthday.

[*Continued. Night.*] Come back, dear, it is too lonesome here without you. To-day there is no company. At least none except between-trains company. Miss Newcomb has been with us a week, but she went away this morning. We are telephoning Miss Margery Clinton, & we hope she will join us Miss Lyon & Ashcroft on board the 3.32 train tomorrow & come up. You see how lonely you make it by going away from here, you little rascal. / Very lovingly ... / [sketch of cat "Billiards" at bottom – see insert; MTP].



Brooks Riley wrote from Colerain Mass. to send thanks and a poem [MTP]. *Note*: "Ans. Nov 16 MLH"

William Robertson Coe wrote from NYC to Sam.

I have in mind your various references to the "open latch" [invites to visit]. / How would it suit you to provide luncheon for Mrs. Coe, Mr. Winslow, a friend of ours whom I believe you have met, and myself on Election Day? If it will be convenient to you we will motor up, so if you have anything to say about the roads write me by return mail [MTP].

Viola Rae Scott for *New Thoughts*, a monthly illustrated magazine in St. Petersburg, Russia, wrote to note that "the most popular books in Russia are the translations of your works," and asking for a short

article, but since there was no copyright there for foreign writers, it would have to be something simultaneously published elsewhere to avoid piracy [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Nov 13 MLH”

Women’s Education Assoc. sent a printed invitation to hear **Alice Minnie Herts** speak on the **Educational Theatre**, on Nov. 12 at 3:30 pm at Simmons College, Boston [MTP].

October 30 Friday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **Margery H. Clinton**.

Dear Miss Margery: / Good, you’re coming! Well, I am glad. Even *dern* glad, as Pontius Pilate used to say. I think it was Pontius; at any rate it was the one that wrote Paradise Lost & was eventually burned by the Church for falling down the mountain & breaking the tables of stone. I never cared for him, although an ancestor. He ought to have known he was in no condition to carry things down a mountain & everybody looking at him. / With love & thanks ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Harvey**.

Dear Dorothy, you have been 14 so long now, that it no longer seems strange & bizarre & impossible & unthinkable, but has settled down into a calm & logical & to-be-expected & unflammable fact. It is very odd, to watch 14 & see it perform; see it appear a vague speck on the horizon; see it get larger & a little larger & a little larger, & nearer & nearer, & then suddenly swell up & occupy all space for an instant & go crashing & thrashing & thundering by; & the very next moment there’s nothing in sight but some whirling leaves & dust—and lo & behold you are 14! In 5 minutes that dust settles down, & you realize that you don’t really feel any more different than you did before. You have been 14 exactly a week, now, Oct. 30, & already you are perfectly used to it. It is like being a mother a week: feels as if one had always been a mother. I remember it very well.

I am feeling better this morning, & the physicians & the nurses think there is hope. The most alarming difficulty was that I could get no sleep, during the whole of four consecutive nights and days. It was on account of my Cabinet. I felt that if I should be elected, I ought to be able to name my Cabinet at once, so that they could go to practising & be competent for work as soon as confirmed. I decided upon your father for Secretary of State; Mr Duneka for Public Printer & Major Leigh for Librarian of Congress: but in trying to select the right people for the right places, I lost my sleep & my mind, & those places are vacant yet.

This may all be premature, I know that. There is not the slightest likelihood that I shall be elected, yet experience has long ago taught me that it is always best to look sharply out for the unexpected & be prepared for it, because *that* is the thing that happens—not the other thing. It logically follows, then, that it is the *most* unexpected thing that happens. Very well, you will see that I will have this Cabinet all coopered and ready.

I had a most lovely time down then. I wish I could have these free- gratis-for-nothing-voyages-&-nothing-to-do-but-look-at-you every day. I should grow fat and satisfactory.

France has 207,000 sq. m.; Oregon, 194,000; Texas, 265,000, & each of them farming 2000 a year. The picayune was a silver coin worth 6 ¼ cents in America & 3 in England & its origin was Spanish. I know some other things besides these, but these are the bulk of my education.

Will you ask your father if he thinks Howells would do for War?

Very lovingly / S.L.C.

P. S. I am ever so glad the pin pleases you; for, selecting pins is pure guesswork with me & can easily result clumsily [MTP].

William Dean Howells wrote from Hotel Bellevue, Boston, to Sam.

“Hello! Hello! That you. Clemens? Well, this is Howells.”

(From a one-legged Dialogue between two Deans of American Literature.)

I would like to come to you at once; I left just such another landscape at Kittery Point last Saturday; but I shall not look from your windows before the snow flies. Pilla and I are here seeing Mrs. Howells through a course of teething which began last winter and has kept her in misery ever since. We expect it to be over next

week, and then, after I have settled her in a New York hotel, provisionally, while our flat is furnishing, I can begin to talk.

Of course you have thought of the right thing in copyright, and I wish I knew what it was. I have long dimly thought that what we wanted was not *copyright* law but *law*. Is it something like that? But you have my assent, anyway. I can take it back, I suppose.

Think of our being in New York together three weeks ago! But I *can't* think of it. Yours ever / W.D. Howells [MTHL 2: 836-7]. *Note*: see n1 source: Howells had been in NY at the end of Sept. Clemens had been in NY on Sept. 25 to see daughter Jean off for Berlin.

Charles Gilman Norris wrote from Toronto, Canada to ask for a copy of “What is Man?” and enclosing his letter to **David Grayson**, “author of delightful articles...in the ‘American’ Magazine” and to whom he wished to give the copy [MTP].

Pearson’s Weekly, London wrote asking for a “contribution” for their Christmas Number [MTP].

Erin Hill wrote from NYC to invite Clemens to read at the **City History Club’s** conference and bazaar at the Hotel Plaza on Nov. 13-14 [MTP].

Herman Stalberg wrote from Hartsdale, NY to Sam. “God bless you, and a thousand thanks for that portrait!” [MTP].

YMCA per W.G. Cartlich wrote to try and “secure you for a lecture in Minneapolis sometime during the winter” [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans. Nov. 3 MLH”

October 31 Saturday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam finished his **Oct. 24, 26, 27, 28, 29** to **Frances Nunnally**.

[*written in the side margin of page 1:*] Oct. 31. I haven’t finished this letter yet, but Ashcroft wants to play billiards; so I will start it along & finish it another time. With very much love. SLC

[*caption on an enclosed photograph*] Affectionate greetings from this triangle, or trilogy, or whatever its right name is.

[*caption on an enclosed photograph*] Posing—for admiration. SLC

[*on the back of the photograph*] Study it, Francesca, & learn how to do it. SLC

[*on back of postcard of Innocence at Home*] Do you notice how empty & lifeless the house looks? Come along back and vitalize it. SLC [MTP].

Sam also wrote an aphorism to **Miss Davies**: “*We ought always to behave, when people are looking...*” [MTP: Sotheby’s London catalog, July 11, 1996, Item 148].

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Charles Hopkins Clark	Editor “Courant” Hartford	) October 31	[* see note below table]
& two friends		)	



* *Note:* Sam wrote in the Remarks column: "A stately & handsome old relic of our ancient Monday Evening Club of Hartford. Almost all the others meet in the cemetery now, if they meet at all. They were choice men."

Sam's A.D. for this date included a clipping from the *NY World* issue of Oct. 30 reporting the death of Henry Butters [Gribben 507].

Harper's Weekly published an article, "From Hawaii to Mark Twain's Billiard-Room," p. 27. Tenney: "Photograph of a koa-wood mantelpiece donated by friends in Hawaii, for his home in Redding, Connecticut" [Tenney, *ALR Second Annual Supplement to the Reference Guide* (Autumn, 1980) 175]. *Note:* the mantel piece was a gift from **Franz ("Frank") Nickolous Otremba**, woodcarver in Hawaii. See insert; & discussion of in Nov. 30 entry.

William Robertson Coe wrote to Sam that they had rec'd his telegram and was "glad to know it will be convenient for you to entertain us on Tuesday next. We shall be there at one o'clock; that is, unless the weather proves to be bad" [MTP].

Ralph M. Easley for **The National Civic Foundation, NYC** wrote to thank Sam after reading *Extracts from Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven*.

Samuel Gompers and I read your article together one afternoon when we were coming down from Washington on the "Congressional Limited." He roared so loudly over it several times that there was danger of his being ejected from the car. Finally it got so bad that by the time we reached Jersey City we both had to get off [MTP].

Lykens & Levy wrote from NYC to ask Sam "would you consider a short [lecture] tour" [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Nov. 6 MLH"

Ismia O'Flaherty wrote from Devonshire, England to Sam.

My father gave me a present of your "Choice Works", which I am never tired of reading. / I am only a little girl, but I appreciate them all, especially that pathetic story of George Washington's boyhood. / When you were last in Durban, my Father & Mother heard you lecture in the Theatre; and laughed until they were speechless, although some people said that they could not see anything to laugh at! I was too tiny to go and hear you then, but I hope to hear you in England some day. Are you coming again? / We all hope that you are not so anxious for your funeral now, but are feeling better." She asked for his reply [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Dec. 9 MLH"

November 1 Sunday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Margaret Blackmer**.

You sweet Margaret, I have been trying to get Ashcroft shot & I went to Police Commissioner General Bingham about it, but he was full of objections & lame excuses & said it would make too much talk. I have known Bingham ever since he was our military attache at the German Court 18 years ago, & yet the very first time I ask a little favor of him he hunts up excuses.

Do you know what Ashcroft did? I will tell you. When he and I were walking down Fifth Avenue that next day, I stopped at a Jeweler's to get "1908" engraved on my shell & I sat down to wait. But Ashcroft said: "Never mind waiting, let them send it to the hotel." It made the blood run cold down my spine. Do you see what he had in his malicious mind? He thought you might be in town & he hoped I might meet you on the street. Then what would happen? Of course I would spring at you joyfully & say: "Oh, you dear Margaret!" Then you would say coldly & haughtily: "I beg your pardon, I do not know you, Sir." "But, dear heart, I am Clemens, old Mr. Clemens, of Redding, you know." You would answer, sarcastically: "Indeed? Then perhaps you carry about you a certain shell, a duplicate of this one."

Then I would begin to cry & you would say:

"Now, go away, shameless imposter, & molest me no more, or I will give you into custody."

You see? That is what Ashcroft was hoping & expecting would happen. But I saw through him & defeated him. I stayed right there till I got my shell back, engraved. He saw he was caught & he was the most ashamed person on this planet. Bingham disappointed me, but no matter, there are other ways of getting Ashcroft shot. He will see.

DIED

By violence, in the depths of the forest, victim of enemies unknown—

TAMMANY

The most beautiful of her race, admired, beloved & now lamented, by all who knew her.

She leaves behind her, inconsolable, two children by her first marriage, BILLIARDS & BABYLON, & three grandchildren by her second espousals, ANANDA, ANNANCI and SINBAD.

REQUIES CAT IN PACE

[MTP; *MTAq* 228-9].

Sam also wrote to **Frances Nunnally**.

Francesca dear, don't you be alarmed at my writing you so continuously; it puts no obligation upon you. At least no very burdensome one. You have to spare me ten lines when you are writing your other letters—that is all—but don't you forget to do that, & don't you neglect it, do you hear?

An hour ago, at noon, I was drifting about the ground-floor noting the enchantment the brilliant sun was working upon this & that & the other object possessing color a glowing copper vase on the black mantel with yellow berries dropping from it; a splash of intense white light upon a many-hued rug, the rest of the rug lying subdued & soft & mellow in shadow; a blaze of mingled gold & crimson flaming in that darling billiard-room fender, observed down the intervening berugged hall from in front of the library fireplace, & a shaft of sunlight from the front door glorifying one half of a bowl of pink flowers midway of the hall, the rest of the mass dimmed to a vague flush by a deep shadow; a burning touch of sun upon the centre of a vase of red flowers on the dining-table, with the dream-image of the flowers reflected like a miniature sunset cloud in the polished dark wood of the table—and so on & so on—and then I glanced down the terraces to the columned "pagoda," & lo & behold I had an idea! That group of beautiful cedars down there settled the question. *They* are the ones! They are sacred to the Aquarium now—no others need apply. Nature placed them there, Nature grouped them about the columns, no man's defiling hands assisted. They are fine, they are delicate, they are shapely, they are graceful, symmetrical, beautiful, & without flaw or blemish—like my fishes. They will always be under my eye, & I will subtly nourish them with my worship & my affection. If I should *plant* trees, they might die & wound me; but these will still be green & lovely & full-flushed with life when I have been dead a century.

It was the luckiest idea! One after the other the fishes will come, & each will choose her tree & stand up against it & be photographed, & we'll put her name on her tree, & keep record of the date in a book. If I had only thought of all this when you were here! But never mind, you are coming [MTP].

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Fred. E. Robson	Toronto, Canada	November 1	

Isabel Lyon's journal: Mr. Frederic Robson a friend of Benare's came up from New York for the day. He had a darling time sitting in the billiard room and watching the King play and listening to his sweet banter with Benar. And then after luncheon we went down to see mother, and Mr. Robson was swept off his feet and had no way of recalling himself to find words that would express his feeling of the beauty of that little house, and it *is* beautiful. Its redemption is so complete [MTP: IVL TS 76-77]. *Note:* this may be Frederic Robson, drama critic for *Canadian Magazine*.

Frederick Moore Clements, chemist, pharmacist wrote from Sydney, Australia to advise he'd sent some Sydney and N.Z. postcards to "some of your lady folk," and warned him to be good and avoid "those violent paroxysms of temper...awful language you are so addicted to. So be good!" [MTP].

November 2 Monday – Gribben gives us a nugget from **Sam's A.D.** for the day regarding **George Bernard Shaw**: "Mark Twain was aghast that Shaw's biographer 'wildly imagined a lot of resemblances' between Shaw's philosophy and Twain's 'What is Man?'" (2 November 1908 AD, MTP)" [638].

Isabel Lyon's journal: This morning a letter from Mr. Norris telling of his sending "What is Man?" to David Grayson and Tolstoy has inspired the King to dictation. He came into my room in his red silk gown, and seated by the window said that his head was bursting with fancies that he had no physical ability to give birth to. Oh why couldn't he live until the time when a man's thoughts could be taken down by the wonderful, the simple machine that is to be invented—perhaps is invented and all you have to do is to turn the crank of it and the grey cloud of thought will come back to you visualized, verbalized as it existed in the brain, before the machine delivered it. There he sat, with eyes flashing and deploring the fact that the great giant within him would be strangled at birth, and its force expended in disrupted temper. The King regrets so that Tolstoy is a Christian—"A Hell of a Christian" [MTP: IVL TS 77]. *Note:* **Lev Nikolayevich Tolstoy** (1828-1910).

Doubleday, Page & Co. wrote to advise they were sending a set of *Little Masterpieces of Autobiography*, edited by **George Iles**. No obligation, but they'd appreciate any statement [MTP; not in Gribben]. *Note:* "Ans. Nov. 6 MLH"

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to accept an invitation for him and wife to visit next weekend [MTP].

George P. Mains for Methodist Book Concern, NYC wrote to invite Sam to address "a very large rally of Methodists" on Nov. 18 [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Nov. 3 MLH"

Gladys West, a sixteen year old wrote from York, England to ask an autograph; also one for a friend [MTP]. *Note:* "2 autographs sent Nov 13 MLH"

November 3 Tuesday – **On or about Nov. 3** Sam sent the library notice with receipt for \$1 to **Mai Rogers Coe (Mrs. William R. Coe)** [MTP]. *Note:* see **Sam's new guestbook** below:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Wm. R. Coe	)		
Mrs. Mai Rogers Coe	) New York City	November 3	
L. Lanier Winslow	)		

Clemens acquired another case of Queen Anne whisky [L-A MS]. *Note:* see June 8, 1907 for the full list of acquisition dates of whisky, intended as ammunition against Isabel Lyon.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Election Day. Taft is elected President. The King said that if he had a preference it would be Taft, but that he regretted seeing the Republican Party continue in power. Mr. and Mrs. Coe

motored up today. With them came young Mr. Lanier Winslowe [*sic* Winslow], a nice chap. I'd been having fear from Giuseppe's cooking, but he gave us luncheon worthy of the best of French chefs, and the guests fed royally, and said so too. They left the house at 3 to motor back to N.Y. [MTP: IVL TS 77-78]. *Note: L. Lanier Winslow* would later work at the US State Department.

Before this date **L. Coles** wrote from London to enclose cards to be signed for her bazaar stall [MTP].

Amy McMartin wrote from Queensland, Australia to ask for an autograph [MTP]. *Note: "Autogr. Sent Dec. 29 MLH"*

William C. Wile for *New England Medical Monthly*, Danbury, Conn. wrote to ask Sam to deliver a lecture in Danbury to help with the building of a new hospital; Wile had met Clemens several times at the Lotus Club [MTP].

November 4 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to daughter **Jean** in Berlin, Germany.

Jean dear, an Embassy isn't a house, it is a function—strictly speaking. Still, custom allows us to speak of it as a house; & so, to speak of it in that way is right enough. Our Ambassador is a messenger, & in common parlance, the *place* he occupies—whether it be a hotel, a palace, a stable, a cellar, or a vacant lot—is an Embassy. Also that place ceases to be a part of the country it is in, & becomes for the time being, a part of the country the messenger represents; & its occupants are sacred from arrest or molestation, their persons are inviolable. Where the American ambassador unfurls his flag—say, in a vacant half-acre, that half acre is for the time being, a part of the United States, & accused persons taking refuge there, cannot be touched, by force. The King's writ fails at the foot of the flagstaff. The buildings occupied in Paris & London by our Embassies, are not owned by our Government. We own no Embassies except 2 or 3 cheap shacks in the Far East. We save our money to buy votes with. Graft is our political religion.

Today the news arrives that Taft is elected. It may be that we shall presently own our embassies; Congress has been almost willing for the past few years.

My, but it is a black & threatening day! but very beautiful, enchantingly beautiful. Tammany is dead. I am very sorry. She was the most beautiful cat on this side of the planet, & perhaps the most gifted. Intellectually, I mean; morally she was loose. She leaves behind her, inconsolable, by her first marriage, Billiards & Babylon, & by her second, Ananda Annanci & Sindbad. She was buried with the honors due her rank & reputation.

Hear you are making progress, & I am glad & grateful / Father [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Laura Hawkins Frazer**.

Dear Laura,

We enjoyed the visit you and your granddaughter paid us very much, and remember it with pleasure. The pictures made by Miss Lyon came out very well. I enclose samples. All well but Tamany, Tamany is dead. Tamany is (was) the cat.

[on the envelope Sam wrote:]

Since sealing this your very welcome letter has arrived with the picture, and I thank you very much. S. L. C. [MTP: Hannibal *Evening Courier-Post*, 6 March 1935, p. 3c].

Sam also wrote to **Louise Paine**.

Dear Louise: / I don't expect this to reach you, for your habit is to violate the first law of correspondence, which is repeat your address in every letter.

Tammany is dead. I am very sorry. She was the most beautiful cat on this western bulge of the globe, & perhaps the most gifted. She leaves behind her, inconsolable, two children by her first marriage—Billiards & Babylon; & three grandchildren by her second—Amanda, Annanci & Sindbad. She met her death by violence,

at the hands of a dog. She was found dead in the early morning, under my window, whither she had apparently dragged herself from a predacious excursion, for she had with her a field mouse that had suffered death by murder.

She was buried by Miss Lyon with the honors due her official rank—for by appointment she was Mascot to the Aquarium, & brought it good luck as long as she lived. She took great interest in the M.A.'s & went to the billiard room every day to look at their pictures.

REQUIES CAT IN PACE

As a token of respect & regret, it is requested that each M.A. wear black head ribbons during one hour on the 30th of this month—Tammany's birthday. / Lovingly S.L.C. [MTP: Redding *Times*, June 19, 1958, p.13; *MTAq* 230-1].

Howells & Stokes wrote to Sam, enclosing a bill for \$32 from Russell & Erwin Mfg. For eight casement adjusters [MTP]. *Note*: "Ans. Nov. 5 MLH"

Mrs. Lee Lyon for The Temple Sisterhood, Kansas City, Mo. wrote to ask Sam to lecture there [MTP]. *Note*: "Ans. Nov. 13 MLH"

Charles P.G. Scott for the Simplified Spelling Board, NYC wrote to Sam about a "parchment book" that had been "going round the country from California to Boston for the signatures of the members of the Board" was now in New York. "If you have no hope of avoiding the duty of signing the document, and will indicate a time at which you will be home, and resigned, we will send it to you by messenger...the book is really very pretty, in spite of the bad handwriting of the signers" [MTP].

November 5 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Sam sent a telegram to **President of the Pilgrims, N.Y. chapter.**

President of the Pilgrims:

New York

I am sorry indeed I cannot be at the Pilgrim dinner to Lord Northcliffe, whom I hold in high esteem & friendly regard. I ask him to forget for a moment that he is a legislator & join me in a health to the sacred memory of ~~Guy Fawkes~~ of that great Englishman who on this day three hundred & three years ago tried to blow up a Parliament that was meditating a limitation of copyright, but was defeated by the mistaken interference of a Providence more interested in spectacular mercy than in plain square justice [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Quick** in Atlantic City, N.J.

Dear heart, I said last night "I will write a letter in the morning & give a certain Dorothy a scolding & inquire what has become of her." So you have spoken up just in time to save yourself!

Yes, No. 21 is rented & occupied. We shan't leave Redding anymore, winter or summer. We like it here better & better all the time.

Dear, I haven't heard of the second robbery. If it was only books of mine that were stolen & not Bibles, I am glad, for the robbers will read those books & become good citizens & valuable men—but they wouldn't read Bibles.

It is a pity you lost the cat, but I can sympathise with you, for we have ourselves suffered a heavy loss in that line. Tammany is dead. Killed by a dog, we think, when she was out hunting. She was the finest cat & the handsomest, in America. Moreover, she was an officer of the Aquarium. I appointed her myself. She was the Aquarium's Mascot, & brought it good luck as long as she lived. Miss Lyon buried her with the honors due her rank.

In token of respect for her memory & regret for her loss, it is requested that each M.A. shall wear black head-ribbons during one hour on the 30th of this month—Tammany's birthday. See that you obey. / With lots of love, dear Dorothy/ ... [MTP].

Sam's notebook:

All schools, all colleges, have 2 great functions: to confer, & to conceal, valuable knowledge. The theological knowledge which they conceal cannot justly be regarded as less valuable than that which they reveal. That is, if when a man is buying a basket of strawberries, it can profit him to know that the bottom half of it is rotten. / Nov. 5/08 [NB 48 TS 22].

Harper & Brothers per John F. Phayre wrote to Lyon, enclosing the reply from the Librarian of Congress listing copyrights which had been renewed within the past ten years, a list Sam had asked for [MTP]. *Note*: IVL: "Answered Nov. 5"

Annie Nathan Meyer, trustee of **Barnard College**, wrote to Sam to invite him to accept two box seats with **Richard Watson Gilder** for a trial performance of a play by her senior students, to be held at the Empire Theatre on Dec. 3 at 2:15 pm [MTP]. *Note*: "Ans. Nov. 6 08"

John B. Stanchfield wrote from NYC to Sam. "I notified by 'phone Mrs. Coe of the most accessible way in which to reach you [from Danbury] by motor car, pursuant to your telegram. I trust you are well. We are expecting to move into the house 36 West 86th Street about Thanksgiving time. Don't forget the promise I 'extorted' from you to send me an autograph edition of your works" [MTP].

C. Stuart wrote from Goldfield, Nev. to ask where he might obtain cheap editions of *RI* and *IA*. "I am writing to my home in England, as I find it difficult to learn where your books are published in cheap edition form here in US" [MTP]. *Note*: "Nov 16. '08 MLH"

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

November 6 Friday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to the **Redding Court**. "This is to certify that I have examined & identified as my property the silver taken from my house by force in the early morning of September 18, 1908. / Respectfully submitted to the honorable Court" /... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to an **unidentified man**.

Dear Sir: / I note this passage in the letter sent you by Mr. Ashley:

"It would be comparatively a simple matter to furnish a list of *book-extension* entries . . . covering the last seven years."

Good—it is exactly what I want.

Say, in this form:

===

===

14-year extensions:

Agassiz (Louis) Geol. Sketches.

Granted 1903 (or whatever the year is).

Meaning that in the named year *the new life of 14 years begins*. / Very truly yours [MTP]. *Note*: Sam was working on a new copyright law for this period, which would extend the renewal of copyright.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Today I was summoned to court in Danbury, to give testimony in the burglary case. Only the witnesses were allowed to be present in the library, while States Attorney, Mr. Styles [*sic* Stiles] Judson made his notes. The trial will begin on Tuesday morning next and the King must go over to identify the silver [MTP: IVL TS 78].

Herbert Myrick for Phelps Publishing, Springfield, Mass. wrote to ask Sam for a letter—"a few words to farmers, and to home-makers in town and country"—since Sam could not attend a dedication of a new building on Nov. 12; enclosed flyers in file [MTP].

L.M. Powers wrote from Haverhill, Mass. to ask for Sam's autograph and to remark on cigars [MTP].

Juanita Quindos, Twain's "young and devoted admirer" wrote from Barcelona, Spain to ask for his autograph and to inscribe a photo of herself she sent [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Dec. 14 MLH"

The Talge Mahogany Co., Indianapolis, Ind. wrote to Sam after noticing his gift of Koa wood mantel from Hawaii. They had several logs of the wood should he need more for trim [MTP].

November 7 Saturday – In Redding, Conn. on this day or Nov. 8 Sam sent another receipt on his library notice to **Frederick A. Duneka** for \$1 [MTP].

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Mrs. Lillian Duneka			
Also her husband	Of Harper & Brothers	November 7-8	

Isabel Lyon's journal: Mr. and Mrs. Duneka arrived this morning, and such welcome guests as they are. Unhappily we couldn't hear the copyright talk between the King and Mr. Duneka, because they took themselves off to the Gorge. In the afternoon we all went for a walk, trying to find a level one, for Mrs. Duneka's heart is weak [MTP: IVL TS 78].

James Brent Clemens wrote from 603 Fifth Ave., NYC: "Dear Cousin Mark: / The enclosed letter was a part of my larger mail to-day and it was accidentally opened before the mistake was discovered. I re-mail it promptly to your new address with ...my deep regret at the occurrence. / We all hope that you are enjoying perfect health, and, that we may again enjoy the pleasure of seeing you sometime during the winter" [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Nov. 16 MLH"

C.S. Ashton wrote from Brighton, England to Sam. "I am about (as an amateur) to give an 'Evening with Mark Twain' to a literary society in this town and would like to be able to tell my audience that my hero is still going strong and suffering from nothing worse than an occasional burglary!" [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Nov. 20 MLH"

The Outlook Co. sent an engraved invitation announcing that **Theodore Roosevelt**, President of the U.S. "will on March 5th, 1909, become a Member of the Editorial Staff of The Outlook which will thereafter be the exclusive channel for his writings on Political Social and Industrial Topics" [MTP]. *Note:* Twain wrote on the notice: "Now if the Outlook people are good business they'll water their stock & get out"

Jerome M. Sinsheimer wrote from NYC to Sam, noting he'd been the "happy discoverer" of Adam's diary and that while reading **Washington Irving's** *History of New York* he "observed in chapter III that he states that someone in the future would discover the daybook of Noah and would publish it. / In light of your previous archeological researches, does this not point to you as the proper person to enlighten us?" [MTP]. *Note:* it had been Sam's intention to write Noah's Diary but it was never published.

November 8 Sunday – **Charles Este** wrote to ask Sam if he would "drop a word" to **Mrs. Catherine Starbuck** a 90 year old friend of his in Nantucket, Mass. He enclosed a note from the lady wondering if Clemens had decided not to finish his Autobiography [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Dec. 11 MLH" [his address on note paper 4111 Baltimore Ave. City is not given; such an address exists in Phila., Kansas City, Mo. & others].

Friedrich Henke wrote from Berlin, another letter in German to Sam [MTP]. *Note:* Not translated.

Mary G. Pulsifer wrote from Brookline, Mass. to ask if Sam was giving any public readings this winter, hoping he would be available for the **Misses Gilman's School Assoc.** of Boston [MTP].

November 9 Monday – **Arthur J. Burdick** for *Gateway Gazette* wrote from Beaumont, Calif., having heard the rumor that Clemens contemplated living in California. He promoted the city and wrote he was sending “a paper telling something of Beaumont” [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Nov. 17 MLH”

Frederick A. Duneka wrote from NYC to Sam. “It was very beautiful—our visit—just the happiest kind of times....even the cats seem to be dressed up for the occasion and to join in the welcome.... I am looking into the Mark Twain Spring Water scheme” [MTP].

Lillian Duneka (Mrs. Frederick A. Duneka) also wrote Sam a thank you note for their visit to Stormfield, “glad to have the little book with your dear inscription” [MTP].

Ida R. Larkin wrote to Lyon (though catalogued to Clemens) [MTP].

W.E. Raymond wrote from New Orleans to ask Sam for some information on a book of his sketches, asking where she might get two of the sketches now, “Rogers” and “Some Rambling Thoughts on an Idle Excursion”. He mentioned knowing **Horace Bixby** and **Capt. J.B. Woods** [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Nov. 16 MLH”; Clemens was a cub under Bixby on the *New Falls City*, captained by **James B. Woods**, 30 Oct to 8 Dec. 1858 [MTL 1: 388].

Anne W. Stockbridge wrote to Isabel Lyon. “Do you have any recollection of some [*illegible word*] letters sent to Miss Stockbridge of Providence in regard to the California earthquake sufferers. Mr. Clemens used them at the dinner of the Associated Press in New York to illustrate ‘Simplified Spelling.’ ...He showed so much interest in the letters in the beginning that I want him to see the book in its completed form” [MTP].

Mrs. J.M.Y. Wool wrote from NYC to ask Sam if he would look through a manuscript her late husband left and give an opinion [MTP].

November 10 Tuesday – Sam attended the **Danbury, Conn.** trial of the two burglars, **Charles Hoffman** and **Henry Williams**. The *New York Times*, Nov. 11, 1908, p. 5 reported on the trial:

TWAIN'S BURGLARS ON TRIAL.

Author on Witness Stand Identifies Silverware They Stole from Him.

DANBURY, Conn., Nov. 10.—Charles Hoffman and Henry Williams were put on trial here to-day on the charge of robbing the home of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) in Redding several weeks ago. Against Williams, who resisted arrest and shot at the officer attempting to arrest him, the additional charge of assault, with intent to kill, was placed. The prisoners were guarded by three Deputy Sheriffs while they were in court, as they are believed to be desperate men.

Mr. Clemens came down from his place, Innocents at Home, in an automobile, accompanied by his secretary, Miss Lyon, and several neighbors. He was bundled up in furs, but in a room on the first floor he left his outer garments and appeared in the courtroom attired in a light gray suit.

When called to the witness stand he was addressed as Dr. Clemens by Prosecuting Attorney Stiles Judson throughout his examination. Mr. Clemens identified a large part of the silverware which was recovered at the time the burglars were arrested on a train.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Today to Court in Danbury. The King, Benar, Paine and I went over in a motor, which waited until the King had identified his silver and then took him and Paine home. It was a trying and terrible day. The poor woman who was sentenced to "six months in jail" for shop lifting, and who went so dead white when she heard her sentence, made me sick with sympathy, and I longed to go and throw my arms about her. And then the burglary trial. I couldn't feel my feet on the floor when Sheriff Hawley led me to the Witness Box. The King was beautiful and dignified, and made a fine picture as he stood up to take the oath, the 12 jury men and everyone else so keen with interest [MTP: IVL TS 78-79].

Robert Brockway wrote to ask Sam for his autograph [MTP]. *Note:* "Autogr. Sent Nov 13 MLH"

Charles P.G. Scott for the Simplified Spelling Board wrote to advise Sam he would receive the "book of engrost resolutions" to be presented to **Andrew Carnegie**, for Sam's signature [MTP].

Valdemar Thoresen wrote from Randers, Denmark to point out "the fact is that there can be no doubt whatever that this tale [*Tom Sawyer Detective*] has borrowed the bulk of its subject from Blicher's *The Vicar of Veilby*. There are, of course, great differences" [MTP]. *Note:* "see IVL answer Dec. 9"

November 11 Wednesday – Isabel Lyon's journal: "More trial—a weary day in court. Benar stayed to go with me, and be with me. Paine came for billiards with the King. At dinner I went to pieces" [MTP: IVL TS 79].

The New York Times, p. 4, reported on the sentencing of Mark Twain's burglars:

TWAIN BURGLARS SENTENCED.

Men Who Broke Into Samuel L. Clemens's Home Get Prison Terms.

DANBURY, Conn., Nov. 11—When the trial of Henry Williams and Charles Hoffman, accused of breaking into the Italian villa of Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) at Redding, several weeks ago, was resumed in the Superior Court this afternoon, both men changed their pleas of not guilty to guilty.

The court sentenced Hoffman to not less than three nor more than five years in State prison. On the charge of burglary Williams received not less than five nor more than six years in State prison, and on the charge of assault with intent to kill, to which he also pleaded guilty, not more than four years in State prison [Note: not mentioned if Sam attended the sentencing.]

November 12 Thursday – Sam's A.D. for this date focused again on the two burglars at Stormfield [Hill 209]. *Note:* Sam also dictated on the burglary on Oct. 6 and Dec. 8.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "In bed all day, worn out. Paine came and dined with the King" [MTP: IVL TS 79].

Frank N. Doubleday wrote to Lyon (though catalogued to Clemens) [MTP].

Charles A. Ellicock for the Mark Twain Club, Cleveland, Ohio wrote to ask Sam for his autographed photo "and some quotation from any of your writings" for their new club [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Mr. Clemens has no photos but will be glad to sign one if they can find one they like & will send it" ; "Ans. Nov 25 MLH"

Herbert E. Bowen of Harpers wrote to Sam that it would be convenient for **Col. Harvey** and **Lord Northcliffe** to "come up to Redding for the night on Friday...Nov. 20" [MTP].

Dr. G. Victor Janvier wrote from Royersford, Penn. to ask for an autograph [MTP].

Ernestine M. Kaehlin for Wyoming History & Geology, Wilkes-Barre Penn. wrote to ask Sam for one of his bookplates [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Nov. 16 MLH”

J.A. Ward, “a perfect stranger” to Clemens wrote from Troy, Mo. This is a 16 page letter asking his advice about publishing his poetry [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Nov. 25 MLH”; and IVL: “Refer him to Publishers”

November 13 Friday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Benar came back to us, but still I am ill. My forces are very much scattered” [MTP: IVL TS 79].

American Geographical Soc., NYC Per Chandler Robbins sent Sam a printed list of officers with dues of ten dollars [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “Many thanks but he is resigning from clubs & societies rather than joining them. And has retired to the country to reside”; and “Ans. Nov. 25 MLH”

Millard L. Bailey wrote from Arlington, Mass. to ask for an autograph [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Nov. 13 MLH”

Frederic Bulkeley Hyde wrote from Washington D.C.

My dear Mr Clemens; - / The photograph inscribed and autographed arrived the other day and I want to tell you how much I value and appreciate it. When I return to my home in Southport it will be placed in my library and of all the photos I have it will take highest rank.

Miss Lyon tells me that you really did like some of the ones I made of you. Well, you see martyrdom has its compensations. You won’t take umbrage I hope when I tell you that I consider the photo I made of you sitting on the lounge in the library the best one I have ever seen of you. (Nothing like speaking up in meeting!) And as for the one in the billiard room, after I have carefully looked at it I am sure it is most pleasing.

In a few days now, I will have the time to make you the postals that you desire...[MTP]. *Note:* Hyde took photographs of Clemens at Stormfield during this month [MT Journal Spring/Fall 2006 p.19].

Anna Campbell Osband wrote from Flint, Mich. to Sam. “For the memory of he Hon. R.P. Campbell, my fathers favorite brother, I write you. You speak very highly of him in the notes of your splendid book Roughing It. I wish to know if you will give me your autograph” [MTP].

LeGrand O. Robson for Robson Smelting, Buffalo, NY wrote to ask Sam to lecture for the Delaware Club (men of the Delaware Ave. Baptist Church) [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Nov. 20 MLH”

G. Herbert Thring for the Society of Authors wrote to ask Sam if he would do them the honor of allowing his name to be placed on the list of the Council [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Dec. 9 MLH” ; and IVL: “Mr. Clemens consents”

Edward C. Towne for the Oxford Institute of Research wrote to ask Sam if he agreed with the quote about the “drink problem” by **Hugo Munsterberg**, that, “the only wise reform is by working toward Temperance and not toward Prohibition” [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Nov. 16 MLH”

November 14 Saturday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote a poem and a note to **Margaret Blackmer**.

BE GOOD, BE GOOD. A Poem.

Be good, be good, be always good,

And now and then be clever,

But don’t you ever be *too* good,

Nor ever be too clever;

For each as be too awful good,
 The awful lonely are,
 And such as often clever be,
 Get cut and stung and trodden on by
 persons of lesser mental capacity;
 for this kind do by a law of
 their construction regard exhibitions
 of superior intellectuality as an
 offensive impertinence levelled at
 their lack of this high gift, & are prompt
 to resent such-like exhibitions
 in the manner above indicated—& are
 they justified? alas, alas they

(It is not best to go on; I think the line is already longer than it ought to be
 for real true poetry.)

Mark Twain.

To Margaret.

November 14th.

[*handwritten in margin:*] This is only a copy, so it won't matter if it should get
 injured in the mails; but you must come & get the original which is more
 valuable than anybody can imagine. Tell me when you are coming [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Helen Keller**.

Dear Helen Keller:

The book has just arrived & I thank you so much for it, for I liked it in instalments & know I shall have
 pleasure in reading it as a whole. I do hope you & the Macys can come down here in January & give us a
 week-end visit, arriving on a Friday & abiding with us till the Monday. Won't you three hold a consultation &
 vote Yes? We will take the best kind of care of you.

Affectionately

SL. Clemens

[MTP]. *Note: The World I live In* (1908) by Keller; see Gribben 366: "On the inside front cover Clemens noted
 in black ink: 'It is a lovely book—& Helen is herself another lovely book. / SLC /1908.'"

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Mr. Forbes	Fairfield, Conn.	Nov. 14	[A. Holland Forbes]
Mr. Curtis	New York	Nov. "	

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Forbes Aeronaut. / Walked around the circle twice and then to house and bed"
 [MTP: IVL TS 79]. *Note: A. Holland Forbes*, balloonist, had escaped death when a balloon burst during an
 International flight in Berlin October 13, 1908.

A contract and power of attorney signed by Clemens on this day would turn out to be the "smoking gun"
 in the dismissal of **Isabel Lyon** and **Ralph W. Ashcroft**. On **June 16, 1909** Sam wrote to William Coe

that he had “never heard of that paper,” calling it “The most amazing document that has seen the light since the Middle Ages.” (See entry.) Sam was convinced that they tricked him into signing away all of his rights and property, that this was their grand scheme. This document, which was uncovered on **May 29, 1909** during the investigation of Stormfield’s books, was sold in 1966 by Charles Hamilton, catalog 15, but has since been lost. Victor Fischer of the MTP quotes from the catalog and offers:

“D. S., two full pages, folio, November 14, 1908, a lengthy and interesting contract appointing ‘Isabel V. Lyon and Ralph W. Ashcroft my true and lawful attorneys for me and in my name, place and stead, to exercise a general supervision over all my affairs and to take charge of and manage all my property . . .’ signed Samuel L. Clemens, above a gold-paper notary’s seal.”

The catalog also lists “another document, almost identical with the preceding, boldly signed ‘Samuel L. Clemens,’ above a gold-seal.” [Note: Fischer assumes the Detroit Public Library purchased the document but upon request for a photocopy the library could not comply. Just where the document resides now is unknown. What follows is a TS from the Ashcroft-Lyon MS, MTP, With Hill’s excerpts from p.212-13 in bold & underlined:]

Know All Men By These Presents, That I, Samuel L. Clemens, of the Town of Redding, County of Fairfield, State of Connecticut, have made, constituted and appointed, and by these presents do make, constitute and appoint, Isabel V. Lyon, and Ralph W. Ashcroft my true and lawful attorneys for me and in my name, place and stead, to exercise a general supervision over all my affairs and to take charge of and manage all my property both real and personal and all matters of business relating thereto; to lease, sell and convey any and all real property wheresoever situated which may now or which may hereafter at any time belong to me; to demand, receive and collect rentals of such property, to make repairs to any buildings thereon, to keep any and all buildings insured, to remand, receive and collect all dividends, interests and moneys due and payable to or to become due and payable to me; to satisfy and discharge mortgages; to sell, assign and transfer any and all stocks, bonds and mortgages belonging or which at any time belong to me; to change any or all of my investments and to make any investment of any or all of the moneys belonging to me; to draw checks or drafts upon any banks, banker or Trust Company or any financial institution with which or whom I have or may at any time hereafter have moneys on deposit or to my credit; to endorse either for deposit, collection or transfer any and all notes, checks, drafts or bills of exchange now or hereafter payable to me or to my order; to prosecute, defend, compromise and settle suits and legal proceedings and to retain and employ attorneys and counsel for such purpose or otherwise, to protect my interests; to release and discharge as my attorneys may deem proper any and all claims and demands in my favor of any kind or nature, and to make sign, seal acknowledge and deliver any and all receipts, acquittances, discharges, satisfaction pieces, transfers, assignments, agreements, deeds or other instruments under seal or otherwise, which in the judgment of my said attorneys may be necessary, appropriate or proper, giving and granting unto my said attorneys, and unto either of them individually, full power and authority to do and perform any act or thing requisite and necessary to be done in and about the premises as fully to all interests and purposes as I might or could do if personally present, with full power of substitution and revocation, hereby ratifying and confirming all that my said attorneys or attorney, or her or his substitutes or substitute shall lawfully do or cause to be done by virtue thereof.

In Witness Whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 14th day of November, 1908.

Samuel L. Clemens (L.S.)

Signed, sealed and delivered

in the presence of

Horace W. Hazen

Harry Iles

STATE OF CONNECTICUT)

:

COUNTY OF FAIRFIELD) Redding

On this 14th day of November, 1908, before me personally came Samuel L. Clemens, to me personally known to be the individual described in and who executed the foregoing instrument, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

John N Nickerson,
Notary Public within and
(Seal) for the State of Connecticut.

(Residing at Redding)

[MTP: Exhibit A, Ashcroft-Lyon Box].

Hill writes of this power of attorney, and of Sam's claim that it was a forgery:

It was comprehensive. And Clemens did indisputably sign it. Just as indisputable is that Ashcroft had almost seven months' time between the assigning and revoking of this power of attorney to use it for personal gain. But whatever Clemens' hysterical suspicions, Ashcroft did not exploit his total authority over Clemens' property for illegal purposes [213]. *Note:* all of this begs the question, just why was such a document drawn up? Perhaps realizing that Clemens' health was failing, Ashcroft and Lyon intended to wait until his death to take control of his estate. Why else would they want to be in such a position of control? With Jean hospitalized and Clara growing increasingly antagonistic toward Lyon, such a plan would have sought to cut the daughters out of the picture after Sam's death.

Henry Beebe, one of Sam's Hannibal schoolmates, wrote from Bridgewater, S. Dakota.

Dear Sir / In turning back the leaves of Memory I find that 64 years ago Sam Clemens[,] Joe Buchanan [,] Joe Craig[,] Andy and Archie Fuqua[,] Sam and Will Bowen[,] Joe Luck[,] Albert Glasscock[,] Jim McDaniels [*sic* McDaniel] & myself were School Mates at Hannibal. I often wonder what has become of them or if you and I are the only ones left. I have not visited Hannibal since 1852 and have lost track of all but you. I am not writing this expecting to gain my notoriety by correspondering with one as notable as your self neither do I cherish any animosity against you for being a school mate for neither of us were to blame for that as I think we both would have preferred to play hookey I have taken great pleasure in reading your books and oftimes thought I recognized the characters mentioned in them[,] I was pleased to note the sensation you created in England on your last visit. ... I expect you have forgotten me. My Father kept a store in Hannibal situated on the corner in second block from Steam Boat Landing on north side of the street [MTP]. *Note:* Beebe also asked if Sam could relay any information on the old gang.

Louise Yard wrote from Los Angeles, Calif. to ask for Sam's advice in their formation of an anti-vivisection society; and for the use of his name as an honorary member [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Mr. Clemens has retired to the country & from all activities"

November 15 Sunday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Champ Clark (James Beauchamp Clark)** (1850-1921), prominent democrat politician, speaker of the House of Representatives (1911-1919), at this time a Congressman from Missouri.

Private.

Dear Mr. Clark:

When you come East won't you run up here (an hour & a half from New York), & stay a day or two with me & talk copyright extension?

I've got a new scheme. This time there ought to be no objectors, for my plan advantages

1. The author;
2. The publisher;
3. The bookseller;
4. And every wage-earner in the U. S. & every restricted purse.

For the present I am keeping the matter quiet. It is best so, until Congress meets. / Truly Yours [MTP: Karanovich].

Reinhold Keiler wrote from Breslau (now Poland) to ask Sam to sign his name “and to write a few words on the enclosed card” [MTP].

A.G. Learned, just back from a year’s study in Paris, doing “dry point etchings” wrote from NYC to ask Sam if he might sit for a portrait [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans. Nov. 20 MLH”

Mary Schneider, “An Austrian girl” wrote to ask for “your writing” [MTP]. *Note*: “Autogr. Sent Dec 7 MLH”

November 16 Monday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **Zoheth S. Freeman**, who had just been chosen as vice president of Liberty National Bank, N.Y.C.

Dear Freeman:

I thank you ever so much for accepting that trust. There is no one in the world I would prefer to you for that friendly office.

I am shouting my hearty congratulations upon your new Vice Presidency, & am glad for your sake & Sheba’s & those dear little rascals of yours. Miss Lyon & Ashcroft will arrange the transfer of my account.

My love to Sheba—& speed the day when you can come here! / Sincerely, ... [MTP]. *Note*: Freeman would be one of the executors in Sam’s estate.

Sam’s new guestbook (and Lyon’s journal, TS 79):

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Margery Clinton O.P.	New York	November 16-21	Official Plumber. Came up to disarrange the plumbing. Succeeded. [illegible words] several days.

Edward B. Easton wrote from St. Louis enclosing clippings from the *St. Louis Times* of Nov. 9 and 10 with accounts of his grandson **John Easton Brown** breaking ground for the new post office building there. Easton’s grandfather, **Rufus Easton** was appointed first postmaster of St. Louis in 1804. Edward was preparing a narrative of the 1908 events and had applied to famous men for their letters; he also asked Clemens for one [MTP].

W.E. Kittel wrote to ask Sam to buy his book (title not given) [MTP]. *Note*: IVL: “Would like to be able to find time to read the book” and “Ans. Nov. 25th MLH”; Kittel not in Gribben for any title.

Jessie M. Ruthland wrote to Lyon (though catalogued as to Clemens) [MTP].

Prof. Victor Sauer wrote from Ruhr, Germany to send Clemens a copy of Dr. Jaeger’s *Health Culture*, translated by Mr. Thomalin [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans. Nov. 16 MLH”; not in Gribben.

November 16-21? Saturday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam sent another receipt on his library notice to **Margery H. Clinton** for \$1 [MTP].

November 17 Tuesday – **Isabel Lyon’s journal**: “Benares came back” [MTP: IVL TS 79].

Frank Bohrer, “a poor boy afflicted with locomotor ataxia which caused blindness” wrote from Sherrill, NY to ask Sam for a signed picture postcard [MTP]. *Note*: “Autogr. Sent Dec 7. 08. MLH”

Elva Fernald wrote from Topeka, Kans. to Sam, about to give a talk on Mark Twain, and thinking “a few words directly from” his pen “would add greatly to the enjoyment...” [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “Unable to grant request”

Lida May Smith wrote from Columbus, Ohio to ask if they might have the honor of enrolling Clemens as an honorary member in their **Longevity League**; also an article for their book [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Nov. 17 MLH”

November 18 Wednesday – Sam’s new guestbook (and Lyon’s journal TS 80):

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Frank Nelson Doubleday	)		
Neltje D.G. Doubleday	) 11 East 16 th st. New York	Nov. 18-19	-> The perfect pair
			[D.G. = De Graff]

Note: Neltje de Graff Doubleday (Mrs. Frank N. Doubleday) (1865-1918)

Sam wrote to the **New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad** asking that trains #239 and 240 out of NYC stop at Redding. Sam’s letter is not extant but referred to in the Railroad’s reply of Nov. 23.

John Wallace Crawford (Capt. “Jack”) wrote from Fairbury, Nebr. to invite Sam for a visit [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “Thanks for invitation, but has settled in the country not to make any journeys that are not compulsory”

Janice W. Day wrote from NYC to enclose tickets for Sam to the **Children’s Educational Theatre’s** performance of *The Little Princess*, Monday, Dec. 28 at 2:30 at the New German Theatre [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “An engagement at home”

Howells & Stokes wrote to enclose a bill from **Russell & Erwin Mfg.** “for \$31.36, which they have duly receipted” [MTP].

Dorothy Quick wrote from Plainfield, NJ to Sam. Only the env. Survives [MTP].

November 19 Thursday – Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Judge W ^m Scoville Case	) Danbury	Nov. 19	Judge & state’s attorney
Stiles Judson	)		who tried the burglars

Note: in the original guestbook one additional name is listed, **Bettye D.G. Doubleday**, Mill Neck, L.I.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Mr. D. went this morning. Mrs. Doubleday and Margery this afternoon. Judge Case and Mr. Styles [*sic* Stiles] Judson dined here this evening” [MTP: IVL TS 80]. *Note:* Judge and State’s Attorney in the burglary trial.

H.T. Carpenter for Bristol Co., Waterbury, Conn. wrote to ask Sam if he would “come down and give us a little informal talk at the Club” [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Nov. 25 MLH; and “Lecture form”

Madie F. Diggett wrote from Chicago to request an autograph [MTP]. *Note:* “Autog. sent Nov. 25 MLH”

John F. Frazer, Jr. wrote from Baltimore to ask for “a personal word...with signature” [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “So many similar requests come impossible to grant but enclose autograph”; and “Ans. Nov. 25 MLH”

Zoheth S. Freeman wrote to thank Sam—his autograph letter of Monday reached him this day [MTP].

Helen Keller wrote to Sam.

“When a king sends an invitation, his subjects must obey. How fortunate it is for them if they can obey his summons with the delight that we feel in accepting your invitation to spend a week-end with you! We needed no consultation, we all said ‘Yes!’...we are coming on the eighth of January” [MTP].

Charles B. Staples wrote from Phila. to ask whether picture of illustration No. 102 in the first few copies of *HF* had been “vulgarly suggestive.” Could Sam verify? [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans. Dec 7 MLH”; the writer refers to the tampering of an engraving on p. 283, leaving Uncle Silas’ member hanging out of his pants, making it obscene. In Nov. 1884 the trick was discovered, delaying publication; see “A Note on the Text” by Robert Hirst, p. 41 of the after-materials in the 1996 Oxford facsimile edition of *HF*.

Lucy Wood wrote from Norwalk, Conn. to sell a book she prized highly—“one of the copys of the declaration of Independence,” which she’d obtained through her grandmother’s first cousin, President Fillmore; she wanted to show it to Clemens [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans. Nov. 20 MLH”

November 20 Friday – Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Lord Northcliffe	) London	) Nov. 20-21	
Col. George Harvey	) New York		

Isabel Lyon’s journal: “Very bad headache. / Lord Northcliffe and Col. Harvey came up for the night” [MTP: IVL TS 80].

Ralph Danenhower for Doubleday, Page & Co. wrote to confirm that Clemens had rec’d Carnegie’s book, *Problems of Today* [MTP; not in Gribben]. *Note*: IVL: “Mr. Clemens begs to say that his address is no longer 21 Fifth Ave, but Redding, Conn.” and “Ans. Nov. 25 MLH”

Mabel Fellows, Virginia Dudley, Lorraine Phillips, and Beatrice Grenville wrote from Buenos Aires, Argentina. “We are four girls who have read all your books and admire them immensely. Would you be so kind as to send us your autograph?” [MTP].

William Wymark Jacobs wrote from England to Sam. “Many thanks for your very kind letter. It is really more than a letter: it is a certificate of merit from the Headmaster” [MTP].

Grace R. Wilson wrote from Baltimore to ask Sam to come and lecture in the cause of their free kindergarten [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans. Nov. 26 MLH”

November 21 Saturday – In Redding, Conn. Sam inscribed a copy of *Eve’s Diary* to **Mary Elizabeth Milner Harmsworth (Mrs. Alfred Harmsworth); Baroness Northcliffe**; 1868-1963): “*To Lady Northcliffe with the compliments of the Author. / Adam at Eve’s Grave: / ‘Wheresoever she was, There was Eden’ (page 109). / Nov 21/08*” [MTP].

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Commodore D. Dow, R.N.R.	R.M.S. “Caronia”	Nov. 21-24	

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Captain Dow is here again. The King is very, very tired" [MTP: IVL TS 80].

David H. Knott wrote for the **Hotel Earle, NYC** offering Sam a comfortable stay should he visit the City again [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Nov. 25 MLH"; and IVL: "Thanks for letter, but Mr. Clemens does not expect to spend any time now in NY except with friends"

J.J. McCabe wrote from Nova Scotia to ask for a "short article" for a magazine he was starting [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Nov. 30 MLH"

Lord Northcliffe (Alfred Harmsworth) wrote on Hotel St. Regis letterhead to thank Sam for his stay at Stormfield. "Your home is ideal in every respect. / I enclose a leading article from the Times, which looks like thought-reading on their part. It is almost exactly on the line of your conversation with me. If you would like to put your views into a letter, of a column or a column and a half, to the London Times I should be glad to forward it..." [MTP].

Joe Twichell wrote to Sam, hearing that Clara would soon visit Hartford, and offering her "the best room in our house...and...in our hearts will be open to her the 29th inst." [MTP].

Robert Witson 86 years old, wrote from Bridgeport, Conn. to tell Sam some of his history, including, "In 1850-51, I commanded a vessel between San Francisco and Honolulu" [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Dec. 7 MLH"

Saturday Evening Post ran an article by **Brander Matthews**, "American Humor," with references to Mark Twain [Tenney 46: *The Twainian* (June, 1943)], also "A general discussion with relatively little on MT as a great humorist in a class with Moliere and Cervantes, with basic good humor and a strain of sadness" [Tenney, *ALR Third Annual Supplement to the Reference Guide* (Autumn, 1979) 192].

November 22 Sunday – In Redding, Conn., Isabel Lyon wrote for Sam to Helen Keller.

Dear Miss Keller:

Mr. Clemens asks me to tell you from him how very glad he will be, & we shall be, to see you on January 8th. It will be a very great pleasure to have you with Mr. & Mrs. Macy. And when I write Mrs. Macy's name, that reminds me that I must tell you Mr. Clemens sent a photograph to Mrs. Macy last May. I remember it very distinctly, but she shall have another. Just at that time several photographs were lost in the mails. Both photographs sent TO Mr. Clemens, & those sent by him.

Mr. Clemens sends his love to you, & his warm regards to Mr. & Mrs. Macy, in which I most heartily join [MTP]. *Note:* **John Albert Macy**.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "We have loafed very much—but today Captain Dow and I went down to see Mother for a few moments" [MTP: IVL TS 80].

Laura A. Lombard wrote from NYC to invite Sam to the **Browning Society** Symposium Dec. 29 and 30 at the Waldorf [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Nov. 24 MLH"; IVL: "Thanks & very sorry not to be able to be present but" (unfinished)

Sybil Kane Walker (Mrs. Alexander Stewart Walker) wrote to accept Sam's invitation, along with "Mary & Harry & Stewart" and herself "to spend Tuesday night (Dec. 15th) with you. All of us are coming up in the Rogers' Auto..." [MTP]. *Note:* they are not listed in the guestbook for Dec. 15.

November 23 Monday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to William Dean Howells, addressing the letter:

"Mr. W. D. Howells | at the *Burlington* just aft the Holland House, 30th st., on the port tack as you pull out of 5th avenue reaching for 6th, on a taut bowline. New York City | N. Y."

Dear Howells:

There'll be a vacant bed Friday Nov 26th—do come up & occupy it & stay a few days. The early train (for *Redding*) leaves the Grand Central at 8.50 a.m.

The 3.32 p.m. comes about the same distance (an hour & a half) but you get off at *Branchville*.

Come! And tell us which train to meet.

If you'd like to see 100 of the sterlingest farmers & their families encounterable anywhere, take the early train. They will assemble in our library at 2.30 p.m., Friday, to hear me do the same old string of years—admission 25 cents, for the benefit of the village library. (You see I am concealing nothing from you, but you would greatly like these folks.)

Lord Northcliffe was here with Harvey. Lounsbury drove them to the station, & he told Miss Lyon that N. praised the house all the way & said he meant to get John Howells to go over & turn some of *his* residences into human houses. / With love— / Mark [MTHL 2: 837-8]. *Note:* **Harry A. Lounsbury**, a neighbor who had assisted in the capture of the burglars.

Sam also wrote to **Emilie R. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers)**.

I'm a-coming just as soon I can find a vacancy—some day next week, I hope. I wish I could camp with the tribe at the Thanksgiving orgy, but there will be company and profligacies here on that day & for a day or two after. I wish you & the Admiral were going to be here & were no better than you ought to be—we would have a scandalous good time. Miss Wallace & another member of the I. C. are coming.

Yes'm, I thank you very much, & I shall give you notice before long. With my love to you & the Admiral— ... [MTHHR 655-6].

Sam also inscribed a copy of *Mark Twain's (Burlesque) Autobiography and First Romance* to an **unidentified person**: "*I bought the plates of this book about 1873 & destroyed them. S.L. Clemens Nov 23/08.*" [MTP: Parke-Bernet Galleries catalogs, May 12, 1953, No. 1441, Item 258].

Elbridge Axtell, age 74, an "old time printer" wrote from Springfield, Mass. to ask for "a line" from Clemens [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Nov. 24 MLH"

J.A. Goldsmith for Bridgeport Enterprise wrote to send Sam a copy of the paper and would be pleased to have his opinion [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Nov. 24 MLH"

J.T. Lockhart wrote from Spokane, Wash. to enclose a "little story of Col. Nash" he had just written. "I trust it may amuse you for a moment and hope it may bring back some pleasant memories of bygone days of early life [in] Carson, Parson White and his brick church that you named the 'Chronic church' as it was so long in the building" [MTP]. *Note:* "Colonel Nash of Carson" in file; "Ans. Dec. 7 MLH"; see Jan 22, 1909 entry about Parson White.

Henry Miller for Henry Miller Company, NYC wrote to announce *The Winterfeast*, a new play by **Charles Rann Kennedy** to be performed next Monday; if Sam wanted to go Miller would forward tickets [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Nov. 25 MLH"

New York, New Haven, & Hartford Railroad per A.B. Smith wrote to Sam acknowledging his letter of Nov. 18 asking that trains #239 and 240 stop at Redding; the matter would be looked into, but both trains were express [MTP].

Perry F. Burroughs wrote from Bridgeport, Conn. to ask for an autograph [MTP]. *Note:* "Autogr. sent Nov. 24 MLH"

George Thornhill wrote from Wappingers Falls, NY to verify his memory of seeing Sam on the SS *Batavia* in 1873 with a baby under his arm, **Susy Clemens** [MTP]. *Note:* the Clemens family with baby Susy was on the *Batavia* headed for England from May 17 to 27. See Vol. I.

Charles B. Whittelsey wrote from Hartford seeking Clemens with a talk before the Mens Club of Trinity Parish [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Nov. 25 MLH”; and IVL: “Lecture form”

November 24 Tuesday – Isabel Lyon’s journal: Will arrived early and Santa. / Prof. Sanford came today to see about having the library moved to Redding Centre. The Hawaiian mantel came today, but the beautiful Koa wood has been polished until it is terribly yellow, and it won’t go anywhere. Steve Barr and Mr. Adams lugged it around from billiard to dining room—but the polish of it was fearful. The King declared it too offensive, but suggested that all the wonderful shine be scraped off—so the men carried it to the garage to reduce its coloring [MTP: IVL TS 80-81]. *Note:* see Oct. 31 entry for picture of the mantel.

Commodore **Daniel Dow** of the steamer *Caronia* ended his visit at Stormfield. He arrived on Nov. 21, for his second visit.

Sam’s A.D. included mention of the London *Times*, “as Lord Northcliffe’s journal which for a century had wielded political power with world rulers” [Gribben 418].

George A. Gilman wrote from Berks, England to send birthday wishes [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Dec 8. MLH”

W. Haskard for Haskard & Co., Florence, Italy wrote to Sam acknowledging his letter of Nov. 6 and per Sam’s request enclosed a check for the balance of his account there [MTP].

Lilian MacDonald wrote from Belfast, Ireland to offer birthday wishes [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Dec 7 MLH”

Genevieve L. Miller wrote to ask Sam where she might get his article on Christian Science that appeared in the *Cosmopolitan* in Oct. 1899 [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Nov. 24 MLH”

Missouri University sent an engraved invitation for Sam to attend the inauguration of **Albert Ross Hill** as President of the University on Dec. 10 and 11 [MTP].

Louis Pelletier wrote to ask Clemens to fill out an enclosed table having to do with his genealogy [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Nov. 27 MLH”; and IVL: “Mr Clemens has been too busy to take any interest in his genealogy”

Thomas Rodgers wrote from Au Sable Forks, NY to describe a book from his youth he was trying to find [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Nov. 27 MLH”; and IVL: “Mr. Clemens has no knowledge of the book”

Lillian T. Schmidt for the Professional Women’s League, NYC wrote to ask Sam for cards with his autograph for sale at their bazaar at the Waldorf Dec. 10-12 [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Nov. 30 6 autographs sent. MLH”

Spencer Trask for the National Arts Club, Gramercy Park, NY wrote to invite Sam to a dinner on Dec. 3 to meet **William J. Locke** [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Nov. 24 MLH”

November 25 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Margery Hamilton Clinton**, 39 E. 57th, N.Y.C.

Dear Plumber:

Oh no, bless your heart, you are not in any danger of losing your job. All you have to do is to be sweet, & look sweet, & sit around & let on to plumb, same as the others do. These are the only requirements in your case, & they will always come easy to you. Your job is quite secure.

I am very sorry the cold hangs on, but glad it did not turn to gripe. Watch it, take care of it. If I had it I would vibrate it with the machine, & observe results. I have two ailments, & only two—that violent crick in my neck, & a frequent & protracted heartburn, due to indigestion. But nowadays I have ceased to mind them: when they attack me the vibrator abolishes them with surprising promptness—three applications of a minute each, with ten-minute intervals between. You see it is much quicker than the masseur's achievements with his hands, although the principle is just the same.

Come again, Plumber! / Affectionately ... [MTP].

Isabel Lyon wrote for Sam to **Charles A. Ellicock**. “Mr. Clemens has no photos, but will be glad to sign one if they can find one they like & will send it” [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: “Will came early and Santa came later. / Benar came too” [MTP: IVL TS 81].

William H. Bliss wrote from NYC to invite Sam to a luncheon on Saturday, Dec. 5 to meet **William J. Locke** [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans. Nov. 27 MLH”; and IVL: “Mr. Clemens has invited guests here”

Katharine I. Harrison wrote from NYC to ask Sam if she might get two sets of his Hillcrest Edition books at a lower price than from Harpers direct, this for a friend of hers [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans. Nov. 27 MLH”; and IVL: “Where shall they be sent”

William Dean Howells wrote to Sam.

My dear Clemens: / I should like mightily to meet your farmers, but, poor fellow, I thought you went to Redding to get rid of Mark Twain. Besides knowing all your stories, I am prevented from coming to you by Mrs. Howells's not wanting to be left alone here; Pilla is still in Boston; and I have to help Mrs. H. breathe, and take other little jobs off her hands. If you ever give me another chance, be sure I shall take the first train. I am up so early, old man like, that if there were any lark round he would find me ready to shoot him.

L. Northcliffe, whom I met at a Harvey lunch, verified before-hand every thing you have since reported his saying of the house, but what pleases me most is *your* generosity. They usually say, “Oh, yes, Jones was the architect, but the fact is, my daughter planned the whole thing; and her aunts carried out her ideas. / Yours ever / W.D. Howells [MTHL 2: 838-9]. *Note*: Howells' son, **John Mead Howells** was the architect for Stormfield, though **Clara Clemens** had been active in the planning of the house, albeit not to the degree of Isabel Lyon. See n1, 2 source. In reference to getting “rid of Mark Twain,” Clemens must have complained to Howells at some point about the burdens of fame.

Frank A. Munsey wrote to advise Sam that he would give **Lord Northcliffe** a fairwell dinner on Dec. 14; a formal invitation would be sent in a few days [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans. Nov. 25 MLH”

Walter Hines Page for the North Carolina Society of NY wrote to invite Sam to a dinner for the society, at which **William Howard Taft** would be present [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans. Nov. 27 MLH”; and IVL: “Mr. Clemens thanks you”

W.A. Perry for the YMCA, Salem, Mass. wrote to Sam, listing elements which might have been “most valuable” in his success, asking him to double check his choices [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans. Nov. 30 MLH”

Charles P.G. Scott for the Simplified Spelling Board wrote to ask Sam if he'd rec'd the book to autograph that Scott had written several notes about [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans. Nov. 27 '08 MLH”; and IVL: “Dear Sir, Mr. Clemens hopes you have recd” —Meaning he sent it on.

November 26 Thursday - Thanksgiving – Elizabeth Wallace, whom Sam had met upon his arrival in Bermuda on Jan. 26, arrived at Stormfield for a visit of several days. She is listed for this day in **Sam's new guestbook**, with his note under Remarks: "Stayed several days but not long enough. Blackmer, discovered her in Bermuda about a year ago." She left Stormfield the morning of **Nov. 29**. In her 1914 recollection, *Mark Twain and the Happy Island*, Wallace writes:

A KING, whether he be one by the accidental right of inheritance or by the noble right of inborn royalty, has the privilege of calling his vassals to him at his will. So when a summons came, the Thanksgiving following the winter on the Happy Island, for me to go to Mr. Clemens's home in the Connecticut hills, I never thought of hesitating. It was Thanksgiving afternoon when I reached the little station. It was a glorious sunny winter day, with a gray frost still on the hills, little icicles on the edge of the streams, and a tang in the air that gave to hearts and cheeks a cheerier glow. We drove rapidly over the country roads, and I noticed at each turning that there was a neat and very diminutive sign-board, pointing always in the direction we followed, and bearing the initials M. T.

Many minutes before we reached it we could see the peaceful white Italian villa, from whose many windows we knew we could look for miles over the country. The grounds were unspoiled by the hand of the landscape gardener, and bushes grew everywhere, while the graveled road, that led up to the entrance, was not yet hardened by excessive travel. We drove up to the door. It opened, and there stood Mr. Clemens. It might have been yesterday that I had seen him last, for he had not changed. His suit was as white and immaculate as ever, his hair as silvery. There was only one change. He had tied a bow of pink ribbon to the top locks of his head, in honor of the guest. He extended both hands in cordial greeting, and I knew then that the Happy Island had not been a dream. The bow of pink ribbon was gently referred to, with proper acknowledgment of its hospitable significance. Mr. Clemens received the thanks gravely, and then the ornament placed there whimsically was apparently forgotten, but remained coquettishly pert all the rest of the evening.

Even before I went to my room I must look over the house. So we went from living room to loggia and back again to the dining room, and then down to the pergola, back again to the house and into the billiard-room, then upstairs to catch a glimpse of the view from Mr. Clemens' room before the twilight should close in upon it. Then Clara Clemens's charming suite of rooms must be visited, then the other bed-rooms, and the guest rooms. We must have a peep also into the servants' quarters, but finally, we stopped, before reaching the attic, which was reserved to another time.

The house was designed by the son of his life-long friend, Mr. W. D. Howells, a fact which gave Mr. Clemens great satisfaction. It was singularly in keeping with the dark, straight cedars which nature had foreseeingly disposed in decorative lines and groups. In side there was spaciousness, light, perfect comfort, and simplicity: while outside there was all the beauty of a New England landscape at its best, with nothing abrupt or harsh in the undulating curves of its hills and valleys; with something maternal in its soft, full outlines—where it would seem a sweet and restful thing to lay one's tired body down and let this mother Earth soothe and enfold you.

Mr. Clemens told me, almost with glee, that he had never seen either house or land until one day, the preceding June, when he came and took possession of a fully furnished and settled kingdom. All the instructions he had given were, that his room should be a quiet one, that the billiard-room should be big enough so that when he played he would not have to jab his cue into the wall, and that there should be a living-room at least forty by twenty feet. He was perfectly satisfied with the result, and wandered delightedly from room to room as he pointed out this and that particular charm.

As twilight fell, we gathered about the big fireplace in the living-room. Mr. Clemens asked me if I noticed anything very peculiar about the room. I vainly tried to perceive some eccentricity, but could not, for everything was in perfect harmony. "Haven't you noticed," said he, "that there isn't a picture on the walls?" I had to confess that I hadn't. We sat and talked of our friends of the Happy Island—of the Rajah, and of Margaret and the other Angel-fish, until it was time to go and dress for dinner.

This was a function where conversation was as important as food. Mr. Clemens grew restless before many courses had been served, and rose, to walk up and down the dining-room, discoursing the while on

some favorite topic. This he often did at meals. For he was not a hearty eater, except spasmodically, and so he would often suddenly rise, still talking, and continue his tirade while pacing the floor. Then, if another course tempted him, he would come back and partake of it.

There was a big organ at one end of the living-room, with a self-playing attachment, and after dinner we had some music. One of the guests played while we sat in the fire light, and Mr. Clemens in his big armchair smoked and was perfectly happy.

The New York *Times*, p. 6. reported:

Mark Twain in Milk Products Co.

Samuel L. Clemens, otherwise "Mark Twain," is one of the Directors of the new Plasmon Milk Products Company, incorporated yesterday in this city, with a capital of \$100,000, to exploit a patented milk food. The other Directors are Ralph A. Ashcroft [*sic*] and R. A. M. Hobbs. The ownership of patents has been the subject of litigation between Mr. Clemens and other parties interested, but it was said yesterday that he had been successful in all suits.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Betsy came today" [MTP: IVL TS 81]. *Note:* **Elizabeth Wallace.**

Maud Nathan for the Consumers' League of the City of NY wrote to ask again if Sam might speak at their annual meeting [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Dec 7 MLH"

November 27 Friday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** "The King read for the benefit of the Library" [MTP: IVL TS 81].

Elizabeth Wallace describes the events of a full day at Stormfield:

Mr. Clemens spent half of each morning in bed, and sometimes he did not appear until lunch-time; but the morning after Thanksgiving he was downstairs at ten, and proposed that we take a walk over the hills, his hills. It was a gloriously bright, crisp, cold day, and the atmosphere was so limpid that we could see far away. Mr. Clemens put on a fur-lined great-coat and his gray cap, saw that there was a goodly supply of cigars in his pockets, and we started off down the walk, through the pergola, and picked our way to a winding path that led us to all sorts of charming places.

Just as we were starting from the house, Mr. Clemens had stopped me and had said: "I want you to look at this view." I looked at the slope below, that dipped down into a pretty valley, and then at the gentle hills beyond, where winter had forced the trees to drop their sheltering screens, so that unexpected houses and isolated farms were here and there revealed. Mr. Clemens asked, "Do you see that white building over there?" pointing, at the same time, to what was unmistakably a country church. He went on: "We've just discovered that it is a church. It's the nearest one. Just at a safe distance. All summer we thought that it was a wind mill."

That morning walk in the white November sunlight will always remain a vivid memory. We scrambled down the hillside and came to the stream, which Mr. Clemens pointed out to me with the proud gesture of a discoverer. It was just what a New England stream should be, winding and clear, flowing at times turbulently over obstructing stones, and then pausing to form a still, golden-brown pool. We followed its windings with happy delight, finding new beauties to show to each other and to exclaim over. Mr. Clemens told me Indian stories and legends he had heard in his boyhood days.

We came to a tiny cave, at the side of the road, where there were some baby stalactites, and Mr. Clemens stopped there to discourse on the wonders of geology. He told me he had lately been investigating the subject of the formation of the earth, and he had found it so wonderful that he wanted to know more about it. He had found some old treatises on geology which amused him greatly, but he wanted to get some more modern and scientific information.

And so we wandered on, beguiled by the stream, which kept on murmuring seductively of charms farther on.

We talked of the Angel-fish and their many attractions. Mr. Clemens told me of Margaret's last visit to Stormfield and of what good times they had had together. "She is a dear womanly child," said Mr. Clemens, "and we had one conversation together which convinced me more than ever of her sweet consideration for others. She was telling me how she intended to bring up her children, and what were her plans for their education. There were to be two, a boy and a girl. The girl was to be named after her mother. I asked her what the boy's name would be, and she replied, with a reproachful look in her brown eyes: 'Why, Mr. Clemens, I can't name him until I know what his father's name is.' Now, wasn't that truly thoughtful?"

We finally had to leave the stream, for it was the lunch hour, so we made an abrupt turn and approached Stormfield by the opposite side from which we had left it. As we climbed the hill, Mr. Clemens paused a moment to say: "I never want to leave this place. It satisfies me perfectly"

AT luncheon Mr. Clemens spoke of his lasting gratitude to Captain Stormfield. For it was to the success of his Heavenly Experiences that the building of the loggia was due. And that was the reason the peaceful house was thus christened.

Our meal was somewhat hurried by the announcement, made by the deeply-interested butler, that the people were beginning to come. We were to have that afternoon the first entertainment of a series for the benefit of the Library Fund of the village. Mr. Clemens had offered to tell stories, and the entrance fee was to be twenty-five cents. Chairs had been hired from the local under taker, and had been placed in close rows in the big living-room, in the loggia, and out in the hall.

The first who arrived had walked five miles. More came. They came in buggies and in other handy vehicles. They entered the house solemnly and took their places silently, refusing to make themselves comfortable, and held on grimly to fur overcoats and fleece lined jackets. Soon the big living-room was filled to overflowing, and then Mr. Clemens stepped up to the improvised platform at one end of the long room and bade them welcome. As usual, he made a most picturesque appearance. On the wall behind him was a very large square, of carved, rich, old Italian oak which filled the space between the two windows and formed an effective background for the white-haired, white-clad figure of the speaker. Mr. Clemens told story after story in his happiest vein—how he became an agriculturist, how he was lost in the dead of night in the black vastness of a German banqueting hall. He was brilliant, wonderful. He seemed determined to bring a ripple into the faces of that silent audience. Once in a while stern features would relax for a moment, but the effort seemed to hurt, and the muscles would become fixed again.

In the back of the room there sat some of the younger generation, who suffered from occasional apoplectic outbursts. And yet we knew that everyone there was enjoying it deeply, hugely, only, as Mr. Clemens said afterwards, "they weren't used to laughing on the outside." And they were proud, too, proud almost to sinning, of their illustrious fellow-townsmen, and they would have shouted with laughter, if they only could.

When Mr. Clemens had finished, after an entertainment of an hour and a half, there was no lack of applause. This they could give. The audience dispersed slowly, many of the number stopping to look, with open mouthed but inarticulate admiration, at the beauties and luxuries of this home, so different from theirs.

That evening Mr. Clemens rested himself by playing billiards. Before beginning, he showed me his collection of fish. Charming colored pictures of Angel-fish and other varieties were framed and hung low around the billiard-room. He told me that each real Angel-fish who came to visit him could choose one of those and call it her coat-of-arms. There were other very remarkable sketches and caricatures hung on the walls, but Mr. Clemens seemed most interested in the piscatorial collection.

It was sometimes a wonderful and fearsome thing to watch Mr. Clemens play billiards. He loved the game, and he loved to win, but he occasionally made a very bad stroke, and then the varied, picturesque, and unorthodox vocabulary, acquired in his more youthful years, was the only thing that gave him comfort. Gently, slowly, with no profane inflexions of voice, but irresistibly as though they had the headwaters of the Mississippi for their source, came this stream of unholy adjectives and choice expletives. I don't mean to imply that he indulged himself thus before promiscuous audiences. It was only when some member of the inner circle of his friends was present that he showed him this mark of confidence, for he meant it in the nature of a compliment. His mind was as far from giving offense as the mind of a child, and we felt none. We only felt a kind of awe. At no other time did I ever hear Mr. Clemens use any word

which could be called profanity. But if we would penetrate into the billiard-room and watch him play, we must accept certain inevitable privileges of royalty [*Mark Twain and the Happy Island*, chapters 11-12]. *Note:* Fatout does not list this benefit talk by Clemens, though Lyon does. The Mark Twain Library Association minutes notes Sam's "short talk" and observed "quite a good attendance" [Copied by Tenney, Nov. 15, 1981].

Bennie Bercu, 12 years old, wrote from Providence, RI to express delight with Twain's books [MTP].

National Geographic Society, Washington, D.C. per Willis L. Moore wrote to ask Sam to make a toast at their Dec. 15 annual banquet [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Dec 1. MLH"

Thomas Brower Peacock, composer, wrote from Denver, Colo. to advise he'd sent Sam his latest song, "Beautiful Girl" as a birthday present. He enclosed a clipping with his photo relating the song was inspired by **Virginia Dare**, the first white woman born in N. America [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Dec 1. MLH"

November 28 Saturday – Elizabeth Wallace describes the events of her last day's stay at Stormfield:

The next morning as I was going down stairs, Mr. Clemens called to me from his room, in a tone that made me hurry. He was standing by one of the many windows, and he said: "Come quickly and look at the deep blue haze on those barberry bushes! They have never looked quite like this before." Then he went on to say: "When they built this house they had the inspiration to put in these small panes. See how each one frames a wonderful picture, and I can have a different one every time I change my position. No man-made pictures shall ever hang on my walls so long as I have these."

And Mr. Clemens had no picture on his wall, except a portrait of his daughter Jean.

That afternoon we took a long drive over the hills. Mr. Clemens kept no coachman and no carriage at that time, but when he wished a "rig" he sent word to the friendly farmer near by, who would soon appear with a surrey and a team of horses.

I remember that much of the talk that afternoon turned on the strange manifestations of genius and the tragic lives of many of those who were thus fatally endowed.

When evening came that day we asked Mr. Clemens to read Kipling to us again, and thus revive some of the memories of the Happy Island. And so we sat around the big blazing fire, and again the King's voice swept us out to visions of mighty action. More favorites were added. The Three Decker was read with unction, and The Long Trail was read twice over before the audience was satisfied. We wished that Mr. Rogers were there, and, happily, we did not feel the chill prophecy that some of us were never to see him again. An hour before luncheon, on Sunday, we gathered together in the living-room. Some one proposed that Mr. Clemens read aloud to us from his book, *What Is Man?* Into this work Mr. Clemens had put some of his deepest convictions as to the meaning of life and the principles that guide the human soul. What ever may be their philosophical value to others, he, at least, believed in them utterly, and when he read aloud to us the clear, trenchant dialogue, we, too, were convinced, for a time, of their truth. He grew so earnest that he would often repeat a phrase, twice, in a deep, solemn voice, and he so utterly forgot his pipe that it went out completely.

Our afternoon's peace was somewhat invaded by calls from the outside world and demands that Mr. Clemens should allow himself to be photographed. I often wondered how many thousand times the camera must have turned its eye upon him.

That last evening we played Hearts, for it still continued to be Mr. Clemens' favorite game. Again we missed Mr. Rogers sorely, and wished for his bantering. For no one else of us dared to chaff Mr. Clemens in quite the way that he had done. Besides, we knew that it wouldn't have been in the least humorous. We lengthened the hours as long as we could, for it was to be the last evening together, as the early morning train was to take me away. Since we knew how averse Mr. Clemens was to saying good-by to anyone, we parted that evening with a simple good-night. I did not expect to see him again, but the next morning as I went down to my hurried breakfast I heard his voice calling me. I went to his room. He was lying in his big carved bed, propped up by pillows. On the little table beside him were crowded together pipes, cigars, matches, a bottle or two, and a number of books. He handed one of the books to me, and said, "You must

have one of my souvenirs.” It was a copy of Eve’s Diary, with a kindly dedication in it on the fly-leaf. Then he said good-bye. The November sunshine had gone. The chill of winter had come into the air, and as I drove over the hills to the station I felt that I was going away from something very wonderful and very precious. For the love and friendship of those who have their faces turned towards the sunset is sometimes as rare and sweet and unworldly as that of little children. Perhaps they both are nearer the infinite, and so can understand [Mark Twain and the Happy Island, chapters 12]. *Note:* Wallace afterward noted she never saw Twain again. Her inscribed copy of *Eve’s Diary* is not extant.

C.M. Ferrell, 74 years old, wrote from Newark, NJ to relate his old times on the Mississippi when he was on the *F.X. Aubrey*, which he thought Sam likely had seen. He related several tales but asked for nothing [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Dec 7. MLH”

William V. Griffin wrote from New Haven to ask Sam for 1,000 words for the Yale *Daily News* [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Nov 30th MLH”

Susie Rall Heslen wrote from Chesapeake Beach, Md. to ask if Sam knew about certain books from her youth, books not by him [MTP].

William Arnold Jacobs sent birthday wishes [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Dec 9. MLH”

Henry W. Rule wrote from Independence, Mo. to wish happy birthday and ask for a recent photo [MTP].

Harold V. Strawn wrote from Cleveland to ask for an autograph [MTP]. *Note:* “Autogr. sent Dec 1. MLH”

November 29 Sunday – **Elizabeth Wallace** ended her visit and left Stormfield on an early train.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Today Mr. Watson and John [*sic* William] Ireland Starr motored up from Bridgeport. We had a gay time photoing, and just before they came I made photos of Benar and Betsy down in the pergola, that are going to be beautiful, I know. Betsy, Benar and I got into fantastic head gear and motored down to mother, for Betsy to say goodbye [MTP: IVL TS 81]. *Note:* **William Ireland Starr** b.1877, son of Major **William Wright Starr** (1848-1909), of Bridgeport, Conn. Watson is identified as **Arthur K.L. Watson** and the car a White steamer. Below is an account by Starr:

My Three Meetings with Mark Twain at Stormfield by William Ireland Starr:

During his Redding years, Stormfield was inaccessible enough to limit Mark Twain's callers to a small number, these he welcomed without benefit of introduction or advance appointment. During the warm part of the year 1908, exact date not remembered I was cruising around Redding with my good friend Arthur K. L. Watson in his White Steamer, and we decided to pay a visit to the local celebrity. At that time the approach to the Clemens' home was via Diamond Hill Road and what we now call Mark Twain Lane.

On such an excursion I was never without my cameras, and at this time I had just begun to experiment with the new Lumiere three-color photographic process, although my stand-by was my stereoscopic camera with which I took twin exposures giving the effect of a third dimension. Why I took no color shots on my first call I do not remember, but I did photograph the old gentleman in several poses, sitting in his front window, with his pipe in his hand, looking out at the Connecticut landscape.

I was assisted in this by Twain's two secretaries, Miss Isabel Lyon, his social secretary, and Ralph Ashcroft. English literary secretary, who, incidentally had accompanied Mark Twain to Oxford for the presentation of the doctorate not long before.

Twain was very proud of the cap and gown he had worn on this occasion and sometimes strutted around in them like a small boy dressed up. It was a sumptuous garment of bright red with gray half-sleeves and wide lapels. This colorful costume was largely responsible for my second visit, the following December 14th, at which time I brought along some autocrome plates for a few color shots of Doctor Clemens.

Our host received us graciously on both of these calls, and on the second visit I was invited to stay for lunch. He was at the time, however, greatly intrigued over the founding of the Mark Twain Library, and he “put the bee” on all his visitors for a contribution, however small, to the building fund. You will find my name among the founders, next to that of Mr. Watson, on the list we still have at the Library.

Twain was in good form that December day and greeted us warmly with one of his funny stories, as we were about to sit down at the table. He was very amusing and showed that he liked an audience, even a small one consisting chiefly of his henchmen and Watson and myself. In 1908 color photography was quite new in America and I seem to have been among the first to use the Lumiere process, which employed glass plates on which sensitized tiny grains of starch were used to photograph the scene as a transparency.

My host kept kidding me about what he called my “color machinery” but I could see that he was interested in having another portrait in color, following a “sitting” of only fifteen to twenty seconds. One thing I noticed was that he was the autocrat at the luncheon table; Miss Lyon had whispered that he did not like to be interrupted, much less contradicted.

Rare Color Shots Disappear

The color shots turned out beautifully and I mailed all of them to “Dr. Samuel Clemens, Redding, Connecticut” That was the last I ever saw or heard of my prized transparencies.

When, after the elapse of some weeks, I had had no acknowledgement, I wrote to inquire if they had been received and what Mark Twain thought of them. Still no answer.

Finally, in the spring, I journeyed a third time to Stormfield to see if I could not rescue the missing plates in person. By this time the old gentleman was suffering from what turned out to be his last illness and was confined to his bedroom on the second floor. He did stick his head out the window and shout down to me a greeting and an apology for not inviting me up. “Doctor's orders” He was gone before I could ask any questions about my color photographs. Judging by some subsequent happenings, I would not be surprised if Ralph Ashcroft could have explained the mystery, had he been so minded.

My brief acquaintanceship with Isabel Lyon grew into a lifelong friendship between her and my family. She and Ashcroft were married, but their union broke up with great unhappiness to Isabel, and she came and lived with my mother for quite a time while she was trying to recover from the shock [*Redding Times*, June 2, 1960, Vol. 5 p.1]

Dora Duty Jones wrote from Berlin, Germany to send homage to Clemens for his various works [MTP].

Alfred W. Lubin for Kora Co., NYC wrote to ask Sam for his autograph for his Vol. I of his Riverdale Edition of books [MTP]. *Note:* “Autogr. Sent Dec 7. MLH”

O. Roeber wrote from Germany to ask for an autograph [MTP]. *Note:* “Autogr sent. Dec 14 MLH”

Henry Williams wrote from the Conn. State Prison in Wethersfield to ask Sam for his forgiveness for burglarizing his home [MTP]. *Note:* Sam never answered; after Clemens’ death Williams wrote to Joseph Twichell (22 May 1910) anguished over Clemens’ not forgiving him, and begging Twichell to visit him in prison. He’d carved a Mississippi steamboat in wood and sent it to Clemens but didn’t know if Sam ever received it.

November 29? Sunday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam sent another receipt on his library notice to **William Ireland Starr** [MTP].

November 30 Monday – **Sam's 73rd Birthday.** The *New York Times*, Dec. 1, p.1 "Mark Twain is 73." announced that Sam passed his birthday "quietly at his home...As was his custom, Mr. Clemens took his morning ride, passing the remainder of the day with his household."

In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to daughter **Jean** in Berlin, Germany.

Jean dear, I have been floundering around in my 74th year for half a dozen hours now, yet I don't seem to be any older than usual. It is a very good day for an old birthday: mild & gentle & autumnish & subdued as to color in woods & sky. But there do be blue jays flocking & flashing around, & I think they are out of season & will warn them off the place. No congratulations came till this morning—then even *foreign* ones arrived timed to the very day. Three from England. Ocean mails move accurately now-a-days.

The burglary scared away every servant we had. And *we* are very glad of it, for we are ever so much better off than we have ever been before, since the days when you were a little child in Hartford. We have 3 native Americans from the farms around, & 3 Italians—two inside & the other out: the insiders are Theresa & her husband & they can't be improved upon any where.

Jean dear, Miss Lyon will send you a trifle of Xmas money—which is better I reckon, than for me to try to select something for you—it would be sure to be pipes or cigars, or some other thing that is precious in my eyes, but which you would not much care for.

I've got a mechanical "vibrator," & we abolish indigestions, sick headaches, & such things in two minutes with it.

Merry Christmas, dear heart, & lots & lots of love / Father.

P. S. Give my very kindest regards to Excellenz von Versen. Oh, we had a darling visit from Dr. Jim Clemens some weeks ago. He was perfectly delightful. Jean, he is much too big a man for St. Louis. New York is better suited to the size of his brain & his scientific attainments [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Franz ("Frank") Nickolous Otremba** (1851-1910), woodcarver in Hawaii.

Mr. F. N. Otremba:

The mantel is a charmingly conceived & admirably executed work of art, & I am grateful to you for the valued compliment conveyed to me in the labor of heart & hand & brain which you have put upon it. It is worthy of the choicest place in the house, & it has it. I wish also to thank you, & cordially, for the rare woods & for the beautiful bread-fruit plaque. / Sincerely yours

[*enclosure, postcard with message written across top of photograph of Stormfield.*]

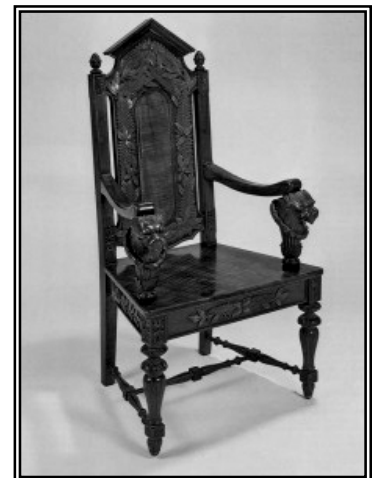
*This cross indicates one of the billiard-room windows.

[*at bottom left:*]

"Stormfield" [MTP].

Insert: chair made for Twain by F.N. Otremba

Note: **Franz Nickolous Otremba** this from Rarevictorian.com website: Otremba was commissioned by the Hawaii Promotion Committee to carve a mantel for Mark Twain's new home, "Stormfield" in 1908. The job cost \$300 and at the time was described as "one of the handsomest pieces of furniture ever made in the Islands". It was installed in the author's billiard room on his 73rd birthday. A chair was also carved by Otremba for Twain but he had a choice between the mantel and the chair and selected the mantel. The chair, pictured to the right, stayed in Hawaii, apparently with the Otremba family [*Note:* see picture of the Mantel in **Oct. 31** entry. Otremba is most remembered for the popular and heroic bronze leaf statue of **Kamehameha the Great**, unveiled in 1883. It is currently seen in the opening of the popular TV show, *Hawaii Five-O*].



Sam also wrote to an **unidentified person**.

I like the Joan of Arc best of all my books; & 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: 12 years of preparation & 2 years of writing. The others needed no preparation, & got none. / Mark Twain [MTP].

Sam also inscribed a copy of *Eve's Diary* to **Elizabeth Wallace**: "*To / Betsy Wallace / from / Affectionately / The Author. / Stormfield, / Nov. 30, 1908. / At Eve's Grave. / Adam: 'Wheresoever so she was, there was Eden.'* (last page.)" [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Harry P. Wood** of the **Hawaii Promotion Committee**.

Dear Mr Wood

The beautiful mantel was put in its place an hour ago, & its friendly "Aloha" was the first uttered greeting my 73^d birthday received. It is rich in color, rich in quality, & rich in decoration, therefore it exactly harmonises with the taste for such things which was born in me & which I have seldom been able to indulge to my content. It will be a great pleasure to me, daily renewed, to have under my eye this lovely reminder of the loveliest fleet of islands that lies anchored in any ocean, & I beg to thank the Committee for providing me that pleasure. / Sincerely Yours / ... [MTP: Walter Frear's 1947 *Mark Twain and Hawaii*, facing p. 243]. *Note*: this is the first extant letter from Redding headed, "Stormfield Redding Connecticut".

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Today Betsy went back to Chicago" [MTP: IVL TS 81]. *Note*: **Elizabeth Wallace**.

Ethelinde C. Johnson wrote blessings from Auburn, Maine to relate some of her life stories [MTP].

New York World wrote a short slip and birthday wish to Clemens [MTP].

Frederick T. Leigh, Treasurer of Harpers, sent a royalty statement (not in file) and best wishes [MTP].

Abram S. Stratton from Greensburg, Indiana sent his poem about Twain's birthday [MTP].

November 30 after – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **Frederick A. Duneka**.

Dear Mr. Duneka:

I was just finishing a short story when you were here. I finished it to-day:

"The International Lightning-Insurance Trust."
A Love Story

It will make 8 or 9 pages of the Monthly, I reckon. It has love in it, & piety, & retribution, & distribution, & all those things.

When do you want it? ... [MTP].

December – Cooley writes of the decline of the Aquarium Club, something notable in less correspondence beginning this month:

By the early winter of 1908 the Aquarium Club had begun to decline. The number of Clemens's letters to his angelfish diminished, and he no longer pleaded for visits. In contrast to the one hundred or more letters he wrote to them in 1908, there are but twenty-five known letters from Clemens to angelfish for all of 1909, and very few surviving letters in reply. Half the angelfish swam from his Aquarium altogether, and no new "fish" were caught to take their places. Not only were there fewer letters but also significant

changes in mood and content. Clemens frequently complained about his poor health, urged his angelfish to stop growing up, and muttered about their boyfriends. In these final letters he begins to sound, for the first time, like an old man admonishing his granddaughters to fold their wings and “quiet down.” When he is not complaining about the “lawless” qualities he loved but a year earlier, his letters are still warm and affectionate, though missing the exuberance so often present during the previous years [MTAq 234].

Dorothy Butes sent Sam a signed Christmas card [MTP].

Dr. Edward Quintard wrote to encourage Sam to attend a the Post-Graduate Medical School dinner [MTP].

Silk Association of America sent Sam a calligraphied invite with seal to their 37th annual banquet at the Waldorf on Feb. 11 [MTP]. *Note*: IVL: “Unable to be present”

December 1 Tuesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Marjorie Breckenridge**.

You see I have followed your suggestion—so the house has two names: “Innocence at Home” for the Aquarium girls, & “Stormfield” for the general public.

Those poor burglars have gone to jail. I haven’t anything against them, I bear them no malice & put no blame upon them, for it is only circumstances & environment that make burglars, therefore anybody is liable to be one. I don’t quite know how I have managed to escape, myself. Yes I do: my circumstances & environment protected me. Whenever a man is not a burglar, that is the only reason—there is no other.)

If your turned ankle afflicted you only a fortnight, you are fortunate. Don’t turn it again—it is a bad business sometimes & hangs on & pesters a person a couple of years: I have had that experience.

Three days ago I walked down to your cabin with a guest. It was in good shape. There was a bow & some fishing tackle on the porch, & the wood-pile had not been robbed.

Although the beginnings of winter are here & the trees are more or less bare, the landscape is still astonishingly beautiful: indeed we can’t swear that it has ever lost any of its beauty at any time: what it loses in one way it seems to amply make up in another.

Love to you, & a merry Christmas, & the best of health & prosperity. / ... [MTP; MTAq 238-9].

Sam also wrote to Dr. **Edward Quintard**.

Dear Doctor: / Call Clara up, & require her to report to you. She is occupying a cunning little flat on the 5th floor at 17 Livingstone Place, corner of Stuyvesant Square and — — — is it 15th street — — — or 17th? — — — well, it’s there somewhere, on a corner. *Damn* a square that has corners to it, anyway! you never can tell which corner it is; whereas, if it were round, you wouldn’t need to *try* to know—you could just go on around till you got there.

Well, we are hungry to see *you*, too—therefore come up & give us a chance. Trains (good ones) from Grand Central at 8. 50 a. m. & 3. 32 p. m. Distance, about an hour & a half. Choose your own day, per your own convenience—& telephone us, so that we can meet you at the station with a hack or a garage or some other adequate transportation, the distance being 3 miles & the walking not good, with baggage. Come, won’t you? I am trying 74 now, & can tell you a lot about it. I do hope the madam can come with you; I should love that.

With love to you both— ... [MTP].

Sam’s new guestbook (and Lyon’s journal TS 81):

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Stewart Walker	1845 Broadway, N.Y.	December 1-2	
Mrs. ditto	“ “ “	“ “	→ “(Mrs Sybil)”

Notes: **Alexander Stewart Walker** (1876-1952), architect, married **Sybil Kane** in 1906. Walker was a member of the firm of Walker & Gillette (**Leon N. Gillette**; 1878-1945).

J.H. Alden wrote from NYC with birthday wishes; he noted that he'd reached 73 a day before Clemens [MTP].

Oliver Bainbridge wrote to Sam. "I have sent you a copy of the 'Devil's Note Book' with hearty congratulations on your seventy-third birthday" [MTP; Gribben 40]. *Note: The Devil's Notebook* (1908).

Alexander P. Beedell wrote from London to admire the way *CY* "blended incidents of Early English life with those of modern America" [MTP].

M.H. Clark wrote from Clarksville, Tenn. with birthday wishes [MTP].

Mark Twain Davis wrote from Saginaw, Mich. to congratulate Sam on reaching 73. His father chose his name and everyone remembered it [MTP].

John C. Fry wrote from Wash. DC to Sam with birthday wishes. "You and I were young fellows in the printing business in Keokuk. You being employed in Orion's office, over Ogden's book store, while I was doing my best, as an apprentice, to earn two dollars per week in the office of the Evening Times located in the building adjoining the old Atheneum" [MTP]. *Note* "Ans Dec 7 MLH"

F.A. Googins, a teacher, wrote from NYC on Harvard Club notepaper to ask "what five or more short humorous poems" were representative of the idea of "local color" [MTP].

Percy S. Grant for the Church of the Ascension wrote to invite Sam to the 300th birthday of **John Milton**, at the Church on Dec. 9 at 4:30 [MTP].

L.J. Kingsley wrote from Binghamton, NY to enclose a clipping titled "OBITUARY" that noted Clemens passed his 73rd birthday [MTP]. *Note* "Ans Dec 9 MLH"

Donald L. Lilley wrote to ask Sam to sign enclosed cards [MTP]. *Note* "Autogr. Sent Dec 7 MLH"

Frank V. McGrath for Leary, Stuart & Co. wrote to ask for an autograph [MTP]. *Note* "Autogr. Sent Dec 7 MLH"

Carolyn Myers for Emanu-El Brotherhood, NYC wrote to Sam enclosing a ribbon for him to sign for their bazaar [MTP]. *Note* "Autogr. Sent Dec 7 MLH"

Frank Presbrey, president of the Aldine Assoc wrote to offer his advertising services for Plasmon Co., which he noted had been reorganized [MTP]. *Note* "Ans Dec 9 MLH"

Eleanor Christina Rosekrans wrote from to Sam with birthday wishes and a verse [MTP].

C.F. Stromeyer wrote a list of furniture shipped this day to Redding [MTP].

Howard P. Taylor wrote to Sam.

My Dear Sam:/ I read in a 'Frisco paper yesterday that you had just celebrated your 73d birthday. Let your old friend of nearly 50 years ago throw a few congratulations over your old pompadour, with the fervent hope

you may live to celebrate many more annuals, and to continue to entertain the world with your pestilential pleasantries. I am but three years your junior, but feel fourteen years your senior, owing to a bunch of ingrowing rheumatism that has claimed most of my system since my advent among the 'glorious fogs of California' shortly after the earthquake, and left me physically and financially 'pinched' on a bargain-day mattress in Oakland, with a second-hand typewriter for company. I have read, too, of your frequent illnesses, and can only wonder at your extraordinary vitality, for when we were doing time on the old *Enterprise* in Virginia, you didn't seem "bigger than a paragraph," nor stalwart enough to pry up a carpet tack. I don't know your attitude on religion, or whether you ever had any (few of us had in the old days), but doubtless you are thankful to the Great Unseen for the blessed energies He has given you, for prolonging your days, and for making you the creature of cheerful usefulness to the world. It saddens "we old 'uns," though, to know that so few of our comrades of the past remain. A new, and still newer, generation has sprung up, and only a bent form and wrinkled face from among our youthful friends is occasionally seen wandering listlessly among the streets of San Francisco and Oakland. It makes one feel like the proverbial cat in the strange garret.

Nearly all the old newspaper editors, reporters and compositors that we knew have passed to the beyond, except Joe Goodman, whom I have been unable to locate, but hear he is somewhere in Southern California. Jim Townsend, I am told, died a year or two ago at Lodi, Cal., and Jim Gillis passed out last year—Steve a few years previously. Dan de Quille some time ago, as you know. Denis and Jack McCarthy, Pit Taylor, Jack McGinn, Mike McCarthy, George Thurston, and other of the old office boys, have all been gathered in, leaving but few of the old Comstockers to face the inevitable. My brother Billy, whom I believe you knew, is still on earth, here with me, but a paralytic. He is 76 years old. All very saddening; yet the retrospect is not so unpleasant, as I ponder over it, and doubtless the sanctities are still slumbering within both of us that make this life worth the living. ...

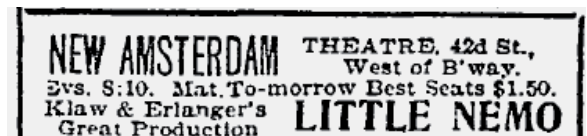
Your croney of Lang Syne... [MTP].

Rev. Charles Watt Whistler (1856-1913), historic fiction writer, wrote from Mercer, Penn. to Sam. "Dear old man: / In 64 or 65 I met you frequent in the old Alta Calif on Sacramento st, San 'Frisco. John McComb was one of the [illegible words]. / I said goodbye when you set sail on the bark Whistler—my own name—when you went out to Honolulu. He added birthday wishes [MTP]. *Note:* Sam took the steamer *Ajax* to Hawaii on 6 Mar 1866.

Mrs. E.A. Zimmerman wrote from Johnstown, Penn. with birthday wishes and request for autograph [MTP]. *Note* "Autogr. Sent Dec 7 MLH"

December 1 Tuesday ca. – **Nettie Brockley**, an English schoolgirl, wrote from London to wish Sam a happy new year [MTP].

December 2 Wednesday – Sam, **Isabel Lyon** and "other members of his household" went to a matinee performance of the musical comedy *Little Nemo* by **Harry Bache Smith** (1860-1936) at the **New Amsterdam Theatre** in NYC See insert advertisement; IVL below:



Isabel Lyon's journal: "Today we went to town. The King, Mrs. Walker and I. Benar met us at the train. And Mrs. Littleton in a charming strange French gown and hat met us outside and took us to her new home in 57st Street. We went to the matinee to see Little Nemo" [MTP: IVL TS 82].

A.E. Ballard for the Ocean Grove NJ Camp Meeting wrote to invite Sam to lecture [MTP]. *Note* "Ans Dec 8 MLH"

Charles Hopkins Clark for the Hartford Courant wrote to ask the date and place of Clemens' "Patent Adjustable Speech" [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans Dec 9 MLH"; and IVL: "A speech to be made on any occasion & on any subject. I remember the P.A.S. but I haven't any idea where I made it, if I made it, or where it was printed, if it was printed. It must have been printed for I know several examples of it"

James V. Fenn wrote from Phila. to ask if Sam was still the owner of 46,000 acres of timber land in Tennessee; if so, what was his price? [MTP]. *Note* “Ans Dec 29 MLH”

Howells & Stokes wrote to Sam enclosing the \$60 bill of **L.S. Blackman** for original surveying and mapping on the ground, and enclosing the last two letters on the matter. Lounsbury and Sunderland both thought the best thing to do was to pay it as stands [MTP].

Fred Kirkwood wrote from Buffalo, NY with birthday wishes [MTP]. *Note* “Ans Dec 9 MLH”

The Lincoln Centennial Committee wrote to invite Sam to the 100th anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln on Feb. 12 [MTP]. *Note* “Ans Dec 7 MLH”

George B. Merrick wrote from Madison, Wisc. to send Sam his book *Old Times on the Upper Mississippi; The Recollections of a Steamboat Pilot from 1854 to 1863* (1908), thanking him for permission to quote from *LM*. He also praised *JA* [MTP]. *Note* “Ans Dec 7 MLH”; See Gribben, p. 465

Lou Nelson wrote from Jacksonville, Fla. with birthday wishes and asking for “a little note” from Clemens [MTP].

Katherine Nichols wrote from Newark, NJ to ask Sam for \$50, advance against his “improved telephone attachment” patent pending [MTP]. *Note* “Ans Dec 9 MLH”

Walter R. Oakley wrote to ask Sam to sign enclosed cards [MTP]. *Note* “Autogr. Sent Dec 7 MLH”

R.B. Phillips wrote with birthday wishes and autograph request [MTP]. *Note* “Autogr. Sent Dec 10 MLH”

Charles P.G. Scott for the Simplified Spelling Board wrote to thank Sam for his autograph on the book for **Andrew Carnegie** [MTP].

Florence Sheldon wrote to ask for Clemens’ autograph [MTP]. *Note* “Autogr. Sent Dec 7 MLH”

Walter Toepfer wrote from Toledo, Ohio with birthday wishes and autograph request [MTP]. *Note* “Autogr. Sent Dec 7 MLH”

R.C. Wheeler for the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad wrote to Sam to ask for an autograph [MTP]. *Note* “Autogr. Sent Dec 7 MLH”

Arthur E. Young, 12 years old, wrote birthday wishes from Knoxville, Tenn. [MTP]. *Note* “Ans Dec 30 MLH”

December 3 Thursday – **William Dean Howells** wrote to Sam.

Dear Clemens: / I am going to Percy Grant’s Milton-fest on the 9th, so let me come any day after to you. Make Miss Lyon tell me all over again where I must stop the train to get off for Redding; and when I leave N.Y. in the morning, 8:30? I breakfast at 6:30 to 7.

—Now I must go and empty our collaborative vase, It smells horribly. Yours ever / W.D. Howells [MTHL 2: 839]. *Note*: see n1 source for more on **Percy Stickney Grant**, Protestant Episcopal minister, rector of the Church of the Ascension, NYC.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "The King to the dentist" [MTP: IVL TS 82].

Stoughton Cooley wrote from Maywood, Ill. to ask Sam if he might send a MS about the Mississippi River for his opinion, one that "those eastern publishers" did not appreciate [MTP]. *Note* "Ans Dec 7 MLH"

Mrs. G.L. Leighton wrote from Los Angeles to Sam, enclosing a horoscope clipping from the *Los Angeles Times*, and noting that **Jonathan Swift** was also born on Nov. 30 [MTP]. *Note* "Ans Dec 21 MLH"

C.M. Lincoln for the NY Times wrote to ask Sam for a "one-hundred word expression of opinion as to...the greatest event of the year" [MTP].

William Murray wrote from Hamilton, Ontario Canada, enclosing a card and verse with clipping about Sam's birthday pasted to the top from the *NY Tribune* [MTP]. *Note* "Ans Dec 7 MLH"

J. Clinton Roraback wrote from Canann, Conn. to invite Sam to address the **Litchfield County University Club** [MTP]. *Note* "Ans Dec 9 MLH"

An **unidentified person (Mrs. Charles ?)** wrote a postcard from Seattle, Wash. to ask where she might find *More Tramps Abroad* [MTP]. *Note:* English title of *FE*.

December 4 Friday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Elizabeth Jordan**.

Dear Miss Jordan:

Indeed & 'deed & 'deed I do hate to say no, but it wouldn't *begin* to do for me to print anything on that (to me) utterly unimportant subject. I should only make fun of it, & the Harpers would flog me for destroying my commercial value.

With very kindest regards & best wishes for Xmas & afterward, / Sincerely Yours / ... [MTP]. *Note:* Jordan was an editor at *Harper's Bazaar*, and often solicited remarks from Twain on one topic or another.

Isabel Lyon's journal: "Home again with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Collier and Benar, in a special car" [MTP: IVL TS 82].

Nancy E. Beebe wrote a picture postcard from Brooklyn, of best wishes with two naked children facing the sea and the caption "Innocence Abroad" [MTP]. *Note* "Ans Dec 7 MLH"

John D. Davis wrote from London to Sam, confused as to the authorship of *JA* [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "I wrote the book myself building upon the 11 histories quoted by me at the beginning of the book. Whenever I deal with Joan's acts & speeches that is history. The rest is romance. I introduce several characaters of my own inventory. La Conte is not one of them."

Alfred F. Howe wrote to Sam from Derby, Conn. "As the inclosed concerns some of your Hartford friends, I am sending it to you with the thought that it may be of interest...yours..." [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans Dec 7 MLH"; no enclosure in the file.

Anna Jarvis wrote from Phila. to thank Sam for his "approval of Mother's Day last year" and asking if he would "do or say something for observance next May -2d Sunday." A tract in the file "Crown Her!" about mothers [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans Dec 10 MLH"

Lillian T. Schmidt for the Professional Women's League NYC wrote to thank him for his “valuable autograph sent for the bazaar” [MTP].

Sherman, French & Co., Publishers, Boston wrote to Sam, sending a copy of *Idylls of Greece* (1908) by **Howard Vigne Sutherland**: “At the suggestion of the author, we are sending you a complimentary copy” [MTP; Gribben 678].

Frederick A. Stokes wrote to ask Sam for autographed photo [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans Dec 11 MLH”

December 5 Saturday – Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Robert Collier	New York	Dec. 5-6 —	→ Collier's Weekly
& his better nine-tenths		“ “ —	→ (“Mrs. Sallie”)

Isabel Lyon's journal: Mother went to Hartford, and I took her out to the station in the coupe, the old, old Clemens coupe. In the afternoon Mr. & Mrs. Collier left & the King and Benar & I settled into a sweet evening. At dinner the King talked a lot about Geology, a never failing topic of interest for him. Just now he is reading Hugh Miller on the Rocks & after a billiard hour he swings into the dining room primed for talk. The wonder and mystery of the earth never lose their mysteries for him [MTP: IVL TS 82]. *Note*: *The Testimony of the Rocks, etc.*, by **Hugh Miller** (1802-1856) [Gribben 468].

James Newton Clemens, M.D. wrote from Carrsville, KY to Sam, enclosing two letters from relatives **James M. Clemens** and **Mary C. Clemens** from St. Louis “to establish our relationship.” He was b. Apr. 5, 1835 and his handwriting was very shaky [MTP].

Susan W. Clune wrote from Boston, Mass. to Sam with “tardy” birthday wishes [MTP].

N. Lafayette-Savay for the American Civic Alliance wrote to advise Sam had been granted honorary membership; if he accepted they wanted him at their conference on Dec. 21 [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans Dec 9 MLH”

Dr. Charles L. Meriwether wrote from Louisiana, Mo. to Sam with birthday wishes, inviting him to spend his 74th with him; born on the same day, it would be Meriwether's 32nd [MTP].

Mrs. Oscar Robinson wrote from Colusa, Calif. to Sam with birthday wishes and stuffed figs, which she assured him weren't poison [MTP].

F.B. Vandegrift & Co., NYC wrote offering to sell a buffalo head that one of their correspondents had in Banff, Alta, Canada [MTP].

December 6 Sunday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Margaret Blackmer.**

You “suppose” I had a happy Thanksgiving, do you? You don't suppose anything of the kind, you dear little rascal. You know very well I wouldn't have a happy Thanksgiving & you not here.

But it was just sweet of you to send me the flowers. They are lasting very well; they haven't lost their freshness yet.

We've been telephoning last night, & I am hoping we are going to capture you next Friday. But we have to wait & see if your mother will consent. Mr. Howells is coming, & he is just a love (but you mustn't flirt

with him;) & Colonel Harvey is coming; if there is a spare bed I hope your mother will come, too. / With love [MTP; *MTAq* 237-8 misdated as Nov. 29].

Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Sturgis**.

Dear Annianlouise: / A week ago I drifted over the 73-year frontier safely & entered my second childhood in good shape. It was like passing a milestone in the dark—I couldn't notice that anything was happening. It is very different at 50 & at 70. And again at a hundred, of course.

We have had a good many guests since the burglar days, but not an actress. I was too slow. October came, all of a sudden, & brought a time-table change which effectually put up the bars against the profession. There was but one who was free—Margaret Illington. Free by disaster, emancipated by broken health. It looks as if the stage is going to lose her, but I hope it will not happen.

I was in New York day before yesterday, & was to have stayed with the Rogerses, but at the last moment Mrs. Rogers was taken ill, & Mrs. Benjamin also (surgical operation): so I stayed with other friends. I saw Benjamin, & he said Mr. Rogers would probably go to Bermuda soon.

Your fellow-visitors of Sept. 18 have been tried, sentenced, & sent to jail—one of them for 4 years, the other for 9—this latter for burglary *and* shooting with intent to kill. The terms were light because they pleaded guilty. I had a letter from the murderous one three days ago. He is clearly a merciless devil, a bloody-minded devil, but softly sentimental, just the same, for he is a German. In his lament he says, “ich traume in des Lebens Blüthezeit.” (He is about 43.) / With lots of love— / Major [MTP; *MTAq* 239]. *Note*: Cooley offers translation: “I dream about a new (better) life.”

Sam also wrote to **Martin W. Littleton**, 113 E. 57th Street, NYC.

Dear Littleton: / Thank you for delivering into my hands those sumptuous examples of the art of decorating & putting together tobacco in the right & reverent way—when it is *such* tobacco—tobacco without its previous equal in flavor & fragrance, if my knowledge & experience are to be depended on.

And thank you again, & again, & again, & again, for not keeping it to yourself. I shall always admire you for this.

And please thank Mr. O'Grady for me, & very cordially. Thank him for the whisky, too. I had just reformed, but it is not too late to re-arrange that. I am used to it. / Sincerely Yours ... [MTP].

W.L. French wrote to ask for an interview about analyzing character from handwriting [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans Dec 11 MLH”

Charles J. Grundstrom, 21 year old “working boy” wrote from Riverside, Calif. to ask Sam for a “personal letter” about “some little incident” in his life [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans Dec 14 MLH; autogr. sent”

Hattie Summerfield for Illinois Woman's Press Assoc., Chicago wrote to ask Sam for an autographed copy of one of his books for the benefit of the **Needy Author's Fund** [MTP].

December 7 Monday – **Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Murray Butler** sent their calling card for Sam “to meet Lord & Lady Northcliffe & Signor Ferrero,” Tues. Dec. 15 4 to 6 p.m. [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans Dec 7 MLH”

Columbia University sent an engraved invitation to “exercises in Commemoration of the Three Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of John Milton” on Dec. 9 [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans Dec 9 MLH”

Marjorie Dawson for Marjorie Dawson's Doll-land Co. wrote from NYC to Sam, sending “some tickets and circulars to Doll-land” [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans Dec 7 MLH”

Neltje de G. Doubleday (Mrs. Frank N. Doubleday) wrote to ask Sam what he liked in the article in “Country Life” and to indicate where he wanted changes. Her scrawl is terrible and mostly illegible [MTP].

Daniel Frohman for the Lyceum Theatre, NYC wrote to Sam.

My sister tells me you have caused some inquiries to be made regarding Mrs. Frohman [Margaret Illington Frohman]. A month ago she went West and her mail was not given to her promptly because the doctor wanted her to be free from all thought of things. She improved so rapidly that she came back home for a couple of weeks for consultation and advice, etc., and Saturday she left for Southern California where she will live with an uncle in a nice comfortable place for one or two months until she gets her nerves in order. Her condition is not serious but her nerves gave out. She never recovered entirely from the horse-back accident she had over a year ago, and, added to the character of the part she played for a year, and the amount of emotion and intense effort she put into it, she collapsed. Now she is to give up acting entirely. She never cared much for the stage, but I wanted to keep her on because I felt she had a great career. But as it makes her happier not to do so, she will, on her return, become a domesticated Hausfrau. You will doubtless hear from her from her distant home, and see her on her return [MTP].

Notes: **Margaret Illington** (born **Maude Light** 1879-1934) took the stage name of Illington which combined “Illinois” and “Bloomington” in honor of her birthplace. She married the 28 years older **Daniel Frohman** in 1903. Clemens added Margaret to his Aquarium roster, though she was 29 years old. She divorced Frohman in Nov. 1909 in Reno, Nevada, and married **Edward J. Bowes** (creator of the radio show “Amateur Hour”), a rich real estate developer of Tacoma, Wash. only a few days later. Sam would write her on Jan. 26, 1910. See entry.

Howard P. Merrill for Springfield (Mass.) Calhoun Club wrote to ask Sam his terms to come and deliver a talk [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans Dec 11 MLH”

Nellie F. Monson wrote to ask for Clemens’ autograph [MTP]. *Note:* “Autogr. Sent Dec 7 MLH”

North Carolina Society of NY sent an engraved invitation to their annual dinner, Dec. 7 to meet their guest of honor, **William Howard Taft**, at the Hotel Astor [MTP].

John E. Ridenour for the Book Shop, Kansas City, Mo wrote to Sam with birthday wishes and to ask for an autograph [MTP]. *Note:* “Autogr. Sent Dec 7 MLH”

James B. Sutherland wrote from Toronto, Canada to enclose \$1.15 to Sam for the Redding Library, hoping that it would come back endorsed by Clemens. The last time Sutherland heard Sam talk was at the Princess Hotel in Bermuda [MTP].

December 7-10 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote a postcard to **Nettie Brockley**.

Indeed yes, dear Miss Brockley, & I thank you for thinking of it; for an attention from a school girl gratifies me more than the like from any other source. I am 73 & grandchildless; & so one might expect the whole left hand compartment of my heart to be empty & cavernous & desolate; but it isn’t because I fill it up with schoolgirls [MTP].

December 8 Tuesday – Sam’s A.D. for this date focused again on the two burglars at Stormfield [Hill 209]. *f:* Sam also dictated on the burglary on Oct. 6 and Nov. 12.

Ragnvald Blix wrote to Sam, thanking him for a letter of praise of his book *Le Voile Tombe: Caricatures par Blix* (1908). Blix offered to send Clemens the original of any caricature he chose. Gribben adds that “Blix’s prints mimic the master painters of Western Europe” [MTP; Gribben 75].

J.A. Jenkins wrote from Cheyenne Wells, Colo. to offer Sam his history and to ask for “a few lines” [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans Dec 11 MLH”

Maud Nathan for the Consumers’ League of NY wrote to Sam, following up on her previous letter of two weeks prior, asking him to speak [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans Dec 11 MLH”

December 9 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam replied to the Dec. 2 of **Charles Hopkins Clark**.

“a speech to be made on any occasion & on any subject. I remember the p.a.s. but I haven’t any idea where I made it, if I made it, or where it was printed. It must have been printed for I had several examples of it” [MTP]. *Note*: evidently Clark was looking for a copy of Twain’s “Patent Adjustable Speech,” given at the Yale Alumni Association Banquet on **Feb. 6, 1889**. His speech was published as “Yale College Speech” [Fatout *MT Speaking* 235-7].

Sam also wrote to **Frances Nunnally**.

They will celebrate John Milton this afternoon in New York; & now, when it is too late, I wish I had accepted—which I didn’t, because I was sure I hadn’t anything to say about John that I dearly & particularly wanted to say. But it is different, now: all of a sudden I am full of things I want to say about him; full of things I want to put into Howell’s mouth & then refute them & handle Howells without gloves for saying them. I mourn, I mourn, you dear sweet Francesca, I mourn! for now that is going to be a solemn & sombre function, & I would have lifted some of that cloud from it & let in the sunshine.

Yes, I mourn; for Howells will be the only red Oxford there in all that pack of black gowns, & will have that splendid conspicuousness all to himself; whereas if I could only be there I would get in front of him where nobody could see him, & do all the showing-off myself.

There’ll be a full complement of week-enders arriving here day after to-morrow: Howells, Col. Harvey, Ashcroft, & Margaret Blackmer & her mother. If you were coming too, I should be very glad: I would give you my room & I would sleep on the couch in Clara’s parlor, or in her chicken-coop outside of her windows. Then you could select your tree, down at the pergola. No member of the now sacred group has been consecrated yet—all the 12 stand nameless, for there’s been no angel-fish on the premises since I devoted that cluster to the Aquarium. Margaret will be the first to choose a tree.

The framed enlargement hangs in the billiard room now, & looks really good, though not as good as its neighbor the Atlanta picture, which is incomparable; it is the finest triumph of photography in the house.

No indeed, I shan’t forget about your graduation; & also I shall keep you reminded of Easter.

An hour later. The morning mail is in. The Colonel is caught out & can’t come this week: he has to speak at a dinner to Carnegie. I had told him he must be sure to come, or Howells would get off at Syracuse or Peoria or somewhere around there & get lost, but he says Howells is 72 & *must* learn to take care of himself before he gets old.

Note from Howells. He can’t come till Saturday, then he will stay till Wednesday, if permitted. He does not believe there is a Lexington avenue station, but will take a taxicab & hunt for it & see. I know he is going to get lost, & we shall never see him again.

Good-bye' you dear Francesca— / S L C

[*enclosure, a photograph of SLC with Lyon and Ashcroft, inscribed as follows:*]

Showing off.

Affectionate greetings from this triangle, or trilogy, or whatever its right name is [MTP; *MTAq* 240-1].

Note: Cooley provides: “The event was the three hundredth anniversary of John Milton’s birth, celebrated at the Church of the Ascension in New York on 9 December 1908. The rector, Percy Grant, provided the sermon, and Howells and others presented readings and tributes” [241n1].

Sam wrote to **New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad** requesting a flag stop at Redding for the 3:32 train out of NYC. Sam's letter is not extant but referred to in the Railroad's Dec. 12 reply.

Isabel Lyon wrote for Sam to **Valdemar Thoresen**.

Dear Sir: Mr. Clemens directs me to write for him in reply to your letter in regard to the similarity between "Tom Sawyer, Detective," and "The Vicar of Wellby." [*sic* Veilby] Mr. Clemens is not familiar with Danish and does not read German fluently, and has not read the book you mention, nor any translation or adaptation of it that he is aware of. The matter constituting "Tom Sawyer, Detective," is original with Mr. Clemens, who has never been consciously a plagiarist. You may therefore deny most authoritatively that this or any other matter that has appeared under Mr. Clemens's name is based upon the work of any other [MTP: *NY Times*, 2 Feb. 1910].

Pieter Bausch wrote from Amsterdam to Sam [MTP].

Note: the text of this letter ran in *Harper's Weekly* for Feb. 20, 1909, p. 13. Tenney: "...from Pieter Bausch (Amsterdam, 9 Dec 1908) who has written a humorous book under the pseudonym of Peet Boester and asks MT to write a preface to the book. In a brief introduction to the letter MT praises the humor of Bausch's letter, despite an imperfect command of English, and suggests that if he translated his book it ought to find a market in America: 'He seldom succeeds in saying exactly what he is trying to say, but no matter, he always says his say felicitously, always quaintly and deliciously, and often brilliantly; and to be brilliant in a tongue not one's own is a rare feat indeed....I think that his English is perfectly charming, and I perceive that the personality back of it is charming too'" [Tenney, *ALR Second Annual Supplement to the Reference Guide* (Autumn, 1978) 176-77].

A. Bjerregaard wrote from Newcastle on Tyne, England to praise Sam for CS [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Appreciation"

The Church of the Ascension sent an engraved invitation for the 300th anniversary of John Milton's birth [MTP].

The Corcoran Gallery of Art for the American Institute of Architects sent an engraved invitation and ticket for the Dec. 15 appreciation of **Augustus Saint Gaudens**. The ticket is still in the file [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans Dec 9 MLH"

Estela A. de Lima wrote to ask Sam to "honor the Council of Jewish Women" with his "presence at their annual breakfast" at the Hotel Astor on Feb. 16 [MTP].

Colonel and Mrs. Heistand, Governor's Island, NY sent an "At Home" card for Dec. 16 [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans Dec 9 MLH"

Sherman, French & Co., Boston wrote replying to Isabel Lyon's note of Dec. 7 regarding the "Hibbert Journal," an English publication made in Birmingham, England. They enclosed a circular of the journal for Sam to review [MTP].

December 10 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Dorothy Quick**.

I am sorry, Dorothy dear, that your old bird died, but glad you've got a fresh one. I know it is a pretty one, for by your description of it I recognize it as a bird I am very well acquainted with. It is a chicken-hawk, & is one

of the finest of the feathered singers. I used to have one. When it was not catching chickens & cats it would sit around & sing by the hour, & was a delight to everybody on the place. I hope you will get the other one, all in good time.

Irene's bird is dead. It was a beautiful creature. She got it in Bermuda when we were there a year ago. That is one of the main troubles about pets: one gets very fond of them, then they die & break your heart.

I'm not going to Bermuda this season. I have now spent 6 summer months here, & shall stay here right along until winter comes. That will be about next July, I reckon, the way things look.

Miss Lyon sends her love, & I send lots & lots of love. / ... [MTP; *MTAq* 241-2].

H. Crenshaw for *Medical Consensus* (Journal) wrote from Atlanta, Ga. to ask his opinion on "Which is the best method of composition—dictation, typewriting, or long-hand writing?" [MTP].

Cass Gilbert for American Institute of Architects sent a telegram to invite Clemens to the Annual Dinner at the New Willard, Wash. D.C. on Dec 17 [MTP].

Jennie Haas wrote from Whitewood, S.D. a long begging letter to Sam, describing the history of their financial woes [MTP].

Howells & Stokes wrote to ask Sam to send his check directly to **L.S. Blackman**, surveyor [MTP].

D.D. Knapp wrote from Danbury, Conn. to ask Sam if he knew of anyone who would help him get back his property, which he'd been forced to sell for about \$6,000. The hand is nearly illegible [MTP].

Jervis Langdon II wrote to Sam about the **Hope-Jones Organ Company** being invited to move to Rochester, NY, with a model, fire-proof factory, resulting in a great savings per year. Jervis wanted to come in the next few days to discuss the matter with Sam [MTP].

Frank V. McGrath for Leary, Stuart & Co. Books, Phila. wrote thanks for Sam's autograph [MTP].

Kurt Monch wrote from Germany to Sam, asking what was meant by some lines in *TA*, Ch. 3 near the middle of "Baker's Blue Jay" yarn. "You make say the blue-jay at its examination of the hole on the log-house's roof: I wish I may land in a museum with a belly full of sawdust in two minutes. I beg to ask you what you mean by these lines" [MTP].

New Theatre sent an engraved invitation folder to Sam for the laying of the corner-stone by the Mayor of NY on Dec. 15 at 3:30 [MTP].

L.M. Powers wrote from Haverhill, Mass. to Sam. He had "about sixty first editions" of Twain's work but had never seen these: *Men and Things*; *Women and Things*; *Primrose Way*; *Memoranda*. Toronto 1871; *Edmund Burke on Crocker and Tammany* [MTP]. *Note*: "Ans Dec 23 MLH"; Clemens wrote on the letter in black ink making a curved line grouping the first four: "Published without my consent & promptly suppressed. / SLC"; on the Burke piece he wrote: "Don't know where to find this one. It was a political brochure"

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

December 11 Friday – Sam took a quick trip into NYC, using taxis to visit **H.H. Rogers**, **Julia Langdon Loomis**, daughter **Clara**, and **Mary B. Rogers** [Dec. 12 to Langdon].

In his Dec. 6 to **Margaret Blackmer** Sam had expressed hope that she might visit this day. The guestbook shows that she arrived this day with her mother and stayed until Sunday, Dec. 13. See entry.

In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **Champ Clark (John Beauchamp Clark)**, at this time Congressman from Missouri:

Now *that* is the very thing! If you & Mrs. Clark will come up here & give us a visit of a few days between now & the extra session we can thresh the matter out serenely without intrusions & interruptions. I will calm myself down, now, & fold my wings under my shoulders & my ears over my head & wait in tranquillity till you come.

My proposition is not a *new law*, but a brief & undisturbing amendment to be hitched onto the *existing* law.

It gives to an expiring 42-year copyright an extension of say 40 years, upon this condition: that the owner of the copyright shall at once issue an edition at *one-tenth* the price of the cheapest *existing* edition, & keep it on sale to all applicants during said extension. Failure during a period of 3 months to furnish said cheap edition to an applicant during said extension annuls the extension. The extension is to be granted upon these terms to *all* interests, including books, now protected by the existing law & competent to furnish the required sweeping reduction.

High-priced editions can be continued without hindrance, but there *must* be a ten-percent edition.

===

At present the straitened-purse millions have to get along without cheap editions, almost as a rule, since the book-pirate may furnish them or not, as he chooses—& in lots of cases he doesn't choose.

But I am proposing to make it worth the legitimate publisher's while to furnish them, by offering to him & the author this extension reward, & this opportunity to continue their high-priced editions advantageously, & to nobody's hurt.

===

There are booksellers in every town & village in the country. They will all like the scheme.

===

The pirate has no right to complain. He will still have the innumerable dead copyrights of 2500 years & of all countries to live upon—let him be satisfied with that rich gratis gold-mine.

===

Let the 4 copyright bills now before Congress fuss along—they are not in my way. No man can understand them, & no Congress can pass them.

===

Lord Northcliffe came up here to call, the other day, & he liked the project, & said bring it to England & he would urge it with all his battery of 52 periodicals & newspapers, including The London Times. I said I would if I failed here, but I wanted to try here first, & for once *originate* a copyright law, instead of always following England's lead. / Sincerely Yours / SL Clemens

You see there isn't a single valuable thing in any copyright law of ours that we didn't take at second hand from England. You must make this measure your *monument* [MTP].

Sam also wrote to daughter **Clara** at 17 Livingston Place, N.Y.C.

Clärchen dear, you & G'ossip will be very welcome, even though your stay with us is to be so brief.

I am glad you went to the shore—I expect it to help your cold. I suspect that the vibrator, applied promptly & early, would keep a cold from getting a start. I'll give you one for your Xmas if you like. It easily & quickly knocks out my two ailments—indigestion & rheumatism.

No—I am privileged to contribute to Harper publications only. This is *absolute*.

Mr. 'Owells the elder is coming tomorrow; also my Margaret & her mother.

Miss Lyon was to arrange the banquet details, date etc., with Quintard several days ago, so I suppose it is all arranged by this time. / With lots of love & hugs / Mark [MTP]. *Note:* Margaret Blackmer and mother are shown in the guestbook as arriving this day, perhaps earlier than Sam planned, but after this letter was written.

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks

Mrs. Helen Kerr Blackmer	New York	December 11-15	
& her daughter, Margaret, M.A.	From school, Irvington	“ “ “	Of-the-shell.

Note: Sam wrote over the first date, but it looks more like a “1” than a “2”.

Isabel Lyon’s journal: To New York on the 7:37, which means breakfast at 6:30 & a sunrise drive out through the field to the darling wood road to the station. These early winter mornings, with a lifting frost mist over the valleys are too exquisite for mere words to paint. I lunched with Benar, after doing the beginning of the shopping for Christmas out here in the country. Then Benar met me at the train & together we came up to the darling paradise to find the King playing billiards with Paine [MTP: IVL TS 82-83].

In Berlin, Germany, **Jean Clemens** wrote a long letter to **Isabel Lyon**. Here is part of it, beginning with her choice of Christmas gifts:

Dear Lioness; / I am sending you two small boxes, containing, one a spider and one three wee cats & a frog. I don’t imagine that I need to state for you whom the contents of the respective boxes are intended. But I wish you would do me the kindness of putting the spider on Clara’s napkin (or in front of her plate) before breakfast or lunch (whichever is the most convenient for you) on Christmas day. The little cats & the frog I wish you would place in front of Father’s plate....Don’t show any of them to the spider [Clara] because I think she’ll enjoy their absolute idiocy more if she sees them placed, for the first time. ...

I wrote Clara yesterday and in today’s letter I read that she is quite disturbed at my loss of weight, so please tell her that in the past two weeks I have gained 3 lbs in each and now weigh nearly 121 lbs. I was weighed this morning when I went to get my butter. It’s rather embarrassing but in order to get weighed, I have to ask the grocer to do it as the doctor has no machine....Sunday I was paralysed with fear for about 2 hours before my rehearsal & couldn’t sleep that night, for thinking of the part. Monday, I went to a tea and then sat around watching the rehearsal of the comedy and *expecting* to rehearse, so that I had all the nervousness for nothing, again didn’t sleep very well; Tuesday I rested some & rehearsed...; Wednesday afternoon I went to tea where Daisy Suart (an English Vienna friend whom I suddenly discovered on Monday, was here) was staying—to her utter amazement when I entered with a Miss Clark...; in the evening we had the charity performance & I told the story of the Golden Arm—*successfully*, Lioness, what do you think of that?—and danced until 2.15; Thursday afternoon I went to a concert given for the American Church and from there went home with Fr. v. Versen & had dinner with her. I had given up all tho’t of going to the concert but an English lady, who is particularly nice and cordial, brought me her ticket after lunch. I hated to decline when she had taken the trouble to bring it, so I went, & enjoyed it very much. I sat next to Mrs. Lie the wife of the Norwegian military attaché, also English. I meant to call on a lady who lives opposite & on whom I haven’t as yet made my first call, this afternoon, but as I am somewhat tired & am going to a dance tonight I shall wait until tomorrow.

....

How are Scott and Prosper? Poor old dog! It made me feel like weeping when I went to the dog-show and saw similarly marked, but not nearly as fine specimens of St. Bernards. They are much smaller over here. ... [MTP]. *Note:* Clara’s handwriting earned her the nickname “Spider” years before. **Alice Von Versen** (nee Clemens), Sam’s cousin. **Evelyn “Daisy” Suart**. **Miss Mary Clark**.

Alice Hooker Day wrote from NYC to Sam. “The Consumer’s League is exceedingly anxious to induce you to speak at the annual meeting in January...” [MTP].

Cass Gilbert for American Institute of Architects, Wash. D.C. wrote to Sam referring to a telegram just sent for their Dec. 17 Annual Dinner at the New Willard Hotel; speakers were listed and discussed along with various ceremonies, including one for **Augustus Saint Gaudens** [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans Dec 14 MLH”

B.A. Myers for Myers & Levitt, Inc. Amusement Enterprises, NYC wrote to ask if Sam was “open for a short lecture tour” [MTP].

Helen A. Ranlett for Collegiate Equal Suffrage League of NY State wrote to ask Sam to “write an article of perhaps one hundred words on the subject of suffrage” [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans Dec 11 MLH”

John Wanamaker sent a form letter from NYC to Sam. The **Educational Theatre** for Children had given Clemens as a reference for credit [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans Dec 14 MLH”

December 12 Saturday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Charles J. Langdon**.

Dear Charley:

This is to acknowledge receipt of check for \$25 (Atlantic Gas coupon) received by today's mail. Miss Lyon will attend to Jean's draft when she gets back from New York this evening from a day's erranding. She will know what to do. (I protect myself from having to do things myself by always being able to plead that I don't know how.)

Oh, sometimes it would be better if I *did* know how, damn it all to damnation! I had only just time enough to taxicab around & look in on H. H., Julie, Clara, & Mary Rogers & one of my small girl-pets; & as I did not think to telephone beforehand I caught nobody at home but Mary. I am ever so sorry I missed you & Ida—an accident which could easily & happily have happened the other way, for I had an old young-girl friend along to help me do my visiting, & I waited ten minutes in the Plaza-lobby while she called on an aunt there. / With lots of love to you all— ... [MTP]. *Note:* Sam evidently made a day-trip into NYC, either this day or the day before. Since his Dec. 11 to Clara seems to answer either a non-extant letter or questions raised during a quick visit, it seems more plausible that the NYC trip took place on Dec. 11, especially since he had guests arriving this day, Dec. 12. In his Dec. 19 To Rogers, Sam referred to the “flying trip” to NYC as “a week or two ago,” so it may have been earlier than Dec. 12.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Margaret Blackmer & her mother came today. Margaret looked sad & pathetic & delicate, & as Mrs. Blackmer & I are going up to bed at 10:30, she drew me into her room to tell me that Mr. Blackmer is to be married next month, & the knowledge of it has been saddening to Margaret. Mrs. B's life has been a tragedy with that man for a husband. For 10 she has lived with him, for the children's sake, knowing that he was untrue to her, & now for Margaret's sake she has divorced him [MTP: IVL TS 83]. *Note:* **Henry Myron Blackmer** (1869-1962), tycoon who got rich financing railroads in Colorado.

Sam wrote to **New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad** asking that the #240 leaving NY at 3:32 p.m. might stop at Redding. Sam's letter is not extant but referred to in the Railroad's reply of Dec. 14.

Grace Moffett Loring, working on a Moffett genealogy, wrote from Swampscott, Mass. to ask Sam about his late nephew and any information about Moffett's family [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans Dec 15 MLH”

New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad per A.B. Smith wrote to Sam about his letter of Dec. 9 requesting a flag stop at Redding for the 3:32 train, which he admitted was often late and that making a stop at Redding would not help, but he had a man investigating possibilities [MTP].

December 13 Sunday – **Isabel Lyon's journal:** “Mr. Starr & Mr. Watson came for luncheon today, & Mrs. Starr made some colored photographs of the King & Margaret” [MTP: IVL TS 83]. *Note:* see Starr's account of this trip Nov. 29 entry.

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Arthur K.L. Watson		December 13	
William Ireland Starr		“ “	→ Mr. Starr made two colored photographs of Margaret & me that I prize so much

December 14 Monday – **William Ireland Starr**, photographer from West Redding, Conn. came and took photographs of Stormfield and its occupants, including one of **Ralph W. Ashcroft** (standing in window) and Clemens (seated in window) looking out at **Isabel Lyon** (standing outside the window); also one of Sam in his Oxford gown, seated with cigar in mouth [MT Journal Spring/Fall 2006 p.19].

American Institute of Architects sent engraved invite for Dec. 17 at the New Willard in Wash. D.C. [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans Dec 14 MLH”

Layton W. Crippen sent a telegram from NYC to **Harry A. Lounsbury** or **Isabel Lyon** c/o Sam: “Please telegraph to me at hotel Belmont what station I alight at this afternoon” [MTP]. *Note*: see Dec. 16 entry in guestbook.

Martin W. Littleton wrote from NYC to apologize for being absent during Sam’s recent visit [MTP].

New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad per A.B. Smith replied to Sam’s Dec. 12 letter: they were pleased to announce that beginning Dec. 21, the #240 leaving NY at 3:32 p.m. “would stop at Redding on notice to Conductor to leave passengers from New York only” [MTP].

Herbert Saull for the Salvation Army sent a form letter asking for donation for their Christmas dinner [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans Dec 15 MLH”

Edwin Wildman for M.A.P. Magazine NYC wrote to ask Sam “to give an expression” on the question of “What I Fear Most and Why” [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans Dec 15 MLH”

December 15 Tuesday – **Clara Apfel**, who was about to prepare a paper for the **Chicago Women’s Club** wrote to ask “something new”—“Possibly what you personally think of ‘Women’s’ clubs” or some little incident” in his life [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans Dec 23 MLH”

Zora Estella Black wrote from Columbus Ohio to ask Sam to lecture [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans Dec 17 MLH”

Billie Burke wrote to thank Sam for his “precious letter” invitation to visit but “some people were giving” her “a big dinner on Sunday...” Could she come the following Sunday? [MTP]. *Note*: Clemens wrote on the env. “From that dear Billie Burke”

Julia P. Dodge for the N.Y. Assoc. for the Blind wrote to thank Sam for his “cooperation which did so much last spring” and to ask the use of his name as Patron [MTP].

December 16 Wednesday – **William Dean Howells** wrote to Sam.

Dear Clemens:

I have just telephoned your butler that I can’t come to-morrow, and I’m so doubtful about the rest of the week that I shall have to telephone again. If you don’t hear from me, you’ll know I’m *not* coming, till heaven knows when. My bowels of compassion have broken loose in the wrong direction, and if I came now I should have to pass my visit in your bath-room, except when I came out for a banquet of boiled rice and hot milk. You might not think this so gay as I should. / Yours ever / W.D. Howells [MTHL 2: 840].

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Layton Crippen	London Times staff	December 16-18	

Note: **Layton W. Crippen** (1864-916) was later on the staff of the *New York Times*. Crippen had accompanied Lord Northcliffe, proprietor of the *London Times*, on a tour of Canada and the US, and wrote articles describing the travels for Northcliffe's papers. He was the first to describe the contents of J.Pierpont Morgan's library. He also wrote two books that won critical acclaim, *Fujiyama and Olympus* (1905), and *Clay and Fire* (1914), a metaphysical discussion. Not in Gribben.

Richard R. Bowker wrote to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens: / I was a little surprised the other day, in view of your publicly announced opposition to burglary and such like, that you permitted yourself to walk off with my excellent over-coat and saddled me with a really inferior article. If the balance of trade had been the other way, I should have felt reason to be more forgiving. But Christmas is coming and just now we must be forgiving even under the most exasperating circumstances. I might have thought you as innocent, as abroad or at home, you make profession to be, but I think that any man who will write anything that could be translated into such an outrageous word as you will find on page 240 of a work which I am sending you, purporting to be a Swedish translation of Tom Sawyer, might be guilty of anything.

Even of your latest invention in copyright which Johnston [*sic*, likely **Robert Underwood Johnson**] and I and others have been talking over since you spoke of it. Seriously, we should hope that the attention of Congress would not be diverted from the bill well under way by new propositions such as that you suggest. Nor do I think that suggestion would stand full analysis. In most cases of popular works a fifty or even twenty-five cent edition is published within the copyright term, and your proposal would mean a five cent or two-and-a-half cent edition to hold the copyright, which edition must be kept perpetually in print. It is quite true that a large proportion of copyrights are not of value beyond the original term, as you have so often argued. But what we are hoping for is the period of life and fifty years, which was adopted a few weeks ago by the Berlin Conference, whose convention provides also that throughout the family of nations made into a copyright world-league, the formality necessary in the country of origin shall protect an author throughout all the other countries. Russia, Austro-Hungary, and the United States are now the only people out in the cold. / With best wishes of the season, ... [MTP].

W.G. Chapman for the International Press Bureau, Chicago wrote to ask Sam for about 500 words for a new daily humor service [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans Dec 21 MLH"

Daniel Frohman for the Lyceum Theatre wrote to Sam. "I have received for Margaret your beautiful book 'Joan of Arc' and will write her of it. When she comes back she will see you. She is now in California with all good wishes to you and yours" [MTP]. *Note:* **Margaret Illington Frohman**.

Katharine I. Harrison wrote to Isabel Lyon (though catalogued as to Clemens) [MTP].

Thomas Commerford Martin for *Electrical World* wrote to Isabel Lyon (though catalogued as to Clemens) [MTP]

Thorvald Solberg for the Library of Congress wrote to Sam. "...receipt this morning of your secretary's note of Dec. 14, stating that you still desire the list of renewals...and send it to you forthwith..no charge" [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans Dec 18 MLH"; and IVL: "This is just what I wanted. I am very much obliged"

Joe Twichell wrote to accept Sam's invitation to come for a day's visit, and he,

accepted it instantly and unconditionally. We want much to see the house, but a great deal more to see you. We wish we might come right off. We can't, however, till after the holidays. ...There are lots of things I am eager to know your views upon—Roosevelt for one—as he is figuring now-a-days. I like him better than ever [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

December 17 Thursday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam sent a telegram to daughter **Jean** in Berlin, Germany.

[typed on form of Western Union Telegraph Company:]

Dec. 17, 1908.

TO Jean Clemens

Vanderheydtstrasse one, Berlin

You sail January ninth steamer Pennsylvania passage prepaid. Send Marguerite home. Dont cable. / Father [MTP; Hill 214].

Hill writes of Jean being called home:

Why Jean was recalled from the only pleasant life she had known since the summer of 1905—to be sequestered at Unkeway Farm on Babylon, Long Island—why she was taken from the care of Professor von Reuvers, who appeared to be making successful efforts for her, and why she was suddenly separated from the teenage girl Marguerite Schmidt who was her closest friend remain mysteries. Nowhere in the extant documents or correspondence does Clemens mention a decision to bring Jean home after three months in Berlin rather than the six or eight that Dr. Peterson had recommended [214]. *Note:* see source for speculations.

Mrs. H.H. Hankins for Tuesday Study Club, Braymer, Mo. wrote to ask Sam to clear up a controversy there—was he born in Hannibal or Florida, Mo.? [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans Dec 21 MLH”

December 18 Friday – In N.Y.C. **H.H. Rogers** wrote to Sam.

Revered Doctor:

I knew you many years ago, before you got piety and the balance of your vices, and I suppose you may have a remembrance of me because of my distinction as an evangelist.

There is going to be a conference at Norfolk in the course or two or three weeks, to open up our religious work in Virginia and West Virginia. There will probably be a great many people there; but the more distinguished ones will be the Rev. Doctor Broughton, perhaps Deacon Coe and that budding bundle of hopefulness, Mr. Harry Rogers. In other words, they are going to open up the railroad by a few choice spirits, and if you would like to join the saintly party, perhaps we will include the Elder Benjamin. I don't suppose you really want to; but then it is my Christian duty to invite you. Do you think that you could endure the company of such choice people for a day or two, or long enough to make the trip? If so, formal invitation will be sent you, together with your railroad fares and the other perquisites that will follow. Dr. Rice may be included, although that is yet in doubt.

Now, to get down to worldly things:—I have to say that Mrs. Benjamin has quite fully recovered from her illness and we are breathing freely again. Mrs. Rogers is fairly well, as are all the others of the flock. Why don't you come down and make us a visit? We have had that promise for a long time. Mrs. Rogers is inclined to fit up a hen house for you at Fairhaven because you are getting so secluded. I think I have said about all I want to say at the present time, and so will hope to meet you face to face in the near future, when we will either discuss this case or fight it out.

I was sorry to have missed our beloved Betsy when she called about ten days ago; but I heard that she had been in your company for three or four days, and while that was to be regretted, I was glad to know that she had the opportunity of exercising her moral influence on your saintly home. Goodbye! / Yours truly / H H Rogers [MTHHR 656-7]. *Note:* Betsy was **Elizabeth Wallace**.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Gabrilowitsch is here. Such a rich personality the man has. He has a fortnight holiday & must spend it somewhere in studying, & perhaps will stay here. Benar, who daily grows or shows that he is a man flower arrived by the 2 o'clock train with beautiful enlargements of the photos I made of

Betsy. After dinner Gabrilowitsch & I walked 3 times around the circle in the snow. He in the King's galoshes & I in pair of the King's old white trousers tucked into my rubber boots [MTP: IVL TS 83].

Charles A. Ellicock for the Young Men's Mark Twain Club, Cleveland Ohio wrote to ask for his autographed photo [MTP].

Funk & Wagnalls wrote to Sam, sending him a copy of *The Palace of Danger; A Story of Pompadour* (1908) by **Mabel Wagnalls**. The letter mentions "the inscription which we have written under your name in the book" and requests "a word of commendation, with your permission to use it in public" [MTP; Gribben 730].

Seymour H. Ransom wrote from Ransomville, NY to invite Sam to speak at the annual picnic of the Niagara County Pioneer's Assoc [MTP]. *Note*: "Ans Dec 23 MLH"

E.B. Schaeffer wrote from Middletown, PA to wish Sam birthday greetings "a little late." He sent a puzzle on paper (not in file) which, when solved, would spell out Samuel Clemens [MTP].

December 19 Saturday – In Redding, Conn. Sam replied to the Dec. 18 from **H.H. Rogers**.

Dear Admiral:

That trip would just suit me, & I should ever so much like to make it with a real holy crowd such as you have mentioned, but as the doctor has vetoed all projected trips of any considerable size since I was knocked out for several days by something akin to a sunstroke acquired by heat & over-fatigue at Sam Moffett's funeral last August, he will say no again, now, sure. But I am myself aware that I couldn't stand it. I am as brisk & active a young thing as there is in my country—on a brief strain; but it has to be pretty brief. My flying trip to New York a week or two ago, [est. Dec. 12] with its unaccustomed industries, live interests, & activities, kept me tired out & played out for several days afterward. My health is so fine, so perfect, so splendid that it stands every test & holds its own against every assault except over-fatigue. You will have a grand time down at Norfolk. And you will deserve it, too. You have carried that giant enterprise through as patiently & quietly & unostentatiously as a geologic period overlays a continent with a new crust—well, it's just great! That majestic environment is the triumph of your life, & will be & remain your eulogy & your monument in the far by-&-bye.

I hope Mrs. Rogers will soon get well, so that you & she can come up here. It is always peaceful here, always still, always restful; & in all these 6 months there has never been any weather that couldn't take the chrome in an international weather-show. Can't you come in January or February? I hope so.

Betsy & we had a good time here. She is coming by & by to stay a month, in the spring or the summer.

Mr. Benjamin has my heartiest congratulations; & so have you all.

Get nearer to God. It is the best investment there is. Tell Rice, too [MTHHR 657-8].

About this day Sam inscribed a copy of *TS* to **Charles T. Werner**: "*Merry Christmas / to / Charles T. Werner / from / The Author / 1908.*" [MTP].

Note: Werner dated this as **Dec. 19**, and wrote, "this book ... given to me in appreciation of my time & services as one of the incorporators of the Mark Twain, Inc. Mr. Ashcroft, the attorney introduced me at the time. Chas T. Werner, Dec. 19th." Above this is written: "John B. Werner 951 Prospect Pl."

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Ossip Gabrilowitsch	The planet at large	December 19 ——— —	→ To stay & rest a spell & do some composing undisturbed.

An unknown photographer (Lyon? Or **William Ireland Starr?**) took a picture of Sam looking out a window; he enclosed it with a note to **Charles C. Clarke** on Dec. 22. Coincidentally, the photographer **Alvin Langdon Coburn** visited Stormfield Dec. 21-22, but on the Dec. 22 Sam wrote that this one was taken “last Saturday.” See Dec. 22 entry.

Isabel Lyon attended the second quarterly meeting of the **Mark Twain Library Association** She was third vice-president; five members present [MT Library minutes, copied by Tenney Nov. 15, 1981].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: English men. / Library Executive Meeting, but first Benar & I drove down to the lot that Mr. Theodore Adams is going to give for a building site for the library. It made me ill in my soul to see the men pacing off double the quantity of land needed & to see Mr. Adams’s expression of distress when he saw them devouring the land with mighty strides. I wanted to savagely cut the land down from 150 to 75 feet & I did cut it down. Mrs. Paine said they’d like *half the lot*. That would have meant *an acre*.

The snow is beautiful & this morning Gabrilowitsch & I shoveled a path down to the pergola for the King. Tonight just after I got into bed at 9:30, Mr. Robert Collier telephoned to say that he is going to send a baby elephant, a real elephant up for the King’s Christmas [MTP: IVL TS 84].

Mark Sullivan in his 1938 memoirs, recorded more about the baby elephant episode:

Instantly Collier took for himself a role of deeply moved gravity, which assumed that the loneliness of Mark Twain was the most serious matter in the contemporary world. It must be remedied at once, in whatever way possible. To Mark he said there was one thing that could be done promptly. “You ought to have a friendly animal in the house. It would be company for you in the long winter evenings—something you could talk to, but that won’t talk to you. Not a dog, a dog wouldn’t be it. It must be the most intelligent animal in the world. Ah, I know—I’ll get you a baby elephant. It’ll be a Christmas present to you. I’ll fix it all up; it won’t be any trouble at all.

The sweep of Collier’s enthusiasm was such that Mark felt obliged to seem appreciative. Later, to Hapgood and Dunne, he expressed, profanely, his dismay: “I can’t have a damn baby elephant up there. The thing would grow up. The ceilings of the house are too low. You fellows have got to head Collier off.” But Dunne and Hapgood told Mark they could not head Collier off. “You know how he is when he gets going; there’s nothing we can do about it; you’ll just have to take the elephant, for a while anyhow.”

Collier busied himself with details. To Stormfield he sent a load of hay, with a letter to Mark saying the hay would last awhile and he would see it was renewed. He was, he told Mark, making further inquiry about the diet of young elephants and about their ways. It might be necessary to have a man to take care of the animal. But Collier would look after that too—everything would be arranged, Mark need not give it a thought.

At the office Collier twinkled into my room. We must pretend to send Mark a mahout—the very sound of the word delighted him. He called Mark on the telephone and told him the mahout would arrive a day or so before Christmas. For the role of mahout Collier considered one of the printers, whose stout figure would carry well the drapery of an oriental costume, and whose ruddy countenance would look impressive beneath a turban. We must get some books about elephants and their keepers, so that our mahout could instruct himself in the technical talk of that calling, and be able to convince Mark of his authenticity.

Presently Collier sent the mahout. And he sent the elephant. It arrived at Stormfield on Christmas morning. It would not, however, inconvenience Mark by growing up. It was of cotton [*The Education of An American* 232-3]

Eber A. Hodge for Danbury Business Men’s Assoc. wrote to invite Sam to be their guest and also to “say a few kind words” at their annual banquet on Jan. 18 [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans Dec 22 MLH”

Jessie M. Littleton for Estill & Littleton wrote from Winchester, Tenn. “I am shipping...a box of ‘BURGLAR BRAND’ tobacco”[MTP].

December 20 Sunday – In Redding, Conn. Sam began a letter to **Margaret Blackmer** that he finished on **Dec. 21**. The Dec. 20 segment:

You dear Margaret I clear forgot to show you the enclosed letter from a most charming human being, chaplain of a battleship whereon Miss Lyon & I spent a jovial day in Bermudan waters. I was going to ask you to let me send your love along with mine to his “dear girl friends” in England; & so I ask you now—but only as a formality, because I have already done it.

He wrote Miss Lyon too, still she wants *this* letter also, & I am glad, because in returning it you will have to send me a line & tell me what *your* idea is of what you owe me. *I* think it’s 14.

An hour after we got back to the house Mr. Starr telephoned to say all his photographs (the colored ones) had come to nothing in the developing except one, & he was wildly delighted over that one, because it was letter-perfect. It was the one with you beside me. That makes me very well satisfied indeed.

It was lovely of your mother to come to us when she had so little time, & we thank her for it ever so much. Tell her that both you & she will need a whole week here to brace up in after tropical Bermuda, & I hope she will cut a week out of the month’s vacation & give it to us.

I *think* it’s 14. I am not perfectly sure; it may be 15.

Remember me with warm regards to your mother—and tell her what I’ve been saying.

We have had cards & billiards, & now I’ve gone to bed. I miss you, dear; I wish you were back. I send you my love. / SLC / P.S. No, I remember now. It’s 16 [MTP]. *Note: William Ireland Starr*, photographer, had visited Sam and taken several color pictures using the new *Autochrome* method. No color print of the one good picture has been found [*Bancroftiana*, No. 120, Spring 2002 online]. The following day another photographer would arrive and take more colored photographs. See entry.

Lucia Gale Barber wrote from Boston to ask Sam to take the time to answer the enclosed Syllabus, a printed handbill with 14 questions about dancing. Clark University [MTP]. *Note: “Ans Dec 24 MLH”*

Grace Stuart Orcutt wrote from Woodsville, N.H. to appreciate his works and holiday wishes [MTP].

December 20-24 Thursday – During this period Sam wrote a postcard, bearing on one side a picture of himself with **Isabel Lyon** and **Ralph Ashcroft**, to **Margery H. Clinton**: “Affectionate Xmas greetings to the Official Plumber! / SLC / 1908.” [MTP].

Probably during this same period Sam sent the same postcard to **Laura H. Frazer** and **Clara Frazer**. He wrote: “Showing off. / The cup is beautiful, Laura, and I thank you for it. Happy new year to you and Miss Clara.” [MTP: Hannibal Mo. *Evening Courier-Post*, Mar. 6, 1935, p.3c]. *Note: Clara Frazer was Laura’s granddaughter.*

Sam also sent the same postcard to **Dorothy Quick**, writing “Merry Xmas to Dorothy!” [MTP].

December 21 Monday – In Redding, Conn. Sam added to his **Dec. 20** to **Margaret Blackmer**.

Next morning. 8 a.m. Before breakfast.

I have been downstairs on a flying trip, & what do you think? I found Danbury sitting on the billiard-table looking up at your picture & crying; the tears running down his cheeks—oh, ever so pitiful to see. It was because he scratched your hands; & now he was sorry when it was too late [MTP].

Professor **Archibald Henderson** (1877-1963) and photographer **Alvin Langdon Coburn** (1882-1966) arrived at Stormfield. See Sam’s new guestbook below:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Prof. Archibald Henderson	University of North Carolina	“ [Dec.] 21-22	

Alvin Langdon Coburn	London & New York	“	“ -22	

Isabel Lyon's journal: Such rich, darling folks do come here to see the King. Today Prof. Archibald Henderson & Alvin Langdon Coburn came. Benares went out to the station to meet them & we had a charming day with plenty of talk & Hearts & a walk down to my house. Coburn was very enthusiastic about it, & said he was absorbing ideas to be used in the reconstruction of a tiny house that he has taken just outside of London. Its an old, old little house in the William Morris Country & he has rented it for 5 years or else he would come here to find a lodging. He made a lot of photographs, color prints too, of the King, and he got some plain ones of me. After dinner he showed us a few of the very wonderful photographs he has made of Bernard Shaw, George Meredith, George Moore, Yates—oh, a *wonderful* Yeates [W.B. Yeates], May Sinclair, Chesterton, Henry James, Rodin & others, & a fine one too of Prof. Henderson. The more you see of Henderson, the more Keats like & beautiful he is. After dinner we went to the music room at 9:30. Gabrilowitsch played to us for an hour. He is a darling musician & it is so good to have him in the house [MTP: IVL TS 84-85]. *Note:* Lyon was also an avid amateur photographer. Henderson this year became a professor of pure mathematics at the University of N. Carolina.

The New York *Times*, Dec. 21, p.1, reported on a rescue from injury or death for **Clara Clemens**:

SAVES MISS CLARA CLEMENS.

O. Gabrilowitsch Stops Runaway Horse About to Plunge Down a Bank.

Special to The New York Times.

DANBURY, Conn., Dec. 20.—Miss Clara Clemens, daughter of Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain) was saved from serious injury and possible death this morning through the action of Ossip Gabrilowitsch, a Russian pianist, who is a guest at Innocent at Home, the residence of Mark Twain. M. Gabrilowitsch, who is making a tour of America, and Miss Clemens went for a sleigh ride this morning, leaving the Twain residence at 10 o'clock.

While passing through Redding Glen, about three miles from Miss Clemens's home, the horse took fright at a wind whipped newspaper and bolted. Mr. Gabrilowitsch, who was driving, lost control of the horse. At the top of a hill the sleigh overturned, and Miss Clemens was thrown out. At the right of the summit of the hill is a drop of fifty feet.

When the sleigh turned over the Russian leaped to the ground, and caught the horse by the head, stopping it as it was about to plunge over the bank, dragging Miss Clemens, whose dress had caught in the runner. In leaping to rescue Miss Clemens he sprained his right ankle. Miss Clemens was picked up uninjured, but suffered greatly from the shock of the accident. The injury to the pianist's ankle was painful, but he helped Miss Clemens into the sleigh, and drove her to her home.

Arthur E. Botswick for New York Library Club, NYC wrote to invite Sam to “speak a few words” at their annual dinner during the last week in January; George Iles letter enclosed [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans Dec 23 MLH”

Charles C. Clarke wrote from Boston to Sam. “I enclose for your acceptance one of the late Thos Nast's Cartoons published in 1882. I only ask in return that I may receive a reply from you personally.” He hoped that the grandchildren he might have someday would value a letter from Twain [MTP].

Ethel Duncan (“half American”) wrote from Frankfurt on Main, Germany to praise Clemens for his writings, many of which she almost knew by heart [MTP].

Harper & Brothers wrote to advise Sam he'd been placed on their “gratis list” of *Harper's Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly*, and *Harper's Bazar* for the coming year [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans Dec 24 MLH”

Caroline L. Howard wrote from Boston to Sam, enclosing a letter asking for scholarships; she asked \$100 for a lady who needed musical education [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans Dec 29 MLH”

George Iles for the New York Library Club wrote to Sam. “If you can accept President Botswick’s invitations, and attend the dinner of our Library Club, you will be surrounded by friends old and new, and gladden the hearts of us all” Do say YES!” [MTP]. *Note:* enclosed in NY Library Club’s 21 Dec.; “Ans Dec 23 MLH”

Presbyterian Hospital per W.V.S. Thorne wrote to Sam for donations [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans Dec 23 MLH”

L.M. Simonson for the Salvation Army wrote to Sam asking for \$1 for “deserving persons in Hartford with a good Christmas Dinner” [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans Dec 22 MLH”

Paul Thompson for the Article Syndicate, NYC wrote to ask if he might send a photographer to Redding to take photos of the Clemens and the new house [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans Dec 24 MLH”

December 21-22? Tuesday – Sam receipted **Archibald Henderson** \$2 on the library notice [MTP].

December 22 Tuesday – **Mansfield Hobbs**, an attorney friend of **Ralph W. Ashcroft** filed incorporation papers for the **Mark Twain Company**, with \$5,000 in capital stock. Clemens, Ashcroft, and **Isabel Lyon** were the original officers. Sam signed a document assigning and transferring all of his literary rights to the new corporation. Later, Ashcroft mentioned that **Jervis Langdon II**, **Edward Eugene Loomis**, and **Zoheth Freeman** were directors [Hill 212].

In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **Richard R. Bowker**.

Dear Mr. Bowker: / I am somewhat acquainted with the best of the 4 bills you mention. It is a good one, but is too complete & cannot be passed without great difficulty. Its features ought to be striven for, one at a time. My bill will not interfere with it. On the contrary it will help toward the achievement, later, of the only valuable feature of any of the 4: extension.

As for *international* copyright, a long term for it is not really worth working for; it has no importance. However, one may say that of domestic copyright-extension too, I suppose—or nearly that, commercially speaking. Honesty is involved in both cases, but no money in either.

I thank you for the book, & the fine large work.

With Xmas best wishes / Truly Yours

Push the other bills. I expect to postpone my efforts until next session of Congress [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Charles C. Clarke**.

Dear Mr. Clarke:

I shall value that ancient picture, & I thank you ever so much for letting me have it.

Sincerely yours,

Mark Twain.

[*enclosure, a photograph of SLC looking out of a window, inscribed as follows:*]

The latest. It was taken last Saturday.

(Showing off.) / Truly Yours [MTP].

Sam also sent a postcard with a photo of Stormfield to **George Bernard Shaw**, in London, England: “Hearty Xmas greetings from / Mark Twain” [MTP].

Clemens' **A.D.** for this date complimented **Wallace Irwin's** "Letters from a Japanese Schoolboy," in *Collier's Weekly*, which became a book in 1909. Gribben offers: "...Mark Twain complimented Irwin's schoolboy English character (like Huck Finn) to be 'innocently unconscious' of its effects" [347].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "The men, except Gabrilowitsch, went fluttering away on an early train. It is so nice to have him in the house for he is *working*, & as the King says, must be allowed to do so undisturbed. He is composing as well as practicing" [MTP: IVL TS 85].

American Health League, New Haven per J. Pease Norton wrote to ask Sam to become a member [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans Dec 22 MLH"

Fanny Francis wrote from Melbourne, Australia to inquire if Sam was related to her uncle Clemens, who had deserted a British Man 'o War and changed his name to **William Symmons** in Georgia. Fanny's mother was 85 and begged her to write to find her only living relative [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans Dec 22 MLH"

Miss Izora V. Hunter wrote from Phila. to ask for an autograph [MTP]. *Note:* "Autog. Sent Dec 22 MLH"

Charles Gilman Norris wrote to Lyon (though catalogued as to Clemens) [MTP].

Donald Pearsall, 14 year old in Westfield, NJ, wrote to Sam [MTP]. *Note:* "Autog. Sent Dec 22 MLH"

Arthur A. Stoughton for the Bronx Society of Arts, NYC wrote to invite Sam to preside at ceremonies for the centenary of the birth of **Edgar Allen Poe** on Jan. 19 [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans Dec 23 MLH"

December 23 Wednesday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam replied to the Dec. 10 of **L.M. Powers**. "Published without my consent; & promptly *suppressed*. SLC /Don't know where to find this one. It was a political brochure" [MTP].

Isabel Lyon's journal: Benar came back to help with the Christmasing. Gabrilowitsch left to return tomorrow evening with C.C.

Benar & I had a sweet evening with the King playing hearts, & after we had a talk in my room which is all littered up in the corners with Christmas piles [MTP: IVL TS 85].

Allan R. Campbell for Hyman & Campbell, attorneys, NYC wrote to Sam about one **Dr. Robert J. Kahn**. Campbell was under the illusion that Kahn held a lease on Sam's house [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Ansd"

Thomas J. Hallowell wrote a small card from The Players.

Ten or fifteen years ago at "The Players" I used to have the pleasure of playing a game of pool with you very often and if luck was my way 'sticking' you for the "Hot scotch" I have some old vouchers to prove it—these with a letter that you wrote dear old John Malone... I have framed it. But I want a copy of "Joan 'd Arc" with the authors name in it, so I send you the book and hope you will not think me "cheeky" in asking the favor of your autograph... [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans Jan 19 MLH"

Howells & Stokes wrote to Lyon (though catalogued as to Clemens) [MTP].

Guy Roslyn wrote to ask Sam to send him "a photo of the house that Mark made, or his study, or his garden, or anything that is his" [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans Jan 14 MLH"

December 24 Thursday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam inscribed a copy of *P&P* to **Ossip Gabrilowitsch**:
“To Ossip Gabrilowitsch, all good wishes & a Merry Christmas, from the Author. Stormfield, Dec. 24/08” [MTP].

The New York Times, p. 2, reported on a major business shift for Mark Twain:

MARK TWAIN TURN INTO A CORPORATION

The Pen Name Is Incorporated to Save Daughters from Literary Pirates.

FAMILY HOLDS THE STOCK

**With the Expiration of His Copyrights the
New Company Will Control All His Works.**

For the purpose of allowing his two daughters Clara L. and Jean L. Clemens, to receive the financial benefits of his works for the greatest possible length of time, Samuel L. Clemens, America's greatest humorist and man of letters, has incorporated his pen name of Mark Twain.

The plan had been under discussion by Mr. Clemens, Ralph W. Ashcroft, his literary agent, and R. A. Mansfield Hobbs, his legal adviser, for more than a year. So greatly interested has Mr. Clemens become in the idea and so anxious has he become to keep the financial benefit of his long and arduous life's work within his own family instead of allowing it to be filched away by strangers, that Mr. Ashcroft has spent every week-end with him at Redding, Conn., where the Clemens family have been living since last June.

As a result of these consultations it was decided that the surest way to keep the earnings of Mr. Clemens's books continually in the family, even after the copyright on the books themselves expires, was to incorporate the "Mark Twain" name itself.

The Mark Twain Company of New York has accordingly been formed, the purpose of which is to secure to the author and to his family all rights in the nom de plume. Mr. Clemens himself is President of the company, Mr. Ashcroft Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Clemens's two daughters and his secretary, Miss Isabelle V. Lyon, are the Directors. Mr. Hobbs, the attorney, forwarded the articles of incorporation to the Secretary of State on Monday, and they were formally placed on file yesterday.

The Mark Twain Company is capitalized for the nominal sum of \$5,000. All the stock is held in Mr. Clemens's own name at present, but it is understood that at his death the shares will be divided equally between the two Misses Clemens, his sole heirs.

Mr. Clemens could not be reached at Redding last night. Ralph W. Ashcroft, at his home in Brooklyn, gave this explanation of the incorporation:

"The knowledge that the copyright of his works would soon expire and that strangers instead of his own kin would reap the financial benefit from his literary works has troubled Mr. Clemens for a year. He has been in consultation with Mr. Hobbs and myself practically every week. We finally hit on the plan of incorporating the Mark Twain name itself. We believe that when this name is the property of a perpetual corporation Mr. Clemens's heirs will be in a position to enjoin perpetually the publication of all of the Mark Twain books not authorized by the Mark Twain Company, even after the twenty-year first copyright and ten-year secondary copyright have expired."

Mr. Ashcroft was not prepared to say at present whether the incorporation of the Mark Twain name would prevent any publisher, after the expiration of copyrights on the books from printing the books under the name of Samuel L. Clemens. He said that this was a matter for the courts to decide, and that the incorporation of the Mark Twain name at least put Mr. Clemens's daughter in a position in which they could make a legal fight for their rights.

Gilbert Ray Hawes, the lawyer who defended Frau Wagner's copyright to "Parsival" five years ago, was one of a number of copyright specialists who expressed interest in Mr. Clemens's plan. Mr. Hawes pointed out a method by means of which, he said, he believed that the Misses Clemens could keep all unauthorized publishers from ever publishing their father's works, even if the unauthorized editions were put out under the name of Samuel L. Clemens.

“If, after the copyrights on Mr. Clemens’s works expire, a perpetual title is held to the name Mark Twain, and if the life of the original copyrights of the works has been expanded by the addition of new chapters or new material, I believe that Mr. Clemens’s heirs could enjoin the publication by other publishers of the original works even if these works were published under the name of Samuel L. Clemens,” said Mr. Hawes.

“The Misses Clemens could assert that the reprint of the original unamended works under a different name to that under which they were originally published was not the publication of the genuine book, and that it was interfering with the publication of the genuine book. An injunction, at least, could be issued on these grounds.

“Mr. Clemens has already announced that he intends to extend the length of his copyrights by the addition of chapters from time to time.”

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Such a beautiful full day with the dear distraction of having Benares near me to help. At 7:30 the man came to change the pool table into a billiard table. Benar locked him into the billiard room, & we told the King that Steve Burr was working on the windows, & we kept him in his bed all day, because we couldn’t let him go into the loggia which we are decorating. And every room smelt of Christmas & of a sweet suppressed excitement. At 3:30 just as I was away up on top of a step ladder on top of a table tying a Christmas bell to the gas nub, the elephant trainer arrived and said the little creature was on its way, that it was about as big as a cow, that the garage must be warmed—heated—that it must have half a bale of hay a day, & breed, & carrots, that it can’t come into the house[,] that there is a ton of hay out at the station, & my distress was genuine, for I know the wave of feeling that will rush over the King at having a wild creature in captivity. However! With a Christmas trumpeting CC & Gabrilowitsch arrived & after dinner we went out into the loggia to trim the Christmas tree. The place was lit up with candles & was beautiful. All day we kept the King in bed until 4 o’clock, when we let him come down to the billiard room. Over the billiard table hung a big card, made by Benares on the sides were printed

Greetings from
Sheba
The Chatelaine
Zoe and
The Bearded lady

goddam the goddam
pockets.
I wish

The King read the cards and chuckled, but didn’t notice the table. Finally said, “What’s the matter with the table?” & then his seeing eye came to him & he choked up & said it was a beautiful surprise. We took him out to the loggia, and he *loved* the great masses of green, & the colors of the rugs & the evergreen trees in the corners [MTP: IVL TS 86-87].

December 25 Friday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Dorothy Butes.

“Consider well the proportions of things: it is better to be a young june bug than an old bird of paradise. Truly yours, Mark Twain. P.S. You owe me a visit Dorothy dear. Come—pay up & save your character! / S. L. C. Dec. 25, 1908” [MTP: David J. Holmes Autographs catalogs, No. 38, Item 267].

Sam also wrote a card to **William Robertson Coe**: “Xmas Day/08 / Dear Mr. Coe. I have been smoking your health in your noble cigars...wish you...were here...” [MTP: Sotheby Parke-Bernet catalogs, Apr. 30, 1975, No. 3748, Item 296].

Sam also sent the same postcard with a photo of himself, Ashcroft, and Lyon to **Harriet W. Enders** in Hartford, Conn., adding, “Dear Mrs. Hattie: / It was lovely of you & the crimes to remember me with that sumptuous muffler & the portraits. The pictured creatures are so beautiful that I concede—by compulsion—that the crimes are almost justified” [MTP].

Sam also sent the same postcard with a photo of himself, Ashcroft, and Lyon to **Harriet E. Whitmore** in Hartford, Conn. “Dear Mrs. Whitmore: / I thank you ever so much for that nice book & the remembrance it betokens. I am wishing you—& all of you—a happy Xmas, & my love added” [MTP].

Sam inscribed his 1908 two-volume copy of *Letters of Mrs. James G. Blaine*, Ed. by **Harriet S. Blaine Beale** (1828-1903): “*SL Clemens/ Xmas, 1908/ from Clara*” [Gribben 74].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: Such a beautiful Christmas the King has made for us by his being satisfied with all that Benar & I have done to make the house & the loggia lovely.

The elephant was all a joke of that beloved Robert Collier, made completer by the ton of hay & the make believe trainer. A toy elephant came this morning, but even when Benar & I unpacked it in the back hall, & he saw through it all, I didn’t, & flew on the telephone to talk to Mr. Lounsbury about it.

The tumultuous servants are at it again. Now Elizabeth is jealous because Harry & his wife had a basket of fruit & stuff sent them [MTP: IVL TS 87].

William Emerson wrote from Wash DC to ask Sam where he might find a story of his about “2 aunts a mother and a little girl who told a lie” [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans Dec 30 MLH”; and “Dec. 1903 Harpers Mag”

Elizabeth Wallace inscribed a copy of *Aspects of the Earth: A Popular Account of Some Familiar Geological Phenomena* (1904) by **Nathaniel Southgate Shaler** (1841-1906): “*presented to SLC by Betsy Wallace, 25 December 1908*” [MTP; Gribben 636]. *Note:* see Dec. 29 and Gribben for several of Clemens’ marginalia on various pages of this book.

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

December 26 Saturday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam sent the same postcard with a photo of himself, Ashcroft, and Lyon to **Dorothy Sturgis**, this time adding supposed dialog between those photographed:

Miss L. If you *could* only repent!

C. I can’t. And I *won’t*.

Benares. Try. Do try.

C. I won’t. I feel ready to cry because I didn’t do it some more.

===

Dear Annianlouise:

All the 12 were heard from

[*continued on the back:*]

yesterday except for you & one other. The missing pair are heard from to-day, & the tale is complete & I am glad.

That is a perfectly lovely work of art—and done with your own deft hands I make sure—the same that wrought the note to the burglars, which Mrs. Doubleday is using as an illustration, in color, in her article descriptive of “Stormfield.”

The happiest of happy New Year’s to you! / With the love of / The Major [MTP].

Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to **Philip Nichols Sunderland**.

Dear Mr. Sunderland: / But you DID pay in that dollar & more too, when you got all those post cards for Mr. Clemens & we got even with you that way. But Mr. Clemens thanks you very very much, & I as the holder of that building fund do so also; & also I thank Mr. Sunderland sr. very much for his continual generosity. / Very Sincerely Yours ... [MTP: Redding *Times* June 19, 1958, p.6]. *Note:* **The Sunderlands** of Danbury, Conn. were builders for at least three generations, and were involved in the building of Stormfield—**Philip** and his father **William Webb Sunderland**. Philip Sunderland recollected meeting Twain in NYC and Twain’s house at Stormfield:

“The first time I ever saw Mr. Clemens, was in the house on Eighth in New York, when I went there with John Mead Howells, the architect, to get the contract signed. The house was designed by that time, the plans were all ready, but the site had not been selected. Mr. Howells came out a little later and approved it. Mr. Clemens I did not see again until the day he moved in. He never saw the site, or the house while it was being built; all he did was sign the contract. His first sight of the entire project was the finished place, painted, furnished and ready for occupancy right down to the cat purring on the hearth.”
[<http://www.historyofredding.com/HRtwainstormfield.htm>]

Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. Harry Rogers) gave Sam a new guestbook, in which she inscribed: “*Dear Uncle Mark – / from his most affectionate niece / Mary Rogers.*” Under this inscription, Sam wrote: “Mary, you are just a dear! This is the opinion of your oldest & best uncle— / Mark. / Dec. 26, 1908” [*Note:* entries from Sam’s first arrival at Stormfield (June 18, 1908) were then copied into the new guestbook, either from an older version or from memory.]

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Ethel Newcomb		“ [Dec.] 26-28	[& IVL TS 87]
<u>The Maharajah</u>	[*]	[*]	[*]

* *Note:* Sam wrote over all three right columns: “(this being the celebrated elephant that Robert Collier sent here for a Christmas present & frightened everybody to death until the creature turned out to be stuffed.) God will punish Robert Collier. I know it.” The stuffed elephant may be seen in the *MTJ* Spring/Fall 2006 issue by Kevin Mac Donnell, p. 40, next to the Christmas tree. It appears to be about two to three feet high and had wheels on its feet.

Adelia Ellison wrote from Plymouth, Ind. to Sam after reading *RI*. Was the name **William Blodget** in that book fictitious? She had searched for years for her son by that name [MTP]

Thomas W. Gilmer wrote to ask Sam who the “other literary light” he spoke with at the Congregational Church in Washington on Nov. 25, 1884 (Gilmer had a diary) [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans Dec 29 MLH”; IVL: “Geo. W. Cable”

Orison Swett Marden for Success Magazine NYC wrote to Sam, enclosing a proof of the Jan. number, entitled, “Growing Old a Habit,” which he felt would especially interest Clemens [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans Dec 29 MLH”; IVL: “Many thanks for sending article & for your pleasant message”

Kay A. Russell wrote from Chicago to Sam. She was writing a paper on Mark Twain and asked for “any new material” [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans Dec 30 MLH”; IVL: “Would like to be able to”

December 26? Saturday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to the **Red Cross Christmas Stamp Committee.**

Ladies—In paying new year bills, & also in postponing them, I will stick on a Red Cross stamp. If you will suggest in print that the whole country do the same, the Red Cross will prosper to your content. I know this, for I know that all America is warm at the heart & generous at this time of year, & will thank you for your suggestion & follow it. / Respectfully yours, / Mark Twain [MTP: *NY World*, Dec. 28, 1908, p.6].

December 27 Sunday – Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Billie Burke [signed]	Yonkers	Dec. 27 & 28, 1908	Lyceum Theatre

Note: Sam wrote across all four columns under Burke's signature entry:

Billie Burke, the young, the gifted, the beautiful, the charming, was the last guest to cross this threshold in 1908, thus she has a page to herself. By foresight, or by happy inspiration, the mat (in the text above), says, for her, "I cleanse thy shoes of travel's weary dust." The metaphor is correct. The magic of her personality clears the spirit of such as come within its influence, of nagging wearinesses & depressions. Her name is a pleasant one to close a pleasant year with.

Isabel Lyon's journal: Benar & I had such a gay little walk down to the Snugery together this afternoon. Around through the rooms of that blessed house we wandered & then sat down to talk of the King & of ourselves & the joy we find in living with him & in loving him. Billie Burke arrived this afternoon in her motor car. Sweet pretty charming creature that she is. We had a very late dinner. At 9 we sat down [MTP: IVL TS 88].

Margery H. Clinton wrote to thank Sam for the photo he sent as a Christmas card. Best wishes for 1909 [MTP].

Marion von Kendler wrote to Sam on a Jubilee picture postcard picturing various Habsburg rulers from Vienna, Austria, wishing him happy new year [MTP].

December 28 Monday – In Redding, Sam wrote a postcard to **Ragnvald Blix** in Munich, Germany.

Honored Herr Blix: / That very welcome book arrived last night, & your equally welcome letter followed it this morning. In reply I wish to say that your version of the Mona Lisa is my never-ending delight, & if I can have the original of it I shall treasure it above rubies, & shall be and remain / Your grateful servant / Mark Twain [MTP; New York *Times*, Dec. 28, p.3 "Mark Twain to Red Cross"]. *Note:* Blix sent the book of prints (*Le Voile Tombe: Caricatures par Blix*. 1908) mimicking the old masters, and letter on Dec. 8 [Gribben 75].

Isabel Lyon's journal: "This morning Benar went away to not come back again until after his voyage to England. The King has given him ... & appreciative letters to Lord Northcliffe & to Sir Thomas Lipton & Benar goes well equipped with his own darling personality" [MTP: IVL TS 88].

Clemens wrote to the **New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad**, requesting forwarding of baggage for Redding on the 3:32 p.m. train out of New York. Letter not extant but referred to in the railroad's reply of Dec. 29 and also in their reply of Jan. 5, 1909.

J.G. Becht for the Clarion (PA) State Normal School wrote to ask Sam to "write for us a brief New Year's greeting" for their school magazine [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans Jan 4 MLH"

Clara Frazer wrote from Withers Mill, Mo. to ask Sam's permission for her to sell use of his photo on some postcards, a photo he'd given her during her visit with her grandmother, **Laura Frazer** [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans Jan 4 MLH"; see Sam's reply on Jan. 1, 1909.

Zoheth S. Freeman for Liberty National Bank wrote to Sam that as per his instructions they'd "obtained an additional letter of credit for 1000 Marks in favor of Miss Jean L. Clemens" [MTP]. *Note:* Jean was in Germany under a doctor's care.

H.C. Lucas who was "arranging a symposium," wrote from Prairie City, Ill. to ask Sam's input on "What is the greatest question in the world?" [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans Dec 30 MLH"

William Farquhar Payson (1876-1939) sent a copy of his book, *Barry Gordon* (1908) to Twain, inscribing it: “To Saml. L. Clemens, Esq. Dear Mr. Clemens: May I inscribe this copy of my latest novel to you with glowing recollections of the dinner on your seventieth birthday. As Huck Finn, Tom Sawyer, and the rest have been my intimate friends for over twenty years, perhaps you will grant at least a bowing acquaintance to my black sheep—Barry Gordon. With all esteem, Yours very sincerely, William Farquhar Payson, December 28th, 1908, Kingsthorpe, Bristol, R.I.” [Gribben 537; MTP].

Dr. Edward Skiddy Quintard and Estelle H. Quintard (Mrs. Edward Quintard) wrote from NYC with New Year wishes to Sam [MTP].

The Silk Association of America per Franklin Allen sent a typed letter to again urge Sam to attend their annual banquet [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans Dec 29 MLH”; and IVL: “Regret very much”

Robert R. Wiseman wrote from New Haven to offer miniatures of his etchings. Wiseman recalled with pleasure of showing Clemens his work when he lived in Hartford, though he mused that he did not take away any of Sam’s money then [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans Dec 30 MLH”; and IVL: “many thanks for offer, but Mr. Clemens unfortunately has no room now for the many pictures he already owns”

December 29 Tuesday – Sam wrote in the **new Guestbook** before transferring names and information from the old guestbook:

STORMFIELD GUESTBOOK

I bought this farm of 200 acres three years ago, at the suggestion of Albert Bigelow Paine, who said its situation and surroundings would content me, a prophecy which came true 2 years later, when I arrived on the ground. John Howells, architect, & Clara Clemens & Miss Lyon planned this house without help or advice from me, & began to build it in June 1907. When I arrived a year later ... it was all finished & furnished & swept & garnished, & was a home, cosy and comfortable as if it had been occupied a generation. This was on the 18th of June of the present year (1908.) I only came to spend the summer, but I shan’t go away any more.

We installed a guest-book June 27th & used it until four days ago, when this new & more satisfactory one arrived from the hand of my niece Mary Rogers & put it out of commission. I have transferred the names from that one to this one. The autographing of signatures will now be resumed. *Has* been resumed, I should say: that charming Billie Burke was the first guest to arrive after the coming of the book, & she inaugurated the resuming. Her signature heads them. / S.L. Clemens / Dec. 29, 1908.

Note: On the first signatory page, Clemens went back and, in his own hand, listed the visitors of the preceding six months, beginning with himself on **June 18, 1908**. The original guestbook was “installed” on June 27, 1908 and used until Mary B. Rogers gave Sam the new book for Christmas, 1908.

In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **Frances Nunnally** in Atlanta.

Go it, dear! Go to all the dances & teas & luncheons, & all the other wholesome dissipations that offer—they are the due of your youth. I used to do like that, myself, in the early part of last century.

Benares sails for England to-day, on some business of mine. We shall miss him.

Billie Burke spent last Sunday & part of Monday here, & was her charmingest self. We’ve had lots of delightful company lately, & lots more are coming. But not you, you rascal!—& it’s a pity, *I* think.

Margaret, M. A. has been here, with her mother. They are in Bermuda now.

“Stormfield?” I made the change lately. That’s its public name; the other is its official name, for my fishes; & is restricted to the Aquarium.

You are a Democrat, perhaps. No matter; when the President-elect comes you must shake hands with him for me, & give him my very best wishes. I am a Mugwump (the only one left, perhaps), but I like him ever so much & am glad he was elected, for he will make a good President. He lets on to like me, & I think he does.

Don't you fail to write me a line when you get back to school. Try & remember that.
Good bye, dear. Have a good time. / Affectionately ... [MTP].

Sam wrote a note on p. 69 of *Aspects of the Earth, etc.* by **Nathaniel Southgate Shaler**, a gift from **Elizabeth Wallace**: "Dec. 29, 1908. I was reading these volcanic pages in bed when the morning paper brought this account of Aetna's yesterday performances." *Note*: see Dec. 31, Gribben.

Isabel Lyon's journal: There has been a great earth quake in Italy again & when we go to read the paper about it, we find that the King has cut out that article quite regardless of anyone. Gabrilowitsch & I walked down to the gorge in the early moonlight. I wear a pair of the King's white trousers & rubber boots, & find it very good going [MTP: IVL TS 88].

Milk Commission of the Allegheny County Medical Society per Ogden Edwards wrote to ask Sam for a subscription donation [MTP]. *Note*: "Ans Jan 4 MLH"

Willard G. Day wrote from Baltimore to ask Sam to "give a reading or lecture in Baltimore sometime in the near future" [MTP]. *Note*: "Ans Jan 4 MLH"

E.T. Elcock for the NY Evening Post wrote to Sam, replying to Lyon's letter that he wished the New York Evening Post discontinued and the Nation sent [MTP]. *Note*: "Ans Dec 30 MLH"; and IVL: "In as much as it's only the Editorials that I want, it not a matter of any consequence whether it comes the evening before or the week after but it's really the Nation that I want, so that I can let it lie on my pillow & read it when I get ready."

Marguerite L. Glentworth for Woman's Press Club of NYC wrote to ask Sam to speak to their Press Day on Jan. 30 [MTP]. *Note*: "Ans Dec 30 MLH"; IVL: "Would like to be able to accept the invitation thanks for it"

Thomas Commerford Martin for Electrical World wrote to Lyon (though catalogued as to Clemens) [MTP].

Bismark Moore wrote from NYC to Sam touting their Platinum Co. as an investment [MTP]. *Note*: "Ans Dec 30 MLH"; IVL: "Many thanks for offer, but all he has made all investments that it is possible to make"

New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad per A.B. Smith wrote to Sam that he rec'd his of Dec. 28 in regard to the forwarding of baggage for Redding on the 3:32 p.m. train out of NY. He would investigate [MTP].

Paul Thompson for the Article Syndicate, NYC wrote to Lyon (though catalogued as to Clemens) [MTP].

Barbara West wrote from St. Louis to Sam, enclosing a poem she'd sent to five publishers who'd rejected it. What was his opinion? [MTP].

December 30 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Elizabeth Alexander Alexander (Mrs. John White Alexander)**.

Dear Mrs. Alexander: / Good! Ever since I first examined Harvey's portrait at Deal Beach, I have said I did not want to be painted by anybody but John Alexander. By & by your rush will calm down; then you & he must come up here for two or three weeks, & fetch the paint. You can come in your 'mobile if you prefer: Billie Burke did it quite comfortably last Sunday.

Clara is away, but will get your kind message when she returns tomorrow.

"Affectionately?" Yes indeed. It is the way I feel, myself.

Happy New Year to all your flock! / Affectionately ... [MTP]. *Note:* **John White Alexander** (1856-1915), artist and one-time illustrator for *Harper's Weekly*. See Aug. 10, 1888 entry. An interesting note is that John was introduced to his wife because they had the same surname.

Sam also wrote to **Frederick A. Duneka**.

“Dear Duneka: / I am perfectly willing, & so will Dan Frohman be, I think, if Father Synnott will write & ask him. My authorization without Dan’s would not be sufficient. His authority dates *away* back—all of 20 years, I guess. / Happy New Year to all of you! / Ever yours” [MTP].

In his copy of *The Memoirs of the Duke of Saint-Simon on the Reign of Louis XIV, and the Regency* (1880) by **Louis de Rouvroy Saint-Simon**, Clemens dated a note in black ink on page 9 as written on this date; he referred to **Nathaniel Shaler’s** *Aspects of the Earth* [Gribben 600].

Isabel Lyon’s journal: The last little telephone message came from Benar this morning at 8:15 where he was finishing his breakfast in his apartment & Fred Robson was with him. Since then I have worked hard, but life has lost something vital, accentuated by a minor theme that Gabrilowitsch plays very much. Snow must be coming for the sky looks very big & very grey.

The King was in 40 different moods of profanity & rage & displeasure over the morning mail. Gabrilowitsch will stay & look after the King tomorrow while I go to town to see Dr. Peterson about Jean’s next housing. But I tell the King that Gabrilowitsch hearing such wondrous blasts of cursing will be afraid to stay. The King likes just such suggestions & blasted forth another volley of cursing. Oh, but he is lovable & naughty & good [MTP: IVL TS 88-89].

Harriet Bingham wrote from NYC to ask Sam to “dissect” her play for children [MTP].

Fidele A. Brooks wrote from NYC to wish Sam a happy new year, after writing pages reminiscing about **Livy**, her firstborn **Langdon Clemens**, and of their friendship years before [MTP].

Estelle T. Fox for Stores Publishing, NYC wrote to Sam. She needed \$5,000 to start a woman’s magazine [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans Jan 4 MLH” ; IVL: “Unable to grant request”

Laura J. Post wrote from NYC to ask to use Clemens’ name on the committee to celebrate **Marcella Sembrich’s** retirement from the operatic stage. It would entail no responsibilities [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “Answered Dec 30”; Sembrich retired from the stage Feb. 6, 1909.

Sybil Kane Walker (Mrs. Alexander Steward Walker) wrote from NYC to thank Sam “for the postal” and she “saw in the papers that” he had “a real live elephant for Christmas” [MTP].

December 31 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Gertrude Natkin** in N.Y.C. “It is the last day of the year, Marjorie dear, & I hope the incoming one will bring you happiness & prosperity to your full content—with the like to follow as time moves on” [MTP].

Gribben offers details about newspaper clippings Sam saved:

“Clemens pinned a clipping from the 31 December 1908 issue of the *New York Times* (pp.3-4)— an article describing an earthquake in Messina, Italy—in the back of his copy of Nathaniel S. Shaler’s *Aspects of the Earth* (1904), a volume Clemens signed in 1908” [505].

R.A. Mansfield Hobbs wrote to Sam. "I received a short note from Mr. Ashcroft from the S.S. Lucania, sent back by the pilot, asking me to send you twelve copies of the New York American of December 30th. I sent two clippings of this editorial the other day to Miss Lyon" [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans Jan 4 MLH"

A.E. Morse wrote from South Paris, Maine to ask in what book of Sam's would he find a story with: "The male character represented Mr. Caruthers, who by continual unfortunate circumstances was unable to wed his betrothed" [MTP].

Mrs. W.J. Phillips wrote from Danbury, Conn. to ask Sam what an old coin he dug up was worth. He described it [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans Jan 5 MLH"

Philip Nichols Sunderland wrote to Lyon (though catalogued as to Clemens) [MTP]. *Note:* Financial statement from **Russell & Erwin**, Manufacturing Co. enclosed.

*“Is Shakespeare Dead?” – Stormfield \$1 Tax – Clara vs. Isabel
 Lyon Breaks Down – Clara’s Affair – Carnegie Dinner – Ashcroft Weds Lyon
 “Lobster Pot” Boils – H.H.’s Railway – Who Fired Horace? – Lyon Sacked
 St. Timothy’s – Ashcroft-Lyon MS – H.H. Rogers Dies – Lost Footnote
 Twain Sues Mrs. Ashcroft – “Tobacco” Heart – Amicable Settlement
 Ossip Weds Clara – Jean Comes Home – Bermuda with Paine
 “Jean is a surprise & a wonder” – Jean dies: “I always envy the dead”*

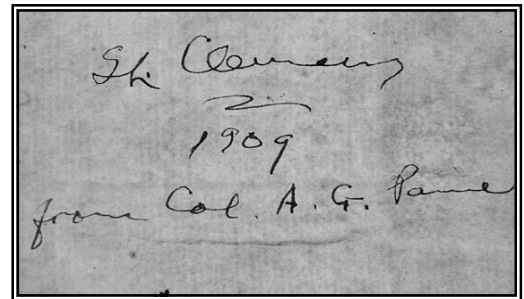
1909 – About this year Sam inscribed his photograph to **Mrs. Dyer**: “To Mrs. Dyer / Truly Yours., Mark Twain” [MTP: Slotta]. Note: Slotta’s notes put the photo taken at “Stormfield,” and “dated within a year either way of 1909.”

In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to “His Excellency the Governor, & the Legislature.”

Sirs: We your petitioners, citizens, respectfully urge you to so amend the existing statute for the protection of the Christian Sunday as to either extend its safeguards, with even-handed justice, to the other Sabbaths, or withdraw them from the Christian Sabbath: this in accordance with the never-relinquished claim, now hallowed by three centuries of unchallenged acceptance & approval, that in our country religion is & ought to be free; & a condition which confesses that under our laws all statutory aid, support & favor granted to one religion must of right be either withdrawn or extended to the others. / Most respectfully

Dear Sir: I am sending this to every clergyman in Greater New York, in the hope that they will all be willing to sign the petition. / Mark Twain [MTP].

In a somewhat shaky hand, Sam inscribed a gift book from **Col. A.G. Paine**: *The Navigator* (1811), which contained directions for navigating various rivers, including the Mississippi [Donald Heald website Mar. 5, 2010].



Sometime in 1909 **Irwin Wallace** wrote to thank Clemens for his “word of praise” for *Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy*, which appeared serially in *Collier’s* starting in 1909. Wallace hoped a publisher would soon be putting the work out in book form [MTP].

Henry William Lucy included a section “Mark Twain” in his *Sixty Years in the Wilderness: Some Passages by the Way* (London 1909). Tenney: “Reminiscences of MT at a dinner in his honor at the *Punch* offices, and a scheme MT and Lucy had jokingly concocted to blackmail wealthy persons with scurrilous obituaries supposedly to be published on their death; also, two letters from MT to Lucy and an MT letter to the editor to be sent out to the newspapers, offering to pay a good price for ‘access to my standing obituaries, with the privilege...of editing, not their facts, but their verdicts’ (p. 226). Also, tells the story of MT at a dinner given in his honor by the American Ambassador, Whitelaw Reid; MT had prepared a speech, but was not called to give one, and later confided to Lucy that he had sold it for two hundred dollars (p. 228)” [47].

Elmer James Bailey wrote “The Essayist and the Humourists, in editor Theodore Stanton’s, *A Manual of American Literature*. Tenney: ‘pp. 321-59; on MT, pp. 357-59. Regrets that MT was burdened by his reputation as a humorist and predicts that ‘future critics may come to regard *The Prince and the Pauper* (1882) and *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* (1896), two serious and dignified pieces of writing, as Mr. Clemens’s best work.’ The Oxford degree awarded him, though a surprise to many, was evidence that ‘humor at last seems to be coming into its own’” [47].

Clark Sutherland Northrup wrote “The Novelists,” which appeared in editor **Theodore Stanton’s** *A Manual of American Literature* (NY 1909), on Twain p. 187-88. Tenney quotes: “Artistically defective his work is indeed, but it cannot be denied the qualities of eloquence, naturalness, and sincerity. The work, like the man, is genuine” [47].

Michael Monahan included a chapter “Saint Mark” in his book *Palms of Papyrus, etc.* (1909), p.65-72. Tenney: “With passing, respectful references to MT’s *JA*, this is primarily a discussion of Joan of Arc herself, who, ever since her martyrdom, has been the ‘glory of the faith and the shame of the Church’” [Tenney, *ALR Second Annual Supplement to the Reference Guide* (Autumn, 1978) 177].

Mary Jeune (Lady St. Helier) in her 1909 book, *Memories of Fifty Years* (London) included p. 319-20 on Mark Twain. Tenney: “Mary Jeune sat by MT at a dinner given by the New Vagabonds on his first visit to England. Mr. Grossmith took the chair, and many boys from St. Paul’s were present. He suggested they subordinate themselves to authority as a matter of expediency while young people ought to have independence in thought and conduct. Afterwards, the editor of the school magazine said he had taken down the lecture in shorthand and would like to publish it in the school magazine, which he did. MT later was Mary Jeune’s dinner guest, and Lord Goschen became a friend, and invited him to dinner” [MTJ, Bibliographic Issue No. 4, Spring 2004, p. 9]. *Note:* the date of the New Vagabonds dinner in 1872 was not determined.

Cuyler Reynolds, ed., “Fulton Day.” *New York at the Jamestown Exposition. Norfolk, Virginia, April 25 to December 1, 1907*. Tenney: “MT was the guest of honor on Robert Fulton Day (Sept. 23, 1907). Texts of his introduction and his own speech are given, together with photographs of him on 407, 411. His secretary Isabel V. Lyon was with him (438)” [MTJ, Bibliographic Issue No. 4, Spring 2004, p. 9].

Current Literature ran an anonymous article, “Mark Twain’s Idea of Heaven,” p. 653-57, a review of *Captain Stormfield’s Visit to Heaven*. Tenney: “‘one of the cleverest fantasies that has been published in a long while.’; consists entirely of plot-summary and extensive quotation until the concluding 38 lines, quoting a review in the New York AMERICAN (date not given), in which Edwin Markham says MT echoes Swedenborg’s picture of a heaven in which people, tired of praying and singing, request a life more like what they knew on earth [Tenney, *ALR Second Annual Supplement to the Reference Guide* (Autumn, 1978) 176].

A report of Mark Twain being admitted to honorary membership in the **Nevada Historical Society** ran in *State of Nevada. First Biennial Report of the Nevada Historical Society, 1907-1908*. Tenney: “Provides text of the resolution admitting MT to honorary membership and describes its unanimous passage. On p. 149, Underwood & Underwood photograph of MT...[Tenney, *ALR Third Annual Supplement to the Reference Guide* (Autumn, 1979) 194].

January –**Samuel Wyatt** wrote from Berks, England to offer three pages of verse after reading *JA* [MTP].

Broadway Magazine (later *Hampton’s Broadway Magazine*) ran an anonymous article, “Horace Ezra Bixby, Mark Twain’s Boss” in the January issue [Tenney 46: *The Twainian*, Dec. 1939]. In his 3rd supplement, Tenney added the following: “In interview with Bixby, who said, ‘Some people infer that Clemens was not a good pilot, but he was a first class one. He adapted himself to the river from the start and was as good a pupil as I ever had under me.’ Bixby told reporters all the stories he knew about MT a long time ago. ‘Now when the reporters pester him for them he gets peevish. ‘I wish Clemens was dead, then maybe you fellows would let me alone,’ he says.” “ Includes photograph: ‘Horace E. Bixby. Nearly forty years a river pilot and still at the wheel’” [Tenney, *ALR Third Annual Supplement to the Reference Guide* (Autumn, 1979) 193].

January 1 Friday – In **Redding, Conn., Isabel V. Lyon** replied for Sam to the Dec. 28, 1908 from **Clara Frazer** in Withers Mill, Mo.

Dear Miss Frazer: / Mr. Clemens asks me to write for him & say certainly you may have that photograph copyrighted, & then used on post cards.

It is such a pretty little photograph that when the cards are printed, Mr Clemens hopes to have some of them.

Mr. Clemens & I both send you our very best wishes, & shall hope for the pleasure of seeing you here, again. We did have a nice time, didn't we? And I shall always remember the disagreeable woman who made impolite remarks about your pretty blue hat, at the library that day. / Sincerely Yours / Isabel Lyon. (over)
P.S. You will see by the heading of this paper that the name of Mr. Clemens's house has been changed [MTP].
Note: Clara Frazer was **Laura Frazer's** granddaughter.

Sam also wrote on a card (picturing a woman wearing a hat) to **Dorothy Quick**. "*Happy New Year, / Dorothy dear! / from / S.L. Clemens*" [MTP].

And about this day Sam also wrote to **Elizabeth Jordan**.

Dear Miss Jordan: / Nothing in Dr. John Brown's book is copyright anywhere, now; but Mr. MacBean has introduced matter from Marjorie's journals not used by Dr. Brown: these additions are copyright *in Great Britain*. I have borrowed some of them, & will get Mr. Paine to ask the Putnams' permission to use them. / SLC

I shall need a very early proof to show the Putnam's, so they can see how much (or rather how little) I am asking [MTP].

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Ethel Newcombe	Stayed 4 days	January 1	
Ossip Gabrilowitsch	" " "	New Year's Day	

Sam saved New York *Times* clippings about earthquakes dated Jan. 1, 1909 [Gribben 506]. *Note:* see Dec. 31, 1908.

Sam also signed his copy of **George B. Harvey's** 1908 book, *Women, Etc. Some Leaves from an Editor's Diary*. "*SL. Clemens / Stormfield, Jan. 1, 1909*" [Gribben 300].

Sam also signed his copy of *The Ruby of Kishmoor* (1908), by **Howard Pyle** (1853-1911): "*S. L. Clemens, Stormfield, Jan. 1, 1909*" [Gribben 565].

Lind Af-Hageby for the Anti-Vivisection Congress, London wrote to invite Sam to their gathering on July 6-10 [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Jan 19. M.L.H."

Mrs. Elvira H. Brumfield, age 67, wrote from Waco, Texas believing Clemens to be her brother; and offering names in her family [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Mr Clemens [says] that there can be no relationship between the two families as he has never heard the names you mention."

Edmund Gerson for Golden West Exhibitions, London wrote to ask if they might add Sam's name to their Committee for their Exposition on March 1909 [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Jan 19. M.L.H."

Jeannette L. Gilder wrote from NYC to wish Sam a happy new year and a hope he was enjoying Stormfield [MTP].

Mrs. H.B. Gooding wrote from Tiffin, Ohio to Sam, enclosing a clipping (not in file) and asking for "a few lines" for their 1890 Club [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Jan 5 M.L.H."

L.M. Hudson wrote from Indianapolis, Ind. to ask where she might get a description he'd written "many years ago" about fighting missionary societies [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Jan 5 M.L.H."

Lewis H. Machen, atty. wrote from Alexandria, Va. to verify, in a rather droll way, about Mark Twain. It was said of Twain by an old gentleman at the New Willard Hotel in Washington, "his forte is humor." ... "I write now to enquire whether there is any truth in this charge. I certainly think you should be given an opportunity to absolve yourself from such a grave aspersion" [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "I am very much obliged to him for his letter which is exceedingly pleasant, but as to the charge you mention, it has been made four times before, but not by any responsible person."

Samuel Samuels wrote from NYC to Sam, receipting him for \$75 for apartment rent in "The Stuyvesant" 17 Livingston Place, NYC for one month commencing Jan. 1 [MTP]. *Note:* for Clara Clemens.

William George Steinke, Jr., NYC, wrote a note with cartoon and pasted short article about Clemens getting an elephant for a Christmas present from **Robert J. Collier** [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Jan 5 M.L.H."; "We think its about the best one we've got yet."

Sometime between Jan 1-12, L.M. Powers wrote to Clemens advising he was sending some books "as directed" for his signature, offering to "replenish your stogies of you have not reformed" [MTP].

January 2 Saturday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote a postcard to daughter **Jean**. "Happy New Year, Jean dear! And I hope you will have many more. / Affectionately" ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote a postcard with a photograph of Stormfield to **Dorothy Quick**.

Happy New Year! Jan. 2'09

It is a very nice poem, Dorothy dear; that is my opinion, & Miss Lyon's, too.

We had a very pleasant Xmas, in spite of Robert Collier's elephant. Miss Lyon & Mr. Ashcroft were horribly worried about the elephant for several days & nights, trying to think what to do with him. Then he came, & the worry ceased. It was a very successful joke / Lovingly / ... [MTP; *MTAq* 244-5].

Edwin A.W. Bohl wrote from Peoria, Ill. to Sam. "I am 11 years old to-day and have read almost all of your books...and have laughed and enjoyed them like everything." He wished he'd gotten that elephant for Christmas instead of Sam and asked Sam not to laugh at mistakes in the typed letter [MTP].

The Elgin Press Club, Elgin, Ill. per R.C. Brophy wrote to ask for "an autographed letter to be sold at auction" for their upcoming function [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Jan 5 M.L.H."

Alice Minnie Herts for the Children's Educational Theatre wrote to remind Sam of the lecture to "take place at the Lyceum Theatre on Friday next" and urging him to add his own comments, as "No one knows as well as you...what our children and young people are trying to do in this work..." [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans."

Minnie J. Reynolds for the National-American Woman Suffrage Assoc., NYC wrote to ask Clemens for the use of his name as a facsimile autograph for use in their cause [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Jan 5 M.L.H."

January 3 Sunday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **Margaret Blackmer** at the Misses Tewksbury's School, Washington-on-Hudson, N.Y.

I wonder where you are, you dear little rascal. Yesterday your welcome message by wireless came, & I took it to mean that you had instructed the Bermudian to send it from sea, but had remained in Bermuda

yourself; so I cabled New Year greetings to you at once; but last night the cable-office telegraphed us from Bermuda that you had sailed. That *was* a surprise! for we thought you were going to make a long stay in the Islands. Well, I am glad to have you back, on any terms. I hope you & the rest of the family whom you control have had a pleasant time & have been advantaged by your outing.

I've got the colored photograph of you & me, & it is perfect. All the colors are exactly reproduced. Yes, & the pose is easy & natural & unconscious—not a detail of it could be bettered, I think.

Miss Lyon & I are going to arrive at Robert Collier's, (752 Park avenue) at noon the 20th, of this month & remain there the 21 & 22^d & perhaps till the 3.32 the afternoon of the 23^d. Be sure you come there & see us if you come to town. And you must telephone beforehand, dear heart. It would be lovely to have a glimpse of you.

Major General Sir Ralph Ashcroft, Lord Bishop of Benares, has gone to England on business for me, & we do miss him so!

Billie Burke has been here to spend a week-end, & she was charming. You must do the same every time there's a chance; & your mother too. Will you greet her affectionately for me, & thank her for her letter?

Gabrilowitsch is here, & Miss Ethel Newcomb—professional pianists; also my daughter, professional singer. Music? Bless your heart it's going all the time, night & day!

Isn't this bed of mine pretty large? Sometimes it is, but now it isn't; it's full of cats, & they are all over on my side. I must get a shovel & clear them out.

Good-bye, dear. Make my best compliments to Madame & the Misses Tewksbury. / Lovingly / ... [MTP].

Sadie G. Brennan wrote a sentence from Danbury, Conn. to thank Sam for the “lovely box of candy” [MTP]. *Note:* Sadie was one of several telephone operators receiving candy from Clemens for his regard of service.

Billie Burke wrote to thank Sam for “the great happiness” it gave her to see him “last Sunday”—to her he would always be “like some wonderful beautiful king” [MTP]. *Note:* MT wrote at the end of the 3-page letter: “This is Billie Burke, who possesses all the charms that the most fortunate of her sex can claim: youth, beauty, sincerity, simplicity, refinement, a good heart and irreproachable character.” Burke visited Stormfield on Dec. 27, 1908.

A.J. Hollister for the Children's Home, Kansas City, Kans. wrote to Sam, enclosing his card and a clipping (not in file), since he knew Clemens enjoyed “a good joke.” His stated “object” was to “work” Clemens for his autograph [MTP].

Frank D [*illegible surname*], Chairman of the Art Committee for **The Republican Club of NY** wrote to ask Sam if he would autograph a picture of the *Quaker City* they'd just obtained to frame for their walls [MTP]. *Note:* the Club sent the picture and Clemens signed and returned it, then inquired as to where they'd obtained it.

E. Channing Stowell wrote from Jamaica Plain, Mass. to “induce” Sam to come to a dinner by the **Medical Staff of the Boston Dispensary**, the oldest medical charity in Boston. Stowell recalled Sam's remarks in Dublin, N.H. [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Jan 5 M.L.H.”

January 4 Monday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to the Telephone Operators.

To the Young Ladies
of the Telephone Office:

I have received your kind & welcome notes, & I thank you for them, & wish you a happy New year, with many & many others to follow.

Your obliged
& appreciative friend

Mark Twain [MTP]. *Note:* Sam sent each operator a box of candy.

Sam also wrote on The Educational Theatre for Children letterhead, to an **unidentified man**.

Dear Sir:— / Doubtless the work that has been done by the Educational Theatre for children and young people has come to your notice frequently. This work has attracted attention not only in our own city, where it first took root, but in every city of the United States, from Maine to California, and in a number of cities money is being raised to build Educational Theatres. The belief has been expressed by some of our greatest educators, notably Eliot of Harvard and Hall of Clark University, that the Educational Theatre, New York, is the beginning of an educational movement of national importance.

With this in mind, the directors of the Educational Theatre have arranged a course of lectures dealing with the Theory of the work, and enclosing two course tickets for these lectures, they ask you to lend to this movement the support of your presence. / Yours truly ... [MTP]. *Note:* Sam was listed on the letterhead as President, together with officers and board members Rev. **Percy Stickney Grant**, **Robert J. Collier**, **Otto H. Kahn**, **Alice Minnie Herts**, **G. Stanley Hall**, **President of Clark Univ.**, and **Charles W. Eliot**, **President of Harvard**.

Agnes Acker wrote from Danbury, Conn. to thank Sam for sending a box of chocolates. She signed "Operator #7" [MTP]. *Note:* at top: IVL: "Telephone girls"

Florence Collins wrote from Danbury, also to thank Sam for chocolates [MTP].

John Henniker Heaton wrote from London to thank Sam for his congratulations on Heaton's success in establishing penny postage between England, Ireland, and the US. He now was fighting for a penny-per-word cable rate. He closed by urging Clemens to commit to his next visit [MTP].

J. Clinton Roraback wrote from Canaan, Conn. to follow up on an invitation to the Jan. 15 Litchfield University Club banquet, and to offer Sam \$75 for a half-hour talk [MTP].

C.B. Thompson wrote from Delta, Colo. to ask if Sam was acquainted with **Edward T. Thompson**, a pilot on the Mississippi, as he reads of one Thompson mentioned in *LM* [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Mr. Clemens cannot now say whether this is the Thompson he knew or not & knows nothing of the history on the Mr. Thompson he mentions."

January 5 Tuesday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote a three-paragraph letter (again on the Children's Theatre letterhead) to an **unidentified person**, inviting to a course of lectures at the **Lyceum Theatre** [MTP: Cordelia and Tom Platt catalogs, Nov. 1993, Item 1F]. *Note:* like the Jan. 4 letter this and likely several others were sent out to promote "the dramatic instinct in education."

Sam also wrote "an apparently unpublished letter" to an **unidentified newspaper** about an incident where **Theodore Roosevelt** had allegedly insulted a girl who tried to pass him on a bridle path. After a detailed account of the incident Sam wrote:

Have we ever had a President before of whom such a story could be told & find believers? Certainly not. It would be recognized as a foolish and extravagant invention, a magnificent lie; for we have never had a President before who was destitute of self-respect & of respect for his high office; we have had no President before who was not a gentleman; we have had no President before who was intended for a butcher, a time-keeper or a bully, & missed his mission by compulsion of circumstances over which he had no control [MTP: Chicago Book Auction catalogs, Nov. 19-20, 1935, No. 55, Item 131].

Sam also wrote to **Elizabeth Wallace** at Chicago University.

You have overwhelmed me, Dear Betsy. That poem does not seem like words—a march of words, with interrupting spaces between—it flows like organ-music, in blended strains, deep & rich & eloquent. And so

moving! I can't read it aloud, my voice breaks. It is noble, stately, beautiful! I can never thank you with words, but I can with my heart; & I do. / Affectionately / SLC [MTP].

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Mr. Paul Thompson	New York	Jan. 5	
" Taylor - -	New York	Jan. 5	

Harry Windsor Dearborn for the Robert Fulton Monument wrote to advise Sam of the progress made on the monument and to confirm that it was acceptable for him to come see him on Thursday, as per Lyon [MTP].

Liberty National Bank per Henry S. Bartow wrote to Sam. "We have charged your account to-day \$96.36, for amount paid to Messrs. Knauth, Nachod & Kuhne for draft of Miss Jean L. Clemens for Mks. 400, as per document enclosed" (in file) [MTP].

New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad per A.B. Smith replied to Sam's of Dec. 28 about "informing the baggage room representatives at Grand Central Station of the fact that train No. 240 is now making flag stop at Redding" [MTP].

Public Schools Athletic League, Girls' Branch per E. Tully, financial secretary wrote to solicit a donation from Clemens [MTP]. *Note*: "Ans. Jan 5 M.L.H."

Joe Twichell wrote to Sam.

Dear Mark: / I am to be at pulpit duty at Yale University next Sunday. As that will take me part way to Redding I plan to proceed thither on Monday—if there is no reason why not with you—arriving, via South Norwalk, at 2.08 P.M. Harmony hopes and expects to come with me, and we both are glad to think of seeing you once more [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

January 6 Wednesday – Anna L. Cunningham wrote to thank Sam for the box of chocolates [MTP]. *Note*: "Telephone girl"

Frederick A. Duneka wrote twice to Sam. The first to thank him for his "little article on the new Planet, and for your note to Colonel Harvey. We will fix the Planet story up for the Weekly in attractive shape—pictures and all that, unless you disapprove." The second note: "I enclose a telegram [see below] just received. We have acknowledged its receipt and said it had been forwarded to you" [MTP]. *Note*: "The New Planet" first appeared in *Harper's Weekly* for Dec. 1909, p. 70-71 [Budd, *Collected II* p. 875-6]. The planet would be called Pluto; in the 21st Century would be broken in rank to something less than a planet.

The National Press Club sent a telegram to "Samuel L. Clements" [*sic*] c/o George Harvey, Harpers." The jist of the one page message was to ask Clemens to "talk twenty minutes or a half hour" on Feb. 2 "on any subject you prefer," for the purpose of raising funds for "larger quarters" for the Club [MTP].

John Davenport O'Connor wrote from Chicago to ask Sam for a loan of \$15 to buy a typewriter to "make presentable" his stories and plays [MTP]. *Note*: "Ans. Jan 12. M.L.H."; "Would like to be able to & the vast number who write to borrow money of him, even small sums, but it is impossible"

January 7 Thursday – Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
H.W. Dearborn [signed]	[New York]	Jan. 7	

Ragnvald Blix began a letter to Sam that he finished **Jan. 21** [MTP]. *Note:* not found at MTP.

Y.J. Crow wrote to solicit the sale of “a fine buffalo robe” to add to Clemens’ “valuable collection of rugs”. The price was \$100 [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Jan 14 M.L.H.”; “Thanks for offer—but has several fur rugs, is not planning to buy others”

Marietta Heller wrote from New Rochelle, NY to request Sam’s autograph and presence for an entertainment program given by the Ladies Auxiliary Society of the Washington Heights Hospital [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans. Jan 12. 09; Lecture form”

Frank Cavendish Lascelles wrote on The Plaza, NYC notepaper to Sam. In town “a few days” he wanted to call on Clemens; he’d met him when Sam admired the scenes Lascelles had produced for the “Pageants at Oxford” in 1907 [MTP]. *Note:* Lascelles would consult on a planned pageant for the Robert Fulton celebrations.

J.P. Sheldon wrote from Buxton, England to advise Sam of the death of **Thomas Wardle**. Sheldon met Sam at Wardle’s house “eight or nine years ago.” Would Clemens ever visit England again? [MTP].

January 8 Friday – John Albert Macy brought galleys of *Some Acrostic Signatures of Francis Bacon, etc.* (1909) by **William Stone Booth** (1864-1926) . Sam then wrote the first pages of “Is Shakespeare Dead?” Sam thereby became convinced that “Booth, had demonstrated, beyond any doubt or question, that the Bacon signatures were there” (in Shakespeare’s works) [Gribben 77; MTB 1479, 1485-6].

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Annie S. Macy			
John Albert Macy	Waltham, Mass.	Jan 8 th -11	Though she had never seen him before / SLC

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam. “The Book News Monthly, which is published by John Wannamaker [*sic* Wanamaker] in Philadelphia and New York, is proposing to issue a Mark Twain Number sometime this year. The editor asks whether you could find it convenient to let its representative see you in the hope of getting an interview, and all that sort of thing.” He enclosed their letter (not in file) [MTP]. *Note:* “Ansd”

Oliver Otis Howard for the Lincoln Centennial Committee wrote to invite Sam to “be present and preside in the afternoon at a big, big meeting to be held at one of the opera houses on the eleventh of February.” Howard mentioned the time Sam presided at Carnegie Hall and the “happy time we had together at West Point.” The object of the event was “to aid in raising the \$500,000 Endowment Fund for Lincoln Memorial University, Cumberland Gap, Tenn.” He also teased Clemens for being on the Confederate side [MTP]. *Note:* see Sam’s reply Feb. 12.

Howells & Stokes wrote to Lyon (though catalogued to Clemens) [MTP].

George Meredith was one of various British writers who wrote to **Ralph W. Ashcroft** on behalf of Mark Twain—all relating to Twain’s proposals for int’l copyright reform [MTP:Auction sale catalog Mar. 27, 1943].

January 8-11 Monday – Sam receipted **Helen Keller** for \$1 as a “tax” for the Redding Library, though Helen was exempt by her gender from the tax. He wrote on the form, “Received of the darling Helen Keller, \$1” [MTP].

Sam also receipted **Anne Sullivan Macy (Mrs. John Albert Macy)** for \$1 for his library “tax” [MTP].
Note: Anne Sullivan was Helen Keller’s famous teacher. See **Jan. 11** entry.

January 9 Saturday – **The Armstrong Assoc. of New York, per May Hurlburt** sent Sam tickets for a box at Carnegie Hall on Jan. 22 [MTP].

Diana Belais, President of the New York Anti-Vivisection Society wrote to ask Sam for a letter of introduction to Harpers, as they were in “a terrific fight ...against the Medical Society of New York, which has banded indissolubly to crush out our movement” [MTP].

Before Jan. 9 – **New Yorker Staats-Zeitung** sent an engraved invitation to dine and meet **Count Johann Heinrich von Bernstorff**, ambassador of the German Empire. Feb. 4, at 7 p.m. at the Manhattan Club [MTP].

January 10 Sunday – **Richard Watson Gilder** wrote on Wells College, Aurora NY letterhead to ask Sam if he could be present on Wed. Jan. 13 at Carnegie Hall, 5 p.m. for a meeting in memory of Stedman—“if it wouldn’t be a burden” [MTP].

Charles J. Langdon wrote to ask Sam for his one-third share of the taxes on the Erie Basin property at Buffalo, amounting to \$44.27. After receiving rent on the property he would return Sam’s one-third share. He also wrote: “We are having bitter cold weather here, and Ida, Peter the dog, and I are keeping the big house alone and trying to keep warm. We expect Edna home to-day and shall be very glad to get her back. / I sent Clara on January 11th a draft for some coupons which were paid on bonds belonging to her January 1st, but have not heard from her” [MTP].

January 11 Monday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam inscribed his photo to **Anne Sullivan Macy (Mrs. John Albert Macy)**: “*To Mrs. John Sullivan Macy, with warm regard, & with limitless admiration of the wonders she has performed as a miracle-worker—/ Mark Twain / Stormfield, Jan. 11/09.*” [MTP].

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Helen Keller	Jan. 11		[see below]

Note: Helen signed her own name and across the middle of the page above her signature she wrote in large square even letters:

“I have been in Eden three days and I saw a King / I knew he was a King the minute I touched him though I had never touched a King / before — A daughter of Eve”.

Sam wrote in the Remarks column about Helen’s comment: “The point of what Helen says above, lies in this: that I read ‘The Diary of Eve,’ all through, to her last night; in it Eve frequently mentions things she said for the first time but instantly knows what they were—& named them” [MTP]. *Note:* was she a guest for three days as her note suggests? Only Jan. 11 is in the guestbook.

(Next page:)

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Joseph H. Twichell	Hartford Conn	Jan 11-12 1909	Rev. Joe & Harmony are intimate friends of more than 41 years' standing
Julia Harmony “	“ “		

Sam's A.D. for this day is offered by Gribben:

In 1909 Clemens testified that he both “published” and “read” [Ignatius] Donnelly’s book [*The Great Cryptogram: Francis Bacon’s Cipher in the So-Called Shakespeare Plays* (1888)] when it first appeared; he found it then “an ingenious piece of work,” but nearly everyone scoffed at it. Though Donnelly’s acrostics did not entirely convince Clemens, he was enormously impressed by the point Donnelly made about Shakespeare’s never having used any Stratford scenes in his plays and poems [200]. “Mark Twain believed Granville George Greenwood’s claim that ‘through the last page of King Lear is scattered the acrostic “Verulam,” spelled backwards” [627].

Countess Gaston d’Arschot wrote on mourning border paper to Sam. “Just now I learn of your proposed library, and have much pleasure in enclosing my check for \$5, which modest offering I beg you to accept...” [MTP]. *Note:* “Ansd”; formerly **Miss Wilhelmina Detmold**, she married Count Detmold, in charge of the Belgian legation in NYC. She died in 1912.

Isaac Guggenheim wrote from NYC to Sam, enclosing \$25 for the Mark Twain Library, mentioned by Mr. Dearborn [MTP]. *Note:* “Ansd”

Charles J. Langdon wrote a short note to enclose a draft for \$60 on matured bonds of Park County, Mont., from Livy’s estate [MTP].

A.P. Watt wrote from London to Sam, enclosing “the latest edition of my ‘LETTERS TO A. P. WATT’” which he noted contained 26 letters not previously included [MTP].

January 12 Tuesday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam replied to the Jan. 8 from General **Oliver Otis Howard** (1830-1909).

Dear General Howard:

You pay me a most gratifying compliment in asking me to preside, & it causes me very real regret that I am obliged to decline, for the object of the meeting appeals strongly to me, since that object is to aid in raising the \$500,000 Endowment Fund for Lincoln Memorial University. The Endowment Fund will be the most fitting of all the memorials the country will dedicate to the memory of Lincoln, serving, as it will, to uplift his very own people.

I hope you will meet with complete success, & I am sorry I cannot be there to witness it & help you rejoice. But I am older than people think, nearly twice as old as I used to be; & besides I live away out in the country & never stir from home, except at geological intervals to fill left-over engagements made in Mesozoic Times when I was younger & indiscreeter.

You ought not to say sarcastic things about my “fighting on the other side.” General Grant did not act like that. General Grant paid me compliments. He bracketed me with Zenophon—it is there in his memoirs for anybody to read. He said if all the confederate soldiers had followed my example & adopted my military arts he could never have caught enough of them in a bunch to inconvenience the Rebellion. General Grant was a fair man & recognized my worth; but you are prejudiced, & you have hurt my feelings.

But I have an affection for you, anyway. / Mark Twain [MTP]. *Note:* Howard, a Union General, suffered defeats at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, was also Commandant of West Point 1881-2 during one of Sam’s visits there. He later served out West and won surrender of **Chief Joseph**, and was a commissioner in the Freedman’s Bureau. He was also instrumental in the founding of Howard University.

Wilfred A. French for *Photo-Era* (The American Journal of Photography), Boston, Mass. wrote:

My dear Mr. Clemens; / I suppose, during your numerous and make-believe lawsuits—you are the cleverest advertiser that ever lived, even surpassing the war-lord of Germany, himself—you have, naturally and with justifiable neglect, overlooked your renewal to the finest and best magazine ever published—I believe you said so. My office instructions are to send you the magazine, just the same, right along; in fact, it is a life sentence, which I hope you will bear with your usual equanimity. . . .

P.S. I hear that Miss Clara and my sister, Miss Marie, are having tolerably good success in the West [MTP].

Harry Johnston wrote from Scotland to Sam. “By enclosed syllabus [not in file] you will observe that the writer is down to give a few ‘extracts from Mark Twain’. Might I be excused for asking you to give me a ‘message’ for my paper?” [MTP].

Charles W. Moore wrote to ask Sam if he had read J.A. Wylie’s *History of Protestantism*. If not, Moore wanted to send a set [MTP]. *Note*: “Thank him very much, but I take no interest in ecclesiastical history”

January 13 Wednesday – **Ino Downey for the Men’s Club of Holy Trinity Church, NYC** wrote to invite Sam to their annual dinner on Feb. 22 [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans. Jan 14 M.L.H.”

January 14 Thursday – In **Redding, Conn.**, **Isabel V. Lyon** wrote for Sam to **Archibald Henderson** at the Univ. of N. Carolina at Chapel Hill.

Dear Dr. Henderson: / I gave your letter to Mr. Clemens who read it very carefully; & then he said that he is very sorry to be obliged to say to you that it would be quite impossible for him to give you, or for him to allow me to give you any assistance, as it would be encroaching upon the absolute rights of Mr. Paine. For three years, now, Mr. Paine has had the exclusive right to obtain access to any information that Mr. Clemens or I could give; and Mr. Clemens now feels that it would be most unfair & discouraging to Mr. Paine if he were to assist anyone else in writing any kind of a biography of him. When you spoke to me about the book you proposed writing, I understood that it would be critical, rather than biographical; and to that kind of book Mr. Clemens would have no objection; on the contrary he would be glad to see such a book written.

We shall always remember with pleasure your visit here; & shall hope that it may be repeated. Mr. Clemens wishes me to convey to you his warm regards, in which I know Mr. Ashcroft would join if he were here [MTP]. *Note*: Henderson wrote an article in the *Deutsche Review* about Twain; Paine wrote to Henderson on Nov. 15 that Clemens was pleased by the article [Gribben 307].

William Robertson Coe wrote from NYC to invite Clemens to “come down here and spend a few days,” reminding him of his promise to do so when “the country palled on you...” Coe suggested they attend a Feb. 2 dinner of the Campfire Club, “composed of big game hunters” [MTP].

Oliver Otis Howard for the Lincoln Centennial Committee wrote to Sam, following up on his earlier letter that mentioned Clemens fighting for the Confederacy—he apologized tongue in cheek for “unwittingly hurting a confederate’s feelings.” Could Sam merely sit on the stage at the upcoming meeting for the Lincoln Endowment Committee? [MTP]. *Note*: General Howard was 79 and with a shaky hand.

Curtis Lubin for Town & Country wrote to Sam having “just obtained from Mr. Paul Thompson some very attractive pictures of yourself and of your home,” which he wanted to run in the next issue of the magazine. “Would it be possible to visit and see the three rooms pictured, the library, billiard room and the dining room?” He suggested Saturday, Jan. 16, if convenient [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans. Jan 19 M.L.H.”

L.M. Powers wrote to Sam. Since he didn't know which brand of stogies Sam preferred he hoped that the "little cigar holder in the form of a book" he'd sent would "be acceptable" [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. M.L. Howden / Jan 19."

Clinton Rogers Woodruff for the American Civic Assoc. wrote to ask Sam to write a letter to Governor **Charles E. Hughes** recommending **William B. Howland** for appointment on the New York State Commission on Niagara Falls, to fill a vacancy [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Jan 19 M.L.H."

January 15 Friday – Harry Windsor Dearborn for the Robert Fulton Monument wrote to Sam, attempting to entice him to attend the "informal reception" for which he'd changed the date from Jan. 23 to the 21st to accommodate Sam's visit to NYC. He listed a string quartet which would be there, a waiting billiard table of **Henry W. Marsh's**, and would send an automobile for Clemens. He added a P.S.: "I have invited a number of *very young* and *beautiful* girls who will be so pleased to see you on Thursday next" [MTP].

Frederick A. Duneka wrote a short note to Sam. "Your translation of the Hollander's letter has just come to me, and I am hurrying to put it in type. I will follow your instructions, and do all you ask" [MTP]. *Note:* **Hollander** not further identified.

Charles Garvice for the Author's Club, London wrote hearing that Clemens was coming back to England this year, which would be a "red-letter day" for them [MTP]. *Note:* source of this rumor was not given.

Helen Keller wrote from Wrentham, Mass. to Sam (the letter is typed, and signed in block letters).

Dear Mr. Clemens: / Our minds keep recurring to the happy hours we spent with you in your beautiful home. I cannot thank you warmly enough for your kindness to me and the two friends whom I hold dearer than life itself. You cannot know what your wise sympathy and tenderness mean to me. You have a master key which unlocks the most intimate secrets of the heart, and I feel that you understand the world I live in and the deep affections behind it. It is a joy to be with one who, having eyes, sees the beauty in the still, dark valley between the mountains.

We arrived safely Monday night with all our belongings—umbrella, muff, trunk and lives. If that was luck, I am glad that "eternal vigilance is luck" because it means eternal good luck.

We are all well and living again in our usual quiet, busy way. ...

Mr. Macy wishes me to tell you that as soon as a complete set of the proofs of Mr. Booth's book can be had, it shall be sent to you. At present only about a third of the book is in type [MTP]. *Note:* Keller's name appears in Stormfield's guestbook for January 11, and noted was there for three days.

January 16 Saturday – Sam's guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Edward Quintard	New York	Jan 16 1909	
Lumbring Kant [?]	New York	Jan 16 1909	
Frank Lascelles	Oxford - Keblelon	" 16 "	[see notes below]
John Elton Wayland	New York	17-18 Jan 16, 1909	
Isabel S. Wayland	" "	" " "	

Note: all the guests for this date signed in themselves. In the remarks column for the entry of Frank Lascelles on Jan. 16, Sam wrote: "Mr Lascelles designed and carried out his splendid historical pageants in Oxford & other English cities in 1907, also the historical pageants in Canada last year, and is now devising the London pageant of 1910, in which 15,000 citizens in costume will take part." Sam inscribed a leather bound set of *Adam's Diary* and *Eve's Diary* to Lascelles with this date [eBay # 290459140946, July 30, 2010].

Caesar A. Roberts, Attorney wrote from Denver, Colo. to Sam.

Dear Mr Clemens:— / I have been down to Carson City, Nevada. The memories of you there are as pleasant and refreshing as the pungent, tonic fragrance from the sage as it comes into the little city on the winds of the morning, after a long night of rain.

I met Sam Davis, the man who wrote that most enjoyable of sketches, The First Piano in Camp, and he is the most winsome and delightful romancer in all the country round about, since you departed.

I presume you remember the cub reporter who was with you, I think, on the Virginia City Enterprise, and was your “pard” when you were millionaires for the ten days required to do the assessment to hold the cross vein. He is Hon Adair Wilson and was one of the ablest judges that ever sat on the Supreme Bench in Colorado.

I also looked upon slide mountain, on a basis of which you wrote that most delightful chapter in Roughing It, the action of trespass vi et terrae, where the overhanging tenant slid down upon his neighbor next below, not only with force but with all the sticks and stones that belonged to his preemption. I met Mr Coutts who remembers the trial well—for you know the lawyers held court in the evenings and gave full play to their fancy and their wit, no less than learning, in that famous action.

I went to Sandy Bowers house, where the door knobs used to be of silver, from the Comstock, for silver, in those days, served to unlock all doors.

Hank Monk, in 1883, for the last time, threw the reins to the hostler, sheathed his whip, and rests in the cemetery at Carson. I visited the grave of your brother Orrin’s [*sic* Orion’s] little child who died, I think, while you were there.

I read the story and laughed at it as a boy; appreciated it as a man, when I too became a part of the same scenes. The visit was like reading a story and then coming into the reality [MTP]. *Note:* the paragraph about **Sam P. Davis** is scribbled through with pencil. Davis was not one of Clemens’ favorites. **Mr. Coutts** is not further identified.

January 17 Sunday – William B. Jones for Raymond & Whitcomb Co., Boston wrote to ask for information on an article he’d seen years before attributed to Clemens on the “Waters of The Ganges, etc.” [MTP].

January 18 Monday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Mai H. Coe and William R. Coe.**

Dear Coes:

It is lovely of you to ask me, & I wish I could go to you—& indeed I will in the by & by, but I am going to New York day after tomorrow for the last time this season, to fill a last-April speech-engagement which includes guestship at young Robert Collier’s house. But you are a strong & young pair, & I shall expect & require you to come to *me*, for you don’t mind the travel, whereas I dread it.

With love to you both ... [MTP].

Sam also replied to the Jan. 4 from **John Henniker Heaton** in London.

DEAR HENNIKER-HEATON,—I do hope you will succeed to your heart’s desire in your cheap-cablegram campaign, and I feel sure you will. Indeed your cheap-postage victory, achieved in spite of a quarter-century of determined opposition, is good and rational prophecy that you will. Wireless, not being as yet imprisoned in a Chinese wall of private cash and high-placed and formidable influence, will come to your aid and make your new campaign briefer and easier than the other one was.

Now then, after uttering my serious word, am I privileged to be frivolous for a moment? When you shall have achieved cheap telegraphy, are you going to employ it for just your own selfish profit and other people’s pecuniary damage, the way you are doing with your cheap postage? You get letter-postage reduced to 2 cents an ounce, then you mail me a 4-ounce letter with a 2-cent stamp on it, and I have to pay the extra freight at this end of the line. I return your envelope for inspection. Look at it. Stamped in one place is a vast “T,” and under it the figures “40;” and under those figures appears an “L,” a sinister and suspicious and mysterious L. In another place, stamped within a circle, in offensively large capitals, you find the words “DUE 8 CENTS.” Finally, in the midst of a desert space up nor-noreastard from that circle you find a figure “3” of quite

unnecessarily aggressive and insolent magnitude—and done with a blue pencil, so as to be as conspicuous as possible. I inquired about these strange signs and symbols of the postman. He said they were P. O. Department signals for his instruction.

“Instruction for what?”

“To get extra postage.”

“Is that so? Explain. Tell me about the large T and the 40.

“It’s short for *Take* 40—or as we postmen say, grab 40.”

“Go on, please, while I think up some words to swear with.”

“Due 8 means, grab 8 more.”

“———. Continue.”

“The blue-pencil 3 was an afterthought. There aren’t any stamps for afterthoughts; the sums vary, according to inspiration, and they whirl in the one that suggests itself at the last moment. Sometimes they go several times higher than this one. This one only means hog 3 cents more. And so if you’ve got 51 cents about you, or can borrow it—”

“Tell me: who gets this corruption?”

“Half of it goes to the man in England who ships the letter on short postage, and the other half goes to the P.O.D. to protect cheap postage from inaugurating a deficit.”

“———!”

“I can’t blame you; I would say it myself in your place, if these ladies were not present. But you see I’m only obeying orders, I can’t help myself.”

“Oh, I know it; I’m not blaming you. Finally, what does that L stand for?”

“Get the money, or give him L. It’s English, you know.”

“Take it and go. It’s the last cent I’ve got in the world———.”

After seeing the Oxford pageant file by the grand stand, picture after picture, splendor after splendor, three thousand five hundred strong, the most moving and beautiful and impressive historically-instructive show conceivable, you are not to think I would miss the London pageant of next year, with its shining host of 15,000 historical English men and women dug from the misty books of all the vanished ages and marching in the light of the sun—all alive, and looking just as they were used to look! Mr. Lascelles spent yesterday here on the farm, and told me all about it. I shall be in the middle of my 75th year then, and interested in pageants for personal and prospective reasons.

I beg you to give my best thanks to the Bath Club for the offer of its hospitalities, but I shall not be able to take advantage of it, because I am to be a guest in a private house during my stay in London. / Sincerely yours, ... [MTP]. *Note:* **Henniker-Heaton** (sometimes hyphenated, sometimes not) had successfully led a campaign for penny postage in England; he was now on a similar campaign to secure cheap cablegrams. **Frank Cavendish Lascelles** was logged into the guestbook for Jan. 16, but not for Jan.17. He may have stayed over, however, as Sam refers to him spending the day of Jan. 17 “at the farm here.”

Sam also wrote to **William Dean Howells**.

Dear Howells: / I *have* to write a line, lazy as I am, to say how your Poe article delighted me; and to say that I am in agreement with substantially all you say about his literature. To me his prose is unreadable—like Jane Austin’s. No, there is a difference. I could read his prose on salary, but not Jane’s. Jane is entirely impossible. It seems a great pity that they allowed her to die a natural death. ...

Another thing: you grant that God & circumstances sinned against Poe, but you also grant that he sinned against himself—a thing which he couldn’t do & didn’t do.

It is lively up here now. I wish you could come [MTHL 2: 841; MTP; Gribben 328].

Note: In the main part of his letter, Sam reacted to Howells’ Jan. 16 article in *Harper’s Weekly* in which he maintained that none of Poe’s stories would be accepted by present day publishers because of their “mechanicality.” Howells blamed Poe’s need for money, his drinking and the backward state of the country (“abjectly provincial”) at that time. In the last sentence Sam indirectly referred (“lively”) to the pianists then visiting Stormfield, Ossip Gabrilowitsch (who became Clara Clemens’ husband later in 1909) and Ethel Newcomb. See Sam’s Jan. 3 to Margaret Blackmer.

Clemens acquired another case of Queen Anne whisky [L-A MS]. *Note:* see June 8, 1907 for the full list of acquisition dates of whisky, intended as ammunition against Isabel Lyon. After this entry Clemens wrote a summary of all the whisky acquired from Jan. 8, 1908 to Jan. 18, 1909:

+48 bottles used in 2 months

The bottled cocktails (in rich abundance) came from Park & Tilford [NY merchant], Claude [the butler] says.

Vibrator Oct. 24 (the first one?)

(The other one bought with case? Inquire.)

Jan 8/08 to Jan. 18/09——11 cases.

I did not use more than 3 bottles of this during the year. I used 5 bottles sent me by Mr. Carnegie.

½ case per year is about all I need.

When she [Lyon] left us, her first order for home consumption was 1 case & a lot of wine [L-A MS].

Note: here Clemens claimed that Isabel Lyon consumed 48 bottles of whisky in two months! See Hill 231.

The Armstrong Assoc. of New York per Marguerite Palmie wrote to advise Sam they were reserving a box for him at Carnegie Hall on Feb. 23. They'd "secured the President-elect, Mr. Taft, to make the principal address at a meeting for the discussion of Hampton and the Southern work generally....Booker T. Washington will also speak and Governor Hughes has been invited to preside." The Hampton student chorus would sing plantation songs [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Jan 19 M.L.H."; no record was found of Clemens attending.

The Republican Club of New York wrote to enclose 40 cents in additional postage for return of the print sent of the *Quaker City*. He asked for an acknowledgement when the print was returned [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Jan 27 M.L.H."

The New York *Times*, p.4, "Roosevelt Asked to Police Dinner," announced that Mark Twain was among those invited to the Police Benevolent dinner on Feb. 8.

January 18 Monday ca. – In Redding, Conn., **Mary L. Howden ("Miss Mollie")** wrote for Sam to **Diana Belais**.

3 Dear Mrs. B. / Mr. C has had your letter in his room for some days and now asks me to write you for him to say that he regrets not being able to grant your request. So many have come to him of a similar nature that it is impossible for him to write letters of introduction to any one or really have any [illegible]. Mr. C has come to live in the country to be away from all activities as he finds that even the smaller ones exhaust him and that he must live in great quietness here in order to do even a small amount of work [MTP].

Mary also wrote for Sam to **John Larkin**. "4) Dear Mr. Larkin X sending this tax notice to you and asking that you'll kindly notify the tax commissioners that he is no longer a resident of the city of N.Y." [MTP].

Mary also wrote for Sam to **Miss S.** "2 Dear Miss S. / X and thank you very very much for the little volume of letters which arrived sometime since. He has been overdriven with work, [with] guests, with books that he has had on hand, that he has only just now reached the point where he can acknowledge the receipt of the vast number that come to him [about Christmas] time /Sincerely yours. / not secy" [MTP].

Mary also wrote for Sam to other various **unidentified persons**, as follows: *Note:* these ca. Jan. 18 letters are shorthand drafts of the letters that survive, and so lack identification; note each is numbered, from 2 to 11, then 3, 4 and 5 again, suggesting they were done in two different batches, perhaps on different days.

" 5. / Dear sir X me to say that your letter didn't reach him [until Monday] [then] too late to reach the outgoing post. Mr. C is leaving for N.Y. on Wednesday-morning [illegible] his business in town the [illegible]

practically [illegible]. Can you not make an [arrangement] to come up next week say Monday, on the 8:50 train from N.Y. to R. station.”

“6 / X thank you very much for your letter and the [offer] and the books [and] to say that he has come to R to live and doesn’t expect to be in NY.”

“7 / X-in answer to your letter, say that he regrets not being able to grant your request but that he is now a citizen of Conn. and [illegible] doesn’t feel that he [illegible] interfere with the [illegible] of N.Y. state.” *Note:* see Jan. 20.

“8 X to acknowledge with many thanks your check for \$20. He has been overdriven with work and engagements so has been unable to autograph all of the books that you sent he thinks he will be finished today. As Mr. C’s secretary I would like to say that much autographing [has become a] great burden to Mr. C and that you have to wait the right time to present such matters to him. This I am [quite sure] you’ll understand knowing as you do how full Mr. C’s life [really] is”

“9. Dear sir / X to say that the book you sent him for him to autograph has gone to you coming as [it did] and just at Christmas time it lay in his room for a long time among other books and [that he has autographed it for you with [illegible] and thanks you for your kind wishes and your pleasant note”

“10 Dear Madam / X to thank you for your letter and the compliment contained in it and to say that he regrets not being able to grant your request. He wishes me to say that his name now stands as V.P. on a great many boards and that he finds himself obliged to withdraw from [associations] instead joining in new ones. He has come into the country to live very quietly and withdraw from many activities”

“11 Dear Sir / X to thank you very much for your invitation for the dinner to be given on Feb. 11th in honor of Mr. Carnegie. To say that he is obliged to decline it as he has come to the country to live and doesn’t expect to be in N.Y. on that date”

“3. Dear Sir / X and say that he must refer you to his publishers Messrs. H-F Sq. for permission to include the sketch you mention in your collection if you’ll write to them saying that Mr. C has referred you to them they will give you all necessary answer as they alone possess the authority to grant the permission you ask for / Very truly yours”

“4) Dear Sir / X and thank you for your note and say that he regrets not being able to grant your request. That even if he had time and inclination to write the sketch you ask for he would be prevented from doing so by his contract with his publishers which doesn’t allow of his writing anything for anyone but them.

“5) same as No 4” [MTP]. *Note:* see also Jan. 19.

January 19 Tuesday – In Redding Clemens wrote to **Frank Cavendish Lascelles**, English actor and pageant director who had visited on Jan. 16-17:

Dear Mr. Lascelles: / Mr. Clemens asks me to say that he is very willing to have you burgle the enclosed, & with it sends his warm regards. / Sincerely Yours / Isabel Lyon

Jan. 19/09

[first enclosure: postcard with photograph of Stormfield]

[Second enclosure in SLC’s hand:]

TO THE GUEST

Be calm, be patient—let the ostensibly hot water run a long time: Then it will become *really* hot [MTP].

Mary L. Howden (“Miss Mollie”) wrote for Sam to an unidentified man.

“Jan. 19, 1909 / 1. / Dear Sir / X and say that he will be happy to have his name known as one of the

Hon committee [and he] expects that he will be [awhile] in London in May 1909. Mr. C asks me to thank you for your pleasant message. / Very truly yours" [MTP]. *Note:* the fact that this surviving draft is numbered 1 and dated, suggests that perhaps one batch placed in *ca.* Jan. 18 also goes with this day. See another similar TS of a shorthand draft for Jan. 28.

Charles J. Brown for Brown Brothers Co. Nurseries, Rochester, NY wrote to solicit "trees and plants for the coming spring," free catalog upon request [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Jan 27 M.L.H."

W.T. Hall for *The Dothan Eagle* (Dothan, Ala.) wrote to Sam. "A banker acquaintance of mine, living out of town, in speaking of the writings of Mark Twain, said that he would give \$10 to find the book, or to get the story, which you wrote years ago, (I think while editor of the Express) telling of the experience of the graveyard that moved, and passed by your house" [MTP]. *Note:* IVL wrote: "A Curious Dream in Sketches Old & New"

R.E. Hare for Hare & Chase, Ins., Phila. wrote to ask Sam where he might get a copy of Sam's article "The Burglar Alarm" he saw "many years ago" in a newspaper [MTP].

Harper & Brothers wrote to Isabel Lyon. "I enclose, herewith, a proof of "A CAPABLE HUMORIST" for Mr. Clemens' reading. May I ask that it be returned as soon as this can conveniently be done?" [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Jan 27 M.L.H."

Mary Johnson wrote from Auburndale, Mass. to ask Clemens if she might send *Moloch*, a little book of hers about vivisection [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Jan 27 M.L.H."; not in Gribben.

Rudyard Kipling wrote to Ralph W. Ashcroft about Mark Twain's Proposed Change in copyright Law. "Needless to say I am very interested in Mr. Clemens' action in regard to literary property and wish him success in it" [MTP]. *Note:* this reference is from a 1928 auction of letters by the American Art Assoc. NYC, and also includes "ghost" references to the letters of others to Ashcroft, including **Andrew Lang, Joseph Conrad, George Meredith, William Wymark Jacobs, Sidney Lee, Frank Thomas Bullen, Gilbert Parker** and **Rider Haggard**. Copies of the actual letters are not in the MTP files.

Mrs. P.J. Lewis wrote from Danbury, Conn. to send Sam some of her husband's troches she hoped would relieve his bronchitis [MTP]. *Note:* troche: a small, circular medicinal lozenge.

January 20 Wednesday – Sam went to **New York City**, accompanied by **Isabel Lyon** [Feb. 5 to Blackmer]. He would not return to Stormfield until the evening of **Jan. 30**.

In the evening Sam attended the annual dinner at **Delmonico's**, given by the Directors and faculty of the **New York Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital**. The *New York Times* reported on the function:

TWAIN TALKS TO DOCTORS.

"Dr. Clemens" Describes Imaginary Medical School at His Country Home.

At the annual dinner of the Directors and Faculty of the New York Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital at Delmonico's last night Mark Twain, a member of the Post-Graduate Corporation, and appropriately introduced as Dr. Samuel L. Clemens, told of the imaginary establishment of an imaginary branch of the Post-Graduate School at his home in Redding, Conn. He recounted the imaginary ailments of the imaginary patients, and told of the disagreements in diagnosis between himself and the other members of the Faculty—to wit: a horse doctor and an undertaker.

Dr. Clemens, who wore his now famous white suit of dinner clothes, and seemed to be comfortable in them, also talked at some length about his celebrated burglars. He declared that he had never lost anything through burglars; on the contrary, he had been a gainer, he declared, because the burglars had frightened away some undesirable servants.

"I desire to honor two noble institutions," said Dr. Clemens, "both of which are teachers. One is the Post-Graduate and the other the Children's Theatre, of which I am proud to be the President.

"I may say, as a member of the Post-Graduate Corporation," he added, "that I have been practicing up there in Connecticut for seven months, and the population is thinning out—the public is growing less."

Dr. George N. Miller, President of the Post Graduate, who presided paid a tribute to the late Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa, who was the founder of the institution and its President up to the time of his death last year.

Dr. Miller declared that the legacy of \$2,000,000 left to the institution by Frederick Charles Hewitt of Oswego, N.Y. was "the same as in the treasury now" despite the contest of Mrs. Hewitt's will.

Other speakers were Dr. Bache Emmett, Dr. W. S. Thayer of Johns Hopkins University, Dr. Musser of Philadelphia, Dr. Adami of Montreal, Dr. Samuel Lambert, Dr. Simon Flexner, and Dr. Charles L. Dana.

Among the 150 present were Dr. Frederic Brush, Superintendent of the Post-Graduate Medical School; Dr. Arthur F. Chace, Secretary; Dr. K. K. MacAlpine, Dr. G. R. Pleek, and Dr. George I. Miller.

E.C. Babcock for the Osborne Co., NYC wrote to Sam. "At the suggestion of Mr. Samuel J. Woolf, we have made a reproduction of a portrait of you painted by him. This picture we are planning to issue as an art calendar, but before doing so, we would like to know if you are entirely satisfied with this particular portrait" [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Jan 27 M.L.H." See IVL's journal for Feb. 13, 1906, which clearly shows the portrait was unsatisfactory.

Earle R. Clemens for the Rhyolite (Nev.) Herald wrote to ask Sam for a short story "about the old days in Nevada." He remarked he should be a relative, given his name [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Jan 29 M.L.H."

Curtis Lubin for Town & Country replied to Clemens or Lyon's Jan. 19, saying he would be "most pleased to come to Redding on the train leaving New York at 8:50" on Jan. 25 [MTP]. *Note:* see Jan. 14 from Lubin.

January 21 Thursday – Sam was in New York City.

Harry Windsor Dearborn for Henry W. Marsh sent an engraved card invitation to tea on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 21 from 3 to 6 p.m. at the residence of **Mr. & Mrs. Henry W. Marsh**, NYC [MTP].

Mrs. Emma Sheridan Fry wrote to notify Sam of her resignation from the **Educational Theatre**, enclosing a copy of her resignation to **Minnie Herts**, which stated her inability to work with **Mr. Heniger**, "your young Stage Director" [MTP]. *Note:* Fry wanted no editorial interference.

John B. Godwin of Waverly Magazine, Boston wrote to ask Sam's permission to publish his speech given for the Lincoln dinner in New York in 1901 [MTP]. *Note:* IVL wrote: "Don't remember anything about it"; see Feb. 11, 1901 entry with NY *Times* article on his speech (Vol. III).

Enoch Harpole, Chicago attorney, wrote noting that many diseases, like Bright's disease or Rigg's disease were named after eminent doctors. He offered to "hunt up" some disease that might be called "Twain's complaint" or disorder [MTP].

Charles Fiecces wrote from Toledo, Ohio:

I know it is a going to affront you to know who this letter is from it is from a poor Negro barber that has thought of you many a time and more so ever time I see your name in the papers. I have told a lot of my barber companions about you but they have laughed at me when I told them I have shaved you and they have said I was crazy. I remember quite well in 1886 when the Steamer *India* was plying between Buffalo and

Duluth, Minn. [MTP]. *Note:* see June 22 to 27 1886 (Vol. II) entries, when the Clemens family took a five-day trip on the steamer *India* from Buffalo to Duluth on their way to Keokuk.

January 22 Friday – Sam was in New York City.

George King wrote from Clinton, NY to Sam. A local news article made George recall being in Orion's office 45 years before as a carpenter and millwright in the employ of the "silver state reduction works." He'd read all of Mark Twain's books and remarked on several. He recalled being in the choir with Sam at "good old Father White's church." He spent several pages mentioning names from the 1861-1865 period, including **Deacon Taylor, H.B. Pomeroy, Ben Small, Mr. Wasson, Atty Gen Edwards, W.D. Toeringson, Jim Sturdevant, Abe Curry, Mr. Kinkead, H.M. Yerrington, and J. Neeley Johnson**, ex-governor of Calif. [MTP]. *Note:* see also the Nov. 23, 1908 from J.T. Lockhart who also mentioned "Parson White."

January 23 Saturday – Sam was in New York City with **Isabel Lyon**, who became ill and was forced to return to Stormfield, where she kept her bed for a couple of weeks [Feb. 5 to Blackmer]. *Notes:* Sam would return home on Jan. 30. Isabel would suffer a mental and physical breakdown, caused perhaps by her great volume of work, and a growing conflict with Clara Clemens. It may have been a standard hen-house issue of control and of access to Sam's time and attention. She stayed in bed back at Stormfield and is mentioned in several of Clemens' letters after he returned to Stormfield on Jan. 30. On Feb. 23, Isabel Lyon went to her mother's in Hartford to recover more fully from her breakdown. She then announced her engagement to Ashcroft. In the meantime, Clara investigated the books for Stormfield, gathering ammunition which led to Lyon's dismissal.

Walter C. Bellows for the Children's Educational Theatre wrote to Sam inquiring about putting on Huck Finn as a play [MTP]. *Note:* IVL directed him to apply to Miss Elizabeth Marbury.

Poultney Bigelow wrote (before Jan. 23) to Sam.

My dear Mark Twain — / Are you in town, this Saturday 23—?

If so will you come dine at the Royalton in 43 str. West, between 5th and 6th next the Hippodrome. Only a few congenials, maybe 8 in all—singing and smoking. Please bring Clara with you if you can come and she be free. I am here for a week & then a week to Boston [MTP].

Samuel H. Gressitt wrote from Baltimore, Md. to Sam, having returned from a world trip. In Egypt he met a guide who claimed to have been Twain's guides when visiting the pyramids. Gressitt asked how many minutes it took Clemens to climb the Great Pyramid and if he climbed others [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Doesn't remember but it can be found in the book"; see Oct. 5, 1867 entry (Vol. I) for visit to Pyramids.

Anna Heinrichs for the Papyrus Club of St. Louis wrote to ask Sam for "a little letter" they might read at their Feb. 19 meeting [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Jan 27 M.L.H."

John E. Rosser wrote from Nacogdoches, Texas to ask Sam for 200 words on the subject "Why do we laugh?" If anyone might answer that question, he felt Twain could [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Jan 29 M.L.H."

Samuel Johnson Woolf wrote from NYC to enlist Sam to go see his brother's play *The Vampire* at the Hackett Theatre. The play was rec'd with mixed reviews and Woolf, who had painted Sam's portrait and learned Clemens' first play got poor reviews, felt "a word" from Clemens would help. "I shall have a box at your disposal," and asked if he might "end him a line" about the play [MTP].

January 24 Sunday – Sam was in New York City.

J.C. Hawkins for the Missouri Univ. *Savitar* wrote to ask Sam for “a small literary contribution.” He mentioned the 1906 *Savitar* which had been dedicated to Clemens, “the greatest Missourian” [MTP].

Anna Rosenkranz wrote from Bromberg, Prussia to ask permission to translate *Eve’s Diary* into German for their newspapers [MTP].

January 25 Monday – Sam was in **New York City**.

Dr. Henry M. Chase and the Boston Dispensary Staff sent an invitation card for a dinner on Jan. 25 at 7 p.m. at the Hotel Brunswick, Boston [MTP].

Herbert F. Knowles, “a complete stranger” wrote from Hartford to Sam. Knowles was writing an article, “How I felt after my first smoke” and asked for “a few lines relating to your experience” [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans. Jan 27 M.L.H.”

W.H. Smith wrote from Huntington, Ind. to ask if he might use Sam’s sketch “Jim Wolfe and the Tomcats” in a publication made for local distribution [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans. Jan 29 M.L.H.”

A. Vogt, playwright wrote from Dallas, Tex. to ask Sam’s help in gaining a manager to produce any of his eight plays [MTP]. *Note*: IVL: “ansd”

George W. Wharton wrote from NYC to ask Sam to “raise his powerful voice” against the building of “a great Court House in the McDougal St. corner” of Washington Square [MTP]. *Note*: “Mr. Clemens has ceased to be a resident of NY. In his opinion, if it is a question of politic, then no citizen’s personal appeal will avail.”

January 26 Tuesday – Sam was in **New York City**.

January 27 Wednesday – Sam was in **New York City**.

Mary E. Boynton wrote before this date to ask Sam to appear before a “very enthusiastic Staten Island audience.” What were his terms? [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans. Jan 27 M.L.H.”

George Dickson wrote from Alton, Ill. enclosing a formal studio portrait of himself, having been called “Mark Twain” by his friends (in file; not much resemblance). Would Clemens send one of his pictures? [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans. Jan 27 M.L.H.”

Julia Langdon Loomis (Mrs. Edward E. Loomis) wrote from Elmira to Sam. The letter is faded and bled through and difficult to read but she complains they’ve been missing seeing him in town [MTP].

L.H. Mayer wrote from NYC to ask Sam for one or two signed pictures of himself to be sold at the Fair of the Working Girls’ Vacation Society [MTP].

F.J. Nilan for Western Union wrote to ask Sam for an additional 35 cents in charges for the telephoning of a telegram to Jean Clemens, c/o Dr. Harland, Gloucester, Mass. on May 24, 1908 [MTP].

K.V. Roedern wrote a poem to Sam from Hillbourne Club, Katonah, NY, about activities there [MTP].

Mrs. Samuel S. Sanders, “frightened from my own audacity” in addressing him, wrote from Weyland, Mass. to discuss her genealogy, though her family name was spelled “Clemons” [MTP].

William M. Schwitzer wrote from NYC to invite Sam to the annual dinner of the Bibliophile Society on Feb. 1 at the Hotel Astor. "Our roster fairly bristles with notable names—I am sure you know them all" [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Jan 27 M.L.H."

Mrs. A.A. Wolcott wrote to Sam, enclosing a three stanza poem based on the poem placed upon Susy Clemens' tombstone [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Jan 29 M.L.H."

January 28 Thursday – Sam was in **New York City**.; In **Redding, Conn.**, **Mary L. Howden ("Miss Mollie")** wrote for Sam to **Mrs. L.T. Guilford**.

1) Dear Madam

X and to say that as many ladies have written papers on him for their [lunch] societies for many [years past] it is not necessary for him to grant permission. He wishes me to say that he would be glad to answer your letter with his own hand but that the mail is so voluminous that it is [impossible] for him to attend to any of it personally [MTP]. SEE below:

Before Jan. 28, **Mrs. L.T. Guilford** wrote from Platteville, Wisc. to Sam, having been appointed by the Tourist Club of her town to prepare a paper on Mark Twain and wished his permission in writing [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Jan 28 M.L.H."

January 28 Thursday ca. – Sam was in **New York City**. In **Redding, Conn.**, **Mary L. Howden ("Miss Mollie")** wrote for Sam to **Samuel Johnson Woolf**, Secretary of Holbein Studios, 139 W. 55, N.Y.C.

Dear Sir

X is not in R at present has been away for some time and the date of his return is uncertain. I can say for him [*illegible*] that it is [impossible] for him to write critical articles of any kind. Even if he had time and inclination to do so he would be prevented by his contract with his publishers. This contract is so binding Mr. C. is unable to overstep its limits for intimate friends and strangers have no claim upon him whatsoever [MTP]. Note the uncertainty of Sam's return from NYC.

January 29 Friday – Sam was in **New York City** and enjoyed a birthday dinner party for **H.H. Rogers**, "a pretty large one, for it is a big family when they all get together" [Jan. 31 to Sturgis]. *Note:* this would be HHR's last birthday.

In **Redding, Conn.**, **Mary L. Howden ("Miss Mollie")** wrote for Sam to an **unidentified woman**. Jan 29. "1) Dear Madam / X [thank] you for your kind letter and for sending the verses which he is glad to see. He wishes me to say that he is sorry not to be able to answer your letter with his own hand but his correspondence is so voluminous that it is [impossible] for him to attend to it personally" [MTP].

Gerald Keith, a high-school student in Brockton, Mass. wrote to Sam perplexed about the footnote in Ch. 20 of *RI* about the 16th chapter of Daniel in the Bible [MTP].

The Republican Club of New York City wrote to Sam, having rec'd the print back of the *Quaker City*, and advised he'd purchased the print from J.B. Bradley dealer on the corner of Nassau and Liberty Street for \$5. Evidently Sam had inquired as to the source [MTP].

January 30 Saturday – In the evening Sam returned to **Redding, Conn.** from **N.Y.C.** after a ten day visit [Jan. 31 to Sturgis].

Sam's brief article, "The New Planet" ran in *Harper's Weekly*. Hill calls it "uninspired" [218].

Sara Lippman wrote from Phila. to ask if she might send one of his books for his autograph [MTP].

Charles P.G. Scott for the Simplified Spelling Board sent a printed "Call For Third Annual Meeting, April 6 and 7, 1909" [MTP].

January 31 Sunday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Dorothy Sturgis**.

My dear Annianlouise—

I have been in New York ten days, visiting friends, & got back home with some guests yesterday evening by the light of the fresh snow, no lanterns being needed & none displayed either at the front door or in the loggia. So the days are really lengthening, & I *am* so glad!

Mr. Rogers had a birthday, night before last, (69) & a family dinner-party—a pretty large one, for it is a big family when they all get together. He was a happy man, for the last rail of his railroad was laid down & spiked that morning—a road just twice as long (lacking 6 miles) as the distance from New York to Boston; & he has built the bulk of it since the panic began & all large enterprises were hampered, crippled, & thrown into confusion. A stately achievement for a man his age. The first through train will leave Norfolk tomorrow for the terminus, 446 miles west'ard.

Benares [Ashcroft] went to England for me a month or more ago, & is on the ocean, now, homeward bound & aware that there's trouble awaiting him when he arrives at this house on the evening of the 6th of February: for I sent a message by him to the English angel-fish, & he has confessed, himself, by letter to Miss Lyon, that he utilized that opportunity to flirt with her. I think he *hunts* for trouble. The last time Margaret was here we took her home to her school at Irvington-on-Hudson, & they flirted all the way, in the most mutinous disregard of my authority.

The burglar notice is to appear in "Country Life in America," but I don't know the date. The article is by that gifted and charming lady Mrs. Doubleday, who writes the books about the birds.

1 p.m. I think I will get up, now, & talk with the guests while they feed. / Affectionately ...

[MTP; *MTAq* 246-7].

Sam's new guestbook entry:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Frederick T. Leigh	" " [New York]	Jan. 31 1909	
Sara Leigh	" "	" " "	

Sam inscribed a copy of *Eve's Diary* with an aphorism to **Sarah Leigh**, who was a guest at Stormfield with her husband Frederick: "*To Mrs. Sarah Leigh, with the kindest regards of the Author. Clothes make the man, but they seldom improve the woman. Truly Yours Mark Twain Jan.31/09 Stormfield.*" [MTP: Parke-Bernet Galleries catalogs, Dec. 11, 1956, No. 1719, Item 137]. *Note*: Frederick Leigh was treasurer of Harpers.

February – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Laura H. Frazer**, childhood sweetheart.

Dear Laura,

Who of this list, have passed away? You will not be able to tell me in all cases, but tell me those you know about.

In case of the dead, strike a thin line through the name, thus, John Garth (a line through) and leave the names of the living untouched. Then return the list to me. Can you do this for me? A good many on the list were schoolmates and playmates of yours and mine. If you can call to mind others, still living, please give me their names. It is lonesome. Miss Lyon is sick and there isn't a guest in the house. However, Clara is bringing a lot tomorrow. Paine and Louise have sailed for Europe, to go over the ground traversed in 'Innocents

Abroad' and make notes. It is Louise's first venture from home, and she is the delightedest child I have seen in a hundred years.

Affectionately, S. L. C.

The list: Bennie Blankenship, Danie Blankenship, Arch Fuqua, Bill Kaufman, Irving Ayres, Lub Ayres, George RoBards, Lora Dunlap, Line Dunlap, Jim Forman, Ruel Gridley, Jennie Brady, Margaret Kooneman, Samy Craig, Joe Craig, Nannie Owsley, Tom Collins, Mary Nash, Mary Miller, Theodore Eddy, Theodore Dawson, Clay RoBards, Ed Stevens, Lige Hawkins, Charley Buchanan, Sophia Hawkins, Ada McVeigh, Artemesia Briggs, John Brown, Riter Levering, John Garth, Helen Garth, John Briggs, John RoBards, Jimmy McDaniel, Alec, [*sic*] Lacy, Mary Lacy, Heney Meredith, Laura Hawkins, Sara RoBards and sister, Mary Moss, Neal Moss, Ray Moss, Andy Fuqua, Kitty Shoot, John Shoot, Fanny Parey, Becky Parey, John Meredith, Will Bowen, Sam Bowen, Mary Bowen Green, Sam Nash, Bill Nash, Bill Pitts, William T. League, David Garth, Ed Pierce, Roberta Jones, Big Joe Buchanan, Mrs. Horr, Miss Horr, Miss Terry, Miss Newcomb, Sam Honeyman, Lavinia Honeyman, Tom Blankenship [*Hannibal Evening Courier Post*, Mar. 6, 1935 p. 3C]. *Note*: see Frazer's Mar. 16 reply.

Sam also wrote to an **unidentified publisher or bookseller** asking for the second volume of *IA* in red cloth to be sent "*right away*" as he wanted it for "Payne" who was sailing soon [MTP]. *Note*: See Feb. 3 inscription to **Louise Paine**, which cinches this for **Albert Bigelow Paine**, who was going to Europe to retrace Sam's travels in *IA*. Sam insisted on spelling it his way.

Albert I. Frye wrote to Sam [MTP]. *Note*: also dated **Aug. 1908**; see that entry.

Sara Lippman wrote to Sam thinking he'd misunderstood her request—of course she would send him one of his books for an autograph—she was not asking him to send a book [MTP].

February 1 Monday – **Mrs. Mary Stewart Gatter** wrote from Newburgh, NY to ask Sam for a signed photo to sell to the benefit of St. Luke's Hospital [MTP].

Winifred Holt for the NY Assoc. for the Blind wrote to thank Sam for the use of his name at their *Bal de Tete* [MTP].

New York Assoc. for the Blind wrote to Sam [MTP].

Robert Chapin Pepper for Gamma Delta Psi Alumni Assoc., Springfield, Mass. wrote to Sam "wondering if there would be any possibility of your being induced to address an audience in Springfield" [MTP].

Young Men's Lincoln Club of Five Points, NYC wrote to ask Sam to send a "sentiment about Abraham Lincoln" for their Third Anniversary Celebration [MTP].

Bridget W. Guinness (Mrs. Benjamin S. Guinness) wrote to invite Sam to dine on Thursday, Feb. 11 at 8:30. "It wd be so nice to see you again & I'm so glad you have not forgotten me ... White clothes please" [MTP]. *Note*: file puts this as "before Feb. 3" and since the card is headed "Monday" it is placed on this day. The blue postcard was not mailed so likely delivered.

February 2 Tuesday – **John W. Davis for NY Education Dept.** wrote to ask Sam to use an excerpt from *TA* for a reader he was preparing for use in public schools [MTP].

James Ephraim McGirt, "a New Negro Poet" wrote from Phila. to ask Sam for "an expression...in regards to the merits of" his work. A flyer with McGirt's photo is in the file [MTP].

February 3 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Mai H. Coe and William Robertson Coe**.

Dear Coes:

It has arrived, & Miss Lyon, who is ill in bed & under contract with the doctor to keep perfectly quiet for ten days, has gone into raptures & frenzies & convulsions of admiration & delight over it. But a *happy* earthquake doesn't hurt a patient, it sets the drowsy circulation going at lightning-express gait, & does good. And that is what has resulted in this instance.

It surely is the most beautiful thing & the most sumptuous I have ever seen, & I thank you heartily. It would be too fine for some people, but it fits me, because I was born a king & got changed in the cradle.

You ought to be here now, to enjoy the spectacle of the white hills & vales, & I would wish you *were* here if Miss Lyon were not out of commission. But I know I can trust you to keep your promise & come by & by.
/ With the best love of / SLC [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Maud W. Littleton (Mrs. Martin W. Littleton)** in N.Y.C.

Dear Mrs. Linthicum:

Miss Lyon says *yes*; & so we shall hope & expect to see the Linthicums & Lady Constance & Sir Edward arrive here Saturday after next. And she says won't you please pass this invitation on, to the parties of the second part?

Miss Lyon is ill in bed, therefore I am secretary, wherefore brevity's the word, brevity being the soul of indolence. / With love, / ... [MTP].

Sam also inscribed a copy of *IA* to **Louise Paine**: "*To / Louise Payne, [sic] M.A. [Member Aquarium] / with the love of / The Author / === / He laughs best who laughs least. / Truly Yours / Mark Twain / Stormfield, / Feb.3/09.*" [MTP].

Mary L. Howden ("Miss Mollie") was replaced by a male stenographer, **William E. Grumman** on this day [Hill 208, 229].

Percy A. Clisdell wrote from Buenos Aires, Argentina to ask Sam for two autographed photographs. A newspaper clipping is in the file from the Buenos Aires *Herald* along with Clisdell's business card from General Electric Co. as South American manager, and Don Juan McMillan, who was to receive the photographs [MTP].

Richard J. Echols, "a poor cripple," wrote from Eusley, Ala. to ask Sam how he might publish his book—how did Sam manage his? Did Sam have money to help himself or did someone help? Echols needed to help support his aged mother [MTP].

Harrison Maitland for Culture Club Bureau, NYC wrote to tout a service of sending gifts by their staff of "competent, cultured people" [MTP].

Laura J. Post wrote on a small name card, 24 East 33rd Street: "I shall be happy to see you next Friday afternoon at four o'clock. It may interest you to see the gift which will be presented to Madame Sembrich on February sixth" [MTP].

February 4 Thursday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote a postcard (with a picture of Stormfield) to **Ruth Woods** in **Philippi, W. Va.**: "Thank you ever so much, dear Ruth, for suggesting it, but the truth is I am much too old & indolent to take up writing again. / Sincerely your friend / SL. Clemens" [MTP].

Henry M. Chase wrote to Sam enclosing "a memento of the dinner given to the Board of Managers of the Boston Dispensary...it contains much of interest in the life of the institution." No "memento" is in the file [MTP].

Margaret Chenoweth wrote from Birmingham, Ala. to congratulate Sam on his 73rd birthday and to repeat how proud she was of the card he'd sent in 1908. "Your little admirer..." [MTP].

Dodge & Morrison, Architects, NYC wrote to solicit Sam as president of the Children's Theatre for them to present plans for the new building [MTP].

Edward Freiborger for The Friars, NYC wrote to Sam, remembering his "Babies" speech in Chicago in 1879. He was now devoted to drama in NYC. He asked if Sam could donate a set of his books for the Friars' library [MTP].

Russell & Erwin Mfg. per W. Donaldson wrote to poke Sam for \$862.90 on their bill of Dec.2 "for Hardware furnished at your house at Redding..." [MTP].

February 5 Friday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Margaret Blackmer.

Good! I've heard from you at last. Often & often, in the last week or so, I have said to myself, "What *can* have become of my Margaret?" Yesterday I said to Miss Lyon "I mean to take paper & pen & give her a scolding." She took no notice of it in words, but her unbelieving face said, "If Margaret waits till *you* scold her she'll have to wait a good while." I suppose it's true. In fact I know it is. On paper, anyway. Next time I'll take to the telephone.

Meantime I'll tell you what is the fact: you may always leave me letterless 3 weeks & I won't complain—*then* if you don't write me, dear heart, something will happen! *It will happen at the end of this month if I don't hear from you, you busy little scamp.*

You've been having very industrious good times, dear, & you are entirely excusable for not writing me.

We went down to New York 16 days ago, (Jan. 20) & we were going up to see you on the 23^d, but Miss Lyon had to return home. I was ever so disappointed. She didn't get back to New York. The doctor put her to bed, & she has never been out of it since.

We had a wireless from Benares [Ashcroft] yesterday, saying his ship would reach New York tomorrow (Saturday) in time for him to take the 3.32 for Stormfield. I wish you were coming with him. No—it wouldn't do, you would get to flirting with him; & if I were not along he couldn't protect himself.

Look at the handwriting of this enclosed letter. When I saw the superscription I was so glad! And then I found it wasn't from you, after all. But dear me the resemblance *is* strong. Burn it, dear—I've answered it.

Yes, I'll give your love to Miss Lyon & Ashcroft, because you have been good & have given me more than you give to them.

Spring's a-coming! Then you'll come, too, & your mother. And the Misses Tewksbury, too, I hope.

How are the cats? Oh, well, you ought to see Danbury! (I've forgotten the name you knew him by.) He is the handsomest creature afloat. And so wise, & so thoughtful. Night before last he made a spring & landed on the table & hit a ball a wipe with his paw just as Mr. Payne [*si*] was delivering a shot. It lost Payne the game, and he *was* so aggravated! He got no chance to win another.

With lots of love, you dear child— / S L C [MTP;MTAq 247-8].

February 6 Saturday – Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
R.W. Ashcroft	" " [New York]	Feb. 6 & following days	

Hawaii Promotion Co. per Harry P. Wood wrote to Sam. "Your charming letter, acknowledging receipt of the Koa Mantel piece, came duly to hand." He reminded Clemens of his request for a photograph, negatives and a couple of prints, showing Sam "standing or sitting near the Aloha Mantel" [MTP]. *Note:* the MTP has no such photograph, and no record was found that one was ever sent.

February 7 Sunday – Clara Clemens and Ossip Gabrilowitsch arrived at Stormfield; at least this date was given in the guestbook. However, on Feb. 8 in a letter to Frances Nunnally, Sam misdated it Feb. 9, which may present confusion. Victor Fischer of the MTP confirms that the Feb. 8 letter was misdated.

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Ossip Gabrilowitsch	“ “ [New York]	Feb. 7 [& following days]	
Clara Clemens	“ “	“ 7 “ “ “	

G.O. Shields wrote to Sam, enclosing a large advertisement on his lecture “Wild Animals and Snowslides in the Canadian Rockies,” Feb. 6th at 8 p.m. Shields wrote on letterhead of A. Huffaker, M.D., Carson City, Nevada. “It may interest you to know that I am writing this in the room in which you had your office when you lived in this historic city. / Dr. Huffaker owns the house now and it is one of the noted landmarks of the town” [MTP].

February 8 Monday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote “the newest postcard” (“Posing for Admiration”) to daughter Jean.

Your letter has just arrived Jean dear, & is very welcome. Ashcroft is back from England (whither he went on business for me)). Clara & Gabrilowitsch have arrived on a flying visit. Miss Lyon is still in bed in the doctor’s hands. we’ve got a new stenographer—a *be* one this time—to whom I can dictate [*one word canceled*] cuss-words if I want to. That’s all the news, dear. Never mind about the mud, it won’t show on that smoke-complected puppy.

With love & kisses—

Father

[*in left margin:*] These are the newest postcards [MTP]. Note: see insert postcard.



Sam also wrote to **Frances Nunnally**.

You dear Francesca, I find your last (Jan.11) in my letter-drawer, marked “not yet answered.” I remember, now—I answered it in imagination & stopped with that; just as] a person winds his watch in imagination, with the result that presently the *watch* stops.

Soon afterward I went to New York & stayed 8 days. I thought I might never go again, & so I might best make a long stay.

Miss Lyon is sick abed these two or three weeks. It is a sort of nervous break-down, attributable to too much work & care. But she is mending.

Ashcroft has been to England for me, & has just arrived back. He saw a number of your acquaintances & mine. Also he went to the English angel-fish's house to carry a message from me, & she answered the door-bell herself. He asked—in his punishable way—"Are you Dorothy?" and answered "Yes—are you Mr. Ashcroft? We do not know how she was able to make that guess. He dined with her & her parents, & they all went to the theatre.

Dr. Quintard has been here to-day, with a friend: Clara & Gabrilowitsch came yesterd[ay], Ashcroft will arrive again to-night, & Martin Littleton & his wife will come for over Sunday. We have had 141 guests since the end of June—and very very good times. You talk as if maybe you can't come at Easter, & it makes me ever so sorry. Your parents have the first claim, but I am not going to stop hoping yet a while.

I hear Ashcrofts wheels a-churning along; I'll run down & welcome him. Good-bye, dear heart, with lots of love— / S L C

The plumber is coming Feb. 23^d; a girl you would greatly like. She isn't a M. A., but is not without good qualities, nevertheless. She is official plumber of Stormfield, by her own request, but doesn't know how to plumb. Name, Margery Clinton [MTP; *MTAq* 248-9]. *Note*: from entries in the guestbook, it seems clear that Clemens wrote this letter on Feb. 8, and misdated it, Apr. 9, which the MTP had cataloged it as. I wrote to Victor Fischer of the MTP explaining the evidence for a Feb. 8 date and he agreed on Apr. 7, 2011.

Sam's new guest book:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Dr. Edward Quintard ———	“ “ [New York]	[Feb.] 8	
Mr. [Charles E.] Wark — —————		“ 8 —————	[Clara's accompanist]

A.B. Johnson for NJ State Christian Endeavor Union, Newark N.J. wrote for his boy to ask Sam how Clemens acquired his *nom-de-plume* [MTP].

Lieutenants' Benevolent Assoc. of NYC Police sent an engraved invitation to their annual dinner on Feb. 8 at the Waldorf Astoria [MTP].

February 9 Tuesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam sent the “Posing for Admiration” postcard to **Margery Hamilton Clinton**. “Ashcroft has must arrived with the news—and your date—Tuesday the 23^d. You are a very dear plumber, & will be most welcome. Bring several changes of soldering irons—for you must stay as long as you can. / Affectionately” [MTP].

E. Mayban Denbeigh wrote from NY asking for “a little message” to read to her literary club [MTP].

Richard Lloyd Jones for Lincoln Farm Assoc., NYC wrote to advise Sam that the Feb 8 meeting would be postponed until Feb. 23 [MTP].

February 10 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote a note of introduction “To any friend or acquaintance of mine” for **Albert Bigelow Paine**, “my biographer & particular friend, who is seeking information concerning me for use in his book.” [MTP]. *Note*: Sam may have written several of these as two survive, UCCL # 07666 and 08345.

Gribben gives us an item from **Sam's A.D.** for this day: “While Clemens worked on the manuscript for ‘Is Shakespeare Dead?,’ he intermittently read aloud from Macbeth to Isabel Lyon on 10 February 1909 (IVL's Notes, Berg Collection, TS in MTP)” [628].

American Architect & Building News ran an anonymous article, “Mark Twain’s House at Redding, Connecticut” [Tenney 46: *The Twainian* Oct. 1939 p.4]. In his third supplement, Tenney adds: “A description of the ‘Stormfield’ house, with a floor plan for the first floor, two photographs of the house, and an autographed photo of MT on the loggia. Text of autograph: ‘The loggia, a production of Howells & Stokes, together with its principal decoration, as furnished by Mark Twain. Oct. ‘09’” [Tenney, *ALR Third Annual Supplement to the Reference Guide* (Autumn, 1979) 193-4].

Harold Clemens wrote from NYC to Sam, redirecting a misguided letter intended for Sam [MTP].

Alice Colby wrote from Hamilton, Mo. to ask Sam for a statement of opinion on “The American Girl” for their club reading [MTP].

Max Hinrichs wrote from German to Sam. The letter in German “is a long-winded letter from a student of the law who attempts to be funny by explaining on three pages what he doesn’t want before he finally gets around to saying that he would appreciate an autograph from Twain. The sender is Max Hinrichs, Poldingstr. 17, III, Deutschland, province of Schleswig-Holstein” [MTP]. *Note:* translation and summary courtesy of Holger Kersten.

Knickerbocker Publishing wrote to confirm for their forthcoming National American Biography whether Sam was one of five, seven or eight children [MTP].

Francis M. Verdi, George Pildrilen, Jacob Delmonte, and Bernard Weisberg wrote for the Educational Theatre for Children to explain recent events of **Mrs. Emma Sheridan Fry’s** resignation, with whom they sympathized. They asked Clemens to use his influence to reinstate her and listed 23 names in support of their view, and who would leave the group after the Boston performance [MTP]. *Note:* see Jan. 21 by Mrs. Fry.

February 11 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Beatrice M. Benjamin**, granddaughter of H.H. Rogers.

O, come, dear heart, all this enthusiasm over a comparative stranger! But you have studied it over, & know whether it is warranted or not; so it isn’t for me to criticise.

I saw the announcement in the papers, & was properly & sincerely joyful, for your very dear sake. You said you would bring him up here for official inspection & approval: a formality, merely a formality it is true, but it is best, in organized societies, that formalities be observed, & not lightly set aside.

So you must keep your word. And I do hope you can bring your parents too. In Miss Lyon’s opinion your father was altogether delightful in Bermuda, & was “the life of the wake” there; & I think he is the life of the wake all the time.

We are “full up” for this present month, but March is vacant, & I hope you will hurry & name a date in it before it gets a chance to be unvacant—*any date you please*—& give me day & train & I will attend to transportation from our RR station to the house. Most of our guests manage to shirk business sufficiently to give us a full week-end—that kind of week-end begins with the Friday, you know—and I hope you can manage it too.

I suppose it could be possible that the roads would be in automobiling condition in March—in that case Will Coe can chart your course for you. We can put up your auto & find quarters for your chauffeur. (Darn that dam word, I never know how to spell it.) And I wouldn’t spell it right if I could.

It isn’t likely that I’ll be going to New York, for I get homesick the minute I get out of sight of the house; but if the hangman should send for me—and this is always likely to happen to the pets of the Deity—I’ll be sure to let you know.

There: with a great deal of love from your oldest friend / ... [MTP].

Charles B. Fager, Jr. wrote from Harrisburg, Penn. to ask if Sam would be willing to lecture for the teachers of Harrisburg [MTP].

Thomas R. Slicer, minister, All Soul's Church wrote from NYC to Sam. After praising a play he saw at the Children's Educational, Slicer announced 300,000 members of the new **Optimist Club**, with an attendant Optimist Publishing Co. and issuance of *Optimist's Magazine* in April. He asked if Sam would write something for the magazine [MTP].

February 12 Friday – **Isabel Lyon's** journal noted that Sam was in bed reading "Quakenbores [sic] book on Natural Philosophy" in bed with "a cigar between his teeth". *Note: A Natural Philosophy, etc.* (1899) by **George Payn Quackenbos** (1826-1881) [Gribben 565].

George Brunton for the **Boone Iowa News-Republican** wrote to ask Sam for a letter of encouragement for their YMCA [MTP].

Archibald Henderson wrote from Chapel Hill, NC to advise Sam he was sending under a separate cover a typed MS of an article he'd written about Twain for Harpers. "You will please me by using the blue-pencil as vigorously as you wish. And, "Mr. Coburn writes me that he has developed the pictures he took at 'Stormfield', and that they are 'corkers', to use his expression." He also mentioned he'd sent a "little article" of his in the *Atlantic*, which he trusted Sam had rec'd [MTP].

Arthur Hillman wrote from Wilkes-Barre, Penn. to Sam. Hillman had "chanced upon a volume dealing with the practice of Thuggee," and recalled in *FE* Twain's work on the subject, from which Sam had consulted a government work, which he thought must have been tedious reading. The implication is that Hillman forwarded or enclosed the volume he wrote of, since he asked Sam to accept it [MTP].

Robert Underwood Johnson for Century Magazine wrote to Sam. "Knowing your deep interest in theological works I am sure you will be glad to read my son's book 'The Eternal Boy' which he tells me he is sending you." He hoped to see Clemens Saturday at the luncheon of the Academy [MTP].

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
F.A. Duneka [signed]	New York	Feby 12	Birthday of the "Great American"

February 13 Saturday – In Redding, Conn., **Ralph W. Ashcroft** wrote for Sam and Isabel Lyon to professor **Archibald Henderson** at UNC, Chapel Hill, N.C.

Dear Dr Henderson

Miss Lyon has been in bed for nearly four weeks, & I only got back a few days ago—so that explains why your letter to her has remained unanswered[.] She is still in bed, but wishes me to write & enclose an account of Mr. Clemens' life which his nephew, Sam'l Moffett, wrote some years ago, & which is authentic as to events & accurate as to dates. She wishes me to explain that, while he would be glad to have you write the book, he can't FORMALLY AUTHORIZE you to do so, owing to his arrangements with Mr Paine and the Harpers, but he will be glad to read your MS. and indicate any corrections or additions he would like made. We know of no critical literature in re. Mr Clemens—you would virtually be the prince in that line. We want you to feel that you would have the moral support and *real* interest of Mr Clemens in your work, but he (and Miss Lyon as his literary executor) feel that they must not, even in the slightest respect, violate the spirit of existing arrangements, which they *might* be doing if formal authority were extended to you to write the book.

Trusting that this will fully explain Mr Clemens' position, / I remain, / Yours very sincerely /R. W. Ashcroft

P.S.

Mr. Clemens & Miss Lyon send their warm regards & hope to have the pleasure of seeing you here during the summer [MTP].

Archibald Henderson wrote to Sam, enclosing the typed copy of the article he wrote about Twain for Harpers. "I wrote you a letter yesterday. I should be glad to have the MS. back as soon as you finish with it—& O.K. it" [MTP].

Herbert Lane for Curtis Publishing Co., Phila. wrote a rather "foggy" letter to Sam, all of which amounted to a solicitation for him to send writing or refer to them someone who might [MTP].

Clemens dated the first page of his longhand draft of "Is Shakespeare Dead?": "Dictated Feb. 13, 1909" [Hill 217].

February 14 Sunday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote a reply on a postcard to **Mary** (not further identified).

Goodspeed's
Boston

February 14, 1909
Picture postcard, no
postmarks, not addressed
black ink, 2 sides

Front:

Picture of SLC, Jean and someone else—SLC sitting inside window, looking out, and another man standing beside him. Jean standing on outside looking in. [*photograph is actually of SLC with Lyon and Ashcroft*]
Underneath the picture is written:

Mary, machree,
These are the three
That loveth thee.

OVER

The following is written on the other side:

"You will refrain from turning your nose up at the grammar; it is good enough grammar for a person of your size. You let it alone, & confine your attentions to the sentiment. / Mark" [MTP].

Delbert Dotson, "a perfect stranger in Montana" wrote from Newlon, Mont. to ask Sam's advice on copywriting his comic book [MTP].

J.C. Reeve, Jr. wrote from Freeville, NY to ask Sam to re-edit *TS* and exclude "expressions of like grade" compared to a list he gave. Reeve wanted to use such an edition for schools. He also asked what year was the *TS* setting, and "what motive had the author in writing it?" [MTP].

February 15 Monday – **Charles E. Hinckley for W.A. Hunter & Co., Nashville, Tenn.** wrote to Sam.

I have the honor to say that you are directed, for naval purposes, to read the accompanying article [not in file] and report to the secretary of the navy at Washington, D.C. the proper way of putting our naval vessels through the Suez Canal without so much flub-dub about the pilots. Talk about a little old eighty-seven miles on the Mississipp? Huh!...

late Captain Steamer "Copperopolis" San Francisco to Sacramento.

P.S. / I heard your first failure at Platt's Hall and was just as much ashamed of you as were the editor of "The Bulletin" and his wife [MTP].

Wallace Rice wrote from Chicago to Sam (enclosed in **Peter Dunne's** of Feb. 16), using **Peter Dunne** and **Elizabeth Wallace** to introduce himself, and asking if he might dedicate his book of three articles on American Humorists to Mark Twain. Also, might he “place in the third volume a dozen brief extracts, none...more than a hundred words...” from Twain's works? [MTP].

Herbert Vandyke wrote from NYC to Sam, enclosing the names of five subscribers to the Mark Twain Library at Redding, compliments of **Harry Windsor Dearborn** [MTP].

February 16 Tuesday – In **Redding, Conn.**, **Ralph W. Ashcroft** wrote for Sam to **Archibald Henderson**, professor at UNC, Chapel Hill.

Dear Dr Henderson:

Mr. Clemens' comment was: “Mightily interesting and *very* ingenious.” And he was *deeply* touched with your reference to Mrs Clemens.

There are but two emendations—that relating to Miss Lyon's building of Stormfield, & that relating to his age when he & Mrs Clemens started out on their debt-paying tour. The house—in its design & decorations—is *totally* a product of Miss Lyon's mind, and Mr Clemens desires that credit be given her. / Yours very Sincerely / R. W. Ashcroft [MTP]. *Note:* Hill points out that Sam's credit to Lyon together with Clara's prior decoration of 21 Fifth Ave. proved one source of conflict between the two women [205].

Isabel Lyon wrote to **Harriet Whitmore Enders** that **Ralph W. Ashcroft** and she were to be married. Hill quotes from her letter:

“The psychic moment hasn't come yet for telling the King...it won't make any difference in my life work with the King. I'll stay right here, and Benares will come when he can to be with us both” [218]. *Note:* this was one week before Isabel left to recuperate in Hartford with her mother.

Finley Peter Dunne for American Magazine wrote to Sam enclosing the letter “from a very old friend” (**Wallace Rice**; Feb. 15). Also, “As president of the — — Human Race Association I intend to call a meeting of our organization very soon. From a number of applications I have chosen you as Caterer and your house as the meeting place...Until then, oh Wise but Wicked! / Ever yours...” [MTP]. *Note:* MT wrote on the letter in black ink: “From ‘Mr. Dooley’ / ans”

Japan Construction Co., NYC wrote to ask if Sam would like a “Japanese garden” on his grounds [MTP].

Caspar Whitney for Collier's Weekly wrote to ask Sam what the country or outdoors meant to him; he was writing “several distinguished Americans the meaning of the country to them...” He added, “I meant to talk this out the other night when I had the great pleasure of dining with you at Rob Collier's, but the honest God truth is, I was so entertained by your talk of the West and of Zola's extraordinary book, — I entirely forgot it” [MTP]. *Note:* which of **Emile Zola's** books is not clear.

February 17 Wednesday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **Frances Nunnally**.

Oh, you sweet Francesca, what a charming Valentine it is! Dear me but you are beautiful, you little rascal! We all think it just a shade, or maybe *part* of a shade, more beautiful than the exquisite Atlanta picture of you. Am I to put all the pictures of you out of sight except this one? Is that your idea? It isn't going to happen. I'll merely change them around, from time to time. At present the London picture of you & me is on my dressing-table, here in my bed-room, & the Atlanta gem & the enlarged picture of you & me standing with the pergola-pillars for a background hang in the billiard room. For a time I will keep the new one with me until it is framed, then transfer it & let it glorify the Aquarium—or the “Tank,” as we sometimes call it.

It came in the mail an hour ago, & Ashcroft brought it to me as soon as he had finished his breakfast. It nearly took my breath away. He has just left for New York. He is to get it framed, & bring it back when he comes day after tomorrow for the week-end. The inscription is to be cut out & countersunk in the picture-mat. I am strenuously at work on an article taking sides in the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, but I can't possibly resume until I've thanked you for this lovely reproduction of your lovely self.

By my calculation you will be snatched up & married by some daring young adventurer within a twelvemonth; & if he is up to standard he will get my blessing—otherwise, bricks in place of it. Fetch him here & let me look him over & make up my mind as to whether I'll have him in the family or not. Beatrice will fetch *her* young person up, next month, for judgement. She confided to me very privately a fortnight ago, that possesses such a person. She is twenty, & I have known her 16 years. See that *you* give me early notice, too. It is my right.

My, you ought to see the place this morning! The sun is brilliant, there's a wind blowing, the tall grasses & the shrubs are bowing & scraping, every blade is strung with ice-beads, every bead is white, or blue, or green, or yellow, or red; and so from every window you see a wide & flashing & fiery splendor of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, & all the other imperial jewels you can name or think of. Alas, alas, & you not here!

Most lovingly, you' dear child— / S L C [MTP; *MTAq* 249-51].

Note: the latter source offers this on Sam's MS he was "hard at work" on: "Between January and March 1909 Clemens worked on his manuscript "Is Shakespeare Dead?," in which he disputed the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. Clemens quoted extensively from a manuscript by **Granville George Greenwood** (1850-1928), *The Shakespeare Problem Restated* (1908) without credit, and no one close to him was enthusiastic about the project. Harpers was obliged to publish it, according to the terms of their contract. Lyon recorded that **John Albert Macy** sent Greenwood's book, which arrived on Feb. 5, 1909. See Feb. 25 to Macy; also Gribben 276.

Mrs. F.M. Andrews wrote from Memphis, Tenn. trying to trace the genealogy of her great uncle **Isaiah Sellars**, whom she thought was a character in one of Sam's books [MTP].

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to advise Sam that he'd been in error when he said Harpers published Ignatius Donnelly's "Cryptogram"—it was his "Atlantis" which they published. The former was impossible to find. "I am sending you to-day two pamphlets which are rather rare on the controversy, and from time to time will send you other Bacon-Shakespeare material.../ A little Stormonth Dictionary was sent you yesterday, which I hope you will like as much as I do. It has the only decent synonyms of any book I know" [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Thank him ever so much for the interest he has taken"

Elmira Press Club per J. Maxwell Beers, Milo Shanks, John M. Connelly, and Grant De Ved were listed on a printed "Annual Banquet Bulletin" sent for Feb. 27 at 7:30 p.m. at the Hotel Rathbun, tickets \$3 [MTP].

Lilian A. Gibbs wrote from Peterborough (NH) to enclose a drawing from a newspaper cutting of Mark Twain. The hand seems to be a child's [MTP].

Frank Cavendish Lascelles wrote from the Savoy Hotel, London (on *S.S. Lusitania* notepaper) to bid Sam "Au Revoir" [MTP].

February 18 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Margery H. Clinton** in N.Y.C.

Very dear Plumber:

(who doesn't know how to plumb):

Benares is away, the business part of the mail is in the hands of the stenographer, Miss Lyon is feeble & can undertake only of the personal letters—so I have stopped work & assumed charge of the other a, selecting your letter to her as a part of that third & adding it to a pair of letters to me, thus completing the

tale. I will resume work presently—interesting work it is: throwing bricks at Shakspeare; for privately I'm a Baconian—not a recent one, but a Baconian of 50 years' standing. Does that shudder you? Very well, I will tie you in a chair when you come, & read it to you, & make you shudder some more.

The 3.32 train Tuesday? Yes, that is the right one, the only right one. *I* thought of your staying longer, & I *told* you to bring a change of soldering-irons, but you shall be indulged: you shall go away on *Saturday* (not Friday). This on condition that you come back later & stay a week; & longer if you can. Not many who know you would let you off as easy as I'm doing.

I wish you could have been here through this long illness of Miss Lyon's. Nothing but rest was prescribed by the doctor, & you would have been the very person to furnish it & to ward off the irritations.

With love to you, best & respectful regards to Miss Caroline, & welcome to you both— / SLC [MTP].

Sam also answered the Feb. 16 from **Finley Peter Dunne** at *The American Magazine*, N.Y.C. addressing his reply, “(or, in his absence in jail)”:

Dear Peter:

To the G. D. A. meeting, hail & a hearty welcome! Name the date—& name it quick. Put it in March—any date you please—& name it before the month gets to filling up. What is left of February is already full-up, but I shall hold-up March till I hear from you. Commit Howells & Rob to a date, then impound them. Meantime, consider & determine the commissariat requirements, aside from the whisky—I've already got that. The Association has been separate & wandering & voiceless too long—let's not fail to get together this time & make a noise.

Miss Lyon has your friend's letter & will see that it is answered within a couple of days. We are short-handed. Miss Lyon's stenog is doing the business part of the morning's mail, but Ashcroft is away & Miss L & I have divided the personal part of it betune us.

Adieu, good-bye, aufwiederschen, O only righteous one! / Yours ever / Mark [MTP].

Harry Windsor Dearborn for the Robert Fulton Monument wrote to advise Sam that Frank Lascelles sailed on Feb. 17, and to offer progress for the permanent monument to Fulton and a Historical Pageant to be held in NY [MTP].

Arthur E. Dole for New Hampshire Governor's Ball sent a printed invitation to the Governor's Ball on Feb. 18 at the “new State Armory, Concord,” tickets \$5 [MTP]. *Note:* New Hampshire.

N.A. Kimmish wrote from Lincoln, Nebr. to ask for Sam's autograph [MTP]. *Note:* “Auto sent Mch 28”

New York Evening Telegram wrote to ask Sam for “a few lines” of “personal view” on **Omar Fitz Gerald** and his *Rubayat* (translator) [MTP].

Henry B. Quinby, Governor of N. Hampshire sent an engraved card for a reception and ball at Concord on Feb. 18 [MTP].

Before Feb. 18 Bridget W. Guinness, replied to an invitation for a musicale at 21 Fifth Avenue on Thursday, Feb. 18 at 9 p.m. “Dear Mr. Clemens. Does this mean Tuesday 18th or Thursday 20th as Thursday is not the 18th. What reply am I to make?” [MTP].

February 19 Friday – **John N. Ryan for Equitable Life Assurance, NYC** wrote to ask Sam for “something from you” for the Year Book for the **Pleiades Club, NYC** [MTP].

A.H. Tomlinson wrote from Swathmore, Penn. to Sam. He'd sent a copy of “The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg” and asked that Sam sign it with a few words and place the date on it [MTP].

February 20 Saturday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Margaret Blackmer.

Attention, you dear little tyke!

You will have a long vacation at Easter: can't you & your mother spend it with us? I do hope so. When Ashcroft-Benares goes to New York Tuesday, I want him to catch your mother on the telephone & discuss the matter with her. / With lots of love [MTP; *MTAq* 251].

Sam's brief article, "A Capable Humorist" ran in *Harper's Weekly*. Hill calls it "uninspired" [218]. See also [Tenney, *ALR Second Annual Supplement to the Reference Guide* (Autumn, 1978) 176].

Sam's new guestbook (signed):

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Mary Lawton	New York	Feb. 20	
Clara Clemens	N.Y. & Stormfield	" "	

Herman Bernstein wrote from Brooklyn to Sam. "I take the liberty of sending you a few extracts from Leonid Andreyev's story of the Seven Who Were Hanged" and asked if Clemens would "write a few lines as an introduction to Andreyev's story, which Bernstein planned to have published in book form [MTP]. *Note:* two enclosures are in the file, one an article from *The Independent*, "A Story Which Will Never Be Finished" by Andreyev, and the other a full page from the Nov. 8, 1908 *NY Times*, title of "The Seven Who Were Hanged." Not in Gribben.

Archibald Henderson signed a Registry Return Receipt to Sam confirming the return of his MS [MTP].

Lotos Club per Alexander C. Humphreys wrote to invite Sam to a dinner for **Andrew Carnegie** at the club house on Wed., Mar. 17 at 6:30. "The Board sincerely hopes that you will be able to accept, and be prepared to say a few words" [MTP].

February 21 Sunday – In Redding, Conn., **Ralph W. Ashcroft** wrote for Sam to prof. **Archibald Henderson**, University of N. Carolina, Chapel Hill. "Dear Dr Henderson: / We spell it: 'UMPAWAUG'—not 'Umpawag, as you had it" [MTP]. *Note:* **Umpawaug**, named after Indians who deeded land in 1686; a district, and road in Redding, Conn. Also a cemetery, across the road from the original Mark Twain Library, which began in a chapel.

February 22 Monday

February 23 Tuesday – **Isabel Lyon** left Stormfield to recover from her breakdown at her mother's house in Hartford. She was there ten days. Hill writes of Clara Clemens' arrival and of the ensuing controversy of suspicion:

Just as Isabel left for Hartford, Clara and her friend Mary Lawton arrived in Stormfield for a visit [see note below]. Clara had been persuaded by Miss Lawton and Dr. Quintard that the financial restrictions that Miss Lyon had placed on Clara were unwarranted, and she apparently began insisting to her father that Miss Lyon was embezzling his money. Clara's nagging had an effect on her father that was noticeable even to outsiders [218]. *Note:* The guestbook shows Clara and Lawton's arrival at Stormfield three days prior, on Saturday, Feb. 20. Hill then quotes from a letter from Mrs. Albert Bigelow Paine to her husband, who was now in the Holy land.

...poor old man is being driven almost crazy, and he said that until three weeks ago he thought he was happy and well off, but since then it has been h—— and that if things did not get better he would cut his G—— D—— throat—It would not be surprising what he might do—

Mr. Ashcroft and Miss Lyon are to be married! And it's a sworn secret just now, but I suppose soon, what can *he* be thinking about but I suppose they think that is the only way out and the only thing to do since they have criticized Clara [218-19].

Frank R. Lawrence for Lotos Club wrote to Sam, inviting him to speak at a dinner honoring **Andrew Carnegie** [MTP]. *Note:* see Feb. 25 to H.H. Rogers; Sam initially declined due to "keeping Hotel," but after changed his mind and accepted, if he could dine elsewhere, arrive after 10 p.m. and not be a scheduled speaker.

Sam's new guest book:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Miss Margery Clinton, O.P.	N.Y.	" [Feb.] 23	
Miss Caroline Rogers	" "	" [Feb.] 23	

Sara Lippman wrote before this date from Phila. that she was sending her copy of *TS* for Sam to sign [MTP]. *Note:* "Book returned Feb. 23, 1909" on reverse.

National Arts Club sent an engraved card of invitation at a reception for the opening of the **John W. Alexander** Retrospective Exhibition, Feb. 21 [MTP].

James Roby wrote from Berlin, Conn. to Sam hoping to be able to quote Sam's remarks on Simplified Spelling in the *NY Tribune*. Roby wrote three pages about the nation's illiteracy and the need for a common language with simple spelling [MTP].

February 24 Wednesday – Elizabeth P. Brown wrote from NYC to Sam.

I shall put yesterday down as one of the days in which something really happened for it was last evening that your letter came.

Irene was a dear to suggest your writing—and you—what shall I say about you for doing as she suggested?

Anyway, I thank you very much indeed. [She regretted not being able to speak to him the day he called at her school. She thought Irene Gerken] "a most bewitching little miss" [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "From Irene's teacher, Miss Brown"

Anthony Hope Hawkins wrote from London to thank Sam for a signed book his friend had "extorted" from Clemens. "I hope you are as well and flourishing as when we last met in this land" [MTP].

C.F. Stromeyer, furniture, NYC wrote that they were holding some articles for him but had no orders for same. What disposition should be made? A couch, side chair, arm chairs and a music box [MTP]

February 24-28 Sunday – Isabel Lyon wrote to Sam, confessing she and **Ralph W. Ashcroft** were to be married.

I've been thinking it all over—this, about Benare....I can't go on alone carrying the dear weight of wonderful Stormfield direction. Together we can work for you. And you will have his love joined with mine, and my love strengthened by his to stand by you and yours as long as you need us. .

...So I think, dear beautiful King, that before I come back to you, we'll go quietly to New York and be married [MTP; Hill 219].

February 25 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **John Albert Macy**.

Dear Mr. Macy: / Thank you for Greenwood's book. I have read it most carefully, and have stolen meat enough from it to stuff yards and yards of sausage-gut in my vast Autobiography and make it look like my own. And really the gut *is mine*. My, but I have enjoyed that book!

With love to you all,
Clemens.

Don't forget to send that other book [MTP]. *Note:* Clemens worked on his manuscript "Is Shakespeare Dead?", in which he disputed the authorship of Shakespeare's plays and quoted extensively from a manuscript by **Granville George Greenwood**. See Feb. 17 to Nunnally, notes.

Sam also wrote to **H.H. Rogers**.

Dear Mr. Rogers: / I love you, & I love Frank Lawrence, & I love St. Andrew; & so I would strain many points to Yes a proposition from you, when I believe God to be on your side, as in the present instance. (And, I may add, as *usual*.) But I can't come, because I am keeping hotel, & no train comes or goes without bringing me a guest or robbing me of one—& so I am always on deck. All my beds—as usual—will be full on St. Patrick's Day, & I shall be here to collect the tips. You must thank Lawrence for me, & give him my love.

I note what you say: That you & Mrs. Rogers are coming as soon as there's good automobiling. I am very glad & shall watch the roads./ With love to you both, / S. L. C. [MTHHR 658-9]. *Note:* **Frank R. Lawrence**, president of the **Lotos Club**, wrote on Feb. 23 asking for Sam to speak at a dinner in honor of Andrew Carnegie on St. Patrick's Day, March 17. At first he declined, then changed his mind.

Beatrice M. Benjamin wrote from NYC to thank Sam for his letter and the "excellent picture." She was "most anxious" to see his new house [MTP]. *Note:* H.H. Roger's granddaughter.

February 26 Friday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to daughter **Jean** now at the Unkeway Farm in Babylon, Long Island, N.Y.

You dear Jean, I was glad to hear from you. I have a photograph of your house, & I think it is most attractive. For your sake I hope it is as pleasant as it looks.

That poor old Geronimo! I am glad his grand old patriot heart is at peace, no more to know wrong & insult at the hands of the Christian savage.

I am enjoying these days; for after long idleness I am at work with the pen again—on an article of considerable length: throwing bricks at Shakespeare; bricks which have lain piled in repose for fifty years; it has been just that long that I have held the belief that he didn't write a line of the Plays & Poems that pass under his name. I think he & Mother Eddy are just about a pair—a pair of humbugs.

Miss Lyon has gone to Hartford for ten days, sick. She went three days ago.

Mary Lawton is here for a few days. She has got the leading part in a fine play, Clara says, & will appear in it next winter.

Dear me, how the wind does howl & rage around this house the past three days and nights! It is as good & fine as being in mid-Atlantic in a tempest. The place is well & happily named.

Jean, the idea is that these formidable new war-inventions will make war impossible by & by—but I doubt it. Man was created a bloody animal, & I think he will always thirst for blood & will manage to *have* it. I think he is far & away the worst animal that exists; & the only untamable one. The wild creatures the President is going to Africa to hunt are very much his superiors in morals, conduct, disposition & respectability, I think.

With love & many kisses— / Father [MTP]. *Note:* **Geronimo**, born Goyahkla, Goyaalé: "one who yawns" (1829-1909), chief of the Chiricahua Apache, died on Feb. 17; he fought for decades against both Mexico and the U.S. The Mexicans named him Geronimo.

February 27 Saturday – **Pieter Bausch** wrote from Amsterdam, Holland to thank Sam for his letter and for the \$50 sent. A photo of a somber Mr. & Mrs. Bausch is in the file [MTP]. *Note:* "P. Bausch / Interesting

(Photo)”; Sam paid Bausch in order to use his letter in his Autobiography. Bausch kept writing until he became a pest and Sam would not answer. Bausch then wrote to Harpers.

Lewis H. Machen wrote from Alexandria, Va. to Sam. “I was glad to know, from the letter of your secretary received last month, that no responsible person had ever succeeded in fastening upon you the charge of being a humorist.” He wished to give an illustration for the next edition of *CS*, and also told a humorous anecdote about the flea, a subject which he noted from “A Tramp Abroad” and also “Tom Sawyer Abroad” [MTP].

February 28 Sunday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Margery H. Clinton.

Dear Plumber who can’t plumb:

If opportunity offers, you must shake hands with Mr. Taft for me, that able & lovely man. And can’t you also do the like for yourselves—you & your beautiful pal?

I inquire to know.

With love & best
wishes to you both [MTP].

March – The Virginia Railway and H.H. Rogers sent an invitation to a dinner for **H.H. Rogers** upon the completion of the Virginia Railway. Endorsed: “Accept formally. S.L.C.” [MTP; not in *MTHHR*].

Paul Thompson’s article “A Day with Mark Twain” ran in *Burr McIntosh Monthly*, p. 22-4. Tenney: “Superficial description of a visit to MT at his ‘Stormfield’ home in Redding, Connecticut; illustrated with two photographs of MT and two of the house” [48].

March 1 Monday – On or about this day Jean Clemens moved from **Babylon, Long Island** (she hated it) to a cottage named “Wahnfried,” in **Montclair, N.J.**, supervised by **Miss Edith Clapp**, a nurse. Jean had still not seen Stormfield [Hill 225]. *Note:* on Mar. 3 Sam replied to a non-extant letter from Jean; allowing a day each way would put Jean’s letter and probably her arrival in Montclair, to this day.

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Mary Lawton	New York	Mar. 1 st	

Harry O. Knerr wrote a fan letter of praise to Sam from Allentown, Penn. with a request “to receive a line from you and enjoy the realization of my dream” [MTP].

Walter S. Ottinger, a deacon in a Congregational Church which had lost members to Christian Science, wrote from Phila. to ask Sam his views on **Mary Baker Eddy**, if not published elsewhere [MTP].

March 2 Tuesday – Andrew Chatto wrote to Sam. “I am sending for your kind acceptance an early copy of a drama on ‘Joan of Arc’ which I hope may be of interest to you. It is written by a young friend of mine and I think it has merit” [MTP].

Miriam Sutro Price for Public Education Assoc., NYC wrote to ask Sam if he would “join their association and help us in our work for public schools?” [MTP].

March 3 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Helen Kerr Blackmer (Mrs. Henry Myron Blackmer) in N.Y.C.

Dear Mrs. Blackmer:

I thank you ever so much for the promise conveyed through Ashcroft Bishop of Benares, to give us your presence during one-half of Margaret's Easter vacation, & to fetch that little rascal along with you. I haven't any more sense than to keep her pictures where I can't help seeing them wherever I go: in the billiard room, in the library, in my bedroom; & so I am kept afflictedly reminded all the time that I haven't seen her for centuries.

Miss Lyon has gone away for a rest, by the doctor's command. She is in Hartford, & her mother is close by.

We have been having a rather wet summer this winter, but it has been very pleasant, just the same.
Thanking you again, I am / Sincerely Yours / ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to daughter **Jean**, c/o Miss Edith Clapp in Montclair, N.J.

Jean dear, I think you will gain a large weather-advantage by the change, for I have always heard that Montclair justifies its name, being on elevated ground & having a finer and wholesomer quality of air than is usually findable in the Atlantic regions South of Maine. I have visited several wealthy country-seats on Long Island, & was not attracted by any of them. Their water-glimpses were inane and interestless, & their land-surroundings were poor when natural, & a trifle poorer when artificialized. I am furnishing only *my* opinion, not other people's. However, I don't attach value to other people's opinions about *anything*. I am glad I am not other people. They are ignorant & stupid, & I couldn't bear to be that.

Why, dear heart, Wahnfried [cottage name in Montclair, N.J.] strikes me most pleasantly. It suggests healing rest & refuge & peace for tired & worried & over-worked brains; ships at anchor after hard & stormy voyages; heaven for poor scared folk who never went to church, nor contributed money to convert & degrade the heathen, & consequently were fully expecting to go where the rest of the Christians go.

Oh no, dear, *that* name is all right. I think it is beautiful.

Miss Lyon went away a week ago to Hartford to have several weeks' rest near her mother, & try to beat a threatened breakdown. She thinks she is improving. She had been sick abed several weeks when she left here.

I am having a good time all by myself dictating to the stenographer (Autobiography) a long day-after-day scoff at everybody who is ignorant enough & stupid enough to go on believing Shakespeare ever wrote a play or a poem in his life, or even so much as a single line of literature of *any* kind. I am the only member of the human race I have ever much admired; & I have always been privately ashamed of the other members; but now that I've been reading half a dozen Shakespeare-Bacon controversy-books, I am more ashameder than ever. That is, ashamed of so-called great intellects that still believe in Shakespeare & employ their alleged large powers in trying to keep that convicted sham on his pedestal. As a transparent sham he can give Mary Baker G. Eddy the odds of the game & beat her.

With lots of love, dear heart,
Father [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Quick**.

Well, dear, so you are going abroad in June. It's the very best month for it, & you will have a good time. If I were 60 years younger I would pack my grip & go along with you. Louise Paine, M. A., went abroad a fortnight ago—her first trip, & she was wild with delight. She went with her father, who is my biographer, & they will go over the ground I traveled in the "Innocents Abroad" 42 years ago, & make notes.

Dorothy Butes, M. A., is *coming* abroad (to visit me—she's a Londoner) next August. Francesca M. A., is going abroad in June. Hellen Martin, M. A., will go abroad in May; Dorothy Harvey, M. A. has already gone abroad. It's a frisk-about lot, my angel-fishes. I can't keep enough of them in the Tank to make a show.

Miss Lyon has been sick abed several weeks, & has gone to Hartford to have a good long uninterrupted rest with her kin. Indeed she needs it. We have had guests all the time & she has overworked herself.

Good-bye & good times to you dear. / With lots of love ... [MTP; *MTAq* 251-2].

Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Sturgis**.

Dear Annianlouise:

Of course I would have answered your invitation immediately, one way or the other, as courtesy & custom require, but there wasn't time, because your dance was to take place the evening of the 19th, and I didn't get your letter until 6 p.m., the 19th, so I knew you would not be expecting me. But I couldn't have gone anyway, because railway travel kills me dead, & I have to avoid it; & indeed always do avoid it when it isn't a life-&-death matter. I had a life-&-death matter on hand in New York at that time—an old, old, mouldy, & long-forgotten stand-over engagement for Feb. 20th which I wasn't ever expecting to be called upon to fulfill. So I went down on the 20th—& got stranded & didn't get back for 8 days.

I was greatly interested in what you said about those wonderful little foreigners whose schools you & your father visited, for I have had friendly pleasant contact & acquaintanceship with a good many of their blood on the East Side, through being President of the Children's Educational Theatre the past two or three years, & I have a vast admiration of them. I think we turn out some excellent little actors & musicians there—little folk whose English is faultless, yet I don't suppose they can spell their own names without wrecking the alphabet, & of course neither they nor anybody else can pronounce them. Certainly not without prayer for strength & guidance, beforehand.

You must not forget to let me know when you are starting South in the Spring, for we want a visit out of you then. I am housekeeper, these past 2 weeks, & am winning credit for my work in that line. I have had 3 young-lady guests, & can get a recommendation from them. Also, I had my daughter here 4 days, & can get one from her. A good one, too—the *best* kind: that is to say, she is coming back day after tomorrow to endure it again. Benares helps me over the week-ends, & is learning.

Miss Lyon went to Hartford a fortnight ago, by the doctor's orders, to be with her kin & have an extended & uninterrupted rest. She had been sick, abed several weeks, & was near to a nervous breakdown. She is improving, now.

Nein, ich fahre nicht nach Bermuda; I prefer Stormfield, in all weathers. / Very affectionately / ... [MTP; *MTAq* 252-3]. *Note:* Sturgis' invitation which Clemens received on Feb. 19 is not extant. During these stays by Clara Clemens, she investigated the household books, gathering "evidence" of Lyon's pilfering of funds, by which Lyon was dismissed.

David C. Sanford wrote from Redding, Conn. to Sam. A Civil Engineer and Surveyor he asked if Clemens ever had work in his line to write him. He gave a brief summary of his experience [MTP].

March 4 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote a memo to **Ralph W. Ashcroft**.

Memo. for Mr Ashcroft.

Draw up codicil to will, whereby, at age 55, my daughter Clara may have her ½ share of estate, Jean's share to remain in trust during her (Jean's) lifetime. If Jean dies before Clara, & Clara is her sole or partial legatee, this property to remain in trust until Clara is 55. If Clara dies before Jean, & Jean is Clara's sole or partial legatee, this property to remain in trust during Jean's lifetime.

Advance Dr J. E. Clemens, New Orleans, La, \$500. against his 5 notes for \$100. each at 6% first note maturing one year from date & the rest, one every 2 months thereafter. No security to be required / SLC [MTP]. *Note:* Dr. J.E. Clemens is unidentified. This may be **James Ross Clemens** of St. Louis.

Sam also wrote to **H.H. Rogers**.

Dear H. H. / I think it likely that I shall go to the Lotos-Carnegie banquet, 17th of March, after all. It was getting so difficult to keep on declining & explaining, that night before last I suspended payment in that kind, & said I would go, & would very much *like* to go, if I could be privileged to feed elsewhere & arrive at 10 p.m.; & if also I might stipulate that my name be left out of the list of pledged speakers, so that I would not have to propose a speech, & needn't speak at all unless moved by the spirit so to do.

The terms seem to me to be fair, & so if I get word that they are accepted, I'll go down on the 17th by the 10.30 express, arriving at the Grand Central at noon. In which case, am I going to find eatables,

drinkables & lodging at your tavern at reduced rates?—on account of the country having lost the creator & propagator & promoter of its prosperities to-day. / With love to you both, ... [MTHHR 659-60]. *Note:* this last note refers to inauguration of **William Howard Taft**, who replaced **Theodore Roosevelt** as President. March 4 used to be inauguration day; since 1933 it has been Jan. 20.

Sam noted in his **after Sept. 25, 1909** letter that on this day 14 years were added to the copyright term.

Clemens purchased *The Jungle Book* and *The Second Jungle Book* by Kipling from G.P. Putnam's Sons, NYC, and would pay the bill on Apr. 10. Gribben adds: "Subsequently Mark Twain utilized Baloo the bear and Hathi the elephant in his 'A Fable,' published in the December 1909 issue of *Harper's Magazine*" [378].

Jon R. Harrison wrote from Dombartonsire, England to thank Sam for an autograph sent. He enclosed the stamps he was unable to get before [MTP].

John Albert Macy wrote from Wrentham, Mass. to Sam. "A set of proofs of Mr. Booth's book as far as it has gone will be ready for you in about a week. I hope you will find it better sausage meat even than Greenwood and that you will load a ton of it into your Autobiography." He wrote of Helen Keller reading acrostics in braille, observing that "Her mind works absolutely right in the realm of pure reason and mathematics. She can do geometry in her head. I know that you cannot do that because I have seen you miss the same billiard shot eight times in succession" [MTP]. *Note:* **William Stone Booth**, *Some Acrostic Signatures of Francis Bacon, etc.* (1909); see Gribben p.77.

John L. Nelson for Thomas J. Caie & Co., Cleveland Ohio wrote to advise Sam of the death there of one eleven year old, **Henry Wick, Jr.** (clipping enclosed) and to relate the story of Nelson selling books to Wick's mother after going back and being asked by the boy for Mark Twain books only [MTP]. *Note:* on the reverse: IVL: "Say that the letter has given me a rare delight but it brought the tears. Tears partly of pleasure partly of the sincerest sorrow for that poor mother."

March 5 Friday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam began a postcard to **Dorothy Quick**, which he lost in his table drawer and which he then found and finished on **Mar. 31**.

[written across photograph of SLC with Lyon and Ashcroft:]

L. If you could only repent!

C. Alas, I can't. And won't.

A. Try. Do try.

C. I won't. I feel ready to cry because I didn't do it some more.

[written below photograph and on the back:] March 5. Dorothy dear, have I sent you this before? The likenesses are very good, I think [MTP]. *Note:* see Mar. 31 entry.

John Mead Howells wrote from NYC thanking Sam for his check through Mr. Ashcroft, and returning \$44.70 in overpayment [MTP].

National Geographic Society per O.P. Austin wrote to Sam that he'd been nominated for membership and enclosed information (not in file) "as to the work and purpose of the Society" [MTP].

March 6 Saturday – In **Redding, Conn.** an unidentified person wrote for Clemens to **Harry A. Lounsbury**.

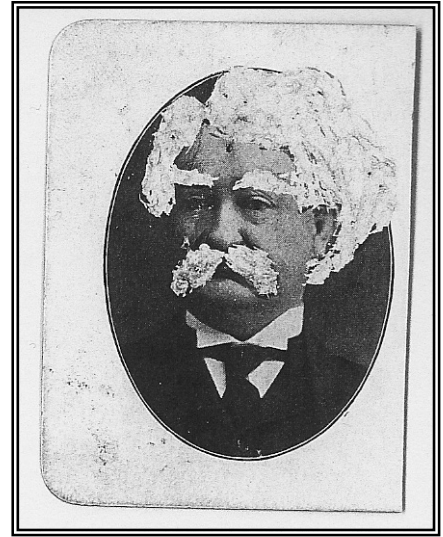
Dear Mr. Lounsbury : / Mr. Clemens, who is, as you know, very satisfied with the manner in which you have attended to his needs in the past, wishes me, however, to call your attention to the following matters:

It seems that you charge \$2.50 for a double team, whether using the coupe, the surrey or one of your own wagons, while Read & Smith are willing to perform this service for \$2.00. Mr. Clemens, therefore, thinks that you should reduce your charge to \$2.00 for this service.

Mr. Clemens furthermore does not now approve of the joint ownership of the surrey, and would like an offer from you for his ½ share.

He also hopes that you will, in the future, as in the past, use every effort to minimize the expense of his livery, etc, by picking up express packages at the station whenever you are there on his or your own business.

Referring to enclosed bill, kindly let us know what the undated item of \$6.00 for teams is. In future, kindly explain on the bill what the character of the work is that you perform and also please specify what the express, freight or telegraph charges are for. / Yours, sincerely, [MTP].



J.N. Ashburn wrote from Cleveland, Ohio to Sam.

My dear Twain:—

It is not from curiosity that I address you, but because I have something to say. One of your twenty or thirty year-old books—*The Prince and the Pauper*—was placed in my hands a few days ago, and I read it for the first time. I had passed it by heretofore because I thought the title too young for a seventy year old man. However it proved a very interesting book to me, and I thank *you* for throwing it out to the world and *myself* for stumbling upon it. You may guess my surprise when I discovered that my little *History of the Eighty-Sixth Regiment O.V.I.* involved the family of your sub-hero—De Courcy. The 3d Brigade, 2d Division, 9th Army Corps, Army of the Ohio, was commanded by John F. de Courcy in 1863-64. He was then without title, except a military one. In 1874 he became by inheritance 31st Lord Kingsale, Baron Courcy of Courcy, and Baron of Ringrone in the Peerage of Ireland. My Colonel, Wilson C. Lemert, (we served under De Courcy) in later years visited his ancestral Castle, which is located 9 miles north of Belfast Ireland, and known as Carrick Fergus. He married in 1864, succeeded to his title in 1874, and died in Florence, Italy, in 1890, without issue. I have an obituary taken from *The London Illustrated News* of November 1890. He was a stern officer and a strict disciplinarian. His picture, as we knew him is reproduced in my history. His right eye was defective and his photographs are profiles. If this interests you I would be glad to hear from you. If not, to the waste basket. ... [MTP]. *Note:* After Mar. 8 Sam replied.

L.M. Ellis wrote from Omaha, Nebr. to Sam. “Enclosed is picture of a bald headed man who lives here & who is running for office—A young fellow here—a mere school boy) had carved it up into a fair resemblance to yourself. I send it that you may see how well known to the rising generation are your prominent features. The boy carved it from memory” [MTP]. See Insert

Frances Grant Teetzel wrote from Wisc. to Sam, noting that the *January Century* had a poem of his that Sam might like to read. He asked for Sam’s suggestions for a publishing company as he had “a number of things to get out, but know of no publishing house available” [MTP].

George Leon Varney wrote from Oshkosh, Wisc. on State Historical Society letterhead to ask Sam his favorite poetry. This was for a book he was preparing “*The Favorite Poems of Great Men and Women.*” [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “My favorite / by long odds / is Omar Khayyam”

Marion Wallace wrote to Clemens: “Will you kindly use your influence with Mark Twain and induce him to send his autograph...?” in a child’s hand [MTP]. *Note:* “Mch 23, ‘09”

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

On July 19, 1909 **Charles T. Lark** reported after searching cancelled checks at the Liberty National Bank, that he found one signed “S. L. Clemens per I. V. Lyon, Secy”. This check was No. 3299 dated March 6th, 1909, drawn in favor of **Giuseppe Cherubini**, servant, for the sum of \$75 [MTP]. *Note:* See July 19 letter from Lark.

March 7 Sunday

March 8 Monday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **Margery H. Clinton**.

I am very very glad, dear Plumber, that you & Miss Caroline had such a pleasant time in Washington & had such an enjoyable meeting with the President. You can't help but like Mr. Taft. The country likes him, & respects him; & I want him to make the best people in the country continue to respect him—and every now & then dislike him—sure proof, in a public servant, that he is doing his whole duty, as he sees it, regardless of personal consequences. He has the natural gifts, the culture, the experience, the training, the sanity, the right-mindedness, the honesty, the truthfulness, the modesty, & the dignity properly requisite in a President of the United States, the most responsible post on the planet. In a word, he possesses every qualification the other one was destitute of.

In selecting Mr. Carpenter as your medium of communication you did just the smart & diplomatic thing. You managed cleverly with the butler, too. But it was a pity you had to wait two hours. You couldn't help that, but if I had been there it wouldn't have happened; for by grace of long experience I am hardened to doing, without a pang, lawless things which you wouldn't be able to essay without considerable shrinkage of principle. But we'd have gone in ahead of the Governor, sure!

We miss you here, & we'll be glad when you & Miss Caroline come back; & not merely glad but *very* glad.

I am sending you my love; also Miss Lyon's, who is engaged to the Bishop. I've had suspicions this good while [MTP]. *Note:* Isabel Lyon and **Ralph W. Ashcroft** became engaged during her stay at her mother's in Hartford.

Sam also wrote to **George B. Harvey**.

Dear Colonel:

I suppose the press has done its carefulest best to do itself distinguished credit in its bowings of the one President out & the other one in, but I think it a bettable proposition that you have surpassed them all. Yours are certainly masterpieces, in fitness, fairness, wisdom, depth, candor, compactness_[5] lucidity, grace of style, felic_{[i]t}ous expression, &—the right & proper crown for these high excellences—the composure, the gravity & the fine dignity meet for the occasion. Those remarkable essays will bring you many congratulations—I do not want mine to be the last. / Yours ever [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Wallace Irwin** (pseudonym “**Hashimiro Togo**”).

“The aged & mouldy, *but* good & wise Mark Twain, benefactor of the human race,—say-so of Hon. public—has received the book of Japanese Schoolboy, other benefactor of Hon. human race, & sends very heartiest thanks, & cannot keep from reading it all the time, & chuckling & enjoying. /M. T.” [MTP]. *Note:* Irwin's *Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy* first ran in *Collier's Weekly* for Aug. 8, 1908, and was made into a book which Clemens here refers to. See Gribben 347.

Sam also began a letter to **Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.)** that he finished on **Mar. 9**.

Mariechen dear, I certainly love you, but that is only because I can't help it; for you *are* the most vexatious rascal of a niece that helps to inhabit this planet. You are in a class by yourself, & it's well it is so, for there isn't room between the horizons for two of you. Two? It would make chaos, & things would stop going.

I'm well aware that when you say you'll do a thing, you really *mean* it—at the moment. But that's the end of it. I am like the average person: sometimes I break a promise, but you never keep one. Yes, dear, you are in a class by yourself. I know you are honestly *intending* to come here, & I know you will gladden me by telling

me the day & train; but you know perfectly well that when I go to meet you I shan't find you at the station, & shan't learn why, until I've grown another bunch or two of white hairs. Now I'll wait & see. If I am as good a prophet as I always used to was, it will come out just so.

And you did get the picture? I knew it (probably) arrived last year, because I got the bill for it & for the customs & duties, but I guessed it had been misdirected, so I blew the photographer up, & then he blew *me* up; so he & I stand even, now, & on the same pleasant terms as ever. I had it sent direct to No. 26 for some reason or other, instead of to my house—because I was expecting to be away, I think. It's a high-art picture—Barnett couldn't make a failure if he tried.

I'm going down dentisting & banqueting, March 17, & shall dine & sleep at H. H.'s, if he hasn't raised the price; but that I shall have any glimpse of you, dear, is much too much to expect, for you are the very invisiblist of all the invisibles. But you can't help that. Land, you're made so!

You *are* the hardest lot I know, but I love you all the same. / Your affectionate old / ass of an / Uncle Mark [MTP]. *Note:* **H. Walter Barnett**, English photographer; see entries Vol. III. Clemens added to this letter the following day.

H.H. Rogers wrote to Sam concerning the St. Patrick's day dinner for Andrew Carnegie.

Dear Mr. Clemens: / I received in due time your letter of the 4th. of March. A proper time for you to crawl back into politics by way of the Lotos Club.

I have communicated with Mr. Lawrence through his Secretary, and he replies that he can speak for Mr. Lawrence and, in fact, for all the Lotos Club, in saying that they would obey Mr. Clemens' commands to the letter, and that they would be very glad to reserve a room for you in the new Club; but think you would prefer to stay at my house while you are in town, all of which I herewith approve.

They are very glad that you have changed your mind, and I imagine that you will receive some communication, either from Mr. Lawrence or his Secretary, concerning the truthfulness of my statement.

I notice that you are to come down on the 17th. on the 10:30 express, arriving at the Grand Central at noon, and also that you expect to find eatables, drinkables and a bed at our Tavern, subject to such changes as it seems pleasant to me. I am going to ask Mrs. Rogers to answer this letter, in order to have it correct. / Yours truly, / H H Rogers [MTHHR 660].

Howells & Stokes wrote to Ralph W. Ashcroft (mis-catalogued to Clemens) [MTP].

Ellis D. Robb wrote from Eldora, Iowa to send Sam a clipping from a Chicago newspaper (not in file) [MTP].

March 8 Monday after – In Redding, Conn. Sam gave instructions for a reply to the Mar. 6 from J.N. Ashburn.

You can at least tell him that I have most heartily enjoyed what he has said about the de Courcy & that it resurrects the interest which I felt in him so many years ago Resurrects it to such a degree that I think I'll take an easy opportunity to pick up the book & read it again. With before me the fine & respect-commanding picture which you have made of the man who was representing him three centuries later [MTP].

March 9 Tuesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam added to and finished his **Mar. 8 to **Mary B. Rogers**:**

Next Day—which is to-day, the 9th. Letter from H. H., trying hard to say he hasn't any room, but will refer the matter to Mrs. Rogers. I know what that means: he is going to raise the price. He thinks I can't help myself—can't get in elsewhere. But I *can*: I've already arranged it, conditionally.

Will you tell Benjamin Miss Lyon & Ashcroft are engaged to be married? I guess it won't astonish him much [MTP].

Clarence O. Bigelow, Druggist wrote from NYC to Sam: “In accordance with your instructions of Mar. 6th. We have entered the name of Miss Clara L. Clemens, #17 Livingston Place, New York, on our books for a charge account, and have duly notified Miss Clemens to that effect” [MTP]. *Note:* see Jan. 1 entry; Sam paid rent for Clara.

J.B. Cheyney for the *Boston Post* wrote to ask Sam to comment on the upcoming Centennial of Dr. **Oliver Wendell Holmes’** birth [MTP].

Caroline M. Fordon for YWCA, Elmira wrote to ask Sam to come and talk to the girls [MTP].

Luther Halsey Gulick for the Playground Assoc. of America, Pittsburgh, Penn. wrote to advise Sam he’d been “appointed a Vice-President of the Third Annual Congress” of their group, May 10-14. “Will you not help us hasten that needed millennium when no child need play in the dirty, dangerous streets for want of a safer playing place?” [MTP].

New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad per A.B. Smith wrote to Sam. “...will you please advise if the cutting out of the Redding and Topstone stops on train #235 and consequent quickening schedule of this train will be detrimental to the interests of the Redding locality” [MTP].

Alfred B. Williams for the *Richmond News Leader* wrote a fan letter to Sam about how much his 78 year old uncle loved CY [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “Appreciation”

March 10 Wednesday – Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP. In a note in the L-A MS, Clemens wrote, “About 10th (suspicious) Duneka examined securities. Reported 12th.”

Norman Libby for the Bridgton Public Library wrote to Sam c/o Harper’s, noting that the American Library Association had classified *JA* as fiction; Libby had accepted it as biography—which did Sam intend, fiction or biography? [MTP]. *Note:* source indicates Sam’s reply was after Mar. 12; see entry. On the reverse: IVL wrote: “Never departed from history when I make Joan speak or make any statements about her...”

Ellis D. Robb wrote from Eldora, Iowa to send Sam another article from the *Chicago Record-Herald* about the Pilots of the Mississippi. His friends at Keokuk had told him many stories about Sam’s “Roughing It days” and wanted Clemens to know his books gave him “many a pleasant hour” [MTP].

Lora White-Kesler wrote from Carthage, NY to ask Sam where she might obtain his story of Oliver Cromwell and a child which she thought was titled, “The Three Disks” [MTP].

March 11 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Sam began a letter to daughter **Clara** that he finished **Mar. 14**, expressing concerns about her suspicions of theft by **Isabel Lyon** from household accounts. Some time previously, while Lyon was recovering from her breakdown in Hartford, Clara began investigating for irregularities in the household finances. Sam’s reference to losing sleep “again” indicates Clara had voiced her suspicions sometime prior to this day, and Ashcroft had been asked for a reporting of the books. Since Ashcroft and Lyon had recently become engaged, the shadow of suspicion also fell on him, but Clemens voiced caution until Ashcroft’s reports could be examined. At this point Clemens asked his daughter for evidence, not conjecture; further, he defends the character and actions of Lyon and Ashcroft, a defense he would ultimately drop into the acid of betrayal. What led to Clara’s suspicions? Secondary studies usually suggest jealousy for the attentions of her father, yet if this were the cause, she might have expressed concerns a year or more before. The source of the conflict stemmed primarily from restrictions placed on Clara’s spending—restrictions Lyon put in place based on austerity demands from Col. Harvey and Frederick Leigh of Harper’s, and Clemens himself. Hill suggests a further motivation:

But underlying the financial charges were moral ones. Miss Lyon had apparently been willing to point out that some of Clara's activities with Will Wark [**Charles E. Wark ("Will")** her accompanist] were of dubious propriety—indeed, of the identical sort that had prompted Clemens to withdraw his support of Gorky and to regret having Elinor Glyn print his convictions about human instincts [219-20]. *Note*: Wark was a married man.

Sam's letter to daughter **Clara**:

Strictly *PRIVATE*. If these contents must be revealed to Mr. Jackson, I am willing, but no detail of them must go to any other person.

March 11/09

½ past 2 in the morning:

Clara dear, I am losing sleep again over this matter.

When I wrote you, I believed I had placed it in a sound & effective way of settlement—a clear & understandable way. I believed that an itemised report to me, covering a year or two, of income & outgo, would furnish the information required. I am of that opinion yet.

The materials are all here: Publishers' statements; Bank deposits, checkbooks, &c. And so I had asked Ashcroft to get up that report. The report for the past 12 months will be gotten up now; the previous 12 to follow.

===

I supposed everything was peaceful & serene again. But your letter abolished that dream. It indicated that you & Mr. Jackson are not satisfied. You had asked for something which Ashcroft had met with a couple of objections. That surprised me. *I* had already asked him for all the essentials & had encountered no objections.

(To-night he explained.) In formulating an answer to your letter I had already set down as one of its items an objection on my own part: I would not allow the checkbooks to go out of the house.

Yes, Ashcroft objected. It had been proposed to put my affairs into the hands of professional accountants. That is premature, & must be postponed till there is occasion for it. That is to say,

When Ashcroft hands me the two reports I have asked for. They can be examined by competent friends of mine & yours, & compared with the check-books & bank deposits. If they fail to tally; if there are discrepancies that look suspicious, let the accountants take hold of the matter.

To put them on the work now, argues suspicion of Miss Lyon's honesty, & Ashcroft's—*charges* it, substantially. I have no such charge to offer, there being no evidence before me to found it on, & there being no suspicions in my own mind to base it on.

We will wait for Ashcroft's reports. Unless you can furnish evidence. Not theory, not guess, but evidence.

If you can do this, we will proceed. If you cannot, we will wait for the reports, & see what competent friends have to say after examining them.

And so you have no further use for a lawyer until the reports arrive. Say that to him when you get this letter.

In my belief, you will not need a lawyer's services again.

[*new page*:]

Continuation.

Among the notes I made (for letter) this was one: "While we are hunting eagerly for *dis*service, are we forgetting to hunt for service?"

It is a thought which does not make me feel very comfortable. Miss Lyon came to your mother as secretary, at \$50 a month. She has never asked for more. Yet she has been housekeeper 4 or 5 years, with its many vexations & annoyances. She could not have been replaced at any price, for she was qualified to meet our friends socially & be acceptable to them. This service has been beyond computation in money, for its like was not findable.

And she has been a housebuilder. In this service—a heavy one, an exacting one, & making her liable to fault-finding—she labored hard for a year. I would not have done it at any price, neither would you. Would you have undertaken that job? I think not. Could we have found anybody, so competent as she, to take it? Or

half so willing, or ' half so devoted? There isn't a decorator in New York who can compare with her for taste & talent. These services of hers have been very valuable; but she has charged nothing for them. [*bottom half of one page and top half of another torn away to cancel*] OVER

[*on the back*: I never knew nor asked what we paid our idiot in New York, but Mrs Littleton has paid her \$4,000 for her grotesque services in planning her parlor floor suite. She must have studied mainly from the nude; the place looks naked.

over]

Anybody can get his mind poisoned, & I have not wholly escaped, as regards Miss Lyon. But it is healthy again. I have no suspicions of her. She was not trained to business & doubtless has been loose & unmethodical, but that is all. She has not been dishonest, even to a penny's worth. All her impulses are good & fine. She makes friends of everybody, & she loses no friends. The Whitmores & the Danas she served under their roofs for years, & they have nothing but affection & praise for her. She has several talents, & they are much above common; & in the last three or four years she has developed literary capacities which are distinctly remarkable. She has served me with a tireless devotion, & I owe her gratitude for it—& I not only owe it but feel it. I have the highest regard for her character.

She has wrought like a slave for that little library & has set it firmly on its feet—almost alone, & without charge.

And all by herself she has beaten the game that was to have robbed a poor old neighbor of ours of his homestead.

And what shall I say of Ashcroft? He has served me in no end of ways, & with astonishing competency—brilliancy, I may say. During 4 years he has fought my Plasmon fight against desperate odds—a night-&-day month-in-and-month-out struggle, through lawsuit after lawsuit & machination after machination, never complaining, never losing hope, & has won out at last, scoring victory all along the line. In not a single suit did the old company of thieves win their case. It has not cost me a hundred dollars. The result is a rescued property which is now solely in the hands of himself, myself & the London Company. He has always reported to me every move he made, & its result. He has persistently kept after Sir Thomas Lipton (who greatly admires him) for two years, with steady progress toward success, & to-day it looks as if he is going to land him. In any case he has pulled that great property out of what seemed to me & to others a disastrous & hopeless hole, & it is safe & secure now.

He (first, I think—certainly independently of Larkin) invented the Mark Twain Co—a stroke of genius, & this family owns all of the stock. It may supersede copyright-law some day. [*in margin*: P.S. I am empowering Mr. Duneka to examine the Safety Deposit box & report to me its contents, together with the nature & scope & ownership of the Mark Twain Co. I will keep this letter until I can add his report to it. Till Saturday or Sunday.]

He has now completed the purchase (this is not to be mentioned for a while yet, till the deed is recorded) of the adjoining farm of 125 acres, farm buildings & stock, for \$7,200 & saved us \$600 thereby.

He has put my London Plasmon interest in good shape, & that concern has begun to prosper again.

However, his services have been absolutely endless—and they are daily, & constant. OVER [*on the back*: I think I told you how near he came to making \$100,000 house-building cost & more for me at the storm-centre of the panic. I was sending an order to buy a copper stock at 25—it was selling at 27. He advised me not to risk losing a small fortune by trying to get the last cent out of the chance—he said give the order to *buy at market*. If I had done it I'd have gotten it at 27—but I didn't. It took me 24 hours to get wise, then it was too late. The Trust Co failed, & swallowed nearly all my cost, & by & by I had to sell good securities below cost, to get money for my necessities & obligations. It was my fault alone that he didn't make the small fortune for me. The purchase at 27, of 2,000 shares would have increased my holding to 3,750 shares & leveled the whole cost down to 38. When I owned 500 shares (cost 53) he wanted me to sell at 65; I took Mr. Rogers's advice & *bought* instead. I would buy that stock to-day at 47 (the last quotation I have noticed) if I had the money to spend. For it will be back at 65 & maybe 70 before the year is out. I once bought it at 43 & sold it at 69.

over]

I know Ashcroft & Miss Lyon better & more intimately than I have ever known any one except your mother, & I am quite without suspicion of either their honesty or their honorableness.

Miss Lyon is a sick & broken-down woman, & I want her to be left in peace until the Ashcroft reports exhibit evidence to go upon in exposing my private affairs to the professional accountants, & her to

unnecessary & unjustifiable humiliation. Dismiss your lawyer until then—unless, as I have before suggested, you have in your hands something definitely & demonstrably incriminating.

I wouldn't let Jean (four years ago), charge Brush's Italian servant with theft upon suspicion & demand his arrest. Jean was resentful at the time, but felt better about it when Mrs. Brush (3 months later) found the silver where she had put it herself & long ago & forgotten it. Meantime the man—dismissed, with public reproaches—was gone. Also his character.

Good-bye, dear heart, it is half past 6, & I am tired.

With lots of love

Father

[MTP]. *Note:* between this day and Mar. 14, it would seem Clara's suspicions led to evidence of misappropriation by Lyon and/or Ashcroft; see Mar. 14 when Sam added a PS. Note also that this letter took Sam four hours to draft, from 2:30 to 6:30 a.m. The reference to Brush, **George de Forest Brush**, painter, might have been in 1904 in Florence (see Jan. 22, 1904 entry) or in 1905 or 1906 at Dublin, N.H. Jean was friends with **Nancy D. Brush**.

Later in the day Sam also wrote to **Maud W. Littleton (Mrs. Martin W. Littleton)** in N.Y.C. about his forthcoming trip to NYC for the Lotos dinner honoring Andrew Carnegie:

Dear Mrs. Linthicum: / It is lovely of you to invite me. It stands thus: I seem to be due at H.H. Rogers's, but maybe I ain't. I shan't know absolutely until I reach the Grand Central at noon the 17th. If I *am* due, there'll be an auto waiting for me there. If there ain't no auto I shall think there's been a misunderstanding, & I'll get a cab & rush to your house. If I find you bedless, don't bother a bit about me, I'll fly to Mr. Coe's or Dr. Rice's & break in.

Between now & the 17th I shall expect to be able to send you a *definite* word. / With love to you all / ... [MTP].

Clara Clemens had an interview with Dr. **Frederick Peterson**, Jean's physician, about the possibility of Jean returning to live at Stormfield [Hill 225].

Edgar D. Russell wrote from New Haven, Conn. to Sam. "As a competitor for a position on the editorial board of the YALE NEWS, I want to ask you for an article on the value of a college education to a literary man" [MTP].

John Wanamaker wrote from NYC to advise that his dept. store opened an account for Clara Clemens [MTP].

H.E. Watters for the Hall-Moody Institute, Martin, Tenn. wrote a question to Sam that he was sending to "a number of America's strongest men in all walks of life" —"What do you consider the most conclusive proof of the inspiration of the Scriptures?" [MTP].

March 12 Friday – In a note in the L-A MS, Clemens wrote, "About 10th (suspicious) Duneka examined securities. Reported 12th." *Note:* securities? Hill writes of the Lyon-Ashcroft MS:

Ashcroft was "guilty" of selling Clemens Spiral Pin stock, of having fired Horace Hazen, of having presented a number of legal documents for Clemens' signature which the forgetful old man could not remember signing, and of having an excessively florid prose style.

But the Clemens family comes off more poorly than the Ashcrofts do in the "Ashcroft-Lyon Manuscript"; all three Clemenses were illogical and lacking in compassion; and Clara's and Jean's harassment of the defenseless and high-strung secretary and her mother was needlessly vicious. The manuscript is a geyser of bias, vindictiveness, and innuendo. It proceeds in no systematic order, and it ends with the quite irrelevant and almost irrational comment about Peary and Cook both discovering the North Pole. It is obvious that Mark Twain was unable to maintain comic distance from the material or intelligent involvement with it [231-2].

William Dean Howells wrote to Sam that he'd "found about 40 or 50" of Sam's letters, which were "of the time when this night was blackest with you, and I can't read them. But I know you can, because you have the best courage of any man, and because as the years pass...our grief for the lost, which is all we have left of them, and like to feel our hearts bleed again" [MTP; not in *MTHL*]. *Note*: "Ans Mch 13"

Sam's new guestbook (all signed):

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Beatrice M. Benjamin	New York	Mar. 12, 1909	
Alexander D.B. Pratt	do.	do.	
Wm Evarts Benjamin	New York & Ardsley	Mar 12 th '09	[* note below]

William Evarts Benjamin wrote in the Remarks column: "As one drives from the station the chief mark on the landscape and as one leads a lazy loafish take it easy sort of life here I should call it *Easymark*. Even the water don't rush here, it sorter saunters from the tap, seems to have that tired feeling and gives a graceful gurgle if you stop it. But you can get wet!"

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam, enclosing a list of Sam's Safe Deposit box in the Produce Exchange. Sam suspected Ashcroft of taking the organization papers of the **Mark Twain Co.** from the box. Duneka's letter is not extant but referred to in his Lyon-Ashcroft MS section XIV. It turned out that Sam's fear about the papers giving rights to his real estate, and not simply his literary assets, was ill founded.

Nannie Manook wrote from London to ask Sam to sign the enclosed postcard [MTP].

March 12 after – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam replied to **Norman Libby's Mar. 10** query as to whether he intended *JA* as biography or fiction. Sam wrote on the bottom of Libby's letter:

"never departed from history when I make Joan speak or make any statements about her—It has been my experience that all intelligent persons know that it is history that they cannot get for themselves on this side of the water, as it is not translated" [MTP].

William Dean Howells wrote from N.Y.C. to Sam.

My dear Clemens: / I have found about 40 or 50 more of your letters, which will be about all, I think. Shall I send them, or bring them when I come to see you after Pilla gets home? You know you said I might come.

The letters are of the time when this night was blackest with you, and I can't read them. But I know that *you* can, because you have the best courage of any man, and because as the years pass we like to renew our grief for the lost, which is all we have left of them, and like to feel our hearts bleed again. We pretend otherwise, but this is the truth, and it is strange enough. The anguish of another wrings our hearts, but we can bear our own after while. Yours ever / W.D. Howells [*MTHL* 2: 841-2]. *Note*: Sam's letters referred to here were likely during the years after Susy's death.

March 13 before – **Robert J. Collier** sent an engraved invitation for Sam to meet **Theodore Roosevelt** at breakfast on Saturday, Mar. 13 at noon at 752 Park Avenue, NYC [MTP].

March 13 Saturday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to Mrs. **Helen Kerr Blackmer** at the Woman's Club, N.Y.C. (Margaret Blackmer's, mother).

Dear Mrs. Blackmer:

“Saturday April 10, to remain until late Monday afternoon.” Indeed I am very glad to have *that* much, altho’ I’m greedy for more. And so I thank you right sincerely. You will tell us your train, so that we can meet you.

I shall arrive at H. H. Rogers’s house, 3 East 78th at 12.30 next Wednesday, 17th, & stay a couple of days, & I must have a glimpse of Margaret. If she is going to be in town I hope you will telephone me at Mr. R’s house. If she isn’t I must try to find time to make a flying trip to her school.

Yes, Atlantic City will freshen the child up, I am sure. It will be pleasant & valuable change for her. / Sincerely Yours / ... [MTP].

Sam also replied to the Mar. 12 from **William Dean Howells**. “Dear Howells: / Bring the letters when you & Pilla come—to *bring* them will put you under obligation to come, & I do hope you will let us see you both as soon as Pilla return from Bermuda. Ah, those letters! remembrances of that dark time. I think I could read them now, but I am not sure./ Yours ever” ... [MTHL 2: 842-3]. *Note*: Howells made his first visit to Stormfield—without Mildred—on Mar. 23 to 26 March (Stormfield Guest Book MTP).

Sam also wrote a notice for **Stormfield Guests** about the delay in getting hot water to the faucets:

TO GET HOT WATER.

===

Turn the starboard faucet & trust in God. Go back to bed & wait. It will come—be patient. There are 9 climates between the faucet & the kitchen. Let 8 of them drain into the tub undisturbed. Lay for No. 10. It is the one you want. Allow one minute for each climate; you will have your reward.

Do not try to hurry this water. Just wait. Do not try to assist it by flattery, persuasion, compulsion, nor by any other of the usual expedients. I save prayer alone: it cares not a Gatun Dam for prayer. / SLC / Stormfield, March 13/09 [MTP].

Sam noted in his after **Sept. 25, 1909** letter that on this day, “The signing of a hatful of contracts—the gloomy beginning of the sunny end.”

Dr. **Frederick Peterson**, **Jean’s** physician visited Stormfield to consider the possibility of allowing Jean to stay at Stormfield [Hill 225]. *Note*: see Mar. 14 entry.

Ralph W. Ashcroft signed four notes of \$250 each payable to Clemens to secure the balance of **Isabel Lyon’s** debt for renovation of the “Lobster Pot,” now called “Summerfield.” Lyon had claimed that the cost for fixing up the house Sam had given her was \$1,500; Sam forgave \$500 of it for a Christmas present in 1908, leaving \$1,000 due. **Harry Lounsbury**, however, claimed the cost of work on the house came to \$3,500 [Hill 226].

Two contracts were signed this date between Samuel L. Clemens and **Isabel Lyon**, the first for a compilation to be titled, “Life and Letters of Mark Twain,” and the second making Lyon the “literary and social secretary” of Clemens. Both documents were witnessed by **Ralph W. Ashcroft** and **H.W. Hazen**, and notarized by **John N. Nickerson**. On the face of the first contract Sam wrote, “Canceled Apl 15 by written notice at the same time tht the other paper [contract of this date was canceled.” On the face of each contract Sam wrote “Canceled Apl 15 by written notice, to take effect May 15, 1909. / Two month’s salary paid by check. / SLC” [A-L MS]. *Note*: entire contracts, just over a page each, can be seen in the source.

Helen F. Brockett wrote on D.A.R. notepaper to send Sam her father’s bookplate and ask for his in return. Her father as **Edward J. Brockett**. “Do celebrated men ever indulge in fads? Or do they leave that to ordinary mortals?” And, “Is it really so very troublesome, being great?” [MTP].

W. Ellis, a Major in the US Army, wrote from Fort Terry, NY to advise he was sending “under separate cover my gold medal essay on ‘Enlistments in the Army’” and asked for Sam’s brief statement of his views on the matter [MTP].

McLane Tilton, Jr. wrote from Pell City, Ala. to Sam to settle an argument with a friend. “...we shortly start for Germany to see that chain in the channel of the Neckar if we have to dive to do it. I say it is there. He says contra. We have a bet up and I am looking to you for a tip so that I can either hedge or tap his pile” [MTP].

Edwin Wildman for the Chemung County Society wrote to once again invite Sam to the Annual banquet [MTP].

March 14 Sunday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam finished his **Mar. 11** to daughter **Clara**. Note the change in tone and Sam’s resignation derived from the investigation:

P. S.

Sunday, Mch 14.

Nothing is as it was. Everything is changed. Sentiment has been wholly eliminated. All things in this house are now upon a strictly business basis. All duties are strictly defined, under several written contracts, signed before a notary. *[bottom third of page torn away to cancel]*

All services rendered me are paid for, henceforth.

But there is no vestige of ugly feeling, no *hostility* on either side. The comradeship remains, but it is paid for; also the friendship. Stormfield was a home; it is a tavern, now, & I am the landlord.

Duneka’s Report: He examined the box & made a list of its contents. After which, he asked for Ashcroft’s list & compared the two. They tallied exactly.

He examined the Mark Twain Co, & found that I am the Co in my own person, with full control.

Zoe Freeman becomes Vice Pres & Director, in place of Miss Lyon.

I sign all checks, in future.

Ashcroft assumes the remaining \$1000 of money borrowed of me by Miss Lyon to renovate her house, & gives his notes (4) for \$250 each.

Jesus, what a week!

Most lovingly / Father [MTP].

Note: The fact that Isabel Lyon was removed as director in the Mark Twain Co. and Ashcroft asked to give his notes for the money she owed, suggests that suspicion, at least, if not evidence of wrongdoing, remained. Hill writes:

“Since Isabel’s functions were now to be totally social, Clemens revoked her power of attorney to sign checks for him—a power she had possessed and exercised since May 7, 1907” [222].

Hill writes of a visit Sam and **Albert Bigelow Paine** made to Dr. **Frederick Peterson**:

On the fourteenth, Clemens and Paine called on the doctor to try to convince him that Jean’s presence at Stormfield would not upset either Jean or her father—“he was reluctant to believe me. I fact didn’t believe either of us.” Peterson finally agreed, full of apprehension, to allow Jean to make a one-week trial visit to Redding, and Clemens” would write Jean she was now welcome [225]. *Note:* Sam did not write Jean this until Apr. 19. See letter in entry. Jean would log in at Stormfield on Apr. 26.

Pieter Bausch wrote a 26 page letter from Amsterdam to Sam, again thanking for the \$50 that Sam had paid to use a letter from Bausch in his autobiography [MTP].

Alexander Ross MacMahon wrote from Norwalk, Conn. to invite Sam to a “Young men’s banquet some time during April” [MTP].

Thomas W. Saunders, a third generation tailor, wrote from Hartford, Conn. to Sam, horrified at all the black worn by American men, and wishing to promote silver-gray suits. He also complimented on *FE* [MTP].

March 15 Monday – In a note in the Ashcroft-Lyon MS, Clemens wrote, “About 15th took A[shcroft] to vault & removed signatures. He a smile.”

Ruth A. Dorms wrote on notepaper from “The Woman’s Club of Ansonia, Derby, and Shelton” (Conn.) to invite Sam to give an afternoon lecture [MTP].

March 16 Tuesday – **Laura Hawkins Frazer** wrote from Hannibal, Mo. to Sam that she thought her letter marking their old Hannibal schoolmates and friends had “miscarried.” She offered to send another. She also had heard through Mrs. Paine that Albert and Louisa Paine were enjoying their trip. Would Sam go to Bermuda again this year? She mentioned several clippings enclosed but these are not in the file [MTP].

Lincoln National Bank for David C. Grant wrote to Sam acknowledging receipt of \$200 for the credit of Clara, and have made note of his directive to transfer \$200 twice monthly for her [MTP].

Julia Delafield Longfellow for the Woman’s Municipal League, Riverdale, NY wrote to ask Sam for help in getting the Interborough Railroad Co. to reserve one car during rush hours for the exclusive use of women [MTP].

March 17 Wednesday – Sam recorded the last time he ever saw **Ralph W. Ashcroft**, and included **Horace Hazen’s** explanation of his note of “discharge”:

Up to this time Ashcroft had rendered a weekly Statement every Saturday in accordance with the requirements of one of those 13th of March contracts (the ingenious one that cunningly neglected to mention any “consideration” & was therefore worthless): & he slipped in on that errand on Saturday the 17th; did the work, then slipped away again. I saw him from my windows disappearing down the road in the distance, & have never seen him since, I think.

Miss Lyon lingered along about a few days. She came mornings about 10, & went home to her cottage about 5. She had nothing official to do, for I was attending to the secretary-work myself, with Mr. Grumman the stenographer. Still, she lingered, fussing at her trunks in the attic & busying herself in various ways with her own affairs.

I wished she would go, but I couldn’t tell her so.

The next thing that happened was, that Horace appeared. I asked him to explain the mystery of the Norfolk letter.

“How did you come to say Miss Clara had discharged you when it wasn’t true?”

He was very penitent, & said he was ashamed of himself & sorry he had done it.

“Well, then, what possessed you to do it, Horace?”

Then it came out that Ashcroft made him do it!

“Ashcroft? How could Ashcroft make you do it, & be away down in Virginia?”

“No, Mr. Clemens, he was here. On the 30th of March I had my talk with Miss Clemens, & she raised my wages to \$45 & an extra [day off], & he I was satisfied. Mr. Ashcroft was not [*several illegible and cancelled words*] here then; he had gone to New York on the noon train. Next morning—31st—you & Miss Clemens went to New York by the 10.31, & Mr. Ashcroft came up by the noon train & got to the house about 2. He told me I was going to be discharged, & I’d better quit before I was discharged. He said Miss Clemens was going to discharge all the servants. He told me to write a letter to you, & he made me say ‘discharged.’ That was his

word. I said it wasn't right, because I hadn't been discharged, but he said use that word, & he made me use it, & said it would be worth a month's wages to me."

"Why this is splendid; it's like a romance! Go on."

"Mr. Clemens, I don't think I would have sent that letter that way, I would have changed it."

"Why didn't you?"

"I couldn't, because as soon as it was finished he took it."

"Took it away with him?"

"Yes, sir. I didn't see it any more. He left for New York next morning, April 1, by the 7 o'clock train."

Isn't it interesting? And isn't it just like the cheap villain in a seventh-rate play? [MTP: L-A MS XIII].

Note: see Apr. 2 for a continuation.

In the evening, Sam attended the **Lotos Club** dinner in honor of **Andrew Carnegie**. The *New York Times* reported on the event, Mar. 18, p.9:

CARNEGIE HONORED BY CLUB HE FINANCED

How He Came Forward at Critical Period of 1907 Panic
Told at the Lotos Club Dinner.

MANY PAY HIM TRIBUTE

President Lawrence, Ex-Ambassador Tower, Editor McKelway,
and Others Speak—The Laird's Happy Reply.

Andrew Carnegie was the guest of honor last night at the first dinner given by the Lotos Club in the club's new home, at 110 West Fifty-seventh Street, whose very existence at this time was due, President Frank S. Lawrence announced, to the generosity and liberality of Mr. Carnegie at one of the most critical periods in the club's history.

The occasion was made a great feast of friendship and good-fellowship, with Mr. Carnegie as the chief figure. Tributes were paid to his worth as a citizen and his wisdom and generosity as a philanthropist by Mark Twain, introduced as "St. Mark" Twain; Charlemagne Tower, ex-Ambassador to Germany, Richard Watson Gilder, St. Clair McKelway, President John H. Finley of the City College, the Rev. Dr. Nehemiah H. Boynton of Brooklyn, Dr. Henry S. Pritchett of the Sage Foundation, and others.

One of the most humorous and charming of the addresses of the evening was delivered by Mr. Carnegie himself, who was almost boyish in his fun-making, and literally bubbling over with enjoyment of the affair.

Mr. Carnegie sat at the right of President Lawrence, the toastmaster, and immediately in front of a handsome life-size painting of himself.

...[deleted about Carnegie]...

"We have heard a good deal about St. Patrick this evening," said the toastmaster. "We have heard from St. Clair, and now we shall hear from St. Mark."

Mark Twain began by saying: "I am glad I have got my due. At last I am ranked with the saints, where I belong."

Mr. Clemens said it was hard to be complimenting and complimented as Mr. Carnegie had been. Mr. Lawrence had said the Laird of Skibo had helped the club out when it was in difficulties, but he had no doubt Mr. Carnegie had received the inspiration at a dinner at which he (Mark Twain) was the guest of honor. "But," he went on, "he gets all the credit and I get none.

"Now, he is trying to look indifferent, but he is not deceiving anybody. To hear him talk, everybody in this country who amounts to anything came from Scotland. I am not denying it, but it is simply immodest for him to say so. He and St. Patrick and all the rest came from Dumfermline, from what Tower and St. Clair McKelway say, and you wonder if Columbus wasn't of those Dumfermline folks, too. St. Clair McKelway just piled the compliments on, saying he even wanted to pay more taxes than they charged him. It is all right; he deserves it all, and if these others hadn't said it I would have had to say it myself."

Some of those present were Samuel Untermyer, Charles W. Fuller, Dr. W. W. Walker, Ernest W. Behrens, A. A. Allen, J. R. Andrews, William Berri, George A. Hearn, Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, Ezra De Forest, Col. George Harvey, J. W. Harper, C. J. Fitzgerald, J. A. Flagler, Richard C. Velt, William A. Libby, Henry Wollman, J. Takamine, Martin Saxe, John F. O'Rourke, Supreme Court Justice Charles F. McLean, J. H. McKinley, and Chester S. Lord.

March 18 Thursday – Ralph W. Ashcroft and Isabel V. Lyon married [MTHHR 662n1]. The New York *Times* ran a squib on the marriage on p. 5:

Mark Twain's Secretary to Wed.

Miss Isabel Van Kleeck Lyon, private secretary to Mark Twain, will be married tonight to Ralph Ashcroft, manager, of 24 Stone Street. They obtained a license at the City Clerk's office yesterday. Mr. Ashcroft is a widower.

The *Times* ran a follow up squib on Mar. 19:

Mark Twain's Secretary a Bride

Miss Isabel V. Lyon, Mark Twain's social and literary secretary, was married yesterday to Ralph Ashcroft, who is a close friend of Mr. Clemens and his business adviser. Mr. Clemens was present at the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant at the Church of the Ascension, Fifth Avenue and Tenth Street.

Hill provides us with a bit more detail:

On March 18, 1909, the Reverend Percy Grant married Ashcroft and Miss Lyon in New York City with, as Clemens put it, nine persons present if God was there. Clemens himself was there, anyhow, and the couple, strangely morose and distant according to Clemens' testimony, made the trip back to Redding in complete silence. Clemens also noted that the newlyweds chose to occupy separate bedrooms at Stormfield the night of the wedding [222]. *Note:* years later Lyon maintained the marriage was one of convenience.

Sam gave a house ("the Lobster Pot") with sixteen acres adjoining Stormfield to **Isabel Lyon** as a wedding gift. It would soon become a tug of war between Clemens and the Ashcrofts, as on June 18, Sam would have a writ of attachment placed on her property after discovering "irregularities" in the books.

Sam noted in his **after Sept. 25, 1909** letter that on this day, "The thieves frightened into marrying." Clemens felt that the marriage was a way they might escape testifying against each other. In the Lyon-Ashcroft MS Clemens describes the wedding scene, colored, of course, by his later enmity toward the pair:

The church was cold & clammy, which was quite proper. Miss Lyon's mother was there, some Ashcrofts were there, the two Freemans were there, I was there. Also Mrs. Martin W. Littleton, and God. If he was there. Reverend Percy Grant intimated that he was; even *said* he was. Nine in all.

Miss Lyon acted the happy young bride to admiration. She almost made it look real. The reality itself could hardly have been more sweetly and gushing by & artfully artlessly girlish. And when she knelt on a priedien & bowed her head reverently, with her bridal veil flowing about it & Percy Grant stood grandly up in his consecrated livery, with hands & chin uplifted, & prayed over her—well, it was stunningly impressive & rotten, & I was glad I was there to see.

There was no bridal trip. Mr. & Mrs. R.W. Lyon-Ashcroft came back "~~home~~" & took up night-quarters at their house & day quarters at mine.

In these days, we had guests in the house all the time, & the new bride was in great form as salaried Social Secretary & Ornament. She was the liveliest of the lively, the joyest of the joy. Clara was now in command, as housekeeper. The Ashcrofts & I were soon friendly & sociable again, & I hoped & believed these conditions would continue. Clara hoped the opposite.

Minnie R. Dwight for Holyoke Daily Transcript (Mass.) wrote to ask Sam for a short story for children for the Holyoke Fair [MTP].

March 19 Friday – **Von Beck Canfield** wrote from Brooklyn to Sam.

Dear Sir:

In the early years of your travels and writings, there was with you a companion by the name of Hector Kingman—a distant cousin of mine—In one of your books, I am told, you related a story about a “Queen Ann” musket which Kingman when young loaded with stones, etc. (we still have the musket”) Can you tell me, and will you be kind enough to do so—in what book that anecdote occurs? I trust you will at least answer [MTP]. *Note:* Sam replied **Mar. 24**.

James B. Craighead for the Stonewall Plantation, Nodena, Ark. wrote to argue against the “canalization” of the Mississippi by dredging, which he felt would be “a great waste of the people’s money.” He asked that “this matter discussed and plainly shown in your serious and argumentative manner may do much to prevent” such a waste [MTP].

John H. Johnston wrote from NYC to praise Clemens for *JA*, asking what was it about Joan that made her such a wonder? He theorized it was the same thing that happened to Paul on the road to Damascus, to Shakespeare, and Walt Whitman—“they all came into Cosmic Consciousness, a condition we all come into in greater or less degree before we amount to much spiritually or mentally” [MTP].

Leonard C. Whitmire, a 13 year old boy, wrote a fan letter from Waverly, Iowa to Sam. His mother a librarian, he’d read all the Hillcrest Ed. of Twain’s works and thought *Capt. Stormfield’s Visit to Heaven* “was the funniest thing...” [MTP].

March 20 Saturday – **Sam’s new guestbook:**

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Julia Langdon Loomis	Elmira New York	March 20, 1909	Niece.
E E Loomis	New York	Mch 20 ‘09	Nephew by marriage

March 21 Sunday – **Louis J. Keller** wrote to ask Sam who made the “best bust or statue” of Twain, as he wanted to manufacture one [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “There isn’t any ‘best’ bust of Mr. Clemens”

March 22 Monday – **In Redding, Conn.** Sam replied to the Mar. 19 from **John H. Johnston**. “Messages like yours can never lose their value” [MTP: Swann Galleries catalog May 2, 1957, No. 468, Item 317].

The Peace Society of NYC per William H. Short wrote to ask Sam to become a life member, since he’d ‘attended the dinner given by it to Senator Root at the Astor a short time ago” [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “Declined with thanks.”; the dinner was for **Elihu Root**, Secretary of State, possibly at Utica, NY on Nov. 1, 1906; see *MTE* p.61.

March 23 Tuesday – **In Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote an advertisement to **the public** for the Redding *Times*. Under a photo of Stormfield, Sam wrote, “Mr. Sunderland built my house, & I can recommend him in the

strongest terms, as a builder, to any who may need his services. / Mark Twain” [MTP]. *Note:* see prior entries on the Sunderlands, father & son.

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
W. D. Howells	New York	March 23 to 26, 1909	Barely 72 (March 1 & thinks he is old

C.F. Buchele for St. Joseph Star wrote to Sam sending a poem written “a good many years ago” by **Mrs. Helen Hinsdale Rich** [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: “It was a good poem & Mr. Clemens had me write that it was so well done that he did not see how anyone could better it.”

Dorothy Fuld wrote in a childlike hand to ask for Mark Twain’s autograph [MTP]. *Note:* “Mch 23, ‘09”

Allan Hanson-Snowden wrote to ask for an autograph [MTP]. *Note:* “Mch 23, ‘09”

Alice V. Hartcorn wrote from Brooklyn to ask for an autograph [MTP]. *Note:* “Mch 23, ‘09”

Agnes H. Levy wrote from NYC to ask for an autograph [MTP]. *Note:* “Mch 23, ‘09”

March 24 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam replied to the Mar. 19 of **Von Beck Canfield**: “Mar 24— / Don’t think I ever put it on paper, but put it in a lecture years ago. He is the Moncoon—Kingman” [MTP] *Note:* for some reason the MTP dates this as “after 19 March” though Sam clearly dated it Mar. 24.

From the **Mark Twain Library Association** minutes, meeting at Stormfield:

March 24

On Wednesday afternoon at 4.30 P.M.—was held the 3rd quarterly meeting of the officers of the M.T.L.A. contrary to the usual custom of meeting at the Library, the officers met at the residence of our President, Mr. S.L. Clemens. Dr. E.H. Smith and Mr W.E. Grumman were unable to be present, and only three comprised the meeting, Mr. H A Lounsbury, Mrs. Ralph Lyon-Ashcroft & the Sec. No business was transacted, but it was decided to put through a matter voted on in our previous meeting, that of having the by-laws printed, and a copy to be given to each person taking books from the library [copied by Tenney, Nov. 15, 1981]. *Note:* **Isabel Lyon** and **Ralph Ashcroft** had married Mar. 18, some six days prior.

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Rollin D Salisbury	Chicago	March 24, 1909	

Note: **Rollin D. Salisbury** (1858-1922), geologist and educator, in 1892 one of the scholars on the Peary Relief Expedition to Greenland. From 1899 until his death, Salisbury was the dean of the Ogden Graduate School of Science at the University of Chicago. He also served as geologist for the US Geological Survey from 1882 on.

Margaret Smith Cobb wrote from Garberville, Calif. to ask Sam’s help in finding a publisher for her book; she mentioned being encouraged by **Ambrose Bierce** and **Joaquin Miller**, this last sent a rose-scented letter on rose-colored paper that was entirely illegible to her [MTP].

Constance Lodge Gardner wrote from Washington, D.C. to ask Sam if her large, black cloth copies of *IA* and *GA* by the American Publishing Co. were first editions [MTP]. *Note:* “Ansd”

March 25 Thursday – Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Clara Clemens	New York	[Mar] “ 25	
Miss Ethel Newcomb	“ “	“ 25	

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

March 26 Friday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote a postcard (with a picture of Stormfield) to **Andrew Carnegie.**

Dear St. Andrew:

Many thanks for the whisky. It goes to the right place, & finds a hearty welcome there.

Ever yours

† Mark [MTP].

Earl H. Reed wrote from Chicago to relate a boy’s idea that Cleopatra was the wife of Mark Twain [MTP]. *Note:* “Appreciation”; “ansd”

Philip N. Sunderland for William Webb Sunderland wrote to Sam. “The picture of your house with the inscription by your own hand is received. / It is a priceless thing to have and my father and I appreciate it as such. ... Please accept our thanks...” [MTP].

March 27 Saturday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **John Albert Macy, who had sent Sam **Granville George Greenwood’s** book, *The Shakespeare Problem Restated* (1908) and *Some Acrostic Signatures of Francis Bacon, etc.* (1909) by **William Stone Booth**.**

Dear Mr. Macy: / Alas!

I can’t (by sticking strictly to the directions given) succeed in digging out any of the acrostics submerged in the Shakespeare text.

Page 581. By beginning with the initial “A” and afterward using *terminals* only. I can get *Antonio* in the prescribed twenty (20) lines, but not Bacons.

I am not instructed to go back and find a “B” and start over again.

Next, I am to begin at the bottom with an initial “F” then travel to the right and upward, confining myself to *terminals*; I promptly run ashore. If I can’t be allowed to also use *initials*, I can’t arrive. (And there is no terminal “R”)

However, what I mainly want to speak of, is this: The reader’s job should be made *easy*, not difficult. Each letter of an acrostic should be printed in the margin opposite the line it belongs in, so that the reader will have no head wearying hunting to do. He *won’t* do that hunting, anyway, for he is human, and the human being is an ass. He will puzzle over ten (10) acrostics, suffer defeat, and deliver his verdict to any that will listen: “The acrostics are not there”—and he will not examine another one.

It is too bad, too bad, *too* bad!

With the acrostic letters indicated for him, the unconverted could be converted, but not by any other process.

How soon do you want the proofs back?

With love to you all, / ... [MTP]. *Note:* see Gribben 77 and 276.

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Julia Langdon Loomis	Elmira, N.Y.	March 27	

E. E. Loomis	New York	“ 27	

Kathryn A. Burgess for the Int'l Sunshine Society, Brooklyn, wrote to invite Sam to the May 20 function at the Hotel Astor [MTP].

Julius A. Seloyd wrote from Dixon, Ill. to Sam, mentioning he'd asked permission to send his book about a year before that he “had under way, in order to show him an *apparent* case of rank plagiarism in said book. Such it is *not*—only another case of great minds running in the same channel.” He'd been called “Dixon's Mark Twain” and was anxious to send his book. He felt Clemens might never see the letter so addressed it to “My Dear Secretary” [MTP].

March 28 Sunday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Frances Nunnally**.

Dear heart, where are you going to be—well, about the 10th or 12th of April? Because at that time I shall be publishing a booklet. Shall I send it to Atlanta, or to St. Timothy's?

Next Thursday, April 1st, I am going down to Norfolk, Va., by steamer, & shall sail thence for New York on Monday the 5th. Mr. Rogers will be celebrating the opening of his big railroad Saturday night, the 3^d—no, Norfolk will be celebrating *him* with a banquet, that night. It's the merchants & other business men. I have not asked for any privileges, but in their kindness they have volunteered them without the asking, & I am most sincerely thankful: I am allowed to stay away until the banquet is over & the speeches begin: 10 p.m.; & am not required to come in black clothes. I cannot endure long banquets—the fatigue is too great; & as for black clothes, my aversion for them is incurable.

I note your promises to bring him here for inspection & possible approval. Don't forget it. It took me only two days to size-up Beatrice's young man & accept him. Now then, go carefully, don't be rash. When you find yourself inclining toward a candidate, banish *him* from your presence & banish the *thought* of him from your mind, until you & your parents have had plenty of time to talk him over & arrive at a decision. It is the only wise way. You'll not take him; nor his successor, either; nor his successor's successor; but you will take No. 4 or No. 5, & be glad you let the others go. And so shall I. I reckon there's a young fellow creeping into your mind now. *Throw him out*—& follow the above prescription. It's a hundred to one he isn't the right one. You are the very dearest sweetest Francesca there is; & you are not to waste yourself. / Lovingly [MTP; *MTAq* 255-6].

March 29 Monday – Raymond A. Blakemore wrote from Boston to advise Sam that he'd invented a “word counter” to be attached to a typewriter, and asked the favor of Sam's opinion if “such a machine would be of material advantage to you and other authors” [MTP].

George H. Brennan wrote from NYC. Brennan had met Clemens “several years ago” as a reporter on the *Boston Herald*, and again “one day last summer on the top of a Fifth Avenue coach.” Thus he had the courage to send a copy of his “theatrical story ‘Bill Truetell’ which had been published [MTP].

S. DeWitt Clough wrote from Chicago to advise Sam he was sending a copy of *Backbone*. Some chapters in the book “may suggest experiences of your own...”. He also enclosed (in file) a title page from *Success Thoughts*, a book he was preparing—“Will you help me to help others by furnishing just a brief chapter from your own successful experience [?]” [MTP]. *Note*: not in Gribben.

Stuart Hilder wrote from Washington, D.C. to confirm a story he'd heard about being called to dinner was indeed given by Mark Twain [MTP].

Adah Price wrote from Delta, Colo. to Sam after having read *RI* which had taught her how to laugh again after great tragedy [MTP].

Bruce R. Silver wrote from Roxbury, NY to ask Sam for “a statement” approving of the resolution that all important international differences should be settled by arbitration. This for a school debate [MTP].

Sam Sullivan for Wallace & Co., Grocers, NYC wrote to Sam that he’d left Charles & Co. and opened his own store. He would like to fill any orders Clemens might have [MTP].

March 30 Tuesday – Sam described the beginning of a controversy concerning the recently hired servant, Horace Hazen:

On the 30th of March Clara reported to me that Horace Hagen wanted an advance of wages & another afternoon & evening off. I said “satisfy him if you can.” He wasn’t much of a butler, but he was improving. He was a country lad, nineteen years old, very slim, & apparently nineteen feet high, but this was an optical delusion, he was only 6 feet 2. He was a good fellow, & of good character, & was the son of a farmer-neighbor [William E. Hazen] whose forbears had occupied the farm since the earliest times. His wage was high enough—\$35 a month—but he was learning, & would soon be worth more [MTP: L-A MS]. *Note:* see Mar. 31, Apr. 1 entries concerning Hazen.

March 31 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam finished the “lost” Mar. 5 postcard to **Dorothy Quick**.

March 31. Dear me, I wrote that 3 or 4 weeks ago, & I must have been called away, as I did not finish it. I have now found it in my table drawer, with two other unfinished letters, written the same week. I give you my word, dear heart, that I had not been drinking.

I am just leaving, now, for Virginia, with Ashcroft, to be gone a week or ten days. / With lots of love, / SLC [MTP].

Sam and Clara left **Redding** for **New York**: He recorded:

Clara & I left for New York the next morning. In the course of the three-mile drive to the station I asked about Horace, & she said he & she had agreed upon \$45 per month & the extra off-time he had asked for.

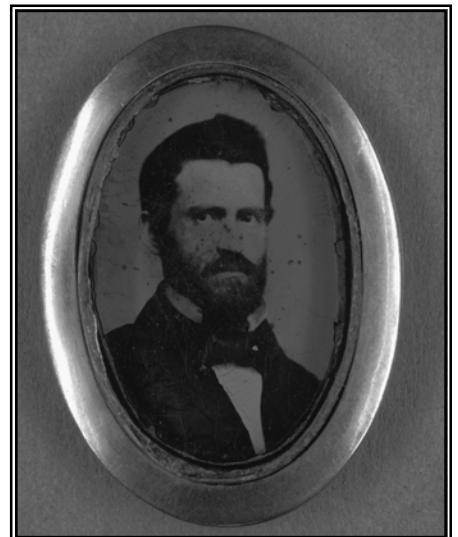
I spent that night at the house of H.H. Rogers, & arranged for next day’s journey. To Norfolk, Virginia, to speak at a banquet in his honor, & witness the glories which⁴ were to be poured out upon him by the people—for he had built a great railway 446 miles long, ~~down~~ all by himself, down there, & secured for that region a vast & permanent prosperity. ~~But~~ Ashcroft was to go with me & take care of me, & baby me & protect me from drafts, & so-on & so-on, just in the old-time way, the old charming way, the old happy way, & just as if nothing had ever happened to interrupt our heaven-born relations [MTP: L-A MS XI].

William Maily for the NY Evening Call wrote to Sam. “I hope you have not forgotten my recent letter regarding a contribution of one or more of your books for the Fair of the Evening Call, to be held at Grand Central Palace” which opened on Apr. 3. He had not heard back from Clemens [MTP].

April – Sam inscribed a photograph of himself seated for **Elizabeth**, not further identified [Ebay, Bestdarnautographs, 2010].

Sam also inscribe a photograph of himself (in a two-piece white suit smoking a cigar) to Sir **Gilbert Parker**: “To / Sir Gilbert Parker / with the love of / Mark Twain / April/09.” [Sotheby’s, June 19, 2003, Lot 133]. *Note:* this photo was used for the cover of Sotheby’s catalog for the Mark Twain Collection of Nick Karanovich.

Sam also wrote a note in black ink on a box containing an old tintype



of **Orion Clemens**: “Tintype of Orion Clemens / in a Guinea-gold hoop / mother use to wear / in the 40’s. At the time it contained a lock of her / mother or grandmother’s / hair / SLC. Apl. 1909” [MTP]. See insert.

Country Life in America ran an anonymous article, “Stormfield, Mark Twain’s New Country Home. How the Humorist Built a House Without Seeing It—An Italian Villa in the Connecticut Hills—The Second in a Series of Articles on Country Homes of Notable Americans,” p. 607-11, 650-51. Tenney: “A description of the house at Redding, Connecticut, illustrated by pictures of the house and MT at his ease there, and a facsimile of his ‘Notice. To the next Burglar’ warning that hung in the billiard room” [47].

April 1 Thursday – Sam was in **New York**, having spent the night at the home of **H.H. Rogers**. A 3 p.m. he caught the steamer *Jefferson* for **Norfolk, Va.** to attend a banquet honoring H.H. Rogers for opening a new railroad there [Mar. 28 to Nunnally]. The *New York Times*, p.1, Apr. 2, 1909 reported their departure:

H.H. ROGERS OFF TO VIRGINIA.

Mark Twain and Others Accompany Him to the Opening of His Railway.

H.H. Rogers, accompanied by Mark Twain and a party of railroad men, sailed yesterday [Apr. 1] for Norfolk on the Old Dominion liner *Jefferson*. They are to be present at the formal opening of the Virginian Railroad, of which Mr. Rogers is President and principal stockholder.

On their arrival to-day, the party will be entertained by a local committee and in the evening a dinner will be given to Mr. Rogers, whose enterprise and capital made possible the construction of the new line. Other guests will be Gov. Swanson of Virginia, Senator John W. Daniel, Thomas Martin, and others prominent in Virginia and elsewhere.

Besides Mark Twain, those accompanying Mr. Rogers were U. Broughton, H.H. Rogers, Jr., James M. Beck, Melville E. Stone, Charles Lancaster, W.R. Coe, W.E. Benjamin, G.H. Church, J.S. Hopkins, and R. Ashcroft.

Sam recorded the trip and the continued controversy about the firing of **Horace Hazen**:

We went by boat, sailing at 3 p.m., along with the other guests. We were together, & even so content & comfortable until midnight, when he [Ashcroft] tucked me in, placed my books, tobacco, pipes, cigars, matches, & hot-whisky outfit conveniently, then went his way. We had sat together at dinner; we sat together at breakfast in the morning; we drove together to the hotel in Norfolk; we were inseparable in all our goings & comings that day. It was all exceedingly pleasant & sociable.

Then came an incident. Toward dinner time he came into my room with an open letter in his hand, & astonished me by saying,

“Miss Clemens has discharged Horace!”

“No such thing; she’s done nothing of the kind.”

“Yes, but she *has*!” & his little rat-eyes twinkled with malicious joy.

“How do you know she has?”

“Horace *says* so. This letter is from Horace, & he says just that; uses that expression.”

“Does his saying so make it so?”

“Yes it does, because Horace is absolutely truthful in absolutely. He doesn’t know *how* to lie.”

“He has lied this time, all the same, unless something has been happening since I left to cause his discharge.”

“Well, he wasn’t going to stay, anyway.”

“He wasn’t? How do you know?”

“He told me so, himself. He said he would not serve under Miss Clemens for any **1** wages in the world.”

“*He* said that to you?”

“Yes.”

“Did you recognise that he had insulted you? Did you try to knock him down?”

(Ashcroft's silence meant no.) "Where you skunk enough to take that?" (Some more silence.) "When did he tell you these things?"

"The night before you left."

"Why, you were in New York! You went down that morning."

That seemed to embarrass him for a moment or two, then he said, "I had to go back to attend to some things."

"Then Horace must have told you those things in my house. Did he?"

"Yes."

"You knew my daughter & I were going away in the morning. Why didn't you report that conversation to me, so that we could secure a butler in New York?"

He was getting pretty uncomfortable; words did not flow easily with him. He finally made out to say he hadn't believed Horace was in real earnest, but was only irritated about something & would cool off & change his mind. Then he added:

"But it didn't happen. He has been discharged; & as it was without notice, he is entitled to a month's wages & wants it."

"Wants it, merely on *his* testimony, uncorroborated, that he has been peremptorily discharged? Well, he won't get it right away. *That* I know."

Those rat-eyes glinted again joyfully, & Ashcroft said—

"He's already got it!"

"What do you mean?"

"That was his check that you signed this morning, & I sent it off in the noon mail."

"Well, upon my word! You do seem to be in a most extravagant hurry. You are my salaried business conscience, my business adviser, my business nurse, my business sentinel on the watch-tower to see that nobody slips up on me with an undocumented & unverified claim, & *this* is your first official act! Why, Ashcroft, child as I am, I know more about business than that, my self. Get that check back! And don't lose any time about it."

He pretty meekly confessed that perhaps he had been a little premature, & said he would go at once & telegraph Horace.

I would give a good deal if I had kept still & allowed that check to be collected. But I didn't know Ashcroft then, & so I lost my chance. ~~to jail him.~~

I took Horace's letter, read it, & put it in my pocket. There was no envelop. There had never been one, but I didn't know that. I insert it here. For certain good & sufficient reasons, it is an interesting document.

[Horace's Letter follows:]

Redding Conn.

Mar 31st 09

Mr S. L. Clemens,

Dear Sir: having been discharged from your services on this 31st day of March 1909 by Miss Clara Clemens but having agreed to stay until April 5th 1909 according to my contract I am entitled to a months salar[y] for which I would consider a fvor if you would send me on or before that time.

No words, can express my gratitude for your kindness shown me since being in your employment and beleive me my dear sir I feel greatly indibeted to you.

Again thanking you and hoping to hear and see you often.

I beg to remain

Your humble servent.

H.W. Hazen [MTP: L-A MS XI].

F. Lyman Browne for Consolidated Typewriter Exchange wrote to Isabel Lyon about the "exact kind of paper" wanted to fill her order of five reams [MTP].

Steven Henry Thayer for The Author's Club, NYC wrote that they were engaged in obtaining “as full a representation” of each author’s works “as is practicable” and then listed Twain’s works that they had, desiring those missing [MTP].

April 2 Friday – Clemens recorded this day’s events and of **Ashcroft** carrying **Horace Hazen’s** forced letter of “discharge” on the trip to Norfolk:

On the 2d I took Ashcroft with me to lunch with two ladies at The Hotel Gotham, & he was very sweet & nice, & the ladies liked him ever so much, & he had that letter in his pocket all the time, & was under contract, since March 13th, to look after my business matters & take good care of them. We joined Mr. Rogers & the others on the boat at mid-afternoon, & Ashcroft, with that letter in his pocket, dined with those people, swapped anecdotes & other sociabilities with them, & in these & in all ways allowed them to treat him just as if he were a gentleman. And three of them were fellow-countrymen of his—Englishmen: Mr. Broughton & Mr. Coe, sons-in-law of Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Lancaster of Liverpool, the city Ashcroft was born in.

Clear till bedtime Ashcroft, with that letter in his pocket, was as tenderly & watchfully & affectionately attentive to my slightest needs or desires as ever; & next day in Norfolk it was this same; & I think it was late afternoon of that day that he came into my room looking greatly surprised, with Horace’s open letter in his hand, & said—

“It’s from Horace—Miss Clara has discharged him!”

Isn’t it romantic! Isn’t it stacy & charming! [MTP: L-A MS XIII].

National Geographic Society per O.P. Austin, Wash. D.C. sent a pre-printed postcard “to acknowledge the receipt of your application for membership” [MTP].

April 3 Saturday – Sam and **H.H. Rogers** attended the banquet in **Norfolk, Va.** celebrating the completion of Rogers’ railroad there. The *New York Times* of Apr. 4, reported the event on p.10:

VIRGINIANS GIVE PRAISE TO ROGERS

—
Show Recognition of His Accomplishment in
Building the Virginian Railway.

—
\$20 BANQUET IN NORFOLK

—
Rogers Says Road is a Business Enterprise,
but His Interests Are Common with State

—
Special to The New York Times.

NORFOLK, Va., April 3.—As a mark of recognition of the successful accomplishment of Henry H. Rogers in the building of the Virginian Railway a dinner, the most elaborate ever spread in Norfolk, was tendered Mr. Rogers here tonight.

Two hundred and fifty of the most distinguished men of the Old Dominion and places beyond her borders assembled to honor him. The main dining room of the Monticello Hotel was banked with flowers and festooned with flags as it has never before been. And the dinner—it was almost too rich for people who are partial to the dollar-a-plate variety. This cost \$20. Rogers was lionized. Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) who is his guest here, was surprised at the magnificence of the feast.

The speechmaking commenced a few minutes before 10 o’clock. Judge William H. White, President of the Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac Railroad, served as toastmaster.

Just as Judge White arose for his speech Mark Twain, who had remained out of the room while the dinner was being eaten, made his appearance at the door adorned in a white flannel suit and other negligee attire. He was at once recognized.

A great ovation was accorded him. He took a seat on the left of the toastmaster, Mr. Rogers being on the right. After the applause for Mark Twain had subsided the toastmaster arose to make his speech.

Judge White's Speech.

"The occasion which has brought us together is one very much out of the ordinary. The men of affairs of other communities have assembled to pay tribute to some guest who has achieved a large and lasting good for the community life, but it has been reserved for us to have as our honored guest tonight one who, single-minded and alone, has constructed a great railway from the distant mountains of West Virginia to the Atlantic Ocean here at our door. It is this product, this manifestation of individual wealth and sagacity that lends special significance to the occasion.

"In building the Virginian Railway from mountain to ocean, a monument has been erected to its author which will survive all the other masterful successes of his long and eventful life. In conception, construction, and selection of its route and traffic the same practical sagacity has been displayed which has made success for Mr. Rogers in all of his life work.

"He has selected as the commodity to supply most of his traffic one of the finest varieties of coal known to our manufacturing interests, a commodity growing in demand more rapidly than any other, and more essential to the material growth and development of our land. He has selected the most approved grades and methods known to modern railroad construction, and he has located his deep-water terminals with unerring provision.

"Wisdom, almost prophetic in character, has governed the builder of this great artery of trade, destined to become a most important factor in the life of this State and community."

Mr. Rogers's Speech

Mr. Rogers said in part:

"It is a great honor, and I shall not deny a great pleasure, to be your guest on this occasion. I am not gifted with the art of oratory, and am forced to say my thanks in plain and homely words. Yet they are none the less heartfelt. I make no pretense that the building of the Virginian Railway was intended wholly as a public service, and it is a business enterprise. I have faith that the resources of this Old Dominion State, when properly developed, mean a great deal, not for you who live here alone, but for the whole country.

"And I have simply sought to bear what share I could in the development of these resources. You gentlemen of Virginia and I have a common interest. I shall endeavor to deal fairly by you and I am sure you propose doing the same by me. Again I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the honor you have conferred upon me."

This morning Mr. Rogers and others left by special car for an inspection of the Virginian Railway's great terminal property at Sewell's Point, located a few miles beyond the corporate limits of Norfolk, where the Elizabeth River empties into Hampton Roads. Mr. Rogers spent some time on the great steel pier leading out from shore, and from which the coal brought from West Virginia will be dumped into ship bottoms foreign and coastwise. While on the pier Mr. Rogers witnessed the loading of the steamboat Everett of Boston with 7,200 tons cargo coal, this being the first cargo vessel to be loaded therefrom.

The party start from here for an inspection of the Virginian system, extending from Norfolk to the coal fields of West Virginia, a distance of nearly 450 miles.

April 4 Sunday – In Norfolk, Va. Sam telegraphed Clara about Horace Hazen's note, that he had been discharged [MTP: L-A MS]. Note: the telegram is not extant.

April 5 Monday – In the evening Sam sailed for New York City, where he evidently stayed two days before continuing on to Redding, Conn. [Mar. 28 to Nunnally].

The Norfolk *LEDGER-DISPATCH* reported Sam's presence in Norfolk on this day:

MARK TWAIN DELIGHTED THE LITTLE ONES

**Famous Humorist at the City Kindergarten and the High School
TOTS GIVE HIM A DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE**

It Was "Medicine," Though That Thousands Have Taken With Pleasure—Dr. Clemens Leaves for Home Tonight

Dr. Samuel L. Clemens heard a considerable number of younger children somewhat haltingly but never the less delightfully repeat today a certain story written by one whom they have been taught to look upon as illustrious.

The story is the story of Joan of Arc, by Mark Twain, and the telling of it to Dr. Clemens was held by the Norfolk women interested in the kindergarten who maneuvered to bring it about, as a pretty good turning of the tables upon the world's favorite humorist and historian, who apparently shared their view afterward.

The plotters asked Dr. Clemens today to visit the Atlantic City Kindergarten which is in charge of Miss Lillian Wadsworth and he took the bait. Then they prepared to have the children tell him his own inimitable story, of the French girl, which story is now the kindergarten classic.

The ladies were at the Lynnhaven Hotel preparing to transport Dr. Clemens to the kindergarten in a Rambler bubble which he had just blown, when Superintendent of Public Schools R. A. Dobie and School Committeeman H. B. Bagnall called at the hotel to ask Mark to address the High School scholars. They found that the kindergartners had him booked, but proposed to let the high school scholars have him after the kindergarten visit, which was imminent, was over. They, therefore, took Messrs. Dobie and Bagnall into partnership and all bundled into the auto with Mark and Secretary of Mark Twain, Incorporated, Ralph Ashcroft; and set off on the expedition.

At High School Also.

After the visit to the kindergarten, which seemed to give great delight to Doctor Clemens, Messrs. Dobie and Bagnall took him to the high school where he made one of his famous speeches. There is very little studying likely to be done today in at least two schools in this town in which the boys and girls, little and big, are perfectly wild.

Dr. Clemens who declined to go out on the inspection tour of the Virginian Railway with his friend, H. H. Rogers, and party, yesterday but decided to return with Mr. Ashcroft to New York tonight aboard the Old Dominion liner Hamilton, spent several hours yesterday watching the Sunday school children and the church-goers traversing Freemason street, apparently studying us with a view to making literature of us.

Once, when in the vicinity of the Church of the Disciples, some one told the Doctor that Mrs. Thomas Miranda, of Norfolk, was that artist who discovered some years ago the shadowy outlines of a child in a photograph of Mark, the child apparently whispering in the writer's ear. Thereupon, Mrs. Miranda, accompanied by her husband, came out of the church and both were introduced to the author, and called upon the Doctor at his hotel later.

His triumphant progress about Norfolk yesterday, during which he was introduced to many folks here, was attended by many diverting incidents and his brilliant wit flashed at brief intervals.

When he returned to the Lynnhaven, after his walk, to say good-bye to Mr. Rogers, who left the city at eleven o'clock, for the run over the road which will end at Deepwater and allow the party to reach New York next Thursday, Mr. Rogers saw him pick up his overcoat and immediately charged him with attempting to make off with another man's coat.

Mark protested that the coat was his, as it really was, but Mr. Rogers said that he knew Mark's coat and also his other one and that this was neither. This badinage which was much enjoyed by everybody in the neighborhood did not end until Mr. Rogers bade Mark an affectionate farewell, inquiring, first, however, his plans, and ascertaining that Mr. Ashcroft was to remain with him and look after his comfort.

Home at Redding.

"You are going straight to New York, are you," asked Mr. Rogers, "You are going right to my house, aren't you?"

"No," said Mark, "I have an engagement which I must fill and then I shall go right on to Redding." Redding, Conn., where he has his home is that place where he said, during the late panic when some rich men

were rightly and some erroneously reported to be pinched for money, he would give Mr. Rogers a lot if he needed a home.

It also is the place where he put out the famous notice to burglars asking them to take what they wanted without waking him. During the chafing between him and Mr. Rogers yesterday, Mark asked his friend to speak to Manager Johnston, of the hotel, and assure him that Mark was a nice man and probably would pay his hotel bill some time.

"Where is the manager?" inquired Mr. Rogers.

"He is hiding behind a screen," said Mark.

The manager does not seem today to be apprehensive over his bill. Indeed he has placed a big automobile at the service of his famous guest.

Son of Uncle Remus.

A visitor who was received at the Lynnhaven today and whose call was highly appreciated by Dr. Clemens is Evelyn Harris, son of the late Joel Chandler Harris, "Uncle Remus," whose close friend and admirer Dr. Clemens is. There has been a stream of callers today. It is suspected that he will have something of an ovation at the Old Dominion pier, when he sails tonight.

Dr. Clemens' absolute disregard for conventionality was never better shown than yesterday. With his private secretary, he had been taking a stroll along Freemason street, the street of the churches, in Norfolk, and happened to pass the Freemason Baptist Church just as services had been concluded.

Dr. Livius Lankford, one of the deacons of the church, was one of the first to spy the eminent humorist, and he promptly introduced himself, concluding the introduction with an invitation to dinner. Dr. Clemens as promptly accepted.

"But, Dr. Clemens," protested his secretary, "you have an engagement at half past four this afternoon."

"Guess I am man enough to break it," said Mark Twain.

He dined with Dr. and Mrs. Lankford at their home, Edgewater, Dr. Burnley Lankford and his wife being the other members of the party, and returned to the city later in the touring car of W. H. H. Trice, in time to keep his engagement.

Mark Twain continued his visit at the High School for about one hour. He met and addressed the boys and girls of the school separately and was on each occasion given great ovation by the pupils. He shook the hand of each present. The enjoyment of the occasion seemed quite as great on the part of Dr. Clemens as on the part of the pupils.

MARK TWAIN STORY.

After the children of the kindergarten told Mark his story of Joan of Arc, he delighted them by telling a beautiful story of a gold shell which he had with him and showed the shell to each of the youngsters. To Miss Wadsworth, whom he thanked for the courtesy of her reception of him and for the privilege of visiting a kindergarten for the first time in his life, he said that he had enjoyed his novel experience tremendously.

Boys Would Have Him.

At the High School later, he delivered an address to the girls which they applauded to the echo but he said that he had no time to fool away talking to boys. The boys, however, would not have it so, came into the girls' room in numbers and hauled the author into their room where he finally addressed them.

Among other diversions he chafed Norfolk with little mercy, saying that they can tell a story here with such art that the reader will believe it to be true. A case in point, he said, was a story which he read in one of the morning papers here a day or two ago in which it was asserted that the water borne commerce of this port is something near as big as that of Liverpool. That is not true, he said.

S. DeWitt Clough wrote from Chicago to Isabel Lyon regretting that Clemens would be unable to write for *Success Thoughts* but still wanted an opinion of *Backbone* [MTP]. *Note:* the latter work (1911): "Found within this book are hints for the prevention of jelly-spine curvature and mental squint. It lends a straight-up antidote for the blues and a straight-ahead cure for grouch." (Google books).

April 6 Tuesday – Sam reached **New York City**, and stayed the night at **H.H. Rogers’** home [MTP: L-A MS].

Oscar Williams wrote from Westport, Conn. to offer a farm for sale [MTP].

April 7 Wednesday – In NYC in the a.m., Sam went to see **Clara** to get to the bottom of the firing of **Horace Hazen**:

We reached New York from Norfolk later on Tuesday the 6th of April. I stayed at Mr. Rogers’s house, & went to Clara’s apartment in Stuyvesant Square the next morning [Apr. 7]. I had telegraphed Clara on the 4th that Horace had pronounced himself discharged. She had sent at once for Claude [Benchotte]. He had a place, but could give notice & come to us on the 15th— “& very gladly,” he said, “on condition that he was not to serve under Miss Lyon.” (She was still “Miss Lyon” to everybody—including her husband.) Clara had telephoned the news to Katy, at Stormfield, & who telephoned back, “I told Miss Lyon right away, & she was so scared she was as white as a ghost, for *she* knows what Claude thinks about that two-o’clock-in-the-morning incident, & that was why she made up her mind to drive him off the place & keep him from talking.”

I showed Horace’s letter to Clara, & she said it was totally false; that she hadn’t discharged him, & hadn’t thought of such a thing. I asked her to put the gist of it in writing—which she did, on the back of the letter. I was perplexed to a stand-still. I was not able to construct a plausible guess at how Horace had come to write the letter. neither could Clara, but she chanced the idea that “those Ashcroft’s are in it somewhere.”

At mid-afternoon Ashcroft saw me to the station—& bought my tickets & helped me aboard the train, according to old custom. Then he telephoned the lioness at “Summerfield” & she called up Stormfield & said to Terese excitedly—“Get Horace out of the house! Get him out at once! Mr. Clemens is coming, & is in a perfect rage.”

In rage! Another of her lies. I hadn’t anything to rage about. For I hadn’t found out, yet.

Miss Lyon was at Stormfield when I arrived, & she exclaimed with the most gushing & best-acted delight her art could furnish,

“Oh, I am *so* glad Claude is coming back! The best servant that ever was; the most honest, the most competent; I did so *hate* to lose him, & said he would walk over burning plough shares any time, to serve me. He’s just a *dear*!”

[*Clara’s note on the back of Horace’s follows:*]

I did not discharge Horace. On the contrary before I left Redding the new arrangement was that Horace was to have his wages raised to \$45 a month and be allowed one extra night a week.—

Horace had discharged himself.

Clara Clemens

April 7th, 1909 [MTP: L-A MS XI].

Sam returned with to **Redding**, completing his trip from **Norfolk, Va.** Ashcroft stayed in NYC for a day or two then went to Stormfield [Apr. 8 to Macy; MTP: L-A MS XI].

W.F. Borde for The Society For Italian Immigrants, NYC wrote to ask Sam if he’d join their society, leaflet enclosed (not in file) [MTP].

Lieutenant **F.P. Camperio**, naval attaché to the Italian Embassy, Wash. D.C. wrote to ask for an autograph [MTP].

April 8 Thursday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **John A. Macy**.

Dear Mr. Macy: / I emptied into my Autobiography some remarks about Mr. Greenwood’s able book, and then took a notion to slam them into Harper’s Monthly; but that would put them off much too long; so I

made a booklet of them, to be issued to-day. Now *that* is too *early* by three entire weeks, as I found last night when I got back from a week's absence in the South and read your letter. It's vexatious! but let it go, it can't be helped.

I do hope your average reader will not try to read Mr. Booth's book as I am obliged to read *all* books; a ten minute glance per day—or per week—with never a chance for one glance till the preceding one has been well and thoroughly forgotten.

I'm telling the Harper's to send the booklet to you at Boston and also Wrentham, / Yours ever ... / [MTP]. *Note:* see Mar. 27 for Macy.

The New York *Times*, Apr. 9, p.7 ran a squib, datelined Redding, Conn. Apr. 8

Mark Twain Adds 150 Acres to Farm.

REDDING, Conn., April 8.—Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) has purchased 150 acres of land adjoining his recently acquired property. The "farm," as the author calls his beautiful estate, now comprises 350 acres of agricultural and wooded tracts, near the centre of which is the Clemens home. The house, an inviting abode, rises from a knoll that commands a far view of the surrounding country.

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Jervis Langdon	Elmira, N.Y.	(April 8	
Mr. Luther ———	Indianapolis	([“ “]	

William H. Allen for Boston Browning Society, Boston, wrote to advise Sam of a May 7 celebration of Browning's birthday, where original tributes in prose and verse would be read. "Will you not honour the occasion by sending us something, or, still better, by coming in person to read it?" [MTP].

Hyrell Hawkes wrote from Hamilton, Ill. to Sam. Hawkes had an old desk that his father bought from Orion before he went West. The desk had belonged to Sam's father. "In one of the numerous small drawers was found a sheet of the Hannibal Commercial Advertiser Sep 14, 1839—with Clemens Esq written across the side." He had rec'd several offers for the desk but thought it might mean more to Sam than to anyone [MTP].

Edwin Wildman for M.A.P. Magazine and News Service, NYC wrote to Sam. The magazine was preparing an article upon "Those Who Make Us Laugh" and asked Sam's view on "What is Humor?" [MTP].

April 9 Friday – Sam recorded events at Stormfield "a day or two" after his Apr. 7 arrival from NY:

As I have said, I reached Stormfield on the 7th of April. Things were buzzing so to speak. Ashcroft came up a day or two later. Meantime I had not happened to see anything of Horace, & was too busy to look into his case. When Ashcroft arrived he paid Horace to date, & I signed the check. He paid him at the old rate—a confession, apparently, that Horace had *not* been "discharged," & that Ashcroft knew it.

Yes, things were buzzing. Clara wanted Miss Lyon discharged & sent out of the house at once. I said her first month on the March 15 contract would be computed on the 15th of the current month & I would then give her a month's notice & let her retire to her own house.

Clara wanted Miss Lyon's trunks, in the attic, searched for stolen goods. This astonished me! Did she think Miss Lyon *that* kind of thief? Yes, she thought she was; & believed she had more than merely plausible reasons for it [MTP: L-A MS XII]

Connecticut Institute for the Blind per J. McC. Bellows wrote to solicit "an offering" from Clemens for their continued good work. They wrote that Joseph Twichell would vouch for them. Clemens had been a past contributor and was on an enclosed list [MTP].

April 10 Saturday – In Redding, Conn., Isabel V. Lyon wrote for Sam to Frederick T. Leigh.

“Tell the Major to bring out the Stormfield book at a dollar & we’ll see if what he says is true. Nobody’s word is worth a damn anyway, & now we’ll have figures to prove it.”

Dear Major Leigh:

This is what Mr. Clemens said to me this morning. So you have your authority now to “go ahead”; but Mr. Clemens said that you’d better keep this letter as he might forget that he had authorized the publication of Captain Stormfield at a dollar, & here is your proof.

He is well & rested, & sends you many affectionate messages, & the hope that he will see you soon again.
/ Very Sincerely Yours / I. V. Lyon [MTP].

Sam wrote on the right side top of a page of his new guestbook:

“Noon, April 10. Margaret is due [Blackmer] to arrive here with her mother at 5:45 this evening.

It is an event: an event like the advent of spring after winter. The scamp will be welcome. Also her mother.” [Note: on the following page:]

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Helen Rice Blackmer	New York	April 10 th 1909	
Margaret Gray Blackmer	New York	April 10 th 1909	[Note: both signed]

Century Theatre Club, NYC per Adele Durant Holt wrote that the Club wished to make Clemens an honorary member but did not want to do so without his permission. They wished to show in this small way their appreciation for his help with the Educational Theatre [MTP].

Josephine Lamden Kay wrote a long letter from Atlanta, Ga. to praise Sam’s writing of *JA* [MTP].

William Goodrich Wilcox wrote from Ft. Smith, Ark. to praise Sam’s writing. “...with the exception of Dickens and the Bible you have told more Truth and lies than any author.” He wrote 15 small sides of a letter telling his life story [MTP].

The New York *Times*, Apr. 10, p. BR205 under “Topics of the Week” ran this announcement:

Mark Twain has written a book called “Is Shakespeare Dead?” which is published by Harpers this week. It is not exactly a learned Shakespearean treatise, nor is it fiction altogether. There is something in regard to Shakespeare in the book, however, and there is also a good deal about Mark Twain, including his life on the Mississippi and his experiences in the Far West.

April 11 Sunday**April 12 Monday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Frederick A. Duneka.**

Dear Duneka: /PAGE 31 OF VOL II, “Letters of James Russell Lowell.”

That page is what I want, (to read at a banquet to Jerome May 7.) Tear it out & send it to me. It is part of a letter to E. L. Godkin (1869), & is just what I want as a text, in case I should wish to get up & talk. / Ys ever / Mark [MTP].

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Susette B. Durmell	Redding Ridge	April 12 1909	
[?] Brown	140 West 85 th St.	April 12 - 1909	
Elise J. Church	2 West 74 th st	April – 12 - 1909	
Wm Hodge	130 West 44 th st	April – 12 - 1909	
Alfred W. Church	2 West 74 th St.	April 12 th 1909	

Sam went to **New York City** and likely stayed overnight with the **H.H. Rogers**; he was to attend daughter **Clara's** concert the following evening. He recorded the trip:

On the 12th ~~or 13~~ I went down to attend Clara's concert on the 13th. I went to the concert with the Rogerses. No Ashcrofts along. A month earlier, it had been planned that the Ashcrofts & I would go there together; but things were changed, now; that pair wanted none of Clara's music, & Clara was not yearning for any Ashcrofts [MTP: L-A MS XII].

In his L-A MS, Sam also included a letter to him from **Isabel Lyon** this date:

April 12/09

Dear Mr. Clemens

Please read this, for Mr. Ashcroft tells me that there has been some misunderstanding about the few garments I've bought, but which I never would have bought if Miss Clemens in all sweetness & generosity did not tell me to buy, after a morning about 2 years ago when I had been angry because Miss Hobby was drawing five dollars a day & was shirking her work. She came from your room & said that she had said to you that it was wrong for Miss Hobby to be paid just double the amount & salary that I drew, & that I must at last buy my clothes since I would not accept an advance of salary. She said I had to travel about with you etc. etc. Then I did buy a little suit at Altman's & told her, but she was very very dear, said "Oh don't mention those little things." She was the dearest creature; & said that you felt it was only right that I should have my garments as I had my Mother to support entirely from my salary. I have bought very little but can so easily itemize all of it. I have some silk here that I bought to wear only in your house & fortunately has never been cut into, so it is yours as I have laid to Benares & the other articles I shall be to very glad to pay for.

One thing more. I have been careful not to buy things where Miss Clemens would buy so that there could be no conflicting of accounts. I shall be glad to have you show this letter to Miss Clemens & she will know by what I own, wear, how little I have purchased. I have—but never mind.

I.V. Lyon [MTP: L-A MS XII].

April 13 Tuesday – In the evening Sam attended daughter Clara's concert at Mendelssohn Hall, NYC. The *New York Times*, Apr. 14, p.11, gave her performance mixed reviews, as did other city papers. One unnamed paper follows the *Times* report:

MISS CLARA CLEMENS SINGS.

Mark Twain's Daughter Heard at Recital with Miss Littlehales.

Miss Clara Clemens, contralto, daughter of Mark Twain, and Miss Lillian Littlehales, cellist, gave a recital at Mendelssohn Hall last night. Miss Clemens sang songs by Haendel, Scarlotti, Coldara, Schubert, Schumann, Strauss, Gabrilowitsch, Debussy, Tirindelli, Sjorgen, Bath, White, Chadwick, and Vannuccini, and Miss Littlehales played a sonata by Johann Ernst Gailliard and the obligato to Vannuccini's "La Visione," which Miss Clemens sang.

It seems a pity that a singer with as good a natural voice as that of Miss Clemens, who sings with so much feeling, should not use her voice to better advantage. Her tones last night were too often uneven and muffled.

Miss Littlehales showed in her playing good technique and true feeling. The audience was moderately enthusiastic.

And from an unnamed newspaper collected by Thomas Tenney at the Mark Twain Library, Redding, in 1981:

Mark Twain Attends His Daughter's Concert

Miss Clara Clemens Heard in a Numer of Delightful Songs at Mendelssohn Hall.

Mendelssohn Hall was given over yesterday to the musical children of eminent fathers. Following a recital in the afternoon by Karl Klein, the violinist, son of Composer Bruno Oscar Klein, Clara Clemens, the singing daughter of "Mark Twain," was heard in the evening in conjunction with Lillian Littlehales, the 'cellist.

Miss Clemens is a beautiful young woman and has the foundation of a great contralto voice. There are occasional evidences in her singing of an unripeness which with practice and a good instructor can easily be eliminated. Some of the notes in her middle register are magnificent, but her high and low notes are faulty.

Miss Clemens's programme was most attractive and diversified. She sang songs by Handel, Schubert, Schumann, Gabrilowitsch (a charming love-song, dedicated to Miss Clemens), Strauss, two iridescent things by Debussy and several others.

....

Mark Twain was seated among many other literary lights and fashionable listeners and applauded his daughter's efforts discreetly.

[See also article from the New York *Evening Post*, Apr. 14, "Miss Clemens and Miss Littlehales" MTP Autodict. 4]

Likewise, the NY *Sun* called Clara "A Young Contralto with Excellent Voice but Unfinished Technic" [Apr. 14, p.7]. *Note*: **William Dean Howells** was present for the performance [MTHL 846n2].

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Frederick Peterson	4 West 50 NYC	April 13, 1909	[Note: Dr. Peterson, Jean's Dr.]

Mrs. Samuel McKnight Green, Jr. wrote from St. Louis to ask Sam for the D.A.R. to "write the words for our patriotic State Song" [MTP].

S. Louise Patterson wrote from Cleveland, Ohio: "I am deeply interested in your library for the farming community around you, and take pleasure in sending you a copy of each of my books for this worthy enterprise" [MTP]. *Note*: Patterson was the author of several books on cats, including, *Pussy Meow: The Autobiography of a cat*.

April 14 Wednesday – Sam spent part of the day in NYC; likely he spent the night of Apr. 13 with the H.H. Rogers family. He recorded a talk with Ashcroft that took place on this day:

On the 14th I was still in New York I suppose, (a part of the day) because I had a talk with Ashcroft which I think must have occurred about that time. He told me Clara's feeling against Miss Lyon had reached such a pass that Miss Lyon believed Clara was going to have her trunks searched; also that she was going to have her arrested—& so Miss Lyon was in a state of pitiable humiliation & distress.

Then Ashcroft cried.

I said—

"Arrest her? Nonsense. On what ground?"

"Because she has a suspicion that—"

"Well, *that* is nonsense, too. Clara would apply to a lawyer, & the lawyer would not allow her to proceed upon a mere suspicion."

Miss Lyon's fright was a self-accusation, but I didn't know it, & was not suspecting it. Clara's suspicions were well grounded but I thought they were merely grounded upon resentment & dislike [MTP: L-A MS XII]. *Note:* Sam then continued on to Stormfield. Sam did give Clara the keys to Lyon's trunks, but convinced her to spare Lyon "that humiliation." Later, Clara discovered that Lyon possessed Livy's carnelian necklace. A letter by Paine to attorney Lark is in the latter source and pronounced Isabel Lyon a thief [*ibid.* XV]

Charles T. Howard wrote from Providence, R.I. to Sam: "Are you willing to sign one of our books for me? ... May I send the book?" [MTP]. *Note:* "Yes, but put it in a reversible wrapper, with address written on it"

Lawrence Irving wrote to Sam that he was giving two matinees of a comedy—would Sam honor him by attending to either? [MTP]. *Note:* IVL wrote: "Mr. Clemens has asked for a box for the 27th"

April 15 Thursday – Sam noted in his **after Sept. 25, 1909** letter that on this day, "The Lioness abolished." In his L-A MS "letter to Howells" he gave particulars:

On the 15th I gave Miss Lyon a month's notice—sent it to her room by a maid. In the forenoon. Claude [Benchotte] (butler) arrived at noon. In the afternoon Miss Lyon sent me her reply by a maid. She had been married about a month, but was still called by her unwedded name, & she was still using it herself, & so it came natural to her to sign the present note in that way.

[*here Mark Twain indicates a note should be inserted*]

[*on a new page, Mark Twain indicates: Miss Lyon's Note*]

April 15/09

Dear Mr. Clemens

Thank you so much for doing in so kind a way, the thing that I have been expecting.

The original letters that I have had charge of, are all in the house, & I shall be glad to inform Miss Clemens about the collecting which has not gone beyond the letters Mr. Howells sent.

And I now accept my dismissal from your service, to take place at any time you shall chose within the month, with thanks inexpressable, for the wonder & beauty you have brought into my life.
(over)

I am

with great respect &,

Your secretary

Isabel V. Lyon [MTP: L-A MS XIII].

Note: the above paragraph from Clemens was included in his "letter to Howells" and dated July 11, 1909.

Clemens also received a letter from daughter **Clara**:

On the 15th I was home again, & received a letter from Clara, about a housekeeper to take Miss Lyon's place. Miss Lyon had stipulated in her contract of month earlier that she was to be Social Secretary only, & have nothing to do with the housekeeping. The Miss Hindhaugh mentioned was a lady who was highly educated & had been rich but lost her money three years before, & from that date had been serving as housekeeper & secretary in the family of a Columbia-University professor at \$30 a month. That is, for nine months of the year. The family went away each summer, but left her behind without salar. She was very willing to come to us at Clara's offer—\$50 a month—but she didn't come, because when the professor heard about it he raised her wage to \$50—vacation included. She liked the family very much, & they liked her as much.

This is Clara's letter:

(Insert it here) [MTP: L-A MS XII].

Clara Clemens wrote from NYC to her father about a replacement for **Isabel Lyon**; the letter is included in the Lyon-Ashcroft MS, part XII as follows:

Dearest Marcus

Even if Miss Hindhaugh can not come on the 1st of May once can get along perfectly without anyone for awhile as Jean will be in Redding [*Mark Twain makes his own revision on Clara's letter:* Jean will be at Stormfield in Redding] and I shall be there a great deal & with such servants as Claude and Teresa the house almost runs itself.—

Of course I don't believe Horace because he could never for a minute have fancied that I discharged him whatever else he might have missundertood.

I think it was a little scheme to make you the pay the higher wages for otherwise he would have addressed me on the subject instead of you.

But fortunately in [he] has been a benefit to us instead of an annoyance. Somebody else may have put the idea into his head. Who knows?

Last night I sang at the Small Musicale without nervousness & consequently with success.

Tomorrow we go to Boston & I shall stop with Katie at Marie Nichols' home *1100 Beacon Street*

I am glad that you are well again.

With a great deal of love.

Clara

You will give Miss Lyon her notice *right [a]way* I hope.— [MTP: L-A MS XII]. *Note:* Clara performed at the large concert on Apr. 13, and Clemens received this letter on Apr. 15, so this must have been dated on Apr. 15, and her "Small Musicale" took place on Apr. 14.

John Larkin, Atty NYC wrote to Sam about the Fentress Land Company: "I have a letter from Colonel McNutt, who is conducting the case as you remember, in which he states that he wishes to take your depositions...Would it be more convenient to have the hearing, (which will be short) at Redding, or could you manage to attend at my office?" [MTP].

John Albert Macy wrote from Wrentham, Mass. to Sam.

"We thank you for the copies of your book [*Is Shakespeare Dead?*], which we have all enjoyed. It is so telling, deadly, convincing. It not only does up this case but is a great chapter in your big book of argument against superstition, against that colossal failure, Carlyles 'Man Thinking'. He don't" [MTP].

April 16 Friday – Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

April 17 Saturday – At 3 a.m. in Redding, Conn., Sam began a letter to William Dean Howells, that he added to at 10 a.m.

My pen has gone dry, & the ink is out of reach. Howells, Did you write me day-before-day-before yesterday, or did I dream it? In my mind's eye I most vividly see your handwriting on a square blue envelop in the mail-pile. I have hunted the house over but there is no such letter. *Was* it an illusion?

I am reading Lowell's letters, & smoking. I woke an hour ago & am reading to keep from wasting the time. On page 305, vol I., I have just margined a note:

"Young friend! I like *that!* You ought to see him *now*."

It seemed startlingly strange to hear a person call you young. It was a brick out of a blue sky, & knocked me groggy for a moment. Ah me, the pathos of it is, that we *were* young then. And he—why, so was he, but he didn't know it. He didn't even know it 9 years later, when we saw him approaching & you warned me, saying,

"Don't say anything about age—he has just turned 50, & thinks he is old, & broods over it."

Well, Clara *did* sing! And you wrote her a dear letter.

Time to go to sleep. Yours ever / Mark.

To W.D. Howells

When I wrote you at 3 this morning I did not know I was laying an egg that would hatch out in the course of a few hours & produce a cunning & handy scheme, but I know it now. I am glad. For I like to see

my mind perform according to the law which I have laid down in "What Is Man": the law that the mind works automatically, & plans & perfects many a project without its owner suspecting what it is about; the mind being merely a machine, & not in even the slightest degree under the control of its owner or subject to his influence.

My mind's present scheme is a good one; I could not like it better if I had invented it myself. It is this: to write letters to friends *& not send them*.

I will now try it on you as a beginning, & see how it works. Dictating Autobiography has certain irremovable drawbacks.

1. A stenographer is a lecture-audience; you are always conscious of him; he is a restraint, because there is only one of him, & one alien auditor can seldom be an inspiration; you *pay out* to him from your own treasury, whereas if there are five hundred of him you would pay out from *his*: he would furnish the valuable part of your discourse—that is, the soul & spirit of it—and you would only have to furnish the words.

2. You are not talking to yourself; you are not thinking aloud—processes which insure a free & unembarrassed delivery—for that petrified audience-person is always there, to block that game.

3. If it's a she person, there are *so* many thousands & thousands of things you are suffering to say, every day, but mustn't, because they are indecent.

4. If it's a religious person, your jaw is locked again, several times a day: profane times & theological times. I had a person of that breed for a year or two. The profanity cruelly shocked her at first; soon she became reconciled to it; presently she got to liking it, next she couldn't get along without it; but from the beginning to the end there was never a time when she could stand my theology. She said she wouldn't give a Gatun Dam for it. [likely **Josephine Hobby**.]

5. Often you are burning to pour out a sluice of intimately personal, & particularly private things—and there you are again! You can't make your mouth say them. It won't say them to any but a very close personal friend, like Howells, or Twichell, or Henry Rogers.

But that scheme—that newborn scheme—that splendid scheme—that all-comforting, all-satisfying, all-competent scheme—blows all these obstructing and irritating difficulties to the winds! I will fire the profanities at Rogers, the indecencies at Howells, the theologies at Twichell. Oh, to think—I am a free man at last!

Do you see? Talking to the same, same, same old one-character stenographer all the time, is talking to the *vague*—there's no definite target; but the *scheme* furnishes a definite target for each letter, & you can choose the target that's going to be the most sympathetic for what you are hungering & thirsting to say at that particular moment. And you can talk with a quite unallowable frankness & freedom, because you are not going to send the letter. When you are on fire with theology, you'll not write it to Rogers, who wouldn't be an inspiration, you'll write it to Twichell, because it would make him writhe & squirm & break the furniture. When you are on fire with a good thing that's indecent, you won't waste it on Twichell, you'll save it for Howells, who will love it. As he will never see it, you can make it really indecenter than he could stand; & so no harm is done, yet a vast advantage is gained [MTHHR 2: 843-5]. *Note*: some pages missing; see notes in source.

Sam also wrote to **Garnet Joseph Wolseley** (Lord Wolseley; 1833-1913).

My dear Lord Wolseley:

It is long ago—8 or 9 years. I arrived late—it was a Fourth of July dinner & the last speakers were gasping out their feelings to half a crowd & many empty & emptying seats, & you halted me on my way & I sat down & had a pleasant chat with you. You see I am trying to identify myself.

With this purpose in view: to inquire if you asked me for a copy of "1603?" I *believe* it was your very self, but truly & sincerely I am not *charging* it, & would not charge it upon any innocent man, since the classic I speak of, being a quite free conversation between Queen Elizabeth, Shakspeare, Raleigh, etc., is not a proper thing to charge any unoffending person with wanting.

When I came home I ransacked this country & searched several foreign countries where it had been republished in the dark, but I failed to find a copy. I had promised three copies while in England, & I had to fall short of those promises.

Was your lordship one of the three? I am merely a well-meaning person who is trying to keep his word, so I know you will forgive me if I am off the right track. Perhaps I ought not to have written "1603," but I

was young then (34 years ago) & familiar with misdoing. Once I expurgated it, but then—well then there wasn't anything left, of course.

With the pleasantest recollections of that now ancient Fourth of July chat, I am

Your lordship's / Obedient servant to command, ... [MTP]. *Note:* Sam miswrote "1603" for "1601."

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Emily W. Burbank	100 E. 73 rd St	April 17, 1909	

Charles Heinrich for The Germania Press, NYC wrote to Sam. "Why should not the Centennial of the Baptism of American be commemorated?" Heinrich listed the coining of the term "America" to May 5, 1507 in the town of St. Die, in the Vosges, Lorraine. "Now that the misconception of the naming of America can be rectified, and the mystery elucidated... Will you kindly let me know what is in your opinion the most appropriate procedure" [MTP].

April 18 Sunday – Sam's original guestbook, since replaced by the newer, more elegant gift from **Mary B. Rogers**, for some reason lists this date for **Frederick E. Robson**, Toronto, Canada. Under Robson's name: **James Parks**, Bank House, Birkdale, Lancashire 0.8 V. 09 [Mac Donnell TS 7].

April 19 Monday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to daughter **Jean** in Montclair, N.J.

Dear child you will be as welcome as if it were your mother herself calling you home from exile!

Clara has just gone—for New York—but will return day after tomorrow. Lilly Burbank was here yesterday, & was delightful company. Clara will see if Julia & Edward Loomis can come now or a few days later. There was a wonderful singer performing here yesterday, & I did *so* want to know his name, so that I could offer him a building lot & free board for the summer, but Clara couldn't tell me, for she is as ignorant of birds as I am. This morning I saw a splendid blue-&-white shuttle sail across the sunny air, & guessed it was one of my favorites, the blue-jay. Danbury saw it, too, & started indolently away with an air intended to make me think he was going to church, but I am used to that look of his, & know all about it. If he comes back with feathers in his mouth, he will be bound over for trial till you come. / With heaps of love/ Father [MTP]. *Note:* this appears to be a reply to Jean's request to come home (not extant).

Sam also wrote to **Joe Twichell**, prefacing his letter with an older one written during the Boxer Rebellion days:

To Rev. Joseph H. Twichell,
of Hartford.

=

Joe dear, I think I will write you a letter—but you'll never see it. The reason why you have plunged into my mind all of a sudden is, that among some old letters of mine that Clara has been collecting from friends, I find one to you which reads as follows:

[*letter not included*]

I had just finished reading that old Adirondack letter & was arranging to write you some malicious things about missionaries—just in a general way, to feed my long-time grudge against that criminal industry—when the morning paper arrived from New York, & these scare-heads caught my eye. [*newspaper clipping pasted in:*] *Note:* the news clipping was from the New York *Sun*, dateline Constantinople, Apr. 18, about American missionaries murdered in Adana, Turkey. Sam then continued:

When I wrote the above old letter the horrors of the Boxer revolt in China were making Christendom gasp & shudder—a revolt largely—mainly?—caused by the Chinaman's quite justifiable hatred of the foreign missionary; & I had recently been venting my opinions of two of those missionaries (Reed & Ament) in the North American Review. That pair of looters have never yet been whitewashed ~~ele~~ clean, Joe, & they never will be. Every attempt at it has failed; although the American Board did its best.

Joe, where is the fairness in the missionary's trade? His prey is the children: he cannot convert adults. He beguiles the little children to forsake their parents' religion & break their hearts. Would you be willing to have

a Mohammedan missionary do that with your children or grandchildren? Would you be able to keep your temper if your own government *forced* you to let that Mohammedan work his will with those little chaps? You can't answer anything but No to those questions. Very well, it closes your mouth. You haven't a shadow of right to uphold & bid Godspeed to the Christian missionary who intrudes his depraved trade upon foreign peoples who do not want him. "Do unto others, etc." is a Christian sarcasm, as long as Christian missionaries exist.

Joe, it is a trade that does not pay—according to my ciphering. This morning's news figures out 1,000 murders; The Boxer revolt is charged with 5,000. Six thousand murders due largely to native hatred of foreign missionaries. Six thousand homes made desolate, ten thousand hearts broken, six thousand murderers manufactured, & provoked to do deeds of blood. All inside of ten years. To my mind the Christian missionary is easily the most criminal criminal that exists on the planet, & the lowest down in the scale of malefactors.

Here—read the morning's news, Joe, & repent, reform, & call that dear & sweet daughter of yours home from the Turkish missions; & meantime be thankful that her name is not in the list of the slaughtered: [*newspaper clipping pasted in:*] [MTP].

On this date Sam also wrote out new procedures for bill paying:

Rules regarding the payment of bills.

Any and all bills covering Stormfield expenditures shall be handed to Miss Clemens for her O. K. before they are paid.

When approved by her, said bills shall be given to the stenographer who shall keep a list of them and turn them over to Mr. Ashcroft periodically, Mr. Ashcroft signing a receipt for these bills.

Mr. Ashcroft shall thereupon ask Mr. Clemens to sign checks for these bills, and Mr. Clemens shall sign these checks.

Mr. Ashcroft shall not be held responsible for any delay in the payment of any Stormfield debts for which he has not received a bill duly approved by Miss Clemens.

On these terms I shall have to keep two or three clerks to do Mr. Ashcroft's work for him. I wonder where *he* comes in? The closing paragraph seems to indicate that his wordy humbug knew about his wife's system—which was, never to take the trouble to pay a bill until it was bald-headed with age.

Horace H. Jackson wrote from Bridgeport, Conn. to Sam, enclosing two poems. "having sold Mark Twain's publications for twenty-seven years I feel this is not presumption on my part..." [MTP].

April 19, after – Sometime after April 19, **Jean Clemens** was allowed to return to Stormfield to live [June 21 to Whitmore].

April 20 Tuesday – Sam recorded an incident for this date:

Five days later (April 20), Ashcroft brought me a penciled paper, in the loggia, & said he had directed Mr. Lounsbury to smooth the roadway around the "oval," & this was his (Lounsbury's) estimate of the cost—\$54. Ashcroft said he had told him to go ahead. He asked me if that was right. I said yes. Afterward I wondered what business Ashcroft had to be meddling with the road. It looked like an impertinence. Then I examined the road, & found that it needed no repairing & that there was no occasion to waste money on it. But I found a place beyond the oval that needed repairing, & needed it very much. I went over it with Lounsbury, who said the cost would be \$250. I told him to let the oval entirely alone, & proceed with this work—which he did. When Ashcroft next arrived from New York he asked Lounsbury who had authorized him to mend that road? Lounsbury told him. Ashcroft said, "Go on with it, if you want to take the risk."

Lounsbury couldn't understand this extraordinary remark. He reported it to me, & I couldn't understand it. It had a meaning, but at that time it was too deep for me [MTP: L-A MS XVI].

Sam received a bill from The Truth Seeker Company, NYC for one copy of *The Worship of Augustus Caesar, etc.* (1900) by **Alexander Del Mar** (1836-1926). The bill was paid on May 3, 1909 [Gribben 184].

Charles W. Leavitt, having learned that Sam had increased his property, wrote to offer Sam his services as a Civil and Landscape Engineer. He listed his clients [MTP].

H. Saito, an English teacher in Tokyo, Japan wrote to Sam of his “mission—that of interpreting the Japanese heart to the world...” and wishing to send him an English translation of a poem. Saito had lectured and quoted Mark Twain so often that he felt as if Mark Twain “was part of himself” [MTP]. *Note*: IVL: “Ans’d May 11, ‘09”

Rev. S.C. Thompson wrote from Rensselaersville, NY. In his six page letter he recalled his life’s events and of borrowing money then spending years to repay his debts. Clemens had hired him to be an amanuensis during the writing of *GA*. After being a sailor and spending time in England he returned to be a minister in a small town that shrunk with the growth of industry there. He enclosed an money order for what he felt he owed. Clemens began a 17 page “Notes” on April 23, 1909 that is noted by De Voto as intended for the autobiography. See entry [MTP].

April 21 Wednesday – Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
F. A. Duneka	New York	April 21, 1909	

In his copy of *Letters of James Russell Lowell*, Ed. by **Charles Eliot Norton** (2 vols.; 1893), Sam wrote a note about his own suicidal impulse in 1866 and dated it this date, 3 a.m.: In part:

It is odd that I should stumble upon this now, for it is only two days ago since something called to my mind *my* experience of 1866 & I told it at dinner. I put the pistol to my head but wasn’t man enough to pull the trigger. Many times I have been sorry I did not succeed, but I was never ashamed of having tried. Suicide is the only really sane thing the young or old ever do in this life. ‘Feeble Jerusalems’ never kill themselves; they survive the attempt. Lowell & I are instances” [426].

April 22 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Elizabeth Wallace.

Dear Betsy: / It is not conveyable in words. I mean my vanity—rotten joy in the dear and pleasant things you say of me, and in my enviable standing in your class, as revealed by the class’s answer to your challenge. So I shall not try to do the conveying, but only say I am grateful—a truth which you would easily divine, even if I said nothing at all.

You must come here again—*please* don’t forget it. We’ll have *another* good time. / Affectionately, / ...
[MTP: Eliz. Wallace, *Mark Twain and the Happy Island* 1913, p.128].

April 23 Friday – On a page of notes in the Lyon-Ashcroft MS, Sam wrote under the heading “Eavesdropping,” “Apl. 23 Clara went to Mr. Rogers. (His letter)” [L-A MS XIV]. *Note*: the letter from H.H. Rogers in the source as follows:

My dear Clemens:

I had a call this morning from Clara, when she told me of her troubles, and after she had said you knew of her coming to me, I ventured to say that I would be very glad to take up the matter, if you desired it, and see if I could straighten it out to your entire satisfaction.

I think I have read between the lines. In the last two or three years I had my suspicions of things, which you in your good natured way have overlooked. You may be sure I shall be glad to serve you, as ever, if you will but give me your approval. My judgment is that you should call in a competent lawyer and accountant to overhaul your entire affairs. This should be done with but little annoyance to you, and if you will but say to those people that you have decided to ask me to look into things, I am quite sure you will have no further

trouble. I do not know how far you will be willing to go in this matter; but I am satisfied that somebody should take it up in a frank, earnest way in your interest. If you desire to see me in reference, I will be in New York until next Thursday, when I expect to go to Fairhaven for a short stay.

Clara was very considerate and dignified in her talk. Her story was very convincing, and making due allowance for her anxiety and trifling nervousness, the same was admirably and fluently told. I think she felt quite relieved when I told her I would be very glad to assume such burden in the matter as was necessary.

Yours truly,

[signed:] HH Rogers [MTP: L-A MS XIV].

On this day Sam began 17 pages (intended for the Autobiography) with the following heading:

To Rev. S.C. Thompson

A letter from him, after thirty-six years of ever-deepening, ever-broadening, ever-solidifying silence! And a tragic letter it is, too, full of pathetic human interest.

(insert his letter here.)

Notes: April 23, 1909

It is a brave long fight. Think of putting in a whole lifetime digging & delving & slaving & scrabbling for money to pay debts with! How pale the painted heroisms of romance look, beside it. They are achieved in an hour, & they clothe their hero with a shining glory that moves with him like the pillar of fire all the rest of his days, for men to see & admire; but Thompson's heroism, which is real, which is colossal, which is sublime, & which is costly beyond all estimate, is achieved in profound obscurity, & its hero walks in rags to the end of his days [MTP]. *Notes:* during my last trip to the MTP in Oct. 2012, I brought this document to the attention of Benjamin Griffin and Victor Fischer of the MTP, pointing out a file note, "Belongs with Autobiog—DV" (DeVoto); Griffin stated that he had sometimes come across such notes by Clemens and spoke of the difficulty of deciding what should be included in the current Autobiography volumes.

James M. Beck (1861-1936), attorney with Shearman & Sterling, NYC, wrote to Sam thanking him for *Is Shakespeare Dead*, which he'd read during a bout of insomnia. "Indeed it is the first pro-Bacon book that I have ever read that really impressed me." He was returning the book in hopes Clemens would write something on the title page [MTP]. *Note:* Beck was often referred to as "the great attorney," and had been assistant to the Attorney General under President McKinley (1900-1903).

John W. Nagle wrote from Lockport, NY to ask Sam where he might obtain the American Publishing Co. editions of his books, and was Clemens born in Hannibal or Florida? [MTP]. *Note:* IVL: "Ans'd Apr 26, '09"

Horace J. Stevens, editor for *The Copper Handbook*, Houghton, Mich., wrote to send a copy of his new edition, labeled Vol. VIII, "with new matter and emendations," since he understood Sam had some interest in copper mining [MTP].

April 24 Saturday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Robert J. Collier**.

Dear Robert:—

If in my time I shall have your good and dear father's happy fortune, be glad for me, as I am glad for him; but grieve for those I leave behind, as I am grieving for yours.

With my love,

S.L. Clemens

[MTP: Peter F. Collier, *In Memoriam* 1910].

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Edward Loomis)	160 West 59 th New York	April 24-5-6	

Julie Loomis)			

Robert J. Collier wrote to Sam somewhat before Apr. 24. Before, because Robert's father Peter, mentioned in this letter, died on Apr. 24. "The H.R. is justifying its name, — Harvey won't be in town till Friday, Peter is tied up every day this week and I have to stick to the office to clean things up before my father's return on Friday. / I shall try to get them all together next week and take them up in a motor for lunch with you" [MTP].

David J. Hill for the US Embassy in Berlin wrote to Harpers acknowledging Sam's gift of *Is Shakespeare Dead?* to the Emperor [MTP].

Sam noted in his **after Sept. 25, 1909** letter that on this day, "Paine comes home." *Note:* Albert Bigelow Paine had been in London gathering material for Sam's biography.

Charles Warren Stoddard (1843-1909), Sam's old secretary during his 1873 London stay, died in Monterey, Calif. Clemens first met Stoddard in San Francisco among the literati who gathered at the Occidental Hotel. At that time Stoddard wrote poetry for the *Era* under the name **Pip Pepperwood**. See June-July 1864 and other Vol. I entries. In 1876 Sam wrote of Stoddard, "Poor, sweet, pure-hearted, good-intentioned, impotent Stoddard" [MTL 5:476].

April 25 Sunday – In Redding, Conn. Sam replied to the Apr. 23 from **James M. Beck**.

Dear Mr. Beck:

The truth is, we don't know *who* wrote Shakespeare. There is no evidence at all that S. did it; & as there was only one man alive that *could* have done it—and the Organum & all the other multiplicities besides (perhaps), the plausibilities favor the suspicion that *he* did it. We don't *know* that Joseph didn't beget the Savior; but we do know that (his general style & circumstances considered,) it was much too large a contract for him. There was One, & only One, at the time, that was competent & in all ways qualified for the vast production; & as this One *could* have achieved it & still have time enough left for His other prodigious industries, in the way of constructing universes & such things, the plausibilities favor the idea that He is the one fairly & justifiably under suspicion.

However, if you will run up here & give us a week-end, we will discuss & discuss, & enjoy & enjoy. Will you suggest a week-end that will be convenient for you? If by any chance it shouldn't fall right, I will suggest another. We generally have a guest or two on hand, & we try to have guests all the time.

I'm enclosing the autographs for the children, with my love; & I will write in the book & return it. And I will give you a very private (& unacknowledged) book of mine when you come.

Very truly yours / S.L. Clemens

b'George, you wrote your letter on Shakespeare's birth-day [MTP].

C.B. Crosby wrote from Topeka, Kans. to ask Sam if he could send his great uncle's copy of *TA* for his signature. His great uncle was the late **Ernest Howard Crosby** of Hartford [MTP].

April 26 Monday – In Redding, Conn. **Jean Clemens** finally came home, signing into the guestbook and giving her address as "Stormfield" [Hill 226; **guestbook** below]. *Note:* Hill further points out that Jean would never leave again; that an adjoining 125 acreage with barns and livestock, called "The Italian Farm," became hers. The purchase had been arranged in Feb. for \$4,200, and was one of his final acts as Twain's business manager.

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Jean L. Clemens	Stormfield	April 26, 1909	

Sam sent a telegram to **H.H. Rogers** in N.Y.C.: "I WILL SPEND TOMORROW NIGHT WITH YOU" [MTHHR 661].

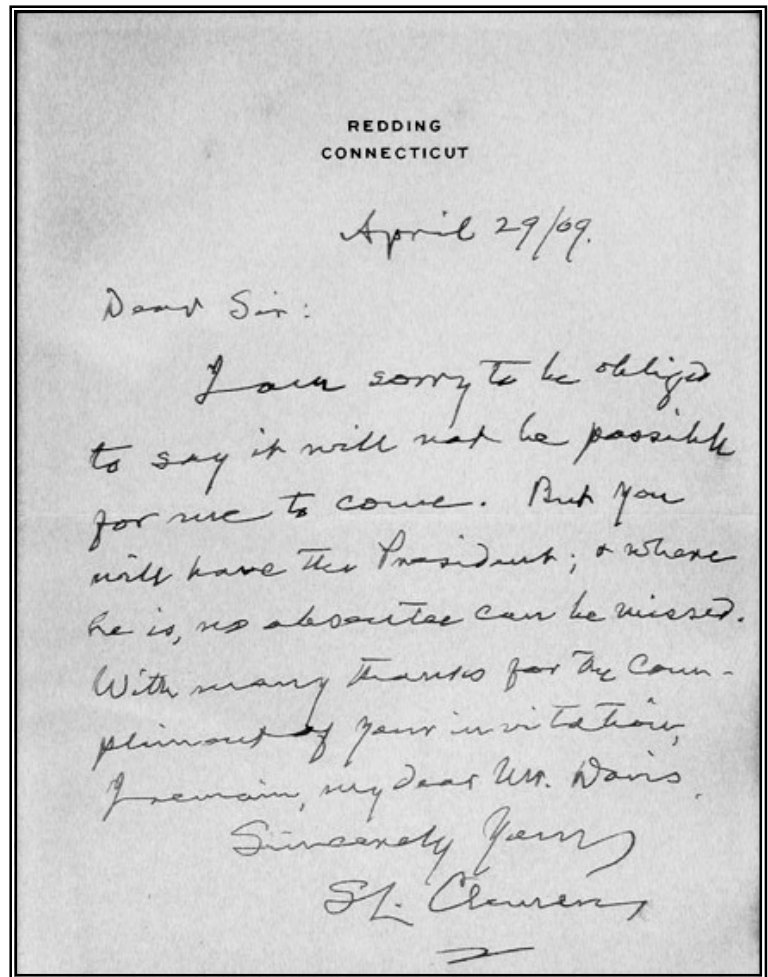
On a page of notes under the heading “Eavesdropping,” Sam noted that “Jean came,” and wrote underneath that phrase, “(Wilkommen letter?)” [MTP: A-L MS].

Also from this latter source:

Horace [Hazen] looked in again on the 26th of April, the day that restored to me, & we had another talk. He is a nice boy, a simple lad, & without guile. His mother says he cried the most of the day following the spiriting away of his letter, for he wanted to keep his place. I asked Horace to go home & write the history of the letter for me; & not to deal in generalities, but in particulars. He did so [MTP: L-A MS XIII]. *Note:* Horace’s complete explanation of how his letter of “discharge” was given following this paragraph.

Sam noted in his **after Sept. 25, 1909** letter that on this day, “That abolishment broke down the wall that was built to shut Jean out of her home permanently.”

Florence M. Beecher, a girl age 14, wrote from Bethel, Conn. to ask if she might send one of her stories for his opinion [MTP].



April 27 Tuesday – Clemens went to **New York City** and spent the night with the Rogers family [Apr. 26 telegram to HHR]. *Note:* the nature of the visit, whether personal or business or both, is not known.

Pieter Bausch wrote a long letter of his travails in trying to publish his sketches and mentioned hope that a prior letter would be included in Sam’s Autobiography [MTP]. *Note:* Clemens wrote on the env. “No answer; NEVER try to do a stranger a kindness”; Clemens had paid Bausch \$50 to use the “prior letter” in his Autobiography and also to help out a struggling writer. Bausch wouldn’t let go and became a pest.

April 28 Wednesday – Sam likely returned to **Redding** from NYC this day.

Andrew Carnegie wrote from NYC to Sam. “My Dear Friend / Thanks for your latest— / Is Shakespeare dead? Guess not—never going to die. Who was he—Don’t care much so we’ve got him. / Bacon, or Johnson, or any other man what matters it—A rose by any other name...” And, “Good bye we are off for Naples & a Westward overland to Paris & London, then ah then, The Heather Hills the barnies, the broom, the scream of he wild curlew....Awfully good of you to come to dinner / You never made a happier speech—great—& oh so funny—“ [MTP].

April 29 Thursday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **Arthur Kyle Davis**, Chairman Program Committee, Petersburg, Va.. [MTP]. See Insert below: Jpg from www.liveauctioneers.com

Sam also wrote to **Frances Nunnally**.

April 29/09, 4.30 pm.

Snowing hard.

No, it has just stopped. But it did snow hard, for 1 until a minute ago—4.30. Only the third snow of the winter—if one may call it by that large name.

You are a very dear Francesca, & you are a very sweet Francesca; but all the same you don't give me any *dates*. Why are you so abstemious about dates? It's an angel-fish failing—they don't care anything for dates. I am under command to be at Margaret's school to see a play, along about the end of May, but I can't get the *date* out of that child. And you don't tell me when I am to be at St. Timothy's. Give me some particulars, dear. Come! I rather expect to go to Baltimore all by myself. I shall get lost, I know it well.

1. Tell me on what date I must reach Baltimore—leaving Hoboken, or Jersey City, or one of these places about 1 p.m.

2. Tell me what hotel to anchor in, in Baltimore.

3. Tell me how to get to Catonsville, from Baltimore, & what time o' day to start.

4. Tell me how to get to St. Timothy's after I *get* to Catonsville.

Now you dear indolent child, sit down & answer me these questions. *You* don't want me to go astray & get eaten by the cows. You would always regret it. Are there many cows? And what kind are they?

I have needed & used the afghan you made for me almost constantly for these past 6 months. I was expecting to pack it away, now, but I see that that idea was premature.

Lovingly / SLC

5. Dear heart, one more: what is the name of the hotel in Catonsville?

There's 5 questions. Answer *all* of them!—do you hear?

I've been reading about myself in Harper's Monthly for May, & I do feel that some people can write most truthfully [MTP].

Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote to Sam.

April 29, 1909. / Dear Mr. Clemens: / I saw Mr. Rogers at his office this morning, at his request. His auditor will be here in a day or two, and will go over your accounts and affairs for the last two years; so that, in a very few days, your mind will be set at ease on that score, and your present worries lessened by the knowledge that your affairs have been honestly and conscientiously looked after by Miss Lyon and me.

Mr. Rogers seems to be of the same opinion that many of your other friends are, viz. that the ghastly treatment accorded to Miss Lyon during the past few weeks by a member of your family is a mightily poor return for the way in which she has, since Mrs. Clemens' death, looked after you, your daughters and your affairs. While it is, of course, impossible for her calumniator to make any reparation, I and other of your friends hold trust that you will, in this matter, uphold your reputation for fairness and justice, and make what reparation you yourself can. As you have already stated, the charges emanated from a brain diseased with envy, malice and jealousy, and it is only when one views forgets this fact that one views them seriously. However, irresponsibly conceived or not, they have been and are serious in their effect upon your comfort and well-being, and upon that of others, and must therefore be viewed from that standpoint.

There is no reason on earth why the rest of your days should be spent in an atmosphere of artificiality, restraint and self-sacrifice: and, while I don't suppose that the happiness that was your lot during the last six months of 1908 will recur in all its fulness and entirety, still I trust that you will, regardless of your philosophical theories, exercise your prerogatives of fatherhood and manhood in a way that will be productive of the greatest benefit to yourself. This I say regardless of what effect the expression of the sentiment may have on my relationship with you.

I am, / Yours, most sincerely, / [signed:] R. W. Ashcroft [MTP: L-A MS XIV].

[MTP]. *Note:* on a page of notes in the L-A MS, Sam wrote "Apl. 29 Ash's letter," then boxed and lined out the following: "About same date A's giveaway remark to Harry about selling my house" [L-A MS]. *Note:* Ashcroft reputedly told **Harry Lounsbury** that he could sell Twain's house any time he chose. See May 28 entry for the full story.

Henry Hamilton Harwood wrote from Richmond, Va. to Sam. "I should like to send you a copy of a little work I published recently on the Sonnets of Francis Bacon" [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans'd May 1, '09"

April 30 Friday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote a note, “How to get to Stormfield” to an **unidentified person** [MTP].

Pali (not further identified) wrote from Hawaii to send a contribution for Mark Twain’s Library and related his tales of being in Redding and of various personages there. He expressed regret that Hawaii had not been able to see Twain during his 1895 world tour (The *Warrimoo* was quarantined) [MTP].

May – Sam noted in his **after Sept. 25, 1909** letter that during this month, “Discovery of evidence proving Lioness a thief,” referring to **Isabel Lyon**.

Isaac H. Platt sent his book, *Bacon Cryptograms in Shake-speare, and Other Studies* (1905) and inscribed it to Clemens: “As a slight token of appreciation and admiration of Mark Twain’s knock-down to the old impostor William Shaxpur, the perpetrator of this feeble effort to the same end (an ill favored thing but his own) begs its acceptance and—if he may dare hope it—its perusal by the mightier champion. / To Samuel L. Clemens Esq. / with the compliments of / Isaac Hull Platt, / Challingford, Pennsylvania, / May 1909” [Gribben 549].

Harper’s Monthly for May included **Archibald Henderson’s** article “Mark Twain,” p. 948-55. Tenney: “Praises MT’s robustly national qualities, although ‘he is America’s greatest cosmopolitan.’ ‘But, after all, Mark Twain’s supremest title to distinction as a great writer inheres in his mastery in that greatest sphere of thought, embracing religion, philosophy, morality, and even humor, which we call sociology’” [47].

Harper’s Monthly for May also included **Albert Bigelow Paine’s** “Mark Twain at Stormfield: The House of Many Beatitudes” p. 955-59. Tenney: “On MT’s home at Redding, Connecticut, and his life there” [48].

May 1 Saturday – The *New York Times* reported on Sam’s latest work, *Is Shakespeare Dead?*

IS SHAKESPEARE DEAD?

Mark Twain has deserted the camp of the Shakespearites, and if he has not exactly committed himself to the cause of the Baconians, he comes very close to it. “Is Shakespeare Dead?” (Harpers, \$1.25,) is a semi-serious consideration of the old controversy, and Ignatius Donnelly would rejoice at the arguments with which Mr. Clemens carries his points. After proving to his own satisfaction that one William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon never wrote Shakespeare’s Works, for the very good reason that he could not have written them, Mark Twain concludes that perhaps Bacon did, or if Bacon did not, he could have written them if he had chosen to. All of which adds to the humor of the controversy and makes very interesting reading.

A chapter is devoted to the early experiences of Mr. Clemens with Shakespeare’s Works and the Captain of a Mississippi River steamboat. The Captain admired the works and read copious extracts, interspersed with strange and fearful commands to the youthful pilot. That was the beginning of Mark Twain’s desertion; he explains that he had to argue with the Captain, who believed implicitly in Shakespeare. Taking up the negative side, he assumed this mental attitude: “I only believed Bacon wrote Shakespeare, whereas I knew Shakespeare didn’t.” And he holds it still.

The book is a fragment of Mr. Clemens’s long-promised autobiography, and is full of the humor which has never failed him. Deep margins and an extract of twenty-one pages from another book—rather a large allowance for this small volume—give an effect of padding, but even in such meagre quantity the quality of Mark Twain’s writing is always assured of a wide welcome.

Logan G. MacPherson wrote from New Brighton, NY: “Your reception of a small book of mine two years ago was so very kind that I am asking the publishers to send to you a copy of another volume, which is just coming from the press. There was once, as you will remember, a yellow dog who was so kindly treated that he returned bringing

another yellow dog with him. Really, I do not expect you to read this last production of mine, but ask only that you do me the honor to accept it as a slight token of my regard" [MTP]. *Note*: "Book Rec'd"; not in Gribben.

May 2 Sunday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Emilie R. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers).

Dear Mrs. Rogers: / I shall arrive at noon next Friday, & go at once down town on business, & back to No. 3 for dinner, provided there will be a bed for me & no extra charge. I return home next day. I'm due at the Jerome banquet Friday evening at 10.

If there's no vacant bed, or if you are to be away Fairhavenward, will you please telephone me here when you receive this?

My telephone address is

774 Danbury

~~(I'll get that No. in the morning—I'm in bed now.)~~

Yours ever / SL Clemens

Please don't tell Mr. Rogers. He would raise the limit [MTHHR 661-2]. *Notes*: from source point out that the new Rogers address was 3 East 78th Street, NYC. Also, that Sam was on a committee to arrange a testimonial dinner for District Attorney **William Travers Jerome** at Delmonico's on May 7. He wrote the note and the next morning opened it, provided his correct phone no., and lined out the above strikeout line.

Hill puts this as the day Clemens began the 429 pages of what has been called the "Ashcroft-Lyon Manuscript." He would work on it intermittently until Oct. 29 [230]. *Note*: Hill calls this "a geyser of bias, vindictiveness, and innuendo" [231]. *Note*: in the MS that Hill cites, we find beginning a multi-page letter to William Dean Howells, in which Sam rambles. Here is the first portion (misspellings of names emended):

Dear Howells: Those resentful & rather disrespectful references are to Clara Clemens. They are earned; for it was she that found The Ashcrofts out. You are acquainted with them, you like drama & melodrama in real life: we've been having it—strenuously—right under our roof for three years & never suspected it till now. Other people have suspected it almost from the beginning,—Harvey, Duneka, Major Leigh and David Munro for a year past. & Albert Bigelow Paine for two years—but Clara & I remained peacefully asleep. Lounsbury, that shrewd Yankee neighbor of ours, classified Miss Lyon & Ashcroft as "crooked" before he had known them a month. Our house-servants had arrived at a similar verdict more than a year ago, while we were still living in New York. Broughton & John Hays Hammond set Ashcroft down for a rascal & an Ananias early as two years ago. H.H. Rogers read "fraud" all over Ashcroft the first time he saw him. So did Edward Loomis.

And yet—how dull I have always been in reading characters! —I had the most absolute & uncompromising faith in the honesty, fidelity & truthfulness of that pair of rotten eggs all the while. Yes, & so had Clara.) Clara & Miss Lyon were like lovers. They called each other by pet names. Clara called Miss Lyon "Nana"; Clara's pet name was "Santa Clara." Uttered in their presence now, these names would act upon them as emetics.

Dear me, what a revolutionary work a couple of months can do! It is about that long ago that Clara's suspicions were aroused. By Dr. Quintard,. He thought Miss Lyon & Ashcroft ought to be asked to furnish an account of their stewardship. Ashcroft told me he heard Quintard tell Miss Lyon he believed she was dishonest. Ashcroft was indignant, & so was I.

But Clara was not in a good-natured mood, & she wanted to carry out Quintard's suggestion. Her mood resulted from two or three little things which had been happening. Well, little things can do large work sometimes; a lucifer match can start a small fire that will burn down a metropolis. One day Clara rang up a servant & gave n order; Miss Lyon heard of it & countermanded the order & added that all orders must pass thro' *her*. Another day Miss Lyon told me Katy had been angering the servants by refusing to eat at their table—"wouldn't eat with Italians." It was strange conduct for Katy, who had served us 28 years & had not been accused of putting on airs before. Miss Lyon told me she got it from Teresa & Giusappe. (Both denied it promptly.) I gave Katy a scolding. She seemed most thoroughly & comprehensively amazed; & said she had never said nor even thought of saying the thing which had been charged upon her. Clara was in a fury, & she stood by Katy, & said that Katy's denial of the charge was sufficient, & made the1 charge of a falsehood.

Then Miss Lyon assured me, in (in her oily way,) that *it was not she* that brought the charge to me! I wish to be damned if I didn't *believe* her!

Howells, this is very remarkable little tale that I am unfolding in this outwar to *you* is that your trained & alert literary instincts & appreciations are the best & most inspiring I know of to display it before: an audience that will beguile me into dwelling leisurely & lovingly upon it, & enjoying the taste of it in my mouth. It is a darling tale, & I can't consent to spoil it by writing it to Ashcroft. It would degrade my dignity beyond re-elevation to lower it to the level of that cad. I suppose you see he *is* a cad? He is 34 years old & a cipher in the world; I am nearly 74 & a figure in the world, yet he blandly puts himself on an equality with me & insults me as freely & as frankly as if I were his fellow-bastard & born in the same sewer. And do you know—he stepped in, yesterday afternoon on the heels of his letter, of smily & congenial as if nothing had happened. Paine was there (billiard room), & I was glad. It saved me from calling Ashcroft a son of a bitch—language which I never allow myself to use in society I mean to keep my temper, for I have a purpose. If I keep it & leave him unanswered, he will mow me under with similar letters, & I will add them to my tale, & you shall have them all. You would never guess how rich they will be. But I know about this; for (he fell upon John Hay Hammond two or three years ago, which his pen, & rained filthy & fury and unimaginable silliness upon him during two or three weeks—daily? No—almost hourly. A man like Hammond—lately an aspirant to the Vice Presidency of the United States—couldn't afford to reply to a louse like Ashcroft, of course, & so he remained silent. Ashcroft thought he was afraid) Man, let me tell you, Ashcroft would consider himself quite competent to carry on literary war with me. how that is true; I am speaking seriously. He *is* clever—& in many ways, too—but not with his pen. He does not suspect this. Do you know—he even composes poetry; & gets it printed, & gives it to the poor. I have read it, & not all of it is bad; some of it is tolerably good [*Note*: following parts II – XXI comprise the rest of the Ashcroft-Lyon MS, too long for inclusion here; segments of it are quoted in these pages for named or appropriate dates].

May 3 Monday – Sam paid a bill dated Feb. 1, 1909 for \$13.95 for “Fit Mdse” to **B. Altman & Co.**, Fifth Ave. 34th and 35th Streets, NYC [MTP: L-A MS XVII]. *Note*: See May 25 entry.

May 4 Tuesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **H.H. Rogers**.

Dear Mr. Rogers: / The check-books & vouchers which Ashcroft will have to place before your expert are my property, & I would be glad if you will keep possession of them for me, when the inquiry is finished. I don't want them to go back into Ashcroft's hands.

I shall spend Thursday & Friday in New York, with Robert Collier, for I think you are all in Fairhaven & your city house closed for the season.

Good night. I am praying for all of you. / S L C [MTHHR 662]. *Notes*: Sam had asked Rogers to look into his financial books following Clara Clemens' suspicions of wrongdoing by Ashcroft and Lyon, who married on Mar. 18. H.H. Rogers died on May 19, and thereafter Harry Rogers, Albert Bigelow Paine, and Clara continued the investigation. Paine had clashed with Lyon over his access to Clemens' letters [n1].

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Irene Gerken	52 West 70 th Street	May 4, 1909	
Florence Gerken	52 West 70 th Street	May 4 th 1909	
Frederick Gerken	52 West 70 th Street	May 4, 1909	
Mrs. Gerken	52 “ “ “		

Note: vertically on the Remarks column Sam wrote:

“June 8. The Lyon-Ashcrofts sailed for England secretly, after promising Stanchfield to remain until his investigation of them was finished. They had been gone 5 days before the flight was discovered.” Five days later would have been June 13, the earliest Sam could have written this in his guestbook, though this page did

not include June 8 or June 13; the following guestbook page did but some writing had been done in the remarks column on the next page.

Lollie Bell Wylie for the Woman's Auxilliary, Uncle Remus Memorial Assoc., Atlanta, Ga. wrote to ask Sam to help save the home of the late **Joel Chandler Harris** by sending an autographed book [MTP].

Note: "4 books sent—May 10"

May 5 Wednesday – William Dean Howells wrote from N.Y.C. to Sam

"Dear Clemens: / Pilla is away at Kittery Point, and I can't leave the old lady alone. But I do want to see Stormfield with its clothes on, and I'll come sometime before June. Yours ever / W.D. Howells" [MTHL 2: 846]. *Note* 1: "Howells did not come before October (letter 668, note 2)."

Karl Gerhardt wrote from N. Orleans to Sam.

Dear Mr Clemens — / So many years have elapsed since I saw you last in Hartford, that I suppose when you receive this, it will come in the nature of a surprise!

Recently I made an Equestrian sketch of Gen'l Beauregard and exhibited it: some notice being taken of it, as you will see by the enclosed clipping from (T.D.) [not in file] ... several people of prominence made two busts which also attracted some attention. ...

I believe I am making a bust of an old friend of yours one of your "Mississippi Chums" the late Mr John T Moore. I am glad to be able to tell you of my return to my beloved art and think I have gained by the long unforced rest...I suppose you heard of Josie's death poor girl—the picture of health in two short weeks gone—the victim of a rusty nail.

Perhaps I can reach toward you, and grasp your hand and tell you how sorry I feel for you in your bereavement—Well I'm living the simple life; but this return to modeling brings back sweet and bitter memories and I want you to know that my heart is very tender toward you and yours always...[MTP]. *Note:* IVL wrote: "Young man educated in sculpture by M.T."; **John T. "Tom" Moore**: see July 6, 1859 and Feb. 18, 1961 in Vol. I.; Moore was a "mud clerk" on the *Roe*. "Josie": **Hattie J. Gerhardt**, Karl's late wife.

May 6 Thursday – Arthur Bennett for the Denver Post wrote to ask Sam to come to Denver for a lecture [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans'd May 18, '09"

May 7 Friday – In the evening Sam attended and spoke at a dinner for District Attorney **William Travers Jerome** at **Delmonico's**. The *New York Times*, May 8, reported on page one:

JEROME REVIEWS HIS OFFICIAL YEARS

District Attorney Tells of What He Has Done
at a Dinner Given Him by Friends.

NO HINT OF FUTURE PLANS

Speaker Says he Still Has Faith In Reform and
Wishes to Work for Civic Betterment

District Attorney William Travers Jerome was entertained last night at a dinner at Delmonico's given by more than 300 of his friends and admirers, and every effort was made by the diners to express their confidence in the integrity and good judgment of the guest of honor in the conduct of his office.

It was for this purpose that the dinner was arranged by a committee of citizens headed by Joseph H. Choate. It was noteworthy, however, that there was no mention of Mr. Jerome as a future factor in politics. It was understood that this subject was taboo.

Mr. Jerome himself reviewed his entire official career, through the early stages of great popularity and the later times of criticism and discouragement, but said not one word of his future hopes and plans.

The dinner was given in the gold dining hall of Delmonico's, the only touch of color to the room coming from large American flags festooned over the speakers' table, and at either end of the hall. Most of the guest were lawyers, but they included also men of every shade of political opinion, men prominent in the official life of the city, members of the judiciary, and men prominent in literary and education life. Practically all the courts of the city except Special Sessions were represented.

Edward M. Shepard, who in the absence of Mr. Choate in Washington was toastmaster, presented Mr. Jerome as the first speaker. Mr. Shepard admitted that he had not approved all that the District Attorney had done, nor had always sanctioned his course in leaving other things undone. He said he had admired Mr. Jerome's personal and intellectual qualities, but far more because he had the strength not to yield to popular clamor in prosecuting suspected offenders when there was no evidence to justify such prosecution. "He has shown himself steadfast and courageous to do what he saw with the light of God it was his duty to do," said Mr. Shepard, amid applause.

Introduced as the last word on all public questions and public men, Mark Twain, who was one of the committee to arrange for the dinner, said in part:

"Indeed, that is very sudden. I was not informed that the verdict was going to depend upon my judgment, but that makes not the least difference in the world, when you already know all about it. It is not any matter when you called upon to express it; you can get up and to it, and my verdict has already been recorded in my heart and in my head, as regards Mr. Jerome and his administration of the criminal affairs of this county.

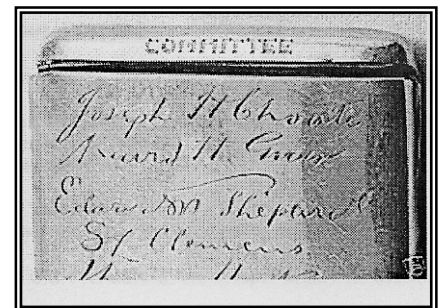
"I voted for Mr. Jerome in those old days, and I should like to vote for him again, if he runs for any office. [Applause.] I moved out of New York, and that is the reason, I suppose, I cannot vote for him again. There may be some way, but I have not found it out. But now, I am a farmer, a farmer up in Connecticut, and winning laurels. Those people already speak with such high favor, admiration, of my farming, and they say that I am the only man that has ever come to that region who could make two blades of grass grow where only three grew before. [Laughter.]

"Well, I cannot vote for him. You see that. As it stands now, I cannot. I am crippled in that way and to that extent, for I would ever so much like to do it. I am not a Congress, and I cannot distribute pensions, and I don't know any other legitimate way to buy a vote. [Laughter.] But if I should think any legitimate way, I shall make use it, and then I shall vote for Mr. Jerome."

Note: a silver card case dated May 7, 1909 from "The Committee" with a likeness of Jerome was presented to him, and included engravings of each committee member's signature, "SL Clemens" among them [Ebay item 120499862438, Dec. 1, 2009]. See insert card case:

Margaret Glackner wrote from West Palm Beach, Fla., having heard that Sam's stenographer, Miss Howden was no longer employed by him and offered her services [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans'd May 18, '09"

May 8 Saturday – **H.N. Allen** wrote from Seaford, Del., relating on a recent trip to NYC he and his sister were often mistaken for Mark Twain and daughter Clara. He'd heard the same thing in Virginia City, Nevada and San Francisco. He sent his photo (not in file) and asked for one in return [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans'd May 18, '09"



May 9 Sunday – Sam recorded learning on May 9 or 10 of Lyon's use of his funds to renovate her house, before his \$1,500 loan:

About the 9th or 10th Paine & I started to New York on business, & Lounsbury drove us to the railway station. On the way, reference was made to the cost of the rehabilitation of Miss Lyon's house—\$1500. Lounsbury said—

“Fifteen hundred? Why, it cost thirty-five hundred!”

I said no, it couldn't be so, because Miss Lyon had given me the exact figures a day or two before Christmas— a shade less than \$1500—& had told me that the work was all finished & that that was the sum spent upon it.

But Lounsbury held his ground. He got out his deadly memorandum book, in which he sets down everything, & from it he furnished the figures, the names, & the dates. The dates showed that Miss Lyon had spent about \$2,000 of my money on her house *before* I had offered to assist her with a loan. This was plain, simple, stark-naked *theft*.

I did not find Mr. Rogers at the Standard Oil, but I gave the figures to Miss Harrison, Mr. Rogers's first secretary, & said I should intrude only this once upon the Investigation, but I would like to have these figures placed before Miss Watson. They probably made Miss Watson pretty sick—later it had that look. And they probably made Miss Lyon detest me—with a little Ashcroftian help in that direction; later it had that look. They gave the Ashcrofts a most difficult nut to crack. We now have the evidence of Ashcroft's attempts to crack it—attempts which sorrowfully failed. By & by I will exhibit those attempts, for they are interesting. So also is the letter to Mr. Rogers which accompanies them. If he saw the letter & Mr. Ashcroft's abortive figures, he passed from this life knowing Miss Lyon for what she was—a pretty hardy & very deliberate thief.

If Mr. Rogers had lived he would have settled the case privately. It could still—even then—be settled privately if wisely handled. I put it into the hands of John B. Stanchfield.

I speak of it as a “case.” It was become that, by this time. Originally, it wasn't a “case,” it was an inquiry; and inquiry instituted to satisfy Clara; an inquiry from which the Ashcrofts would emerge with characters pure and clean, white as snow, as I believed & proclaimed; an inquiry which would cover Clara with confusion & the Ashcrofts with glory.

But that stage had had its day, & was gone by. Things had happened—things like the Norfolk episode, which revealed Ashcroft as a very very small liar, sneak & swindler, & made me desire to get rid of him; also to get rid of the Ashcroft neighborhood. So I had a “case.” Mr. Ashcroft must be invited to cancel the Mark Twain Company contract of March 13, & his wife must be invited to deed her house & ground back to me [MTP: L-A MS XVI].

In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to H.H. Rogers.

Dear Mr. Rogers:

Lounsbury says the Ashcrofts have borrowed \$1500 on the house & land I gave to Miss Lyon—this \$1500 to be used in “squaring up with Mr. Clemens” & leaving them “free of indebtedness to him.”

It will hardly “square,” for the rehabilitations cost Miss Lyon more than \$3,100.

If Ashcroft brings me the money he will probably want a receipt “in full of all claims” to date. In that case I will tell him to go & ask you for it, (and get it if he can), since this matter is in your hands, with full authority to act for me.

I'm coming down Tuesday to stay over night. If your tavern is closed I'll break in somewhere else. Wednesday I go to Deal Beach to discuss with the Colonel the proposition to let Collier have a cheap edition (\$19) for 5 years, Collier to guarantee to sell so-many sets in that time. We began the discussion last Thursday. Collier exhibited telegrams (on a 5-year estimate) from all his general agents but ten, & the Colonel was visibly impressed. I am offering the Harpers *half* of the swag, but I want them to restore my guaranty of \$25,000-per-annum for another 5 years. If we make the Collier-trade they can't decline, I think.

I left four dollars laying around. Will Mrs. Rogers send part of it to me now & the rest when I come? / Ys ever / [MTHHR 663].

Sam also wrote a note to an **unidentified person**, thanking for a letter; text not available [MTP: Parke-Bernet catalog, 19 Feb. 1963, No. 2168 Item 47].

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Marie Nichols	Boston. – Mass -	May 9 – '09 -	
Clara Clemens	New York & Redding	May 9 th 1909	

May 10 Monday – Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote to Sam, enclosing a bill from Altman for \$13.95 and a list of purchases and payments to Wanamaker's Dept. Store—neither in the MTP file. He closed with mention of a "Scarlet Taniger Guest Coat" saying it did not belong to him: "It was ordered at your request for the use of guests, and the buttons are stamped S.L.C." A second page with this date, also on Ashcroft's NYC letterhead details "extra work in the preparation of data covering the financial affairs of S.L. Clemens for the fiscal years ending February 28, 1908 and February 28, 1909, for submission to H.H. Rogers" for \$50 [MTP].

Dudley P. Lewis for the Springfield (Mass.) Boys' Club wrote to ask for a signed photo tell sell at their celebration to raise funds for a building fund. After his signature he wrote, "Your name came to my mind, because of my *happy* memory of a visit to your Fifth Avenue home when I was a senior in 1906 in New York Law School" [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans'd May 18, '09"

May 11 Tuesday – Katharine I. Harrison for H.H. Rogers wrote to Sam: "Just a line to let you know that I have the signatures to both certificates of the Mark Twain Company, so your mind can be easy on this point" [MTP].

C.H. Gould for American Library Assoc., Montreal wrote to ask Sam for "an address, a reading, a paper—in any way you choose" for their Annual Conference June 28-July 5 [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans'd May 18, '09"

May 12 Wednesday – Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Henryetta M. Holst [?]		May 12 th 1909	Thinks she [deserves] real house. Hope in [time] to be one of the [citizens] of [Heaven].

John F. Bernard wrote from Grafton, W. Va. to Sam.

My dear "Indolent" Friend; —

About 1875 you delivered a lecture on Artemis Ward, at the Academy of Music, Phila. You closed the lecture by reciting a verse or two, entitled, Has He Gone to the Land where there's No Laughter.

You replied to a letter I sent you at the time, (which I still have) saying the verses appeared in a London paper, but, could not say where they could be found. Is the inclosed, used by Mr. Winter, in Sat. Eve. Post, of this week past of the poem you recited at that time? [MTP]. *Note:* 8 line poem in file.

G. Stanley Hall for Clark University, Worcester, Mass. wrote to ask Sam to "give us an address" in their cause of "unity of the child" [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans'd May 18, '09"

G.E. Myers for Park & Tilford, NYC wrote to Sam. "Enclosed please find copy of purchases, and also as they were paid, according to our ledger. This is the request made by you in our office to Mr. Myers" [MTP].

May 13 Thursday

May 14 Friday – James M. Beck for Shearman & Sterling (Attys.) wrote to Sam, not having a reply for his May 10 letter canceling the engagement, as he was purchasing a house at Sea Bright and wished "to take possession at an early date" [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans'd May 18, '09"

Belle V. Elliott for the Saturday Club of Brunswick, Maine wrote to ask Sam to come speak in November or sometime in the winter [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans’d May 18, ‘09”

C.A. Speakman for American Lithograph Co., NYC wrote to ask Sam if they might use his portrait entitled “contentment” on p. 953 in May’s *Harper’s Magazine*, “because it would make an unusually good cigar label” [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans’d May 18, ‘09”

May 15 Saturday – Sam’s original guestbook, since replaced by the newer, more elegant gift from **Mary B. Rogers**, for some reason lists this date for **Clara Ashcroft**, and **Lucy Ashcroft** [Mac Donnell TS 7]. *Note*: any connection to Ralph W. Ashcroft of these two is unknown. Sisters?

Sofia Haag and Charles Haag wrote from Norwalk, Conn. to invite Sam to a Whitman fest on May 23 [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans’d May 18, ‘09”

Louise L. Thuiles wrote from NYC to invite Sam to an “open air performance of Mr. Percy MacKaye’s comedy ‘The Canterbury Pilgrims’ at Barnard College on May 25 [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans’d May 18, ‘09”

May 16 Sunday – The *Charlotte Observer* (N.C.) included an article by **Archibald Henderson**, “The Real Mark Twain” [Tenney 47].

May 17 Monday

May 18 Tuesday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **Poultney Bigelow**. “Dear Poultney: / Come, by all means! I shall be in New York, but that is nothing, for Jean will be here to welcome you & house you. With my best love to your father, / Ys ever / Mark” [MTP].

Sam also wrote to Mr. **M.B. Colcord** in No. Plymouth, Mass.: “ Dear Mr. Colcord: / You see, all *I* want is to convince sane people that Shakspeare did not write Shakspeare. Who *did*, is a question which does not greatly interest me” [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Frances Nunnally** at St. Timothy’s School in Catonsville, Md.

Certainly, you dear sweet, Francesca, you’ve answered every question to perfection, & I applaud! And so I have registered my itinerary—thus:

June 8. Go to New York.

June 9. “ “ Baltimore. (Belvedere.)

June 10. Taxicab at 10 a.m for St. T.’s

Exercises to begin about 11.

During the exercises I am to talk to the girls.

Luncheon.

Taxicab to the Belvedere.

I shall certainly carry out this program if nothing of an insurmountable character intervenes to prevent it, dear heart. I would not disappoint you for any avoidable thing.

Don’t let Miss Carter take the trouble to invite me; it isn’t in the slightest degree necessary. I am coming as your auxiliary grandfather, & so the formalities are not requisite.

With lots of love / ... [MTP; *MTAq* 257-8].

Gertrude Carothers wrote from Pittsburgh, Pa. to ask Sam if he would come and give a reading next summer to the **Mt. Holyoke Alumnae of Pittsburgh** [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans’d May 22, ‘09”

Helen Giltinan wrote to Sam with “tears in my eyes and rage in my heart” after reading *JA*. If she sent the book would he sign it? Her uncle was **Ignatius Donnelly** “and you know what that means” [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans’d May 22, ‘09”; Ignatius Donnelly (1831-1901), U.S. Congressman from Minn., best known for his theories concerning Atlantis, Catastrophism and Shakespearean authorship.

May 19 Wednesday – At 7:20 a.m. in his home at 3 East 78th in NYC, **Henry Huttleston Rogers** died following a stroke. Clemens was on his way to visit Rogers without knowing of the death.

The New York Times, May 20, p.1, reported on the death of Rogers and Sam’s shock at learning the news:

H. H. ROGERS DEAD, LEAVING \$50,000,000

**Apoplexy Carries Off the Financier Famous
in Standard Oil, Railways, Gas, and Copper.**

ONLY HIS WIFE WITH HIM

**Dead When His Physician Arrives—Associates Shocked,
but Only a Ripple in Stocks—Funeral Tomorrow.**

Henry Huttleston Rogers, one of the foremost of the country’s captains of industry, and a notable figure for many years in financial and corporation development in this country, died suddenly at this home, 3 East Seventy-eighth Street, at 7:20 o’clock yesterday morning, following a stroke of apoplexy, the second one he had suffered. He had been taken ill about an hour before he expired, soon after he had risen for the day. He died before his physician, Dr. Edward P. Fowler, could reach him from his country house at Pelham Manor.

Mr. Rogers was in his sixty-ninth year. As to his fortune, the estimates of Wall Street men varied yesterday from \$50,000,000 to \$75,000,000. Figures recently published showing the distribution of Standard Oil stock credited him with holding in his own name 16,020 shares in that corporation.

MARK TWAIN GRIEF-STRICKEN.

He Heard the News on Arriving in Town to Visit His Old Friend.

Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) for years one of the warmest friends of Mr. Rogers, arrived in town from his home in Redding, Conn., at noon yesterday intending to meet Mr. Rogers at the latter’s home, and heard the news of his death on arrival at the Grand Central Station.

A telegram apprising Mr. Clemens of the death of his old friend had been sent to Redding yesterday morning, but Mr. Clemens did not receive it, and did not know that Mr. Rogers was dead until after he arrived. As Mr. Clemens left the station he looked greatly grieved, and was leaning heavily upon the arm of his daughter, Miss Clemens, who had accompanied him to New York from Redding. Tears filled his eyes and his hands were trembling.

Several reporters who had met the Pittsfield express, on which Mr. Clemens came to New York, were at the train to meet him.

“This is terrible, terrible, and I cannot talk about it,” Mr. Clemens said to the reporters. “I am inexpressibly shocked and grieved. I do not know just where I will go.”

Miss Clemens explained that her father had left his home not knowing anything about the death of his friend, and had expected to enjoy the day with him. The members of the Rogers household, knowing that he was coming, had notified her as soon as the death had occurred, that she might break the news to him as gently as possible. The first intimation, she said, that her father received that Mr. Rogers was not living and in good health was from herself.

Mr. Clemens and his daughter lingered in the waiting room on the main station for a few minutes. Then Mark Twain, still leaning on his daughter's arm and looking toward the ground, walked slowly to the street through the Forty-second Street exit. Together they proceeded to the Subway station and boarded an uptown express.

Later in the day Mr. Clemens went to the home of Urban H. Broughton, son-in-law of Mr. Rogers, where they were joined by other friends of the family. After spending a few minutes there he reappeared and went away in a carriage. He did not go to the Rogers home and it was said that he had probably returned to Redding.

May 20 Thursday – M.W. Thompson for the Ionian Lecture Course, Univ. of Illinois wrote to ask Sam to lecture during the coming school year [MTP]. *Note*: “Ans’d May 26, ‘09”

May 21 Friday – At 10 a.m. Sam was a pallbearer at the funeral of **Henry Huttleston Rogers**, at the **Unitarian Church of the Messiah**, Park Ave. and 34th Street, NYC. Rev. Dr. **Robert Collyer** conducted the services, aided by the Rev. Dr. **John Haynes Holmes**, the church's current pastor. The body was taken for burial by train to Fairhaven, arriving in the evening [NY Times, May 22, p. 16, “Simple Funeral for H.H. Rogers”].

May 22 Saturday – Clemens inscribed his copy of *The Mother and the Father. Dramatic Passages*, (1909) by **William Dean Howells**: “S. L. Clemens / from W.D. Howells. / May 22, 1909” [Gribben 332].

Andrew Carnegie wrote from Stresa, Italy: his sympathies to Sam on learning of the death of H.H. Rogers:

Dear Friend / Our courier handed me the paper this morning calling attention to Mr Rogers passing away & my heart went out to you knowing that of all his friends you would miss him most—I have admired him for what he did for you & you for your devotion to him[.]

Gone & only sixty eight. & here you & I are left & both in good health tho older men.

Our courier was his & tells me that even when travelling he was followed by innumerable cables—Pity he did not retire years ago. I tell you my Friend no man is fit to meet business conditions in old age. I have seen too many fail. Fortunately you are clear of troubles & have only to moralize upon life as a looker on, so with me,—never to make another dollar was my resolve & I've kept it.—Mr Rogers had to hear the odium of a system, one blamed for unavoidable consequences. Rebates were part of transportation in the early days. Railways fot each other as private manufacturer did—Well, his memory be kept green in your heart & I doubt not history will do him justice because you will take care to rend him as your friend in need, showing the real man.

We are en route for Paris & London, Madam & Daughter & myself—the three all very well & entranced with this lovely spot— / Good night Saint Mark. / Ever your devoted / P S Madam wishes to be kindly remembered[.] She's an angel sure as you know [MTP]. *Note*: Andrew's “simplified spellings” left intact.

May 23 Sunday

May 24 Monday – **Columbia University** sent Sam an engraved invitation to exercises of Commencement Week, May 24 to June 4 [MTP]. *Note*: likely before this date; included abaseball game Yale v. Columbia on May 29.

May 25 Tuesday – Sam recorded going to New York to check with a secretary of the late **H.H. Rogers**, **Miss A. Watson**, who had been put in charge of looking into the financial records to see if the Ashcrofts had committed theft.

About the 25th of May Paine & I went down to New York. Stanchfield wanted the examination of checks & vouchers transferred to a man—a public & responsible account, incorruptible by injured-servant

tears & maudlin sentimentality. So Paine & I went to the Standard Oil, & I delivered my message to Miss Watson in one of the private offices. She was very frosty; whereby I knew Miss Lyon had been crying down the back of her neck & saying damaging things about me; & that Miss Watson was further incensed against me because those deadly figures had damaged the Ashcrofts in her estimation, & she had failed to find any want to undamage them.

She was just a little inconsistent. In the beginning she remarked, gloomily, that the examination had cost her ten days of exhausting & frightful labor; whereas toward the end of her talk she remarked that the labor had been very light, because the vouchers & checks tallied so well that it was but little trouble to check them up. "Check them up." That was her expression. She used it again, a month later, when she sent her bill [MTP: L-A MS XVI].

Sam continued the day's events on a later page, section XVII:

Leaving the Standard Oil, Paine & I went chatting along uptown in the Subway, & got out at Astor Place. The talk was to this effect: since Miss Lyon had made so free with my check-book in rehabilitating her house, perhaps we might find other instances of this license besides those exposed by Mr. Lounsbury if we should inaugurate a hunt. Paine believed we could discover cases of "graft," at any rate. He mentioned one which had the look of a certainty: he was with Miss Lyon one day at Boiajin's (the Armenian rug-dealer) when she bought a ninety-dollar rug, & borrowed half of the money from Paine & said she would send the other half to the dealer by check. I will anticipate by remarking that the investigation-discloses revealed the fact, a few weeks later, that she had kept her word: she had paid the \$45 with my check.

Then there was the Strohmeyer case. Miss Lyon had employed Strohmeyer to refit & re-upholster a couple of car-loads of furniture for us, & she said he was so grateful for her custom that he had rebuilt & perfected a large old mahogany table for her for nothing, & had told her he would have charged anyone else \$65 for this work. We went to Strohmeyer & asked him if he had repaired the table, & he—innocent man!—suspecting nothing, told us all about it. He said it was a very fine old table, but just a ruin when it came to him. It was as good as new when he was done with it. He produced his work-shop's itemised bill—half a page of details—whereby it appeared that he had paid his workmen \$33 for the work, & that he had charged Miss Lyon only \$10. At the bottom of the bill the \$10 was acknowledged. About this time he began to grow suspicious & a little nervous, & said no, he wouldn't have charged a stranger \$65, but probably only \$45. This didn't mend the matter much, since it was a confession that he had given Miss Lyon \$33 worth of work for \$10—a very plain case of graft. Paine remarked privately that it had been perfectly natural & characteristic in Miss Lyon to lie about the matter & boast of getting the work for nothing when she had really paid ten dollars for it. He said she *couldn't* tell the truth in any circumstances whatsoever—she had never learned how.

Strohmeyer caught the sinister drift of our inquiries, & he was a good deal embarrassed, & said perhaps he had charged Miss Lyon the full rate—yes, undoubtedly! The ledger would show. The ledger was brought. Unhappily it confirmed the \$10. But also unhappily, it didn't stop there. There were several entries, & I asked leave to examine them. It couldn't be gracefully excused. There was a bedstead & a mattress—for whom? Miss Lyon's mother. It went to Summerfield [Lobster Pot] (Pure waste of stolen money; our attic was well stocked with bedsteads & mattresses in perfect condition—there was no occasion for Miss Lyon to buy such things.) And there was a seventy-dollar chair. My, but that was sumptuous! Whose palace was it for? Miss Lyon's. The several items in the ledger-account, bunched together, aggregated \$115. At that time Miss Lyon had not been invited to borrow money of me. Evidently she was a capable provider for herself, when unwatched.

Next, Paine & I thought we would look into Miss Lyon's habit of delaying the payment of bills—if she really had that lazy & vicious habit. By letter we had already asked two or three of the big department-stores to go back over their books a year or two years, & tell me the dates when bills were mailed, & the dates when they were paid. Two or three had responded in the early days of the month (May.)

I had previously come across one such bill. It arrived when Miss Lyon had been gone about a week. It was 3 months old, & had a wail in it [MTP: L-A MS XVII]. *Notes:* Sam then inserted a bill for \$13.95 for "Fit Mdse" from B. Altman & Co. first sent Feb. 1, and not paid till May 3.; also a schedule of bills dated May 5 of bills: when sent and when paid, from Dec. 1907 to Jan. 24, 1909; also a long list of bills from Wanamaker's Department Store from Feb. 1, 1906 to Feb. 1, 1909; also a statement from G.P. Putnam's Sons, NYC; These served to show Lyon's slow pay of bills.

May 26 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote a postcard to Marjorie Breckenridge.

The summer is clothed in all its splendors, Marjorie dear, & it is beautiful here now. I have to go away & leave it for a while, but shall be back the middle of June, & by that time I hope you will be housed in that shady nook in the glen.

With love & good wishes / S L C [MTAq 258].

Sam also wrote to Dr. **Livius Lankford** of the Freemason Baptist Church in Norfolk, Va., replying to his **May 1** letter (not extant). Sam had dined with the Lankfords on Apr. 5 during his visit there with H.H. Rogers. See entry.

My dear Doctor: / A discharged secretary left my matters in confusion, but I have at last found your letter of May 1st. The meal arrived, & I went down to the kitchen next morning at 7.30 & made & baked a pone or two for my breakfast, & taught the art to the cook. I have had corn-pone for breakfast ever since. I make it flat, the thickness of my hand, & brown it well; & such slabs as are left over I mend the roof with, when a slate goes missing. They are mighty solid & mighty fine-grained, but no matter, they are better than any other bread since the manna descended from heaven. I thank you ever so much for the meal, & shall certainly shout for more when it is used up.

I beg that you will remember me kindly to the three generations of the family. / Sincerely Yours / ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Quick** in Plainfield, N.J.

Well, you dear Dorothy, where is the picture? You said you were having it taken & would send one to me—don't you remember?

I suppose you are glad the summer has come; & certainly *I* am. But I must lose some of it, for I am getting ready to go away, & shall not return until the middle of June.

I hope you are well of your bronchitis by this time, & that you will be careful & not bring on another attack; for I know a great deal about that disease by experience, & if one wants to be sick or *must* be sick, it is best to try something else.

Dinner-time! & I am not hungry. / With lots of love / ... [MTP; MTAq 259].

Sam also replied to a non-extant note from **Elizabeth Wallace** about the death of H.H. Rogers:

It is indeed, dear Betsy, a heavy stroke. It bruised many a heart: how many we shall never know, for his helpful kindnesses went far & wide, & made no outward sign. Here we shall not look upon his like again; here-after—but let us hope there is none.

Affectionately / SLC [MTP].

May 27 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Sam replied to a non-extant from Poultney Bigelow.

Dear Poultney: / Indeed yes the invitation *does* hold good till September.

I, too, was invited to join the psycho-theologized band. Think of that: Sunday School inviting Satan.

Very well, I've seen an expurgated Don Quixote; also an expurgated Bible. They were merely sucked oranges. / Yours ever [MTP].

University of Missouri sent an engraved invitation to their 67th Commencement, May 30 to June 2 [MTP].
Note: "Declined May 27, '09"

May 28 Friday – Sam recorded a blunder by Ashcroft that led to the revocation of a power of attorney to Lyon and a search for a general power of attorney:

Toward the end of May our tempest in a teapot was puffing away at a great rate, & making a lively stir amongst the farms & hamlets scattered in the woodsy hills & vales of our neighborhood. Every day brought its fresh little event & added a new text for gossip. Whatever either side did or said was known next day all around, & discussed.

As soon as I had begun, in the front end of the month to ask merchants for two-year-old statements, Ashcroft heard of it. I was only looking for delayed payments, but he supposed I was on a still-hunt for graft. He probably knew Miss Lyon had covered her tracks fairly well in most cases, but he must have known she had been unwary in the Strohmeyer case, for he took measures to forestal me there. He wrote & asked Strohmeyer about Miss Lyon's dealings with him, & inquired if they had been entirely straight & correct. Strohmeyer's answer was an almost rapturous *Yes*. Before he knew that Paine & I were spies, he showed us that correspondence. A sorrowful man was he, later, I reckon, when Ashcroft found he had revealed everything to us & rendered the rapturous *Yes* worthless, as evidence, to be laid before the investigation-experts.

In those latter May days it was rumored that the Ashcrofts were getting uneasy, nervous, worried. Lounsbury said they were trying to mortgage Summerfield for \$1500. What did they want with the money? They wanted it, according to Ashcroft, to square up with me. A month earlier, that amount would have sufficed for it, but not now. I had lent Miss Lyon \$1500, but we were now aware that she had taken a couple of thousand more, before anything had been said about borrowing or lending.

Well, then, what did they want with the money? To run away with? Yes, that impression went around & was believed & discussed.

Next, it transpired that they had acquired the \$1500.

About the 28th, Ashcroft made one his blunders. With all his smartness he was sure to do a foolish thing now & then—just as in the case of Horace & the imaginary “discharge.” The present blunder was a peculiarly stupid one. Young Harry Lounsbury was driving him from the station, & the two were exchanging gossip, when Harry spoke of a rumor that I was proposing to do so & so.

“He!” said Ashcroft, scornfully, “I can sell his house, over his head, for a thousand dollars, whenever I want to!”

Harry told this at home. His father told Paine; & Paine, greatly worried, came at once to me with it. I said there was nothing in it, it was only brag. But Paine was not satisfied. He said it meant that Ashcroft could do as he said. Had he a power of attorney? I said no—& nothing resembling one. I said Miss Lyon had a power of attorney to sign checks—nothing more, & that I had revoked it orally on the 14th of March. He advised me to revoke it in writing; which I did—& sent it by Lounsbury, who waited, & brought back Miss Lyon's written acknowledgment [MTP: L-A MS XVII]. *Note:* the revocation in writing was the day after, May 29. The remark made by Ashcroft to Harry Lounsbury started a search for the “smoking gun” power of attorney, which gave all rights of all assets to Ashcroft and Lyon. In a letter to **William Coe** on June 16, 1909, Sam claimed that they saw the power of attorney “by accident on the 29th of May, & hunted to cover in New York banks.” See June 16 to Coe.

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Ossip Gabrilowitsch	_____	May 28	
Clara Clemens	_____	May 28	
James Beck	New York	May 28	

May 29 Saturday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote a short note to **Isabel V. Lyon** revoking in writing the power of attorney he'd given her and revoked orally some months ago. **Albert Bigelow Paine** signed as a witness [MTP].

Sam also wrote to an **unidentified person** about the appointment of Paine as his secretary and manager of his affairs [MTP: American Art Assoc.—Anderson Galleries catalog, Nov. 11-12, 1937, No. 4346, Item 89].

Lee A. White for Michigan University, Ann Arbor, Mich wrote to “beg” Sam to appear before the student body sometime during the following season [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans’d June 4, ‘09”

May 30 Sunday – Sam recorded that daughter **Clara** and **Albert Bigelow Paine** were still not satisfied about the possible existence of a general power of attorney that Sam may have given unaware to **Ralph W. Ashcroft**.

I was now satisfied, but Paine & Clara were not. They were still worrying over that boastful remark of Ashcroft’s. On Sunday the 30th they drove over to Nickerson’s place, & he remembered acknowledging my signature to a general power of attorney back in November or December. He thought it conferred power upon both Miss Lyon & Ashcroft. They came back & reported. I said Nickerson’s memory was astray & there was nothing to fret about, for I had not given a general power to anybody.

That was Decoration Day. Paine said I might be wrong & Nickerson right; so we must take no chances; we must go to New York & rummage the banks [MTP: L-A MS XVIII]. *Note:* Sam and Paine left for NYC the following day, where Paine found the Nov. 14, 1908 power of attorney. **John N. Nickerson**, notary.

May 31 Monday – Sam and **Albert Bigelow Paine** went to New York City and made a startling discovery:

We went down the next morning, Monday, & while I loafed in the Hotel Grosvenor, Paine went to the banks. Sure enough, in the Liberty National he found a power of attorney! A stately one, a liberal one, an all-comprehensive one! By it I transferred all my belongings, down to my last shirt, to the Ashcrofts, to do as they pleased with.

So this was what they had had up their sleeve all the time! This was why Ashcroft could say to Lounsbury about the road-mending, “Go ahead if you want to take the risk!” This was why Miss Lyon was able to say to the servants, “I am the only person in authority in this house, my word is law, & the only law, & I want you to understand it!” This was why Ashcroft could summon the servants on the 31st of March & say to them, “You better resign at once & save your faces, for you are all going to be discharged.”

Ashcroft had had this fraudulent document placed on record in New York, just as if it had been a deed. To his he had added another unusual precaution: he had had Nickerson’s authority as a notary certified in the Fairfield county clerk’s office, & the certification recorded. Nickerson’s seal wasn’t enough for him!

‘This swindling paper had been in force ever since November 14, 1908—about six & a half months—and I had never suspected it [MTP: L-A MS XVIII]. *Note:* see Nov. 14, 1908 entry. In XIX of the MS Clemens states that both John Stanchfield and Charles E. Lark, his attorneys, felt the signature on the power of attorney was Clemens’.

Amelia Dunne Hookway wrote from Howland School, Chicago: She was sending under separate cover pictures of their play of *P&P* promised last October and explained that the photographer had disappeared with the plates due to a hay fever condition [MTP].

J.B. Learmart wrote from Montreal, Canada to Sam. “I duly rec’d your recent book ‘Is Shakespeare Dead[?]’ with your autograph and the practical motto—‘Let us Save the tomorrow’s for work.’ Learmart was very happy and delighted. He took the liberty of sending a book, *Across the Sub-arctics of Canada* by **Jos. W. Tyrrell** [MTP]. *Note:* not in Gribben.

June – **George Gordon Coulton** (1858-1947) book *From St. Francis to Dante, etc.* (1907), was signed by Sam on the front pastedown endpaper: “*SL. Clemens / June, 1909, / Stormfield. From James M. Beck*” [Gribben 161]. *Note:* see other entries on Beck.

Bookman (NY) ran an anonymous article, “Mark Twain’s New Book and a Commentator” in their June issue. Tenney: “MT’s *Is Shakespeare Dead?* is a comic piece which ‘can be read through cheerfully in an hour’—yet a writer for the Boston *Evening Transcript* finds ‘depth and subtlety’ in it!” [47].

English Illustrated Magazine for June ran **Peter Penn**'s article "Some American Humour," p. 299-301. Tenney: "Contains passing and superficial references to MT; praises his 'variety'" [48].

H.H. for the Princess Lwoff-Parlaghy wrote: "requests me to invite you to view her recent painting from life of the Poet / EDWIN MARKHAM, / before it is sent to the museum in Europe" [MTP]. *Note*: "Ans'd June 6, '09"

June 1 Tuesday – Sam noted in his **after Sept. 25, 1909** letter that on this day was the "Discovery of the Blanket Power of Attorney," referring to the **Nov. 14, 1908** document. In the L-A MS, section XVIII, however, he puts the discovery at Monday, **May 31**. Did the search take two days or one? Sam included in a copy of the document revoking the discovered power of attorney, signed by Clemens and received and recorded by John N. Nickerson, Redding Town Clerk, on June 3. *Note*: Clemens wasted no time after the the discovery in revoking the power of attorney. Ashcroft had done no real damage, perhaps the Ashcrofts had planned to take over the assets after Clemens' death.

Booth & Alexander Attorneys in Danbury, Conn wrote to advise Sam: "Our Mr. Alexander has been appointed a commissioner to take your deposition in the case of the Fentress Land Co. et al vs. Bruno Gernt et al, on interrogatories filed by the defendants. We presume you are familiar with the interrogatories, and that your attorney has been over them with you" [MTP]. *Note*: "ans"

Elizabeth Endicott Young wrote from Dedham, Mass. to ask if it was possible for Sam to come and speak to her club during next winter [MTP]. *Note*: "Ans'd June 8, '09"

June 2 Wednesday – Italian journalist **Felice Ferrero** visited Stormfield and interviewed Mark Twain for the most popular Italian newspaper in Italy, *Corriere della Sera*. Zuppello includes the interview in her 2008 paper for *American Literary Realism*. In part:

S. L. Clemens—the real name of Mark Twain—has two daughters, both remarkable musicians, both with a cosmopolitan education received in France, Germany, and Italy. Now that their mother is dead, they manage the house and work as secretaries for their father. The old humorist doesn't work so much now but he still smokes like a chimney, alternating cigars and pipe without a break. What a shame! Not that smoking has harmed him—at least the harm is not evident—but his smoking seems at odds with the harmony of the house. He has wonderful hair that has remained thick in spite of the years, with a marvellous white jacket perfectly matching his hair. As part of this "symphony in white," the old writer grows a thick moustache, though it is yellowed by tobacco and smoking. His daughters frequently chide him for his devotion to the pipe but he doesn't take offense: he is not only a good father but is an excellent man who tries in vain to hide under his surly appearance a heart as big as a house and who allows them to complain even while he smokes.

Mark Twain's personal integrity has required him to make sacrifices that others might have avoided. He invested his fortune in a publishing house that ten years ago suddenly went bankrupt. He was only a shareholder, although the most important one, and his responsibility to the company ended with its bankruptcy; but despite his age, he refused to hide behind the technicalities of the law. The publishing firm was in practice his own and he considered its creditors his creditors. He worked hard, wrote, gave lectures, and paid the debt to the last cent. Afterwards, he was able to easily restore his fortune with the money he earns by his pen.

Unfortunately, a trusted secretary who served him for many years has recently swindled him out of a good deal of property; and a male associate has stolen a number of bank shares, selling them for his own profit. However, his daughters are now old enough to save their father from more serious harm, and perhaps from financial catastrophe, by banishing every outsider from the vicinity of the family strongbox. In addition to the bank shares, the male associate stole a jacket from him. For this Mark Twain wants to take revenge: he wants to denounce the rogue before a judge when he is called to give testimony. The idea entices him, and he

was still talking to me about it with great vehemence on the front terrace while I was climbing into the coach that would take me to the station.

“I am the king of buffoons; I am a dangerous person . . .,” he said.

“But father”—interrupted the daughter beside him—“you will make the gentleman miss his train.”

“Yes, I will drag him into court over the red jacket.”

And while the carriage left at a brisk pace, I admired the scene unfolding in the shade of Stormfield. The daughters laughingly ran their hands through their father’s ample head of hair and tried to pull the grand old man, the “king of buffoons,” into the house. To one side stood the smiling Claude [Benchotte], the French butler. Claude had worn a frock coat when I arrived, but this morning he wore only a short jacket. Was it because it was morning or because I had forgotten to leave him a gift?

Notes: Ferrero signed into the guestbook for June 2 (below) giving New York as his residence. Zuppello claims this was a two-day stay at Stormfield, though only this day is in the log. Zuppello also gives Oct. 5, 1909 as the date the interview appeared in the Italian paper, but then footnotes it as Sept. 6, 1909. This portion of the interview is the last segment; the prior described Stormfield and its environs, then gives the daily routine at the house. **Claude Joseph Benchotte** (1877-1941?), butler. The interview is not in Scharnhorst.

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Felice Ferrero	New York	June 2	

June 3 Thursday – Ralph W. Ashcroft wrote a registered letter to Sam, acknowledging the revocation of the Nov. 14, 1908 power of attorney, which was recorded by **John N. Nickerson** on this day (see entry). He added:

Mrs. Ashcroft’s helath has been seriously undermined owing to the unjust and unfounded accusations made against her, and she is on the verge of a breakdown. Her doctor orders immediately a complete change. As I have important business to attend to in England, some of which you are acquainted with, we shall probably sail in a few days to be gone about four weeks [MTP; Hill 227-8]. *Note:* the Ashcrofts sailed on June 8; see entry.

Hill writes

Apparently Stanchfield, who was handling the investigation of the Ashcrofts after Rogers’ death, suggested that it would be preferable to the Clemens faction if the couple remained in the United States until the results of the audit were available. The Ashcrofts chose to sail on June 8, in spite of Stanchfield’s request; nevertheless, Clemens’ claim that they fled surreptitiously to avoid prosecution was clearly false. Not only did Clemens have Ashcroft’s registered letter stating their plans; but when Stanchfield attached both Summerfield [“Lobster Pot”] and Mrs. Ashcroft’s house in Farmington, Isabel immediately booked passage to the United States to answer the charges [228].

June 4 Friday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote a postcard (picturing Stormfield) to **Dorothy Quick**.

“Dorothy Dear, it is too bad, but I shall be in Baltimore from the 8th to the 12th. This is an engagement I made with Francesca several months ago—she graduates on the 10th of June.

“It is a nice photo—thank you, dear, with lots of love—S L C” [MTP; *MTAq* 259].

Sam gave this day as the day the Ashcrofts left Redding for New York and Europe:

We now arrive at June 4. Stanchfield's official expert was getting toward the end of his examination of Miss Lyon's check-stubs & vouchers, & was asking her some rather embarrassing questions. There were things which she could not explain satisfactorily—things which proved her a thief; proved it beyond question. The Ashcrofts were getting very nervous.

When they got married—as before remarked—they had sent out some bushels of copper-plate cards announcing that the aristocratically-hyphenated Mr. & Mrs. R. W. Lyon Ashcrofts would be “At Home” at Summerfield “Saturdays in June.” When Friday the 4th arrived the countryside flocked along the country roads & to the little railway station to see the fine city-[k?]inds that would come. But they didn't see them. What they saw was the highly-hyphenated Ashcrofts slipping out & gliding away on the New York train! They never reappeared during that month.

They were scared. They were in flight, to save Miss Lyon from arrest. They believed they were she was in danger of spending her At Homes in the Danbury jail. They privately took passage in an obscure steamer for Holland, for a date half-way between the first & second At Homes (Tuesday, June 8.) Their intention was suspected [MTP: L-A MS XXI].

Robert Underwood Johnson for *Century Magazine* wrote to Sam, enclosing a letter he'd sent to the *Post*, referring to the June *Century* article, “Justice to Continental Authors” in which Johnson “tried to strike the high note of international good will.” Johnson noted he hadn't “heard a word of grateful appreciation in print from a single American author. I can set the key, but I must not do all the singing” [MTP]. *Note*: “ans”

June 5 Saturday – In Redding, Conn. Sam replied to a non-extant letter from **James Beauchamp (“Champ”) Clark**, House of Representatives, Washington.

Dear Champ Clark: / Is the new copyright law acceptable to me? Emphatically, *yes*! Clark, it is the only sane, & clearly-defined, & just & righteous copyright law that has ever existed in the United States. Whosoever will compare it with its predecessors will have no trouble in arriving at this decision.

The bill which was before the Committee two years ago when I was down there was the most stupefying jumble of conflicting & apparently irreconcilable interests that was ever seen; & we all said “the case is hopeless, absolutely hopeless—out of this chaos nothing can be built.” But we were in error: out of that chaotic mess this excellent bill has been constructed, the warring interests have been reconciled, & the result is as comely & substantial a legislative edifice as lifts its domes & towers & protective lightning rods out of the statue book, I think. When I think of that other bill, which even the Deity couldn't understand, & of this one, which even I can understand, I take off my hat to the man or men who devised this one. Was it R. U. Johnson? Was it the Authors League? Was it both together? I don't know, but I take off my hat, anyway. Johnson has written a valuable article about the new law—I enclose it.

At last—and for the first time in copyright history—we are ahead of England! Ahead of her in two ways: by length of term, & by fairness to all interests concerned. Does this sound like shouting? Then I must modify it: all we possessed of copyright-justice before the 4th of last March we owed to England's initiative.

Truly Yours / S L. Clemens

Private. I'm coming down next winter to suggest a slight change in one of the clauses to you [MTP].

Sam also replied to the May 31 from Mrs. **Amelia Dunne Hookway**.

Dear Mrs. Hookway: / I have been deeply move[d] by₁ your letter. Beyond reasonable question you must be the happiest₁ woman “on live”—to borrow the quaint phrase of the Arthur-Tales—because you are so *near* to the children; so near to so *many* children; so haloed with them, so submerged in them, so set round about with a glory of them; so a part of their very life, & the best part, the most precious part, the joyous part: yes, & contriver, creator & promoter of that joy. If I were going to begin life over again I would have a Children's Theatre, & watch it, & work for it, & see it grow, & blossom, & bear its rich moral & intellectual fruitage; & I should get more pleasure, & a saner & healthier profit, out of my vocation than I should ever be able to get out of any other, constituted as *I* am. Yes, you are easily the most fortunate of women, I think.

If praise were needed for Mr. Bennett's article I could furnish it, but it needs none; & I should not be able to express all the delight & deep satisfaction it gives me, in any case.

Instead of writing to thank you when the photographs come, I will thank you now. / Sincerely Yours / ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Robert Underwood Johnson** in N.Y.C.

Dear Johnson: / I had just finished answering a note from Champ Clark when your letter came this morning. I kept a copy, & will mail it to you with this. I judged he meant me to write him *un*privately, & I did. Paine had a copy of your *Post* article on hand, & I borrowed it & enclosed it to Clark. / Yours evermore / ... [MTP].

Sam noted in his **after Sept. 25, 1909** letter that on this day, “First Saturday ‘At Home’ of ‘Mr. & Mrs. R.W. Lyon-Ashcroft.’ It was utilized in scurrying *away* from home.”

June 6 Sunday

June 7 Monday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Amelia Dunne Hookway**.

Dear Mrs. Hookway: / The photographs have come, & they were a charming surprise to me, they so far exceeded my expectations. Certainly the staging & costuming of the piece were beautiful; & little by little, & bit by bit, I gathered the piece itself from the 85 letters of the children, much as one patches one of these incoherent puzzle-things together & finds that it's a *picture*—a picture that is graceful, & orderly, & full of life & color.

The letters arrived at the right time—at the beginning of the first free afternoon I've had this year; so I sat down & read them all. Once or twice in my life, no doubt, I have received 85 letters in one mail, but I haven't received 85 *interesting* ones in one mail until now.

With many, many thanks / Sincerely Yours / ... [MTP]. *Note:* see prior to Hookway.

Sam also wrote to **Frances Nunnally** in Catonsville, Md.

Yes indeed, you dear Francesca, I shall be proud to be a member of the Epsilon theta Psi & wear the pin at Commencement—and thenceforth.

Albert Bigelow Paine & I will go to New York tomorrow morning, & to Baltimore the next afternoon. Maybe you will be at the hotel when we arrive. I hope so. And maybe the entire four of us can go down to Catonsville together next morning. What do you think, dear. / Lovingly / ... [MTP; *MTAq* 260].

Sam also wrote to **Elizabeth Wallace**.

Dear Betsy—

I'm leaving home for 5 days, & the article will arrive here after I am gone, but I can tell you *now* that I'm not afraid to have you print anything you have written with me for subject—I don't need to see it first. I know all about it anyway, because Margaret's mother told me how charming it is. I saw her only a few days ago, when I went down to Irvington to see that dear little rascal play Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. She did it well, & I was proud of her.

My present journey is to St. Timothy's School, at Catonsville, 20 miles from Baltimore, where Francesca, another of my Fishes, will graduate next Thursday.

And thanks for the Kipling verses! / Affectionately / ...

P.S. The MS. has arrived, & I unseal my just-finished letter to say how grateful I am that you are able to say such beautiful things about me, & to *feel* them. I thank you out of my heart.

I can suggest a correction or two, of no importance:

1. The Oxford degree is Litt. D.

2. My recollection is that the life of Henri IV was attempted 18 times—once for each year of his reign—a pretty striking coincidence, you see!

On page 30 it may be well, for Miss Lyon's sake, to strike out her name.

The Ashcroft's have wrecked their life—& so foolishly! Where do you think you could find a poor, & obscure, & inconsequential pair so high & influentially & promisingly situated as they were? They are in disgrace—in irremediable disgrace—and nothing to blame for it but their own greed & treachery. She was borne from her house sick, yesterday. Will she ever be brave enough to return? It is not likely. Such a little while ago her balloon was sailing in the blue & drenched with the sun - - & now!

Their designs were large, & daringly planned, but we think we have squelched them in time.

I want to keep your MS 6 days if I may [MTP]. *Note:* Margaret Blackmer was the “little rascal” Clemens referred to.

Sam noted in his **after Sept. 25, 1909** letter that on this day, “Ashcroft recognizes that the expert's figures are damning.”

Dr. George S. Brown wrote from Birmingham, Ala. to Sam.

My Dear Mr. Clemens; — /When you so kindly permitted me to call on you about a year ago, merely because I happened to be a native of Hannibal, you did not allow me to thank you as I wanted to, for the great amount of good your books have given me from the time you wrote the first one. Of course you knew I would not do it well and you had already heard all the varieties. Really tho, in giving you thanks, I did want to claim the small distinction of having been a boy in Hannibal. I was a poet too (albeit a dumb one) for I remember at that age of fourteen (thirty five years ago) discoursing to the effect that your books had the power to lift me from any depth of melancholy and that they helped me to be good because they showed that to be good was to be sensible. The meaning of every sentence you have ever written is so crystal clear that my egotism suffers a little with the thought that I have little advantage over your other lovers in knowing The Cave, Soap Hollow, Hollidays Hill, The ferry Landing and that “the river road is a rocky one” and that I had an Aunt who talked like “Aunt Polly”. Still never a week goes by that I do not read about Tom and Huck because they bring back to me the smell of the blue-grass woods and the tropical growth of the riverside until my heart swells and the tears start. Even though your picture of it is all so clear that your friends on the under side of the world can see it as I do, I have one small distinction yet to treasure in that it is all interwoven with the infinite tenderness, the faces of lost childhood friends and the yearning sadness of my lost youth.

In the centuries to come Stratford-on-Avon will be visited as the grave of the only man who knew who wrote the Shakespeare plays and bought them cheap. You have immortalized Hannibal and for all time it will be the Mecca of all men and women who would do homage to the one who taught the sanest morality since Christ. Dear Sir I have to thank you for about the only state of mind I have that is worth having. I am very grateful to you and—I love you more than one man could tell another. I tell it to you as tho doing my devotions. / Most gratefully, affectionately and respectfully... [MTP]. *Note:* on the env. Sam: “Send copy of What is Man”; and by Jean Clemens: A letter worth keeping / Don't destroy it / After you have / Read it, Father!"; IVL: “Yes, a good letter / 1909”

June 8 Tuesday — **Clara Clemens' 35th birthday**. Sam left for **New York and Baltimore** with **Albert Bigelow Paine**. They would spend the night in NYC and leave for Baltimore and Catonsville, Maryland on June 9 [June 7 to Nunnally].

Sam noted in his guestbook (page ending May 4) and his **after Sept. 25, 1909** letter that on this day, “He [Ashcroft] & his wench surreptitiously fly the country.” He claimed in his guestbook that they had promised to wait until Stanchfield completed his investigation, but sailed anyway. Hill also gives June 8 for the date the **Ashcrofts** sailed for England [228]. *Note:* the *NY Times* shows no steamers bound for England on this day, but two, the *Lusitania* for Liverpool and the *Oceanic* for Southampton on June 9 [June 8, “Shipping & Mails, p.13]. It may be that the pair stayed in NYC and sailed early on one of these on June 9. In his L-A MS, section XXI, however, Clemens claimed the pair did leave on June 8 “in an obscure steamer for Holland.” See June 12, **Charles T. Lark** to **Albert Bigelow Paine**.

June 9 Wednesday – Sam and **Albert Paine** arrived in **Baltimore** and took rooms at the Belvedere Hotel. Sam refused to see all reporters, who were clamoring for his response to charges of plagiarism for not fully crediting Greenwood in *Is Shakespeare Dead?* In the evening, in response to a written question on the matter, Sam gave a reply (see article following the next).

The release of Sam's latest work, "Is Shakespeare Dead?," which failed to fully credit the contribution of **Granville George Greenwood**, M.P. in his book *The Shakespeare Problem Restated*, caused a great flap from Greenwood's English publisher, **John Lane**, and was widely reported in American newspapers. The *New York Times*, never a great friend of Twain's, asked the inflammatory question on p. 1:

CAN MARK TWAIN BE A LITERARY PIRATE?

London Publishers Accuse Him of Appropriating
from a Volume on Shakespeare

AND DEMAND REPARATION

Won't Let His Book, "Is Shakespeare Dead?" Be Sold in Great Britain—
Fuss Over an Error Haste.

Mark Twain went to the office of his publishers, Harper & Brothers, in Pearl Street, one day last Spring, and left some manuscript, asking that it be put into book form and published right away.

"It's part of my autobiography," explained the author, "but I thought I'd like to have it put in covers and printed now."

The publishers hurried matters and it was not long before the manuscript assumed the form of Twain's latest book, "Is Shakespeare Dead?" The book, in a green cover, was put on the market in April.

The author admits that he incorporated in the book a larger part of a chapter from a volume called "The Shakespeare Problem Restated," written by George G. Greenwood, M. P., of London. It takes up 22 of the 150 pages in Mark Twain's book. The humorist mentioned Mr. Greenwood's book in his own work, but neglected to mention Greenwood's name. Because of this oversight there has arisen a bristling little controversy. Mr. Greenwood's publishers, the John Lane Company of London, with offices in West Thirty-second Street, this city, have sent word to Harper & Brothers that they will not permit Mark Twain's book to be circulated in England until the plates are altered, giving Mr. Greenwood the credit that they maintain should go to him. They have no power to prevent the sale here.

Verdict Against Shakespeare.

In his Shakespeare book, Mark Twain puts forth the argument that Shakespeare could not have written the plays ascribed to him because the author must have been a lawyer. He arrives at this conclusion because, as he says, of the "peculiar freedom and exactness of legal phraseology" that, he finds, occurs frequently in Shakespeare's plays. There is nothing, he holds, to show that Shakespeare knew anything of law. Mark Twain reprints the chapter from Mr. Greenwood's book to bear out this theory, and it is this appropriation, without using Mr. Greenwood's name, that has caused the member of Parliament, through his publishers to protest.

In Mr. Greenwood's book the chapter in question, entitled "Shakespeare as a Lawyer," is the thirteenth, while Twain uses it without change in his own book, with the same caption, as the eighth chapter.

At the bottom of the page on which the chapter starts there is the simple announcement; "From Chapter XIII of 'The Shakespeare Problem Restated.'" Mr. Greenwood's publishers have written several letters to Harper & Brothers, in one of which they insist that for Mark Twain to ignore Mr. Greenwood was "a violation of all codes"—in other words, unethical.

What John Lane, head of the English publishing house thinks of the situation is explained in the letter sent from his office in London, over which is placed the caption "Literary Larceny."

To the Editor of The New York Times:

Dear Sir: A friend in Philadelphia has kindly sent me a copy of Mark Twain's recently published work, "Is Shakespeare Dead?" I find that of its 150 pages no less than 22 are taken bodily from "The Shakespeare Problem Restated," by G. G. Greenwood, M. P. It is true that he mentions the work, even commend it, but nowhere is there any reference made either to its author or to its publisher.

Publisher Not a Humorist.

Mr. Clemens is a humorist with a world-wide reputation. He can view a burglary at his own house with a Socratic detachment of unconcern sufficient in itself to discourage the American Bill Sikes. He can pin on his door or gate (I forget which) a notice giving direction to the cracksman as to the whereabouts of the plate basket.

I can do none of these things; they are foreign to my nature. I am not a humorist, I confess it frankly, and I fail to see the point of this Mark Twain's latest joke. Good taste sometimes limits the boundaries of humorous perception in this country.

Mr. Green dryly remarked when he heard the compliment paid him: "Mr. Clemens may urge that he would not be one that 'filches from me my good name.' " But why not show a like consideration for my feelings as the publisher? the unwritten law, said, I believe, to be the only law popular in America, leaves no room for settlement. An author may filch whatsoever he pleases from a publisher, even his name, without any risk of conviction. It's the one compensation literature has to offer.

That there should be a class of American publishers addicted to the amiable pursuits of one of their National heroes we have become accustomed if not reconciled to; but that a distinguished man of letters should follow that lead fills me with pained surprise. Had Mr. Greenwood or I been applied to, we should have been proud to accord our permission.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Clemens and his publishers were entirely at the mercy of Mr. Greenwood and myself as regards the English edition of "Is Shakespeare Dead?" And the only claim that we can make to being humorists is that we have given the necessary powers without which at least one of Mark Twain's book would have been denied to Europe.

It is not to the law that I appeal that protects Mark Twain—but to the courtesy that should exist between writers, distinguished or otherwise. I regret that Mr. Clemens should have taken advantage of the laws of his country instead of those of custom. If those laws permit a humorist to make demands upon another man's work no consideration—not even that of an assured position in the world of letters—should be allowed to stand in the way of his acknowledging his indebtedness just as if he were amenable to the same standards as the man in Grub Street.

Some weeks have elapsed since the matter to which this letter refers was brought to the notice of Mr. Clemens's publishers, and I presume he was informed of any protest, yet no word or apology or explanation has been vouchsafed to Mr. Greenwood.

It was probably a similar experience that prompted that eminent divine, Robert South, to write:

"Is my friend all perfection, all virtue, and discretion? Has he no humours to be endured?"

I am yours faithfully. JOHN LANE

What the Harpers Say.

When inquiry was made at the offices of Harper & Brothers yesterday, one of those in authority made this explanation:

"Mr. Mark Twain was in a great hurry to have the book printed. He gave the manuscript to us and said he was anxious to have us rush it as fast as we possibly could. There is a rule in this office that none of Mark Twain's copy shall be changed—not even a comma. He is always very particular about that, and his wishes are respected.

"So the manuscript, exactly as he gave it to us, with the title, 'Is Shakespeare Dead?' was put into book form as quickly as we could do it.

"No one thought of looking particularly to see if Mr. Twain had given credit to Mr. Greenwood. It was noticed that the book itself was credited, and that seemed sufficient. Later on, when the John Lane Company called our attention to it, we learned that Mark Twain had failed to speak of Mr. Greenwood. We felt very sorry about it then, but it was too late to recall the edition. We don't put the blame on Mark Twain exactly. Of

course, if we had noticed the omission we would have called his attention to it. Quite likely it escaped his notice, as it did ours. He didn't mean to be unethical."

The correspondence that passed between the John Lane Company and Harper & Brothers was shown to THE TIMES reporter. It began with a letter written by the Harper firm on March 29 saying that Mark Twain had written "a little bit of a book called 'Is Shakespeare Dead?' largely devoted to advertising George Greenwood's book, 'The Shakespeare Problem Restated.'" The letter went on to say that "in this little monograph Mr. Clemens wishes to use nine pages from Mr. Greenwood's book, as this forms the basis of his praise." A postscript says: "Of course, we are writing at Mr. Clemens's request."

The John Lane Company, through its manager, Rutger Bleecker Jewett, replied to this letter, giving permission to Mark Twain to quote from Mr. Greenwood's book as much as he pleased, but it was in Mr. Jewett's mind, he said yesterday, that Mark Twain would not neglect to mention Mr. Greenwood's name. Shortly after the book was put out Harper & Brothers received another letter from Mr. Jewett, this one in a different tone.

"Is Shakespeare Dead?" had found its way to London, and Mr. Greenwood had seen a copy of it.

They Were Indignant.

In his letter Mr. Jewett wrote that Mr. Greenwood and Mr. Lane, the publisher, were "both justly indignant" that Mr. Twain had refrained from using Mr. Greenwood's name in connection with the liberal passages taken from the latter's book. "They have refused to allow Mr. Clemens's book to be imported into England," he added. In reply, Harper & Brothers explained that they had intended making formal acknowledgment to Mr. Greenwood in a prefatory note in Mark Twain's book, but that it was overlooked in the rush.

"We may say," the letter continued, "that at the author's request this book was issued more hurriedly perhaps than any volume we have ever published. Only eighteen days elapsed between the time we received the manuscript and the appearance of the finished book."

Harper & Brothers added that a new edition of the book was forthcoming, and that it would be sure to have a reference to Mr. Greenwood.

The next day Mr. Jewett wrote back to Harper & Brothers, saying:

"We note from your admissions that Mr. Greenwood's contention is correct, viz., that he has not been given proper credit in Mr. Clemens's book. You write that you think Mr. Clemens's book is largely devoted to advertising 'The Shakespeare Problem Restated,' claiming that it is the crux. Both Mr. Greenwood and Mr. John Lane consider that Mr. Clemens has transgressed all codes in not giving proper credit to Mr. Greenwood as the author of this book, and to Mr. Lane the publisher.

Divergent Views of It.

"How Mr. Clemens's book can be considered by him or by you as a work devoted to advertising Mr. Greenwood's previous work is beyond our comprehension, if Mr. Clemens has studiously omitted the name of the author and publisher of the book he so kindly undertook to advertise. Mr. Greenwood demands the following before he is willing to consent to allowing the book to be published in England.

(1) That the plates shall be altered so that full acknowledgment shall be made both to author and publisher before any further edition be printed;

(2) That at the end of every copy of the English edition and of all copies of the American edition published after May 10 a full-page advertisement shall appear, to be supplied by me.

"This seems to me the least that can be done to make some amends for the injustice which has been committed in such a very extraordinary manner."

Ten days after receiving this letter, on May 21, Harper & Brothers sent a reply saying they would give credit in the next edition of "Is Shakespeare Dead?" to Mr. Greenwood and to the John Lane Company, but nothing was said of any page advertisement. The Lane Company reiterated its demands, and there the matter stands.

"Is Shakespeare Dead?" is being sold here unrestricted, but in England the John Lane Company, protected by copyright laws which do not extend to their books in this country, are watching to prevent a copy of Mark Twain's volume from being marketed.

"We don't like to be discourteous about this," said Mr. Jewett, "but we feel we must protect the authors who put their confidence in us. Mark Twain should have been more careful."

In going into his argument of the authorship of the Shakespeare plays Mark Twain in his book says:

"If I were required to superintend a Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, I would narrow it down to a single question—the only one, so far as the previous controversies have informed me, concerning which illustrious experts of unimpeachable competency have testified: Was the author of Shakespeare's works a lawyer—a lawyer deeply read and of limitless experience?"

"I would put aside the guesses and surmises, and perhapses, and might-have-beens, and could-have-beens, and must-have-beens, and we-are-justified-in-presumings, and the rest of those vague spectres and shadows and indefinitenesses, and stand, or fall, win or lose, by the verdict rendered by the jury on that single question. If the verdict was yes, I should feel quite convinced that the Stratford Shakespeare, the actor, manager, and trader who died so obscure, so forgotten, so destitute of even village consequence that sixty years afterward no fellow citizen and friend of his later days remembered to tell anything of him, did not write the works."

An effort was made yesterday to see Mark Twain, but he was not at his home in Redding, Conn., and could not be reached.

The *Times* also ran a June 9 dateline from Baltimore on June 10, p.1 recording Sam's reaction to the controversy:

AN OVERSIGHT—MARK TWAIN.

Tells Why Proper Credit Was Not Given to English Author.

Special to The New York Times.

BALTIMORE, June 9.—Mark Twain arrived in Baltimore late this afternoon and went to the Belvedere, where he denied himself to all newspaper men. Shortly before midnight, however, in answer to a note sent to his room asking if he had any reply to make to the complaint that he had incorporated in his latest book, "Is Shakespeare Dead?" a chapter from a volume called "The Shakespeare Problem Restated," written by George P. Greenwood, without giving credit, Mr. Clemens wrote the following:

"It was merely an oversight in not giving the proper credit."

Mr. Clemens will go tomorrow to Saint Timothy's School for Girls at Catonsville and make an address to the graduates [Note: T. Smith claims he stayed at the **Hotel Bellevue**, where he suffered a heart attack on this night. p. 27]

Lilian W. Aldrich wrote her "deep and understanding" sympathy to Sam about the death of Rogers [MTP].

June 10 Thursday – Clemens and Paine traveled 20 miles to **Catonsville, Maryland** and **St. Timothy's School** for Frances Nunnally's graduation. Clemens' commencement speech was his last public speaking performance. The speech as reported by Baltimore News, "Advice to Girls," in Fatout:

I don't know what to tell you girls to do. Mr. Martin has told you everything you ought to do, and now I must give you some don'ts. There is nothing for me to do but to tell you young ladies what not to do. There are three things that you should never do on any occasion.

First, girls, don't smoke—that is, don't smoke to excess. I am seventy-three and one half years old, and have been smoking seventy-three of them. But I never smoke to excess—that is, I smoke in moderation, only one cigar at a time.

Second, don't drink—that is, don't drink to excess.

Third, don't marry—I mean, to excess.



Now, if you young ladies will refrain from all these things you will have all the virtues that anyone will honor and respect.

Another thing I want to say, and that is that honesty is the best policy. That is an old proverb; but you don't ever want to forget it in your journey through life.

I remember when I had just written *Innocents Abroad* when I and my partner wanted to start a newspaper syndicate. We needed three dollars and did not know where to get it. While we were in a quandary I espied a valuable dog on the street. I picked up the canine and sold him to a man for three dollars. Afterward the owner of the dog came along and I got three dollars from him for telling him where the dog was. So I went back and gave the three dollars to the man whom I sold it to, and have lived honestly ever since [Fatout, *MT Speaking* 645-6:].

Note: for some reason Fatout names the wrong school—Misses Tewksbury's school where Margaret Blackmer was enrolled. Also, on Sept. 28, 2009, a photograph album went on sale on eBay with 165 snapshots, many of Clemens, Nunnally and others at the ceremony which was held the next day, June 10 (see insert photo).

Insert: Clemens, Albert Bigelow Paine, and Frances Nunnally at St. Timothy's

Dr. Edward Everett Hale died in Boston at the age of 87. He is best remembered for his 1863 short story, "The Man Without a Country." Hale was third on Mark Twain's 1905 list of ten nominees to join the American Academy of Arts and Letters [Gribben 285; *NY Times*, June 11, 1909, p. 9].

George E. Day for YMCA, Somerville, (Mass.) wrote to ask Sam for a lecture or reading [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans'd June 12, '09"

T. Fisher Unwin wrote from London to Sam. "I send you herewith a copy of "The Pools of Silence" by Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole. This book deals with the present situation in the Congo, and as I think, in a sincere and striking way. The public at large hardly realises, perhaps, that the position of the affairs in the Congo remains practically unchanged" [MTP]. *Note:* not in Gribben.

The New York *Times*, p. 6 ran a squib from the Brooklyn *Eagle*:

Mark Twain's Alibi.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

Mark Twain would do, or commit, or suggest, or abet, or connive at no unnecessary wrong—in the absence of Col. George Harvey, who is today delivering an address at the University of Kansas, in Lawrence on "The Power of Tolerance."

The physical absence of Col. Harvey in Kansas establishes a moral alibi for Mark Twain whether in Manhattan or Connecticut or elsewhere.

June 11 Friday – The New York *Times* ran a follow-up article, p.3 on the plagiarism flap over Sam's work, "Is Shakespeare Dead?" datelined June 10, Baltimore:

TWAIN'S FOOTNOTE LOST.

**Wrote One, He Says, Crediting Author
and Publisher of Borrowed Matter.**

Special to The New York Times.

BALTIMORE, Md., June 10.—Referring to the charges of plagiarism, in connection with his book, “Is Shakespeare Dead?” Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) today said:

“In writing my book I took the liberty of using large extracts from Mr. Greenwood’s book ‘The Shakespeare Problem Restated.’ I made use of the extracts because of the great admiration which I have for that book, and with the full permission of the publishers. I added a foot note in which I gave full credit to both author and publishers. The book was put through the press in great haste, and somewhere, nobody seems to know where, the foot note was lost, probably in the composing room. That is the sum and substance of the whole story.”

“But of course the John Lane Publishing Company of England, the publishers of Mr. Greenwood’s book are good advertisers. Now, one of Mark Twain’s book, so they tell me, is considered worth while reading. I know, at any rate, that my books have always sold well. But to have a man like Mark Twain steal portions from another man’s book makes that book something extraordinary.

“Messrs. Lane are well aware of this fact, and it is to be regretted that a mistake in the mechanical department of another publishing house should be made much of to accuse falsely one who has already won fame in the literary world and to put in a false light another who is the most modest and retiring of men.”

Charles C. Jorgensen wrote from Chester, Penn. to relate an event in 1873 on the *S.S. Batavia* and wondered if Sam recalled it. Jorgensen was a member of the crew. “...one day, while I was on the lookout, you came forward and stood looking over the Port Bow. —one of my shipmates came up behind you, and made the traditional *Chalkmark*—over which you were not supposed to pass over, until you had paid a fine; however, you were permitted to return aft on your promise of payment. —Later on 10 Shillings was sent with your compliments, which I know was greatly appreciated by all concerned” [MTP].

Edward Eugene Loomis for the Delaware, Lackawanna, NY Railroad wrote to Sam.

I send you herewith some correspondence forwarded me by Mr. Ashcroft just before sailing, in reference to certain privileges that have been granted the Edison people by the Mark Twain Company to produce moving pictures of “The Prince and the Pauper”. (I assume the Company has received the \$150.00.)

You will not they now ask for a date on which they can take pictures of you at your home in Redding [MTP].

June 12 Saturday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote a notecard (2x3 inches), likely a gift enclosure, to **Gertrude (probably Natkin)**: “Dear Gertrude I send you my love. / Mark Twain / June 12/09” [MTP: James Cummins catalog, No. 64, Item 19].

Charles T. Lark, assistant to **John B. Stanchfield**, attorney, wrote to **Albert Bigelow Paine** concerning the flight of the Ashcrofts on June 8:

So the soiled birds had flown.

They had reason to be frightened, for, as a precautionary measure, Mr. Lark was intending to ask the district attorney of Twinfield County to place Miss Lyon’s case before the grand juror for said county & let him summon her, the grand juror to proceed whenever he should get further instructions. Nothing further was to be done in this direction until all effort to settle the matter out of court should fail. It was my duty as a citizen to jail Miss Lyon, but she was a woman & the thing was so revolting that my citizenship was hardly equal to it. If it had only been Ashcroft! That would have been another matter, & my citizenship would have stood the strain most elegantly [MTP: L-A MS XXI].

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Abby Howells	New York	June 12 th	[Abbey M. Howells]
John Mead Howells	“ “	“ “	

June 13 Sunday – According to Sam’s guestbook entry on the page ending **May 4**, this was the day it was discovered that the **Ashcrofts** had sailed for England on **June 8**. Sam’s note claims they did so after promising Stanchfield they would wait for his investigation to be completed. See May 4 entry.

June 14 Monday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to an **unidentified man**.

Dear Sir: / Yes, I remember it. When I was reading your letter aloud to my daughter this morning & came to your reference to my assembling myself in the port bow, I turned away my head & said “I will make a guess at what is coming: those boys are going to chalk me.” My guess was right. I remember the storm, & the water-logged vessel & the gallant rescue vividly. / Truly Yours / ... [MTP]. *Note:* Clemens likely refers to the rescue of nine men from the barque *Charles Ward* by the *Batavia*, Nov. 19, 1872. See entry.

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Stiles Judson	Danbury	June 14, Monday	
Doctor Edward Quintard			[Note; no date given]

June 15 Tuesday – **James B. Shropshire** wrote a fan appreciation letter from Brooklyn to Sam. His quill was quite worn out [MTP].

June 16 Wednesday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **William Robertson Coe**.

Dear Mr. Coe: / I was glad to hear from you, & I wish you had come yourself, & brought your letter & Mrs. Mai. I am in the doctor’s hands, as a foreguessed result of the Baltimore trip, which was a hard one for an old person, for it was cold & rainy; but the engagement was five months old & had to be kept.

Perhaps it might inflame Lancaster’s feelings still more to know that I wrote a part of the Eulogy three years ago & Mr. Rogers would not let me publish it; that I finished it a year later; was not satisfied with that finish, & destroyed it; re-framed it once more, two days after Mr. Rogers’s funeral, & again destroyed the product; that it will never be published until it is worded to suit *me*, if I have to wait seven years. The most of my books have had to wait several years until I could finish them to suit me. Whenever I have had anything of real importance to do, these waits have always occurred. I suppose Mr. Lancaster can sit down & knock off a Eulogy in an hour—*any* hour, any day—without any difficulty. But I am not built in that way. I was never in a hurry yet, on a piece of work that I wanted to do well. Eulogy? In the 6 unpublished volumes of my Autobiography Mr. Rogers is *pervasive*; the references to him & to his goodness, his greatness, his nobility, his charm, are scattered all through those books, & *they* are his best Eulogy—affectionate, grateful, spontaneous, unaffected; & they will still be read, & in them his kindly face & his lovable nature will still shine, a hundred years after all the hasty Eulogies of to-day shall have been forgotten.

Mr. Ashcroft & Miss Lyon are still being investigated, but the finish is near. Mr. Rogers began the investigation for me. I wish he could have had the happiness of seeing a paper which we heard of by accident on the 29th of May, & hunted to cover in New York banks. The most amazing document that has seen the light since the Middle Ages. It bears date Nov. 14 last, & is a General Power of Attorney which hands me & all I own & all I ever *shall* own, over to Ashcroft & Miss Lyon. Until June 1 I had never heard of that paper—yet I *signed* it. Come—match me this mystery if you can / Sincerely / ... [MTP]. *Note:* see Nov. 14, 1908 entry and notes from Hill p. 212-13.

Sam also inscribed his photo (in his white suit and standing in a garden) to an **unidentified person**: “Truly yours / Mark Twain / June 16/09” [MTP].

June 17 Thursday – **K. Woltereck** wrote from Wellesley College, Dept. of German, Wellsley, Mass. to ask Clemens: “1) Do you think Goethe has ever meant or would ever mean anything to America? 2) Has Goethe’s art

ever influenced your art? 3) Whom do you consider the best *living American Gothe Scholar*?" [MTP]. *Note*: "Ans'd June 21, '09"

June 18 Friday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **Frances Nunnally** at Camp Esta-Nula, East Sebago, Maine.

Well, no, you dear Francesca, I have not been in good shape lately, but the doctor will come up from New York tomorrow & see if he can mend me up.

Don't you forget, dear, that when you go to West Point you & your brother must come & see us if you find you can manage it.

I had a very delightful time at your school, & I remember it with great pleasure. If I were not so inadequate in age & sex I would go there & take a term or two.

Remember me most kindly to your mother, please. And with great love to you, dear heart, / SLC [MTP].
Note: Sam was suffering from Angina Pectoris, the first twinges of heart disease that would result in his death.

From the **Mark Twain Library Association** minutes, meeting at Stormfield:

The annual meeting of the M.T.L.A. was held at the residence of Mr Clemens, on Friday the 18th of June, 1909, at 10 AM. Our vice president Dr E H Smith was unable to attend, but there were 12 members, beside Mr C. our Pres. present. The same officers were re-elected with the election of Miss Jean Clemens to fill vacancy of position of 3rd Vice President [Isabel Lyon]; but the vacancy made by the resignation of Mrs. Barnett on account of ill health was not filled by the election of anyone. The By-laws and Constitution were read by Mr Clemens, The Report of the Librarian was read, as were also those of Secretary and Treasurer, same reports being accepted. It was voted to write a letter to Mr Theodore Adams, signed by all the members of the Assoc. to show our appreciation of his gift of a piece of land situated at what is known as Sellick's Corners, where will be located the permanent-building for the Library. Also voted to send a letter to Mr. W. W. Sunderland for ½ the amount on the bill ordered, he donated that amount to the Society, therefore it was voted to send him a letter of thanks for his kindness. Meeting adjourned... [copied by Tenney, Nov. 15, 1981].

Clemens had a writ of attachment placed upon the property (the "Lobster Pot") adjoining Stormfield that he'd given to **Isabel Lyon** for a wedding present [NY *Herald*, June 20, 1909, "Mark Twain Levies Upon Cottage He Gave Secretary"].

June 19 Saturday – **T. Fisher Unwin** wrote from London to Sam, hesitant "to send you a book because I feel confident you must be crowded with presentation copies," referring again to Stacpole's book on the Congo [MTP].

June 20 Sunday – The New York *Herald*, p. 1, reported Mark Twain's lawsuit against his former secretary:

MARK TWAIN SUES FORMER SECRETARY

Asks \$4,000 Damages and Levies on
Property He Gave to Mrs. Ralph W. Ashcroft.

CAUSE OF ACTION SECRET

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Saturday.—A cottage and sixteen acres of land owned by Mrs. Ralph W. Ashcroft, who was once described by Mark Twain as the best secretary he ever had, was attached to-day by a deputy sheriff in a suit brought by Mark Twain to recover \$4,000 from Mrs. Ashcroft. The land was once the

property of Mark Twain. It adjoins his place at Redding, and was given by him to Mrs. Ashcroft as a wedding gift two months ago.

Until the return of Miss Clara Clemens, daughter of the humorist, from a concert tour of a few weeks ago Mark Twain, Ralph W. Ashcroft, his financial secretary, and Mrs. Ashcroft, who had been his private secretary long before her marriage to Ashcroft in April last, had dwelt in peace and harmony. Shortly after Miss Clemens' return the Ashcrofts left Redding. They are now abroad.

When Mrs. Ashcroft was Miss Isabel V. Lyon she, as Mark Twain's secretary, became so useful that when there was formed "Mark Twain Incorporated," she as well as her husband had an office in the new corporation. Those persons who are neighbors of Mark Twain at Redding are unable to understand the cause of the trouble.

The papers in the suit say Mrs. Ashcroft borrowed \$3,000 from Mark Twain and that he wants \$4,000 as damages. No details of the transaction are given in the papers. The property on which Deputy Sheriff Banks levied is valued on the tax books of Redding at \$1,500. After Mrs. Ashcroft came into possession of the place she spent \$700 in improvements.

Her husband was the plaintiff in an action for damages some months ago in which John Hays Hammond was defendant.

Ralph W. Ashcroft has for several years been Mark Twain's financial secretary, and it was while he was serving in that capacity that he met Miss Lyon. She formerly lived in Mark Twain's household, in lower Fifth avenue.

June 21 Monday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Franklin G. Whitmore in Hartford.**

Dear Brer Whitmo?—

Have you our old Hartford check-books? If you have, will you send them to me? I don't want the vast one from which we used to pay the robber Paige; it is those from which we paid our household expenses that I want.

Jean is no longer an exile; she has been with us two months, & maintains perfect health, robust health, now that she is free of the privations & irritations & captivity of the sanitariums. She is out doors all day, riding, driving, & managing her farm. I believe she could have been with us a year ago as well as not.

Clara has virtually forsaken her New York quarters, & lives with me nearly all the time, now. So I've a family again, you see. I suppose Jean's banishment was necessary for her recovery, but I hope it will never have to be repeated.

With love to you & Mrs. Whitmore, & hoping you will give us another visit,

Yours affectionately

SLC

P. S.

Do you remember the last time I was in Hartford you had a letter from some hospital in Texas saying my cousin *Fred Quarles* was there, & a small monthly sum for tobacco, &c., would be a help to him? If you can get on his track again & send him \$5 a month for me, I should like it [MTP]. *Note: William Frederick Quarles* (1833-1898) was the youngest son of Sam's uncle **John Quarles** [MTA 1: 218.25; 533]. *Note:* Fred died in 1898, so one wonders what brought him to the attention of Clemens some eleven years later. The children of **John Adams Quarles** and **Martha Ann Lampton** are listed on familytreemaker website as follows:

1. **Benjamin Lampton Quarles**, b. May 06, 1826, Overton, Tennessee. (d. 1902)
2. **James T. Quarles**, b. December 21, 1827, Overton, Tennessee. (d. 1866; shown as James A. in MTA 1: 533)
3. **Margaret Quarles**, b. June 17, 1830, Monroe, Missouri.
4. **Frances L. Quarles**, b. April 08, 1832.
5. **William Frederick Quarles**, b. December 15, 1833, Tennessee (d. 24 Mar. 1898)
6. **Tabitha Hawes Quarles**, b. February 01, 1836. ("Puss" Greening)
7. **Sarra J. Quarles**, b. June 22, 1838, Florida, Monroe, Missouri.
8. **Polk Quarles**, b. 1842, Clinton, Monroe, Missouri.
9. **John Knox Quarles**, b. October 15, 1844, Missouri.
10. **Martha C. Quarles**, b. January 25, 1848, Missouri.

11. **Jane Clemens Quarles**, b. July 09, 1850, Missouri.

Paine writes of this afternoon with Clemens, when Sam was reading *A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom* (1901) by **Andrew Dickson White** (1832-1918).

June 21. A peaceful afternoon, and we walked farther than usual, resting at last in the shade of a tree in the lane that leads to Jean's farm-house. I picked a dandelion-ball, with some remark about its being one of the evidences of the intelligent principle in nature—the seeds winged for a wider distribution.

"Yes," he said, "those are the great evidences; no one who reasons can doubt them."

And presently he added:

"That is a most amusing book of White's. When you read it you see how those old theologians never reasoned at all. White tells of an old bishop who figured out that God created the world in an instant on a certain day in October exactly so many years before Christ, and proved it. And I knew a preacher myself once who declared that the fossils in the rocks proved nothing as to the age of the world. He said that God could create the rocks with those fossils in them for ornaments if He wanted to. Why, it takes twenty years to build a little island in the Mississippi River, and that man actually believed that God created the whole world and all that's in it in six days. White tells of another bishop who gave two new reasons for thunder; one being that God wanted to show the world His power, and another that He wished to frighten sinners to repent. Now consider the proportions of that conception, even in the pettiest way you can think of it. Consider the idea of God thinking of all that. Consider the President of the United States wanting to impress the flies and fleas and mosquitoes, getting up on the dome of the Capitol and beating a bass-drum and setting off red fire."

He followed the theme a little further, then we made our way slowly back up the long hill, he holding to my arm, and resting here and there, but arriving at the house seemingly fresh and ready for billiards [MTB 1506-7].

Charles E. Miner wrote to Sam. "I am directed by Mr. Collier to send you the enclosed petition for dissolution of the Educational Theatre, and to ask that you sign the petition in the places indicated" [MTP]. *Note:* this is catalogued as from Robert J. Collier; petition not in file. "Ans'd June 22, '09"

June 22 Tuesday – Pieter Bausch wrote from Amsterdam to Harper's about Sam's non-answers to Bausch's last letters. Though catalogued to Clemens, it is clearly not to him; see July 2 Duneka to Clemens [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans'd July 6, '09"

June 23 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Joe Twichell**.

Dear Joe:

I have escaped the interviewer thus far. It has been difficult, still I have escaped.

The public probably think the Ashcroft incident a very trifling matter, & the newspapers doubtless think the same. That is my protection.

Last August, at Sam Moffett's funeral, the heat broke me (with the help of fatigue,) & I was forbidden to stir from Stormfield until frosty weather should come. Two weeks ago I had to go to Baltimore, & this time cold & rain & fatigue knocked me out. Dr. Quintard came up & today & examined me, gave very positive orders that I am not to stir from here upon any account before autumn. However, I would not have ventured anyway.

With lots of love to yous / Mark.

[*in left margin:*] It's fine to have Jean at home again!

[*in right margin:*] Damn that reptile Miss Lyon for keeping her out of her natural home so long [MTP]. *Note:* Sam was likely right to blame Lyon for Jean being kept away, as several instances show Lyon was afraid of Jean's epileptic attacks. That Jean attacked Katy Leary does not show as proven, and may have even been concocted by Lyon.

Paine write of an exchange with Clemens this morning:

June 23. I came up this morning with a basket of strawberries. He was walking up and down, looking like an ancient Roman. He said:

“Consider the case of Elsie Sigel what a ghastly ending to any life!”

Then turning upon me fiercely, he continued:

“Anybody that knows anything knows that there was not a single life that was ever lived that was worth living. Not a single child ever begotten that the begetting of it was not a crime. Suppose a community of people to be living on the slope of a volcano, directly under the crater and in the path of lava-flow; that volcano has been breaking out right along for ages and is certain to break out again. They do not know when it will break out, but they know it will do it—that much can be counted on. Suppose those people go to a community in a far neighborhood and say, ‘We’d like to change places with you. Come take our homes and let us have yours.’ Those people would say, ‘Never mind, we are not interested in your country. We know what has happened there, and what will happen again.’ We don’t care to live under the blow that is likely to fall at any moment; and yet every time we bring a child into the world we are bringing it to a country, to a community gathered under the crater of a volcano, knowing that sooner or later death will come, and that before death there will be catastrophes infinitely worse. Formerly it was much worse than now, for before the ministers abolished hell a man knew, when he was begetting a child, that he was begetting a soul that had only one chance in a hundred of escaping the eternal fires of damnation. He knew that in all probability that child would be brought to damnation — one of the ninety-nine black sheep. But since hell has been abolished death has become more welcome. I wrote a fairy story once. It was published somewhere. I don’t remember just what it was now, but the substance of it was that a fairy gave a man the customary wishes. I was interested in seeing what he would take. First he chose wealth and went away with it, but it did not bring him happiness. Then he came back for the second selection, and chose fame, and that did not bring happiness either. Finally he went to the fairy and chose death, and the fairy said, in substance, ‘If you hadn’t been a fool you’d have chosen that in the first place’

“The papers called me a pessimist for writing that story. Pessimist — the man who isn’t a pessimist is a d —d fool.”

But this was one of his savage humors, stirred by tragic circumstance [MTB 1507-8] *Note:* **Elsie Sigel** was the granddaughter of General Franz Sigel. She was mysteriously murdered while engaged in settlement work among the Chinese.

Elizabeth Jordan wrote on *Harper’s Bazar* letterhead to Sam, asking to send two copies of *IA* for his signature, one for Herr **Wilhelm Bartling** of the North German Lloyd Co. in Bremen, and another for herself. She enclosed 25c for postage [MTP]. *Note:* though in the past Sam often hated such requests when sent by Whitmore and others, he complied with courtesy on June 26, signing the books Jordan sent and dispatching Jean to mail them.

Miss A. Watson, secretary to the late **H.H. Rogers** wrote a note and a bill for services provided in looking into the books of Ashcroft-Lyon for improprieties:

Dear Sir:— / Miss Harrison informed me that in her presence Mr. Rogers told you that we would render a bill for the work performed in this office on your accounts. The statements handed your representative were in such condition that an expert would have very little trouble checking them up, and in view of that fact hand you herewith bill for one hundred and fifty dollars. / Yours truly, [signed:] A. Watson [MTP: L-A MS XVI]. *Note:* Sam added after including this letter in the source:

Evidently she thought I might dispute the bill—otherwise there was no occasion to make that opening remark. I sent the check, & observed that I was aware that Mr. Rogers had made the remark. Which was true. But he didn’t make it in *that* form; he didn’t say “this office,” he spoke of a *person*—a he, not a she—& he was jesting at the time. At his dwelling-house, speaking seriously, he had said, “Our man will not charge you as much as a public accountant.”

When Stanchfield's expert took hold of the matter, *he* didn't find it so very simple & easy, he found it considerably tangled & obscure in places, & not bearing any strong resemblance to a "checking-up" picnic.

He worked over it a couple of weeks, translated it into good clear figures, put his fateful finger on the sore place, & charged me only \$250; & when he was done....but I haven't come to that, yet [*Ibid*].

June 24 Thursday

June 25 Friday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to “any Inspector of Customs on the Hamburg-American line, Hoboken.”

Dear Sir: / I suddenly learn that the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria is due to-morrow, whereas I was not expecting her so soon. Miss Mary Clark is on board, & is bringing a dog for my daughter, Miss Jean Clemens.

I have not time to inquire what measures I ought to take, in order to get admission to the dock for the bearer of this note (my man-servant George O'Connor,) therefore I beg you to grant him admission, so that he can relieve Miss Clarke of her burden & carry out the customs formalities & requirements in her place.

If I am asking more than is usual, you may report me to my friend the Collector of the Port & I will make the due amends. / Very respectfully / ... [MTP]. *Note:* Sam spells Clark and Clarke.

June 26 Saturday – In Redding, Conn. Sam replied to **Elizabeth Jordan's** June 23. The MTP shows this as two letters, the first being merely a sentence Sam wrote on the back of Jordan's incoming: “Wir hätten sollen alle des Morgens um die Arbeit vorbehalten müssen. Let us save the tomorrows for work” [MTP]. The second short note: Dear Miss Jordan: I have with pleasure autographed the books, & my daughter Jean will do them up & forward them to you. / With many many thanks for the weather—if it is you that sent it— / Sincerely yours /” ... [MTP].

The investigation of **Isabel Lyon and Ralph W. Ashcroft** by Sam's attorney was completed with damning judgment found against the pair [June 28 to Coe].

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Isabella Hyde	Brooklyn !	June 26, 1909	180 guests during the [?] ending the [?]

J.B. Lazear wrote from Denver, Colo. to advise he had two letters by “Hon. [*illegible word*] Clemens in 1854, when he was visiting West Point.” He offered to send one [MTP]. *Note:* Sam was not at West Point in 1854.

June 27 Sunday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **William R. Coe**.

Dear Mr. Coe: / Well then, good-bye & a pleasant trip! Perhaps you will run across those fine hyphenated Lyon-Ashcrofts in the court circles of England. They took to the water when the investigation began to get pretty warm. They had said they were not afraid, & had promised my lawyer to stay here till it was finished. It was finished yesterday. The result proves that Miss Lyon did well & wisely to travel for her health.

As per the doctor's orders, I must not go out of sight of this house the whole summer; nor walk more than half a mile on a stretch; nor run up stairs; nor do any other customary or agreeable thing; & moreover, I must cut my smoking *away down!* (It isn't going to happen. I shan't diminish it by a single puff.)

This is my second attack. It comes of the fatigue of the Baltimore trip, June 9. The first one was last August—a trip to New York on the blistering 4th.

And so you are sailing day after tomorrow. Fair weather for you! And come up & see me when you get back. / Sincerely Yours / ... [MTP].

June 28 Monday

June 29 Tuesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Helen Keller.

Dear Helen: / In that booklet I courteously hinted at the long-ago well established fact that even the most gifted human being is merely an ass, & always an ass, when his forbears have furnished him an idol to worship. Reasonings cannot convert him, facts cannot influence him. I wrote the booklet for pleasure—*not* in the expectation of convincing anybody that Shakspeare did not write Shakspeare. And don't *you* write with any such expectation. Such labors are not worth the ink & the paper—except when you do them for the pleasure of it. Shakspeare the Stratford tradesman will still be the divine Shakspeare to our posterity a thousand years hence.

I am chained to Stormfield, by the doctor's orders; not to stir a rod from the premises until the cold weather comes. / With love to you / ... [MTP].

June 30 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Frederick A. Duneka who had forwarded a letter from Granville George Greenwood to Greenwood's publisher, John Lane, listing three errors Sam had made in "Is Shakespeare Dead?"

Dear Duneka: / Why, they are mere slips of the pen. Anybody but a turnip can see that. Then why correct them? To educate the turnip? Just leave them alone. Once, by a mere slip of the pen, I spoke of the "raising of Lazarus, b'Jesus." Of course I meant BY Jesus; anybody but a turnip would know that. People insulted me by wanting me to correct it. I told them in French where to go. / Yours sincerely / Mark [MTP].

The New York *Times*, p. 7 ran a short article which included Mark Twain in another financial failure:

EDUCATIONAL THEATRE FAILS.

Directors Petition to Dissolve Corporation Owing to Lack of Funds.

Supreme Court Justice Giegerich issued an order yesterday directing Attorney General O'Malley and Miss A.M. Herz to show cause on Aug. 9 why the Educational Theatre, at 217 East Eighteenth Street, should not be dissolved as a corporation.

The petitioners, who are also members of the Board of Directors, include Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) Robert J. Collier, Charles S. Miner, and Otto H. Kahn, say the theatre, which was incorporated under the laws of the State of New York in October, 1908, was to be supported by voluntary contributions, and the necessary funds to carry it on successfully have not been forthcoming.

July – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Charlotte Teller.

My dear Charlotte Teller— / Your news is interesting, & if I were not a prisoner I would go to New York & see you & hear all about it, but that will have to be postponed a few months. I developed the "tobacco heart" last August by an over-fatiguing trip to New York in the hot weather, & I brought on another & severer attack six weeks ago by a trip to Baltimore. Since then I am a prisoner in the house, & do no work, & see nobody, & avoid matters of interest to me. Under these restrictions I am getting along promisingly; at least durably, & fairly comfortably, for a person 74 years old & not used to being subjected to constraint. But when the cold weather comes I suppose I shall have my liberty again; then I shall go & see you & hear the details of your good news. / Sincerely Yours / ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to Elizabeth Wallace.

Dear Betsy, it was a difficult letter to write, but you did it well. You are silent where I also ought to have been silent, & not wounded you with harsh words about your friends where you had not asked for any confidences.

To change the subject: will you come? And bring or send Mr. Salisbury? For you & he are of the sort that can entertain themselves and be entertained by the household, counting me out—mainly. I can't ask any other kind, for I went to Baltimore early in June, & the fatigue & the raw weather brought a return of what happened in August last. So I can stand but little fatigue, & am not down stairs much. I was warned to stop smoking; which I did, for two or three days, but it was too lonesome, & I have resumed—in a modified way: 4 smokes a day instead of 40. This will have a good effect. On the bank balance.

I have delayed scandalously in the matter of returning the MS, but I will have it mailed today or tomorrow sure. / Affectionately / ... [MTP].

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
David Bispham (			
Mrs Thorne)			
Mrs Field (	New York	July 1	
Mrs Force [?])			
& friend (	[all guests from New York]		[all guests July 1]

The July issue of *Harper's Monthly* contained **William Dean Howells'** "The Editor's Easy Chair," p. 313-16 about Twain: Tenney: "On the debate over the authorship of Shakespeare's plays; praises MT's knowledge of the details, and his "Is Shakespeare Dead?" as 'his humorous exposition of the mock combat,' in which 'the controversy is forever destroyed, and only the miracle of Shakespeare remains'" [47].

The July issue of *Housekeeper Magazine* contained an article titled, "Mark Twain 'At Home' at Stormfield." The article included six photographs of Stormfield and Mark Twain [ebay #370164224823, Aug. 21, 2009].

The July issue of *American Medicine* included an article titled, "The Psychology of the Tobacco Habit," p. 359-72. Tenney: "Focusing on the disregard of smokers for the comfort of others, takes as one example MT (who went off with Rudyard Kipling to an isolated area), smoking while waiting for the conferring of an honorary Oxford degree (366-7). 'The psychological question is what was in the mind of Mark Twain which caused him to so forget, or disregard the etiquette of common decency as to force his habit, where he says he knew it was contrary to established custom' (366). Moreover, 'His tobacco conduct in that particular instance, is not however peculiar to him, not because of his peculiar characteristics; but, in his obdurate forcing of the tobacco habit upon defenseless Oxford, he was following the usual custom of the tobacco conduct which, apparently without so much as the suggestion of a thought of care as to the wishes of others, brazenly obtrudes upon the defenseless' (367)" [MTJ Bibliographic Issue No. 4, Spring 2004 p. 9-10].

July 1 Thursday – The Mark Twain Library Association held another lawn party to raise funds at the home of **Harry A. Lounsbury**. The minutes reveal "not a very large attendance, but the profit was pleasing." It is not known if Clemens attended [MTLA minutes copied by Tenney Nov. 15, 1981].

Emma Falkner wrote from Regents Park, England to sell Dr. Samuel Johnson's Dictionary [MTP].

July 2 Friday – Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Mr. Knad [Knod?])	)		
Mrs. Knad [?])	Ridgefield)	July 2	
Charles Zubelin)	)		
Mrs Brontson)	)		

Frederick A. Duneka wrote to Sam. “We have gone ahead and set “Captain Stormfield” at once. Here are the proofs all ready for corrections... / I am sending you a letter from one of the men whom you have made famous. Shall we answer it or would you perhaps prefer to answer it yourself” [MTP]. *Note:* “Mr. Bausch’s letter has been answered.”

July 3 Saturday

July 4 Sunday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote an aphorism to **A.O. Einer**: “Let persons devoid of principle lie wantonly, if they will, but let you & me make it the rule of our life to lie for revenue only” [MTP].

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Dr. Wiley)		)	
Mrs. Wiley)	New York	) July 4 (Sunday)	

July 5 Monday – Paine writes of “happier” events:

We have invented a new game, three-ball carom billiards, each player continuing until he has made five, counting the number of his shots as in golf, the one who finishes in the fewer shots wins. It is a game we play with almost exactly equal skill, and he is highly pleased with it. He said this afternoon:

“I have never enjoyed billiards as I do now. I look forward to it every afternoon as my reward at the end of a good day’s work.”

[His work at this time was an article on Marjorie Fleming, the “wonder child,” whose quaint writings and brief little life had been published to the world by Dr. John Brown. Clemens always adored the thought of Marjorie, and in this article one can see that she ranked almost next to Joan of Arc in his affections.]

We went out in the loggia by and by and Clemens read aloud from a book which Professor Zubelin left here a few days ago—‘The Religion of a Democrat’. Something in it must have suggested to Clemens his favorite science, for presently he said:

“I have been reading an old astronomy; it speaks of the perfect line of curvature of the earth in spite of mountains and abysses, and I have imagined a man three hundred thousand miles high picking up a ball like the earth and looking at it and holding it in his hand. It would be about like a billiard-ball to him, and he would turn it over in his hand and rub it with his thumb, and where he rubbed over the mountain ranges he might say, ‘There seems to be some slight roughness here, but I can’t detect it with my eye; it seems perfectly smooth to look at.’ The Himalayas to him, the highest peak, would be one-sixty-thousandth of his height, or about the one-thousandth part of an inch as compared with the average man.”

I spoke of having somewhere read of some very tiny satellites, one as small, perhaps, as six miles in diameter, yet a genuine world.

“Could a man live on a world so small as that?” I asked.

“Oh yes,” he said. “The gravitation that holds it together would hold him on, and he would always seem upright, the same as here. His horizon would be smaller, but even if he were six feet tall he would only have one foot for each mile of that world’s diameter, so you see he would be little enough, even for a world that he could walk around in half a day.”

He talked astronomy a great deal—marvel astronomy. He had no real knowledge of the subject, and I had none of any kind, which made its ungraspable facts all the more thrilling. He was always thrown into a sort of ecstasy by the unthinkable distances of space—the supreme drama of the universe. The fact that Alpha Centauri was twenty-five trillions of miles away—two hundred and fifty thousand times the distance of our own remote sun, and that our solar system was traveling, as a whole, toward the bright star Vega, in the constellation of Lyra, at the rate of forty-four miles a second, yet would be thousands upon thousands of years reaching its destination, fairly enraptured him.

The astronomical light-year—that is to say, the distance which light travels in a year—was one of the things which he loved to contemplate; but he declared that no two authorities ever figured it alike, and that he was going to figure it for himself. I came in one morning, to find that he had covered several sheets of paper with almost interminable rows of ciphers, and with a result, to him at least, entirely satisfactory. I am quite certain that he was prouder of those figures and their enormous aggregate than if he had just completed an immortal tale; and when he added that the nearest fixed star—Alpha Centauri—was between four and five light-years distant from the earth, and that there was no possible way to think that distance in miles or even any calculable fraction of it, his glasses shone and his hair was roached up as with the stimulation of these stupendous facts.

By and by he said:

“I came in with Halley’s comet in 1835. It is coming again next year, and I expect to go out with it. It will be the greatest disappointment of my life if I don’t go out with Halley’s comet. The Almighty has said, no doubt: ‘Now here are these two unaccountable freaks; they came in together, they must go out together.’ Oh! I am looking forward to that.” And a little later he added:

“I’ve got some kind of a heart disease, and Quintard won’t tell me whether it is the kind that carries a man off in an instant or keeps him lingering along and suffering for twenty years or so. I was in hopes that Quintard would tell me that I was likely to drop dead any minute; but he didn’t. He only told me that my blood-pressure was too strong. He didn’t give me any schedule; but I expect to go with Halley’s comet” [MTB 1508-10]. Note: **Charles Zubelin** (b. 1866). *Religion of a Democrat* (1908) [Gribben 798].

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Col. George Harvey	(	(	
John Larkin	(New York	(July 5 th & 6 th	

July 6 Tuesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Marjorie Breckenridge.

Dear Marjorie—

I am very glad you are back again. I would come & see you, but the doctor does not allow me to walk so far, & I don’t drive because I don’t enjoy it. So you must come & see *me*. I am oldest, anyway, you know. / Lovingly S L C [MTAq 261].

July 7 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam inscribed copies of *TA*, *TS*, and *HF* with aphorisms to Emily G. Byng (Lady Stafford):

Whenever you find you are on the side of a majority, it is time to reform.

We ought never to do wrong when people are looking

None but the dead are permitted to speak truth [MTP].

July 8 Thursday – Mrs. Henderson wrote from Ayrshire, Scotland to ask for Sam’s autograph [MTP].

Independent ran an anonymous review of “Is Shakespeare Dead?”, p. 90. Tenney quotes: “It is ill-knowing how to take a humorist when he writes of serious subjects. Otherwise it would be natural to suppose that Mr. Clemens in his skit on Shakespeare had set out to hoist the Baconians with their own petard. At all events for the ingenuous reader he has come pretty near to reducing the Baconian theory to an absurdity. In saying the most that can be said for it, he has delivered a feeble argument with such violence as to make it seem like an exquisite parody....” [Tenney: “A Reference Guide Sixth Annual Supplement,” *American Literary Realism*, Spring 1982 p.11]. Note: it is interesting that even after many years of

serious writing and advocating various causes, that Twain would still be regarded here, and presumably by others, as merely a “humorist.”

July 9 Friday – Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Rev. Joseph H. Twichell			
Mrs. Twichell	Hartford	July 9 & 10	

July 10 Saturday – Joe and Harmony Twichell finished a two-day stay at Stormfield.

July 11 Sunday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote a Stormfield picture postcard to Dorothy Quick.

Dorothy dear, I’ve been intending to write this good while, but I am on the sick list & can’t very well do things. I went to Baltimore, June 8, & the journey, & the weather together broke me down. I haven’t had a well day since. Lately I keep my room almost all the time, & I don’t like the confinement much. A journey to New York last August gave me my first setback, but I soon got over that one. I shall get over this one by & by, but not right away. The old saw says “go it while you’re young”—& that is what I advise you to do, dear. / With lots of love / ... [MTP; *MTAq* 261].

Sam also wrote in his Lyon-Ashcroft MS for this date:

Sunday, July 11, 1909. The Twichells (Rev. J. H. & Harmony) spent yesterday & the previous day here. That made an interruption. But this letter can stand interruptions. There is no hurry about finishing it. It is my only employment; also my only diversion, except billiards—daily from 5 to 7 p.m. with Paine; for I have at last acquired a “smoker’s heart,” by 60 years’ diligent effort in that direction, & am forbidden to make journeys, or take walks, or run up stairs, or accumulate fatigue in any other way. I have to hold still, & keep quiet. Very well, I have a talent for it [MTP: L-A MS XIII]. *Note:* the remainder of this letter is placed on April 15 entry, as it is a description of giving Isabel Lyon notice.

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Miss Dr. Parry, New York &	July 11		
2 Redding Ridge friends			
Dr. Chase			

Hélène Elisabeth Picard wrote from France to Sam, describing and enclosing a photo of a feast and celebration to remember Joan of Arc (photo not in file). “I sometimes hear from you without your knowledge of it, either by my New York friend or by the papers. I saw some fine pictures of you and Miss Clara Clemens in your Fifth Avenue residence...” [MTP].

July 12 Monday – Anne-Netta Brownlee wrote from Youngstown, Ohio, a lengthy letter of admiration in which she discusses articles on Twain and his books. The letter is copied by a different hand and both are in the file [MTP].

Eugene T. Skinkle wrote to Sam with questions about CS. Sam’s reply was published in the *Chicago Tribune* of 24 Apr. 1910; a copy from that paper in the file is only: “July 16/09 / Sir: / YES, I done it . M.T.” [MTP].

July 13 Tuesday

July 14 Wednesday – Isabel Ashcroft (Lyon) returned from her honeymoon to respond to the attachment Clemens had placed on her house, “The Lobster Pot.” The *New York Times*, p. 4, July 15, reported on the conflict and her return. The Ashcrofts had sailed from the US on June 8.

WANTS MARK TWAIN TO EXPLAIN TO HER

**Mrs. Ashcroft Hurries Back from Her Honeymoon
Abroad to Find Out About \$4,000 Suit.**

FORMERLY HIS SECRETARY

**She Thinks the Attachment on the Humorist’s
Gift House is the Work of His Daughter.**

Mrs. Ralph Ashcroft, who until her marriage a few weeks ago, was Miss I. N. [*sic*] Lyon, secretary to Mark Twain, arrived yesterday on the Cunard liner Carmania to learn why Mr. Clemens had obtained an attachment of \$4,000 against the house in Redding, Conn., he gave her when she got married.

She is a demure-looking woman, but was wroth when she landed, for she had to leave her husband and cut short their honeymoon to return to America. She lays the blame for it all on Miss Clemens, daughter of the humorist, whose artistic temperament, she said, often led her in the wrong direction.

Mrs. Ashcroft was met at the pier by her mother, and after a day in New York she will beard [*sic*] Mark Twain in his country home, Stormfield, to learn the true inwardness of the attachment and seek an adjustment of the matter.

“Two weeks ago in London I was notified that Mr. Clemens had sworn out an attachment against the house he gave me,” said Mrs. Ashcroft. “I came home as soon as I possibly could, leaving my husband behind. I cannot think that Mr. Clemens is responsible for what has happened. He and I were the best of friends, and he has treated me almost as would a father.

“For seven years I was closely associated with him. I relieved him of every care I could, and he gave me the house, and later lent me the money with which to furnish it. This money, both understood, was to be paid back when I could do so. Knowing him as I do, I cannot believe that he attached the property.

“I believe the whole trouble is caused by his daughter. Miss Clemens is of the artistic temperament, but in this affair I believe that she has been wrongly advised into taking a step she would never have taken had she the right understanding of the case.”

Mrs. Ashcroft said she intended to take steps at once to adjust the matter. She thinks that the whole trouble must be due to some mistake. She said that no request had been made by her former employer for a return of the money. Indeed, she said, that several times she had refused suggestions from him that she consider the cost of fixing up and furnishing the house as a gift from him.

“If Miss Clemens knows all about the case, and I notice that she says she is fully informed as to her father’s affairs, she must know that every step in the restoration of the house was done not only with her father’s knowledge but with his approval,” continued Mrs. Ashcroft. “She does not exhibit a surprising knowledge of affairs when she presented her case, for in spite of what is said to the contrary, every cent that was expended for renovation I incurred a liability to pay.

“Mr. Clemens has notes amounting to nearly \$1,000, which were signed by my husband when the first rough estimate was made of the cost of fitting up the place. Mr. Clemens made a written agreement with Mr. Ashcroft to accept his notes for the balance of the indebtedness outstanding upon the completion of repairs.

“The whole case will be settled, but the shame of it is that I should have been placed in an improper and false light.”

Mr. Ashcroft was formerly financial secretary to Mr. Clemens. It is said that both left the humorist’s service because of differences with Miss Clemens.

Note: other NY papers ran similar articles, including one by the NY *Herald* with a 7-inch photograph of Isabel, July 15, “Ashcrofts Back; Twain Drops Suit”.

Paine recorded a continuation of discussion with Clemens about philosophy:

July 14, 1909. Yesterday's dispute resumed, I still maintaining that, whereas we can think, we generally don't do it. Don't do it, & don't have to do it: we are automatic machines which act unconsciously. From morning till sleeping-time, all day long. All day long our machinery is doing things from habit & instinct, & without requiring any help or attention from our poor little 7-by-9 thinking apparatus. This reminded me of something: thirty years ago, in Hartford, the billiard-room was my study, & I wrote my letters there the first thing every morning. My table lay two points off the starboard bow of the billiard-table, & the door of exit and entrance bore northeast&-by-east-half-east from that position, consequently you could see the door across the length of the billiard-table, but you couldn't see the floor by the said table. I found I was always forgetting to ask intruders to carry my letters down-stairs for the mail, so I concluded to lay them on the floor by the door; then the intruder would have to walk over them, & that would indicate to him what they were there for. Did it? No, it didn't. He was a machine, & had habits. Habits take precedence of thought.

Now consider this: a stamped & addressed letter lying on the floor—lying aggressively & conspicuously on the floor—is an unusual spectacle; so unusual a spectacle that you would think an intruder couldn't see it there without immediately divining that it was not there by accident, but had been deliberately placed there & for a definite purpose. Very well—it may surprise you to learn that that most simple & most natural & obvious thought would never occur to any intruder on this planet, whether he be fool, half-fool, or the most brilliant of thinkers. For he is always an automatic machine & has habits, & his habits will act before his thinking apparatus can get a chance to exert its powers. My scheme failed because every human being has the habit of picking up any apparently misplaced thing & placing it where it won't be stepped on.

My first intruder was George. He went and came without saying anything. Presently I found the letters neatly piled up on the billiard-table. I was astonished. I put them on the floor again. The next intruder piled them on the billiard-table without a word. I was profoundly moved, profoundly interested. So I set the trap again. Also again, & again, & yet again—all day long. I caught every member of the family, & every servant; also I caught the three finest intellects in the town. In every instance old, time-worn automatic habit got in its work so promptly that the thinking apparatus never got a chance [MTB 1511-12].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

July 15 Thursday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **Frances Nunnally** in Camp Esta-Naula East Sebago, Maine.

I can answer your question definitely, now, Francesca dear. It is heart-disease. Not the best kind, but good enough for the purpose. It is decided that I have what is technically termed a "tobacco" heart. This will move even the wise to laugh at me, for in my vanity I have often bragged that tobacco couldn't hurt me. Privately & between you & me, I am well aware that I ought to laugh at *myself*—& would if I were a really honest person.

However the victory over me is not much of a victory after all, for it has taken 63 years to build this disease. I was immune *that* long, anyway.

No, as I have said, this is not the best form of it. The best form is the one which plucks the life out of you suddenly, or by a lightning-stroke; whereas this one is slow & tedious & procrastinating, & you have to wait & wait & wait till you get run over by a freight train before you can get rid of yourself. Meantime it subjects you to many many many inconveniences. For instance, you can make no journeys, even short ones; you must spend about 20 of the 24 hours in your room—& mainly in bed; you must smoke only 4 times a day instead of 40; & finally, you must do very little work. If you neglect any one of these things, the blood-pressure increases & the pains come. It is the pains that persuade you to behave yourself—nothing else could do it. Every day when the pains come, you reform; you reform right away, & you do not misbehave again for hours & hours.

Are there any compensations? Plenty of them. As a rule the pains come only about twice a day; & the rest of the day is comfortable, & also agreeable. Idleness is my occupation; life is become a continuous holiday; a pleasant one, too, on the whole.

At West Point you were “interested in seeing all the buildings.” *Buildings?* That isn’t any way to spell Cadets. Go straight back to St. Timothy’s & start over again. / With lots of love / ... [MTP; *MTAq* 261-2].

The New York *Times* ran a squib datelined Redding, Conn. July 15:

MRS. ASHCROFT NOT SEEN.

Former Secretary, Whom Mark Twain is Suing, Did Not Call on Novelist.

Special to The New York Times.

REDDING, Conn., July 15.—Mrs. Ralph W. Ashcroft, a former secretary of Mark Twain, who is being sued by the author for \$4,000, and who has just got back from England, where she was on her honeymoon, did not see Mark Twain today, nor has she yet come back to her home here.

Miss Clemens and Mr. Clemens’s secretary saw a TIMES reporter at Stormfield, the novelist’s home, and said that Mr. Clemens would have nothing further to say about the matter, which was in the hands of his lawyer.

July 16 Friday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote a one-liner to **Eugene T. Skinkle**: “Sir: YES, I done it. / M.T.” [MTP: Chicago *Tribune*, 24 April 1910]. *Note*: Skinkle published a book, *Practical Ice Making and Refrigeration* (1897). See July 12. Sam answered Skinkle’s questions about CS; it is noted the Chicago paper carried this but three days after his death. Jean wrote on her father’s reply: Mr. Skinkle, this answer to your question isn’t exactly voluminous but Father [*illegible word*] it covers the ground! Very truly yours / Jean L. Clemens”

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Charles T. Lark	July 16 New York		
Mrs Acklom	“ 16 “ “		

July 17 Saturday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote three notes to **unidentified persons** authorizing Albert B. Paine to take the contents of Sam’s safety deposit box. The second note survives [MTP: AAA-Anderson Galleries catalog 4346, Nov. 11-12 Nov. 1937, item 89]. *Note*: Hill points out that Paine was made manager of Clemens’ business affairs on this day, and “had the restrictions removed from his use of unpublished material in his biography” [242]. See also July 24.

Sam also inscribed a 9”x11” head and shoulders photograph of himself: “*To Charles T. Lark 17 July ’09 Mark Twain*” [Alexander Autographs, Sale 38 Lot 1337 Nov. 8, 2008]. *Note*: **Charles T. Lark** with Collin, Wells & Hughes attorneys, was involved in the Ashcroft investigation and also a witness to Clemens’ will.

Sam also wrote to Lark, listing amounts for services to **Ralph W. Ashcroft** which he felt were due him:

Mr. Lark, I have examined the synopsized account of the Ashcroft claims which appears in your letter to Mr. Paine. It is but right and proper that I should offset it with some counter claims.

Apparently Ashcroft charges for his services in two ways, according to convenience: sometimes by the day (\$10), sometimes by the piece.

===

Due to Me.

For a letter to Lord Northcliffe, proprietor of the London Times, strongly recommending Ashcroft and vouching for him - - - - \$1,000

For introducing him to Sir Thomas Lipton - - - - 3,000

For getting him acquainted with the Lord Mayors of London and Liverpool, many M. P.s, and many London journalists - - - 500

But for me he could not have gotten access to these prominent and useful men.

Commission for acquiring a subscription of \$12,000 from myself for his hairpin companies, upon his representation that it was a Good Thing - - - - \$2,400

For beguiling Mr. Stanchfield to sink \$6,000 in those things 1,200 Debtor to me in \$2,500 for 50 shs of Milk Product stock bought for me without my privity or consent 2,500

For entertaining him under my roof in New York in Stormfield an average of twice per week during 8 months per year for two years, at \$10 per day 1,200

For concealing from Lipton and the courts and newspapers what in Norfolk, Va., last April, he cheated me out of some money, by fraudulently using another man's name, and by various falsehoods 5,000

For concealing from the press and the criminal courts that his wife, last spring, embezzled an heirloom greatly valued by my family, and was not able to get away from the fact 5,000

Charging by the piece, and arranging one's own terms without previous arrangement with the other party, is a system which is acceptable to me.

Memoranda.

[L-A MS]. *Note:* the "Memoranda" suggests this letter was not sent, or one was prepared from this list.

Sam noted in his **after Sept. 25, 1909** letter that on this day, "Ashcroft Turned out of the Lobster Pot," which was the house Clemens gave to Isabel Lyon. Hill gives particulars on p. 234, but Jean Clemens accompanied attorney **Charles T. Lark** to Summerfield (the Lobster Pot) to confront Isabel Lyon Ashcroft:

On Saturday, July seventeenth, I accompanied Mr. Lark when he went down to "Summerfield" between 10.30 and 11 o'clock a.m. He wished to see Mrs. Ashcroft, but we were met at the door by Mrs. Lyon, her mother, and told that Mrs. A. was ill and consequently unable to see us. When Mr. Lark asked whether there was any likelihood of his seeing Mrs. Ashcroft in the afternoon, her mother answered that there might be and that she would let him know by telephone.

We had hardly reached "Stormfield" when that message was sent, that Mrs. Ashcroft would see Mr. Lark between two and half past. At the same time, the request was made that he go alone, which he was unwilling to grant, as he wished me to be there as witness of everything that was said and done.

Immediately after lunch, we again drove down to "Summerfield." This time we were admitted, Mrs. Lyon being dressed, now, in a black satin or satin waist and black stuff skirt.

Mrs. Lyon said she would call her daughter, but I had not as yet seated myself on the sofa, beside Mr. Lark, when she entered at the other end of the room which runs lengthwise across the width of the house.

Mrs. Ashcroft was very simply dressed in a white waist, skirt and belt. She wore no ornaments of any kind; merely her wedding- and a seal-ring. Mrs. Ashcroft didn't speak to me. She bowed as she came in, looking at Mr. Lark, while I merely pronounced her name, as I seated myself.

Mrs. Lyon sat down in large arm-chair nearly opposite Mr. Lark, only a few feet away, while Mrs. Ashcroft seated herself in a very small chair a little at my left, so that I was between her and Mr. Lark.

For several moments nothing was said. Then Mr. Lark began by saying that as we had read in the papers that Mrs. Ashcroft had returned from Europe in order to settle the difficulty with Mr. Clemens and was going to Redding for that purpose, it had been considered best for him (Mr. L.) to go down and see her, since she had not appeared at "Stormfield". Mrs. Lyon broke in, there, and begged Mr. Lark to treat her daughter like a lady, whereupon Mrs. Ashcroft pretty shortly asked her mother to keep still and not interfere, while Mr. Lark answered that he had no intention of treating her otherwise than as a lady. Then he suggested, that, as some of the things he had to say would be trying for her to hear, perhaps Mrs. Lyon would prefer to withdraw. No attention was paid to the suggestion, so he continued with the matter in hand.

For some time Mrs. A. pretended ignorance of what the attachment was made for. Then, when she saw that it was useless to deny her knowledge of the cause, she tried to make out that she had been allowed to see no check-books and been unable to prepare any statement whatsoever. Mr. Lark told her that she and Mr. Ashcroft, together, had made a statement of the cost of putting her house in order and that that statement was absolutely incorrect. Mrs. A. then said that if she could have the bills she would prove that the amount stated as above her estimate, was incorrect. Mr. Lark asked by whom most of the work had been done, after telling her that in one instance, when the work on "Stormfield" had amounted to \$61.00 and that at "Summerfield" to over \$450.— she had paid the whole with one check and written on the stub "for "Stormfield." Mrs. A. said that the only people who had worked for both places, were Adams, the carpenter Lounsbury (Jack of all Trades) and Hull, the plumber and that their work had all amounted to very little. To that Mr. Lark answered that it was Hull's bill of over \$400.00 which she had put down as work down at "Stormfield." That silenced her for a moment and she changed her tack, trying to look Mr. Lark out of countenance with a long, pathetic, absolutely unwinking gaze. She failed, of course, and wearily said she "was very sorry," if she had done wrong. In the course of the conversation, Mrs. Ashcroft said, in answer to the accusation that she had drawn checks to pay for the repairs on her house with Father's money, as far back as the summer spent in Tuxedo (1907), that Father had told her to do so. Mr. Lark said Father had no recollection of giving her permission to borrow of him until the summer of 1908, when she had said she would have to mortgage her place, in order to pay for the repairs.

Mr. Lark finally stated that if she Mrs. Ashcroft would deed back the property, he believed Father would drop his suit. That is to say, if she deeded the property and paid the mortgage, which, after what she had once said, she had no right to do. Then he went on to explain that when Father had given her the property, she had suggested that it be only a life possession for herself & her mother, reverting to Clara & me upon their death, which Father had not considered necessary but had not declined. That clause was not in the deed, however, but that Mrs. Ashcroft had said she would never sell the place, whereas in mortgaging it, she had already practically sold it. She answered that there was no paper showing that she mustn't sell the place, to which Mr. Lark acceded but said she had broken her word in the matter.

Then he drew attention to the amazing checks drawn for "house money" which had amounted to \$4000 [*inserted by SLC: (\$7,000?)*] which we had not succeeded in explaining as no such amount had been used before. The servants were almost invariably paid by check and so were all bills of any consequence. Mr. Lark went on to say that if she deeded the property & paid the \$1500 mortgage, Father would still be the loser of about \$3000 but that, to put in bluntly, what he most wanted, was to get her out of the neighborhood. At intervals, Mrs. Ashcroft said she *couldn't* give up her home, that she would raise the money to pay everything back with, that she had borrowed from Father with the understanding that she was to pay when she was able to, that she was very sorry, must think a while, first, was unable to do so, must talk it over with her mother, must see her lawyer before deciding.

Mr. Lark asked Mrs. Ashcroft if she was supporting her mother in part of 1907 & '08 to which she answered that she was, in the winter, that during the summer of 1907 her mother had lived with her sister, (Mrs. Ashcroft's) in Hartford. When Mr. Lark drew attention to the fact that Mrs. Lyon's board would use up the greater part of Miss Lyon's salary of fifty dollars per month, they both answered that the board had never exceeded eight and a half dollars per week. After which he remarked that that left Miss Lyon fifteen dollars to dress on, to which she responded that Father had given her permission to buy such clothing as she needed, because she had several times declined a higher salary. I told Mr. Lark that that permission had not been given in New York but here, last winter.

In reference to the large amount of house money drawn, Mrs. Ashcroft made a feeble effort to make out that she had used a large amount of it in paying for the furnishings of "Stormfield," which had to be paid for in cash, at Macy's. She volunteered that she could explain the excess, if only she were allowed to see the books and also, that she never had a bank account that amounted to anything. Mr. Lark caught her at once on the furnishing statement & showed her the item in the accountant's record of her checks, where she had paid for the furnishing. A little later, he caught her again. When speaking of the mortgage, she said she could pay it all, as she hadn't touched it since she had deposited it. When asked how it happened that she had just said she hadn't an account, she explained that she had placed the mortgage-money in the Liberty Bank, whereas her other small account was at the Lincoln.

Mr. Lark explained that Father was making this offer of settling the matter out of court, because Mrs. Ashcroft was a woman, that if the trouble had been with a man he wouldn't have thought of it and that he, personally, believed him far more generous than he would be in similar conditions. He also said that as the

matter remained unsettled, Father was growing more and more angry about it, realizing, as he did, the ingratitude of her conduct, after being treated practically as a member of the family for nearly seven years, and that he was also feeling that he was not doing his duty as a citizen. He went on to say that if Mrs. Ashcroft felt unwilling to accept the proposition now made, that the complaint had been made out by the Grand Juror of the district and would be handed in. When she didn't understand what that meant, he explained that the complaint would be given to the prosecuting attorney of this county. Mrs. Lyon showed that she knew what that meant, but either Mrs. Ashcroft didn't fully grasp the idea, or she controlled herself admirably.

Once Mrs. Ashcroft seemed on the point of breaking down, whereupon her mother went & soothed her for a few moments.

Mrs. Lyon asked just what would be included in the deed, whether any of the furniture, or not, to which Mr. Lark responded that it meant merely the house, barn and land, which were the same, except for the water improvements, for which Father had paid, as when he gave them.

Mrs. Ashcroft repeated that she was very sorry, at least four times and twice that she would raise the money to pay everything back with, once before, and one after, she had told Mr. Lark to do as he chose, that she and her mother "had each other" and were satisfied with that.

When Mrs. Ashcroft wanted to see her lawyer before deciding & then go in New York to see Mr. Stanchfield, Mr. Lark suggested that that might not be desired, because in doing so, she would be out of the jurisdiction of the state.

Finally, at 3.35 P.M. Mrs. Ashcroft gave in and Mr. Lark said he would return with the deed, for signature, Monday morning, July nineteenth, as we were leaving, they both very nearly had hysterics and as it was, were weeping in each other's arms. Once, after saying she was sorry, Mrs. Ashcroft called on her mother to back up her statement that she had never drawn up any checks falsely, saying: "You know I wouldn't do such a thing, don't you, Mother?," to which Mrs. Lyon of course answered: "No, dear, of course you wouldn't." To which Mr. Lark said: "Mrs. Lyon, you were not the a witness on those occasions, the checks are the witnesses of that fact."

After we reached "Stormfield," it was found that the deed could be obtained from Mr. Nickerson at once, thus saving Mr. Lark the trip on Monday.

So once more I went down to "Summerfield," this time on foot, accompanied by Mr. G. M. Acklom. We were met at their entrance, at 6.15 P.M.. Mr. Acklom remained with the horse, while Mr. Nickerson, Mr. Lark & I went in. We found the ladies quieted down somewhat, but ready to break down.

While Mr. Nickerson read the deed aloud to Mrs. Ashcroft, in the small back parlor, Mr. Lark & I remained in the large room, while Mrs. Lyon did the same, sitting with her back to us, looking out of the window opening down the hill. When the reading was over, Mrs. Ashcroft showed no unwillingness to sign it, or to draw the mortgage-check, although she was very nervous, indeed. She wasn't sure of the date & for a moment, seemed uncertain how to draw the check. Mrs. Lyon once more asked about the furniture, saying she had brought a lot of it from Farmington. She was again told the furniture would not be taken and then, when they asked how soon they must move out, tearfully remarking that they had nowhere to go to, as the Farmington house was let, Mr. Lark first said they could remain until Sept. 15th, which was the date Mrs. Lyon asked for, but after we stepped outside, I reminded him that Sept. 15, gave them two days of two months and that Sept. 1st seemed sufficient to me, so he stepped back and told them that after all, six weeks ought really to suffice them in finding a place to move to.

When Mr. Nickerson handed Mrs. Ashcroft the dollar bill, necessary, to make such a proceeding legal, she tore it in half, half screaming and exclaiming that she would not take it. So Mr. Nickerson carefully picked the two pieces up and put them in his wallet.

Just before leaving, Mr. Lark told Mrs. Ashcroft that he thought Father now release the lien on their her Farmington house.

Soon after we reached "Stormfield," Mrs. Lyon again telephoned, asking whether they must still live in daily dread of further trouble. In answering her, Mr. Lark said he was pretty sure that Father would bring no other suit, but that that was of course for him to decide.

Jean L. Clemens.

July 24, 1909 [MTP: L-A MS XXI]. *Note:* see also July 20.

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Miss Angela Morgan	" 17 " " [July 17 New York]		

July 18 Sunday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to daughter Clara:

Clärchen dear Jean is a surprise & a wonder. She has plenty of wisdom, judgment, penetration, practical good sense—like her mother—& character, courage, definiteness, decision; also goodness, a humane spirit, charity, kindness, pity; industry, perseverance, intelligence, a clean mind, a clean soul, dignity, honesty, truthfulness, high ideals, loyalty, faithfulness to duty—she is everything that Miss Lyon isn't.

She went twice with the lawyer, & saw Miss Lyon stretched upon the rack. It was necessary. There had to be a witness, or Miss Lyon would deny on a Sunday what she confessed on a Saturday, & there wasn't another witness to be had but Paine or me—& of course neither of us would do.

Oh, the irony of it! that reptile Lyon mistress of our house these several years & Jean barred out of it & as being an impossible!

Jean has had great pleasure in Mr. Acklom's visit. He is 45 years old, I should say, & is the good kind of Englishman. You may remember his excellent father and mother, at Agra—at Colonel Loch's house, the Residency; & they were with us as far as Ajmere.

God will punish Paine. I know it. Because he is so intemperately glad over yesterday's tragedy.

I send my love, & I hope you and Gabrilowitsch will pay us a call soon.

Telephone Julie & Edward about the tragedy. / Father / Marcus [MTP].

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Dr. Demming)			[sic Deming]
Mrs. Demming)	July 18		
" [? Illegible])			
& friends)	[all July 18]		
Mr. Hawthorne, brother)			[possibly Julian Hawthorne]

July 19 Monday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Eric L. Pape in Gloucester, Mass.:**

Dear Mr. Pape, / By command of physicians, I am not to stir outside the limits of this farm for the next half year to come. Otherwise I would be there on the 4th of August and do my share in welcoming the President.

Jean sends cordial greetings to you and Mrs Pape... / Sincerely yours, / SL. Clemens [ebay #320365919083, May 7, 2009]. *Note:* the Clemens family had been invited to the Aug. 4 Gloucester Pageant to Honor President **William Howard Taft**. Sam was declining all invitations due to his heart condition. **Eric L. Pape** (1870-1938), prolific painter, sculptor, engraver, illustrator, was the master of ceremonies in charge of the artistic elements. Jean's letter followed Aug. 3; see entry. Not in MTPO

Charles T. Lark for Collin, Wells & Hughes wrote to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens:— / At ten o'clock this morning I went to the Liberty National Bank, had the Ashcroft check for \$1,500 certified, and am enclosing herewith duplicate slip showing that the same was deposited to your account.

I had a very satisfactory talk with Mr. Freeman and found that the only cancelled checks which he had on hand were Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, all signed by you personally on May 24th, June 4th, July 1st and July 6th, 1909 for \$1,000, \$2,000, \$1,000 and \$2,500 respectively. A transcript of the account shows that there were no funds checked out of your account in this bank during the month of April, and only one check after April other than those above specified, and that was on May 1st for \$1,000.

I also called to see the officials of the Lincoln National Bank this afternoon, and of a large number of cancelled checks which they have I found but one was signed "S. L. Clemens per I. V. Lyon, Secy". This check was No. 3299 dated March 6th, 1909, drawn in favor of Guiseppe Cherubim for the sum of \$75.

In case Mrs. Ashcroft or Mrs. Lyon should by any chance see you or should telephone, please remember not to promise immunity in consideration of the re-deeding of the property ["Lobster Pot"] and the payment of the \$1,500 above mentioned, but simply tell them as I told them at the time of our interview, that any further action on your part with reference to the accounts must be left wholly to your discretion, without promise of any forbearance whatsoever. You understand we must not place ourselves in the position of in any way compromising any criminal action which we might be called upon to take.

Thanking you for your many courtesies...[MTP].

July 20 Tuesday – In Redding, Conn. **Charles T. Lark**, had decided he needed Isabel Lyon's signature on a lease agreement which would legalize the Sept. 1 date for her to leave. This time accompanied by **Clara Clemens**, he returned to the Lobster Pot to secure Lyon's signature. Clara wrote an account of the meeting:

CLARA'S NARRATIVE.

[in Clara L. Clemens's hand:]

On Thursday the 20th of July Mr. Lark came out to Redding with the intention of presenting a lease to Mrs. Ashcroft which would permit her and her mother to remain in the house 'till the first of September; they had asked for this permission in the interview on the preceding Saturday at which my sister was present.

Mr. Lark was obliged to wait while Mr. Nickerson prepared the lease which required nearly two hours and then desiring a witness Mr. Lark asked me to accompany him to Mrs. Ashcroft's house. Mr. Lounsbury also went with us but on arriving there we were first asked by Wells, their man, to wait a moment and were then met by Mrs. Lyon instead of Mrs. Ashcroft.

Mrs. Lyon came onto the porch by the kitchen door with the announcement that Miss Lyon was ill in bed. Never having known Mrs. Lyon except as a calm reserved woman it was a surprise to see her attack Mr. Lark in great excitement and anger. Her face was flushed and she gesticulated nervously as she addressed him in a loud tone of voice:

"You took an unfair advantage of us last Saturday and did not keep your word for you promised us to go away and bring back the deed in two or three days but instead of that you came back with it the same day and therefore it is not *legal*. My daughter does not even *know* what she signed and we are both of us *crazy*; you intimidated her into giving her signature by threatening to arrest her if she didn't—and you *never* would have *dared* to do such a thing if there had been a *man* in the house"—by this time she was fairly screaming and although Mr. Lark attempted to interrupt her and deny her statement that he had threatened her daughter with arrest on the previous Saturday she would not listen to him but continued to talk in a stream of words expressing resentment and rage.

Mrs. Lyon had not once looked at me, nevertheless at this point I turned to her and said—

"Mrs. Lyon, I don't see why it should ever have been necessary for us to *ask* your daughter to return this property, why wasn't she eager to do it of her own accord?"

It was evident now by her reply that up to this moment she had merely been reciting a part which had been taught her either by her daughter or her daughter's attorney for when she answered my question it was with a burst of genuine feeling that could no longer be suppressed by legal advice. "Do you think *I* want to stay here another day, do you think I want this horrible land or house or anything remotely connected with the Clemens family? No—no—no. We're packing to get out as fast as we can"—

"Very good then Mrs. Lyon—I interrupted—that is all that your daughter signed last Saturday, she merely returned what you do not want yourselves & what we have no use for as property but what we do want because of the circumstances which make your daughter's presence so unpleasant." To this Miss Lyon made no direct reply but half sobbing exclaimed "if you had any pity any *pity*"

"I have great pity for you Mrs. Lyon I answered but none whatever for your daughter—"

She wailed on "I have never had one happy day in this house not *one*" and here Mr. Lark ventured an unfortunate small remark which threw Mrs. Lyon into hysterics. He said: "I know how unhappy you must have been for your daughter treated you so horribly."

"My daughter treated me horribly? she screamed rushing up to Mr. Lark, how *dare* you say such a thing? She has always been good to me, how dare you, how *dare* you?"

Mr. Lark and I tried to appease her and persuaded her to sit down on a bench at the back of the porch; the others then having withdrawn a little, Mrs. Lyon still weeping began to talk with me somewhat more quietly. "How could you accuse her of such things after her seven years' of devotion to your family, she *lived* for you all and worked so hard in your interest"—

"That was what we believed I said and we appreciated it and for that reason my father gave her this place & lent her money for the repairs—"

"She worked so very hard, Mrs. Lyon continued—looking after the servants and the household"

"And Mrs. Lyon that is why we offered to get a housekeeper which she refused—or two raise her salary which she refused. We tried to make her feel that she was one of us and when she did not wish to accept a higher salary for her increased services I told her to at least buy herself dresses now and then which she was willing to do. But I can't talk about all this with you Mrs. Lyon, there are so many things that are impossible to say to you about your own daughter."

"But what is it all anyway asked Mrs. Lyon, *we* haven't any money we haven't a bit—"

"*You* haven't any—no" I replied

"Nor has Isabel"—she said

"No I suppose not"—I replied

"Well then who do you think has it, Mr. Ashcroft?" she asked.

"It does not matter who has it Mrs. Lyon for it is not the money we want, it's merely this house and land and that you have relinquished." She was still sobbing and moaning all the time she talked. "Why did your father give power of attorney to my daughter and then deny it afterwards?" "He denied, I replied, having seen the extraordinary paper by which Miss Lyon could possess herself "of everything and ruin us if she chose."

"But she didn't use it" Mrs. Lyon said.

"No, Mrs. Lyon she hadn't yet and I do not believe that your daughter did all these things by herself. Of course she was influenced by it was a terrible thing for her to *be* influenced when she held that powerful and trusted position."

"Yes—yes—Mrs. Lyon muttered as if dazed by it all, and then repeated the remark she had made earlier about her faithful devotion to us.

"I used to think so, I answered until I heard from various sides in N.Y. that she was telling lies about me and betraying my confidences—she changed very much in the past two years."

"Yes she has changed, Mrs. Lyon admitted, but she has been very ill for some time; and then why did you not answer the letter she sent your father asking whether it would be all right for her to go to England instead of waiting 'till she got over there and then shaming her by attacking her property and letting it all come out in the newspapers?"

"My father never received any such letter,[" I answered ["and besides Mr. Stanchfield telephoned to Mr. Ashcroft in N.Y. and told him not to go to England as he need him & Mrs. Ashcroft here. The whole thing got into the papers through the Bridgeport notary and not through us for certainly we did not care for this newspaper talk"—then feeling somewhat irritated that I should be filling the position of the accused called upon to account for my actions I broke out rather vehemently and said

"Mrs. Lyon your daughter is guilty—*guilty*"

"Guilty of what?" she asked at these words she rose with a gesture that made me draw back but rushing past me she appealed to Mr. Lounsbury & Wells who were standing a few steps away from the porch out on the grass, repeating over & over again at the top of her lungs

"Do you hear what Miss Clemens says? She says my daughter has been guilty of stealing—of *stealing*." Her screams were heard up at my father's house some distance away. [*inserted in SLC's hand:* (Half a mile, or nearly that.)]

I regretted my remark and once more we all had to make an effort to quiet her begging her to think no more of any of it but she was half crazy with unhappiness and reiterated many times that she had never been in such a position before and could not live through the disgrace of it. Finally she turned to me & said: "Why didn't you come and settle it all with us instead of going to law about it and ruining our name for life?"

["I might have gone to *you*,"] I replied ["but what good would it have done to go to your daughter? Didn't she live for weeks in the same house with me after she knew that there was something the matter without offering to make any explanation of any kind? We lunched and dined together daily after she knew that she was suspected but she remained silent. There never would have been all this trouble anyway if she had simply left our vicinity instead of insisting upon staying here."

“But she has done nothing wrong, Mrs. Lyon continued, she *couldn't*. Yet think what we have got to face. All her friends ask her why she does not refute the accusations but of what use is it for *her* to refute them, your father is the only one who can do that, oh! I have always believed in my God in Heaven. I had faith in my Redeemer, but what trouble I have had and still have.” She had such a tragic expression in her face that one or two tears dropped from my eyes onto her dress and when she saw them she drew me down with one arm about my neck and poured forth a fresh appeal for her daughter’s name “Please say in the paper that she never did anything that wasn’t perfectly honorable and straight”—

I glanced at Mr. Lark and then said “Would you like us to say that she has made restitution and that her accounts had gotten mixed because of overwork?”

At first Mrs. Lyon said yes but then concluded it was better to say nothing more. She seemed suddenly to be almost prostrated and kept exclaiming “I feel so sick, so sick”—so we helped her into the house and got her onto the sofa.

When I leaned over to say goodbye she said in a low tone “you nearly killed her when you suspected her of taking things that time in the garret when Dorothea Gilder was there—”

I replied that I had only asked her about some beads which had been in an old cabinet for years & were now missing. “Well didn’t you find them?” she asked. “Yes, I answered, but not in the same place.”

Then Mrs. Lyon in the midst of sobs drew me down still nearer and whispered in my ear “if she ever did anything wrong it was because she was ill.”

Mr. Lark then suggested our going & we left her in the care of Wells [MTP: L-A MS XXI]. *Note:* paragraphing and other minor TS errors corrected. See also Hill, 234-6, which includes a detailed account of the audit performed by John Stanchfield’s accountant, Mr. Weiss.

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Charles T. Lark	New York	July 20	
Dr. Chase			

July 21 Wednesday

July 22 Thursday

July 23 Friday

July 24 Saturday – **Albert Bigelow Paine**, as of July 17 the official manager of Clemens’ business affairs, signed an agreement on this day to take over the editing of the volumes of letters [Hill 242]. *Note:* this had originally been a duty reserved to **Clara Clemens** and/or **Isabel Lyon**.

July 25 Sunday

July 26 Monday – **Jean Clemens’ 29th birthday.**

The New York *Times*, p. 1, “Taft’s Trip On Mississippi” reported that Mark Twain had been invited to pilot a steamer on the river when President Taft took a trip from St. Louis to New Orleans. Though the article referred to unnamed friends of Clemens saying he would probably accept the invitation due to his high regard for Taft, Sam’s health would not allow such a trip.

July 27 Tuesday – **J. Wylie Smith** wrote from Glasgow, Scotland to Sam having read CS and lamenting the fact there was now 500 or so adherents in the city, plus a rumor that Clemens regretted writing the book and even that Clemens had become a Christian Scientist! [MTP].

July 28 Wednesday – An **unidentified person in St. Francis Hospital, Cape Girardeau, Mo.** sent a picture postcard of a levee and steamboat scene to Sam. Most of the penciled text is behind a pasted on

sticker, but this much is legible: “Just a little reminder of the old Miss. R.” At the bottom the name appears to be “**Anne C Hocky**” [MTP].

July 29 Thursday – Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Edward Loomis	)		
Julie Loomis	) New York	July 29-30	

Chatto & Windus wrote to Sam, enclosing a financial statement and thanking him “for your kind letter of the 19th inst. ... We are indeed sorry to hear that you are not well...” [MTP].

July 30 Friday – Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Ossip Gabrilowitsch	[New York]	July 30	

July 31 Saturday – Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Dorothy Harvey	Deal, New Jersey	July 31-August 2 nd	
Alma P. Harvey			
Jessica H. Alward	Chicago	July 31 – Aug. 2	

August – *Current Literature* published an anonymous article, “Mark Twain from a New Angle” [Tenney 46]. In his third supplement, Tenney adds: Summarizes and quotes Henderson’s ‘Mark Twain’...; also, quotes INDEPENDENCE BELGE...where ‘Jacques Lux refers to Prof. Archibald Henderson’s study as one of rare consciousness and singular force. ‘The Yankees,’ he says, ‘are as proud of possessing a Mark Twain as their fathers were ashamed of acknowledging Edgar Poe as their fellow-countryman. They profess for Mark Twain the same soft of vehement admiration that we have in France for the power of a Balzac’” [Tenney, *ALR Third Annual Supplement to the Reference Guide* (Autumn, 1979) 193].

In the August issue of *Smart Set*, **H.L. Mencken** reviewed “Is Shakespeare Dead?” Tenney: “An inaccurate, unsuccessful book by ‘the most noble figure America has ever given to English literature. Having him, we may hold up our heads when Spaniards boast of Cervantes and Frenchmen of Molière.’ He has given us *HF*, ‘But since *Following the Equator*, his decline has been almost pathetic’” [47].

August 1 Sunday

August 2 Monday – Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Dr. George Helmer	New York	August 2-3	

August 3 Tuesday – **Jean Clemens**, following up on the July 19 letter of her father’s to Eric L. Pape in Gloucester, Mass., wrote to **Mrs. Pape**. In part:

Dear Mrs. Pape, / Please pardon my discourtesy as being caused by my necessity as a farmer, of working not intentional. I meant to write long ago when I first received the invitation to attend the Gloucester celebration, but I am excessively busy these days as father’s secretary and farming on my own account, the days slipped by—rushed by, without my realizing how they sped.

...

I remember my visits at your charming house and the trips on your boat with such pleasure that I should be very happy if you could pay us a visit.

With kindest regards ... / Very cordially yours, / Jean L Clemens [ebay #320365919083, May 7, 2009].

Note: see July 19 to Pape. Not in MTPO.

Anne-Netta Brownlee wrote from Youngstown, Ohio to Sam, offering several pages of praise and thanks for receiving an autographed letter from Mark Twain [MTP].

August 4 Wednesday –The New York *Times*, p.1 continued to report on the conflict between Mark Twain and his former secretary:

ASHCROFT ACCUSES MISS CLARA CLEMENS

Says Mark Twain's Daughter Made Charges
Because She Was Jealous of Her Success.

QUOTES HUMORIST'S LETTER

In It He Praised His Secretary and Rebuked
Daughter for Complaints—No Diversion of Funds.

Ralph W. Ashcroft, manager of the Mark Twain Company at 24 Stone Street, whose wife, for years before her marriage was private secretary to Mr. Clemens, was sued by the humorist to recover \$4,000, gave out a statement yesterday in which he warmly defends his wife against insinuations that she misused Mr. Clemens's money.

Mr. Ashcroft, in his statement, accuses Miss Clara Clemens, daughter of the humorist, of having been envious of Miss Lyon's achievements as secretary to her father. Miss Clemens, he says, wanted to have Miss Lyon removed from her place.

Mr. Ashcroft declares that it was without the knowledge of the humorist's New York lawyers that the cottage at Redding, Conn., adjoining the Clemens estate, which he gave to Miss Lyon, was attached in his recent suit. He gives excerpts from the author's letters to indicate the high opinion he once had of Miss Lyon. This is the statement:

"Since my return from Europe, a week ago, I have thoroughly investigated the occurrences connected with quarrels forced on Mrs. Ashcroft by Mark Twain's daughters, and have heard what both sides have to say in the matter.

"To understand the matter in its true light, it is necessary to hark back to the Summer of 1904, when Mrs. Clemens died in Italy. Mrs. Ashcroft (then Miss Lyon) was Mark Twain's secretary. When his wife died, Mark Twain was like a ship without a rudder, and, as Henry H. Rogers said to me a few days before he died: 'At that crisis in his life, Clemens needed just such a person as Miss Lyon to look after him and his affairs, and Miss Lyon came to the front and has stayed at the front all these years and no one has any right to criticize her.'"

Daughters Jealous of Miss Lyon.

"For two years or more after their mother's death, both girls were in sanatoria most of the time, and the younger daughter has been under the care of nerve specialists ever since. Under these circumstances, Miss Lyon naturally became Mr. Clemens's hostess and person of affairs and how well she fulfilled the position is known to all who met her in those capacities. Both daughters, however, became jealous of her, were afraid that Mark Twain would marry her, and often endeavored to destroy his confidence in her. She probably would have been supplanted two or three years ago, but the elder daughter had musical and other ambitions, and thought more of them than of taking care of her old father and filling her mother's place.

"One's vocal ambitions, however, sometimes exceed one's capabilities in that direction, and the bitter realization of this has, in this instance, caused the baiting of a woman who has earned and kept the admiration and respect of all of Mark Twain's friends. Mark Twain well has said of her: 'I know her better than I have

known any one on this planet, except Mrs. Clemens.' When one of his daughters made an attack on her about two years ago, he wrote this:

I have to have somebody in whom I have confidence to attend to every detail of my daily affairs for me except my literary work. I attend to not one of them myself; I give the instructions and see that they are obeyed. I give Miss Lyon instructions—she does nothing of her own initiative. When you blame her, you are merely blaming me—she is not open to criticism in the matter. When I find that you are not happy in that place, I instruct her to ask Dr. Peterson and Hunt to provide change for you, and she obeys the instructions. In her own case I provide no change, for she does all my matters well, and although they are often delicate and difficult, she makes no enemies, either for herself or me. I am not acquainted with another human being of who this could be said.

It would not be possible for any other person to see reporters and strangers every day, refuse their requests, and yet send them away good and permanent friends to me and herself—but I should make enemies of many of them if I tried to talk with them. The servants in the house are her friend, they all have confidence in her, and not many people can win and keep a servant's friendship and esteem— one of your mother's highest talents. All Tuxedo likes Miss Lyon—the hackmen, the aristocrats and all. She has failed to secure your confidence and esteem, and I am sorry. I wish it were otherwise, but it is no argument since she has not failed in any other person's case. One failure to fifteen hundred successes means that the fault is not with her.

The Expense Accounts Explained.

"The only person, so far as I know, who has charged Mrs. Ashcroft with dishonesty is Clara Clemens. Mark Twain has not and his lawyers have not. As is the custom in all large households, so it was in the Clemens household—money was drawn from the bank in cash to pay the thousand-and-one debts and expenses that it is not convenient to pay by check. When Mark Twain placed all of his financial responsibilities on Miss Lyon's shoulders (in addition to her other manifold duties) he did not tell her to employ a bookkeeper to keep a set of books, and she simply followed the custom that had been in vogue under Mr. Clemens's regime, to wit: no books of account were kept (other than the check book) and no itemized or other record was kept of cash expenditures. Miss Lyon was never asked to keep any such record, and did not do so.

"Clara Clemens now insinuates that Miss Lyon embezzled a large part of the money she drew from the bank in cash. Fortunately Miss Lyon is in a position to prove that the bulk of the money was paid to Clara Clemens herself for the expenses of concert tours and the delightful experience of paying for the hire of concert halls destined to be mainly filled with 'snow' or 'paper,' for the maintenance of her accompanist, Charles E. Wark, and to defray other cash expenditures that an embryonic Tetrezzini is naturally called upon to make. Returning home one day from an unsuccessful and disheartening tour Clara Clemens simply couldn't stomach the sight of Miss Lyon's successful administration of her father's affairs. So it became a case of 'get rid of her by hook or crook' and she endeavored to enlist my sympathies and services along these lines, with the result that—well, I married Miss Lyon.

"Mr. Clemens's New York lawyers now state that Mrs. Ashcroft's cottage was attached without their knowledge or advice. They also now state that they did not know that Mr. Clemens and I had made an agreement regarding the money he advanced for the rehabilitation for the cottage, which agreement makes his suit against Mrs. Ashcroft for this indebtedness absolutely groundless and farcical, in that no one can sue for a debt which has been partially paid and the balance of which is not due.

"The agreement is as follows:

Redding, Conn., March 13, 1909. Received from R. W. Ashcroft his notes for the sum of \$982.47, being estimated balance due on money advance to Isabel V. Lyon for the renovation of "The Lobster Pot," this receipt being given on the understanding that said Ashcroft will pay in like manner any further amounts that his examination of my disbursements for the fiscal year ending Feb. 23, 1909, shows were advanced for like purposes.

S. L. CLEMENS. (Seal.)

I agree to the above and to make said examination as promptly as my other duties will permit.

R. W. ASHCROFT. (Seal.)

An Amicable Settlement.

"The matter has been settled amicably as far as Mark Twain, Mrs. Ashcroft, and I are concerned, and the adjustment will be consummated as soon as the proper papers can be drawn up, although it may be necessary for Mrs. Ashcroft to commence suit against Mark Twain to set aside the deed transferring the cottage to him,

simply to protect her legal rights for the time being; as, while we believe that Mark Twain and his lawyer, John B. Stanchfield, will abide by their promises, still there is always the contingency of the death of either or both to be provided against. If Mr. Rogers had not died so suddenly and unexpectedly the affair would have been settled long ago without any publicity. It is an unfortunate occurrence all around. I am still manager of the Mark Twain Company, and shall so remain for the present. My contract has nearly two years to run."

Efforts to talk with Mr. Clemens at his home in Redding last night were futile. A TIMES reporter called up the humorist's home on the telephone, was informed that he had retired, and that, under no circumstances, would any word of Mr. Ashcroft's statement be conveyed to him. It was stated that Miss Clemens was at home, but that she, too, had retired, and that no communication would be taken to her until morning. It was also found impossible to reach John B. Stanchfield, Mr. Clemens's lawyer.

August 5 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **John Brown, Jr. ("Jock")** in Edinburgh, Scotland.

Dear Mr. "Jock:" / Don't you think you can find for me, among your father's papers, a fugitive scrap of that dear little Marjorie's penmanship? If you can, I will take good care of it & return it to you as soon as the engraver is done with it.

I suppose I am asking the impossible; still, I will hope, anyway. Thirty-six years ago your father gave Mrs. Clemens a copy of his Marjorie, in the parlor of Veitch's hotel in George street, & read passages to us—about the multiplication, & the terrific name Marjorie called "John," &c., &c. I remember it so clearly, so vividly! / Sincerely Yours / ... [MTP].

Paine writes of an exchange with Clemens on this day:

August 5, 1909. This morning I noticed on a chair a copy of Flaubert's *Salammbô* which I recently lent him. I asked if he liked it.

"No," he said, "I didn't like any of it."

"But you read it?"

"Yes, I read every line of it."

"You admitted its literary art?"

"Well, it's like this: If I should go to the Chicago stockyards and they should kill a beef and cut it up and the blood should splash all over everything, and then they should take me to another pen and kill another beef and the blood should splash over everything again, and so on to pen after pen, I should care for it about as much as I do for that book."

"But those were bloody days, and you care very much for that period in history."

"Yes, that is so. But when I read Tacitus and know that I am reading history I can accept it as such and supply the imaginary details and enjoy it, but this thing is such a continuous procession of blood and slaughter and stench it worries me. It has great art—I can see that. That scene of the crucified lions and the death canon and the tent scene are marvelous, but I wouldn't read that book again without a salary" [MTB 1516].

Royal P. Jarvis wrote from NYC to "express my keen enjoyment from reading over a number of times your latest "Is Shakespeare Dead?" As a teenager he'd read an article in the *NAR* by **Ignatius Donnelly** and had ever since been a doubter [MTP].

August 6 Friday – Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Dr. Chase	New York	August 6 ———	To repair Gabrilowitsch
Dr. George Helmer	New York	August 6 ———	To finish repairing me.

Irving Bacheller wrote from Robinwood Camp, Nehasane, NY to Sam. “Dear Mr. Clemens: I am making a little Christmas book of odd things for your neighbor and my friend A.S. Hepburn of Ridgefield. I have asked Duneka to sent it to you in the hope that you would do me the favor of putting your autograph and perhaps something more on one of the pages”[MTP].

August 7 Saturday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **Elinor M Howells (Mrs. William Dean Howells)**.

Dear Mrs. Howells: / Clara thinks that if she knows young Alden’s sister it must be under a married name, as she is doubtful if she has met any *Miss* Alden.

The osteopath did a great deal more for me in 15 minutes than the physician & 200 doses of medicine did for me in 45 days. I am so sorry Howells got away. / Sincerely Yours / S L. Clemens [MTHL 2: 846]. *Note:* source informs that Howells had sailed on Aug. 4 with his daughter Mildred (Pilla) for the cure in Carlsbad [n1].

Sam also wrote to **J. Wylie Smith** in Glasgow, Scotland.

Dear Sir: / My view of the matter has not changed. To-wit, that Christian Science is valuable; that is has just the same value now that it had when Mrs. Eddy stole it from Quimby; that its healing principle (its most valuable asset) possesses the same force now that it possessed a million years before Quimby was born; that Mrs. Eddy the fraud, the humbug, *organized* that force & is *entitled to high credit for that*. Then, with a splendid sagacity she hitched it to the shirt-tail of a religion—the surest of all ways to secure friends for it, & support. In a fine & lofty way—figuratively speaking—it was a tramp stealing a ride on the lightning express. Ah, how did that ignorant village-born peasant woman know the human ass so well? She has no more intellect than a tadpole—until it comes to *business*—then she is a marvel!

Am I sorry I wrote the book? Most certainly not. You say you have 500 in Glasgow. Fifty years from now, your posterity will not count them by the hundred but by the thousand. I feel absolutely sure of this. / Very Truly Yours / ... [MTP].

August 8 Sunday – Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Dr. Loughran	New York	Aug. 8 Sunday	
Mrs. McKerncher [?]	“ “		
Her sister	“ “		

August 9 Monday

August 10 Tuesday – The New York Times, p.7, noted the end of one of Mark Twain’s passions:

END OF CHILDREN’S THEATRE.

East Side Playhouse Dissolved Because of Lack of Funds.

Supreme Court Justice Goff yesterday granted the motion for the dissolution of the Educational Theatre for Children at Jefferson Street and East Broadway, which was opened in 1907 in connection with the Educational Alliance. The President of the Board of Managers was Samuel L. Clemens (“Mark Twain”) and among the members of the Board of Directors were Robert J. Collier, the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, and President [G.] Stanley Hall of Clark University.

It was expected to carry the enterprise along on voluntary contributions, but they were not forthcoming, and the matter of dissolution came up some weeks ago. There was no opposition to the decision of the Court yesterday.

On November of last year Mr. Clemens took several hundred of his friends to the theatre where they witnessed a performance of "The Prince and the Pauper," a dramatization of his story. It is said that of late Mr. Collier has contributed most of the funds toward maintaining the theatre.

August 11 Wednesday – Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Madame Blavvelt	New York	Aug. 11	
Dr. Loughran			

August 12 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to George B. Harvey.

Dear Colonel: / It was lovely of Mrs. Harvey & Dorothy & Jessica to come & see me, & it would be lovely if you & Dunneka or the Major would do the same. I can shelter two of you *any* week-end, or week-middle.

And you would better come very soon, because I am preparing for another world, & yesterday afternoon & last night the prospects were good. I am practicing for all emergencies—both directions, up & down: with wings in the morning, parachute in the afternoon. /Yours ever / ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to Aage Toxen Worm.

A. Toxen-Worm, Esq— / Dear Sir: If the Herald is not acquainted with Blix's name & fame (which I doubt), his pictures would be a better introduction than anybody's words could furnish, I think. I think his Mona Lisa would be a sufficient introduction, all by itself. I possess the original, & it is a daily delight to me. It is a caricature, & yet it is the Mona her very self, so slight, so delicate & so unobtrusive in the holy smirk which Blix has insinuated into that reverend old graveyard face. It is very dear to me, because to me it is Mother Eddy, our own Mother Eddy when she has been doing the human race & is enjoying the memory of it all alone in private by herself. It may be that this caricature has its match in the world somewhere, but I will doubt until somebody points it out to me. / Very truly yours / ... [MTP]. *Note: Aage Toxen Worm* (1866-1922), born in Denmark as **Conrad Henrik Aage Toxen Worm** was a well known theatrical press agent, who for the last years of his life was associated with Shubert Theatrical Enterprises, New York.

August 13 Friday – Edward Eugene Loomis for the Delaware, Lackawanna Railroad wrote to Sam.

"I return herewith the 300 shares of Plasmon Milk Products Company stock you left with me sometime since, also correct Power of Attorney I have just succeeded in getting, authorizing me to sign for the other shares of the stock of this company that are due you" [MTP].

August 14 Saturday

August 15 Sunday

August 16 Monday – Paine writes of Sam's reading and of events in the evening:

August 16. He is reading Suetonius, which he already knows by heart — so full of the cruelties and licentiousness of imperial Rome.

This afternoon he began talking about Claudius.

"They called Claudius a lunatic," he said, "but just see what nice fancies he had. He would go to the arena between times and have captives and wild beasts brought out and turned in together for his special enjoyment. Sometimes when there were no captives on hand he would say, 'Well, never mind; bring out a carpenter.' Carpentering around the arena wasn't a popular job in those days. He went visiting once to a province and thought it would be pleasant to see how they disposed of criminals and captives in their crude, old-fashioned way, but there was no executioner on hand. No matter; the Emperor of Rome was in no hurry — he would wait. So he sat down and stayed there until an executioner came."

I said, “How do you account for the changed attitude toward these things? We are filled with pity to-day at the thought of torture and suffering.”

“Ah! but that is because we have drifted that way and exercised the quality of compassion. Relax a muscle and it soon loses its vigor; relax that quality and in two generations—in one generation—we should be gloating over the spectacle of blood and torture just the same. Why, I read somewhere a letter written just before the Lisbon catastrophe in 1755 about a scene on the public square of Lisbon: A lot of stakes with the fagots piled for burning and heretics chained for burning. The square was crowded with men and women and children, and when those fires were lighted, and the heretics began to shriek and writhe, those men and women and children laughed so they were fairly beside themselves with the enjoyment of the scene. The Greeks don’t seem to have done these things. I suppose that indicates earlier advancement in compassion.”

Colonel Harvey and Mr. Duneka came up to spend the night. Mr. Clemens had one of his seizures during the evening. They come oftener and last longer. One last night continued for an hour and a half. I slept there [MTB 1516-17].

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
George Harvey	Deal NJ	Aug 16, 1909	No remarks (except
FA Duneka	New York	“ “	(Both sober)

August 17 Tuesday – Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Mr. Lark	New York	“ [Aug] 17 “ [1909]	

August 18 Wednesday – Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Miss Lyons	New York	“ [Aug] 18 “ [1909]	
FA Duneka	New York	“ “	(Both sober)

August 19 Thursday – David Rutherford wrote from London, offering to illustrate for nothing:

Dear Sir, / In the “Idler” of February 1898 there appeared an article by Robert Barr in which he exposed a “system” advised by you for those in want of work and which had been acted upon very successfully in a number of instances by those who applied it. [...]

... My ambition is to illustrate your next book, if there will be no next book, then I would be gratified to illustrate any one of your works that has not already been done which could stand another edition. I have been at illustrating work for 15 years and have been working for various firms, but in my own name my work is practically unknown, now were you to favour and trust me with the work which I desire perhaps I should then be able to earn a living off my own bat for myself and family. I am quite young yet not yet 30, but I could go on wasting years in the service of others without credit just so long as I cared to and I don’t care to. [...] [MTP]. *Note:* for Sam’s reply see ? Aug 31.

August 20 Friday

August 21 Saturday

August 22 Sunday

August 23 Monday

August 24 Tuesday – In his Lyon-Ashcroft MS Clemens wrote on Aug. 25 of this day:

Paine went down to New York yesterday (which was the 24th of August) to remove my stuff to the Lincoln Deposit, which is in 42^d street & handier. In the train, on his way back, he saw Mr. & Mrs. Peck, who have that big place over yonder on top of the ridge, the other side of our valley. Peck said he had seen Miss Lyon drink astonishingly, here at Stormfield; & Mrs. Peck said she had seen her in a Pullman car when she was stupid with liquor, & smelling of it, too. I must be miraculously dull, & miraculously unsuspicious, never to have noticed these things—at the time. Evidently when she was drunk to everybody else, I took it for hysterics—which was Ashcroft's name for it. If I had known how heavy our liquor bills were, I should have been obliged to suspect Ashcroft or Miss Lyon, one or the other, but I never looked at bills of any kind. Consequently I knew nothing of these liquor-freshets until the expert's investigation of Miss Lyon's checks revealed them.

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Clara	Redding	)Aug. 24	They went down to New York & transferred things from Produce Exchange Safe Dep to Lincoln Safe Dep.
Paine	Redding	)	

August 25 Wednesday – William Dean Howells wrote from Carlsbad, Austria to Sam.

Dear Clemens: / Your friendly letter of prevention found me already taking quarts of cure, here. I hated abominably to come, but doctors and dear ones of all ages and sexes joined in thrusting me away. Surgeons suggested prying me open with cutlasses, and painted the process in glowing colors. But the next time I have bilious colic that ties me up in a double bow-knot I will get an osteopath to untangle me.

I was here before, you know, and it is all duller than the ditchwater one drinks: troops of yellow Jews with corkscrew curls before their ears; hordes of disemboweled and hipless hussies old [and] young; men with Tyrolean hats and goblets slung to their waists. The only good thing is the boiled ham.—I got the second volume of your Tramp Abroad out of the hotel library, and read it with the joy in you which never fails me. Read your Mrs. Eddy massacre just before I left home and gloated on every drop of her blood.

I have a fearful cold from a climate that boils you at noon and pierces you with Alpine cold at night. Pilla sends her love with mine to the whole lot of you. We hope to leave here two weeks from today and be in New York by October.—I hated so to come that I could not believe it real [MTHL 2: 847]. *Note:* source notes that the letter ended abruptly due to Howells running out of space. Howells referred to Twain's *Christian Science*, etc.

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Mr. & Mrs. Peck	Over on the hilltop	“ [Aug] 25	

August 26 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Hélène Elisabeth Picard.

It is a lovely picture, dear France, & I am very glad to have it. Nothing else in the world is ever so beautiful as a beautiful schoolgirl, & certainly there is a prodigal wealth of that beauty in this picture. *This* Joan is to my taste!—fair, & comely, & sweet, & refined; whereas four artists out of five make Joan coarse & clumsy, & thirty or forty years old. They seem to think that because she was a peasant she couldn't have been otherwise. Then they spoil the argument by making the Virgin Mary, who was also a peasant, fair, & comely, & sweet, & refined—and *white*. Which she wasn't.

I wish I could have seen the thousand girls marching. It would have stirred me to know I was so close to Joan of Arc! to know that the ancestors of ~~one~~ some of these children played with her in the shade of the bois chenu; that I could touch one of these & send that contact quivering back five centuries along an unbroken stream of red blood & deliver the thrill of it into the heart of a comrade of the Maid of Orleans who had kissed her lips & spoken with her face to face.

You inquire how I am. I am not very well. Then how can I write letters? I don't; the others attend to it. This is the only one I have written since—since—oh, I don't know *how* long!

But I am very comfortable, & thoroughly well satisfied; for I am buried deep in the solitudes & silences of the woods & the hills, & don't ever want to see a city again. And *shan't*. The others go to New York every few days, but I never intend to go again. I am glad I built this house. It was a lucky thought.

With all good wishes / Sincerely Yours / S L. Clemens, C.S.

I most respectfully & affectionately kiss my hand to that little Scotch-French Jeanne d'Arc.

P. S.

I've broken the letter open for a reason that moves me to laugh. When the stenographer had typed it, he placed it, with other letters, on my daughter Jean's desk (she is my secretary), & she read it. She went driving, afterward, & I prepared the letter for the mail. But as soon as she returned she brought it to me & said I must open it and *change* something in it.

"Well, Jean, what must change?"

"You have said the Virgin Mary was not white."

"Very well, where's the harm?"

"Why, it's shocking!"

"You numscull! What is there about it that's shocking?"

"Can't you see, papa? The idea of saying the Mother of the Saviour was *colored*!" It's sacrilegious."

"Sac—oh, nonsense! Jean, in her day the population of the globe was not more than a thousand millions. Not *one-tenth* of them were *white*. What does this fact suggest to you?"

"I—I don't know. What *does* it suggest, papa?"

"It most powerfully suggests that *white was not a favorite complexion with God*. Has it since become a favorite complexion with Him? No. The population of the globe is now fifteen hundred millions; one thousand & six millions of these people are *colored*—two-thirds, you see, of the human race. There was not a white person in Nazareth, when I was there, except a foreign priest. The people were very dark. Don't you suppose they are the descendant's of Mary's townsmen? Of course they are. Now what have you to say, Jean?"

"Well, I can't help it, papa; the idea of a colored Mother of the Saviour is still *revolting*, & you must change it."

"My dear, I won't. To my mind one color is just as respectable as another; there is nothing important, nothing essential, about a complexion. I mean, to *me*. But with the Deity it is different. He doesn't think much of white people, He prefers the colored. Andrew del Sarto's pink-&-lily Madonnas revolt *Him*, my child." That is, they *would*, but He never looks at them." [MTP]. Note: **Andrew del Sarto** (1486-1530), Florentine painter

August 27 Friday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Margery H. Clinton in Tuxedo Park, N.Y.

Some day, dear Plumber, I shall be well enough again to see company; & then you & that exceedingly pleasant friend of yours must grant Stormfield another visit. I made a greatly-dreaded journey early in June (an old engagement & I was ashamed to cancel it) & it broke me down—just as I had expected. Not a large journey—only to Baltimore & back—but I was not in traveling-shape & it was a risk. I've been a prisoner here ever since. In the house. I don't go outside. I spend 4 hours downstairs daily— from 4.30 p.m. till 8.30; I spend the rest of the 24 in my room.

Still, I have rather good times—better than a body might think; for I can read as much as I want to, & smoke all the time. I stopped smoking, about a fortnight, because the doctor said smoking would kill me. But I thought it over & resumed. I don't care for death, & I do care for smoking.

You wrote me a kind note when I lost Mr. Rogers, & I never thanked you for it, because my mind was crammed full of the detestable Ashcrofts in those days, & the rage engendered drove out all other matters; but I thank you now.

Do you imagine I look like a sick person? I certainly don't. And I am *not* sick. I am as well as I ever was in my life; but the slightest physical exertion gives me a pain in the breast that is not endurable, sitting, standing, or lying down. So I go softly, warily, & don't provoke it.

I suppose you are out of town somewhere, as yet. Well, wherever you are, have a good time! / Affectionately / ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Frances Nunnally**.

Yes, I got the letter, dear heart, but I have been pestered so much with the pain in my breast that I haven't had energy enough to write or to make any other exertion. This condition of things makes a dull life for me, for I can't have company. Because I am of no use to a guest; I can't walk, I can't drive, & I am down stairs only 4 hours in the 24—from 4.30 p.m. to 8.30. All this is because the least exertion, the least fatigue, brings the pain. [*in left-hand margin:*] Keep on writing my, honey; I'll answer.

So you see I stick to my room & *read*. I do a plenty of reading, & of course there is a heap of entertainment in that.

Well, what a time you *are* having! You haven't been off your feet long enough to take a nap since the 10th of June. If I were as pretty a girl as you are, & as sweet, I should be flying around just like that, & being worshipped. I wish I *was* a pretty girl. However, it is no use to try; we all have our limitations.

Keep it up, dear! it's what youth is for. / With love / ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Elizabeth Wallace**.

Dear Betsy— / That rotten-hearted pair of professional thieves, liars & forgers have cleared out from this region, & are not likely to return. It is a great satisfaction, & a salute to my limitless hatred; & I have another: I am the reason they got married! It does me good to think of it. I said "You two are *insane* to think of marrying; don't do it; you will separate within two years." But they *had* to marry, & they knew it. There was no other way to save themselves. Each knew the other's crimes; each knew the other was treacherous by nature & would turn State's evidence at the first hint of danger; they *had* to marry, & shut each other's mouths—there was no choice. He told me frankly & without a blush that he didn't love her, he only wanted to be in a position to take care of her in her persistent & exhausting illnesses. *He* knew she got her illness out of a whisky bottle & was drunk a good half of her time, but I didn't know it. All the servants & some of the guests knew it, but I never suspected it. Her health is not bad, it is good. She always came out of a 3-day drunk sound & strong. When she used to lose her temper & carry on like a maniac, I took it for hysterics. [*possibly inserted:* Jesus!]

They are tied together & they can't get loose! It is a constant pleasure to me to reflect that I am the cause of it. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." I used to wonder at His taste. But that was because I was ignorant. Alas, there's a limit to our pleasures; we have to stop short of satisfying our whole appetite. It would shame *me* (see "gospel") to put her in jail; it is the only reason I haven't done it long ago.

Oh, think of the irony of it—chiefly it was the evidence of this thief that sent our two burglars to the penitentiary twelve months ago! Poor devils, *they* got nothing—not a penny's worth—and now they are prisoners for terms of 4 & 9 years. *She* was robbing me every day, & supporting her pal on the money; & because it would shame *me* to jail a woman, she is outside the bars.

There—it's the first time I've treated the subject with a pen. I have enjoyed it, for I am full of malice, saturated with malignity. I feel nearer to the Lord than I ever was before. I feel as He feels of a Saturday night when the weekly report is in & He has had a satisfactory clean-up of the human race.

I can't walk, I can't drive, I'm not downstairs much, & I don't see company; but I drink barrels of boiling water to keep the pain quiet; I read, & read, & read, & smoke, & smoke, & smoke *all* the time (as formerly,) & it's a contented & comfortable life. / Affectionately, / ... [MTP].

Charles M. Kozlay, Publisher, Brooklyn wrote that he would like to see Clemens when next in town to discuss "some literary work he was doing in connection with an American author" [MTP].

August 28 Saturday

August 29 Sunday

August 30 Monday

August 31 Tuesday

August 31? Tuesday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam replied to **David Rutherford's** offer of Aug. 19 to illustrate Sam's next book for nothing, thereby applying what he perceived to be Mark Twain's "system" of rising in business. Sam wrote on Rutherford's letter:

“I advised nothing of the kind. I never advised the opera singer to work for the blacksmith for nothing; I never advised the illustrator to offer to work for the author, for nothing. Publishers employ illus—authors do not” [MTP].

September – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Marjorie Breckenridge.

I can't, Marjorie dear, my activities are pretty definitely suspended. I can't drive, I can't walk, I am a prisoner. I am as well as anybody—as long as I keep still; but the least little exertion gives me such a bitter pain in the chest that I could enjoy it more than anything in the world if somebody else had it.

You must look in on me, Marjorie, & if I get over this before you go away, I'll pay back. / Affectionately / ... [MTP; *MTAq* 265].

Sam also wrote to John Brown, Jr. (“Jock”).

Dear Mr. Jock

It was too late. Not too late to engrave Marjorie's signature, of course, for that wouldn't have taken ten minutes, but too late to get it in, for the printing of the Xmas number is already proceeding—as is the case with all the big magazines of course, at this late date. But I thank you for trying to help me, just the same, & I thank Mr. Mac Bean for his accommodating spirit—which shows he isn't a minister of the gospel, & not suited to that questionable trade. But Rev. St. Cuthbert is. Damn the Rev. St. Cuthbert, if I may be allowed the liberty!

Well, no, I'm not “keeping well.” Not for these past three months. But as I am out in the country—permanently—I don't mind it. I don't go out of the house, but the woods & the hills are all around me, & their enticing companionship is altogether satisfactory.

I will see that a copy shall go to you. / Sincerely Yours / ... [MTP].

North American Review published an article, “Is Mark Twain Dead?” by **Eugene H. Angert**, p. 319-29. Tenney: “A spoof, purporting to demonstrate that MT died in 1906 in Europe and his subsequent public appearances are those of an imposter, and works bearing his name are those of a person lacking humor: he could not have written either the scholarly “Is Shakespeare Dead?” or *Christian Science*, and even if he could have written the latter, he would not have chosen to. Significantly, he did not sign the articles of incorporation of the Mark Twain Company. Angert proposes Elbert Hubbard as the author of works attributed to MT in recent years” [46].

September 1 Wednesday – Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Marjorie Breckinridge	New[?] Cabin in the Glen	Sept 1	[Note: Breckenridge, not Breckinridge]

September 2 Thursday

September 3 Friday – Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
George Harvey	Deal N.J.	Sept 3 1909	
K.K. Leigh	New York	Sept. 3 1909.	

September 4 Saturday

September 5 Sunday – Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Harriet C.J. Sprague	Sharon, Connecticut	Sept 5, 1909	
Frank J. Sprague	The Saints [?] in the summer	No later —	

Frances Nunnally sent Sam a picture postcard of West Main St., Waterbury, Conn.

Dear Mr. Clemens

We are touring in a motor car all through New England and the White Mts. We are taking what is called the “Ideal Tour” which lasts two weeks. I will write soon and tell you all about it. / With love / Francesca

[A note on the front of the card:] “We are spending the night here and to-morrow might well be in Lenox” [MTP; *MTAq* 263].

September 6 Monday – Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Dr. Wiley		Sept. 6	
Mrs. Wiley	— —	“ 6	
Mr. Dearborn	New York	“ 6 & 7	On business connected with the Robert Fulton Memorial

September 7 Tuesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote on letterhead of The Robert Fulton Monument Association to **Harry Windsor Dearborn**, listed as “Ass’t Secretary” of the association.

Dear Mr. Dearborn: / By compulsion of age, I am barred from witnessing the Fulton-Hudson pageantries in person, but I am going to send my daughters Clara & Jean secretary, Albert Bigelow Paine to represent me. I know you & General Woodford would take good care of *me*, & so I will beg you to do the same by them, for my sake. / Sincerely Yours/ ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote a brief “MEMORANDUM” which he curiously included in the Lyon-Ashcroft MS, about the discovery of the North Pole:

September 7, 1909. Six days ago Dr. Cook sent a telegram from the Arctic regions announcing his *discovery of the North Pole* on the 21st of April 1908, & his name has been thundering around the whole globe ever since. During the past five days he has been the guest of the King of Norway, while the newspapers of all Christendom have been shouting his glories, not in columns, but by whole pages of costly telegraphic clatter.

And now, last night comes a telegram from Commander Perry, from up among the icebergs, saying *he* has discovered the North Pole! Discovered it a year later than Cook, according to the dates.

Half the world believed Cook, the other half didn’t. But the entire world believes Perry. I believe both are speaking the truth.

Well, it is a pity that *two* men did it. While it was the achievement of one man it placed him alongside of Columbus, away up in the very sky—apparently to remain there forever—discoverers whose feat could never be repeated, there being no more worlds to discover & no more poles *worth* discovering. But now that the honor is divided—well, the bulk of the value is gone.

Apparently Dr. Cook sat down among the icebergs to waste a year—in writing about about the discovery? If he really was so foolish as all that, he deserves to take second place—along with Adams, who didn’t push his discovery of Neptune, but let Leverrier get in ahead of him & take first place for good & all.

Paine adds a paragraph about Clemens’ reaction to the North Pole discovery:

September 7. To-day news of the North Pole discovered by Peary. Five days ago the same discovery was reported by Cook. Clemens's comment: "It's the greatest joke of the ages." But a moment later he referred to the stupendous fact of Arcturus being fifty thousand times as big as the sun [MTB 1517].

September 8 Wednesday

September 9 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Albert B. Paine wrote for Sam to Archibald Henderson.

My Dear Sir, / I have presented the matter of the pictures to Mr. Clemens. He never understood it before. The photograph entitled "Contentment" is here, autographed and neatly framed, and Mr. Clemens says we may send it to you if you would like to have it. Or, he will autograph the new picture you mention—both pictures—and the reprint of the Harper article. We find only one copy of the last-named here, and it is inscribed to Mr. Clemens himself, by you. What became of the other copy we cannot tell. In case you should send another copy and the pictures, you would better address them direct to me. I am attending to some business affairs for Mr. Clemens, and I should be pleased to give this matter my personal attention. / Very sincerely yours, / Albert B. Paine [MTP].

Sam noted in his **after Sept. 25, 1909** letter that on this day, though he put a question mark by the date, "\$18,000 guarantee for 5 years. New \$25-edition."

William H. Thompson for the Alabama Soldiers' Home wrote to ask for some of Twain's books for their library [MTP].

J.W. Walter for the Plasmon Syndicate, London wrote to Sam that in reply to Paine's letter of Aug. 30 they were "handing you herewith a copy of our last Report and Balance Sheet" [MTP].

September 10 Friday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Helen Schuyler Allen** in Franklin, N.Y. Text is not available [MTP].

Sam also wrote a postcard to **Dorothy Quick**.

I am glad to hear you are enjoying yourself. I am still a prisoner in the house these past 3 months, with no prospect of getting out for a long time to come. But I guess it's all right. Infirmities & disabilities are quite proper to old age. Have a good time while you are young, dear! /With lots of love / ...[MTP; *MTAq* 264].

Sam noted in his **after Sept. 25, 1909** letter that on this day, "Ashcroft Bill for \$8,000 'services' compromised for \$1,000. / 2 years of M.T. Co. commission reduced to half year. / Ashcroft forced out of the M.T. Co." *Note:* Hill marks this day as the signing of "a discharge of all indebtedness and obligations to Ralph W. Ashcroft and Isabel Lyon Ashcroft from the Mark Twain Company" [239]. Hill also writes:

"Ashcroft resigned from the Mark Twain Company's board of directors; the attachment on the Farmington house was lifted. Ashcroft retained his position with the Plasmon Milk Products Company, the role in which Clemens had first encountered him, as an ally, five years earlier" [240].

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Edward Loomis	Elmira, N.Y.	Sept. 10	
Jervis Langdon		" "	Being the Mark Twain Co.
Mr. Lark	New York	" "	Officers & Directors
Albert B. Paine	Redding	" "	

September 11 Saturday**September 12 Sunday** – Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Irving Batcheller		Sept 12	
& 3 friends			

September 13 Monday – The New York *Times*, p.8, reported a resolution to the Clemens-Ashcroft conflict and law suits:

MARK TWAIN SUITS ALL OFF.

All Litigation Between Him and the Ashcrofts is Finally Dropped

The differences between Mark Twain and his daughter, Miss Clara Clemens, on the one side, and his former secretary Mrs. Ralph Ashcroft, and her husband have been settled without an appeal to the courts. All criticism of the conduct of Mrs. Ashcroft has been withdrawn and all suits have been dropped.

On their part the Ashcrofts ratify and confirm the conveyance to Mark Twain by Mrs. Ashcroft of the house, known as the Lobster Pot, which adjoins Mr. Clemens's estate at Redding, Conn., the gift of which to his former secretary on her marriage is understood to have been the beginning of the trouble. During the controversy it was contended by Mr. and Mrs. Ashcroft that the deed transferring the house back to the humorist had been signed by Mrs. Ashcroft under duress.

In addition Mr. and Mrs. Ashcroft have agreed to withdraw the suits which they brought against Mark Twain and Miss Clemens for defamation of character.

On the other hand Mark Twain has agreed to drop his suit against Mrs. Ashcroft for an alleged loan of \$3,050 and has removed the attachment which he had caused to be placed on the property of his former secretary at Farmington. Reparation has also been made for the hard things which the Ashcrofts alleged had been said of them by the author and Miss Clemens. Mark Twain has signed a document acquitting Mrs. Ashcroft of all blame for her conduct of his affairs while she was in his employ as his secretary. Miss Clara Clemens has also to the satisfaction of Mr. and Mrs. Ashcroft retracted the criticisms she is alleged to have made on Mrs. Ashcroft.

Meanwhile, Mr. Ashcroft continues to be Secretary and Treasurer of the Mark Twain Company, which manages the business connected with the publication and sale of the humorist's works. It is understood that on the exoneration of his wife he offered to resign his place, but Mark Twain requested him to continue to hold it.

[Notes: Hill writes that "Clemens claimed the story was totally untrue and wrote a letter to Adolph Ochs, owner of the Times, claiming that 'the interviewer had a personal grudge against me, and the sub-editor who accepted the interviews without verification of their alleged facts had also a personal grudge against me'" [239].

Sam wrote to **Adolph Ochs**, owner of the NY *Times* about the above article. In full:

Private.
& confidential

My dear Mr. Ochs:

Obscurity and insignificance possess certain privileges which are denied to prominence and distinction. The oiler of your steam presses can slander you and your family in print, but you cannot undignify yourself with a reply. The oiler gets a newspaper-hearing solely on account of your prominence, not on account of any interest the public feel in him, or in his case. He could not get a newspaper-hearing for his

grievance against *another oiler*.

Now these unknown Ashcrofts seem to have welcome use of the columns of the Times whenever they have any falsehoods to tell about me or my daughters, and we are necessarily obliged to endure this in silence. It seems unfair.

At last (a day or two ago), the Times speaks *for* them! tells their falsehoods *for* them, and personally tacitly vouches for their veracity! You will agree with me that this is an astonishing thing, and perhaps unprecedented. Can I go into print and defend myself and my daughters against the inventions of these outcasts? Would you do it yourself?

The facts in my case are simple; the matter is a private one, the public has no concern in it, and not the least right to know anything about it. Mrs. Ashcroft (Miss Lyon) was my secretary, and had authority to sign checks for me. She was caught stealing from my bank balance. She had been at it two or three years. An examination of her accounts by expert accountants appointed by H. H. Rogers and John B. Stanchfield proved the thefts, and she was requested to hand back the house I had given her. She did it. This satisfied a part of her delinquencies. There you have the whole thing in a nutshell. I did not bring a criminal action against her. The reward for my forbearance is these recurrent irruptions of falsehood in the Times. Mrs. Ashcroft gave up her house for one reason only—she could not venture into court to defend a suit.

I have before me the Times's personal explanation of the present condition of our matters, as published on Sunday or Monday: "Mark Twain Suits All Off."

The first sentence consists of five lines, and is true.

The next sentence is a plain simple unostentatious lie.

The opening sentence of the second paragraph talks benevolently of "ratifying and confirming." There was nothing of the kind. The sheriff attended to that.

Next sentence. About "duress." The deed was read aloud to Mrs. Ashcroft by the notary, in the presence and hearing of her mother, my lawyer, one of my daughters, and another witness. Mrs. Ashcroft signed it without saying anything about "duress."

The "suits" mentioned in the third paragraph are imaginary, I suppose. The Ashcrofts never contemplated any such thing—while in their right minds, at any rate.

Next paragraph. I have *not* agreed to "drop" any suit for an alleged "loan." There was no suit for a *loan*, the suit was to recover stolen money. Mrs. Ashcroft *confessed* the theft by signing the above deed.

Next sentence. No "reparation" has been made, and none will be made.

Next. I have signed no document "acquitting Mrs. Ashcroft" of blame for her treacherous conduct of my affairs, and I see no reason why I ever should.

Next. Miss Clara Clemens has "retracted" not a word she has uttered about that discredited mollusc.

Last paragraph. Mr. Ashcroft does *not* continue in office in the Mark Twain Company. His wife was *not* "exonerated." Mark Twain did *not* request him to "continue to hold his place." We elected a new board, and *asked him to resign*. Which he did. It happened just two days before he furnished the Times with this last grist of lies from his 600 h. p. mill.

It is quite plain that the Times interviewer—and the Times itself—were aware that the Ashcrofts were vile characters, since one of the interviews contained unassailable evidence of it: a *private letter* from me to one of my daughters. Evidence that they were thieves, also evidence that they were persons without any decency, in that they were willing to misuse the stolen property. That same interview contained a *forged document* purporting to have been written and signed by me—a document which would convict me of plain dishonesty in the eyes of any one who thought the document genuine.

None of the interviews was up to the standard of matter fit to print in the Times without examination as to their truthfulness, since they assailed the private character of a respectable family. That examination would certainly have been made, but for two quite apparent reasons: the interviewer had a personal grudge against me, and the sub-editor who accepted the interviews without verification of their alleged facts had also a personal grudge against me. *The interview contained the name of my lawyer, Stanchfield, and application to him for the truth was at all times easy.*

I think I may claim, with justice, that it is unfair for the Times, and also beneath its proper dignity, to allow itself to be used by its subordinates as a medium for the satisfaction and championship of their private grudges. I would like to know—if I may—who they are that hold these personal grievances against me, and what it is I have done to deserve them. They cannot surely be of a very serious nature; certainly not serious enough to move a large-minded man to take vengeance for them out of my unoffending daughters.

Truly Yours, ... [MTP; L-A MS].

James Beauchamp (“Champ”) Clark wrote from Bowling Green, Mo. to Sam.

One night last Summer, when I ought to have been studying the tariff, I suppose, —which, as you are aware, is a very lively subject—I got hold of your book, entitled “Is Shakespeare Dead?” and sat up all night reading it. In my judgment it is the best book you ever wrote, which is saying a great deal. You did not leave the Shakespeare claimants a leg to stand on, and I am glad of it.... If that copyright law don’t suit you, let me know and we will remodel it [MTP].

September 14 Tuesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Melville E. Stone**.

Dear Stone: / I have been a sick man for several months, & shut up in the house by the doctors, & you go & choose *this* time to have a banquet, when I can’t come! I am sorry. But I don’t blame you—you couldn’t help it.

Along with this will go a statement by my legal counsel, Mr. Lark, correcting a few of the multitudinous lies which Miss Lyon’s tribe have been printing about my daughters & me for the past 4 months. Clara wants it in the Associated Press, but if I alone were concerned I wouldn’t take any notice of the rotten Ashcrofts. I caught Miss Lyon stealing money (she had been at it more than two years), & I bounced her. That is the whole of the dispute.

A noble good time to you! / Ys Ever / ... [MTP]. *Note:* Stone was manager for Associated Press.

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Mrs. Knox &	(	Sept. 14	
2 Masters Bronson	(Ridgefield		

John Pierpont Morgan wrote to Sam.

Dear Mr. Clemens:

I need hardly tell you how much gratification it affords me to enrich my collection with your two manuscripts, “Life on the Mississippi” and “Pudd’nhead Wilson”. I am delighted with them and thank you sincerely.

I take pleasure in inclosing a check for the sum which Colonel Harvey suggests would represent a proper honorarium” [MTP]. *Note:* “J. Pierpont Morgan, enclosing \$2,500. / (& answer)”; Robert Hirst of the Mark Twain Project confirmed that the Morgan estate still owned the manuscripts as of 2012.

September 15 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Margaret Blackmer** in Lake Placid, N.Y.

You thoughtless little rascal, why didn’t you tell me where you were going to be, *now*? You are gone from Lake Placid by this time, & this letter won’t ever reach you.

Yes. Greenwich is not far from Redding, but I don’t suppose I can go there, because the doctors say I must not make any journeys, even short ones. So, you see, if it chances that I can’t go to you, you will have to come to *me*. Are you agreed?

You are very busy, as usual—like all of my fishes. But I’m not. Except in the matter of reading & smoking—which is not really business at all but pastime. However, there’s two hours of billiards every afternoon, with Mr. Paine.

I dreadfully want to see you, dear. When is it going to be? I want to see you, but I shan’t know you, you are growing so fast.

good-bye & take good care of yourself. / With lots of love / ... [MTP; *MTAq* 264-5].

Sam also wrote to **J. Pierpont Morgan**.

Dear Mr. Morgan: / Your letter of yesterday, with check, has arrived, & one of my high ambitions is gratified—which was to have something of mine placed elbow to elbow with that August company which you have gathered together to remain indestructible in a perishable world. I thank you sincerely. / Faithfully yours / ... [MTP].

September 16 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Sam replied to the Sept. 13 from **James Beauchamp (“Champ”)** Clark in Bowling Green, Mo.

Dear Champ Clark:

I am glad I have made another convert. This makes two, for sure, for while I was at it I converted myself. Well, no—that happened earlier.

I think we’ve got a mighty good (& lucid) copyright law at last. Hereafter there’ll be no complexities to fuss over. Effort can be restricted to a single & simple detail—*extension of the term*. Ten or fifteen years at a time. In the end, the author will be lifted to the rank of the publisher & the shoemaker: he will be the actual owner of his property, & it can’t be taken from him at the end of a specified term & *given to his partner*. All copyright laws give the author’s property to *his own publisher* (partner) at the end of the term, & he takes the entire swag after that.

This is accomplished by what ~~he~~ is called “publisher’s courtesy.” If I & my copyrights die tomorrow it would add \$50,000 a year to *my own publisher’s* profits & give not a penny to anybody else, for no reputable publisher would reprint my books & enter the field against my publisher. And my children? They would go hungry.

Is it possible that parliaments & Congresses do not know about this trick? For just 200 years they have strenuously legalized robbery & protected the thief without apparently being aware of what they were doing.

Last week the cablegrams said a public subscription was being taken up to save a grand-niece of Dickens’s from starving. She would be sharing a vast income with Dickens’s publisher if Parliament had not robbed one citizen to fatten another one. Dickens’s publishers & grand-nieces (by grace of “publisher’s courtesy”—otherwise “honor among thieves”) do not need any passing of the mendicant’s hat to save them from starving.

I was aiming to go to Washington next winter to conspire with you, but the doctors don’t allow me to travel, so I have to give that idea up. But you must come here—it’s only an hour & a half from New York; if you will, I promise to do my level best to make you good & happy. / Your friend / ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Abbott Handerson Thayer**, in Monadnock, N.H.

My Dear friend Thayer: / Jean tells me you wrote me. I have no recollection of it. It is most likely that Miss Lyon answered the letter on her own account & in her own way, written without consulting me, if she answered it at all. I was glad enough to have her answer silly & *undesirable* strangers without consulting me, but not friends. In those days I answered friends myself, tho’ not in these. I have a pain in my breast, now, that unfits me for talking & writing, so I have ceased from dictating & from using the pen, & all my letters are written now by Jean or by Mr. Paine—letters to friends, I mean; the stenographer manages the others.

I am sorry, very very sorry, if I have hurt you for I would not do that for anything. I hope you will forgive me. I have too strong a regard, too old a warm an affection, for all of you of the family, to purposely wound you.

Jean had a lovely time with the friends in Dublin & is full of it yet. My journeying days are over, or I should have been there myself. / Sincerely Yours / SL. Clemens [Archives of American Art, Thayer Papers online].

September 17 Friday

September 18 Saturday – Sam wrote across all columns of his Stormfield new guestbook:

September 18, anniversary. A year ago the burglars broke into the house at midnight. They were condemned to terms of 4 & 9 years. Persons of their sort had been plying their trade in the house for a long time, but we were not aware of it. This 18th closed all falatious [2 *illegible words*].

September 19 Sunday – In Redding, Conn. Sam began a letter to Joe Twichell that he added a line to on Sept. 27.

Dear Joe— / Nine days ago it was all arranged, & the writings drawn & signed, & yesterday the last little details were accomplished which wiped the slate clean of *all* connection with that criminal couple & dismisse's them out of our lives. And by George! *yesterday* was an *anniversary*—the date that the two burglars broke into this house!

Now consider the unfairness of everything in this life: it was *her* testimony that sent those two hungry & hard-up poor devils to 4 & 9-year terms in prison!—*her's!* *They* got not a penny here, whereas she was stealing money from me every day of her life, & had been diligently at it—& liberally—for more than a year. She was stealing money without the excuse of need—& because of my low-quality citizenship she escapes jail; whereas *they* were in dire need, & all they got was jail.

And yet she is awfully punished:

1. She has lost her house & home;
2. She has married *him!* (& he *her!*)
3. She has to live in Brooklyn;
4. She adores Society—& is out of it for good;
5. And he? He's a stevedore, now. Much too respectable a calling for that sandhog [MTP].

September 20 Monday – In Redding, Conn. Albert B. Paine wrote for Sam to Archibald Henderson.

My Dear Sir, / I have your letters of recent date, also the photographs and pamphlets mentioned. Allow me to thank you for one of the pamphlet articles, which I remember reading with pleasure in Harper's Magazine. Mr. Clemens has autographed the various items, and I am having them sent to you by express, as the fact that they now contain writing would make them first-class mail matter. I hope that they will arrive safely, and that you will find them in accordance with your desires.

Concerning the bibliographical list you mention, I should be very glad to see it some time, and to make any suggestions that might tend to its enlargement. I have a large quantity of Mark Twain matter of various sorts. It is at present arranged chronologically, and not with a view to bibliographical consideration. Perhaps that will follow.

As to the completion of my biography of Mr. Clemens, that will require some time, perhaps two or three years longer. It is as you say, a big work. ... [MTP].

Sam noted in his **after Sept. 25, 1909** letter that on this day, "Sold old MS for more than enough to square with Ashcroft." *Note:* See Sept. 10 entry.

William Ireland Starr wrote from Bridgeport, Conn. to advise Sam of the location of a color picture which was left by Mrs. Ashcroft (Isabel Lyon) "in the large drawer of the sideboard at the top of the main stairs at Stormfield" and hoped Sam might find it and send it [MTP].

September 21 Tuesday – Paine writes of a dream Sam related:

September 21. This morning he told me, with great glee, the dream he had had just before waking. He said:

"I was in an automobile going slowly, with 'a little girl beside me, and some uniformed person walking along by us. I said, 'I'll get out and walk, too'; but the officer replied, 'This is only one of the smallest of our fleet.'"

“Then I noticed that the automobile had no front, and there were two cannons mounted where the front should be. I noticed, too, that we were traveling very low, almost down on the ground. Presently we got to the bottom of a hill and started up another, and I found myself walking ahead of the ‘mobile. I turned around to look for the little girl, and instead of her I found a kitten capering beside me, and when we reached the top of the hill we were looking out over a most barren and desolate waste of sand-heaps without a speck of vegetation anywhere, and the kitten said, ‘This view beggars all admiration.’ Then all at once we were in a great group of people and I undertook to repeat to them the kitten’s remark, but when I tried to do it the words were so touching that I broke down and cried, and all the group cried, too, over the kitten’s moving remark.”

The joy with which he told this absurd sleep fancy made it supremely ridiculous and we laughed until tears really came [MTB 1517-18].

In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **Helen Schuyler Allen** in Franklin, N.Y.

It is altogether too bad, Helen dear, if I’m not to see you. I am not likely to see New York or Bermuda for a long long time. I don’t go out of the house.

But can’t you & your mother run up & see me? It is only a rail-trip of an hour & a half. I would dearly love to see you. Write & tell me, won’t you? / With love, yours [MTP; not in *MTAg*].

Sam also wrote to **William Osler**.

Dear Dr. Osler:

I wish I could say yes, it hurts me to say the other thing, but I have said it so long, now (3 years) & so often, that I am at last practically used to it, like the eels. I bound myself to say no in all cases because I found that dividing the matter up & saying yes in some & no in the others made embarrassments for me, & I have this extraordinary peculiarity: that I don’t like embarrass_{ments}. But I thank Mr. Thomas for the offered compliment, & you for forwarding it.

I hope you & Mrs. Osler will come out here in the country & see me when you are on this side. It would give me great pleasure.

With kindest regards & best wishes to you both, / Sincerely Yours / SL. Clemens

I should like to be remembered to Mrs. & Miss Porter when you see them [MTP]. *Note:* Sir William Osler; see June 3, 1908 listing for bio information.

A concert at Stormfield featuring **Ossip Gabrilowitsch**, **Clara Clemens**, and **David Bispham** took place; by Sam’s estimate 525 people came, filling up the house. The event was a benefit for the **Redding Library** (Mark Twain Library) and raised \$372 for the cause [Sept. 22 to Ogden; Sept. 22 to Wallace]. *Note:* in a letter to her friend Marguerite Schmidt, Jean wrote that it was on this day that Clara and Ossip decided to marry. The wedding would take place on Oct. 6, 1909 [Hill 243].

The **Mark Twain Library Association** minutes gave two pages to the event, revealing that Mark Twain introduced the performers. The record here gives \$378 raised [copied by Tenney at the Library Nov. 15, 1981].

Later in the day a tea was held for a dozen, including the **Hawthornes**, **Jeannette L. Gilder** and her niece. Then a private concert in the library until 10 p.m. which included the “team” of performers from earlier in the day, **Mr. & Mrs. Albert Bigelow Paine**, **Jean Clemens** and her dog [Sept. 22 to Ogden; Sept. 22 to Wallace].

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Ossip Gabrilowitsch David Bispham	Concert Team	Sept. 21	In aid of the village library

Clara Clemens Mark Twain & 525 other guests		3 p.m.	building fund

Fred Winslow Adams for Schenectady First Methodist wrote to send Sam a copy of his sermon, of which Mark Twain was the subject. If he had misstated facts he welcomed correction, or criticism [MTP].

September 22 Wednesday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to Mrs. **Augusta M.D. Ogden** in Tuxedo Park, N.Y.

Dear Mrs. Ogden: / It is very pleasant to have a note from you. It is in a sense resuming relations with Tuxedo, where I have had the ill fortune to offend Mrs. Kane—unintentionally, but it grieves me just the same. It is quite natural for you to suppose it troubles me to be ailing & confined to the house these latter months, but it isn't really so. There are compensating advantages about it. I don't have to go to banquets & make speeches, & I don't have to *do* anything—not a thing. Not a thing except be prudent & not fatigue myself. It is an ideal life for a lazy person, & I was born lazy. When I found that Dr. Quintard was curing me, I discharged him. During 23 hours out of the 24 I am as comfortable as anybody. Not many ostensibly healthy people can say as much.

But I made a mistake yesterday afternoon. We had a concert here for the benefit of the village library. *Team:* Gabrilowitsch, David Bispham & Clara Clemens; I to introduce them. I ought to have done as commanded: done my introducing & gone back to my room. But there were 525 people in the house & I wanted to remain & get acquainted with them—which I did. It took several hours, & I am having the results to-day. But I had a good time!

All my tribe are packing off to New York to-morrow & next day, to be gone a week & see the great show. The whole family except the dog. It seems to me it isn't any way to treat an orphan. My, but I would like to see that show!

Would you mind called [*sic* calling] Margery up on the telephone & saying to her—not profanely, but gently, softly, kindly—that the plumbing in this house is getting into a perfectly Clintonian condition of wreck & rupture & comminuted disrepair?

With kindest regards to all your house—and thereto I beg to be remembered to any friends in Tuxedo that have not forgotten me— / Most sincerely yours / ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Elizabeth Wallace**.

Dear Betsy: / It is a lovely little book, & as rich in sumptuous imagery as is Shelley himself. The reading so moved me & charmed me that I read some Shelley under the inspiration of it. Thank you ever so much for sending it.

But the angel-fishes are not “company.” They are part of the family. *They* come, & dear me, how welcome they are! That little rascal will come, I think, when she gets located at Greenwich,—near by—where her next school is.

We got shut of those frauds & all settled up, finally & for good, on the anniversary of the day those other burglars raided the house. *They* got jail, poor devils; these didn't, but deserved it.

We had a grand time here yesterday. Concert in aid of the little library. *Team.*

Gabrilowitsch, pianist.

David Bispham, vocalist.

Clara Clemens, ditto.

Mark Twain, Introducer of Team.

~

Detachments, & squads, & groups, & singles came from everywhere—Danbury, New Haven, Norwalk, Redding, Redding Ridge, Ridgefield, & even from New York; some in 60 motor cars, some in buggies & carriages, & a swarm of farmer-young-folk on foot from miles around: 525 altogether. If we hadn't stopped the sale of tickets a day & a half before the performance we should have been swamped. We jammed 160 into

the library (not quite all had seats); we filled the loggia, the dining-room, the hall, clear to the billiard room, the stairs, & the brick-paved square outside the dining room door.

The artists were received with a great welcome, & it woke them up & I tell you they performed to the queen's taste! The program was an hour & three-quarters long, & the encores added a half hour to it. The enthusiasm of the house was hair-lifting. They all stayed an hour after the close, to shake hands & congratulate.

We had no dollar-seats except in the library, but we accumulated \$372 for the Building Fund. We had a tea at half past 6 for a dozen—the Hawthornes, Jeanette Gilder & her niece, etc.; & after 8 o'clock dinner we had a private concert & a ball in the bare-stripped library, until 10: nobody present but the team, & Mr. & Mrs. Paine, & Jean & her dog. And me. Bispham did Danny Deever & the Erlkönig in his majestic great organ-tones & artillery, & Gabrilowitsch played the accompaniments as they were never played before, I do suppose.

It having been decided that smoking is in no way responsible for my malady, I'm smoking as much as ever, now. / Affectionately / ... [MTP].

September 23 Thursday

September 24 Friday – J.M. Eddy for Rush of '49 Committee, Stockton, Calif. wrote to invite Sam to the 60th Anniversary of the gold rush, beginning on Oct. 26 [MTP].

September 25 Saturday – Sam noted in his **after Sept. 25, 1909** letter that on this day, “Clara’s announcement,” of her wedding on **Oct. 6 to Ossip Gabrilowitsch**.

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
September 25	-----	-----	Announcement!

Wallace Barker, an 11 year old schoolboy wrote on Interlaken School notepaper, La Porte, Ind. to Sam “wishing very much that I could have your autograph” [MTP].

September 25 after – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to the **Board of Directors of the Mark Twain Co.**

To the Board of Directors
of the Mark Twain Company.

Gentlemen: The purpose of this communication is to suggest that Mr. Ashcroft be asked to resign his position as Manager of the Company & cancel & make void his contract, upon the ground that he is not a fit person to ~~to~~ serve that office. My reasons are many, but I will state only one of them at present. Others will follow if required.

In Norfolk, Virginia, in the early days of April last, he procured a sum of money from me on false pretenses, by methods distinctly criminal in their character. He assisted his process by lies of his own, & by beguiling another man, though threats & persuasions, to lie for him. I have the evidence, & am ready to furnish it to you in *detail*.

At the time that he was guilty of this conduct he was under contract to conduct & watch over all my private business affairs for me—a contract upon which the ink was hardly as yet dry.

Respectfully submitted.

SL. Clemens, President.

It Never Rains but it Pours.

==

March 4. Fourteen years added to copyright term.

March 13. The signing of a hatful of contracts—the gloomy beginning of the sunny end.

March 18. The thieves frightened into marrying.

April 15. The Lioness abolished.

April 24. Paine comes home.

April 26. That abolishment broke down the wall that was built to shut Jean out of her home permanently.

In May. Discovery of evidence proving the Lioness a thief.

June 1. Discovery of the Blanket Power of Attorney.

June 5. First Saturday “At Home” of “Mr. & Mrs. R. W. Lyon-Ashcroft.” It was utilized in scurrying *away* from home.

June 7. Ashcroft recognizes that the expert’s figures are damning.

Therefore—

June 8. He & his wench surreptitiously fly the country.

July 17. Ashcroft Turned out of the Lobster Pot.

Sept. 9 (?) \$18,000 guarantee for 5 years. New \$25-edition.

Sept. 10. Ashcroft Bill for \$8,000 “services” compromised for \$1,000.

2 years of M. T. Co. commission reduced to *half a year*.

Ashcroft forced out of the M. T. Co.

Sept. 20. Sold old MS for more than enough to square with Ashcroft.

Sept. 25. Clara’s announcement.

Sept. 26 The final & absolute *extinction* of that sandhog, for \$100.

==
Sep. 21

Concert for library—525 present.

==

Sep. 25

Pleasant announcement for Oct. 5

==

No hyphenation & no splurge

==

No “At Homes.”

==

[MTP]. *Note:* Clara’s wedding took place on Oct. 6; the above dates were all entered in their respective entries.

September 26 Sunday – Sam noted in his **after Sept. 25, 1909** letter that on this day, “The final & absolute *extinction* of that sandhog, for \$100.”

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
September 26 – Sept. 29. Jean back from the	Hudson-Fulton celebration	N.Y.	Final & total extinction Of the sandhogs! Many Thanks.

September 27 Monday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam finished his **Sept. 19** to **Joe Twichell**. “*Sept. 27.* Yesterday the lawyers settled *everything* that was in dispute” [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Frances Nunnally**.

Francesca dear, you are certainly a scandalous little rascal! I suppose you have been within a mile of this house half a dozen times, lately, & yet you wouldn’t come & see a person. However, you have put in your time better, & so I forgive you.

If I were well enough I would go to New York now, looking at the show—that is, *you*.

I don’t know whether you are ever going to get home or not, but if you ever do, let me know, so that I may cease to be uneasy about you. Fold your wings & quiet down! You are the only aeroplane of the lot that doesn’t have to keep coming down all the time to get some more gasoline.

With lots of love, dear heart, & kindest regards to your father & mother, / ... [MTP; *MTAq* 265].

September 28 Tuesday

September 29 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Isabel S. Wayland (Mrs. John Wayland) in Stony Creek, Conn.

Dear Mrs. Wayland— / That bushel must be about due, now, & my mouth is watering. I thank you, thank you, thank you!

It is good to hear from you; I send my love to both of you, & I hope you are well. I'm not. I haven't had a well day for 4 months, & shan't have one for 4 more. I dasn't fatigue myself, because of the pain it causes my breast; & now, b 'George I've got the *toothache*—& how I am to get to New York I don't know. Perhaps Providence will provide. He has that reputation.

However, I have a noble good time, right along, & was never quite so well contented in my life. Albert Paine comes over every day at mid-afternoon & plays billiards until 7. We have invented a game which furnishes lots of rest, & can't tire anybody. The best game that was ever invented. We have played it straight along without a change for more than 3 months, & I guess we shall always prefer it to any other.

By mid-October I cal'late to begin to shout for company again. The Littletons have already promised to come about that time, & I want you & Marjorie Clinton & the Freemans to fall into the procession. I hope to have 2 or 3 guests in the house forever more. / Always affectionately / ... [MTP].

September 30 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Melville E. Stone, manager of the Associated Press. "Dear Stone: / This is a personal matter of great importance to me, & as I am not well enough to travel, these days, I am sending Albert Bigelow Paine, my secretary, to you with it. / With my love /..." [MTP].

Lotos Club wrote from NYC to invite Clemens to a farewell dinner for **Melville E. Stone** on Oct. 5 [MTP].

Autumn, 1909 – Sam wrote to the "Unborn Reader" as to **William Dean Howells**.

To the Unborn Reader,

In your day, a hundred years hence, this manuscript will have a distinct value; & not a small value but a large one. If it can be preserved ten centuries it will have a still larger value— a value augmented tenfold, in fact. For it will furnish an intimate inside view of our domestic life of to-day not to be found in naked & comprehensive detail outside of its pages. Its episodes have occurred in all lands & in all ages, but they have never near linked together in progressive order & sequence & set down as plain narrative of fact before; heretofore certain of them have been used in romances, but not otherwise. That employment of them has weakened them, not strengthened them, because, so used, they fail of the priceless quality of authenticity.

There are these conspicuous characters in this true tale of mine, this queer & shabby & pitiful tale—to—wit, I, a pair of degraded & sufficiently clumsy sharpeners, & I the born ass, their easy victim. These those characters have figured as clever inventions in many romances, but in this manuscript we are not inventions, we are flesh & blood realities, & the silly & sordid things we have done & said are facts, not fancies.

I have set this history down in the form of a letter—a letter to an old & sympathetic friend, a friend of thirty-five years' standing, the novelist William Dean Howells. This was to give me freedom, after freedom, limitless freedom, liberty to talk right out of my heart, without reserve. I could not talk like that to the general public, I could not strip myself naked before company.

Howells is all refinement, by nature & training. Now & then, when I have been obliged to be robust & indelicate in my speech, Howells was an embarrassment to me; I found I could not say things to him which I could not say to a lady. In these cases I have gotten over the difficulty by imagining I was talking to Colonel George Harvey. He is as robust as I am myself.

This original manuscript will be locked up & put away, & no copy of it made. Your eye, after mine, will be the first to see it.

If the Paston Letters had been a free-spoken private communication to a Howells of four & a quarter centuries ago, imagine the light it would throw upon domestic life in England in that old day! a life which is hidden in deep night, a life which is a sealed book to the world forever; & imagine the value of it!

Mark Twain [MTP: L-A MS]

October – Clemens signed his copy of *Trix and Over-the-Moon* (1909) by **Princess Amélie (Rives) Chanler Troubetzkoy (pseud. Amélie Rives)** (1863-1945): “*SL. Clemens / 1909 / Stormfied, October*” [Gribben 714].

October 1 Friday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Helen Schuyler Allen**, St. Andrew Hotel, N.Y.C.

My child! Your letter arrives late. I must rush a line to you right away, or you will be gone to New York before this reaches Albany.

I guess I will send this to New York—then it will be sure to reach you. Tell me, dear, when you & your mother can come after the 7th of October. The house will be empty, then, for two or three days right after the 7th. Will you drop me a line & give me your earliest date?

I suppose you are having a very good time flying around. I hope you are, anyway. / With lots of love / ... [MTP; not in *MTAq*].

Sam also wrote to **Margery H. Clinton** in Tuxedo Park, N.Y.

Plumber dear, you belong to a very tough profession—a profession that is always *explaining*. You & the clergy are just alike; you are always explaining the unexplainable, & charging war prices for it; always mending souls & holes & leaving them worse than they were before; always putting in washers that won't wash, always loafing & charging time for it, always soldiering when you ought to be soldering. Reform! reform!

But never mind, I think you'll do, just as you are. And besides, people that reform are always tougher than they were before. Many & many's the time I have tried it.

Can't you & Miss Caroline come up & give us a visit after the middle of October? Nature is getting ready to welcome you; the woods are already showing color, & I have begun to put on my autumn tints.

Who? *Me*? “Going to the Fulton celebration?” I should have the doctors on my back if I tried to travel. / Most respectfully / ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote a postcard to **Mrs. Edward Quintard**. “A word of hearty greeting, my well-beloved Mrs. Quintard, & I do *wish* you could have come with the Doctor! / All happiness attend you! / SL Clemens” [MTP].

October 2 Saturday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Mrs. Helen Garth**.

Dear Mrs. Garth: / Your letter left New York at noon Wednesday, & arrived here at breakfast this morning. It probably went around by Louisville because it couldn't get through the crowds of people you speak of.

I am very very sorry to lose your visit, but you will be coming east again by & by—you & Mrs. Annie—and then you must come.

With love to you both from the girls & me, / ... [MTP].

Galbraith Welch American representative for *The Bookman*, London wrote to ask Sam for “news of your literary plans...what work is at present occupying you?” [MTP].

October 3 Sunday

October 4 Monday

October 5 Tuesday

October 6 Wednesday – **Clara Clemens** married **Ossip Gabrilowitsch** at Stormfield. **Joe Twichell** performed the ceremony. The *New York Times* reported the event on Oct. 7, p. 9:

MISS CLEMENS WEDS MR. GABRILOWITSCH

**Mark Twain, in Scarlet Cap and Gown, Sees
His Daughter Married to Russian Pianist.**

AVOIDS "CEREMONY DELAYS"

**Humorist in Prepared Interview Says a Happy Marriage
is One of the Tragically Solemn Things of Life.**

WEST REDDING, Conn., Oct. 6.—Miss Clara L. Clemens, daughter of Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) was married at noon today to Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist. The wedding took place in the drawing room at Stormfield, Mr. Clemens's country home, with the Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Twitchell of Hartford, a close friend of Mr. Clemens, as officiating clergyman. The bride was attended only by her sister, Miss Jean Clemens, but her cousins, Jervis Langdon of Elmira, N. Y., and Mrs. Julia Loomis, wife of Edward Loomis, Vice President of the Delaware Lackawanna & Western Railroad, were present.

Miss Ethel Newcomb of New York City played a wedding march as the bridal party entered the drawing room. This room was prettily decorated with evergreens. Autumn leaves, and roses, and the bride and bridegroom stood beneath a bower of white roses and smilax.

While the ceremony was being performed Mr. Clemens was attired in the scarlet cap and gown which he wore when the Degree of Doctor of Literature was conferred upon him by Oxford University. After the wedding he wore a white flannel suit.

Forty guests from New York City were present and attended a wedding breakfast which followed the marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Gabrilowitsch left for New York this afternoon. After remaining in that city about a week they will go to Berlin, where Mr. Gabrilowitsch has taken a house. Later Mr. Gabrilowitsch will make a tour of Germany in concerts.

Mark Twain's Interview.

Mr. Clemens prepared the following characteristic interview "to avoid any delays at the ceremony," as he expressed it. Speaking of the bride and bridegroom Mr. Clemens said: "Clara and Gabrilowitsch were pupils together under Leschetizky, in Vienna, ten years ago. We have known him intimately ever since. It's not new—the engagement. It was made and dissolved twice six years ago. Recovering from a perilous surgical operation, two or three months passed by him here in the house ended a week or ten days ago in renewal. The wedding had to be sudden for Gabrilowitsch's European season is ready to begin. The pair will be married a fortnight from now. The first engagements are in Germany. They have taken a house in Berlin."

"Can you say a word or two about the Redding Mark Twain Library?"

"The village did me the honor to name it so. It flourishes. The people came to it from a mile or so around. We are all engaged in propagating the building fund, in a social and inexpensive way, through picnics, afternoon teas, and other frolics in the neighborhood, with now and then a full strength concert in my house at ostentatious prices. We had one last week with a team composed of Gabrilowitsch, David Bispham, and his bride, with me as introducer and police.

"We had an audience of 525. When I have a male guest I charge him a dollar for his bed and turn the money into the fund and give him an autographed receipt, which he carries away and sells for \$1.10."

Doesn't Work, But Takes Exercise.

"Are you at work now?"

"No, I don't work. I have a troublesome pain in my breast which won't allow it, and won't allow me to stir out of the house. But I play billiards for exercise. Albert Bigelow Paine, my biographer and business manager, plays with me. He comes over every day for two or three hours. He has a farm half a mile from here upon which he raises hopes."

"Do you like it here at Stormfield?"

"Yes, it is the most out of the world and peaceful and tranquil and in every way satisfactory home I have had experience of in my life."

"The marriage pleases you, Mr. Clemens?"

"Yes, fully as much as any marriage could please me or perhaps any other father. There are two or three tragically solemn things in this life, and a happy marriage is one of them, for the terrors of life are all to come.

A funeral is a solemn office, but I go to them with a spiritual uplift, thankful that the dead friend has been set free. That which follows is to me tragic and awful—the burial. I am glad of this marriage, and Mrs. Clemens would be glad, for she always had a warm affection for Gabrilowitsch, but all the same it is a tragedy, since it is a happy marriage with its future before it, loaded to the plimsoil line with uncertainties.”

Among the guests at the wedding were Richard Watson Gilder, Mrs. Gilder and three daughters, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Wright of Boston, Mrs. E. F. Bauer and the Misses Flora and Marion Bauer of New York, Miss Lillian Burbank, Miss Marie Nichols, Mrs. John B. Stanchfield, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sprague, Miss Foot, Miss Comstock, Miss Mary Lawton, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Gaillard, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hapgood, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bigelow Paine, and Miss Ethel Newcomb, all of New York.

[*Note:* this was the last time Clemens saw **Richard Watson Gilder**, who died on Nov. 18].

Sam’s new guestbook also listed these above guests.

Lystra writes of the wedding day:

...Clara married a man whom her father both liked and respected. “Only a few intimate friends were invited to the wedding, and everyone was in bright spirits,” the bride remembered, “like the October day that blazed brilliant in resplendent autumn colors.” Clara told Joseph Twichell, once again officiating at an important family ceremony, that she wanted the word “obey” deleted from the service. Jean was the maid of honor and wore a new white silk dress, trimmed with lace. Twain, never one to be upstaged, wore his Oxford robes. For her part, Katy was agitated. All the preparations had fallen on her and Jean—with one week’s notice. “I worked all the morning,” Katy remembered about the wedding day, “and I was looking after everything and everybody was calling me this way and that. I didn’t know who was there, hardly.” She was too busy downstairs to help Clara dress, but she watched her descending the stairs on her father’s arm. “She looked like a little cherub,” Katy recalled. Twain was very quiet before the ceremony, but during the reception he talked and laughed and bragged contentedly about his new son-in-law [241].

Harry Windsor Dearborn for the Robert Fulton Monument wrote to Sam. “...permit me to say that the Dutchess of Marlborough wrote a letter in the way of introduction to her cousin Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt presenting Mr. Lascelles, who saw him yesterday. Mr. Lascelles has also seen Mr. Cutting and others regarding a pageant to be held for our Association either at the unveiling of the memorial or the laying of the corner stone. Best of all, it has been arranged for Lord & Company to finance same.” Dearborn also offered his congratulations on Clara’s marriage [MTP].

Richard E. Johnston, theatrical manager, wrote from NYC with regrets he’d been unable to attend Clara’s wedding and asked for “something which I can send to the people explaining why Miss Clemens cannot fill her concert engagements” [MTP].

Maude DeHaven Ogan wrote from NYC to Sam enclosing pictures (not in file) and asking for a picture of Clara [MTP].

October 7 Thursday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam sent a telegram and then wrote a letter to **Helen Schuyler Allen** at the Hotel St. Andrew, N.Y.C. The telegram simply said: “Will write, wait for letter.” Here is his letter:

Helen dear, I am so disappointed to have to telegraph & postpone your visit, but there’s no help for it. For the past 3 days we have been working like beavers, & losing a lot of sleep; & so my daughter Jean & my secretary Mr. Paine are worn out & broken down & I reckon I am even a trifle worse than they are. The wedding is over, the bride & groom are gone, but the hard work promises to go straight on for a week to come—letters, telegrams, telephone messages, etc—they keep us busy; & the house has to be restored to what

it was before the wedding—& that must be put off a little, so that the servants may rest-up. We have been obliged to postpone other visits by telegraph & letter.

Thunder! *we* didn't know what a wedding was like! But we know now. Dear heart, can you come seven or eight days from now? I hope so. Do try. We shall still be alive, I am sure.

Then you will take the train at Grand Central (Lexington avenue entrance) at 4.15 p.m.

Saturdays 1.15 p.m.

Tell me the train you take, so that I can send to the station for you.

With kindest regards to your mother & love to you. / ... [MTP].

May Cline wrote from San Diego, Calif. to ask for an autograph [MTP].

Richard E. Johnston wrote again to Sam asking where he could reach Clara by letter. "I must have something from her to send to the people whom I have made engagements with. They are furious with me, and it is all unfair. However, you see she should write a letter that can be published, in which she takes all the blame" [MTP].

Warren Mason, correspondent for the London *Daily Express*, writing from the Sun building in NYC, wrote to Sam. His newspaper "has begun strong campaign directed against continuation misrule of Congo." He asked if Clemens might telegraph "commendary methods" and how "public opinion of civilized world can best manifest itself" [MTP].

October 7-13 Wednesday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam sent form letter announcements of **Clara's** wedding to **Ossip Gabrilowitsch** to: **Harriet W. Enders, Richard Watson Gilder and Helena Gilder (Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder), George Bernard Shaw, and William Winter** [MTP]. *Note:* no doubt many others were sent after the ceremony. On the back of one of the announcements, this to an unidentified person, was a list from 1885 of incoming letters from Feb. to Sept. 29. See UCCL #12003 for details.

October 8 Friday

October 9 Saturday – Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
F.A. Duneka	New York	Oct. 9 & 10	

Arthur Conan Doyle wrote from London to Sam.

I know that you feel as I do about the Congo. You have magnificently proved it in your book.

I am sending you mine "The Crime of the Congo" which brings the facts up to date.

It is written in the hope of making the people of England (and of America also) understand that they are themselves blood guilty if they do not interfere to control that which they have themselves helped to form. If Diplomacy fails then it must be force. How great to see the two English-speaking nations shoulder to shoulder in protecting the helpless.

If you could spare me a line, just to say that a great American sees it from the same standpoint it would indeed help us here in our struggle / With all affection & respect ... [MTP].

John Whitehead wrote from Surrey, England to send a poem to Sam, as he was doing to all the great men of the world. Sam had received Whitehead's book at Brown's Hotel in 1907 [MTP]. *Note:* not in Gribben.

October 10 Sunday – **William Henry Bishop** wrote from NYC to Sam after reading of Clara's wedding and noting in the article Sam mentioned a "troublesome pain in the breast" Bishop also suffered from such a pain

that the doctors said wasn't heart problems nor consumption. "Would you send me a word about yours [pain] on the chance that the nature of this trouble may be explained" [MTP].

October 11 Monday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to William Henry Bishop in N.Y.C.

My dear Bishop: / You have located *my* pain exactly—"the centre of the breast bone"—but the one in the lung is your private property. I lack it. A distinguished allopath referred mine to the heart, & began to empty drugs into me—(& I have a horror of drugs.) At the end of a fortnight it was plain that the drugs only *relieved*, they didn't reduce the number of attacks per day; so I stopped drugging.

Next, the osteopath said there was a bone out of true—nothing the matter with the heart. He adjusted the bone; came up again, after 3 days, & readjusted it; came after another interval & re-readjusted it. Then I discarded *him*. But retained the pain.

An old servant of ours said the hot-water bag would appease the pain temporarily. Very well, it *did*. Once. I said that if it was the hot water that did it on the outside (inconveniently) why mightn't it on the inside (conveniently.) So I tried it & it worked. I have drunk oceans of hot water since then (two months.) If half a glass doesn't stop it, I go on—go on filling myself up. With the certainty that the hot water will win out, presently.

There's a thermos of hot water at my elbow day & night. But that is for possible emergencies; in these latter days; the emergencies are pretty rare, now.

My daughter—who is not a physician & doesn't know anything—said the pain was due to *indigestion*; a curious idea, since nobody's stomach & bowels could beat mine for perfect performance. It may be that she is right. I don't know. Still, if I eat moderately, no pain comes; but every time I over-eat, it comes. I seldom over-eat now, therefore the pain & I are getting to be strangers. Moreover, I have stopped eating rich desserts—they often brought me the pain; especially if I assisted them by over-indulging in innocent stuffs_[1]

With cordial good wishes / Sincerely Yours / ... [MTP].

October 12 Tuesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Helen Schuyler Allen at the Hotel St. Andrew, N.Y.C.

Dear Helen, my married daughter has changed her plans, & I have word this morning that she will sail next Saturday. So I shall be here alone in an empty house, with both daughters away & nobody but myself to welcome you & your mother, for the doctor has barred me from traveling, so it will not do for me to go down & see my daughter off. She will have to run up here for the good-bying, instead, if she gets time. But *I* shall be here, dear, & glad to welcome you & do the best I can to make you & your mother comfortable & at home.

The trains are—thus:

1.18 p.m. (Saturdays), to BRANCHVILLE (*It does not stop at Redding.*) Returning: (Sundays,) only two trains.

8.08 a.m. &

6.13 p.m.

I hope you can come, dear. If you find you can will you please let me know, by letter or telegram, so that I can send to the station for you? Branchville is 3½ miles from my house; it's a wee little station, & there aren't any cabs there.

But the country roads are beautiful, now, submerged in the autumn splendors. / With lots of love
[MTP; not in *MTAq*].

Sam also wrote to Richard E. Johnston.

Dear Mr. Johnson: / I am as sorry as any one can be that my daughter Clara cannot meet those appointments. She is not here to speak for herself, but, as I understand the matter, it is this: The wedding was brought suddenly on, ahead of time, because Gabrilowitsch was leaving for Europe; and as the wound in his head (from the surgical operation of a month or two ago) was not yet healed; and he was weak from his long illness, the sudden marriage was decided upon in order that my daughter might go with him and continue to nurse him. They will spend two or three months in retirement in Italy, for rest and recuperation, by order of the physicians. Also, by their order, Gabrilowitsch has cancelled his European engagements by cable. I am

very, very sorry for these untoward things, but you see how they came about, and that neither you nor I could have helped it. / Sincerely yours, / ... [MTP: *Musical America*, 23 Oct. 1909].

William Henry Bishop replied to Sam. “Your kind letter of medical advise just received. In consequence of it I feel better already. I beg to enclose my check for five dollars. I don’t want to put you in the painful portion of being found practicing without a license, so I adopt the happy afterthought of making this offering for your Redding Library.” Bishop was sailing to Naples on Nov. 6 with the wife [MTP].

The Chicago Daily Journal wrote to ask Sam if would “kindly send us the latest photo of yourself” [MTP].

October 13 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam replied to the Oct. 12 from **William Henry Bishop**.

Dear Mr. Bishop: / The Mark Twain Library thanks you cordially, through me, its President, for your welcome contribution and forwards herewith its official receipt.

I offer to you & Mrs. Bishop my best wishes for a safe & pleasant voyage. / Sincerely Yours / ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Helen Kerr Blackmer (Mrs. Henry Myron Blackmer)** in N.Y.C.

Dear Mrs. Blackmer: / It’s congratulations that are in order—nothing that could happen in the family could please me more. I wanted this wedding 8 years ago, when the engagement was broken twice in 6 months.

I am so glad Margaret is still around! I haven’t heard from that scamp for ages. Except at second hand, 3 days ago, through Betsy Wallace.

I can’t go to Margaret, for I can’t go anywhere—even to see Clara off; so I’ve got to require you & her to come to *me*. I do certainly *want* you. I wish it could be *now*, while the woods are so beautiful & the hickory-nuts raining on you as you pass along. Jean gathered a harvest of them yesterday—but not from Margaret’s trees & mine. I’m *saving* those. Fetch her along as soon as you can. The sooner the better. The woods were never lovelier than they are now. / Affectionately yours, & / with love to Margaret / ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Mrs. Augusta M.D. Ogden** in Tuxedo Park, N.Y.

Dear Mrs. Ogden: / Indeed yes! Greenwich is close by. Come up to luncheon. Come in the fresh hours of the morning & arrive early. I will provide the proper weather. I am studying for the ministry, & have a pull, as St. Exodus says.

Greenwich! Well—is *everybody* going to Grinnage? That is where my Margaret is—Margaret Blackmer. She ha’s entered school there— “Rosemary Hall.” I have a letter from her mother this morning conveying the news. By George I never heard of such a rush to *one* place before. And that a mere village!

Name your day. I am always at home, & ready. I do not go away, ever; even to see married daughters off on the steamer.

Drat that plumber, she is suspiciously silent. Do you know, the silence of a plumber always means meditation? & that a plumber’s meditations always mean business? business for the plumber, & expense for some lamb som’ers.

Sincerely yours
S. L. Clemens OVER

Gabrilowitsch is an exceedingly fine fellow & I am glad to have him on the family list. He has done me one service for which I am most thoroughly grateful: he has squelched Clara’s “career.” She is done with the concert-stage—permanently, I pray. I hate the word. I never want to hear it again. *I* had a “career” ~~of a~~ on the platform. I could not learn to like it; yet it was when I had escaped jail, & the fresh air of freedom ought to have been all-in-all to me, but it was not. I went back, of my own accord, & served out my time. And not only in California, but afterwards in New Jersey & Arkansas & another state—or territory, I do not remember which [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Anna M. Vilas (Mrs. William Freeman Villas)**.

Dear Mrs. Vilas: / I thank you so much for the Memorial, which I have read with the deepest interest. I had a warm place in my heart for Colonel Vilas, & a great admiration for his lofty gifts & character. I can still vividly see him, as I saw him twenty years ago, lacking a month, *at the Grant banquet in Chicago*, as he stood upon a table, with his lips closing upon the last word of his magnificent speech, & his happy eyes looking out in contentment over a sea of applauding soldiers glimpsed through a frantic storm of waving napkins—a great picture, a thrilling picture, & one which will never grow dim in my memory.

I thank you again, dear madam. / Sincerely Yours / ... / P.S. No, it was 30 years ago [MTP].

Note: **William Freeman Vilas** (1840-1908) gave a speech at the **Nov. 13, 1879** Chicago banquet for **Ulysses S. Grant**, where Twain gave his famous “babies” speech. Vilas served in **Grover Cleveland’s** cabinet (1885-1889) and was a senator from Wisconsin (1891-1897). Sam wrote Livy on Nov. 14, 1879 remarking of Vilas’ speech, “O, wasn’t it wonderful.”

Ambrose Bierce wrote from Wash. DC congratulations to Sam on Clara’s wedding [MTP].

Sarah E.R. Fitzwilliam wrote from Chicago to give a dollar to the Redding Library and asked for Sam’s autographed receipt [MTP].

Richard E. Johnston wrote to Sam. “I received your letter and the same is very good. We are having copies of them made and we will send it to each person who has engaged your daughter” [MTP].

Lincoln National Bank per David C. Grant wrote to Sam that as requested in Sam’s Oct. 10 letter, they had a letter of credit for £500.00 made out to **Clara**; also they’d sent a draft for M.700.00 on Berlin, Germany sent to **Jean L. Clemens**, at her request [MTP].

Bernard S. Phelps, Phelps Shoe Co., New Orleans wrote to ask for an autograph [MTP].

George Morris Philips wrote to Sam, having mailed “Your Autobiography and First Romance” for Sam to “write a few words” in [MTP]. *Note:* “Howells story / answered”

October 14 Thursday – On this day or **Oct. 15** in **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to daughter **Clara** at the Hotel Latham, N.Y.C.

“Mrs. Gabrilowitsch / Hotel Latham, 5th ave & 28th st. New York

“It is very distressing & I am sorry but the hospital will be ever so much better & safer for appendicitis than the ship. Gabrilowitsch is in luck again. Tell him so from me. / Marcus.” [MTP]. *Note:* Clara’s groom had appendicitis. They canceled their voyage to Europe and he was operated on. See Oct. 17 NY *Times* squib.

Joe Goodman wrote from Alameda, Calif. to Sam. “Dear Mark— / Your card announcing the marriage of Clara with Ossip Gabrilowitsch is just received. / God bless them! – and bless us all! / Yours ever” [MTP].

Mary E. Wood wrote to Sam enclosing a dollar for the Mark Twain Library and requesting an autograph in return for her Hillcrest edition copy [MTP].

October 15 Friday – In the evening the **Mark Twain Library Association** held “The Harvest Home Dance” at the barn of **Meeker Jones**. The attendance was “large” at this costume events, which ended with one of Sam’s old favorites, the “Virginia Reel” dance. The minutes do not disclose Sam’s attendance [MTLA minutes copied at the Library by Tenney Nov. 15, 1981].

John Bigelow wrote to Sam.

My dear Mr. Clemens / Rochfoucault [*sic* Francois de la Rochefocauld 1613-1680] never said a cleverer thnk nor Dr. Franklin a wiser one than the last sentence of your note just rec!

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”

Be careful or the Demos will be running you for President when you are not on your guard [MTP].

John C. Hatch and Elizabeth (Bettie) Hatch sent an engraved announcement of their 50th anniversary, in Maplewood, NJ [MTP]. *Note*: “Betty Owsley – Hannibal, Missouri” and MT: “Schoolmate of mine 60 years ago. / SLC.”

October 16 Saturday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam inscribed a copy of *Eve’s Diary* to **Helen Schuyler Allen**: “*Helen Schuyler Allen M.A. / with the love of / The Author / Oct. 16/09.*” [MTP: Charles Hamilton catalog, 30 Sept. 1965, No. 9, Item 23].

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Mrs. Allen			
Helen Schuyler Allen M.A.	Bermuda	Oct. 16 & 17	

October 17 Sunday – The New York *Times*, p.1 reported on the condition of Ossip Gabrilowitsch:

TO OPERATE ON GABRILOWITCH

Mark Twain’s Son-in-Law Has Appendicitis—Cancels Sailing.

Ossip Gabrilowitch [*sic*], the pianist, who recently was married to Miss Clemens, daughter of Mark Twain, did not sail with his bride yesterday on the steamship Kaiserin Auguste Victoria. He visited the vessel just before she sailed to get his mail. He found it inconvenient to sail at this time.

Mr. Gabrilowitch added that he expected to be operated on next Monday for appendicitis.

Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Mr. Hazen	(		
Mrs. Hazen	(Redding Ridge	Oct. 17	
Miss Ida Tarbell	(		

October 18 Monday – In **Redding, Conn.** **Albert B. Paine** wrote for Sam to prof. **Archibald Henderson** at Univ. N. Carolina, Chapel Hill.

Dear Prof. Henderson, / This is a line from both Mr. Clemens and myself, as the present state of Mr. Clemens’s health prohibits personal letter-writing on his part. He wishes to thank you for the newspaper clipping you sent him, and to congratulate you on the success of your article, both of which sentiments I desire to echo. I wish also to express appreciation of your very excellent article in the recent Harper Magazine. It is pleasant that they keep us side by side in that periodical—you in the lead, as is proper. / Very sincerely yours, / Albert B. Paine [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Frank J. Sprague**.

Dear Mr. Sprague: / That fine are certainly *remarkably* good photographs. They will go in the billiard room—that is to say, The Treasury. I owe you many thanks.
Kindest regards to you & Mrs Sprague, with the hope that you & she will come again, & often. / Sincerely yours / ... [MTP].

October 19 Tuesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Mrs. **Augusta M.D. Ogden**, Tuxedo Park, N.Y.

Dear Mrs. Ogden: / Good—I shall be on the lookout for you.

Telephone,
“774 Danbury.”

That is our call.

==

We are waiting—in some little anxiety—for news from Gabrilowit[s]ch. In some little anxiety because of lack of news; for the telephone has not spoken since the operation was performed, 22 hours ago, & of course at that time the ultimate result of it could not be prophecied. / Sincerely yours / ... [MTP].

October 20 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Irene Gerken** [MTP]. *Note:* beyond, “You dear little scamp,” text not available.

October 21 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Mrs. John Paul Jones**.

Dear Mrs. Jones: / It is lovely of you to think of Clara. Gabrilowitsch had to go to the hospital (appendicitis) just as he & Clara were ready to step aboard the steamer for Germany. He is recovering with fair progress, & within a fortnight the pair expect to come up here & stay until he is sound & strong again. G. is pretty well run down. He was here in the house all summer recovering from three operations for the mastoid process. This is a quiet region, & suitable for invalids. The couple will occupy a cottage on this farm at an easy visiting-distance from this house; easy walking-distance—a third of a mile.

Indeed I should like to go & see you—many thanks for the invitation, dear Mrs. Jones. But I don’t suppose I shall ever make another journey until man’s best friend comes for me. By that fine phrase I am referring to the undertaker.

With affectionate regards to you all, / ... [MTP].

An unidentified person wrote from England to Sam. (Only the envelope survives) [MTP]. Postmarked Oct. 10 England, and forwarded Oct. 21 from Hartford.

A dictation in the Lyon-Ashcroft MS is headed “Miss Lyon’s habits,” and “Dictated October 21, 1909”:

Little by little the evidence comes out as to Miss Lyon’s drinking habits. Strohmeier’s man was here yesterday, and he spoke of an incident in this line, which occurred in the days when this house was being finally equipped inside for occupancy. He was here to put up window-shades and curtains. He heard Miss Lyon scream, and he ran into the room where she was. She seemed to be overmastered by hysterics, and cried out “hold my hands! hold my hands!” He held her hands, a dozen workmen came running to see what the screaming was about, and there they found the dramatic situation which I have just described. Among the inflow was Lounsbury. He was clam; he knew Miss Lyon’s breed of hysterics; he had had experience of them before; and he knew what to do. He drew a flask of whisky and said, “Give her this, it will quiet her. It got a welcome reception.

Miss Lyon was drunk, and Lounsbury knew it. On another occasion when she was hysterically drunk, she demanded whisky, and they gave her a third of a glass, which emptied the bottle. She demanded more, and was told there was no more to be had immediately, because Claude had the key of the wine-closet, and he was not about. She flew into a rage, and dashed the bottle against the wall, and broke it. I think Lounsbury was present on that occasion, too, but I will ask him, and make sure.

When Katie, Claude, and Miss Lyon were completing the clearing out of the house in Fifth Avenue, in September of last year, Miss Lyon ran out of liquor, and demanded a fresh supply. There wasn’t any. She said

she could not do this kind of work without the help of restoratives, and ordered Claude to fetch a bottle of Scotch whisky from the Brevoort—which he did. By the testimony of Claude and Katie, she finished that bottle before bedtime.

Strohmeyer's young man said yesterday, that during the housebuilding—so the workmen said—Miss Lyon was not only pretty customarily and manifestly under the influence of liquor, but that she was quite generous with it with the men; in hurrying them up, she would encourage them with whisky, remarking that she herself found that she could work better with the help of a little stimulant of that kind.

A few days after she was discharged from here last spring, she visited the house one day, and before going asked Claude for a glass. He brought it, and also brought the whisky bottle, supposing she would want that also; but she said no, she had found brandy a better restorative when she was fagged than whisky. She produced a flask, and poured out a quantity measuring something more than a claret-glass, and drank it off neat, without water.

Katie says Miss Lyon always kept a bottle of cocktails in her room, in a cupboard, both in New York, and here at Stormfield, and that a bottle lasted her only about a day, and she was drinking a good deal of whisky, besides, Ashcroft was doing the same. Claude and Katie say he was a liberal drinker.

In the sixty-two days of July and August of last year, this house ordered—and also consumed—forty-eight quarts of Scotch whisky. Yesterday I examined the guest-book, and found there the names of a couple of generous drinkers of Scotch whisky. Apparently one of them was here two days and two nights, and the other one night. It is possible that between them they drank three quarts. In that two months two other men were here, who drink Scotch whisky, but as they drink it only at dinner, with water, in the English fashion, their consumption of that kind of whisky was necessarily slender, and they were only here one or two days anyway. In those days I drank Scotch whisky once in every twenty-four hours; and always after I was in bed, and ready for sleep. I took the same quantity always, a liquer glassful. While in those days I probably consumed a quart of Scotch whisky in a fortnight, nowadays a quart lasts me a month. If we allow that three or four guests drank four bottles in these two months, and I four, that makes eight. Miss Lyon always kept the key of the wine-closet herself, after we moved into the house, and perhaps she, with the help of Ashcroft, would be able to explain what went with the other forty quarts of Scotch whisky consumed under this roof in the sixty-two days of July and August, 1908.

We had many a guest in those old times. Nowadays a number of them speak quite freely of Miss Lyon's drunks, as observed by them; also they speak rather frankly of my dulness in not perceiving that she was a drunkard; and when they don't speak of my dulness in this connection, they doubt that I am telling the strict truth when I say that I did not know that she was a heavy drinker. And so, no matter which attitude they take, I come out without a compliment. I don't deny that I knew Miss Lyon to be a drinker, and that I knew it all of two years ago, but I did not know she was a heavy drinker. She came to my room with great frequency, both in the night and in the day, to borrow some of my whisky, saying she was out, and not feeling well, and my bottle was nearer than the wine closet. Now, in as much as she is a convicted thief and misused my check-book to steal money from me, it is quite likely, that upon a pinch she would steal whisky also. Katie says Miss Lyon used to hold up my bottle, and say somebody has been filching from it, and that without doubt it was Teresa. Teresa was born and reared in a land of light wines; circumstantial evidence pints, not to her, but to Miss Lyon, as the whisky thief [Section XXI].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

October 22 Friday

October 23 Saturday – In Redding, Conn. Sam sent a postcard (picture of Stormfield) to **Elizabeth Hatch (Mrs. John C. Hatch)** in Maplewood, N.J.: “All sorts of congratulations & cordial good wishes, from a fellow-pupil (Dawson's School) of 60 years ago! /SL. Clemens” [MTP]. *Note:* Betty Owsley.

October 24 Sunday – Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Etta L. Farish	Denver, Colo.	Oct 24, 1909	

Mabel G.[?] Farish	Denver, Colo.	“ “ “	

Arthur L. Sherman wrote from NYC sending a bill for the Library and a picture of his son (not in file) and a story of the boy being at death's door, then recovering after many surgeries and the reading of *TS* [MTP].

October 25 Monday – **Lord Northcliffe** wrote from Newfoundland to congratulate Sam on Clara's wedding. "I shall be in New York next month if by any chance you are there I hope you will let me clasp you by the hand" [MTP].

October 26 Tuesday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **Thomas Power O'Connor** now at the Hoffman House N.Y.C.

My Dear Mr. O'Connor, / I am living here at Redding, sixty miles from New York, easy of access, though prohibited by my physician from getting away. Can't you run up and let me have a look at you? There is a train from the Lexington Avenue station at 8.50 in the morning, and one at 3.32 in the afternoon. These are express trains, and come through without change. Any time will suit me. Pick your own day and train, and let me know, and I will send for you to the station. Telegrams are delivered here, and you can also reach me by telephone, No. "774, Danbury, Conn." Won't you come? / Very truly yours, / ... [MTP].

C.G. Child for the Victor Talking-Machine Co., Camden, N.J. wrote to Sam, offering \$1,000 for Sam to make records of "a few of your famous stories" [MTP].

October 27 Wednesday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote a note to **Beatrice M. Benjamin** (H.H. Rogers' granddaughter) in N.Y.C.: "This isn't to wish you many happy returns of the *occasion*, but only of its anniversary. I hope there will be a rich abundance of those, & that each succeeding one will be happier than its predecessor." The note was to be included in a set of Mark Twain books, red-bound, for her wedding on Nov. 7 [MTP].

Sam then wrote to **Frederick A. Duneka** of Harper's, instructing him to send Miss Benjamin the above books [MTP].

N. Lafayette-Savay for the American Civic Alliance wrote to ask Clemens to make "a short address" at their banquet on Dec. 11 [MTP].

October 28 Thursday – In the evening a dance was held at the "old Selleck house through the courtesy of Mr. Bergquist, the present occupant...at which the guests wore sheets, pillow cases & masks, quite a number were present, and all seemed to have a pleasant time" [MTLA minutes copied at the Library by Tenney Nov. 15, 1981]. *Note:* it is not known if Sam attended, though it is doubtful, as he was under a sort of "house arrest" by doctor's orders.

October 29 Friday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote a longer letter to **Beatrice M. Benjamin**.

Dear Beatrice: / It is unbearable to think of you, so old & dear a friend, getting married & I not there. I *shall* be if the doctor permits. But a person can't count upon doctors; they would not let me go to New York a fortnight ago to see Clara off when she thought she was going to sail for Europe. Any fatigue, any exertion disables me for a day or two; so I stay in the house all the time, & haven't been out of the yard for three months.

All this long time I have been trying to realize that it is *you* that are going to be married; but I don't succeed. To me there are three of you—& each of you a quite separate & distinct person, & unrelated to the other two. I see you clearest and know you best as a little chap; later I got acquainted with a girl of 14 at Fairhaven bearing your name; & five or six years later still I got acquainted with this other one: this tall one, this slender one, that has inherited the quite sufficient beauty of the others, & added to it. And so there is a

confusion in my mind: I know it is *you* that is going to be married, but I don't know which one. That is, I don't *realize* . . . realize . . . I . . . well, I . . .

My mind is wandering. If all three of you . . . no, that would be unlawful, it would be bigamy. If . . . if . . . well, it seems to me . . .

I shall have a relapse, now, & it will be your fault, Beatrice. Always, these days, when I try to work my intellect I have a relapse.

Well, anyway, I hope you will be happy forever, dear, all four of you. This includes Mr. Pratt, that abnormally fortunate man. / Always affectionately / ... [MTP]. *Note:* see Oct. 27 to Benjamin, and also to Duneka.

Sam also wrote to **David W. Seaver**.

Dear Sir:

I remember your uncle very well, & very pleasantly, too, but I do not remember about the book.

I doubt if the book would interest me, but I shall be glad to see *you* if you will look in & give me a chance when you are passing. / Very truly yours / ... [MTP].

Possibly this day Sam also replied to **Arthur Conan Doyle**.

My dear Sir: / I have received your book, "The Crime of the Congo," with Leopold of Belgium's heartless trade-mark printed on the back of it—the photograph of a little black boy with a hand & a foot cut off for use as evidence to Leopold's representatives that certain of his rules for the government of the natives have been duly enforced. I do not mean that this is his confessed trademark, I only mean that this is the ~~one that is registered in heaven & is the real recognized right one~~ right one, the honest one, the veracious one ~~Would it be uncourteous in me to hope the king is going to wear it in hell? Would it? I do not wish to be uncourteous; I would not~~ [canceled page missing] trademark, anything will do. Let him choose for himself when he gets there. ~~the one the Congo State~~ the one he uses officially when he is disguised as the Congo State is pleasanter to look at & more innocent to the eye, but is misleading.

It seems curious that for about thirty years Leopold & the Belgians have been daily & nightly committing upon the helpless Congo natives all the hundred kinds of atrocious crimes known to the heathen savage & the pious inquisitor without rousing Christendom to a fury of generous indignation; *all* Christendom: statesmen, journalists, philanthropists, women, children. Even the Church, even the pulpit, even the rest of the cemeteries [MTP].

Thomas Power O'Connor wrote on New Hoffman House notepaper to Sam. "Of course I must see you before I leave America, but at the present moment, however, and for a fortnight to come I will be very busy every day and night. At the end of that time I shall try to have a weeks' freedom in New York and will then run down one day....I was glad to see the marriage of your daughter..." [MTP]. "Ans'd"

Miss Helen Roberts from Sheffield, England, wrote a fan letter to Sam. She was "a confirmed Baconian" [MTP].

October 30 Saturday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Helen Schuyler Allen** in Hamilton, Bermuda.

Dear Helen: / I hope you & your mother reached your island safe & well. It was a short visit you gave me, but it was delightful, & it must be repeated some day & lengthened, if you'll be so good.

We have fitted up & furnished the small house that is a quarter of a mile from here & it is charming. We did it because we expect my daughter & her new husband to come up & take a little rest there from sickbed-vigils & surgical operations before they sail for Germany Nov. 20.

I wish you were back hear, dear! With lots of love to you, & proper modifications of it to your mother— / SLC [MTP; not in *MTAq*].

Sam also wrote to **Helen Kerr Blackmer (Mrs. Henry Myron Blackmer)** in N.Y.C.

Dear Mrs. Blackmer: / To-day you will be going to Myron; but by next Friday or Saturday (Nov. 5 or 6) Margaret will be out of jail, & if she doesn't commit any fresh crimes in the meantime I hope you'll come then.

We can't tell when Gabrilowitsch will be well enough to come up, but it doesn't matter, anyway—there'll be bed & shelter for you & Margaret. Do try to come—I am laying up good weather for you. / Affectionately Yours / & Margaret's /... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to Mrs. **Augusta M.D. Ogden** in N.Y.C.

Dear Mrs. Ogden:

It was shabby of me to furnish such weather, but I did it by accident, not intention. Try again, & I will do a great deal better, I give you my word.

Gabrilowitsch is improving quite satisfactorily, these days. / Sincerely Yours / SL. Clemens
[*in left-hand margin:*] You never saw such plumbing. The flies come right through the screens, so does the dog [MTP].

October 31 Sunday

November – Paine writes of what Clemens had been reading this month, including *Chivalry* (1909) by **James Branch Cabell**. “He cannot say enough of the subtle poetic art with which Cabell has flung the light of romance about dark and sordid chapters of history” [MTB 1535; Gribben 122].

Atlantic Monthly for November issue ran “Atlantic Dinners and Diners” by **Arthur Gilman**, p. 646-57. Tenney: “A brief account of his Whittier Birthday-Dinner speech, with no indication that it gave offense” [47].

November 1 Monday

November 2 Tuesday – **Janet Duff Gordon Ross** wrote from Florence to congratulate Sam on Clara's marriage and to ask if he was ever going to return to Italy [MTP].

November 3 Wednesday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam sent an order form to **Harper & Brothers** for their story, “Beasley's Xmas Party” to be sent to various of his friends (blank lines left for Sam to write in names) [MTP: *Harper's Weekly Magazine*, 18 Dec. 1909]. Note: “Beasley's Christmas Party,” by Booth Tarkington (1909); see Gribben 686.

Paine writes of the day's activities:

November 3. He said he could not sleep last night, for thinking what a fool he had been in his various investments.

“I have always been the victim of somebody,” he said, “and always an idiot myself, doing things that even a child would not do. Never asking anybody's advice—never taking it when it was offered. I can't see how anybody could do the things I have done and have kept right on doing.” I could see that the thought agitated him, and I suggested that we go to his room and read, which we did, and had a riotous time over the most recent chapters of the ‘Letters from the Earth’, and some notes he had made for future chapters on infant damnation and other distinctive features of orthodox creeds. He told an anecdote of an old minister who declared that Presbyterianism without infant damnation would be like the dog on the train that couldn't be identified because it had lost its tag.

Somewhat on the defensive I said, “But we must admit that the so-called Christian nations are the most enlightened and progressive.”

He answered, "Yes, but in spite of their religion, not because of it. The Church has opposed every innovation and discovery from the day of Galileo down to our own time, when the use of anesthetics in child-birth was regarded as a sin because it avoided the biblical curse pronounced against Eve. And every step in astronomy and geology ever taken has been opposed by bigotry and superstition. The Greeks surpassed us in artistic culture and in architecture five hundred years before the Christian religion was born.

"I have been reading Gibbon's celebrated Fifteenth Chapter," he said later, "and I don't see what Christians found against it. It is so mild—so gentle in its sarcasm." He added that he had been reading also a little book of brief biographies and had found in it the saying of Darwin's father, "Unitarianism is a featherbed to catch falling Christians."

"I was glad to find and identify that saying," he said; "it is so good."

He finished the evening by reading a chapter from Carlyle's French Revolution—a fine pyrotechnic passage—the gathering at Versailles. I said that Carlyle somehow reminded me of a fervid stump-speaker who pounded his fists and went at his audience fiercely, determined to convince them.

"Yes," he said, "but he is the best one that ever lived" [MTB 1534-35].

C.G. Child for the Victor Talking-Machine Co. wrote to Paine (though catalogued to Clemens). He gave details of the contract he might make with Twain for him to record some of his short stories [MTP].

Lillian I. Stivers wrote to Sam. She was a high school girl in Niles, Calif. and the "daughter of Lillian McCarthy-Stivers, the eldest daughter of the late D.E. McCarthy whom you knew in Virginia City, Nev..... It has been my mother's as well as my own great desire to receive a letter from you...mama told of your former friendship with grandpa; I then looked through some old papers and found a letter from you to grandpa. This letter however did not satisfy me as I wanted one of my own" [MTP]. *Note:* **Denis McCarthy's daughter.**

November 4 Thursday – **Lotta M. Crabtree** wrote on Brewster Hotel, Boston notepaper to ask forgiveness for "not having acknowledged at once the invitation to your daughter's wedding" [MTP]. *Note:* "Lotta" / Autograph Col"

John Wallace Crawford wrote from NYC to Sam, opening the letter with a verse which he said "comes right out of my Broncho soul..." He had been "very much hurt when I received a letter from Miss Lyon containing a statement to the effect that you had a contract with your publishers which prevented you from saying a kind word about my Broncho book and my letter to Miss Lyon was pretty warm, I assure you, but when she explained I apologized poetically" Now he was "decidedly anxious" to visit at Stormfield. A story enclosed and mentioned is not in the file [MTP].

November 5 Friday – **William Dean Howells** wrote from N.Y.C. to Sam.

Dear Clemens: / I wanted to come to you tomorrow and so did Pilla; but we are bound hand and foot with engagements Saturday and Sunday. I would propose myself for next week, only my brother Joe, on his way back to his consulate at Turks Island, is to be with us, and I can't leave. Let me offer for a later date. I have a good deal of talk in me, and I should like to hear some gab from you. I *have* been hearing your gab, for I have gone again to your books for my good night cheer and downhearted days, and found you as gay as you used to be, in those blessed short things of yours. There never was anybody like you, and there won't be. Just the same Clara and I held you up to obloquy when she called, the other morning. *She's* been having a high old honeymoon, hasn't she, poor girl, with appendicitis in the house the first thing. But surgery seems to follow us all. I came home to find my poor wife in bed, here, after an operation a in Boston hospital. She and her sister had kept it from Pilla and me, even sending their letters to be posted from Kittery Point; and we knew nothing about it till we went into her room here. She had some swollen glands removed, and an anxiety of twenty years standing. In 1889 I went with her to see a great New York specialist, and he divinely reassured us. The next day the family found him dead on the floor of his coupe after a drive home from Brooklyn. Such is life—and death. We found we were of the same age, and he said, "Well, how do you like your work?"

“How do you like *yours*?” “Well, I don’t *jump* to it.”—You see, I am trying to cheer you up now, in return for the gayety I got out of your books. Don’t thank me; I hate gratitude. Yours ever / W.D. Howells [MTHL 2: 848].

November 6 Saturday – Frank L. Dyer for National Phonograph Co., Orange, NJ wrote to Sam.

Mr. Edison has asked me several times to try to interest you in the subject of making phonograph records, preferably of some original matter. My friend, Mr. Thomas C. Martin, at my suggestion, has already had some correspondence with your Secretary regarding this matter, but nothing seems to have been accomplished. Recently you were kind enough to permit us to dramatize “The Prince and the Pauper” in moving pictures, and it occurs to me that possibly something might be done now with the phonograph record. Are you disposed to take up this matter for discussion? Of course, we are willing to pay very liberally for the record... [MTP].

G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass. wrote to ask Sam if they might send a complimentary copy of the Webster’s New International Dictionary, as they were “seeking a verdict” on the work [MTP]. *Note:* MT: “Yes, send it. / SLC”

Spectator Magazine ran an anonymous review of “Is Shakespeare Dead?” p. 716. Tenney: MT’s ‘quaint humor, to say nothing of his more solid qualities, has won him innumerable friends wherever the English language is spoken. He has been for half a century the chartered libertine of literature, and anything that falls from his pen may count upon an indulgent reception.’ This new book makes ‘a strong demand upon our indulgence. It would be difficult to find any writer of repute less qualified by knowledge, or possession of the critical faculty, to enter upon such an undertaking than Mark Twain” [Tenney, *ALR Second Annual Supplement to the Reference Guide* (Autumn, 1978) 176].

November 7 Sunday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Beatrice M. Benjamin on her wedding day.

Dear Beatrice:

After all, I have to give it up, & ask you to convey my thanks & regrets to your mother & Mrs. Coe, whose kind messages have reached me. I do not get rid of that malady’s assaults. If I should have one at the wedding I should get more than my share of attention, for I should have to lie down in a pew. It is a great, a very very great disappointment to me; yet in a way it is one of those ill winds that partly justify themselves by blowing modified compensations. If I should go down to see you off I should naturally have to stay over a day, & see my married daughter off, too, whereas at bottom I do not wish to do that, as the chances are against my ever seeing her again, for the reason that she will be in Europe a long while, & I am not willing to go abroad again—at least until I can go *sound*.

In truth I’ve no business to want to see *you* off—on the supreme stage of the tragedy of life; but I do, I can’t help it. However, I think you & your “Alex” are booked for a happy & prosperous voyage, & that is a cheery thought for us that are left behind on the pier.

I have had a dream—a curious one & interesting; a dream in 2 Acts. Principal feature of the first Act, the wedding; principal feature of the other Act, myself. Your Act will come true anyway, & my act will come true if it *does* come true, otherwise it won’t. I can’t tell yet. According to the nature of dreams, my half of this one will come true if I tell it *before* the wedding. I think I won’t. But I will tell it the first time you & your other half come to see me, or by granted privilege I go to see you.

It was a lovely letter you wrote me from Atlantic City, & was just like yourself. I think your “Alex” is a man to be envied; indeed I know it.

Affectionately yours as from the earliest days, / ... [MTP]. *Note:* Beatrice’s incoming not extant.

Sam also wrote to **Margery H. Clinton** in Tuxedo Park, N.Y.

Dear Plumber: / I wish you & Miss Rogers would come & pay us that visit. I will promise to praise the plumbing every day, no matter what condition it is in. I am doing it *now*, although the billiard table is not plumb, & the balls always roll down to sou-west, no matter which way they start.

Come—name a day! and send me word. / Affectionately / ... [MTP].

Sam also replied to the Nov. 5 from **William Dean Howells**.

Dear Howells:

This week being occupied by Joe, can't you try the coming one, you & Mildred? *You* choose the date & name it; then if there is anything in the way, Jean & I can say so & propose another one. Not necessarily a Saturday—*any* day is good, here. And stay several days if you can spare the time.

This is wonderful weather; I hope it will last.

Mrs. Howells was splendidly heroic. A man couldn't have done that, & wouldn't; he would have advertised it. It takes a woman to do such things. I remember Dean Sage's wife doing similarly, a great many years ago. She waited till Dean was out of reach, up on the Restigouche, then she sent for the surgeon & had herself carved up, & kept it from Dean until he got back home.

A stranger came, half an hour ago. I do not quite make out what strangers are for. It would have been so much better for us all if this one had been caught by mistake 19 centuries ago & crucified. Then the other ne would have gone free, & that would have had pleasant results for everybody. If Mrs. Eddy would try martyrdom it would make her cult permanent; & besides, I would be her friend.

That stranger—— but never mind, let him go; he will die some day. Damn him he could have done it here if he had had any spirit of accommodation in him. / Yours ever / Mark [MTP; *MTHL* 2: 849].

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Mr. Seaver	(		
Mrs. Seaver	(Saugatuck	Nov. 7	
Master Seaver	(		

November 8 Monday – In Redding, Conn. Sam replied to the Oct. 29 from **Miss Helen Roberts**.

Dear Miss Roberts: / I am not sure I understand the question, but it seems to be Am I jesting, or am I *in earnest* in believing Shakespeare did not write Shakspeare? If that is it, I am *in earnest*, & not jesting.

Indeed *yes*, I find the world delightful, & its inhabitants—entertaining. (That dash is not profanity, it is a pause, for time to think of the right word.) Of course the inhabitants *are* the world. Taking myself as a just & fair *average*, & thus as being in my own person the entire human race concentrated, I have examined the race daily, carefully, earnestly, honestly, for 30 years—with this result: I do not think much of myself.

Still, in some particular I do think rather well of myself, & complacently regard myself as superior to the rest of the race. For instance—however, this is a letter, not a book. I *have* a “philosophy”—(you used the word), but I don't know that I have exposed it anywhere—that is, intentionally. I printed it some years ago, anonymously, then suppressed it; it will never be published. ~~I have handed it confidentially to a couple of dozen prudent friends. Three of four of them understood it & believed in it, the others did not understand it, & couldn't be made to understand it; still, they had opinions about it just the same, & the opinions were not complimentary to me. “What is Man?” I think I will send it to you.~~

~~It doesn't say “.....”~~

No, it doesn't *say* it, but it leads straight up to it. ~~It did say it, in the closing chapter, but I struck it out. My courage failed me.~~ / Sincerely Yours / ... [MTP]. *Note:* strikeouts left in here. Evidently Clemens thought twice about advertising he had shared his “philosophy” with friends, and/or sending a copy to Miss Roberts.

Sam received a copy of **Oscar Garrett Wall's *Recollections of the Sioux Massacre*** and offered a letter of endorsement, this date.

Mr O G Wall— Dear Sir: I find your history of the Great Massacre blood-curdlingly & most pathetically interesting. I am able to endorse General Hubbard's compliment & highly commend the literary excellence of the book. Very truly yours SL. Clemens [Kevin Mac Donnell MT Forum post Apr. 24, 2011]. *Note:* Mac Donnell adds, "This letter was reprinted in facsimile in blood red ink as an advertising flyer for Wall's book."

Oscar Garrett Wall (1844-1911), was disabled early in the Civil War, and served as a state legislator in the Minnesota House of Representatives (1885-1886). Not in Gribben.

November 9 Tuesday

November 10 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to an unidentified person.

What went with about \$10,000.

=====

It now appears that I had 3 enemies on the Milk Products Board, whereas I supposed 2 of them were my friends. They pretended to be. They bought-in the dead Plasmon Co. & paid \$7,000 of my money for it when they knew that its only valuable asset—the patents—had reverted to the London Company.

They sold me \$5,000 M. P. stock for \$2,500 cash, without asking me whether I wanted it or not.

At the same time, they sold \$20,000 M. P. stock to the London Co at *half the price they charged me*—& not for cash, but *goods*.

They acquainted me with none of these swindles at the time. / SL. Clemens [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Elizabeth Wallace** at the Univ. of Chicago.

Dear Betsy: / Happily it is congratulations, not condolences. We have known Gabrilowits[c]h intimately for 11 years—ever since Vienna days, when he & Clara were pupils of Leschitzki. They were engaged years ago—twice. Broken both times, to Mrs. Clemens's great regret. Gab is a very fine human being, in every way.

I get nearly as much delight out of this marriage as I do out of the irrevocable soldering together of that pair of thieves that nested in my bosom so long [Lyon & Ashcroft]

When I wrote you, I was not aware that a wedding was immediately impending. The hurry was caused by a surgical operation. It was not getting along very well, & Clara wanted to nurse the patient. There's been another operation since, so the nursing still goes on, in the hospital.

Jean abides with me, & runs a farm & keeps my accounts. *I* sign the checks myself. I won't trust that to anybody again. My, how they did skin me!

No, I haven't had any 7-page letters from Margaret—no letters at all, in fact. She & her mother were to visit us last week, but Margaret broke some school-rules & was put under ban.

My Bermuda fish has been here—Helen Schuyler Allen. She has grown considerably, but is as sweet & innocent & unspoiled a child as ever she was.

I sent you Booth Tarkington's little xmas book the other day. I hate xmas stories, but this one is bright & felicitous, & hasn't any religion in it, & I like it.

I've written a xmas thing myself, for the Bazar, but if it has any religion in it I didn't notice it. /Affectionately /... [MTP]. *Note:* "Beasley's Christmas Party" (1909) by **Booth Tarkington** [Gribben 686].

William Dean Howells wrote from NYC to Sam.

Dear Clemens: / All right; I will try to climb your hill some time next week; but as yet I can't name the day. It will be rather late in the week; and as Pilla has started in with her usual sore throat, I'm afraid she can't come with me. Joe sails Saturday, and that keeps me over this week.

Jean has kindly made a date for me, but I have to keep myself clear of the almanac for the present. / Yours ever / W.D. Howells [MTHL 2: 850]. *Note:* the Joe referred to was brother of Howells.

Paine writes of a conversation with Clemens on this day:

November 10. This morning early he heard me stirring and called. I went in and found him propped up with a book, as usual. He said:

"I seldom read Christmas stories, but this is very beautiful. It has made me cry. I want you to read it." (It was Booth Tarkington's 'Beasley's Christmas Party'.) "Tarkington has the true touch," he said; "his work always satisfies me." Another book he has been reading with great enjoyment is James Branch Cabell's *Chivalry*. He cannot say enough of the subtle poetic art with which Cabell has flung the light of romance about dark and sordid chapters of history [MTB 1535].

November 11 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Miss Lillian I. Stivers, Niles, Calif.

Dear Miss Lillian: / Surprises are frequent, & I am used to them, but a granddaughter of Denis McCarthy is a new kind, & away out of the common order. Pleasant, too. He was entitled to all good things, & a granddaughter is the top-stone of the pyramid, I judge. I should rank her there if I had one.

I wish you all prosperity & all happiness, for that dear soul's sake, & for your own. / Sincerely Yours / ... [MTP]. *Note:* **Denis E. McCarthy**, part owner of Virginia City *Territorial Enterprise*. See vol I entries.

New York Times Editors sent a printed invitation for Clemens to meet Commaner **Robert E. Perry** at dinner on Nov. 11, 7:30, Times Building [MTP]. *Note:* likely sent before Nov. 11

November 12 Friday – W.H. Fletcher for the Robert Fulton Monument wrote to Sam. "It has been my intention to acknowledge your letter about the Miller controversy....Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Cutting, Mr. Guggenheim and others were very glad to see you assert your rights against others in signing themselves as Acting-President." He conveyed notice about a dinner to be held on Nov.18 at the Hotel Plaza for the sailing to the Philippines by **Colonel H.O.S. Heistand**, and advised they were sending **Harry Dearborn** up to "explain the affair in detail" [MTP].

November 13 Saturday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Elizabeth Wallace.

Dear Betsy— / No, I haven't read it, but you make me *want* to read it—hungry to read it, in fact. I am all ready for it. Meantime, I've been writing "Letters from the Earth," & if you will come here & see us I will — what? Put this MS in your hands, with the places to skip *marked*? No, I won't trust you quite that far, an I. C. in good standing though you be. I'll *read* passages to you. This book will never be published—in fact it couldn't be, because it would be felony to soil the mails with it, for it has much Holy Scripture in it of the kind that prostitutes & Christians like, but which can't properly be read aloud, except from the pulpit & in family worship. Paine enjoys it, but Paine is going to be damned one of these days, I suppose.

The autumn splendors passed you by? What a pity. I wish you had been here. It was beyond words! It was heaven & hell & sunset & rainbows & the aurora all fused into one divine harmony, & you couldn't look at it & keep the tears back. All the hosannahing strong gorgeousnesses have gone back to heaven & hell & the pole, now, but no matter; if you could look out at my bedroom window at this moment, you would choke up; & when you got your voice you would say 'This is not real, this is a dream. Such a singing together, & such a whispering together, & such a snuggling together of cosy soft colors, & such kissing & caressing, & such pretty blushing when the sun breaks out & catches those dainty weeds at it—you remember that weed-garden of mine?—& then—then the far hills sleeping in a dim blue trance—oh, *hearing* about it is nothing, you should be here to *see* it.

Good! I wish I could go on the platform & read. And I could, if it could be kept out of the papers. There's a charity-school of 400 young girls in Boston that I would give my ears to talk to if I had some more; but—oh, well, I can't go, & so it's no use to grieve about it.

This morning Jean went to town; also Paine; also the butler; also Katy; also the laundress. The cook & the maid, & the boy, & the roustabout Jean's coachman are left—just enough to make it lonesome, because they are *around* yet never visible. However, the Harpers are sending Leigh up to play billiards; therefore I shall survive. / Affectionately / ... [MTP].

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Major Leigh	New York	Nov. 13-14	

November 14 Sunday – Sam’s new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Mr. Dearborn	New York	Nov. 14	
Miss Gordon	“ “		[date unclear; could be Christmas day]

November 15 Monday – In Redding, Conn. Albert B. Paine wrote for Sam to prof. Archibald Henderson at Univ. N. Carolina, Chapel Hill.

Dear Professor Henderson, / Your article in the Deutsch'e Revue pleases Mr. Clemens very much indeed, and with his favorable opinion all in this house concur. Miss Jean Clemens who is very proficient in the German, is especially delighted with your facility in that language.

Very sincerely yours, / Albert Bigelow Paine [MTP].

The New York *Times*, p. 7, “Dinner to Col. Heistand” announced that Mark Twain would speak on Thursday, Nov. 18. Clemens did not go to New York on this week and did not speak at the dinner.

Margery Hamilton Clinton wrote to Sam. Only the envelope survives. It was sold on History For Sale, Sept. 13, 2009, document #3344. Evidently Margery simply addressed the letter to “Samuel L. Clemens, Stormfield, Conn.” Sam then crossed out Stormfield and wrote, “Redding Ridge” adding “Here’s some *more* inefficient plumbing, you see. There ain’t no P.O. at Stormfield.” He then sent it back to Margery with his Nov. 17 note. Clinton then mentioned the mistake in her Nov. 30 to Clemens (auction source credits Robert Hirst, MTP for this information.)

November 16 Tuesday

November 17 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to Margery H. Clinton in Toronto, Canada, enclosing her envelope sent on Nov. 15.

Dear Plumber: / Then we’ll postpone until your return.

To-day I have been condemned by the doctor to go away for two or three weeks—I can’t *stand* the idea! Still, it can’t be helped, I suppose. I haven’t been in quite satisfactory shape for several months. / Affectionately Yours / ... [MTP].

November 18 Thursday – In Redding, Conn. Albert B. Paine wrote for Sam to the American Civic Alliance, 507 5th ave. N.Y.C. Paine requested that Clemens wished to withdraw his membership in the Alliance [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Margaret Blackmer**.

I don’t seem to remember you, dear. At first I thought it might be Margaret-of-the-Shell, but doubts intruded, because I knew *she* wouldn’t be a whole year getting ready to write me. However, you will be sure to see her, for she goes to your school; & when you see her & make her acquaintance, you will find her very sweet & lovely. And will you be so good as to tell her day after tomorrow, & am expecting to be back before the middle of December. Also that by that time I shall hope to be well enough to run down to Greenwich & see her.

And please give her a great deal of love from / S L C [MTP; *MTAq* 266].

Sam also wrote to **Dorothy Quick**.

Dorothy dear, I haven't been well for the past 5 months, & so I haven't stirred from home; but now I've got to make a trip, by the doctor's orders. I don't want to. But I must obey, I suppose. I sail for Bermuda day after tomorrow with my secretary Mr. Paine for company. Perhaps we shall be back by the middle of December—we can't tell, yet.

I wonder how big you are by *this* time! I suppose you have grown clear out of recognition. I wish I could have a glimpse of you one of these days—and I hope I can. / With lots of love / ...[MTP; *MTAq* 266].

Richard Watson Gilder, age 65, died at the home of Mrs. Schuyler Van Rennselaer in N.Y.C. He would be buried in his hometown, Bordentown, N.J. on Nov. 20 [NY *Times*, Nov. 19, 1909, p.1, "R.W. Gilder Dies of Heart Disease"].

Joseph B. Gilder sent a telegram to Sam. "Richard died today Helena asks if you can be pall bearer Saturday or Sunday. Please tell Clara" [MTP].

November 19 Friday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam sent a telegram to **Joseph B. Gilder**, c/o *The Century*.

I am very sorry as should have gladly been an honorary Pall Bearer, but am going to Bermuda tomorrow in obedience to the "Doctors" orders. Jean Joins me in deepest sympathy with M^{rs}. Gilder. S. L. Clemens [MTP].

William McKay Laffan of the New York *Sun* died during surgery. Paine writes about receiving the news and meeting Sam at the train. See Nov. 20 entry.

Cornelius Vanderbilt for the Robert Fulton Monument sent a telegram to Sam. "Best wishes from all present at Heistand dinner tendered by Robert Fulton Monument Assn. The great service you have rendered in helping to honor Fulton's memory will always be appreciated" [MTP]

November 20 Saturday – Sam met **Albert Bigelow Paine** at the train station in N.Y.C. to board the *Bermudian* for the voyage to Bermuda. In Robert Underwood Johnson's *Remembered Yesterdays*, p.133, we find the following, which denotes that he had time to go to the funeral for **Richard Watson Gilder**: "As Mark Twain entered the Church of the Ascension at the funeral service, he said to a friend, 'I wish that I were that man lying in there'." *Note*: Paine in *MTB* does not mention Sam attending the funeral. He writes:

Next morning [Nov. 20] there was other news. Clemens's old friend, William M. Laffan of the Sun, had died while undergoing a surgical operation. I met Clemens at the train. He had already heard about Gilder; but he had not yet learned of Laffan's death. He said:

"That's just it. Gilder and Laffan get all the good things that come along and I never get anything."

Then, suddenly remembering, he added:

"How curious it is! I have been thinking of Laffan coming down on the train, and mentally writing a letter to him on this Stetson-Eddy affair."

I asked him when he had begun thinking of Laffan.

He said: "Within the hour."

It was within the hour that I had received the news, and naturally in my mind had carried it instantly to him. Perhaps there was something telepathic in it [*MTB* 1541].

November 21 Sunday – Clemens and **Albert Bigelow Paine** were aboard the *Bermudian* en route to Hamilton, Bermuda. The ship encountered rough seas and Paine suffered from seasickness [D. Hoffman 135]. *Note*: I have not come across one instance where Clemens ever suffered from seasickness.

November 22 Monday – The *Bermudian* arrived in the islands on a rainy day. They took rooms at the **Hamilton Hotel**. D. Hoffman writes:

Confined by the rainy day, Clemens discussed the possibility of a new planet. To his mind, even if life was governed by the same great laws of nature that so perfectly regulated celestial movement, the vast dimensions of outer space signified the miniscule importance of the human race. More than thirty years earlier, he had written of Tom Sawyer being as thrilled “as an astronomer feels who has discovered a new planet.” Mathematical studies of perturbations in the orbit of Uranus now led Sir Percival Lowell to postulate an unseen planet beyond Neptune. “I believe in the new planet,” Mark Twain impishly wrote earlier in 1909. “I am so sensitively constructed that I perturbate when any other planet is disturbed. This has been going on all my life. It only happens in the watermelon season.... I know there is a anew planet. I know it because I don’t perturbate for nothing” [135]. *Note*: See n9, p. 175 in source. See also *MTB* 1541-2, which notes that Clemens brought along a book, *The Pith of Astronomy (Without Mathematics): The Latest Facts and Figures as Developed by the Giant Telescopes*, by **Samuel Gamble Bayne** (1844-1924) [Gribben 53].

November 23 Tuesday – Sam and Paine stayed at the **Hamilton Hotel** for the first three days of their visit, which D. Hoffman cites from **Marion Allen**’s diary as unexpected [135]. Paine writes of their activities the day after their arrival:

Within a day after our arrival we were driving about those coral roads along the beaches, and by that marvelously variegated water. We went often to the south shore, especially to Devonshire Bay, where the reefs and the sea coloring seem more beautiful than elsewhere. Usually, when we reached the bay, we got out to walk along the indurated shore, stopping here and there to look out over the jeweled water—liquid turquoise, emerald lapis-lazuli, jade, the imperial garment of the Lord.

At first we went alone with only the colored driver, Clifford Trott, whose name Clemens could not recollect, though he was always attempting resemblances with ludicrous results. A little later Helen Allen, an early angel-fish member already mentioned, was with us and directed the drives, for she had been born on the island and knew every attractive locality, though, for that matter, it would be hard to find there a place that was not attractive.

Clemens, in fact, remained not many days regularly at the hotel. He kept a room and his wardrobe there; but he paid a visit to Bay House—the lovely and quiet home of Helen’s parents—and prolonged it from day to day, and from week to week, because it was a quiet and peaceful place with affectionate attention and limitless welcome. Clifford Trott had orders to come with the carriage each afternoon, and we drove down to Bay House for Mark Twain and his playmate, and then went wandering at will among the labyrinth of blossom-bordered, perfectly kept roadways of a dainty paradise, that never, I believe, becomes quite a reality even to those who know it best [*MTB* 1543]. *Note*: Paine does not specify, but it’s likely the “later” trips with **Helen Allen** came days after this day. **Clifford Trott** would daily pick up Paine at the Hamilton Hotel and take him to the Bay House to collect Clemens and **Helen Allen**.

Lincoln National Bank per David C. Grant wrote to advise Sam of a charge to his account for “\$707.56, for draft of £144 drawn by Mrs. Clara Gabrilowitsch” [MTP].

November 24 Wednesday – The last of three days’ stay at the **Hamilton Hotel**. Sam kept their rooms there but stayed mostly with the **Allens** at Bay House [Nov. 26 to Clara]. On Dec. 6, however, he wrote daughter Jean that the Allens wouldn’t let him stay at the hotel so he gave up his room. Likely Paine kept his room.

Sam was among 500 who signed a petition to **Premier Stolypin** of the Czar’s Cabinet, Russia to plead for an open and public trial for **Nicholas V. Tchaykovsky (Nikolai V. Chaikovsky)** and

Mme. Breshkovsky, charged with revolution [NY *Times*, Dec. 2, 1909, “Americans Active for Tchaykovsky”; cable sent Nov. 24, 1909].

November 25 Thursday – Thanksgiving Day – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam joined the **Allen family** at **Bay House** for Thanksgiving dinner. He enjoyed it so much there that he stayed with them for the remainder of his Bermuda visit [D. Hoffman 135].

Sam inscribed a copy in *Extract from Captain Stormfield’s Visit to Heaven* to **Helen Schuyler Allen**. “*Helen Dear. This story was told me by Captain Stormfield and is probably all true for he had been a sailor 65 years and could not lie . . . love. S. L. Clemens. November 25, 1909*” [MTP].

November 26 Friday – In **Hamilton Bermuda** Sam wrote to daughter **Clara**.

Clärchen dear, I do hope Jean & the house are getting along well, for I don’t feel a bit like leaving this peaceful refuge. If I could be sure of Jean & the house’s happiness I wouldn’t sail from here till the 18th of December.

Everything—weather included—is in perfection here now. Paine & I drive in a light victoria about 3 hours every day, over these smooth hard roads, with the dainty blues & greens & purples of the sea always in sight. We have charming rooms in the new part of the hotel, & the table is very very good. I shall stay a good deal, both nights & days, with the Allens, but shall keep my hotel-quarters all the time. I am declining all social invitations that require me to be out at night or late in the afternoon, but I am going to Government House this afternoon, for that invitation has the quality of a command.

I hope Ossip is making good progress, & that you are getting rested-up. Paine thought you were looking pretty well fagged out. I’ve got a delightful magazine-article on the ways. It is full of interest, & I can fall back on it for refreshment whenever time may hang heavy on my hands. If I finish it too quickly, no matter, I can build it over again. / With best to you both— / Marcus [MTP]. *Note:* Sam’s article for the Bazaar was “The Turning-Point In My Life.”

Finley Peter Dunne for American Magazine, NY wrote to Sam with tongue firmly in cheek.

My dear and respected Subordinate in the G. D. / Human Race Association:

The enterprising gentlemen who are associated with me in this philanthropic undertaking have secured by unparalleled enterprise and prodigious expense, a photograph hitherto unpublished of the new comet in the literary sky, Mr. Henry M. Alden. I am opposed to publishing it. I believe they should not be carried away by Mr. Alden’s momentary popularity. I want them to wait until the patient judgment of the world has been delivered on works that have merit, but seem to me to be a little too flashy for permanence. Besides, I am opposed to the flashy school in literature. You and I, my dear friend, have tried to keep our art pure. Mr. Alden ought to prove himself before he can be considered worthy of a place in our gallery of distinguished artists, including in the past such names as James J. Jeffries, Captain Chance, Kyrle Bellew and others who shall be nameless (or should be). Still they think in this office that a picture of Mr. Alden would help our circulation in the Tenderloin, and they have had the cheek to ask me, to have the cheek to ask you to write an “appreciation” of this best seller—four hundred words they crave to go with the photograph. I am told Mr. Alden is prepared for the blow. I don’t want you to do it unless you can’t find any reason, personal, commercial, artistic or other for not doing it—unless indeed you are urged to do it by strong reasons of your own. I realize that it is too much for the magazine to ask, and not enough for me to ask, which I consider the obligations you are under to me for not calling the attention of the police to your nefarious billiard game while you are rioting in Capuan luxury on money wrung from a guileless friend.

Bob Collier and I have been planning to descend on you, but Rob has had his brains addled by having an intoxicated horse fall under him while hunting, and my liver has been so disturbed by constant meditation, that I have had to take a cure at French Lick Springs. But you may expect us soon, if the invitation has not been withdrawn and we are still welcome. Is there any possibility that you will be in New York this autumn, so that the three of us can have a mild spree, if only to lunch together?

Please present my regards to Miss Clemens, and think of me, in spite of this request for copy, as /
Affectionately yours... [MTP]. *Note:* "Ans. Nov 30/09 / by Jean Clemens"

Maude Jordan wrote from London to wish Sam a happy birthday and to ask that he give her and her sisters his autographs on enclosed postcards and small photos [MTP].

November 27 Saturday

November 28 Sunday

November 29 Monday

November 30 Tuesday – **Sam's 74th and last Birthday.** Paine writes of the day and his gift:

On the morning of his seventy-fourth birthday he was looking wonderfully well after a night of sound sleep, his face full of color and freshness, his eyes bright and keen and full of good-humor. I presented him with a pair of cuff-buttons silver-enameled with the Bermuda lily, and I thought he seemed pleased with them.

It was rather gloomy outside, so we remained indoors by the fire and played cards, game after game of hearts, at which he excelled, and he was usually kept happy by winning. There were no visitors, and after dinner Helen asked him to read some of her favorite episodes from Tom Sawyer, so he read the whitewashing scene, Peter and the Pain-killer, and such chapters until tea-time. Then there was a birthday cake, and afterward cigars and talk and a quiet fireside evening.

Once, in the course of his talk, he forgot a word and denounced his poor memory:

"I'll forget the Lord's middle name some time," he declared, "right in the midst of a storm, when I need all the help I can get."

Later he said:

"Nobody dreamed, seventy-four years ago to-day, that I would be in Bermuda now." And I thought he meant a good deal more than the words conveyed.

It was during this Bermuda visit that Mark Twain added the finishing paragraph to his article, "The Turning-Point in My Life," which, at Howells's suggestion, he had been preparing for Harper's Bazar [MTB 1544-5].

Margery Hamilton Clinton wrote from Toronto, Canada.

Dear Mr. Clemens,

I am almost sure to-day is your birthday and want to send you the very best wishes. If it is not your birthday keep the wishes just the same.

I wonder where you have gone for your change of air. I suppose South—not up in this part of the World. I hope it will do you ever so much good. Affectionately ...

P.S. my mind must have been wandering when I addressed that envelope to you that you sent back in disgust [MTP].

December – Sam's article, "Marjorie Fleming, the Wonder-Child," ran in the Dec. issue of *Harper's Bazar* [Hill 250].

Sam signed his copy of *A Dash at the Pole* (1909) by **William Lyon Phelps**: "*S L Clemens /from / Wm Lyn Phelps / Dec 1909*" [Gribben 542].

Paine writes of Sam quoting **Oliver Wendell Holmes'** poem, "The Last Leaf":

One evening he spoke of those who had written but one immortal thing and stopped there. He mentioned "Ben Bolt."

"I met that man once," he said. "In my childhood I sang 'Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,' and in my old age, fifteen years ago, I met the man who wrote it. His name was Brown. He was aged, forgotten, a mere memory. I remember how it thrilled me to realize that this was the very author of 'Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt.' He was just an accident. He had a vision and echoed it. A good many persons do that — the thing they do is to put in compact form the thing which we have all vaguely felt. 'Twenty Years Ago' is just like it 'I have wandered through the village, Tom, and sat beneath the tree'— and Holmes's 'Last Leaf' is another: the memory of the hallowed past, and the gravestones of those we love. It is all so beautiful — the past is always beautiful."

[Thomas Dunn English. Mr. Clemens apparently remembered only the name satirically conferred upon him by Edgar Allan Poe, "Thomas Dunn Brown."]

He quoted, with great feeling and effect:

The massy marbles rest
On the lips that we have pressed
In their bloom,
And the names we love to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

He continued in this strain for an hour or more. He spoke of humor, and thought it must be one of the chief attributes of God. He cited plants and animals that were distinctly humorous in form and in their characteristics. These he declared were God's jokes.

"Why," he said, "humor is mankind's greatest blessing."

"Your own case is an example," I answered. "Without it, whatever your reputation as a philosopher, you could never have had the wide-spread affection that is shown by the writers of that great heap of letters."

"Yes," he said, gently, "they have liked to be amused."

I tucked him in for the night, promising to send him to Bermuda, with Claude to take care of him, if he felt he could undertake the journey in two days more [MTB 1555-6]. *Note:* see also Gribben 319.

Gertrude Natkin wrote on a 2"x5" card with a picture of a young miss: "Dear Mr. Clemens—/ I want to wish you a very bright and happy New Year and hope that with its coming it will bring you health & happiness Marjorie" [MTP]. *Note:* she dates this only "Dec, 1909" but likely it came late in the month.

Putnam's Magazine ran an anonymous article in "The Lounger", p. 369-70. Tenney: "Brief comment on Clara's wedding to Ossip Gabrilowitsch, quoting MT's answer when asked whether the marriage pleased him: 'Yes, fully as much as any marriage could please me or perhaps any other father. These are two or three tragically solemn things in this life, and a happy marriage is one of them, for the terrors of life are all to come. A funeral is a solemn office, but I go to them with a spiritual uplift, thankful that the dead friend has been set free. That which follows is to me tragic and awful—the burial. I am glad of this marriage, and Mrs. Clemens would be glad, for she always had a warm affection for Gabrilowitsch, but all the same it is a tragedy, since it is a happy marriage with its future before it, loaded to the Plimsoll line with uncertainties.' Also contains comments by MT at a musicale in Redding (Sept. 21). The writer mentions having 'spoken of Mr. Clemens's country home more than once in these pages'" [46]. *Note:* the Sept. 21 concert for the Mark Twain Library, held at Stormfield. See entry.

December 1 Wednesday

December 2 Thursday

December 3 Friday

December 4 Saturday – **John Bigelow** wrote from Grammercy Park, NYC to Sam. "I hope you will pardon the liberty I have ventured to take with your name, in a note to the Chamber of Commerce which you will find on the 32^d page of a pamphlet which I send you under another enclosure...Yours truly..." [MTP].

December 5 Sunday

December 6 Monday – In Hamilton Bermuda Sam replied to a non-extant letter from daughter Clara.

Clara dear, I am very glad to hear that Ossip is improving. It constitutes happiness for both of you. Jean allows me to stay here till the 18th, & I am glad, for here I do not look at the newspapers when they come—not from purpose or principle, but because I feel no interest in news. I do not seem to be in the world or of it at all. Its affairs are not mine. Never in my life before, perhaps, have I had such a strong sense of being *severed* from the world, & the bridges all swept away. Even the billiard table has no interest for me. Paine & I have played only once. I lie abed until past noon (breakfast in bed.) I am the guest of the Allens; they wouldn't let me remain at the hotel—for which I am very thankful. For you *can't* make a home out of a hotel, & I can't be completely satisfied outside of a home. This one numbers 6 members, & is just the right size: Mr. & Mrs. Allen, Helen; a cat, a dog, & me. We drive 3 hours, afternoons; after dinner I help Helen get her lessons; she goes to bed at 8 & the rest of us at 9.

That dear Jean misunderstood me about the checks, but I have been explaining, this morning.
With great love to you & Ossip, & lots & lots of happiness— / Marcus [MTP].

Sam also wrote to daughter Jean.

Oh, you dear rascal, to reproach me so, & break my heart when I didn't deserve it! Bless you, I *didn't* distrust your intentions, & as for your honesty, I *couldn't* impeach it. No one can do that. You misquote me, dear, & you misunderstood me. I said "pay the servants & the butcher"—meaning, pay *anybody* who needs his money, but leave the other bills unpaid till I return. As for pocket money for you, it escaped my mind—I want you to have that, of course. I sent a rectifying cable to you immediately, so as to extinguish your inconveniences as quickly as possible.

Dear heart, I *do* trust you & I can't bear to have you think I don't. I could distrust your *judgement* (& my own), but not *you*.

I am very very very glad I can stay till the 18th—the change of scene & conditions makes a wholesome change in my mental-will. I have seldom thought of the Ashcrofts; & as for news of the great world, it does not interest me. The Times & the Herald have lain at my elbow 2 days, now—unopened. The sight of a newspaper stirs not a single quiver of interest in me.

You speak of a letter from Peter Dunne. I think you may send me *that* kind of letters—friendly letters & letters from friends, of an unirritating sort. I could answer some of them here—& if too lazy to do that, I could have the pleasure of reading them, anyway.

I hope you & Bébé will have a good time, & that you will continue to be unlonely.

Yes—get the muff & boa for my xmas to Katy. I shall be back in time to hand out the other xmas to the household.

The Allens won't let me stay at the hotel, so I have given up my room there. They are lovely, the Allens. I see Paine every day—& most of the day.

If you get this letter in time, you must tell me to thank Helen & her parents for giving me such a delightful home. It certainly *is* delightful.

With lots & lots & lots of love— / Father [MTP].

December 7 Tuesday – Clemens was in Bermuda. He took daily scenic rides after school hours [Dec. 14 to Nunnally]. D. Hoffman quotes from Helen Schuyler Allen's diary about Sam's daily routine:

He usually spent his mornings with his books. His books and his cigars were always with him. His bed was covered with books, manuscripts, and writing materials, while at the head of his bed stood a table with all kinds of smoking paraphernalia except cigarettes. Any spare moments were spent in reading, night or day; and he often had a book with him on the chance of an unoccupied moment. Carlyle's French Revolution, Pepys's Diary, Kipling's works, reference books of science, were always at hand, besides the late books of note sent him by every mail from Harper's Brothers [136].

December 8 Wednesday – Sam took daily scenic rides after school hours [Dec. 14 to Nunnally].

December 9 Thursday – Sam took daily scenic rides after school hours [Dec. 14 to Nunnally].

December 10 Friday – The New York *Times*, p. 11, “Bazaar For Sick Nurses,” announced that Samuel L. Clemens would be in charge of “the raffling of an automobile.” Sam, however, was in Bermuda and would not return for the event.

December 11 Saturday – Hill records the final folding of the **American Plasmon Co.**

Ashcroft, who retained his position in the company, told [Charles T.] Lark that the foundering organization would sink unless Clemens provided additional funds, a suggestion that was sensibly declined. Finally, by December 11, 1909, while Clemens was in Bermuda,

The office has been discontinued and all the bills of the Company have been paid through a pro rata contribution of the shareholders, our friend Ashcroft to this end actually producing the sum of \$90 in cash. Mr. Clemens’s pro rata portion was \$350, which sum was advanced by Mr. [Edward E.] Loomis.

The grand, decade-long scheme was over, having cost Clemens at least \$50,000 in losses and an unpardonable expense of time and energy [252].

December 12 Sunday – D. Hoffman writes, “Nearly every Sunday [in Bermuda] he went to Prospect for the military band concerts. Once he had become a friend of the bandmaster, the entire program might consist of pieces Clemens suggested” [139].

Miss Angela Morgan wrote from Woodstock, NY to Sam, enclosing a page from the December number of *Collier’s* and which bore her poem, “God’s Man,” which Sam had given “interest and assistance” to her. She thanked him and considered herself “forever indebted” [MTP].

December 13 Monday – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam inscribed an aphorism in a copy of *PW* to **Bernard Walker**. “*Let us endeavor so to live that when we come to die even the undertaker may be sorry.—Page 77. Truly Yours, Mark Twain. With kindest regards to Mr. Bernand Walker. Bermuda, Dec. 13, 1909*” [MTP: Parke-Bernet catalog, 4 May 1938, No. 38, Item 90].

At Stormfield, Jean wrote to **William Lyon Phelps**, professor of English Literature at Yale, thanking him for the copy of his book, *Dash at the Pole* (1909), which he’d sent to Clemens. Jean explained it was her duty to open all of Sam’s mail, and had read the book through [Thomas Tenney copy borrowed from Cyril Clemens, 1982]. *Note:* See Gribben 542.

December 14 Tuesday – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam wrote to **Frances Nunnally** in Atlanta.

Francesca dear, I received your last just before I left home, & was glad to see you were carrying on as joyously & as turbulently as ever I hope there has been no abatement, & that there won’t be any while you are young.

I reached here a month ago & had hardly registered at the hotel when an angel fish arrived with her mother & took me to their home by the sea, & I have been their grateful contented guest ever since. They have promised to give me a good long visit in the autumn

I have driven two or three hours every afternoon with my hosts, after school hours, over these fine roads, in this fine air, with the brilliant blues of the sea always in sight, & have thus driven the dyspeptic pain in my breast almost entirely away. Also the furious thoughts about Miss Lyon & Ashcroft, that pair of professional traitors & forgers.

We (Paine & I—he is my secretary) sail for home next Saturday (20th) & reach new York 22^d.

Dear heart, you must come & see me by & by. you said you would, you dear Francesca. / With lots of love / ... [MTP; *MTAq* 267].

December 15 Wednesday

December 16 Thursday

December 17 Friday – In Hamilton, Bermuda Sam wrote a Bermuda postcard to **Elizabeth Wallace**. “Merry Christmas / & affectionate greeting / to Betsy / SLC / Blanche has been close-clipped & looks elegant—even spiritual” [MTP]. *Note*: Maude was the donkey used in the earlier visit; Blanche may have been another.

Sam also wrote, possibly on this day, a postcard with a picture of a Bermuda garden, a scene in “Fairylend” to **Frances Nunnally** in Atlanta: “Love & Merry Christmas / To Francesca M.A. / SLC” [MTP].

December 18 Saturday – Clemens and **Albert Bigelow Paine** sailed on the *Bermudian* bound for New York. In his Dec. 19 to **Marion Schuyler Allen (Mrs. William H. Allen)** Sam wrote, “We plunged into heavy seas before the waving handkerchiefs & the flag were an hour out of sight...”.

December 18-20 Monday – On board the *Bermudian* Sam wrote to **Helen Schuyler Allen** in Hamilton, Bermuda.

I knew how it would be—the deck steward is entirely out of the question. So is the stewardess—oh, entirely! Well, no matter—I will try to get along without any good-morning until I see Bay House again. My, but I do miss you, dear!

This is dreary weather—rainy, blustery, cold, clammy, rough—and everybody looks sorry to be alive. There are a few men on deck, but only two or three women—among these the lady with the wonderful voice.

Paine makes himself agreeable to her—between intervals. During the intervals he has to go away & enjoy his seasickness. (Col. Winter comes to the table—he & a young friend of his—but otherwise our table is vacant. There is no satisfactory place but the captain’s room. It is comfy there, & I like the captain ever so much. There’s lots of young first-voyage country-people on board, & they were boisterously hilarious yesterday while we were on soundings—then they disappeared & have been seen no more. I wish you were here, dear, I find it lonesome.

I *told* you something was happening the 17th. That presentiment was right. The king of Belgium, whom I detested, was dying; also a son of the Earl of Aberdeen was dying, of a motor-car accident. I love his parents, & am very very sorry for their bereavement. My presentiments seldom materialize, but they did *this* time.

Think! that infamous king has gone to Satanville unprepared. I wish I had written him some etiquette—etiquette that would make him do the wrong thing every time & get him into trouble with Satan. Satan is very particular. He is an uncle of mine.

Helen dear, beware of Arthur! O, beware of that snake in the grass, that precocious criminal, that ultimate decoration of the gallows!

What a murderous face he has! For one so young. He is the one who is creating that reign of terror in Paget. I am the only one who knows it, & he has implored me not to tell, because it is there that he gets money to spend on moving pictures.

Alas! alas! alas! / ... [MTP].

December 19 Sunday – On board the *Bermudian* Sam wrote to **Marion Schuyler Allen (Mrs. William H. Allen)** in Hamilton, Bermuda.

Dear Mrs. Allen:

I don’t know how to thank you & Mr. Allen enough for the perfectly charming time you have given me. I have never had a lovelier time, & I can’t get over being sorry that it had to come to an end.

This is not a comfortable voyage. We plunged into heavy seas before the waving handkerchiefs & the flag were an hour out of sight, & nine-tenths of the passengers were abed before dinner time. Paine succumbed

early, & got extravagantly seasick, & that other pain (the one in my breast) kept me entertained until 3 this morning. There is still enough sea to make writing difficult.

Jean has been having an adventure, & I send you her letter. You needn't return it. Think of that excited & innocent Frenchman ordering that well-trained & obedient dog to lie down & keep still when he particularly wanted him to get up & 'tend to business! A very good dog. As soon as Jean said "Los!" (Go! fly! rush!) he reinstated his injured reputation.

I wish I was back in that hospitable Bay House. What a contrast its comfort is to the dismal ship! / With love to you all, / Affectionately yours / ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **William H. Allen**. Text not available [MTP].

The New York *Times*, p.8, ran a short squib, "Mark Twain Coming Home," that he would return on Monday with Paine.

December 20 Monday – The *Bermudian* arrived in New York City. **Jean Clemens** met Sam and **Albert Bigelow Paine**. According to Paine, Jean continued on to **Redding, Conn.** while Sam stayed "a day or two later." He described Jean as "blue and shivering with the cold," and felt "she should not have come." Likely she was accompanied by Katy or one of the servants [MTB 1547].

December 21 Tuesday – The New York *Times*, p. 1, ran an article on the arrival of Mark Twain from Bermuda and Sam's declaration that he would do no more work:

MARK TWAIN DONE WITH WORK

Humorist Says There'll Be No More for Him in This World.

"I am through with work for this life and this world," said Mark Twain on his arrival yesterday from Bermuda. He had said a good word for the suffragettes, and his reply came when he was asked whether he intended to lecture for the cause of votes for women.

"I have often been asked to lecture for the cause of women, but I am through with lecturing," he said. "I can't do it any more. The state of my health will not permit it. The fact is I am through with work. I have no new books in contemplation. There are five or six that were begun, but they are uncompleted. I have done almost nothing on them for the last few years. My health has not permitted it. Of course, I may do a trifle on my autobiography. There is still much to be done on it, but most of it will appear after my death as is known. I like to have some uncompleted work about me. It gives me something too when the humor for work seizes me. the last few years have found me seldom in the humor to write."

With Mr. Clemens was Albert Bigelow Paine. They were met by Miss Clemens, the writer's daughter.

Note: the above article may have been responsible for rumors that Mark Twain was dying. See Dec. 23.

December 22 Wednesday – Sam left NYC for **Redding** by this day, according to Paine [MTB 1547].

Frederick A. Duneka wrote from NYC:

"You may recall that we had a talk not very long ago about making some school books from your writings. I talked the matter over with Paine yesterday. The school book plan seems a good one in so far as it teaches the young where to go for the most limpid English.

"The object of this letter is to confirm the talk, and to say that in doing these books we can pay only ten per cent. royalty upon the price received for the book." He asked for Sam's approval and added "Colonel Harvey and the rest of us here think it is a good plan" [MTP].

Laura Hawkins Frazer wrote a postcard from Hannibal, Mo. to Sam and dated it Dec. 22-25. It had been a long time since she'd heard from Clemens and hoped his health was good; she congratulated him on Clara's wedding and wished Merry Christmas; she mentioned snow there [MTP]. *Note:* the card was not addressed nor stamped, so it may have been inserted in a letter. The front of the card is printed "The Season's Greetings" with a portrait of a Gibson-type woman.

Bessie Hazen in Georgetown sent a picture postcard of four cats on a bench and holly, and printed message, "A Joyous Christmas and a glad New Year"; "From your little friend Bessie Hazen" [MTP].

December 23 Thursday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote a short note to the **Manager, Associated Press** that ran in the *NY Times* (and possibly other newspapers) on **Dec. 24**, p.6, "Twain's Merry Christmas."

"I hear the newspapers say I'm dying. The charge is not true. I would not do such a thing at my time of life. I am behaving as good as I can. / Merry Christmas to everybody! / Mark Twain" [MTP].

See Paine's recollection of dinner this evening with **Jean Clemens**, in Dec. 24 entry.

R.W. Barkley wrote from NYC to detail over a page of single spaced type, suggested treatments using alternating electrical current for "hardening of the arteries, rheumatism (inflammatory) and ailments due to advancing years" [MTP].

Arthur Brisbane of the New York Evening Journal Publishing Co., NYC wrote: "I enclose a feeble effort to counteract the writing of some foolish gentleman on our morning paper's editorial page—he was preparing to bury you with a few kind words, apparently." He wished Clemens might enjoy Christmas. "You have given so much pleasure to other human beings that you ought to have a great deal yourself" [MTP].

Millie Suart, "a poor Soldier's widow" wrote from Battle Creek, Mich. to tell Sam her secret cure for dyspepsia—wood ashes steeped in boiling water, one tablespoon taken after eating [MTP].

December 24 Friday – In the morning **Jean Clemens** died in the bathtub. **Dr. Ernest H. Smith**, the examining physician of the county ruled Jean's death was due to drowning, evidently during a seizure [Hill 253]. The *New York Times* ran the sad story on page one, Dec. 25:

MISS JEAN CLEMENS FOUND DEAD IN BATH

—
She Was Overcome by an Epileptic
Seizure an Hour Before Her Body Was Discovered.

—
HAD PLANNED A HAPPY XMAS

—
On Wednesday Her Father Helped Her
Trim a Christmas Tree—Mark Twain Now All Alone.

—
Special to The New York Times.

REDDING, Conn., Dec. 24.—Miss Jean Clemens, youngest daughter of Mark Twain, was found dead in the bathtub at Stormfield, Mr. Clemens's country home near here, early this morning. Her body lay submerged in water when the young woman's maid discovered it, shortly after sunrise.

An attack of epilepsy, to which Miss Clemens had been subject for many years, is believed to have rendered her unconscious while she was taking her morning bath, with the result that she drowned in the water of the bath.

Mark Twain, her father, while heartbroken at the blow which has taken away the one daughter who had remained single to be his mainstay in his declining years, is bearing up bravely under the shock, and says that, in spite of his sorrow, he cannot help feeling glad that death came to his daughter at home.

He had feared for many months that she might be stricken while on horseback, far away on the lonely country roads, and that she might be mangled beneath the horse's hoofs. He had many warnings that his daughter might be stricken down. Less than a month ago she suffered a violent attack of epilepsy, and for several years she had been under the constant care of an attendant.

For several months Miss Clemens was in a sanitarium, but in April last had come to Stormfield in order to be her father's housekeeper and to help him in his literary work as his secretary.

Had Prepared for a Jolly Christmas.

Miss Clemens herself had no thought of death. Several days ago she invited one of her girl friends in New York to come to Stormfield to spend the holidays and elaborate plans had been made for a jolly Christmas.

This friend had been instructed to come today on the Pittsfield express, and Mark Twain had arranged with the New York, New Haven & Hartford officials to have the train stop at Redding, which is a flag station, at 5:19 this afternoon. A telegram was sent to her this morning informing her of what had happened and telling her not to come, but she evidently did not get the message, for she arrived according to arrangement, and was driven at once to Stormfield.

Miss Clemens and her father were up late last night discussing plans for Christmas Day and talking of the future. This morning about 6:30 o'clock Katie, one of the maids at Stormfield, who usually accompanied Miss Clemens wherever she went, rapped on her door and asked if she were ready to dress.

"No, Katie, you can wait an hour, for I am going to lie in bed and read," said Miss Clemens through the door. She often did this in the morning before arising, so the maid went away. An hour later she returned to the bedroom, which is on the second floor of Stormfield. Miss Clemens was not there.

Her Father Hears the News.

Katie went at once to the bathroom. One glance inside and the maid screamed in terror. She ran to the door of Mr. Clemens's room, who was still in bed, and told him that he had better come at once. Mr. Clemens hastily donned a bathrobe.

The servants were grouped around the bathroom door uncertain what to do. In a few minutes the body had been lifted from the tub, and a telephone call brought Dr. Ernest H. Smith, the family physician and County Medical Examiner, to the Clemens home. For a long time the doctor tried by artificial respiration to bring the young woman back to life, but it was useless. She had been dead at least an hour before he arrived, said the doctor later.

Soon after Dr. Smith arrived Mr. Clemens telephoned to Alfred [sic] Bigelow Paine, who has been assisting the author in writing his biography and who lives not far from Stormfield.

Mr. Paine and his wife were soon at the house and did what they could for Mr. Clemens. The news of Miss Clemens's death spread rapidly through the countryside, and there were many messages of sympathy and offers of help over the telephone. Many of Mark Twain's neighbors also called in person, and soon the reporters arrived. Mr. Clemens met them and told the sad story of his daughter's death.

"My daughter, Jean Clemens, passed from this life suddenly this morning at 7:30 o'clock," he said.

"All the last half of her life she was an epileptic, but she grew better latterly. For the past two years we considered her practically well, but she was not allowed to be entirely free. Her maid, who has served us twenty-eight years, was always with her when she went to New York on shopping excursions and such things. She had very few convulsions in the past two years and those she had were not violent.

"At 7:30 this morning a maid went to her room to see why she did not come down to her breakfast, and found her in her bathtub drowned. It means that she had a convulsion and could not get out.

"She had been leading a very active life.

"She spent the greater part of her time looking after a farm which I bought for her, and she did much of my secretarial work besides.

Her Last Talk With Her Father.

"Last night she and I chatted later than usual in the library, and she told me all her plans about the housekeeping, for she was also my housekeeper. I said everything was going so smoothly that I thought I

would make another trip to Bermuda in February, and she said put it off till March and she and her maid would go with me. So we made that arrangement.

"But she is gone, poor child.

"She was all I had left, except Clara, who married Mr. Gabrilowitsch lately, and has just arrived in Europe."

In one of the downstairs room of Stormfield was today a half-trimmed Christmas tree, which the bereaved author pointed to while tears came to his eyes.

"My daughter was trimming the tree yesterday and I was helping her," he said. "She was so anxious that the lads and lassies of the neighborhood should have a tree, so we brought this one in and began to trim it for them. Tomorrow there were to have trooped in to see the tree and to get presents from it.

"It is all so very sad. Upstairs in my daughter's room are still a number of gifts which she had bought for some of her dear friends, and which were to have been sent out by her today. It will be a sad Christmas for poor old me."

Last Monday Miss Clemens went to New York with her maid to meet her father on his arrival from Bermuda. She took advantage of her presence in town to buy several Christmas presents for her friends. Some of these she sent by mail, and they will be received this morning about the same time that some of her friends learn of her death.

Death Was Clearly Accidental.

Dr. Smith, after leaving Stormfield, made out a certificate of death from accidental cause, which he sent on to Clifford B. Wilson, the Coroner at Bridgeport. In this the doctor stated that the primary cause of death was epilepsy and the secondary cause drowning.

"It was a plain case and no mystery about it," said Dr. Smith. "There have been two other cases of epilepsy here recently which met death in the same way. It is very common for an epileptic to fall unconscious in the water while bathing. One of the other cases here recently was drowned in three or four inches of water after being rendered unconscious by an attack of epilepsy.

"The bath tub in which Miss Clemens met her death was nearly full of water when I got there. She simply must have lost consciousness and sunk down beneath the surface. Mr. Clemens is bearing up bravely under the blow, and he will survive it, I am sure. He is strong and healthy for a man of his years."

Miss Clemens had recently attended to much of her father's mail. Only yesterday she telephoned to the Associated Press a statement from her father, contradicting the newspaper reports that he was in failing health.

A cablegram was sent today to Mr. Clemens's married daughter, who with her husband, is spending her honeymoon abroad. It told her of her sister's death.

Arrangements for the funeral have already been made. The body will be taken to Elmira, N.Y., and will on Sunday be buried from the former home of Mr. Clemens's wife. Miss Clemens will be laid at rest alongside her mother in the old churchyard at Elmira.

Mr. Clemens will not be able to attend the funeral. He is now 74 years old, and his physicians discourage the unusual fatigue that he would necessarily undergo on such a journey. For the present he will remain at Stormfield.

Mark Twain's Plans for His Daughter.

It had been Mr. Clemens's ambition for the pasty twenty years to provide a future home for his daughters, and to leave them a sufficient income to continue their existence after his death in the same comfort as they had before. As the copyrights on all his books are rapidly expiring, and soon will bring in no return, it occurred to him that if he wrote an autobiography, which might be brought out, a little in each volume, in a new edition of his works, which the publishers should publish after his death, that he might secure a new copyright for these volumes.

Much of this autobiography is finished, and the home for his daughters built, but there seems to be no occasion for either precaution at present.

Miss Clara Clemens, who is a musician, was married last Summer to Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the celebrated Russian pianist, and the two are now in Europe. Miss Clemens had been engaged to Gabrilowitsch twice before, and each time the engagement had been broken. Last Spring the pianist was seized with a desperate illness and spent some time in a hospital near the point of death. At that time Miss Clemens spent a great deal of time with him and they were married soon after his recovery and left for Europe.

Paine writes of the last time he saw Jean and of being sent for after her death:

On the 23d I was lunching with Jean alone. She was full of interest in her Christmas preparations. She had a handsome tree set up in the loggia, and the packages were piled about it, with new ones constantly arriving. With her farm management, her housekeeping, her secretary work, and her Christmas preparations, it seemed to me that she had her hands overfull. Such a mental pressure could not be good for her. I suggested that for a time at least I might assume a part of her burden.

I was to remain at my own home that night, and I think it was as I left Stormfield that I passed Jean on the stair. She said, cheerfully, that she felt a little tired and was going up to lie down, so that she would be fresh for the evening. I did not go back, and I never saw her alive again.

I was at breakfast next morning when word was brought in that one of the men from Stormfield was outside and wished to see me immediately. When I went out he said: "Miss Jean is dead. They have just found her in her bath-room. Mr. Clemens sent me to bring you."

It was as incomprehensible as such things always are. I could not realize at all that Jean, so full of plans and industries and action less than a day before, had passed into that voiceless mystery which we call death.

Harry Iles drove me rapidly up the hill. As I entered Clemens's room he looked at me helplessly and said:

"Well, I suppose you have heard of this final disaster."

He was not violent or broken down with grief. He had come to that place where, whatever the shock or the ill-turn of fortune, he could accept it, and even in that first moment of loss he realized that, for Jean at least, the fortune was not ill. Her malady had never been cured, and it had been one of his deepest dreads that he would leave her behind him. It was believed, at first; that Jean had drowned, and Dr. Smith tried methods of resuscitation; but then he found that it was simply a case of heart cessation caused by the cold shock of her bath.

The Gabrilowitsches were by this time in Europe, and Clemens cabled them not to come. Later in the day he asked me if we would be willing to close our home for the winter and come to Stormfield. He said that he should probably go back to Bermuda before long; but that he wished to keep the house open so that it would be there for him to come to at any time that he might need it.

We came, of course, for there was no thought among any of his friends but for his comfort and peace of mind. Jervis Langdon was summoned from Elmira, for Jean would lie there with the others.

In the loggia stood the half-trimmed Christmas tree, and all about lay the packages of gifts, and in Jean's room, on the chairs and upon her desk, were piled other packages. Nobody had been forgotten. For her father she had bought a handsome globe; he had always wanted one. Once when I went into his room he said:

"I have been looking in at Jean and envying her. I have never greatly envied any one but the dead. I always envy the dead."

He told me how the night before they had dined together alone; how he had urged her to turn over a part of her work to me; how she had clung to every duty as if now, after all the years, she was determined to make up for lost time [MTB 1547-9].

Telegrams and letters of condolence poured in:

Miss Helen Allen
Minnie C. Anderson (telegram)
Lansing C. Bailey for <i>Utica Observer</i>
Miss Boudinot
George de Forest Brush and Mrs. Brush (telegram)
George W. Cable
Andrew Carnegie
Louise W. Carnegie

Theona Carter for Society of Good Cheer (telegram)
James Ross Clemens
William M. Clemens (telegram)
Mai H. Coe
William R. Coe (telegram)
Sarah S. Collier
Octave Counters
Edith Vaughn Cowles and Mildred Cowles and

Marguerite Schmitt (Schmidt) (telegram)
Susan L. Crane
Henry M. Dater
Mrs. Henry M. Dater
Lucie C. Davies
William G. Davies
William C. Deming & Deming William Mrs.
William C. Dornin
Ella P. Dunlop
Mrs. Samuel W. Floss
Samuel W. Floss
Zoheth S. Freeman
Daniel Frohman (telegram)
Margaret I. Frohman (telegram)
Maude A. Fuson
Joseph B. Gilder & Helena Gilder
 (telegram)
David Gray (telegram)
George and Alma and Dorothy Harvey
 (telegram)
George B. Harvey and Alma Harvey and
Dorothy Harvey (telegram)
Winifred Holt
John M. Howells & Abbey M. Howells
Elizabeth G. Jordan
Albert B. Leitner
Harriet Lewis
M. Lipton
Alexander R. MacMahon
Arthur I. Martyn
Brander Matthews
S.A. Merrill for Federal Trust Co.
Francis D. Millet
Mrs. James L. Mitchell
Mary M. Moffett
Elvelena W. Morford
Susan Morford
Graham Mulhall

Frederick Nathan and Mrs. Frederick Nathan
Wilbur D. Nesbit
Ethel Newcomb (telegram)
Katherine Nichols
Rosalie O'Brien
John O'Neil and Ellen O'Neil
Charles Ouldlin (telegram)
Fred K. Peterson and Antoinette Peterson
 (telegram)
Mrs. Samuel Pinover
Edward Quintard
Harriet A. Rathbone
Clarence C. Rice (telegram)
Emilie R. Rogers (telegram)
Marguerite Schmitt and Edith Cowles
and Mildred Cowles (telegram)
Willis S. Settle (telegram)
William M. Sloane & Mary Sloane
John B. Stanchfield
Anna Sterritt
Aimee La M. Taylor
Emma C. Thursby
Eleanor B. Tiffany
Henry D. Tiffany
Mrs. George Tucker
Susan L. Warner (telegram)
Annie M. Webster
Annie M. Webster (telegram)
Carlotta Welles
Estelle Whitfield
Owen Wister & Mary C. Wister
Mrs. John Wolfe
Julie T. Wood
Blanche E. Woods

Sam began replying to the first telegrams by sending his own. Among those surviving:

Sam sent a telegram to **Ethel Newcomb**, in Orange, N.Y.: "I THANK YOU MOST SINCERELY, BUT NOTHING CAN HELP ME / S.L. CLEMENS" [MTP].

Sam also sent the same telegram message (as above) to **Emilie R. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers)** [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

December 24 after – **Alice Hegan Rice** sent a letter of condolence [MTP].

December 25 Saturday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam sent the same reply (telegram) to **Annie Moffett Webster** at 55 W. 10th St. N.Y. [MTP].

Paine writes of Christmas day:

It was on Christmas Day that they went with Jean on her last journey. Katie Leary, her baby nurse, had dressed her in the dainty gown which she had worn for Clara's wedding, and they had pinned on it a pretty buckle which her father had brought her from Bermuda, and which she had not seen. No Greek statue was ever more classically beautiful than she was, lying there in the great living-room, which in its brief history had seen so much of the round of life.

They were to start with Jean at about six o'clock, and a little before that time Clemens (he was unable to make the journey) asked me what had been her favorite music. I said that she seemed always to care most for the Schubert Impromptu. Then he said:

"Play it when they get ready to leave with her, and add the Intermezzo for Susy and the Largo for Mrs. Clemens. When I hear the music I shall know that they are starting. Tell them to set lanterns at the door, so I can look down and see them go."

So I sat at the organ and began playing as they lifted and bore her away. A soft, heavy snow was falling, and the gloom of those shortest days was closing in. There was not the least wind or noise, the whole world was muffled. The lanterns at the door threw their light out on the thickly falling flakes. I remained at the organ; but the little group at the door saw him come to the window above—the light on his white hair as he stood mournfully gazing down, watching Jean going away from him for the last time. I played steadily on as he had instructed, the Impromptu, the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria," and Handel's Largo. When I had finished I went up and found him.

"Poor little Jean," he said; "but for her it is so good to go."

In his own story of it he wrote:

From my windows I saw the hearse and the carriages wind along the road and gradually grow vague and spectral in the falling snow, and presently disappear. Jean was gone out of my life, and would not come back any more. The cousin she had played with when they were babies together—he and her beloved old Katie—Were conducting her to her distant childhood home, where she will lie by her mother's side once more, in the company of Susy and Langdon.

He did not come down to dinner, and when I went up afterward I found him curiously agitated. He said:

"For one who does not believe in spirits I have had a most peculiar experience. I went into the bath-room just now and closed the door. You know how warm it always is in there, and there are no draughts. All at once I felt a cold current of air about me. I thought the door must be open; but it was closed. I said, 'Jean, is this you trying to let me know you have found the others?' Then the cold air was gone."

I saw that the incident had made a very great impression upon him; but I don't remember that he ever mentioned it afterward [MTB 1549-51].

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Miss Gordon	New York		[placed directly after Nov. 14 entry but appears to be this day]
Mrs. Martin W. Littleton	" "		Christmas Day
Jervis Langdon	Elmira, N.Y.		

Sam wrote in the next page of his new guestbook:

On Christmas Eve at half-past 7 in the morning
Jean Clemens passed from this life.
[horizontal line]

Christmas Day — She lies in her coffin at the other end
Of this room, beautiful in death.

[horizontal line]

Night. At 6 p.m. the hearse & carriages
Moved toward the station. Jervis & Katy will take
Jean to Elmira, where her mother, and Susy, and
Langdon lie buried. A snow-storm was raging.
Clara is in Germany.

The New York *Times*, Dec. 26, p.1, dateline Dec. 25, reported on Sam's condition:

MARK TWAIN BEARS UP WELL.

Body of His Daughter, Accompanied by Household Servants, Taken to Elmira.

REDDING, Conn., Dec. 25.—Mark Twain has borne up well under the bereavement which came to him yesterday in the death of his daughter, Miss Jean Clemens. Today he was fully composed and gave final directions for the removal for the body to Elmira, N. Y.

The coffin was taken from Stormfield this evening in time to be placed on the 7 o'clock train for New York. Several of the household servants accompanied it with a few of the most intimate friends of Miss Jean Clemens and of Mr. Clemens.

A great many messages of sympathy from friends in all parts of the country were received today by Mr. Clemens.

More telegrams and letters of condolence:

C. E. Aaron & Mrs. C.E. Aaron (telegram)
C. E. Aaron & Mrs. C.E. Aaron
Fred Winslow Adams
Charles C. Albertson
James W. Alexander
Hamlet J. Barry (telegram)
Daniel Carter Beard & Beatrice A. Beard
(telegram)
A.L. Benton
John Bigelow
Dolly Blatchford
William H. Bliss (telegram)
Marjorie Breckenridge
Wilbur Brotherton
Cara L. Broughton
Billie Burke (telegram)
Edmund Burn (Transcription of Dec 24 to Assoc.
Press enclosed)
Alfred Butes & Mrs. Alfred Butes
David S. Cincore
Champ Clark
Walter I. Clarke (clipping enclosed)
William F. Clarke & Katherine Clarke
(telegram)
Bryan M. Clemens

Mathilda M. Clemens
Margery H. Clinton
William Cranston
Mary Dale
Albert E. Davis
Chauncey M. Depew
R. W. Dobbie & Mrs. R. W. Dobbie
Elizabeth Dodge
Bernard Evans
Thomas Fitch
Flonzaley Quartet (telegram)
Harry Forsdal
Laura H. Frazer
Ossip Gabrilowitsch (telegram)
Bolton Hall
Reuben P. Hallock for Louisville Male
High School (telegram)
Fanny P. Hapgood
Edward P. Henwood
Jessie M. Higley
Mary S. Howden
Charles F. Johnson
William S. Johnson
Edwin H. King
Alice C. Langton

John Larkin
Elisabeth H. Laubenrauch
John A. Laut
Mary Lawton
Violet Leigh (TR of 24 Dec to Assoc Press
& clippings enclosed)
Thomas Lipton (telegram); enclosed in
Lipton to Paine Dec 25
George A. Mahan & Mrs. George Mahan
 (telegram)
Edward W. McClusky
J.J. Meadows
D.M. Metzger
E.S. Moore
David A. Munro (telegram)
John C. Nichols
Marie Nichols
Frances Nunnally
Lewis H. O'Connor
Louis M. Ogden
O.F. Pages
Albert Bigelow Paine

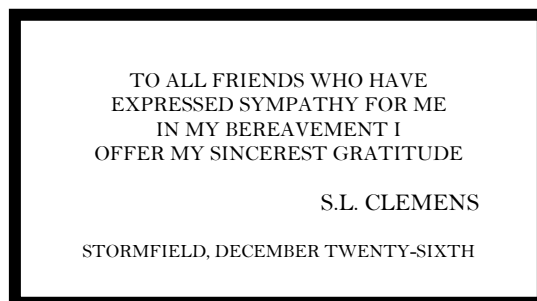
[MTP].

Joy Paine
J.S. Pates
Katharine Lampton Paxson
Laura E. Peck
Harry Rogers & Mary B. Rogers
 (telegram)
Hy Rose
J.H. Saunders
Edward Scott & Mrs. Edward Scott
Walter Scott
Harriet C. Sprague
Abba C. Walker
Fritz Walter
Jacob Jr. Wendell (telegram)
J.L. Stewart
Charles A. Stoddard
Ida M. Tarbell (telegram)
Jeune Filles de Tewksbury
Emma B. Thayer
Gerald H. Thayer (telegram)
Joseph H. Twichell & Harmony Twichell

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

Dr. Shobal Vail Clevenger (1843-1920), sent Clemens an inscribed copy of his new book, *Fun in a Doctor's Life, Being the Adventures of an American Don Quixote in Helping to Make the World a Better Place* (1909): "To Sam L. Clemens / from his old townsman / of St. Louis in the 50's / S.V. Clevenger / Park Ridge, Ill / Christmas 1909" [Gribben 147]. Note: in the late 1850s, when Sam was a pilot on the Mississippi, Clevenger would have been a teenager, eight years younger than Sam, who was often in St. Louis while a pilot.

December 26 Sunday – Sam drafted instructions to a printer for a card he wished printed for answering the many dozens of letters that poured in expressing sorrow and condolence upon the death of Jean Clemens.



Somewhat after this date he sent this card to many friends and associates. The following survive—to: **Lilian W. Aldrich, Grace E. King, Marguerite Schmitt, Frank J. Sprague and Harriet Sprague, Bram Stoker, John L. RoBards, Josephine S. Hobby, Charles J. Langdon and Family, Mary E. Moffett, Elisabeth N. Fairchild, Virginia Frazer Boyle, Margaret Blackmer** (postmarked Jan 15, 1910), **Paul Kester** (Postmarked Jan. 17, 1910), **Helen Keller** (Jan. 26, 1910 from Bermuda), **Katherine**

B. Clemens (postmarked Mar. 16, 1910) [MTP]. *Note:* many more were likely sent to those whose letters and telegrams during this period are listed.

Paine writes of this day's activities:

Next day [Dec. 26] the storm had turned into a fearful blizzard; the whole hilltop was a raging, driving mass of white. He wrote most of the day, but stopped now and then to read some of the telegrams or letters of condolence which came flooding in. Sometimes he walked over to the window to look out on the furious tempest. Once, during the afternoon, he said:

"Jean always so loved to see a storm like this, and just now at Elmira they are burying her."

Later he read aloud some lines by Alfred Austin, which Mrs. Crane had sent him lines which he had remembered in the sorrow for Susy:

When last came sorrow, around barn and byre
Wind-careen snow, the year's white sepulchre, lay.
"Come in," I said, "and warm you by the fire";
And there she sits and never goes away.

It was that evening that he came into the room where Mrs. Paine and I sat by the fire, bringing his manuscript.

"I have finished my story of Jean's death," he said. "It is the end of my autobiography. I shall never write any more. I can't judge it myself at all. One of you read it aloud to the other, and let me know what you think of it. If it is worthy, perhaps some day it may be published" [MTB 1551]. *Note:* **Alfred Austin** (1835-1913) [Gribben 35].

More letters and telegrams of condolence were sent by:

Mrs. Patrick McAleer
Elizabeth D. Bacon for Woman Suffrage
John Kendrick Bangs
Carroll Beckwith
Edward Burk
Elisabeth and Marion Cheney
Leila H. Cheney
Esther E. Clemens
Marie H. Clemens
Wong Sun Yun Clemens
Susan L. Crane
Susan B. Curtis
Cleveland Hoadley Dodge
Frederick A. Duneka
S.K. Frantz
Mary L. Fretwell
Helena Gilder
Jeannette L. Gilder
Bertha Good
M.J. Goodwin

Jerry B. Graham
S. Green
Emma R. Guild
Bridget W. Guinness (telegram)

Norman Hapgood
Katharine I. Harrison
Josephine S. Hobby
Jeanette Keen
Benjamin Kimball
Seth Low
John Y.W. MacAlister (telegram)
James F. Mallinckrodt
W.W. Murray
Alice W. Pearmain
Alice R. Porter
Julia H. Pullen (telegram)
Jeannie D. Rice
William H. Rideing
Clara L. Spaulding
Isidor Straus
Charles R. Titus
John P. Vollmer
Blanche Von Schulenburg
Mary A. Waite
Elizabeth Wallace
Leona B. Ward
John E. Wayland [MTP].

Clemens A.D. for this day is listed by MTP.

December 27 Monday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to **Mai H. Coe**.

Dear Mrs. Coe: / You must not think I am melancholy. No, I am not. It wrung my heart to lose Jean, who was so dear to me, & was all I had, now that Clara has gone to Europe to live; but I know my nature, & I knew I should soon be happy again, & not mourning any more, but only absorbed in remembering how beautiful her character was & how fine—how exquisitely fine—the very finest I have known except her mother's & your father's. And so I am already rejoicing that she has been set free. It is always so with me. My grief for the loss of a friend is soon replaced by gratitude that that friend is released from the ungentle captivity of this life. For sixteen years Jean suffered unspeakably, under the dominion of her cruel malady, & we were always dreading that some frightful accident would happen to her that would stretch her mutilated upon her bed for the rest of her life—or, worse—that her mind would become affected; but now she is free, & harm can never come to her more.

Eight months ago we got her back from her long & bitter exile in sanitariums, & from then until her last moment she was utterly & exultingly happy. I am so happy in this memory, that the very thought of it almost makes me cry.

We had two splendid days together—Wednesday & Thursday—I can never forget them. Then at seven-thirty Friday morning our old Katy appeared, gasping & quaking at my bedside & said words that are burnt into my memory:

“Miss Jean is dead!”

Yesterday evening at 6 I stood at my window & saw her borne away from this home to another, whence she will not return any more. I remained here. I saw her mother buried. I will never endure that shock again.

It is lovely of you to ask me to come; & some day I will.

It is good for me to be busy, these days, & I am. Ninety-five percent of the letters & telegrams that came yesterday & to-day & will begin to come from foreign countries a week hence, can be answered with a card. I shall answer the others with a pen.

With sincere thanks, & with love to you both, / SLC

The newspapers are mistaken about my health—I brought it back from Bermuda *perfect* [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Joe Twichell and Harmony C. Twichell**.

Dear, dear Joe & Harmony:

Do not come—until by & bye. I am not suffering. My darling Jean is set free! That is the blessed music that rings in my heart all the time. For sixteen years she suffered—exile, pain, humiliation, despair—& now that dear sweet spirit is at rest. Jean was so fine, so admirable, so noble—just her incomparable mother over again! Think what I have lost in her. But think what *she* has gained.

We had two splendid days together—Wednesday & Thursday. Then at 7.30 the next morning Katy appeared at my bedside & said—without preliminary—

“Miss Jean is dead!”

When Clara got married & would have to go to Europe, my thought was, “My God, what is to become of Jean if I die!”

That terror cost me much sleep since.

Joe, Jean had a fine mind, a most competent brain. That [*possibly canceled by someone other than SLC*:] ~~she~~ said she was insane! She & her confederate told that to everybody around here. Jean's last act, Thursday night, was to defend her when I burst out upon her! It makes me proud to remember that. . . O blessed Jean,

I saw Livy buried. I will never consent to see another dear friend put under the ground.

How sweet, & peaceful, & beautiful Jean was, in her coffin, with that classic face!

With lots & lots of love— / Mark [MTP].

Paine included a segment Sam added to his piece “The Death of Jean Clemens”:

December 27. Did I know Jean's value? No, I only thought I did. I knew a ten-thousandth fraction of it, that was all. It is always so, with us, it has always been so. We are like the poor ignorant private soldier-dead, now, four hundred years — who picked up the great Sancy diamond on the field of the lost battle and sold it for a franc. Later he knew what he had done.

Shall I ever be cheerful again, happy again? Yes. And soon. For I know my temperament. And I know that the temperament is master of the man, and that he is its fettered and helpless slave and must in all things do as it commands. A man's temperament is born in him, and no circumstances can ever change it.

My temperament has never allowed my spirits to remain depressed long at a time.

That was a feature of Jean's temperament, too. She inherited it from me. I think she got the rest of it from her mother [MTB 1552].

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Miss Holz	Montclair, N.J.	Dec. 27	Jean's friend

More letters and telegrams of condolence were sent by:

F.R. Bartholomew
Anne E. Benjamin
Richard R. Bowker
Witter Bynner
William S. Case
H.R. Colbeck
Elinor & Parry Angenete Comstock (telegram)
Lawrence B. Evans
Elisabeth N. Fairchild
Mabel Farish
Cecile Freese
Frederick Gerken
Margaret S. Graham
Stephen M. Griswold
Elizabeth Hall

Indianapolis News
Ella H. Kalley
Paul Kester
Jervis Langdon II (clipping enclosed)
Thomas R. Lounsbury
William Mathers
Regina A. Niehaus
Cora W. Nunnally
Dorothy Quick
John L. RoBards
William Rockefeller (telegram)
R.C. Smith
Guillaume Stengel, & Marcella Sembrich (telegram)
Thomas Westing, & Louise Westing
Jennie E. Woodworth [MTP].

December 28 Tuesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to **Harriet E. Whitmore**.

She is out of it all, dear Mrs. Whitmore—the first kindness that has come to her from the Source of All Kindness in sixteen years. She & I had a long & loving chat the night before the blow fell, & she gave me a commission for you. I said I would write you my side of that matter, & I proceeded to map it out, but she stopped me & asked me not to write in that heated vein—& not to try to write *at all*, because I would not be able to keep my temper. She told me to ask you to come down here & let me state the case orally. I promised at once. She had been shamefully & criminally abused for three years, through the plots & lies & malignities of that unspeakable person; & when I got her home again months ago I was resolved that I would not say no to any request of hers while my life should continue. I wish, from the bottom of my unforgiving heart, that that person.

But no, I promised my poor wronged child, & I will not finish that sentence.

After a few weeks I shall ask you & Mr. Whitmore to visit me, & then I will tell you my side. Doubtless all Hartford has listened to the other side—& *believed* it. I judge so because in to-day's & yesterday's avalanche of sympathizing letters & telegrams Hartford is substantially unrepresented. There was a time when this would have profoundly distressed me, but nothing can distress me any more, now. / Sincerely Yours / ... [MTP]. *Note:* Sam referred to his side of the Lyon-Ashcroft matter.

More letters and telegrams of condolence were sent by:

Lilian W. Aldrich

William H. Allen & Mrs. William Allen
 (telegram)
John D. Archbold
Julia Langdon Barber
David Bispham
George de Forest Brush
Robert J. Collier & Sarah S. Collier
 (telegram)
Mrs. Abe Curry & Vera Cowan
Elizabeth B. Custer
Marion S. Gaillard

Orlando E. Hart
Frank Jenkins
Grace E. King
Amelia M. Kramer
Emily L. Langdon
Charles T. Lark
Elizabeth Robins
George W. Smith
Mary F.J. Smith
Percy Spalding
George H. Yost
Gerald H. Thayer [MTP].

Dorothea Gilder

December 29 Wednesday – In Redding, Conn. Sam wrote to daughter **Clara** .

O, Clara, Clara dear, I am so glad she is out of it & safe—safe!

I am not melancholy; I shall never be melancholy again, I think.

You see, I was in such distress when I came to realize that you were gone far away & no one stood between her & danger but me—and I could die at any moment, & *then*—oh then what would become of her! For she was wilful, you know, & would not have been governable.

You can't imagine what a darling she was, that last two or three days; & how *fine*, & good, & sweet, & noble—and *joyful*, thank Heaven!—& how intellectually brilliant. I had never been acquainted with Jean before. I recognized that.

But I must n't try to write about her—I can't. I have already poured my heart out with the pen, recording that last day or two. I will send you that—and you must let no one but Ossip read it.

Good-bye. I love you so! And Ossip! / Father [MTP].

Sam also wrote to Mrs. **Harriet A. Rathbone** in Elmira, N.Y. “Dear Mrs. Rathbone—I know of your lovely tribute to the memory of my lost Jean, & out of my heart thank you. She was worthy of that gracious kindness. / Most sincerely Yours / ...” [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.)**.

You are your old self again, Mary dear, & I am glad. If you had failed me at this time it would have hurt me—and you would not wish to do that.

The first letter to come from a friend was from Mrs. Coe; & the same mail brought six others. I answered them all, & it took me all day. The evening mail brought some more from friends, but I was very tired, & gave up trying to answer them: every mail since has brought others—among them, letters from Mrs. Broughton & Mrs. Benjamin—but I did not try to answer. Of the letters brought by yesterday's two mails, 63 ought to be specially answered. I am not equal to it. Of the letters in this mornings mail, 22 ought to have special answers—but I will begin & end with yours, & content myself with that. I have kept all the letters from the beginning (many of them, from utter strangers, are very beautiful & touching), & shall only answer them with the usual printed card of acknowledgment & thanks. I have read every one of them. Indeed I have done nothing but read letters and telegrams (& annotate and classify them) since mid-afternoon of Christmas Eve. I would specially answer every one of them if I could.

We are in a turmoil yet, & can't take care of a guest, for we are re-arranging things. My secretaries (Mr. & Mrs. Albert Bigelow Paine & wife) & their little daughter have moved into Jean's apartment to-day & vacated their house. They will constitute my family henceforth & be a wholesome change from Miss Lyon & the confederate whom she married to keep him from turning State's evidence against her. I like them greatly—and so will you. Jean liked them.

My other niece (Mrs. Edward Loomis) [**Julia Langdon Loomis**] & her husband, who represented me at Jean's burial, are coming next Monday; Robert Collier & his wife are coming a day or two later (Wednesday)

& I hope you can & will come a couple of day's later (Saturday). (The train leaves Grand Central—LEXINGTON AVE SIDE, at 3.32 p.m & reaches Redding in an hour & 40 minutes.)

(Let me know, so I can send a carriage to our station.) I want Mrs. Sybil to come by & by—& Harry; but they would not feel at home in this wrecked & ruined house now. With real love / Your uncle Mark.

P.S. There is also a good train at 8.50 a.m. [MTP].

More letters and telegrams of condolence were sent by:

G.M. Acklom
Marjorie Breckenridge
Margery H. Clinton
Sam P. Davis
Mattie J. Durant
Lord Grey, & Lady Grey (telegram)
Marion von Kendler
Mrs. George L. Kohl
Ethel Newcomb
Marguerite Schmidt (Schmitt)
Charles E. Smith
Spencer J. Steinmetz
Luigi Villari [MTP].

December 30 Thursday – More letters and telegrams of condolence were sent by:

Henry M. Alden
Irving Bacheller
Samuel C. Benson
Florence Carbutt
Katherine L. Collier (telegram)
Margaret C. Dougherty
Lucy M. Gallagher
John C. Gordon (telegram)
D.M. Hanson
Robert Underwood Johnson [MTP].

December 31 Friday – More letters and telegrams of condolence were sent by:

E.T. Abbott
Frank H. Bronson
John H. Flagg
Joanna Pozzo
Arthur L. Shipman [MTP].

“I am still rich” – Bermuda Solitude – Wanting to Die at Stormfield

January 1 Saturday – Sam signed a typewritten letter to an **unidentified person** concerning the appointment of **Albert B. Paine** as his secretary and manager of his affairs [MTP: American Arts Association-Anderson Galleries catalogs, No. 4346, 11-12 Nov. 1937, Item 89].

Sam also wrote to **Elizabeth Wallace**.

Dear Betsy: / I cant write. For I am ill with a cold—the first one I have had in two years. The pain in my breast has come back—so I am leaving for Bermuda next Wednesday, for an indefinite stay.

I enclose a sheet which I wrote to Clara to comfort her.

I shall stay with the Allens if they’ve got room for me. / Always affectionately, ... [MTP].

Virginia Frazer Boyle sent a letter of condolence [MTP].

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence C. Buel sent a small card of condolence [MTP].

Nettie S. Gaines for the Stockton Record wrote to Sam referring to her letter of two months prior asking permission to republish “Jumping Frog” in a school reader. Clemens had referred her to Harpers who had refused her; did Harpers still retain that old copyright? She also offered condolences [MTP].

Arno Grein in Berlin, Germany sent a letter of condolence in German [MTP].

Nannie Manook in London sent a letter of condolence [MTP].

* **Arthur M. Tarratt** wrote from Victoria, Australia to offer condolences [MTP].

Anna C. Wiley wrote from NYC to offer condolences [MTP].

January 2 Sunday – **Helen Kerr Blackmer (Mrs. Henry Myron Blackmer)** wrote from Essex Co. NY with condolences [MTP].

Clemma L. Bradley in Midland, Tex to offer condolences, addressing him as “Dear Cousin” [MTP].

Fidele A. Brooks in NYC sent a letter of condolence [MTP].

Nancy Douglas Brush (Pearmain) in Dublin, N.H. sent a letter of condolence [MTP].

Mildred Cowles wrote from NYC to offer condolences from her sister, **Edith Vaughn Cowles**, **Marguerite Schmidt**, and herself [MTP].

Adolf Mensing in Berlin sent a letter of condolence [MTP].

Ernest Seton-Thompson and Grace G. Seton of NYC sent a letter of condolence and enclosed their “At Home” card [MTP].

K. Suart wrote from England to offer condolences [MTP].

January 3 Monday – **Albert B. Paine** wrote to **William H. Allen** in Bermuda, advising them of Sam's preferences during his stay there. Paine's protectiveness of Clemens is quite evident:

For Mr. Clemens, I want to say that he is more than anxious to go to your house [Bay House] during his stay in Bermuda, for he does not like hotel life... but he feels he could not take advantage of this generosity on your part for any length of time without some compensation....

Now, as to other matters; you have already realized, of course, that Mr. Clemens has to be protected from the great number of people who wish to use him as the means of their own social advancement, or as an ornament for their drawing-rooms and dinner tables....

He is also to be guarded from business propositions of every sort—schemes, plans, investments, and the like. These things have been his undoing through a long period of years....He does not wish ever to make an investment again. But, as I have said, he is impulsive, enthusiastic, and likely to fall in with the suggestion of a plan which would only mean discomfort, worry and nightmare for him later on, and he has had enough of such things....

You have, of course, already realized that Mr. Clemens's nature, like his genius, is an unusual one. His likes and dislikes are erratic, quickly formed, and like railroad time-tables, "subject to change without notice." The man or woman he is apparently delighted with today, he may not care to see tomorrow at all, and vice versa...

Paine also alerted the Allens that he was sending along Sam's value, **Claude Benchotte**, with instructions and medicine should Sam have severe angina. If it wasn't possible for the Allens to put him up, Sam would try as best he could to stay in the Hotel [MTAq 143-4].

Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Mr. & Mrs. Loomis	)	Jan. 3, 1910.	
Charles T. Lark	) New York		

Helen Keller wrote from Wrentham to offer condolences [MTP]. *Note:* "ans / Jan 26/10"

Augustus W. Oliver wrote from Long Beach, Calif. to offer condolences [MTP].

Helen A. Perry wrote from Quincy, Mass to offer condolences [MTP].

Arda Bates Rorison wrote from NYC to offer condolences [MTP].

Dora Wheeler Keith wrote from NYC to offer condolences [MTP].

Harriet E. Whitmore wrote from Hartford to offer condolences and to advise him "do not try to revise the past issues about Isabel Ashcroft..." [MTP].

Ernest J. Clarke wrote from San Francisco to offer condolences and to praise Clemens [MTP].

January 4 Tuesday – D. Hoffman writes: "Clemens took the train to New York on Tuesday, January 4, and had dinner that night with Howells and Paine at the home of **Edward Eugene Loomis**, who was married to Livy's niece, **Julia O. Langdon**" [144]. (Editorial emphasis.) *Note:* it would be the last time Howells and Clemens met. Though the date is off by one day, *MTHL* carries the following note:

At dinner and afterwards, they talked of the Clemeses' butler George [Griffin], "that peerless black ex-slave and children's idol"...of labor unions as the "sole present help of the weak against the strong," and of

dreams. When Howells left, he declared to Paine, “There was never anybody like him [Twain]; there never will be” [MTHL 850; MTB 1557]. *Note:* see later source for a fuller account.

Newton R. Heber wrote from NYC to offer condolences [MTP].

Dr. Edward W. Kellogg wrote from Santa Fe, Cuba to offer condolences: “To me she was still the sweet child for whom I often cared professionally...” [MTP].

Charles T. Lark wrote to Sam.

Enclosed herewith please find copy of a letter which just arrived from London relative to the Ashcroft tobacco incident. You will not that they are making further inquiries, and until this final report comes, we will hardly be in a position to advise the institution of injunction proceedings.

You will remember that Mr. Paine suggested that he thought it quite probable that the advertisement in question was in the form of a half tone or a block insert at the time it reached the hands of the tobacco firm...[He wished Sam] “a pleasant trip” [MTP].

Julia H. Pullen wrote from Memphis, Tenn. to offer condolences. She signed “Miss Jean’s nurse” [MTP].

January 5 Wednesday – Sam sailed “unexpectedly” for **Bermuda** on the *Bermudian*. **Paine** did not accompany him; instead his valet, **Claude Benchotte** [Paine to Quick Jan 17; D. Hoffman 158]. *Note:* Paine also had written the Allens that Sam would likely make another trip during the winter to Bermuda; Sam, down with a cold on New Year’s Day, planned to leave on this day for Bermuda, so just how “unexpected” the trip was, it may have seemed so to Paine.

January 6 Thursday – Sam was at sea on the *Bermudian* headed for **Bermuda**. It would be his last stay there and last 95 days, his longest [D. Hoffman 158].

Albert Bigelow Paine wrote from Redding to Clemens: “Matters are going well. Mrs. Paine & I are sending out the cards, and I shall order two hundred more bought. Already there are over three hundred letters and telegrams and a number came in today—one from Helen Keller, which I enclose to you” [MTP].

John W. Crawford “Poet Scout” sent a letter of condolence with verse [MTP].

Zoheth S. Freeman for Liberty National Bank wrote to Sam enclosing a check for \$229.19 for interest accrued [MTP].

The Jeanne D’Arc Suffrage League per W.R. Mitchell wrote from NYC, offering “...sincerest compliments and in grateful recognition of your splendid history of our patron saint” [MTP].

Jeanne Robert wrote from France to offer condolences in French [MTP].

January 7 Friday – Sam arrived in **Hamilton, Bermuda**, where he wrote from the Allen’s Bay House, Pembroke Parish, to **Frederick A. Duneka or Frederick T. Leigh at Harper’s**.

Dear Duneka

or The Major:

Please get for me with good dispatch, & send to me to the above address, these things, to-wit, and charge to me:

“Old Rose & Silver,” by Myrtle Reed;

“Their Heart’s Desire” (*illustrated by Harrison Fisher*);

“The Master’s Violin,” by Myrtle Reed

SLC used mourning border for most letters from Jean’s death on.

==

Can you send me the *cover*-picture of Xmas No. of the Bazar, without the rest of the page—just the picture *alone*, for framing? Can you?

With love to you all, / Your/ Uncle Mark [MTP].

Notes: D. Hoffman writes this letter delivered with a black mourning border for Jean. **Myrtle Reed** (1874-1911): *Old Rose and Silver* (1909); *The Master's Violin* (1905); Reed wrote a number of best sellers and cookbooks under the pseudonym **Olive Green**. She took her own life. See Gribben 573. **Francis Foster Perry**: *Their Heart's Desire* (1909), Illustrated by Harrison Fisher and decorated by Theodore B. Hapgood; not in Gribben. Was this Hapgood related to Sam's old friend Norman Hapgood? This doesn't seem to be the sort of pulp tear-jerker that Clemens would otherwise be interested in. In a later letter (Jan 11-20) to Paine Sam requested "Harpers to send all books through the firm mentioned by Mr. Allen," so these may not have been for Clemens.

Sam also wrote to **Edward Eugene Loomis and Julia Langdon Loomis**.

Dear Edward:

I have just arrived, & am very much pleased with the weather. I am not writing for the sake of furnishing news, for there isn't any. I am only wanting to say how *thankful* I am to have a Mark Twain Company such as I have got—sterling men, every one, & to the last degree *capable*.

Julie dear, you are with the family now, I suppose, & I beg you to thank them earnestly for me, for their loving ministrations lately when my Jean was their guest, tarrying with them a day on her happy journey.

With love to you' & yours & mine / Uncle Sam [MTP].

Annie Colt McLeadeth wrote from London to offer "a few words of sympathy" [MTP].

January 7-31 – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam wrote to **Mr. Roberts**. "Dear Sir, / You were so kind as to say you would play a selection for me, and this note is to beg you to play the Intermezzo of Cavallerio Sunday morning, if I am not trespassing too much upon your kindness / Very truly Yours, / ..." [MTP]. *Note:* Sam usually went to the Sunday band concerts at Prospect Military Park. This is likely a request for one Sunday while he was in Bermuda.

January 7-April 7 – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam sent a form letter to an **unidentified person**. "Dear Sir (or Madam):—I try every remedy sent to me. I am now on No. 67. Yours is 2,653. I am looking forward to its beneficial results" [MFMT 287].

January 8 Saturday – **Amy C. Hayes** wrote from Molokai, Hawaii to offer condolences from her and her son, **Dr. Homer H. Hayes** [MTP].

Frances Serrill Knowles wrote from Byrn Mawr, Penn. to offer condolences, fondly recalling the summer spent with Jean at Gloucester, Mass. "When sailing, she talked for hours to me of her home, and seemed to dwell in the past with the dear Mother of whom she never wearied of telling of her wonderful love and sympathetic nature which had been so much to the dear child..." [MTP]. *Note:* see August 1908 entry for inscription from Mrs. Knowles.

January 9 Sunday – **Albert Bigelow Paine** wrote from Redding to Clemens:

I am enclosing to you a letter from Clara, received yesterday. It seems to be postmarked the 27th, so it was written before she could have received a letter from you.

She probably received my first letter about Jan 1 and we may expect an answer to it by next steamer. I also am enclosing a letter from Margaret Blackmer and I will put in one or two foreign letters [MTP].

Margaret W. Patterson wrote from Iowa to offer condolences [MTP].

January 10 Monday – Albert Bigelow Paine wrote from Redding to Clemens:

The Lincoln pass-book came in this morning, and we have checked it through carefully, with cheque-book, cancelled cheques &c; the result shows an actual balance of \$472 .¹³ on Jan. 4 instead of \$332.⁵⁴ as entered in your cheque-book. Somehow Jean may have made a mistake in her adding, or subtracting, and we need not look it up—it does not matter. Nobody is wronged, and your balance is \$139.⁵² more than she thought. [He directed Sam to enter several deposits and other details] [MTP].

D. Hoffman writes of Sam attending a lecture:

Helen [Allen] and her mother went with Clemens to a military lecture at Prospect on January 10. The speaker had sent a special invitation, saying he wished to address in particular Mark Twain, “the greatest living master of the platform-art.” They were greeted by Lt.-Gen. Frederick Walter Kitchener, the governor of Bermuda and a brother of Horatio Herbert Kitchener of Khartoum, commander in chief during much of the South African War of 1899 to 1902 . Clemens worried that on a previous occasion he had committed a breach of etiquette. He wrote Paine the next day [see entry] to express relief that the governor was “apparently as glad to see me as he said he was.” That night, Clemens planned to dine with the commandant of the Carnegie, who promised to arrange a private tour of his ship [145]. *Note:* Sir **Frederick Walter Kitchener** (1858-1912), veteran of the Boer War, served as Bermuda Commander and Governor from Oct. 1908 until his death.

Ginney (Virginia) Bissell wrote from Hartford to offer sympathy [MTP].

William W. Jackson wrote from Eau Claire, Wisc. “You do not know me but you do know my Dad, Wm. T. Jackson, as I was told you were kids together, although I presume kids were not kids in those days of long ago.” He enclosed a picture of Clemens and his old Hannibal home and invited him to spend the summer there [MTP].

Carlotta Welles wrote from Byrn Mawr College to offer condolences [MTP].

January 11 Tuesday – In Hamilton, Bermuda Sam wrote to **Albert B. Paine** in West Redding, Conn.

Dear Paine,— Again I am living the ideal life & am immeasurably content. There is nothing to mar it but the bloody-minded bandit Arthur, who still fetches & carries Helen. Presently he will be found drowned. Claude comes to Bay House twice a day to see if I need any service. He is invaluable. There was a military lecture last night at the Officer’s Mess, Prospect, & as the lecturer honored me with a special & urgent invitation & said he wanted to lecture to me particularly, I being “the greatest living master of the platform-art,” I naturally packed Helen & her mother into the provided carriage & went.

As soon as we landed at the door with the crowd the Governor came to me at once & was very cordial, & apparently as glad to see me as he said he was. So *that* incident is closed. And pleasantly & entirely satisfactorily. Every thing is all right, now, & I am no longer in a clumsy & awkward situation.

I “met up” with that charming Colonel Chapman, & other officers of the regiment, & had a good time.

Commandant Peters of the “Carnegie” will dine here tonight & arrange a private visit for us to his ship, the crowd to be denied access. / Sincerely Yours, / S.L.C. [MTP: Paine’s 1917 *Mark Twain Letters*, p. 837-8; & marks replaced]. *Note:* Claude, Sam’s servant, likely stayed at the Hamilton Hotel. See Jan. 10 entry for D. Hoffman’s excerpt and Clemens’ relief about a breach of etiquette.

January 11-20 Thursday – In Hamilton, Bermuda Sam wrote to **Albert B. Paine** in West Redding, Conn.

Dear Paine—

I want Helen to have the bicycle the thieves restored to the garret. Will you please send it according to the directions supplied by Mr. Allen in the accompanying letter. If you can pay the transportation costs in advance, I shall be glad.

Also, will you tell the Harpers to send all books through the firm mentioned by Mr. Allen. Then we shan't have any trouble about getting them promptly.

I hope you are all well. I would rather be here than anywhere else. / Sincerely Yours / SLC
[enclosure missing] [MTP].

January 12 Wednesday – Mr. & Mrs. A.S. Kelley from Palmyra, Mo. wrote condolences [MTP].

January 13 Thursday

January 14 Friday – In Hamilton, Bermuda Sam wrote to **Albert B. Paine** in West Redding, Conn.

|For the Bazar|

WHO?

===

Who loves to steal a while away
From sinful joys & foolish play
And fold her holy hands & pray?
The Bitch.

Who loves to watch while *others* pray,
And hog their assets, night & day,
Wherewith to fat her Ashcroft—*say*?
The Bitch.

(To be continued.)

[verso:]

Jan. 14.

The ship is in, your letters are received. Many thanks.

Mrs. Allen greatly wants to know if those plants survived & are flourishing. Please tell us.

Will Mrs. Paine please type the “last words” of my Autobiography (about Jean’s death) & mail it to Clara.
I will tell Clara it is coming. / With love to you all / ... [MTP].

Edgar & Curtis, Real Estate, NYC wrote to ask for the opportunity of offering your house (in Ridgefield) for sale [MTP].

January 15 Saturday – Mrs. W.F. Forbush wrote from Cannon Station, Conn. to offer some treatment for Sam’s indigestion [MTP].

Mildred C. Heywood (Mrs. Charles P. Heywood; widow) wrote from NYC to extend her “heart-felt sympathy.” She lost her husband six weeks before. Her sister was **Mary B. (Mollie) Shoot** (1863?-1954) who married **Felix Wood** (1845-1900) in 1879 and made her debut as **Florence Wood** with **Augustine Daly**’s stock company. She came to Daly’s troupe with a letter of introduction from Clemens [MTP].

An **unidentified person (signed “Wanderer”)** wrote from Vancouver, B.C. to Sam, having followed his career and wandered himself since 1869. He enclosed a clipping about Twain feeling old and feeling pain over his left breast, and said the clipping was what prompted him to finally write his praise [MTP].

January 16 Sunday

January 17 Monday – In **Redding, Conn.** Sam wrote to the **New York Telephone Co.** requesting telephone books. His letter is not extant but referred to in the Company's Jan. 20 reply; since Paine wrote the below for Clemens, it's probable he also wrote this letter [MTP].

Albert B. Paine wrote for Sam to Mrs. **Emma Gertrude Quick**.

Dear Mrs. Quick: / Mr. Clemens sailed for Bermuda unexpectedly on the 5th, and among his correspondence I found a letter from you which he may or may not have answered. At all events I am sure that he would wish me to thank you for your kind sympathy, and to say that by-and-by, when he returns, he will hope to have a visit from Dorothy and yourself. He went away in good spirits, feeling very well, but stunned by the sorrow that has so recently come to this beautiful house. We hardly look for him before pleasant weather.

With kindest regards to Dorothy and yourself, I am, / Very sincerely yours, / Albert B. Paine [MTP].

January 18 Tuesday – **William Dean Howells** wrote from NYC to Sam.

Dear Clemens: / While your wonderful words are warm in my mind yet, I want to tell you what you know already: that you never wrote anything greater, finer, than that turning-point paper of yours.

I shall feel it honor enough if they put on my tombstone, "He was born in the same Century and general Section of middle western Country with Dr. S. L. Clemens, Oxon., and had his Degree three years before him through a mistake of the University."

I hope you are worse. You will never be riper for a purely intellectual life again.* Yours ever

W.D. Howells.

* and it is a pity to have you dragging along with a wornout material body on top of your soul [MTHL 2: 851].

Notes: On Jan. 21 Clemens sent this letter to Paine. He wrote on it, "I reckon this spontaneous outburst by the first critic of the day is good to keep, ain't it Paine?" He asked if Paine would send Howells' letter to Clara. *Harper's Bazar* published a series by various persons, "The Turning-Point in My Life. The source notes that Sam's contribution "is notable as the first widely-circulated exposition of Mark Twain's determinist philosophy, and as an emphatic assertion of the view that the most important thing in his life was 'its literary feature'" [n.1].

Edward B. Hooker, M.D. wrote from Hartford to offer condolences [MTP].

January 19 Wednesday – **Ragnvald Blix** wrote on *Simplicissimus* notepaper from Munich, Germany:

I have just received the St. Sebastian [drawing] from my exhibition in Christiana and a friend of me, who goes to New York in some days, takes the drawing with him (I have heard that the luggage of drawings in America is very detailed and troublesome)

I hope, that the Sebastian is welcome in Stormfield? [MTP].

January 20 Thursday – **W.H. Howe for H.H. Laboratory, Moorefield, Ky.** wrote to ask for an autograph, after having visited Florida, Mo. and viewing the house where his aunt Polly said Clemens was born [MTP].

New York Telephone Co. per F.B. Ellis wrote to Sam: "I have your favor of January 17th, and wish to advise that 2 copies of the New York Telephone Directory issue of October 14th, 1909 have been sent to you by Adam's express to-day" [MTP].

Dora Prentice Wills wrote from Holmesburg, Phila. to Sam.

Dear Mark Twain, Thank you very much for introducing to your readers that charming little girl Marjorie Fleming. She is indeed a bewitching little maid & I feel a debt of gratitude to you as great as yours to Dr. Brown of Edinburgh.

I am an invalided old maid who has kept fairly young through an interest & affection for young ones & am particularly glad to add Marjorie to my book friends. She has an advantage over Rebecca & Rebecca Mary & Mrs. Harker's fascinating young people in that she really, truly was—

Your Christmas message also appealed to me most strongly. My one effort is to live decently today.

With cordial good wishes & trusting you will not confound me with the elderly females whose main object in life serves to be bothering writing people / Sincerely yours, Dora Prentice Wills [MTP]. *Note:* Paine wrote on the letter that he hadn't answered it yet and asked if he should or did Clemens wish to. Sam wrote on Wills' letter and returned it to Paine. See ? 25 Jan. entry.

January 21 Friday – In Hamilton, Bermuda Sam wrote to **Albert B. Paine** in Redding, Conn.

Dear Paine,—Thanks for your letter, and for its contenting news of the situation in that foreign and far-off and vaguely-remembered country where you and Loomis and Lark and other beloved friends are.

I have a letter from Clara this morning. She is solicitous, and wants me well and watchfully taken care of. My, she ought to see Helen and her parents and Claude administer that trust!

Also she says: "I hope to hear from you or Mr. Paine very soon."

I am writing her, and I know you will respond to your part of her prayer. She is pretty desolate now, after Jean's emancipation—the only kindness God ever did that poor unoffending child in all her hard life.

Ys ever

S. L. C.

Send Clara a copy of Howells's gorgeous letter. I want a copy of my article that he is speaking of [MTP: Paine's 1917 *Mark Twain's Letters* p.838].

January 22 Saturday

January 23 Sunday

January 24 Monday – In Hamilton, Bermuda Sam wrote to **Albert B. Paine** in Redding, Conn.

Dear Paine:

Can you get this note to Mr. Moroso for me?

And will you send the poem to Clara when you write her?

==

Life continues here, the same as usual. There isn't a flaw in it. Good times, good home, tranquil contentment all day & every day, without a break. I know familiarly several very satisfactory people, & meet them frequently: Mr. Hamilton, Mr & Mrs & Miss Sloane; Mr. & Mrs. Eels & Miss Waterman; Mrs. Hopkins—and so on. I shouldn't know how to go about bettering my situation [MTP]. *Note:* **Mr. & Mrs. William Milligan Sloane.**

Louis J. Keller wrote from Chicago, Ill. to ask for "a large picture of yourself with your autograph, or, better still, some sentiment or quotation from one of your books—anything you wish" [MTP].

January 25 Tuesday

January 25? Tuesday – In Hamilton, Bermuda Sam wrote on the Jan. 20 letter from **Dora Prentice Wills** to **Albert B. Paine** in Redding, Conn.: "Paine, write her one of your darlinest letters for me. SLC / Paine, Claude does not want his money. He will cash the check, but don't send any more. SLC" [MTP].

January 26 Wednesday – In Hamilton, Bermuda Sam wrote to **Margaret Blackmer** in Greenwich, Conn.

Dear Margaret— / So you have reached Rosemary Hall at last. I know it must be recently, or you would have run up to see me at Stormfield.

SLC used mourning border for most letters from Jean's death on.

I suppose I shan't see Stormfield again very soon. I have no sorrowful associations with Bermuda, so I expect to spend a good deal of my time here in future. I am not in any hurry to go back to America.

You & my Bermuda angel-fish are about the same age, and a couple of years ago about the same stature, and could have been weighed in the grocer's balances - - - but *now*!

Well, now it's a job for the hay-scales. Oh, stop growing, Margaret dear! / With lots of love, / ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to Mrs. **Margaret Illington Bowes** in Tacoma, Wash.

You dear Margaret!

I am so glad to know you are happy! for I love you so. Some are born for one thing, some for another; but you were specially born to love & be loved, & be happy—and so things are with you now as they ought to be.

I fled to Bermuda when the disaster fell—the double disaster, for Clara was gone into permanent exile 13 days before Jean was set free from the swindle of this life. Stormfield was a desolation, its charm all gone, and I could not stay there.

My ship has gone down, but my raft has landed me in the Islands of the Blest, and I am as happy as any other shipwrecked sailor ever was. I shan't go "home" till - - - oh, bye and bye, I don't know when—there's no hurry. Hurry? Why, there's no hurry about *anything*; suddenly the hurry has all gone out of my life.

Bless your dear heart, I love you so! [MTP]. *Note:* **Margaret Illington**, Sam's unofficial Angel Fish, had divorced **Daniel Frohman** in Nov. 1909 and married **Edward Bowes** (1874-1946), who would become famous for his *Major Bowes Amateur Hour* radio show in the 1930s, which morphed into Ted Mack's *Original Amateur Hour* in 1947.

Sam also began a letter to **Elizabeth Wallace** that he finished on **Jan. 29**.

Dear Betsy—

No, revelation—of a valuable sort—does not come through sorrow when one is old. Before 70 the whole satire & swindle of life has been revealed—to all except the wilfully or constitutionally dull. What a silly invention human life is! & how like a glove its silliest religion fits it! & how perfectly our principal God & His Famblly harmonise with the outfit!

Do I "know more" than I knew before? Oh, *hell* no! There was nothing to learn, (about hereafters & other-such undesirables), there has never *been* anything to learn & know about those insulting mysteries. I am happy—few are so happy—but I get none of this happiness from "knowing more" of the unknowable than I knew before [MTP].

Albert Bigelow Paine wrote from Redding:

"Your enclosing check for \$3800- came yesterday, and I will send the cheque down for deposit, today." He gave more check and dividend deposit detail. "That Haithwaite letter *is* a gem: Ashcroftian in every line, only a trifle more clumsy—more openly vulgar. The boy is young; time will do much for him; he will acquire all the art and artifice of the master, by and by. I think his letter ought to be framed. / And was there ever a greater contrast in letters than between Haithwaite's and Howells's?" Paine told Twain he was lucky to be in Lotus land and deserved it [MTP].

Mary E. Claggett (Mrs. William H. Clagett) wrote to Sam.

Dear old friend;

I was grieved on receiving a Boston paper yesterday, to see you were in ill health, and my heart goes out to you in your sickness and sorrow; and I have been thinking of my girlish days with *Belle Stott*, *Ella Creel*, and *Ella Patterson* when you were an occasional visitor on the Hill in Keokuk; then of our friendship in Nevada, when we saw & heard more of your witticisms, & your meteor stay enlivened life for all of us. Do you remember the evening you spent at Judge Wellington Stewarts? when you came to pay your respects to Billy Clagetts Bride, in the Fall of 1862? ... [she goes on to relate the birth of her daughters Mary and Ida up to

1863] ... You went back to civilization and fame and honors went with you, and you have blessed the world with your pen, and good humor ever since. God bless you and be with you, and spare you many years yet to cheer the lonely wayfarers in the wilderness and at last bring you into His holy peace and Eternal joy, is the humble prayer of your old friend, / Mrs. Wm. H. Claggett [MTP].

January 27 Thursday – In Hamilton, Bermuda Sam wrote to Albert B. Paine in Redding, Conn.

Dear Paine; / While the matter is in my mind I will remark that if you ever send me another letter which is not paged at the top I will write you with my own hand so that I may use with utter freedom & without embarrassment the kind of words which alone can describe such a criminal; to-wit, ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— You will have to put into words those dashes because propriety will not allow me to do it myself in my Secretary's hearing. The other night I picked up three of your letters with the intention of answering them but they had lain several days on my extra bed and had gotten mixed to-gether with this result: that inasmuch as you had neglected to page them I was not able to hunt my way through them, and had to give up trying. There were several explosions of language. You are forgiven, but don't let this occur again—please, please don't.

One of these letters was about my bank account. A page was missing. It must have been from that missing page that I had gotten the impression that I had a personal credit in one of the banks of about \$5000. The remains of that letter furnished me certain details to wit:—\$332; \$139; \$3053; \$229, total \$3754— You suggested that I send a check transferring about \$4000 to the Liberty. Very well I sent a check for \$3800 and I find that this exhausts that credit and \$50 more. Where is the other \$1500 of the alleged \$5000.

I am going to do as you suggested—as soon as I think of it—to wit: hand my check book to Mr. Allen and let him dig the insanities out of it, if he can. Which is doubtful as I have been meddling with it myself and now I can make neither head nor tail of it

Please send me another dozen of poor Jean's \$50 worth of pads for I seem to have used up nearly all of those I brought with me.

Paine won't you tell the Major or Mr. Dunneka that I want to see what Howels & James say about the turning point of life when their articles appear in the Bazar.

I note that the bicycle is on its way and I wish to thank you for your prompt & intelligent execution of this Commission.

With assurances of my continued admiration & affection / Sincerely yours [*in right margin, in hand of SLC: postage-economy.*]

P.S. Never mind the pads—send me a lot of thin, strong paper such as the stenographers use. This is for postage-economy [MTP].

Sam's notebook: ~~W.W. Jacobs Doubleday~~ → ~~Kipling & "What is Man? (2)"~~ / ~~Duneka H.~~ / ~~Harvey Class~~ / ~~Twichell~~ ~~Mr. Littleton~~ ~~Lord Northcliffe~~ ~~Billie Burke~~ ~~Carnegie~~ [NB 49 TS 1].

Note: this the last notebook of Twain lacks any dates save for the names above. The TS is only 8 pages.

G.J. Stanley Fleming from Presidency General Hospital, Calcutta, India wrote condolences [MTP].

Robert E. Shafer wrote from Nazareth, Penn. to send Sam his "new national anthem," "Hymn of the Nation" (in the file) [MTP].

January 28 Friday – Albert Bigelow Paine wrote from Redding to Clemens:

I will forward our letter to the Poet Moroso. It will gratify him very much—more than any money payment he could receive, I am sure.

I am enclosing you an interesting batch best of all a letter from Clara, written eleven days ago. Perhaps she has one on the way to you, too—of *course* she has—but you will be glad to see this, no doubt. I'd like to have it again, by and by.

Then, there is this letter about the “Ashcroft-Player” forgery. That’s interesting, too, as you will agree. I’ve written Lark to go right ahead & if there’s anything to be done, we want to *do* it. What a paltry thief he is! [MTP]

Florence Cook Bronson wrote while sailing from Columbo, Ceylon to Naples, Italy to offer condolences [MTP].

January 29 Saturday – Sam finished his Jan. 26 to **Elizabeth Wallace**.

Jan. 29—noon. I intended to be lazy & dictate the rest of this, but my little secretary (Helen Allen, angel-fish) has escaped, & gone bicycling with a schoolmate. I am guest in her parents’ house—indefinitely. I never feel a desire to revisit Stormfield. Paine & his wife & little girl are occupying the house for me. The servants like them & will stay with them, I think. I have Claude, best of butlers, valets & everything-else, with me. He lives at the Hamilton House, but is in close touch with me by telephone and bicycle.

In England Ashcroft committed a forgery in the second degree upon me, & sold for £25 my name (& words which I would not have uttered for a hundred times the money.) Sh—! say nothing about it—we hope to catch him & shut him up in a British prison. It is not a strong hope, for he is smart in covering up his tracks, but we shall get out of it what we can.

He is a reptile—yes, but not so slimy a one as his wife. *She* was intended for an insect—capturable with a fine-tooth comb.

Helen has been gone an hour & a half, & will have to be severely scolded. Did you ever try to scold an angel-fish? I think a person could learn to do it. But he would have to have considerable practice.

Good-bye. Affectionately, S.L.C.

[*in Helen S. Allen’s hand*]

Apology. Mr. Clemens wants me to say I am sorry. So I say I am sorry. / Helen Schuyler Allen. / Secy. [MTP].

January 30 Sunday – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam wrote to **Thomas Lemuel James** (1831-1916), prior Postmaster General briefly under Garfield (1881-1882); afterward until his death James was chairman of the board of directors of the Lincoln National Bank, NYC . See also Feb. 15 entry.

Dear General—

Please send me fifty dollars. Send it in silver American quarter pieces. Don’t send old rusty ones. Send bright and white and new ones just out of the mint. I have a special use for them. I enclose a check.

Sincerely yours,

Mark Twain [MTP: NY *Evening Mail* May 2, 1910].

Sam also wrote to **Albert B. Paine** in Redding, Conn. “Dear Paine— / (in a desperate hurry) Please send me 200 visiting cards. / Ys ever / SLC” [MTP].

Sam also wrote another to **Albert B. Paine**, heading it “Bay House / Sunday,” which may have been this day:

Dear Paine;

Have you ever had a tooth-brush disembowel itself in your mouth? I have been trying this & it is not as amusing as it seems at first glance. This is because the bristles do not fall entirely apart but get crisscross & will not go down but lodge & get stuck except a random few & these go down only an inch or two & stop there & obstruct the successors. Detachments from the main bunch get under your tongue & you try to get them out with your fingers which causes writhings & convulsions of the tongue and proddings & stuckings and general discomfit & language; & after all, there is no success. Get the Colonel to try it / Yours Ever / S.L.C. / per HSA

[*in SLC’s hand*] P.S. Helen thinks such things are not worth recording [MTP].

January 31 Monday – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam inscribed a copy of “Is Shakespeare Dead?” *From My Autobiography* to **Marion S. Allen (Mrs. William H. Allen)**. “We ought never to break the Sabbath during a thunderstorm. /Truly Yours /Mark Twain / To / Mrs. William Allen / with the respect, esteem, and affectionate regards of / The Author” [MTP].

Albert Bigelow Paine wrote from Redding to Clemens:

“I held my letter for the statement, which Mrs Paine will have copied presently. The ice & coal hauling ran up to a high figure, owing to the fearful condition of the roads, but the sum-total of expense, this time is less than I expected.” Paine reported that by shutting off some radiators the house temperature was now more even and with some savings of coal [MTP].

January 31? Monday – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam inscribed a copy of *Extracts from Adam’s Diary* to **Helen Schuyler Allen**. “To Helen Schuyler Allen / with apologies from /The Author / for offering her a book which exposes the fact (page 15) that the first Man introduced slang into the world, & thus tacitly, by his high authority,made its use legitimate forever” [MTP]

February – Sam’s contribution to the essays, “The Turning Point of My Life,” ran in this issue of *Harper’s Bazar*. This was a series of notable men who contributed individual essays on the theme. Hill writes of Twain’s contribution:

He began with the “Parable of the Two Apples,” a long and belabored fable on Circumstance, which neither Paine nor Jean liked. Their displeasure, according to Paine, brought on an attack of Clemens’ angina. A second version, the one published in 1910, was written in Bermuda in November or December and proved more acceptable. Its basis thesis was that the turning point of his life was a case of the measles which, through an inexorable chain of succeeding events, led to his choice of a literary career. External events—which Mark Twain recorded with close fidelity to his biography—had coincided to move him in an unalterable direction, with choice and free will totally absent from the process. The cause-and-effect sequence was more often than not farfetched, but the article gained pristine approval from Howells as the best thing Mark Twain had ever written [250].

February 1 Tuesday -**Albert Bigelow Paine** wrote from Redding to Clemens: “I sent you a good batch of stuff yesterday & found your letter ...at the station this morning. Also a letter for you from Clara which is here enclosed.” He offered bank data, and opinion on numbering letter pages and a few other short remarks [MTP].

February 2 Wednesday – **Maude Jordan** wrote from London to remind Sam of her letter and photos send for autograph and had not heard back [MTP]. *Note:* ABP: “Mr. Clemens is not in America & is not expected before May—”

Florence Rice Knox wrote “In the Suez Canal” (most certainly on a vessel) to offer condolences [MTP].

Los Angeles Saddle Club per J.H. Coker wrote to ask for Sam’s likeness to frame for their library wall [MTP].

Granville I. Chittenden wrote from Denver, Colo. to wish Clemens a “speedy recovery” from his ill health, and expressed that no reply was necessary [MTP].

February 3 Thursday – At the Bay House in **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam wrote to **Albert B. Paine** in Redding, Conn. Written to Paine just two months before Twain’s death, this note, in its black-bordered envelope

(in mourning for Twain's daughter) concludes, as if in fun, with the words, "I've got some more to say, but my secretary is busy & I am lazy" [MTP; Paraphrase: Dawson's Bookshop catalogs, No. 150, Dec. 1940, Item 138].

Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch wrote to her father, the letter not extant but referred to in Sam's Feb 21 reply [MTP].

February 4 Friday – At the Bay House in **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam wrote to **Andrew Carnegie**.

Dear St. Andrew:

This will introduce & endorse to you Mr. Morgan; & as this is the first time I have ever given anyone a letter of introduction to you out of 150 applications, "dying I salute you!" and urgently beg you to let him talk to you on a matter which is not trivial but is of very high importance to our country & to its loftiest interests.

I got the whiskey—and something happened to it. Always does. I thank you ever so much, & am yours in the hope of a hereafter for both of us where the asbestos pyjamas you have been spending large money on will not be needed. /Affectionately [MTP].

Albert Bigelow Paine wrote from Redding to Clemens:

Mrs Paine is mailing you the visiting cards, & they will go by tomorrow's steamer and I will send this line to say that we will look up the Jacob book & get it off next week. I will also go into the matter of Clara's will with Lark first time I go [to] town. I had long letter from both Clara & Ossip a few days ago. They are well & happy. Matters here all in fine shape. Plenty of 'weather / Hurriedly & affectionately Will look up the Mysterious Stranger MS. too [MTP].

February 5 Saturday – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam inscribed his photograph to an **unidentified woman**: "*To Etheldoralinda, from her principal best friend*" [MTP]. Note: The playfulness of the name used by Sam infers a young lady.

Sam also began a letter to **Albert B. Paine** that he finished **Feb. 7**.

Dear Paine:

Your preliminary report is very fine.

Under "Salaries" it lacks one item, not yet payable: Stanchfield, which is about \$80 a month.

Now let us consider an idea of mine—to-wit: Clara is evidently not coming to America for a long time & then not to stay much.

As I shall probably see Stormfield but seldom, hereafter, & then only flittingly, we can go on reducing expense there & get them well down.

Suppose you stop all expense on Jean's farm as soon as you can:

1. By ceasing to raise poultry
2. By selling any live stock not needed—*except Scott*.
3. Or by renting the farm & its belongings to somebody.

The farm, the house, the tools, etc., might possibly be rented out for four or five per cent on \$10,000 (which is about what they have cost, up to now.)

And suppose you discharge all servants not absolutely necessary to your little family's needs—thus diminishing food-expense & wage-bill.

When I am there for a while no additional servants & no change of menu will be needed.

When Clara & Ossip are coming, they will bring a servant, of course; & if they are likely to invite company, they would give Mrs. Paine a month's notice, so that extra help could be provided.

I would give notice, too, if I wanted to invite company. I foresee no such emergency, unless I could get Helen & her mother and brother to come for parts of August & September. Helen's school opens September 30.

I expect to run to America every few months & stay a while at Stanchfield's & a while at Stormfield.

I want Katy to remain, & be always there when Clara or I come. I shall keep Claude myself.

SLC used mourning border for most letters from Jean's death on.

The photographs have come & are all right, except I wanted a *sepia*. These are black & white. Please send a *sepia*.

Paine, we cannot afford to take any notice of Haithwaite's impudent letter to me. / As ever / S. L. C. [MTP]. *Note:* Haithwaite's letter not extant. Hill gives insight into who Haithwaite was and what his letter may have been about:

A young man named Haithwaite, apparently a friend of Ashcroft, tried to negotiate with the Mark Twain Company to purchase Clemens' shares in the Milk Products Company [Plasmon], but Haithwaite declined to pay the \$35,000 par value which Clemens set as his asking price [252]. *Note:* Hill refers to the period just before the Dec. 11, 1909 discontinuation of the Company. Haithwaite, still poking around two months later likely referred to Sam's refusal to set a price acceptable to Haithwaite.

M. Cooke wrote to Sam after reading an account of him introducing General **Joseph Hawley** to a Republican meeting years before. She asked Sam to "let me have a line to know if any of the [Hawley] family are living" [MTP].

A.O. Kaplan wrote from Englewood, NJ to Sam, sending him his book, *The New Baby's Biography* [MTP]. *Note:* MT: Please give him the usual perfunctory words of thanks for his unwelcome book, Paine. / SLC"

February 6 Sunday – **Albert Bigelow Paine** wrote from Redding to Clemens:

"Mrs. Paine has found a book of Jacobs' which seems to fill the bill, and it will go by next steamer. "The Mysterious Stranger" is here in various forms. Part of it seems to have been made in duplicate by Miss Hobby (I judge from the typing) & the opening that goes with this form was typewritten by Jean." He advised that **Harry Lounsbury** thought he had a buyer for the "Italian farm," and had asked Paine to "make a price basis to work on." He calculated Clemens had paid about \$9,000. He also enclosed a letter from **Dorothy Quick** [MTP].

February 7 Monday – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam finished his **Feb. 5** to **Albert Bigelow Paine** in Redding, Conn.

Monday, Feb. 7. Yesterday Mr. Allen took us on an excursion in Mr. Hamilton's big motor boat. Present, Mrs. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. & Miss Sloan, Helen, Mildred Howells, Claude, & me. Several hours' swift skimming over ravishing blue seas under a brilliant sun; also a couple of hours of picknicking & lazying under the cedars in a secluded place.

Mr. Hamilton had a stroke several days ago, & his life was threatened, but he is recovering now. The *Orotava* is arriving with 260 passengers—I shall get letters by her, no doubt.

P.S.—Please send me the *Standard Unabridged* that is on the table in my bedroom. I have no dictionary here [MTP].

Sten Drewsen wrote on Players notepaper: "First let me present myself as a Danish author and then as a friend of our young Norwegian protégé Mr. Blix on who's behalf I write to you. Mr. Blix has asked me to take one of his drawings 'The Holy Sebastian' with me to American and give it to you." He knew Clemens was not at home so inquired if he might come in mid-March, or should he send it? [MTP].

February 8 Tuesday

February 9 Wednesday – **W.T. Whaley** wrote in a child's hand from Waxahachie, Texas to offer condolences and ask for a photograph [MTP].

February 10 Thursday **Albert Bigelow Paine** wrote from Redding to Clemens: “Lounsbury thinks his man is going to take the Italian house at 5700⁰⁰. He will know in a day or two, and if he can, will close matters up this week or next”. He offered more details of costs and net [MTP]. *Note:* MT: “ans / approving / Feb. 14”

February 11 Friday – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam wrote per Helen S. Allen to **Albert B. Paine** in Redding, Conn.

Dear Mr. Paine, / Mr. Clemens wants me to tell you that he approves of your project and also the terms [*in SLC's hand*: suggested. /Helen.

~

P. S. The plan which would leave me 80 acres strikes me pleasantly.

I am afraid “The Mysterious Stranger” is causing you trouble. Never mind don’t send it, I have no particular use for it here. And if it should start by express it would be old & stale & illegible ages before it reached me.

I will stop here in order that this letter may catch the mail / S. L. C. / Per Helen [MTP].

Albert Bigelow Paine wrote from Redding to Clemens:

Dear Mr. Clemens: / Yours with suggestions about the farm &c at hand, tonight. If the title is satisfactory you will have no further worry about the *farm*, for Lounsbury’s man came up today & I closed with him for \$6000⁰⁰ giving him the house and about 40 acres, with a 230 foot strip of the meadow to the East, for a lawn. The extra strip contains about five acres, & the land (bought with your second purchase, in 1907) cost you \$30⁰⁰ an acre. I thought \$60⁰⁰, now, a fair price, to close the trade, & as you have plenty of meadow left I don’t think you will be sorry. The man’s name is Nash & he is, I think, a fine fellow. He has deposited \$100⁰⁰ to bind the bargain & is ready to pay the rest as soon as the title is established. I suppose that part of it is all right, though as I did not buy this piece (the Italian farm, I mean) I have no personal knowledge in that direction.

Now, as to the household Economies, you will see by Mar. 1st. statement very soon that things are moving in the right direction. Katy & I have just been discussing plans &c. Katy Murray will do laundry & upstairs work, as soon as Mary the Cook returns, & we will get a cheap kitchen maid—at say \$12⁰⁰ a month. Jennie & Annie will go then and while the money saving of that change will not be much it will provide a first class cook to be on hand when you or Clara come [MTP]. *Note:* Paine continued with various miscellaneous items relating to keeping the household, the livery expenses and other bills, a letter from Clara, and a final disposition of Claude who was with Clemens. Paine felt that Clemens could not maintain a more economical home than Stormfield. He also paid \$17 taxes on the Mark Twain Company assessed at only \$1000—“small enough.”

William Dean Howells wrote from NYC to Sam.

I have not got a Fairy Princess to take my profane and abusive dictation, and so I cannot reply to your praises of our favorite author in fit terms, but you will find my joy in Harben in an early number of the N. American. You seem to require a novelist to be true to the facts and if the facts are not pleasant, to be pleasant himself. That seems rather difficult. You are the only man who can do it; but I believe you will end by liking poor old Harben as much as I do. He didn’t make North Georgia; he only made a likeness of it. Don’t shoot the artist.

I am glad you are out of this awful winter, where one spell of weather follows another like the rows of words in McGuffey’s spelling-book. We are just starting in for our third blizzard to-night. Pilla writes that it isn’t as tropical as it might be at Bermuda, but you haven’t got a snowstorm over your heads and under your feet. When I think of you at Stormfield I rejoice that you have a biographer to roost under your roof-tree for you.

I hear you want to see what I have written about my turning-point. Nothing but generous shame, and a wish to spare your feelings keeps me from sending you a letter which Duneka has just sent me about it. You will be brought low, soon enough.

I wonder if you have seen the autobiography of Stanley, the explorer. There is about the liveliest book I ever read. He starts in a Welsh workhouse, and he ends in such glory as few men ever won, and was then refused a grave in Westminster Abbey by a wretched, tyrannical parson. There is a lot about New Orleans in the middle '50s, and about Arkansas a little later which would make you feel at home.—I am slowly plowing through "Tristram Shandy." How tough is the humor that our poor ancestors batted on! But I *will read* it. The "Sentimental Journey" is all right, though nasty.—But get the life of Stanley. He was a Southern prisoner in the Northern prison pen at Chicago. If Andersonville was intentionally worse—but it couldn't be. / Yours ever / W. D. Howells [MTHHR 2: 852-3]. *Notes:* Howells referred to **Helen S. Allen**, Sam's "Fairy Princess." Evidently Clemens had ripped **William Nathaniel Harben** (1858-1919), author of *The Woman Who Trusted* (1901), *Mam' Linda* (1907), and other novels about life in N. Georgia. See other notes in source; also Gribben on Harben 291. Howells had reviewed Harben in the Mar. 1910 issue of *North American Review*. See also MMT p.42.

February 12 Saturday – Sam's new guestbook:

Name	Address	Date	Remarks
Irving Bacheller	[Illegible city] Conn.	Feb. 12, 1910	

The Danish-American (Independent Weekly) per **Emil Opffer** wrote from the Tribune Bldg., NYC:

You would confer a great favor on the Danish-Americans, if you once for all would state in our paper, that you never read the story of Steen Steensen Blicher: 'Priesten Veilby.' (the Priest of Veilby). We Danish-American's think so much of you and your writings, that we don't want to see you unjustly accused [MTP].

Note: ABP: "Dear sir: Mr Clemens is not in America at this time, but I can state ... for him that he has never read the story "Priesten Veilby" nor had he to the best of his knowledge, ever heard of it when he wrote Tom Sawyer..."

Edward A. Murray wrote from Cape Colony, S. Africa: "...your books have been of infinite service to me and to offer you my sincerest sympathy in your recent troubles" [MTP].

February 13 Sunday

February 14 Monday – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam wrote a valentine poem to **Helen S. Allen**.

I know a precious little witch,
 And Helen is her name,
 With eyes so blue the asters say
 "They bring *our* blue to shame;"
 And cheeks so pink the eglantine,
 That by the roadway blow,
 Shed all their leaves when so they fail
 To match the dainty glow
 That steals across from ear to ear,
 and down from eyes to chin,
 When that sweet face betrays the thoughts
 That hidden lie within.
 Concerning Arthurs and their like
 Who long this maid to win;

And form so classic in its grace
 Of budding bust and tapering limb
 And rounded hip and slender waist
 And faultless features, that aghast
 The sculptured marbles of the Greek
 Grieving confess their chorus surpassed!

=

I am hers, though she's not mine—
 I'm but her loyal
 Valentine [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Albert B. Paine**.

Dear Paine:

Don't you think you or Freeman could look in on Urban Broughton, President of that bank that is about a block above the Liberty National & ask him about Utah Consolidated? And what its prospects are?

My 1750 shares cost me \$90,000. In one way & another it has returned me \$20,000; so I could sell out for \$70,000 (\$40 per share), & be where I was when I first bought, about 4 years ago. I am moved to do that, & transfer the money to stocks to be chose by the Mark Twain Co., for I am very tired of Utah. Please get Broughton's views & then put the matter into the M.T. Co's hands, with authority to judge & act.

Yours ever

SLC.

P. S. Your letter of Feb. 10 has just arrived, & is pleasant reading. Eighty acres will be plenty for me, & will grow in value, I think.

Ashcroft will not be able to rob Lounsbury of his commission this time.

[MTP: *on a separate sheet, possibly not part of this letter.*]

In the five years that I have intimately known Ashcroft I have never heard him utter a single word about his past history except that his birthplace was Liverpool, that he retains his English subjectship, & that his father was a dissenting minister. He is absolutely corked-up & sealed, concerning himself. I have encountered nothing resembling this before.

I am sure he has been either a bedroom steward or a valet—perhaps both. He knows the latter trade to perfection.

Daily during 2 years he heard us talk of Redding & the house-building, yet never once mentioned that he had lived there in his boyhood in a prominent family! The Driggs's arrived here at the house a year ago in a motor car & "Ralph'd" him & gushed over him & took him home for a day! The first time we ever heard of them [MTP].

Charles Juillet wrote to Sam [MTP]. *Note:* This folder at the MTP is EMPTY & noted as such "10/7/2011"

The **Union Pacific Railroad per Alex Millar** wrote to note Clemens' change of address [MTP].

February 15 Tuesday – In Hamilton, Bermuda Sam wrote to **Thomas Lemuel James**.

Dear General,

The parcel of money shipped to me per Wells Fargo, February 4th has not yet arrived. I thought I would mention this in passing. But I mention it mainly to put you on your guard against sending anything to Bermuda or elsewhere by any express company, because the persons connected with those companies have been dead 30 years. This often causes delay, / Yours always / ... [MTP]. *Note:* see Jan. 30 to James.

Sam also wrote to **Albert B. Paine**, using Miss Helen Allen for dictation. Text not available [MTP: Dawson's Bookshop catalog 140, Feb. 1940, Item 79].

Joseph J. De Long wrote from NYC to ask permission to send a story "Hell-bent" [MTP]. *Note:* ABP: "Mr Clemens is not in America"

Lottie Hardy James (Mrs. William H. James) wrote from Haverhill, Mass. to ask for an autograph for her son [MTP].

February 16 Wednesday – **Matthias Hollenbeck Arnot**, Elmira financier and friend of Clemens, died at age 78 in Elmira, N.Y. reportedly worth fifty million dollars. He took none of it with him [NY Times, Feb. 16, 1910]. *Note:* Arnot was a principal backer of Sam's Paige Typesetter. See Vol. II.

Sam came down with a head cold that lasted four days [Feb. 20 to Leary].

Daughter **Clara** wrote to Sam. The letter is not extant but replied to in Sam's **Mar. 6** [MTP].

February 17 Thursday – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam began a letter to **Albert B. Paine** in Redding, Conn. that he finished **Feb. 18**, which was in Helen Allen's hand.

Dear Paine:

Let us not give up the tobacco forgery lightly. Even if Ashcroft could prove he was my authorized agent, he was still not authorized to use his authority to injure me & to steal £25 from me.

But was he my agent? He must have made the trade last June when he ran away to England & needed money. His Attorneyship had ceased there [MTP].

William Wymark Jacobs wrote from Essex, England to thank Sam for his letter [MTP].

February 18 Friday – In **Hamilton, Bermuda**, **Helen S. Allen** finished Sam's **Feb. 17** to **Albert B. Paine**.

Mr. Clemens wants me to tell you that he has broken his hind leg also Mr. Clemens wants me to tell you that "his secretary will send you the check items at her leisure". He is glad you have sold the farm on such good terms & that it has gone to a man of whom people speak well. Mr. Clemens says that if that Wisteria could be softly removed from Jean house to the pergola he would like to buy it & move it, if it can be had at a reasonable figure. He would like to have it as a memento of Jean. The check items are,

1. \$50.00 Jan. 10

18.60

\$23.48 Feb. 15th

25.92

\$3800.00

209.76

52.59

4/233.24

19.40

38

12.00

433.24

38.41

50.00

50.00

19.28

29.56

44.00

Mr. Clemens would like you to put in a bid at one of the second-hand book shops for a second-hand International Encyclopedia if you can find one at the original price buy it & send it to him.

It appears by a letter received to-day from Clara that she would read my books if she had them suppose you tell the Harpers to send her a cheap set

“We are mixing up the first & third persons in this letter but we are depending with confidence upon his well known intelligence to unmix them”. With love from us all including Mr. Clemens / Sincerely / Helen Schuyler Allen.

[*along left edge*] P.S. Let Claude’s money accumulate; he doesn’t want it here. SL C [MTP].

Clemens signed a limited power of attorney to **Cornelius Vanderbilt III** (1873-1942) authorizing a proxy vote for the annual meeting of the **Robert Fulton Monument Association**, to be held Feb. 24. It was witnessed and signed by **Helen Schuyler Allen** [*MT Journal*, 19:4 (Summer, 1979), rear cover]. *Note*: nicknamed “Neily” by his friends, the III was the great grandson of “Commodore” Cornelius Vanderbilt (1794-1877) who made his fortune in shipping. In Mar. 1869 Clemens’ scathing “Open Letter to Com. Vanderbilt” was published in *Packard’s Monthly*.

Albert Bigelow Paine wrote from Redding to Clemens:

In a letter from Clara, a day or two ago, she asks about admission to St. Peters on Easter, and thinks you may know how to get it. I have written to Col. Henry who has a gift for such things, but if you have any special information, you might send it along, too.

I’ve written Loomis about selling fruit at 180, & will discuss the matter next time I go down—next week. Personally, I think the stock worth 200, at least, as it pays 8% regularly with the extra 10% every little while. There does not seem to be any panic ahead, & I think the stock much more likely to go to 200 & stay there than to drop back to say 165.

I am also enclosing you the deed to the farm-house for signature and acknowledgment. The title has been reported on... [MTP].

February 19 Saturday

February 20 Sunday – In Hamilton, Bermuda Sam wrote to **Katy Leary**.

Dear Katie: / I enclose page 1 of a letter just received from Mrs. Ossip. It troubles me because she seems to have gotten the impression (the superstition), that your authority as housekeeper is not *supreme*. But it *is* supreme. There is no housekeeper but you. No one but you has anything to do with the housekeeping. No one but you can hire or discharge a house-servant, or give to a house-servant an order not proper for a *guest* to give.

Mrs. Paine is my *guest*—that is all. She understands this, & will not endeavor to help you keep house.

Mr. Paine is my business-agent. You can consult with him about any & all kinds of economies, & he will gladly be helpful to you in every way he can. But he will not try to assist in the housekeeping. He is aware that the housekeeping is strictly in your hands & that I want it so.

I hope you are all well & happy. I have had a cold for a few days, but am well again, this morning.

I suppose I may not be home until in April.

I have had a cold in the head 4 days, but it is gone now, & I have escaped without a touch of bronchitis.

At any time that I am needed at home, I will come. But ~~if~~ you & Mr. Paine will get along together perfectly, I think; for you are both rational people, & wise & intelligent. / Affectionately, / ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Albert Bigelow Paine**, letter not extant but referred to in Paine’s Feb. 25 reply [MTP].

In the evening Sam dined at the **Princess Hotel** with **Helen Schuyler Allen** and “some friends.” There, after one miscue, he met **Mr. & Mrs. Lee**, friends of **Mary B. Rogers** [Feb. 21 to Julie].

February 21 Monday – In Hamilton, Bermuda Sam wrote to **Julia Langdon Loomis** (Mrs. Edward E. Loomis)

Julie dear, bless your heart it was a pleasure to serve Jervis, not a trouble. Think what he & Edward are doing for me & mine. I don't forget it, & I am very grateful for it.

Last night I went with Helen (aged 15 1/2) & her parents to the Princess hotel to dine with some friends. Among the groups in the great lobby after dinner was one which was partly composed of a handsome lady & a very pretty & sweet-faced young girl of Helen's age. Helen was strongly attracted, & said "Go and get acquainted with her, I want to know her."

So I went, & offered my hand, & said, "I have come, under the pretense that I know you & have met you some where before."

The mother said, "You are doing her a great honor, Mr. Clemens." Then added, "There was already a tie between us: I was Julie Langdon's room-mate at Miss Brown's school, & was present when you came there & read from *The Yankee* at King Arthur's Court. Who is that sweet child with you? My daughter was just saying she wished she could know her."

Wasn't it nice? I semaphored Helen to come, & the two fairies were inseparable the rest of the evening, till 10:30.

And there was another incident. Mrs. Harry Rogers wrote me that Mr. & Mrs. Lee—friends of hers—were coming to Bermuda, & would look me up. So, at the Princess I inquire if there were any Lees among the new arrivals. Yes—but they were at dinner. I got the head waiter to take me to their table. They were cordial—& *knew* me. Told me where & when they had met me. I asked after Mary Rogers—& damned if they had ever seen her! So I made the head waiter try again, & sure enough we found the right ones. It appears to be raining Lees this week.

With lots & lots of love to you & all the kin. Uncle Sam^L [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Mary B. Rogers (Mrs. H.H. Rogers, Jr.)**.

You dear Mariechen, I've made another botch! and I feel pretty badly about it. When your letter came I put it carefully away with one from Clara which would require about a week's reflection before I would know just how to answer it. Of course I couldn't find them again. Also of course I could not recal the names of those friends of yours whom you had instructed to see me & give me your love. For a few days I was not troubled, for I thought they would get my address at the hotel & call upon me at the private house where I am a guest. But time went on, & I got uneasy; but there wasn't any way to hunt them up, since I couldn't recal their names.

I never found the letters until yesterday evening, just as I was starting to the Princess hotel to dine with some friends. I found that the Lees were stopping there, but had already gone in to dinner. I got the head waiter to pilot me to their table—the table of "Mr. & Mrs. Cornelius Lee." It was another failure—it was the *wrong* Lees. I rejoined my party, & asked the head waiter to try again. He made a search & succeeded, this time, & I asked him to pilot me again. But he said "remain where you are—they are going to speak to you when they leave the dining room." We stayed at table till the place was emptied, but they did not come. I was obliged to think they were offended because I had not hunted them up when they first arrived. And yet—why? They had not hunted *me* up, & I was twice as old as both of them put together. *I* think they ought to have called upon me; & I think it is what you expected they would do. However, they were friends of yours, & this debarred me from standing upon a punctilio—I must not fail in any courtesy that might be due them. So I went to the great lobby & hunted them up. Naturally it was a little embarrassing, but—like the Essex band—I "done my best." I didn't tell them I had forgotten their names, through mislaying ~~their~~ your letter; I spared myself that pang. Mariechen, I think they are offended, & will not return my call. But do you think I am any more to blame than they are? I would have sought them earlier if I could have done it.

Would you expect a person to catch a bronchial cold in Bermuda? Well, I have achieved that miracle. A lady bought it from America & I sat at a bridge table with her 4 days ago & caught it, & carried it to bed & was not on my feet again until I turned out to keep that dinner-engagement yesterday evening. That was my very first game of bridge. It is a bad-luck game. It is not even lucky when you try, out of kindness, to help other people pass the time pleasantly when they are playing it. I have suffered violence for that act of benevolence.

You must pack your bag again, & keep your word, & pay the visit to Stormfield & help me hunt for the garboard strake when the pleasant weather comes. Only such as are purged of all worldliness can find it, for (necessarily this is confidential) it is really the Holy Grail disguised with a modern name. We can find it, for

we are qualified, but no others are, in my opinion. I may not go home until the end of April—then the mystery & miracle of the birth of Spring will begin, & you must be ready.

This is a wonderful June day. *Why* don't you run down here? I wish you would. Come. You can easily employ yourself outdoors all day, with pleasure & profit. (You will note the spelling of that word.) My health is blemishless, except for the pain in my breast. That is permanent, I suppose. It doesn't allow me to work, & it doesn't allow me to walk even so much as a hundred yards; but as it lets me do all the things I *want* to do, it is not an incumbrance.

With all the love permissible by the statutes, / Affectionately, / ... [MTP].

Sam also began a letter to daughter **Clara** that he added to on **Feb. 22** and finished on **Feb. 23**.

Clara dear, your darling letter of the 3^d reached me a couple of hours ago & gave me peace & deep pleasure. Yesterday I dictated a scrawl to you, for I couldn't very well write, for I had been laid up a few days with bronchitis & was just out of bed & feeling rusty and incompetent. I caught that cold from a person who had just brought it from America. I knew I was in danger, still I took the risk.

Don't you be afraid of making your letters too long—I love to read them; the longer they are, the better. But you must never tire yourself to write me; for that would distress me if I discovered it.

Indeed I *don't* “disclaim relationship” with you because you are married—no, you are nearer & dearer to me now than ever; of my fair fleet all my ships have gone down but you; you are all my wealth; but while I have you I am still rich [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Albert Bigelow Paine**, letter not extant but referred to in Paine's Feb. 25 reply [MTP].

Herbert W. Burk for the Washington Memorial Chapel, Valley Forge wrote to Sam.

“Historians state that Washington rarely laughed. As ‘Mark Twain’ must be held largely responsible for this by declining to be one of the contemporaries of the Father of his country I write to ask if you will make an apology to his memory in the form of a book presented to the Washington Memorial Library, Valley Forge” [MTP].

February 22 Tuesday – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam added to his **Feb. 21** to daughter **Clara**.

Feb. 22. Paine has written to Col. Harvey & asked him to do his possible to get you those Easter-privileges at St. Peters, & I have written Harvey & reinforced that request. Dear Clara, my first impulse was to write my friend Archbishop Ireland, but that impulse was merely a lightning-bug flash, & died in a moment; for I can't bring myself to personally ask a favor of that odious Church, whose history would disgrace hell, & whose birth was the profoundest calamity which has ever befallen the human race except the birth of Christ—this, because if I asked a favor I couldn't talk against that rotten concern with limitless freedom & with an unblushing cheek afterward.

Roosevelt closed my mouth years ago with a deeply valued, gratefully received, unasked favor; & with all my bitter detestation of him I have never been able to say a venomous thing about him in print since—that benignant deed always steps in the way & lays its consecrated hand upon my lips. I ought not to allow it to do this; & I am ashamed of allowing it, but I cannot help it, since I am made in that way, & did not make myself.

Dear heart, I shall take care of myself, for your sake; I shall live as long as I may, for your sake,—not my own, for I believe I was born indifferent to this silly life—in fact I can't see how a person in his right mind can refrain from laughing at it & making fun of it [MTP]. Notes: **John Ireland** (1838-1918), first archbishop of St. Paul, Minn. He was instrumental in creating many religious and educational institutions in St. Paul and Wash. D.C. Theodore Roosevelt's “favor” which Clemens referred to was likely the “pass” given upon arrival in NY with Livy's body in 1907 (see NB 47 TS 16). Also, in the following letter to Harvey, it seems clear that Clara wished to see Easter services at St. Peter's in Rome and was asking her father to use his influence to accomplish the favor. Clara and Ossip were not allowed into the Pope's mass in Rome—see Mar. 27 NY *Times* article.

Sam also wrote to **George B. Harvey**.

Dear Old Man:

Paine says he has gone at you in Clara's behalf, to get her a chance to see the Easter services at St. Peter's, Rome, & I hope you will manage it for her. I don't know any way myself, for I am only a poor humble dam Presbyterian, with no influence in Catholic circles.

Mr. Frohman has been in & says you won't be going abroad for some time yet, he thinks: very well, then, *run down here*. Why not? And bring the others. Come—do it!

With the love of your
Uncle Mark [MTP]. *Note:* see above to Clara.

W. North Robins, photographer in Syracuse, NY wrote to ask for an autograph [MTP].

February 23 Wednesday – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam finished his Feb. 21 and 22 to daughter **Clara**, 117 W. 69 St. NYC c/o Miss Gordon.

Feb. 23. I don't know why you should love me, I have not deserved it; & the love Jean manifested for me astonished me daily: I recognised its sincerity, but could not divine the source of it, nor what had bred it & kept it alive, any more than I can divine why you love me nor how you keep it up. But I was deeply grateful to Jean for that unearned love, & I am deeply grateful to you for yours. More than once I have been humiliated by my resemblance to God the Father: He is always longing for the love of His children, & trying to get it on the cheapest & laziest terms He can invent.

Maybe I ought to have said "half-wasted." Bless your heart. I put in two or three years on that Autobiography in order to add 28 years to my book-lives. Congress has now gone & added 14 of the 28; & the law is now in such a sane shape that Congress can be persuaded presently, without difficulty, to add another 14. I can get it done myself if I live to go to Washington for half a week next winter.

My child, I wasn't doing the Autobiography in the world's interest, but only in yours & Jean's. But never mind, dear, I'm not going to "bury you alive."

Noon. Mildred Howells was cabled for, & sailed for home yesterday. "Nothing serious"—probably the usual kindly falsehood. It is her mother, no doubt.

With lots & lots & ever so much love, you dearest & only child, / Marcus.

Can't you send me a copy of Katy's letter? [MTP]. *Note:* evidently some conflict had been experienced over Katy's authority as housekeeper at Stormfield, what with Mr. & Mrs. Albert Bigelow Paine moving in after Jean's death. See Feb. 20 to Katy Leary, with Sam reassuring her that her role as housekeeper was supreme. It's likely that Katy had complained or questioned her position in a letter to Clara.

Sam also wrote to **Louise Paine**, and enclosed a valentine. Text not available [MTP: Seven Gables Bookstore letter, 5 Dec. 1969].

Edith Anderson Logan sent Sam a printed invitation for the wedding of her daughter for this date at St. Patrick's Cathedral, NYC [MTP]. *Note:* likely sometime before this actual wedding date.

February 24 Thursday – **W.T. Mossman, music hall manager, Pittsburg** wrote to Sam, "humorously complaining of the quality of printing in the Twain books, while lengthily recounting details of Twain's life" [MTP: J. Fricelli Assoc. auction, catalog #7, Brooklyn].

February 25 Friday – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam wrote to **Albert B. Paine** in Redding, Conn.

Dear Paine.

Perhaps I have no business to be dictating, and I have refrained all day, because my bronchitis makes it troublesome for me to talk.

I have nothing to say that would not keep over another steamer, but I must bark enough to assure you that I am not in the least degree troubled about those stocks.

You and & Freeman & the others, are quite competent to take care of them and do the judicious thing at the judicious time. Jervis's Organ enterprise is probably going to fail. I am sorry,—so sorry, that if I could sell that copper stock at any profit at all—at least any considerable profit—I should be tempted to put a third of the money in there and help him out.

I see that Arnot is dead, he is the man who ought to have saved that enterprise. It would not have cost him a month's income to do it.

Please take Prof. Henderson on your shoulders, I can't dictate a letter for him, I am tired & must stop.

With love to all.

Clemens,
per M. S. A.

[MTP]. *Note:* **Matthias H. Arnot** died on Feb. 16. The **Hope-Jones Organ Co.** of Elmira, New York had been organized by Jervis Langdon II; Sam had invested modest amounts for each of his daughters. See Jan. 19, 1907 and others.

Albert Bigelow Paine wrote from Redding to Clemens: "Yours of 20th and 21st met me at the station this morning. I had not ordered the Cyclopedia yet, so that is all right. I tried to see Broughton today, but he is no longer with that bank; has an office somewhere on lower Broadway. Freeman is going to get hold of him [about a stock] [MTP]. *Note:* Clemens' letters of Feb. 20 and 21 are not extant.

February 26 Saturday

February 27 Sunday— **Amelia C. Householder** wrote from Maple Glen, Penn. to offer condolences and hoped for a reply [MTP].

February 28 Monday — **Lauren Clemens Sears** wrote from Ada, Okla. "Dear Sir..I am a little boy 9 years old and am named after you In some way through the Johnson's we are related. I would like to exchange pictures with you so you would know what I look like. I know your picture wherever I see it. / I hope you will answer this" [MTP].

February 28? Monday — In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam replied to the **NY Journal's** inquiry into his health: "Not ill enough to excite an undertaker" [MTP: New York *Journal*, Mar. 3, 1910].

March 1 Tuesday

March 2 Wednesday — In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam wrote to **Albert B. Paine** in Redding, Conn.

Dear Paine: / We sent you a list of the checks but failed the one we finished with therefore we will rectify this blunder by making a new list & bringing it down to date.

The checks begin with Jan. 10th and run to & include Feb. 29th

\$50.00	\$19.28

18.60	29.56

25.92	44.00

3800.00	23.48

52.59	25.25

19.40	57.73

12.00	23.63

38.41	

50.00	

50.00	

Please refrain from limiting your postage to two cents. I have to pay 35 cents additional when the letter reaches here. Moreover—which is a still more serious matter—there is a delay here of 24 hours before the delivery of such a letter.

Sometime or other I am going to die, & I want you & Stanchfield & Lark to be sharply on the lookout at that time because it will then begin to rain swindles & forgeries from the Ashcroft camp: theiving documents purporting to date back to the days of that power of attorney but really concocted since.

Did the last power of attorney abrogate the 1907 one? If it didn't the 1907 one is still in force isn't it?

The forgery published by Ashcroft in the Times & the tobacco-puff forgery indicate that Ashcroft has a supply of genuine signatures of mine in his possession on blank sheets of paper for I never signed either of those things. On this suspicion could I examine his premises with a search-warrant?

How much money has the Mark Twain Co. in bank? / Yours ever / S. L. C. / per. HSA [MTP].

Sam's copy of *Essays on Modern Novelists* (1910) by **William Lyon Phelps** was signed by another hand: "S. L. Clemens / from / Wm Lyon Phelps / 2 March 1910" [Gribben 542]. *Note:* see also Dec. 1909 entry for another Phelps book.

March 3 Thursday

March 4 Friday – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam wrote to **Albert B. Paine** in Redding, Conn.

Dear Paine; / The statement of your stewardship for the month of Feb. is startling & gratifying. It is a good deal of a contrast with Miss Lyons constantly recurring \$3400 a month for the past few years. Another contrast is the House Money. It shows a prodigious descent from \$400 a month to practically nothing. It does really look as if you can run Stormfield at \$10 000 a year. It will be a fine day & very satisfactory when that shall prove to be true.

Of course I am glad Ashcroft's suit has failed But his law expenses never cost him anything: he stole the money from me.

I do not grudge the money Jean spent on the farm. I would not grudge it if it were five times as much. It gave her the happiest eight months she ever spent in her life

The first of May the bank balance will be \$25 000 or \$30 000 & I am moved to tell you what to purchase with it, but I refrain. I will leave that to the Mark Twain Co.

This is a hurried note written at night to catch the steamer in the morning, & mainly to praise your Feb. exhibit. If I need to write more I can do it later at my leisure, as ever / S. L. C. / per HSA [MTP].

Albert Bigelow Paine wrote from Redding to Clemens:

I am sending you some tobacco, asked for by Claude in his letter to Katy.—I have put in some of the Durham, too, as you usually use that in the mixture. I should have mixed it for you, but thought you might have a new combination by this time.

I'm sorry to hear about your bronchitis. What are you doing for it? Have you an inhaler over there? / Of course you will see Mr & Mrs Collier before this reaches you. They sailed, according to the Times, on Wednesday. ...

It's too bad about Jervis's organ co., but I don't believe you could save it. Too much money would be required, and you have had your share of saving things, already.

I've written Henderson that you are in no condition to write letters of any kind, and let him down as gently as possible.

Harpers sent the \$1500 cheque today, but the big royalty balance, due Mar. 1, has not come along yet. I suppose it will be here soon. Mr. Nash will be along with his \$6000—in a few days, no doubt.

Everything is going very smoothly. The hens have begun to shed eggs at the rate of 18 to 20 a day, so they are more than self-supporting... [MTP]. *Note:* **Archibald Henderson**.

March 5 Saturday

SLC used mourning border for most letters from Jean's death on.

March 6 Sunday – In Hamilton, Bermuda Sam wrote a humorous receipt for Miss **Helen S. Allen**.

Received of S. L. C.

Two Dollars and Forty Cents
in return for my promise to believe everything he says hereafter.
[signed] *Helen S. Allen*

[verso] *For Sale*

The proprietor of the hereinbefore mentioned Promise desires to part with it on account of ill health and obliged to go away somewhere so as to let it recipricate, and will take any reasonable amount for it above 2 percent of its face because experienced parties think it will not keep but only a little while in this kind of weather & is a kind of proppity that don't give a cuss for cold storage nohow [MTP].

Sam also replied to daughter **Clara's Feb. 16**. Sam addressed the letter to Berlin, Germany; it was forwarded to Pontresina, Switzerland, Monte Carlo, Monaco, and Rome, Italy.

Clara dear, yours of Feb. 16 is just received.

Am I well? Yes—plenty well enough. I have had bronchitis for 2 or 3 weeks, with the proper cough, but it kept me in bed only about 3 days, instead of the customary 5 weeks. Therefore it has not been an inconvenience. I go & come as I please, & bark hardly any.

Concerning your suggestions to Paine about reducing the live stock & saving expense, I am writing him to stick to his own plans in that matter, as lately laid before me. He has probably laid the same before you by this time.

You see, I don't feel so cramped now, as I've been feeling for some years past. Paine's February report is in, & it changes the complexion of things. He has suddenly reduced monthly expenses to less than a third of what they have been for the past 5 years. He thinks he can run Stormfield for \$10,000 a year, even when *we* are there.

I did not take any notice of Haithwaite's letter, & stopped Paine from doing it.

You say "I wasn't so far off in my guess about Miss Lyon, was I?"

Do you mean a *recent* guess? In your guess of a year ago you were unquestionably & unqualifiedly right. The severalties of that guess being that she was a liar, a forger, a thief, a hypocrite, a drunkard, a sneak, a humbug, a traitor, a conspirator, a filthy-minded & salacious slut pining for seduction & always getting disappointed, poor child.

Oh, by George I *am* glad to know of the success of Miss Jones's book, & proud to remember that it was your plucky & persistent fight for her & her rights that secured the book's birth when otherwise it would have perished in the womb. Yes indeed I am glad for Miss Jones, & very very proud & fond of her sweet champion my Clara. / Marcus [MTP].

Note: see Feb. 5 for more on **Haithwaite**. Miss **Eudora ("Dora") Duty Jones** (1859-1913), renowned educator and speaker, author of *The Technique of Speech: A Guide to the Study of Diction, etc.* (1909). Miss Jones, daughter of **Greensboro Female College** president Rev. **Turner Myrick Jones**, became Lady President of after her mother's death in 1884. From the mid 1890s on she lived in Europe and in London for the last two years of her life [Gribben 359; Museum of Greensboro College website].

Albert Bigelow Paine wrote from Redding to Clemens: "The farm deal is completed. Mr Nash came up yesterday and paid over the money and got his title. He is a fine man, I believe, and his wife seems an agreeable woman." More details about stock prices and sales, and a word about John Bigelow quoting Twain's tariff sentiment at a Chamber of Commerce dinner [MTP] *Note:* 'ans mch 11"

March 7 Monday

March 8 Tuesday – In Hamilton, Bermuda Sam wrote to **Dorothy Quick**. Text not available [MTP].

Albert B. Paine wrote to Sam. (Only the envelope survives) [MTP].

March 9 Wednesday – **David Alexander Munro**, age 66, assistant editor of the *North American Review* under Col. Harvey, died in NYC after a seven-week illness. Munro was also a Greek scholar [NY *Times*, Mar. 10, 1910, “David A. Munro Dead”]. See entries Vol. III.

March 10 Thursday – **Albert Bigelow Paine** wrote from Redding to Clemens about his bank statement and thanked Sam for his list of checks sent. He wondered if Jean’s estate should be settled and suggested a “Jean Clemens Memorial Library building on the lot Adams donated. Jean passed there every day on her way to the mail and the farm was her joy. She spent eight of her happiest months here in Redding, & she loved it here, and I would like the people to remember her and love her memory” [MTP].

March 11 Friday – Sam went to the **Hamilton Hotel, Bermuda** to hear the garrison band play. **Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Collier** arrived for a two-week stay in the Islands [Mar. 12 to Clara].

March 12 Saturday – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam wrote to **Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch and Ossip Gabrilowitsch**.

Clara dear, last night I went to the Hamilton Hotel to hear the garrison band play, & in the crowd of familiar faces & of unfamiliar faces I encountered a countenance which I supposed I had seen before, & I saluted. The owner of it was a young gentleman whom I had not met; but he turned out to be the son of a gentleman who, entertained us when we were in Allahabad [*sic*]—he was Lieutenant Governor. The young man & I went aside & had a long chat. He is a lieutenant in the 2^d Bedfordshires, the regiment that arrived here 3 weeks ago.

My mamma has arrived with her husband & a suite of servants & secretaries & trained nurses & so-on, & will stay a fortnight. (Mrs. Robert J. Collier of Collier’s Weekly.) She regards her husband as her other (& eldest & most difficult & way ward) child. He is about 35, & she is about 29 & very small & sweet & gentle. He thinks she made a mistake when she adopted me, because she is not strong enough to take care of two children & do it with safety to herself. It may be that he is right—in fact I think he *is* right. I have asked him to resign. This will reduce the burden by more than half.

I am still calculating to go home about the end of April, & see the new leafage unfold upon the trees.

Paine has sold Jean’s house & 40 acres of her farm to a gentleman who will be a pleasant neighbor & a fine acquisition I guess. What we need there is company.

[*new page*]

Dear Son—

It is as you say—the form of address certainly has a new & startling aspect—but it is pleasant & welcome, & will quickly cease from startling. I am grateful to know that Clara & you are getting back your health & strength. Clara must not grieve about Jean, but rejoice that she has escaped & is free. Let us hope she will never wake from her sweet sleep, in this world or any other.

I am well, & hope to see you both by & by, on one side of the ocean or the other. Meantime I love you both & wish the best for you. / Father [MTP]. *Note:* like his Mar. 6 letter, forwarded to three cities, with Rome, Italy the last. Clemens was in Allahabad, India on **Feb. 3-4, 1896** and toured the fort made by 16th Century Akbar, the Mogul emperor. The man he refers to in this letter is not named.

Sam then wrote another letter to daughter **Clara**, perhaps replying to one just received.

Clärchen dear, it rejoices me! You will be most cordially welcome. I will ask Paine to make those changes at once & arrange the rooms just as you want them. You must write & tell him where to get a piano. Of course it should be on hand & in tune when you arrive.

I am waiting for the mild weather to visit Stormfield—then I will go home. I will ask Paine to watch the opening Spring—& tell me when to sail.

My cough hangs on yet, but in this climate there is not enough of it to be an inconvenience. I shall be at home by the end of April anyway, if no sooner.

Yesterday I read "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court" for the first time in more than 30 years. I am prodigiously pleased with it—a most gratifying surprise.

I will now rush this note to the mail & catch the steamer.

Bless your hearts, both of you—& lots of love—/ Marcus [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Maud W. Littleton**.

Dear Mrs. Linthicum:

In thanking you for the picture I can candidly say that whereas there is plenty of beauty under the hat, the hat itself doesn't catch any of it. I won't go so far as to say it is the damdest hat I ever saw, I will only say it is the derndest. Oh, who *did* start this hat-lunacy? I believe it is two years since I have seen a (woman's) hat that wasn't a horror. I suppose yours is no worse than the others, but Lord knows they are all bad enough.

No doubt I shall go home one of these days—possibly a month hence, or two months. Time drifts along here, at about the gait I like. There are no excitements, & I don't want any. Twice a week we go to hear the garrison band play; twice a week I go to hear the hotel string-bands play, & look on while the multitude dances; a drive once a day, & now & then a sail—these are my activities & they are sufficient. I do not go out to dinner oftener than once a week, & then only to feed with friends. When there's a stranger I don't go. There are no newspapers, no telegrams, no mobiles, no trolleys, no trams, no railways, no theatres, no lectures, no riots, no murders, no fires, no burglaries, no offences of any kind, no follies but church, & I don't go there. I think I could live here always & be contented. The weekly steamer passes by my window Friday mornings, & again next day outward bound—& that's the only disturbance.

You go to heaven if you want to—I'd druther stay here. / With love, / ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **William L. Phelps**.

Dear Professor Phelps:

I thank you ever so much for the book, which I find charming indeed, that I read it through in a single night, & did not regret the lost night's sleep. I am glad if I deserve what you have said about me; & even if I don't I am proud & well contented, since you *think* I deserve it.

Yes, I saw Lounsbury, & had a most pleasant time with him. He ought to have stayed longer in this little paradise—partly for his own sake, but mainly for mine.

I knew my poor Jean had written you. I shall not have so dear & sweet a secretary again.

Good health to you, & all good fortune attend you. / Sincerely yours / ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote to **Elizabeth Wallace**.

Dear Betsy:

You "know there are worlds still unexplored," do you? Very well, then—you *don't*. Why do you want to talk like that, & wither a person's hopes? Isn't this life enough for you? Do you wish to continue the foolishness somewhere else? Damnation, you depress me!

Success to Zeublin! If I were to start over again I would *be* a Reformer. I certainly would. There would be an unceasing interest in it that would pay handsomely for all the hostilities I should raise.

I wish you had given me the name of your pretty & sweet friend who sailed for Bermuda the other day. I would have hunted her up. You know that, well enough. Maybe she looked for us in the donkey-cart—but I haven't been in it. Helen requires swifter transportation than that.

You ought to be here *now*! The weather is divine; & you know what it is to drive along the North Shore in such weather & watch the sun paint the waters. We had that happiness today. The joy of it never stales.

And there's others that don't stale. To-wit (do you remember?) There are no newspapers, no telegrams, no mobiles, no trolleys, no trains, no tramps, no railways, no theatres, no noise, no lectures, no riots, no murders, no fires, no burglaries, no politics, no offences of any kind, no follies but church, & I don't go there. I think I could live here always & be contented.

You go to heaven if you want to—I'd druther stay here.
As ever affectionately / ...

[*in left margin of first page*:] I have been reading Chapter XIII of "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court." Bless you I find it *good* [MTP].

Albert Bigelow Paine wrote from Redding to Clemens:

"Yes, I've had tooth-brushes do that to me. I didn't like it, at first, but I'm trained to it, now. I'm going to practice swallowing glass next; and tacks." And, "Yes, we could easily send Clara \$200 a month, now, but don't you think we'd better wait until she uses up her Letter of Credit?" He mentioned David Munro's death, and also that Major Leigh & wife "are coming up Sat. I can beat the Major" at billiards [MTP]. *Note*: replied to in Sam's **Mar. 18**

Muriel Straithmore wrote from Brooklyn to ask Sam to pose for a drawing to be used in the London "Sketch" [MTP].

March 13 Sunday – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam wrote to **Dorothy Quick**, who evidently had just been in Bermuda with her mother but had left on a family emergency.

Dorothy dear, I am so sorry to hear the sad news that hurries you & your mother home. Yesterday you did not come to us, & we wondered if something was wrong. I could not go out at night yet, & had been shut up with my cough since Wednesday morning—a fresh accession to it—so I sent my man servant to inquire, & he brought word from the hotel that you had received a cable that your uncle was very ill & you had taken ship at once. The world seems full of trouble for us all.

The young people came yesterday afternoon, after the rain, & played tennis, but I did not go out doors; I was out Thursday afternoon & played games, but had a hard night to pay for it. This is now the fourth day that Helen has been in bed, & I think her mother *ought* to have been in bed yesterday, but she stayed up to take care of the company. All this illness comes of my catching a cold in the head 3 weeks ago from a visitor who brought it from America. The household caught it from me. Mine ran into bronchitis.

The Colliers arrived last Friday, but I only learned it this evening, for they sent me no word & will have to be scolded. Mr. Collier is ailing—the New York winter has been too much for him.

I am so sorry you had to go away, for I think a few weeks' rest in this climate would be good for you, dear.

Please give you mother my kindest regards. With lots of love / ... [MTP].

Owen M. Connelly wrote from Phila. to ask Sam if he saw "any merit in her compositions," seeing as she had "been a student of Shakespeare & Bacon for 25 years" [MTP].

Grace A. Hubbard wrote from Barnard College, NYC to ask Sam to appear at the college [MTP].

March 14 Monday

March 15 Tuesday

March 16 Wednesday – **Elinor Comstock** wrote from NYC, trusting that Clemens wouldn't mind including his name in her list of references for the formation of a new school in NY [MTP].

March 17 Thursday – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam began a letter to **Albert B. Paine** in Redding, Conn. that he finished **Mar. 18**.

Dear Paine,

Yesterday afternoon I thought I was going to sail for home about a week from now and put myself in communication with Mr. Taft & the Secretary of State in regard to the vice-consulship here but it is not going to be necessary right away; for I have had a conversation this morning with the visiting inspector-general of consulships and find that Mr. Allen's occupancy of the post is not in immediate danger and that if at any time there should be any danger I can get news of it plenty long enough in advance to block the game.

~~Clara has not asked for any money, so I suppose she needs none, since I told her to speak freely in case she should want any. Still you may send her \$200 a month for if she doesn't need it, it won't be in her way anyhow]~~

I hope you will make "Stormfield" absolutely fly-proof if by any possible ingenuity this can be accomplished.

I would rather have ten snakes in the house than one fly.

Of course Clara can have the lobster-pot and its land if that is her desire therefore don't sell it without consulting her if you can rent it [to] Jervis or somebody for a rental representing interest of 10% or 15% on its value I should like it very much [MTP]. *Note:* Sam crossed out the paragraph about Clara, referred to in his Mar. 18 addition to the letter.

Albert Bigelow Paine wrote from Redding to Clemens beginning on Mar. 17 that he finished on Mar. 18. Again he wrote details of canceled checks and balances, and also again of the Fruit stock. Harpers had still not sent the Mar. 1 royalty of 15,000, but wouldn't "push too suddenly"

March 18 Friday – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam finished his **Mar. 17** to **Albert B. Paine** in Redding, Conn. after receiving Paine's **Mar. 12** (not extant).

Yours of March 12th just received.

It will be best for you to make stable arrangements, horses & so forth according to your own judgement without consulting with Clara in Germany I desire this.

I have crossed out what I wrote about a monthly allowance for Clara. I didn't know she took so much money with her[.]

I thank Col. Harvey ever so much for getting admission for Clara for the Easter dissipation at Rome [.]

Poor David I am sorry for the survivors but he is in good luck himself a person who dies is always in good luck.

Yes if you keep my bank balance about \$1000 it will answer my needs[.]

Yes I shall be glad if you will administer Jean's estate. Mr. Sark [*sic* **Charles T. Lark**] can tell you all you need to know as to what to do; I don't know what to say about investing. I would like "The Mark Twain Co." to invest according to its best judgment. Possibly you might look favorably upon these Telephone bonds.

As for my bronchitis I am very well satisfied with it. If I were at home I should have to go to bed but here no such care is required I have been coughing for some weeks but there is not enough of this cough to inconvenience me.

The pain in my breast still abides with me but it troubles me very little.

If you look in the magazine advertisements you will find one of those lists of standard dead copyright books which includes all the big names Scott, Cooper & the others—clear print, cheap binding & a whole library for sale for \$10 or \$20 I would like you to buy one of those cheap libraries & send it to me [.]

Yours ever

S L. C.

per HSA [MTP].

Albert Bigelow Paine wrote from Redding finishing his letter started Mar. 17: "Mar 18: Hurrah! Clara is Coming! I'll have those doors cut, or anything else she wants, rest assured! We are *delighted*!" He also enclosed a letter from **John Hayes Hammond** (not extant) [MTP].

Robert Erskine Ely wrote from NYC to invite Sam to a luncheon on either Apr. 6 or 7 for **Josephine Preston Peabody (Mrs. Lionel Marks)** a playwright. A telegraph reply requested [MTP]. *Note:* ABP: "Mr Clemens is not in America and not expected before May"

March 19 Saturday**March 20 Sunday****March 21 Monday** – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam wrote to Miss **Sulamith Ish-Kishor**.

Dear Miss Sulamith,

I think it is a remarkable dream for a girl of 13 to have dreamed, in fact for a person of any age to have dreamed, because it moves by regular grade and sequence from the beginning to the end, which is not the habit of dreams. I think your report of it is a good piece of work, a clear and effective statement of the vision.

I am glad to know you like the "Prince and the Pauper" so well and I believe with you that the dream is good evidence of that liking. I think I may say, with your sister that I like myself best when I am serious.

Sincerely yours

S. L. Clemens.

[MTP: Paine's 1917 *Mark Twain's Letters* p.841].

March 22 Tuesday – **Albert Bigelow Paine** wrote from Redding to Clemens: "I went on yesterday & was advised by Freeman to buy 'Am. Telephone & Teleg.' At 140 & 141, a suggestion to which Loomis & Lark promptly agreed." He bought 100 shares and wrote when the Harper money came they might want another 100 [MTP].

George Jay Gould and Edith M. Gould sent a wedding announcement and invitation at the wedding of their daughter Marjorie Gwynne on Apr. 19 [MTP].

March 23 Wednesday – **Sophie Easton Woods** wrote from St. Louis, Mo. to Sam: "I enjoyed your steamer letter so much, and it was so sweet of you to have written it. I will keep it always.... I did not see Captain Fraser, so I could not give him your message.... I am your loving little friend" [MTP].

March 24 Thursday – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam wrote to **Katharine Boland Clemens (Mrs. James Ross Clemens)** in Redlands, Calif.

Dear Cousin Katherine:

I am grateful for the prayers of those good nuns, & for yours; they have already answered themselves, in giving me a deep pleasure.

I have lost that dear Jean, & my sorrow lies heavy upon me—but I would not bring her back if I could. Nor Livy, nor Susy. Death is the most precious of all the gifts this life has for us—and it is theirs. Peace to their sacred ashes!

About a month hence I shall be homeward bound, after half a year's sojourn in these Islands of the Blest. Write me as soon as you get to New Caanan & tell me when I can have you at Stormfield. /Yours affectionately / ... [MTP].

Sam also wrote a postcard to **Louise Paine** in Redding, Conn. telling of his bronchitis. Text not available [MTP: Seven Gables Bookshop letter, 5 December 1969].

Sam also began a letter to daughter **Clara** that he finished **Mar. 25**.

Clara dearest, I hope my cablegram welcoming you home reached you. Paine is in a state of glad hurrah because you are coming, & I am the same. Claude & I are booked to sail April 23^d. I may possibly stay in New York a week or two, but shall be in the front door when you disembark at Stormfield. I suppose I shall lodge with my small mamma (Mrs. Robert J. Collier, who has adopted me.) She was here a week ago, with Robert, & I gave her your Berlin address, as she wanted to write to you.

My bronchitis has nearly disappeared, in this balmy summer weather, but the pain in my breast has attacked me frequently & severely these past 3 days—owing to extravagant & inexcusable imprudences in

SLC used mourning border for most letters from Jean's death on.

feeding—so I have spent the 3 days in my room, taming it down. I am in pretty good shape now, but shall keep to my room & a cautious diet a few days longer. I took Quintard's medicine the first two days—I had never touched it before—but I have gotten through this present day without it.

My father died this day 63 years ago. I remember all about it quite clearly.

I miss Jean so! She was utterly sweet & dear those last days; & so wise, & so dignified, & so good. She is at rest; & for her dear sake I am so glad.

I would not bring back any of the hallowed Four [MTP]. *Note:* Four: Livy, Langdon, Susy, and Jean.

March 25 Friday – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam finished his Mar. 24 to daughter **Clara**. “*March 25.* The portrait-postcard has just arrived from Geneva, & is very welcome, with its loving word from you, dear. / With heaps of love to you both / Marcus” [MTP].

Sam also wrote per Helen S. Allen to **Albert B. Paine** in Redding, Conn.

Dear Paine,

Mr. Allen has made the corrections in the check book suggested by you and now my book exactly corresponds with the pass book.

Yes I approve the Tel. & Tel. purchase at 140-,*41. You could buy another 100 shares if you had the Harper money, & maybe you can get it if you ask for it very sweetly and persuasively, tho I suppose it is not due until the 1st of May.

We must look into the Magic-lantern business. Maybe the modern lantern is too elaborate & troublesome for back-settlement use but we can inquire. We must have some kind of a show at “Stormfield” to entertain the countryside with.

We are booked to sail in the “Bermudian” April 23rd, but don't tell anybody, I don't want it known. I may have to go sooner if the pain in my breast doesn't mend its| ways pretty considerably.

I don't want to die here for this is an unkind place for a person in that condition. I should have to lay in the undertaker's cellar until the ship would remove me and it is dark down there and unpleasant.

The Colliers will meet me on the pier & I may stay with them a week or two before going home. It all depends on the breast pain—I don't want to die there. I am growing more & more particular about the place.
/ With love / ... [MTP].

Albert Bigelow Paine wrote from Redding to Clemens: “No news. Everything going nicely—weather pleasant. ... I have deposited \$500 to your credit...Major Leigh came up Saturday.... I notice by the paper that Robt. Collier has returned, that he reports good news of your health” [MTP].

March 26 Saturday

March 27 Sunday – Easter – **Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch and Ossip Gabrilowitsch** spent the day in Rome, Italy, having arrived there the previous Thursday, Mar. 24. The *New York Times* reported, p. C3, Apr. 3, dateline Rome Apr. 2, with sub-headline “Mark Twain's Daughter Has Unsatisfactory Experience and Leaves Town.”

One happy couple still on their honeymoon have not had a very pleasant experience in Rome at Easter. M. and Mme. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, perhaps better recognized as the musical son-in-law and the daughter of Mark Twain, were at Monte Carlo, perfectly happy in the sun and open air and sea, when the idea came that they would like to see Rome at Easter, and if possible to assist at the Easter mass of the Holy Father.

They arrived the Thursday before Easter. The train, of course, was late, and they went about to seventeen different hotels before they could get a place to lay their weary heads. At last they got in at a little hotel near the Piazza di Spagna, kept by some American ladies....They spent Easter Sunday morning at St. Peter's, but did not get to the Pope's mass, as only Catholics are now admitted. This is a hard and fast rule, or Mark Twain's daughter would certainly have been admitted.

They drove in the afternoon, but Monday morning inquiring friends found that they had disappeared. It was discovered later that they had removed to another hotel in which they could have sun and air. They are now off to Florence and Venice, winding up in Paris, but will spend the Summer at home with Mark Twain, and next Winter will settle in Berlin as their permanent abiding place.

March 28 Monday – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam wrote per Helen S. Allen to **Albert B. Paine** in Redding, Conn.

Dear Paine,

I reenclose the check indorsed.

Enclosed is the small library of 44 volumes which you may buy & send to Mrs. Allen let the books be sent through Mr. Allen's agent Depew, and you may prepay all charges if you can manage it.

I have been having a most uncomfortable time for the past 4 days with that breast-pain, which turns out to be an affection of the heart just as I originally suspected. The news from New York is to the effect that non-bronchial weather has arrived there at last, therefore if I can get my breast trouble in travelling condition I may sail for home a week or two earlier than has heretofore been proposed. / Yours as ever / ... [MTP].

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott sent Sam a printed invitation to their daughter's wedding [MTP].

March 29 Tuesday - **Albert Bigelow Paine** wrote from Redding to Clemens: "Your news about the pain distresses me, but I am glad you are coming home. The change and the quiet of Stormfield will no doubt be beneficial. I hope Collier will let you be very quiet in N.Y. Edward Loomis whom I saw this morning hopes you will spend a few days with him also." More discussion about AT&T stock: Paine bought another 100 shares [MTP].

March 30 Wednesday

March 31 Thursday - **Albert Bigelow Paine** wrote from Redding to Clemens: "Here is the March statement. It is a bit more complicated than the others, as I grouped the disbursements, but I guess you'll be able to work it out. Clara & Ossip write that they are afraid we are not getting enough to eat, from the amount of the food bill, but as I weigh about 193 and Katy is approaching 300 I consider their alarm unjustified"

April 1 Friday

April 1 ca. – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam wrote to **Joe Goodman**: "Come on and visit me once before we get so old we can't hear each other swear" [MTP: San Francisco *Examiner*, 22 Apr. 1910].

April 2 Saturday

April 3 Sunday – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam wrote to the **Clowns of Barnum & Bailey Circus**, who had cabled him this day asking him the following:

THE CLOWNS OF BARNUM AND BAILEYS CIRCUS RECOGNIZING YOU AS THE WORLDS GREATEST LAUGHMAKER WILL CONSIDER IT AN HONOR IF YOU WILL BE THEIR LUNCHEON GUEST AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN SUNDAY AFTERNOON APRIL THIRD AT TWO WILL YOU PLEASE ANSWER COLLECT BARNUM AND BAILEY [MTP].

Sam's reply by collect cable:

"I am very very sorry, but all last week's dates are full. I will gladly come week before last, if that will answer.—Mark Twain."

April 4 Monday – **Chauncey M. Depew** wrote from Wash DC to ask Sam for an intro to a volume of his speeches, “no matter how short” [MTP]. *Note:* “Ans”

April 5 Tuesday

April 6 Wednesday – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam wrote to **Charles T. Lark**.

Dear Mr. Lark,

I have told Paine that I want the money derived from the sale of the farm, which I had given, but not conveyed, to my daughter Jean, to be used to erect a building for the Mark Twain Library of Redding, the building to be called the Jean L. Clemens Memorial Building.

I wish to place the money \$6,000.00 in the hands of three trustees,—Paine and two others: H. A. Lounsbury and William E. Hazen, all of Redding, these trustees to form a building Committee to decide on the size and plan of the building needed to arrange for and supervise the work in such a manner that they find shall amply provide for the building complete, with the necessary furnishings, leaving, if possible, a balance remaining, sufficient for such repairs and additional furnishings as may be required for two years from the time of completion.

Will you please draw a document covering these requirements and have it ready by the time I reach New York (April 14th). / Very Sincerely, / S. L. Clemens [MTP: Paine’s 1917 *Mark Twain’s Letters*, p.843].

April 7 Thursday

April 8 Friday

April 9 Saturday – In **Hamilton, Bermuda** Sam inscribed his photo (1906 of him sitting up in bed reading) to **Marion S. Allen (Mrs. William H. Allen)**. “*To Mrs. William H. Allen, with the high esteem & guarded affection of / Mark Twain Bermuda, April 9/ 10.*” [MTP].

Sam began reading *Jude the Obscure* by **Thomas Hardy** (1840-1928). Gribben quotes Paine:

“This book was read by Mark Twain April 9-10-11 in Bermuda” (quotation supplied by Bigelow Paine Cushman). In a flyleaf inscription Paine recorded: “This is the last book he ever read through. He died April 21. When he finished it, he asked me to read it ‘so we can talk about it.’ I began it by his bedside and continued it on the ship. We did talk about it—more or less, and never afterwards of any other” [292].

April 10 Sunday – In **Bermuda**, Sam continued reading *Jude the Obscure*, by Thomas Hardy [*ibid.*]

April 11 Monday – In **Bermuda**, Sam finished reading *Jude the Obscure*, by Thomas Hardy [*ibid.*]

Robert J. Collier sent a telegram to Sam: “Will have motor meet you Thursday monrnning hope you are feeling better Sallie sends love / Collier” [MTP].

April 12 Tuesday – Sam left **Bermuda** bound for New York.

April 13 Wednesday

April 14 Thursday – Sam arrived back in New York aboard the *Oceana*. The New York Times, p. 6, Apr. 15, reported his feeble health:

MARK TWAIN BACK IN FEEBLE HEALTH

**Distinguished Author Returns from Bermuda
in Weakened State from Heart Trouble.**

CARRIED OFF THE STEAMER

**Physicians Meet Him and He is Taken
Immediately to His Home at Redding, Conn.**

Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) humorist and author, stricken in health, arrived yesterday from Bermuda on the Oceana. He was so ill when the vessel reached her pier in the morning that he could not be removed until the physicians summoned by wireless got to the pier, at the foot of West Tenth Street.

After an examination they consented to his removal. He was carried from the liner and taken across the city in a coach ambulance. He left on the 3:32 P. M. train for his home, at Redding, Conn.

Mr. Clemens's condition, it is admitted, is serious, but his physicians believe he will improve in the quiet of his country home. He has angina pectoris.

The author made the voyage from Bermuda ill in his stateroom. He spent the Winter in Bermuda, going there immediately after the sudden death of his daughter. He was accompanied only by Albert Bigelow Paine, the author, who has been acting as his secretary.

When the Oceana reached her pier Edward E. Loomis, Mr. Clemens's nephew, and the latter's wife and Robert Collier were on hand to meet him. They went at once to his cabin. A few minutes later Dr. Edward S. Quintard of 145 West Fifty-eighth Street, a long-time friend of the author, and Dr. Robert H. Halsey of 118 West Fifty-eighth Street arrived and went to Mr. Clemens's room.

The voyage north had not improved the condition of his health. About a week ago he had a severe attack, and from this he did not readily recover. The recent high temperature in Bermuda, according to Mr. Paine, had proved too much for him and went far toward bringing on the attack. Mr. Paine went to Bermuda about two weeks ago, when the news came that Mr. Clemens was failing in health. After the attack of a week ago the physicians concluded that the salt air was not good for him and ordered his immediate return to this country. At Mr. Clemens's request it had been planned that he was to return on the Bermudian, which is scheduled to arrive here on Monday. The author and Capt. Frazer, the skipper are old friends. Later it was decided that it would be dangerous to delay his homecoming.

Embarking on the Oceana was quite a task for the sick man. The vessel because of her great draught cannot go alongside a pier. She anchors in deep water, and her passengers are taken out to her in a tender. Mr. Clemens made the trip in a special tug, and was so weak that he had to be carried on board the Oceana.

On Wednesday when the vessel was passing through the Gulf Stream, with a fairly rough sea running, Mr. Clemens had a sinking spell. For a time, it is said, there was fear that in his weakened condition he would not rally.

Mr. Clemens occupied a starboard stateroom amidships. When the steamer got in his relatives and the physicians found him dressed and lying in his berth, propped up with pillows.

The Oceana reached her pier about 10:15 A. M., but it was not until afternoon that he was removed. It is said that the excitement of arriving proved a severe strain, and his departure to the station was preceded by another sinking spell.

"I have made but a superficial examination of Mr. Clemens," said Dr. Quintard. "When he gets home we will make a thorough examination of his heart. He has angina pectoris, which is a dangerous state for him. He looks much better than I expected he would."

Mr. Clemens was carried from the Oceana in an invalid chair by two stewards. He was assisted into the coach and with Dr. Halsey started for the Grand Central. Mr. Clemens appeared to be extremely weak. He had to rest a few minutes in the invalid chair on the pier before he could make the effort of getting into the vehicle.

On reaching the railway station a few minutes after 3 o'clock Mr. Clemens raised his arms feebly while two station attendants lifted him from the carriage to a wheel chair. They took him directly to a drawing room car.

Special to The New York Times.

REDDING, Conn., April 14—When the Pittsfield Express, on which Mr. Clemens came from New York reached here, he was carried from the car by his secretary, Albert Bigelow Paine, and his butler, placed in a carriage, and driven to his home, Stormfield, which is about three-fourths of a mile from the railroad station. A physician and nurse were also in the party.

The author appeared to be weak and haggard, but sat up during the half-mile drive, as he seemed to be more comfortable in that position. He attendants said that he stood the ride from New York very well and that the drive in the air seemed to relieve, to some extent, the difficulty he had in breathing during the trip up from Bermuda. The attending physician said that while there was no immediate danger, Mr. Clemens was seriously ill.

This is the first time he has been in Stormfield since the death of his daughter, Miss Jean Clemens, he having going to Bermuda directly after her funeral.

April 15 Friday – The New York Times, p. 1, Apr. 16, datelined Redding Apr. 15, did a follow up article on Sam:

MARK TWAIN HOLDS HIS OWN.

Passes a Comfortable Day—Country Air Has Good Effect.

REDDING, Conn., April 15.—Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) who arrived at his country home here last evening, fatigued from his long journey from Bermuda, and very ill, passed a comfortable day with no appreciable change in his condition and was holding his own pretty well. A second nurse arrived today.

Dr. R. H. Halsey of New York, who accompanied Mr. Clemens here yesterday, remained with him overnight and returned to New York this morning. The bracing air of the country, it is stated, has had a beneficial effect upon Mr. Clemens's respiratory organs since his arrival here, and much of the distress that accompanied his breathing during the ocean voyage from Bermuda to New York and after his arrival in New York has disappeared.

April 16 Saturday – **Andrew Carnegie** wrote from NYC to Sam: “So glad you are reported better this morning gives me hopes you are to weather the storm & be spared to us a while longer—*so be it*....When you get real chatty again if you can not come down I'd like to make a pilgrimage to your shrine just to get a few sniffs of a real genuine work a day saint...” [MTP].

Lincoln National Bank per David C. Grant wrote to advise of a charge to Sam's account for \$202.89 “covering a draft for £41 by Mrs. Clara Gabrilowitsch against her letter of credit” [MTP].

Dr. Robert E. Williams wrote from Thomasville, Ga. to send Sam “an old Negro remedy for heart failure....If you come to Thomasville we will give you a remedy for anything you suffer” [MTP].

The New York Times, April 17, p. 2, reported on Clara's arrival in NYC on the evening of Apr. 16.

MARK TWAIN'S DAUGHTER HERE

Mrs. Gabrilowitsch and Her Husband, the Pianist, Called by Author's Illness.

Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, who was Miss Clara Clemens, the only surviving daughter of Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) and her husband, the Russian pianist, arrived last night on the American liner New York. Mr. Gabrilowitsch has not been playing for a year. He and his wife were in Rome when word reached

them of the serious condition of Mr. Clemens. That was ten days ago, and since then they have been traveling to reach Mr. Clemens's home at Redding, Conn.

Before sailing they had been assured by Mr. Clemens's physician that his condition had improved. They were greatly relieved to learn upon their arrival that he had also improved since his return from Bermuda.

"We had intended coming to America to spend the Summer with Mr. Clemens," said Mr. Gabrilowitsch. "The news that he had been taken ill in Bermuda simply caused a change in plan and we are here sooner than we had expected."

Ossip Gabrilowitsch and Miss Clara Clemens were married at the Clemens home on Oct. 6, 1909.

April 17 Sunday – Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch and her husband arrived at Stormfield. This was reported by the *New York Times*, p. 6, Apr. 18:

MARK TWAIN SEEMS BETTER.

Arrival of Daughter from Abroad Brightens Sick Man Considerably.

REDDING, Conn., April 17.—According to those in attendance, Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) who is ill at his home, Stormfield, seemed a little improved today. Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Mr. Clemens's daughter who reached New York Saturday from abroad, arrived here today, and her presence seemed to brighten her father very materially.

Dr. Robert M. Halsey of New York will remain with his patient until Monday.

John Bigelow wrote from Grammercy Park, NYC to Sam, glad he was home and offering the advice to change to a colder climate for health, not a warmer one. He enclosed a homeopathic pamphlet (not in file) [MTP].

April 18 Monday – The *New York Times*, Apr. 19, p. 9 datelined Apr. 18 Redding, announced improvement:

Mark Twain Improving.

REDDING, Conn., April 18.—Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) who is seriously ill with heart disease at his home near here had a restful night and was brighter and to all appearances better today. Dr. Robert H. Halsey who has been with Mr. Clemens since Saturday, went to New York this morning, seemingly satisfied with the progress Mr. Clemens was making.

April 19 Tuesday – The *New York Times*, p. 18, Apr. 20, datelined Apr. 19 Redding, announced:

Mark Twain a Little Weaker.

REDDING, Conn., April 19.—Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) who is here trying to regain his health after the severe attack of heart trouble that prostrated him on the voyage from Bermuda to New York last week, is a little weaker. Dr. Robert Halsey of New York issued a statement tonight as follows:

"Mr. Clemens is very comfortable tonight and passed a quiet day, though he seems to have grown a little weaker." Dr. Halsey will remain with Mr. Clemens.

George Buxton Byron wrote from Chicago to Sam.

Together with all other reading men and women, I deeply sympathize with you in your illness, and also together with them I rejoice at the favorable reports from your bed-side which we receive from day to day.

You have given me more delight than any other author I ever read, and if everyone whom you have charmed as you have charmed me, were to write you now and tell you about it, the post-office at Redding would be blockaded for months to come.—I believe you are better loved than any other living man, and if the heart-felt wishes of each and all of us for your speedy recovery can avail you anything, I am sure you cannot remain long sick. (Dear Mark, we simply *cannot* spare you, you *must* get well” [MTP]. *Note*: “Save this letter”

April 20 Wednesday – The New York Times, Apr. 21, datelined Apr. 20 Danbury, announced:

MARK TWAIN SINKING.

**Author's Condition is Critical,
but He Is Expected to Live Through the Night.**

Special to The New York Times.

DANBURY, Conn., April 20. — At 11 o'clock tonight Samuel L. Clemens, though he had been sinking all day, and at one time late in the afternoon was thought to be in a very serious condition, was resting at his residence, Stormfield, in Redding, Conn., comfortably enough to assure those in attendance on him that his chances for living through the night were very favorable. His daughter, Clara, and her husband, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the pianist, and Alfred Bigelow Paine, the humorist's manager and biographer, who comprise the household, felt confidence enough to retire for the night shortly before 11 o'clock.

Dr. Robert H. Halsey, the heart specialist who has been in attendance, admitted that his patient was in a critical condition giving his trouble as angina pectoris. Dr. Quintard was called from New York in consultation during the afternoon, but left this evening. Oxygen was resorted to early in the afternoon to stimulate vitality. Although he was weak on his arrival from Bermuda last Tuesday, and had not since recovered his strength, it was not until today that his symptoms became alarming.

He was noticeably weak this morning and did not respond to treatment as he had previously. As the day went on he became weaker and collapsed this afternoon. He has been almost in an unconscious condition during the afternoon and this evening. He did not show any interest in his surroundings and took no notice of the people around him. Early in the evening he aroused a little and talked for a short time with his daughter. He does not seem to be suffering any pain.

The daughters who have been watching Mark Twain agree that it is simply a case of how long his wonderful constitution can battle with the malady which is gradually overcoming him. He may die during the night or he may live for several weeks, there is no knowing.

Jervis Langdon II (1875-1952) diary entry:

Wed. April 20, 1910. Redding. Out to Redding at 8.50. Dr. Quintard on train. Lounsbury drove us out to Stormfield. Clara and Ossip there & Dr. Halsey. Uncle Sam sinking. I did not see him today. I returned with Dr. Quintard today, & went to Julie's for the night. Had left all my things scattered about room at Manhattan. Would otherwise have remained at "Stormfield" [Jerome & Wisbey 153].

April 21 Thursday – Sam began a note to daughter **Clara** which he evidently didn't finish: "Dear / You didn't tell me, but I have found out that you—well, I [*rest illegible*]."

At 7:30 a.m. Sam wrote a note to **Albert B. Paine** asking for his spectacles and for a glass pitcher. It was the 1st piece of writing he would ever do [MTP].

During the day, **Albert B. Paine** wrote for Sam to **Dorothy Quick**.

Dear Dorothy:

May I be permitted to send you thanks for your thoughtful expression, which I am sure Mr. Clemens would appreciate if he were well enough to receive the same. His health at this time is very poor, but we hope for speedy improvement.

Very sincerely yours,
 [signed:]A. B. Paine
 [handwritten:]
 My regards to your mother [MTP].

Jervis Langdon II diary entry:

Thur. April 21, 1910. Redding. Returned to "Stormfield" on 8.50 train. Found Uncle Sam to be brighter. Saw him for a minute & he knew me & feebly spoke my name. Julie & Edward [Loomis] arrived about 2 P.M., & Dr. Quintard a little later. Uncle Sam sank into unconsciousness & doctors agreed he was weaker than 24 hours ago & would likely not live through the night. Julie & Edward left the house about six. At six-twenty five—or thereabouts—Dr. Quintard noted sudden sinking, called Clara & Ossip & the grand old fellow peacefully breathed his last at 6.32. Phoned Edward at station. He & Julie continued to N.Y. Wired Father [Charles Langdon]. News given to Associated Press & newspaper men came out in the evening. Remained at Stormfield [Jerome & Wisbey 153].

At 6.22 p.m. **Samuel Langhorne Clemens** died. (some reports give 6:30; Jervis Langdon gives 6:32) Newspapers around the world announced the sad news. The *New York Times*, p. 1, Apr. 22 covered the passing:

MARK TWAIN IS DEAD AT 74

End Comes Peacefully at His New
 England Home After a
 Long Illness.

CONSCIOUS A LITTLE BEFORE

Carlyle's "French Revolution"
 Lay Beside Him—"Give Me My
 Glasses" His Last Words.

SURVIVING CHILD WITH HIM

Tragic Death of His Daughter Jean
 Recently Did Much to Hurry His End.

Special to The New York Times.

DANBURY, Conn., April 21.—Samuel Langhorne Clemens, "Mark Twain," died at 22 minutes after 6 tonight. Beside him on the bed lay a beloved book—it was Carlyle's "French Revolution"—and near the book his glasses, pushed away with a weary sigh a few hours before. Too weak to speak clearly, "Give me my glasses," he had written on a piece of paper. He had received them, put them down, and sunk into unconsciousness from which he glided almost imperceptibly into death. He was in his seventy-fifth year.

For some time his daughter Clara and her husband, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, and the humorists' biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine, had been by the bed waiting for the end which Drs. Quintard and Halsey had seen to be a matter of minutes. The patient felt absolutely no pain at the end and the moment of his death was scarcely noticeable.

Death came, however, while his favorite niece, Mrs. E. E. Loomis, and her husband, who is Vice President of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railway, and a nephew, Jervis Langdon, were on the way to the railroad station. They had left the house much encouraged by the fact that the sick man had recognized them, and took a train for New York ignorant of what happened later.

Hopes Aroused Yesterday.

Although the end had been foreseen by the doctors and would not have been a shock at any time, the apparently strong rally of this morning had given basis for the hope that it would be postponed for several days. Mr. Clemens awoke at about 4 o'clock this morning after a few hours of the first natural sleep he had had for several days, and the nurses could see by the brightness of his eyes that his vitality had been considerably restored. He was able to raise his arms above his head and clasp them behind his neck with the first evidence of physical comfort he had given for a long time.

His strength seemed to increase enough to allow him to enjoy the sunrise, the first signs of which he could see out of the windows in the three sides of the room where he lay. The increasing sunlight seemed to bring ease to him, and by the time the family were about he was strong enough to sit up in bed and overjoyed them by recognizing all of them and speaking a few words to each. This was the first time that his mental powers had been fully his for nearly two days, with the exception of a few minutes early last evening, when he addressed a few sentences to his daughter.

Calls for His Book.

For two hours he lay in bed enjoying the feeling of this return of strength. Then he made a movement and asked in a faint voice for the copy of Carlyle's "French Revolution," which he has always had near him for the last year, and which he has read and re-read and brooded over.

The book was handed to him, and he lifted it up as if to read. Then a smile faintly illuminated his face when he realized that he was trying to read without his glasses. He tried to say, "Give me my glasses," but his voice failed, and the nurses bending over him could not understand. He motioned for a sheet of paper and a pencil, and wrote what he could not say.

With his glasses on he read a little and then slowly put the book down with a sigh. Soon he appeared to become drowsy and settled on his pillow. Gradually he sank and settled into a lethargy. Dr. Halsey appreciated that he could have been roused, but considered it better for him to rest. At 3 o'clock he went into complete unconsciousness.

Later Dr. Quintard, who had arrived from New York, held a consultation with Dr. Halsey, and it was decided that death was near. The family was called and gathered about the bedside watching in a silence which was long unbroken. It was the end. At twenty-two minutes past 6, with the sunlight just turning red as it stole into the window, in perfect silence he breathed his last.

Died of a Broken Heart.

The people of Redding, Bethel, and Danbury listened when they were told that the doctors said Mark Twain was dying of angina pectoris. But they say among themselves that he died of a broken heart. And this is the verdict not of popular sentiment alone. Albert Bigelow Paine, his biographer to be and literary executor, who has been constantly with him, said that for the past year at least Mr. Clemens had been weary of life. When Richard Watson Gilder died, he said: "How fortunate he is. No good fortune of that kind ever comes to me."

The man who has stood to the public for the greatest humorist this country has produced has in private life suffered overwhelming sorrows. The loss of an only son in infancy, a daughter in her teens and one in middle life, and finally of a wife who was a constant and sympathetic companion, has preyed upon his mind. The recent loss of his daughter Jean, who was closest to him in later years when her sister was abroad studying, was the final blow. On the heels of this came the first symptoms of the disease which was surely to be fatal, and one of whose accompaniments is mental depression. Mr. Paine says that all heart went out of him and his work when his daughter Jean died. He has practically written nothing since he summoned his energies to write a last chapter memorial of her for his autobiography.

He told his biographer that the past Winter in Bermuda was gay but not happy. Bermuda is always gay in Winter and Mark Twain was a central figure in the gayety. He was staying at the home of William H. Allen, the American Consul. Even in Bermuda, however, Mr. Clemens found himself unable to write and finally relied on Mr. Allen's fifteen year-old daughter Helen to write the few letters he cared to send.

His health failed rapidly, and finally Mr. Allen wrote to Albert Bigelow Paine that his friend was in a most serious condition. Mr. Paine immediately cabled to Mrs. Gabrilowitsch, his surviving daughter, who was in Europe, and started himself on April 2 for Bermuda, embarking with the humorist for he return to New York immediately after his arrival. On the trip over Mark Twain became very much worse and finally realized his condition.

"It's a losing game," he said to his companion. "I'll never get home alive."

Mr. Clemens did manage to summon his strength, however, and in spite of being so weak that he had to be carried down the gangplank he survived the journey to his beautiful place at Redding. The first symptom of angina pectoris came last June when he went to Baltimore to address a young ladies' school. In his room at the hotel he was suddenly taken with a terrible gripping at the heart. It soon passed away, however, and he was able to make an address with no inconvenience. The pains, however, soon returned with more frequency and steadily grew worse until they became a constant torture.

One of the last acts of Mark Twain was to write out a check for \$6,000 for the library in which the literary coterie settled near Redding have been interested for a year, fairs, musicales, and sociables having been held in order to raise the necessary amount. The library is to be a memorial to Jean Clemens, and will be built on a site about half a mile from Stormfield at Selleck Cross Roads.

It is certain to be recalled that Mark Twain was for more than fifty years an inveterate smoker, and the first conjecture of the layman would be that he had weakened his heart by overindulgence in tobacco. Dr. Halsey said tonight that he was unable to say that the angina pectoris from which Mark Twain died was in any way a sequel of nicotine poisoning. Some constitutions, he said, seem immune for the effects of tobacco, and his was one of them. Yet it is true that since his illness began the doctors had cut down Mark Twain's daily allowance of twenty cigars and countless pipes to four cigars a day.

No deprivation was a greater sorrow to him. He tried to smoke on the steamer while returning from Bermuda, and only gave it up because he was too feeble to draw on his pipe. Even on his death bed when had passed the point of speech, and it was no longer certain that his ideas were lucid, he would make the motion of waiving a cigar, and smiling, expel empty air from under the mustache still stained with smoke.

Where Mark Twain chose to spend his declining years was the first outpost of Methodism in New England, and it was among the hills of Redding that Gen. Israel Putnam of Revolutionary fame mustered his sparse ranks. Putnam Park now incloses the memory of his camp.

Mark Twain first heard of it at the dinner given him on his seventieth birthday, when a fellow-guest who lived there mentioned hits beauties and added that there was a vacant house adjoining his own. "I think you may buy that old house for me," said Mark Twain. Sherwood Place was the name of that old house, and where it stood Mark Twain reared the white walls of the Italian villa he first named Innocence at Home, but a first experience of what a New England Winter storm can be in its whitest fury quickly caused him to christen it anew Stormfield.

Where Mark Twain Died.

The house had been thus described by Albert Bigelow Paine: "Set on a fair hillside with such a green slope below, such a view outspread across the valley as made one catch his breath a little when he first turned to look at it. A trout stream flows through one of the meadows. There are apple trees and gray stone walls. The entrance to it is a winding, leafy lane."

Through this lane the "Innocent at Home" loved to wander in his white flannels for homely gossip with the neighbors. They remember him best as one who above all things loved a good listener, for Mark was a mighty talker, stored with fairy tales for the maids he adored, and racier, ruder speech for more stalwart masculine ears. It is a legend that he was vastly proud of his famous mop of white hair, and used to spend the pains of a Court lady in getting it to just the proper stage of artistic disarray.

The burial will be in the family plot at Elmira, N. Y., where lie already his wife, his two daughters, Susan and Jean, and his infant son, Langhorne [*sic* Langdon] No date has yet been set, as the family is still undecided whether or not there shall be a public funeral first in New York City.

It is probable that Stormfield will be kept as a Summer place by Mrs. Gabrilowitsch, who is very fond both of the house and the country, although her husband's musical engagements make it necessary that she spend a part of each year abroad.

Mr. Paine said tonight that Mark Twain had put his affairs in perfect order and that he died well off, though by no means a rich man. He leaves a considerable number of manuscripts, in all stages of incompleteness and of all characters, many of them begun years ago and put aside as unsatisfactory.

Mrs. Gabrilowitsch will aid Mr. Paine in the final decision as to what use shall be made of these.

April 22 Friday – William Dean Howells wrote to Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch after learning the sad news:

I found Mr. Paine's telegram when I came in late last night; and suddenly your father was set apart from all other men in a strange majesty. Death had touched his familiar image into historic grandeur.

You have lost a father. Shall I dare tell you of the desolation of an old man who has lost a friend, and finds himself alone in the great world which has now wholly perished around?

We all join in sending you our helpless love [MFMT 291].

Jervis Langdon II diary entry:

Fri. April 22, 1910. Redding. Funeral arrangements were practically completed last night. Edward in N.Y. consulted with Maj. Leigh & Mr. Duneka of Harpers. Clara in the end prefers a stop-off in N.Y. & service there. Open to the public except for some special cards sent out. Spent the day largely with Clara and Ossip. Clara is wonderfully calm and dear. Dr. Quintard spent last night here. Uncle Sam placed in mahogany coffin, which Edward picked out, in the evening & he lay all night in state in the beautiful library [Jerome & Wisbey 153].

The New York *Times*, p8, ran an editorial titled, "Mark Twain."

MARK TWAIN.

That SAMUEL L. CLEMENS was the greatest American humorist of his age nobody will deny. Posterity will be left to decide his relative position in letters among the humorists of English literature. It is certain that his contemporary fame abroad was equal to his fame at home. All Europe recognized his genius, the English people appreciated him at his own work, and the University of Oxford honored him with a degree. His writings commanded a higher price in the market than those of any other contemporary whose career was solely devoted to literature. His "public" was of enormous extent. From "The Jumping Frog" to the "Diary of Adam" everything that came from his pen was eagerly read and heartily enjoyed by multitudes.

Much that he wrote has already been forgotten, inevitably, and in spite of definitive editions and the admirably practical management of his business in the later years of his career. But nearly all that JONATHAN SWIFT, FIELDING, STERNE, and SMOLLETT wrote has been forgotten, though their fame, resting on a few books, still lives. ARTEMUS WARD, MARK TWAIN'S greatest predecessor as a National jester, is now little more than a name. NASBY belonged exclusively to the Reconstruction period. For any American humorous writer it would be fit to compare with MARK TWAIN we must go back to WASHINGTON IRVING. But the author of Knickerbocker's ironical history and the Sleepy Hollow legend did not surpass, in those denotements of the humorous genius, the author of "The Adventures of a Cub Pilot on the Mississippi" and "Huckleberry Finn." Indeed, it is hard to say that IRVING ever surpassed CLEMENS. Without belittling the first great American prose writer we are compelled to doubt if posterity will name him in the same breath with the humorist who has just passed away.

The "Innocents Abroad" and "A Tramp Abroad" are likely to be remembered among the great travel books of all time. Full of the audacity, the wild exaggeration and violent contrasts which distinguish the National humor, they are equally remarkable as the veracious record of fresh impressions on a fertile and responsive mind. Mr. CLEMENS'S more serious works, such as "The Prince and the Pauper," an incursion into the field of historical romance; "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," and "Joan of Arc," have been read by multitudes with great delight. He has been quoted in common conversation oftener, perhaps, than any of his fellow-countrymen, including BENJAMIN FRANKLIN and LINCOLN. He has been honored by misquotation, too, and the humorous sayings of the ancients have been attributed to him, though he never borrowed. His wit was his own, and so was his extravagance, and his powers of observation never failed him.

We have called him the greatest American humorist. We may leave it an open question whether he was not also the greatest American writer of fiction. The creator of Mulberry Sellers and Pudd'nhead Wilson, the inventor of that Southwestern feud in "Huckleberry Finn," which, with all its wildly imaginative details, is still infused with rare pathos, has certainly an undying vitality. An emotional and quite unconventional sort of man, CLEMENS was, whose early life was a hard struggle for existence. He obtained his education where he could get it. Presumably his faults were as large as his merits. Intellectually he was of Herculean proportions. His death will be mourned, everywhere, and smiles will break through the tears as remembrance of the man's rich gift to his era comes to the mourners' minds. However his work may be judged by impartial and unprejudiced generations his fame is imperishable.

The *Times* also ran a short piece, p. 2, of the reaction in England to Twain's death:

ENGLAND FEELS HIS LOSS.

Only Tolstoi's Death Could Be More Regretted, Says London Paper.

LONDON, April 22.—The British public followed the reports of Mark Twain's last illness with deepest sympathy, and the news of his death will be felt as a national loss. All of the London newspapers publish extended sketches of his career, with portraits and reminiscences, especially recalling his last visit to England in 1907, when Augustine Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, presiding at the Pilgrims' dinner, paid an eloquent tribute to Mark Twain as a man Englishmen delighted to honor.

The news of his death arrived too late for editorial comment in the papers. The Morning Post obituary says that he enjoyed a popularity in Great Britain rarely exceeded by any American man of letters. The Daily Mail says that it is no exaggeration to say that Mark Twain was the greatest humorist the modern world had known.

"With the exception of Tolstoi," says The Morning Leader, "probably there is no writer whose death would rouse more universal emotions of respect and regret. Mark Twain's death leaves a blank in the purely human literature.

The *Times* ran another short piece of an old schoolmate of Sam's who claimed to be the original Huck Finn:

"HUCKLEBERRY FINN" TALKS.

Original of Character Calls Mark Twain Greatest American Literary Figure.

Special to The New York Times.

PARIS, Mo., April 21.—"The old days are passing. The men who made them are gone, and even the long sweep of the majestic yellow river seems to have dwindled and lessened. The noise of its traffic, the music of its many deep throated voices are practically no more. The man who caught them and froze them into human words for the delight of the world is dead."

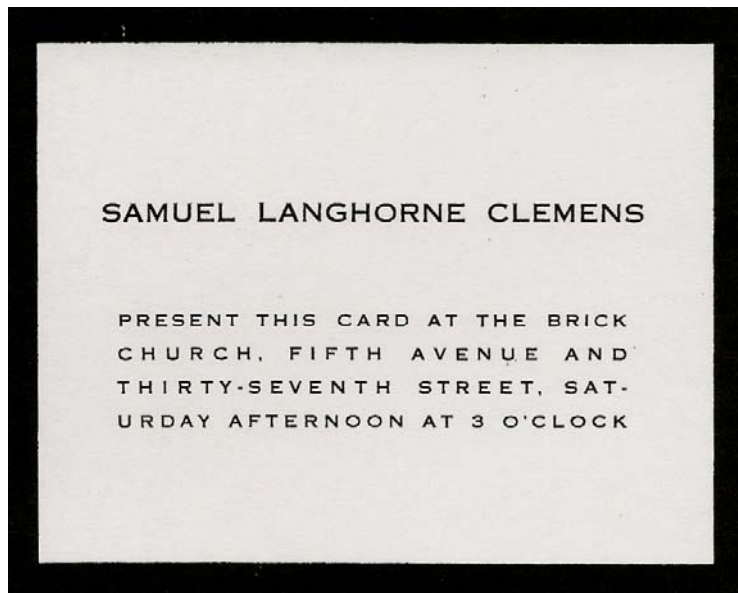
So spoke B. C. M. Farthing, friend and schoolmate of Mark Twain, and the original "Huckleberry Finn," when told tonight of the death of his boyhood friend and companion.

"I can't talk to you about it," he said, "for all that I might say would be construed either as boasting intimacy with the greatest literary figure the Nation has ever produced or as an effect to gain cheap notoriety. I desire neither.

"I can see the gray-haired man who died at Redding today as he stood at the window of the old Hannibal Courier office fifty years ago, his sleeves rolled up, leaning on his case, bargaining with me and his younger brother, Henry, for a mite of a boat that lay down at the river's edge. I can see the shock of hair and the quizzical gray eyes, and the kindness, yet, with all the shrewdness, that shone from them. The racial love of adventure was in him, and the spirit of the river fanned it into flame."

April 23 Saturday – Jervis Langdon II diary entry:

Sat. April 23, 1910. Redding & N.Y. Beautiful weather continued. Up early. We left a little after nine the country hearse first, then Lounsbury driving Paine, Claude & I & later Clara, Ossip & Katy in the little old coupe. Newspaper men & cameras. Reached N.Y. at 12. Met by Edward, Maj. Leigh & Mr. Duneka. Clara & Ossip went with Edward to the apartment. The rest of us to the Brick Church where he was quietly laid before the pulpit. Simple service by Dr. Van Dyck & Dr. Twichell, & then three or four thousand passing in review. Young Herald reporter & I saw the coffin into Donnelly's hands at Hoboken Station. To Julies to dinner. All went to the car in good season & to bed by midnight [Jerome & Wisbey 153-4].



The New York *Times*, p. 20, Apr. 23, noted a tribute to Mark Twain by Missourians in New York:

TRIBUTE TO TWAIN BY HIS HOME FOLK

His Writings Clean Because He Was Clean, the Toast of Missourians.

A FORERUNNER OF REFORM

"The Gilded Age" an Up-to-Date Story of Grafters,
Says ex-Gov. Folk—F. Hopkinson Smith's Eulogy.

The men and women in New York who come from Missouri, the State that produced Mark Twain, held their annual dinner last night at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, and almost every speaker paid a tribute to the great humorist.

F. Hopkinson Smith said that he had been asked to attend the dinner and say something about Mark Twain because he was from Virginia, the State that gave birth to Twain's father. "Tonight there lies cold in death almost within the sound of my voice," went on Mr. Smith, "a clean-minded man, whose pen stood for all that is beautiful in literature.

"There was never a line from his pen that left a sting. There was nothing bitter; no sarcasm, no irony, no so-called mud-slinging; and that, too, in an age when misjudging is rampant. There was not a sentence he wrote which the purest of women could not read with pleasure. Because he was clean, therefore none of his output could be otherwise.

"I ask, Mr. President, that we rise and drink a silent toast to the memory of Mark Twain."

The suggestion was acted upon with alacrity.

"We mourn tonight the death of Missouri's most famous son," said ex-Gov. Joseph W. Folk. "He had a deeper insight into nature than any author in the last century, not excepting Dickens himself. 'The Gilded Age,' he wrote twenty-five years ago describes the ways and doings of grafters better than any book written in recent years. His works have made millions of lives brighter, and the world is better for his having lived in it."

Mark Twain as a Reformer.

Ex-Gov. Folk thought that Mark Twain's works had marked the beginning of the great reform movement that has been sweeping over this country, and is still doing its work of regeneration. After the Civil War, he went on, people were busy trying to adjust their business and household affairs, and there was full opportunity for the sowing of the seed of corruption and their growth. Then the people, of whom the

majority is always honest and straight, saw what had happened, whereupon there was a beginning made to clean out the houses of Government.

In passing he spoke approvingly of the work now being done by Mayor Gaynor and by Gov. Hughes. The Mayor's action in the matter of excise, keeping the police as far removed from contact with saloon men as possible, Mr. Folk said, was a strategic move against graft; for wherever privileges are enjoyed somebody at some point along the line steps in and asks payment for that enjoyment.

He mentioned Gov. Hughes in stating the markers that point how far the reform movement has got in this country and State.

"Ten years ago," he went on, "can you think of your Legislature investigation itself, and even throwing one of its members out? Now it comes out as a matter of course.

"But these investigations and exposures do not prove that there is more graft and vileness in Government now than they used to be. The newspapers tell more about them, because the public conscience is aroused and wants to know about them. There is more told now than used to be; there is not so much done that calls for telling."

Speaking of the ways of grafters Mr. Folk declared that they know very well that if a clear issue of right and wrong be put before the public the immediate verdict will be for the right; and, therefore, the grafters always adroitly manage to complicate the main issue with other questions, some of them popular, so as to bewilder and confuse men of even the best intentions.

[No further mention of Clemens was found in the remaining article.]

The New York Times, p. 3, dateline Paris, France, Apr. 23:

FRENCH SNEER AT MARK TWAIN.

Ernest Charles Calls Him "the Most Laborious Humorist."

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

PARIS, April 23.—Almost all of the French journals have published appreciative notices of the value of Mark Twain's literary work. One must suppose in reading these notices an extraordinarily widespread knowledge of the subtleties of the English language among Frenchmen.

A surprising exception is found in Ernest Charles, a critic much in the public view, who in a short article on Mark Twain seems determined to convince every reader possessing any degree of penetration that the views which he expresses are the product of ignorance and anti-Americanism combined. This article is published in Gil Blas, which has also been conspicuously unique in its sneering comments, not by any means witty, upon Theodore Roosevelt since his arrival in Paris.

Mr. Charles says in effect that Mark Twain did well to die, and that it was not his fault if while he was all his life the most laborious humorist, he was totally lacking in wit.

"Mark Twain's humor," M. Charles adds, "was painful, his fantasies dense and difficult to follow. By them, one may estimate the exact distance which separates the Yankee country from the civilized world; but anyhow, hurrah for Roosevelt!"

The New York Times, p. 3, Apr. 24, dateline Redding, Apr. 23, reported Sam's return to Stormfield.

LAST SCENE AT THE OLD HOME.

Mark Twain, When Ill, Wouldn't Be Carried in There—Stood for a Greeting.

Special to The New York Times.

REDDING, Conn., April 23.—Less than two weeks ago Mark Twain arrived at Stormfield, having been brought back from Bermuda by Albert Bigelow Paine when he was told that his friend was dangerously ill.

Mr. Clemens had to be carried from the steamer to his carriage, and in all the intermediate steps of the journey. But when he arrived at his hilltop home and the carriage drew up at the doorway, he insisted on

getting out himself. This was because Katie Leary, his housekeeper for twenty-nine years, and his butler Claude, stood at the door to welcome him.

It did not suit Mark Twain's notion of courtesy, Mr. Paine said, to be carried in and not be able to greet them properly. He weakly alighted and then drew himself up to his full height. Off came his big hat with a full sweep, and then he made one of his old-fashioned low bows and spoke to them. Not until then would he allow himself to be helped. It was the last time he walked unaided.

Today before his body was carried to New York, he lay in the beautifully furnished living room on the lower floor, among his books. He had been dressed in one of his white cashmere suits and brought down there the night before. The unshuttered windows let in a stream of sunlight, and the breeze fluttered the light curtains. It was a perfect day.

At 9 o'clock it was announced that Mrs. Gabrilowitsch, his only surviving daughter, Clara, was coming downstairs. The other members of the household withdrew and she went into the living room alone. The doors were locked. In about half an hour she came out, drawing her veil about her face. The coffin was placed in the village hearse, drawn by a team of white horses, and the little procession started for the four-mile drive to the Redding station.

Mr. and Mrs. Paine and Jervis Langdon were in one carriage with the butler, Claude, and Mr. and Mrs. Gabrilowitsch followed in a carriage which had been presented to Mr. and Mrs. Clemens at the time of their marriage. On the front seat sat Katie Leary.

As they went over the hills to the railroad station many of the townsfolds were seen in front of their houses. The men uncovered as the hearse passed. On the way Dan Beard, his wife, and children joined the procession. Another group of country folk was gathered at the railroad station. Most of them were members of the Redding Library Club, in which Mark Twain was deeply interested, and to which, besides giving it all his superfluous books, he had drawn a check for \$6,000 the day before his death. They stood in silence during the short wait for the train, and the men again uncovered as the coffin was lifted on the train.

Mr. and Mrs. Gabrilowitsch retired into the stateroom compartment of the parlor car. The remainder of the party was made up of Jervis Langdon, Albert Bigelow Paine, Dan Beard, and Harry Lounsbury, the Stormfield Superintendent.

The conductor of the train, which was the Pittsfield Express was M. H. Lyons. He had become well acquainted with Mark Twain owing to the fact that the author always waited for his train in going to and from the city. The dead author used to say that he enjoyed talking with Lyons.

The New York *Times* also ran a short article speculating the size of Twain's estate:

HIS ESTATE PROBABLY LARGE.

Publisher Says Mark Twain's Income in Late Years Was Enormous.

Mark Twain's royalties from books, which have sold in larger number than the works of any other American author, left him at his death a wealthy man. A member of the firm of Harper & Brothers, who for ten years have been his publishers, discussed his books and royalties yesterday afternoon.

"There have been published in America of Mark Twain's books," he said, "about 5,000,000 or 5,500,000 copies. And these do not take into consideration publications abroad, which have been made in many languages. While we do not care to announce the figures Mr. Clemens received for his stories that appeared in our magazines, still it may be said that his royalties were larger than those of any other contemporaneous author, and that his books had a larger sale even in the last year than any other writer of the period.

"Mr. Clemens's income of late years was enormous, and he always had large sums of ready money at his command. It is hardly probable that with such intimate friends as the late H. H. Rogers to advise him he failed to invest this money wisely and to his advantage.

"A short time ago Mr. Clemens desired to have his books a part of every household library, and entered into a contract with us to publish them at \$25 for a set of twelve volumes. He received only a small royalty on this edition, but its sales astonished both himself and us, and we had counted on something extraordinary, too.

“Mr. Clemens’s books will sell for years to come both in this country and abroad, as he is more highly rated in Europe than he is in his own country. There he is counted a great philosopher, while here he is known at preset chiefly as a humorist.”

The NY *Times* also ran a short letter to the editor about Twain and **Halley’s Comet**:

Mark Twain and Halley’s Comet.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

I wish to draw your attention to a peculiar coincidence.

Mark Twain, born Nov. 30, 1835.

Last perihelion of Halley’s comet, Nov. 10, 1835.

Mark Twain died, April 21, 1910.

Perihelion of Halley’s comet, April 20, 1910.

It so appears that the lifetime of the great humorist was nearly identical (the difference being exactly fifteen days) with the last long “year” of the great comet.

R. FRIDERICI.

Westchester, N. Y., April 22, 1910

April 24 Sunday – Jervis Langdon II diary entry:

Sun. April 24, 1910. Raining when we arrived at Elmira. Father there to meet us. Lee & the children well. Funeral services at 3.30. Mr. Eastman very good—his prayer wonderful. He was very brief. Father met Mr. Paine, Mr. Duneka and Maj. Leigh. To the cemetery in heavy downpour which was continuously a part of the day. We got a carriage & took the children down to Mothers. Clara & Ossip seemed to like them. All except I of the party returned on No. 8 [Jerome & Wisbey 154].

The New York *Times*, p. 3, Apr. 24, reported on the New York funeral:

LAST GLIMPSE HERE OF MARK TWAIN

—————
They Opened the Coffin in the Brick Church and 3,000 Persons Saw His Dead Face.
—————

A TRAMP IN THE THRONG
—————

**Dr. Van Dyke Pays His Tribute and
the Rev. Joseph Twichell Chokes Down His Tears to Pray.**
—————

A short pause was made in the journey of Samuel Langhorne Clemens to his final resting place in Elmira yesterday, and he was brought to the Brick Church, at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-Seventy Street, that those who knew him might not be deprived of opportunity to see his face for the last time. A reading from the Scripture, a short address, and a prayer constituted the simple service. Then, for an hour and a half, a stream of people from all walks of life passed in front of the bier.

The same spirit which had led to the unbarring of Stormfield to breezes and sunshine on the day after the death pervaded the church yesterday. There was no gloom; only the peace that Mark Twain would have desired. The people who passed by the coffin saw not so much the man Samuel L. Clemens, a philosopher through the necessity for bearing misfortune, as Mark Twain, who was everything from Huckleberry Finn and Colonel Mulberry Sellers.

Mr. and Mrs. Ossip Gabilowitsch, the latter heavily veiled, sat in the front pew on the left side of the church. With them were Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Loomis and William Dean Howells. Behind these sat the Albert Bigelow Paines and Jarvis [sic] Langdon. In another pew were the widow and children of Samuel Moffett, a favorite nephew of Mr. Clemens, who died in California several years ago.

The funeral party from Redding arrived in New York at noon, Mr. and Mrs. Gabrilowitsch going first to friends. The male members of the party accompanied the body to the Brick Church. At the Grand Central Station a few who knew the train on which the party was to arrive had gathered, and when the body was taken out a crowd collected and all heads were bared as the coffin was lifted into the hearse.

Throng at the Church.

It was originally intended to open the church to the public at 3 o'clock, after the holders of the 400 tickets which had been distributed had taken their seats. But the crowd at Thirty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue threatened to block traffic on the avenue, and at 2:30 it was decided to let them in. the church was almost immediately filled. In fact, several hundred persons who could not be accommodated remained on the streets during the service until it was time to view the body.

Inside the church complete quiet was maintained, even while the people were taking their seats. The effect was enhanced by the soft tones of the organ when Clarence Dickinson began playing Chopin's Funeral March. As he changed to the Death's Chariot music of Grieg's "Death of Asa" the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke and Dr. Joseph H. Twichell, both old friends of the author, came through the curtains into the pulpit.

Dr. Van Dyke stepped forward and began to read the Scriptural part of the Presbyterian funeral service. When he had finished he entered without a break on his address. It was a simple and dignified estimate of the worth of the work that Mark Twain's life had produced. Throughout it was evident that the speaker was making a strong effort to keep down his emotion and control his voice. There was a noticeable break in his voice when he said: "Now he is gone."

Dr. Van Dyke's Address

In part Dr. Van Dyke said:

"Those who know the story of Mark Twain's career know how bravely he faced hardships and misfortune, how loyally he toiled for years to meet a debt of conscience, following the injunction of the New Testament to provide not only things honest, but things 'honorable in the sight of all men.'

"Those who know the story of his friendships and his family life know that he was one who 'loved much' and faithfully, even unto the end. Those who know his work as a whole know that under the lambent and irrepressible humor which was his gift there was a foundation of serious thoughts and noble affections and desires.

"Nothing could be more false than to suppose that the presence of humor means the absence of depth and earnestness. There are elements of the unreal, the absurd, the ridiculous in this strange, incongruous world which must seem humorous even to the highest Mind. Of these the Bible says, 'He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Almighty shall hold them in derision.' But the mark of this higher humor is that it does not laugh at the weak, the helpless, the true, the innocent; only at the false, the pretentious, the vain, the hypocritical.

"Mark Twain himself would be the first to smile at the claim that his humor was infallible. But we may say without doubt that he used his gift, not for evil, but for good. The atmosphere of his work is clean and wholesome. He made fun without hatred. He laughed many of the world's false claimants out of court, and entangled many of the world's false witnesses in the net of ridicule. In his best books and stories, colored with his own experience, he touched the absurdities of life with penetrating but not unkindly mockery, and made us feel somehow the infinite pathos of life's realities. No one can say that he ever failed to reverence the purity, the frank, joyful, genuine nature of the little children, of whom Christ said, 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'

"Now he is gone, and our thoughts of him are tender, grateful, proud. We are glad of his friendship; glad that he has expressed so richly one of the great elements in the temperament of America; glad that he has left such an honorable record as a man of letters, and glad, also for his sake, that after many and deep sorrows, he is at peace, and we trust happy in the fuller light.

"Rest after toil, port after stormy seas,
Death after life doth greatly please."

Bad News to Dr. Twichell.

Then the Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Twichell of Hartford came forward to deliver the prayer. Associated with the dead author from the middle and happiest part of his life, the minister who performed the marriage that brought so much happiness into Mr. Clemens's life and lived to hold the funeral services of not only the wife, but of three of the children born of the marriage, it was no wonder that when he came to deliver a prayer at the death of his friend his voice should fail him. Throughout the short service he had sat with bowed head to

conceal the fact that tears had found their way to the surface. Now he made a determined effort to control himself, and finally was able to say what he had to say.

Although fully as old as Mark Twain, Mr. Twichell carries his age well. He is a big, vigorous-looking man. With his mass of heavy white hair he does not look unlike Mark Twain himself. His prayer, except for the benediction by Dr. Van Dyke, ended the service. When he left the pulpit and retired into the robing room, he received a blow that was particularly sad owing to the circumstances under which it came—a telegram saying that his wife was seriously ill in Hartford and that he must return there at once. He left the church immediately and took the first train for his home. It was arranged that in his stead the Rev. Samuel E. Eastman, pastor of the Park Church, should officiate at the services in Elmira.

3,000 Passed the Coffin.

The service in the Brick Church lasted only twenty minutes. It is estimated fifteen hundred persons crowded to hear it. At its conclusion it was announced that the coffin would be opened. The lines of those within the church began to pass around it, and the crowd from the street pushed in. This was at half past three. there was no abatement in the stream for the next hour and a half. Finally at 5 o'clock it was found necessary to close the doors, as the body had to be taken to Hoboken and put aboard the special train for Elmira. More than three thousands persons meantime had passed in front of the coffin.

Every walk of life was represented in the line, which filed slowly past the coffin. Before the doors were opened a score of brightly dressed little girls appeared in front of the church, each with flowers in her hand. They were disappointed at not being allowed to enter, but the ushers appeased them by taking their flowers and setting them near the bier.

When the people had been filing past only a few minutes it could be seen that almost every nationality was represented. There were several negroes. Jervis Langdon, who was standing near the head of the coffin, was much interested in one of the persons who passed him. He said that the man looked the very picture of trumphood, but his bearing was easy, and he seemed to be unconscious of his tattered clothes, stopping for along look at he face of Mark Twain. Mr. Paine also saw him, and said he was probably some one who had seen better days, in which he had read Mark Twain and conceived a liking for his work.

All religions were represented. Some of those who passed crossed themselves as they did so.

Bay Wreath on the Coffin.

The idea of simplicity was carried out in all the arrangements. There were no pall bearers. Although surrounded by flowers, there was nothing on the coffin except a wreath which Dan Beard had made of bay leaves gathered the night before, at the request of the family, on the hill behind the house where Mark Twain spent a good deal of his time. This was put on the coffin when it was taken out of Stormfield, and will not be removed. A copper plate on the lid bore the inscription:

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS,
MARK TWAIN,
1910

All the persons of literary prominence who are in this part of the country were present yesterday, besides delegations from the better-known clubs. Albert Bigelow Paine, biographer-to-be of the dead humorist, and Major Frederick Leigh and Frederick A. Duneka of Harper's were in the vestibule of the church to receive. Other than these the ushers were the undertaker's men.

Some of the Mourners.

Here are some of the prominent persons who were present:

William Dean Howells, Miss Mildred Howells, Andrew and Mrs. Carnegie, Prof. and Mrs. Brander Matthews, W. W. Ellsworth, and C. C. Buel of the Century Company; Davis Bispham, Will N. Harben, Peter Finley Dunne, Sydney Porter, (O. Henry,) James Lane Allen, Will Carleton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Collier, John B. Stanchfield, Philip V. Mighels, Robert Underwood Johnson, Joseph H. Choate, J. Henry Harper, Miss Elizabeth Jordan, Robert Bridges, Dan Beard, Henry Holt, Don Seitz, E. S. Martin, President John Finley, Col. Daniel Appleton, Mrs. George Harvey, Joseph W. Harper, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Alden, ex-Gov. Joseph W. Folk of Missouri, Julian Hawthorne, and Emma Thurston.

There were also delegations from the Pilgrims, both American and English; the Authors' Club, the Lotos Club, the Century Association, and the Players. Flowers came from the Aldine Association, the American Academy of Arts and Letters, the National Institute of Arts and Letters, Booth Tarkington, Mrs. H. H. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Rogers, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. William R. Coe, son-in-law and daughter of the late

H. H. Rogers; Robertson Coe, Mr. and Mrs. Urban H. Broughton, Robert J. Collier, the Robert Fulton Memorial Association, Mr. and Mrs. Philip James McCook, Col. and Mrs. George Harvey, Emily W. Burbank, the Pilgrims, (of both countries,) and Harper Brothers.

Last night the coffin was taken across the ferry and put aboard the private car Lake Forest, owned by E. E. Loomis, whose wife is a niece of Mr. Clemens. Immediately after the service Mr. and Mrs. Gabrilowitsch went to the apartment of the Loomises, which they left late last night for Hoboken. The party accompanying the body to Elmira consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Gabrilowitsch, Mr. and Mrs. Loomis, Albert Bigelow Paine, Frederick Duneka, and Major Leigh.

The preceding newspaper account related Twichell's receipt at the Brick Church, of bad news concerning his wife, **Harmony Cushman Twichell**. Courtney writes and gives more specifics:

In New York, preparing to mount the pulpit to offer the prayer, he was handed telephone messages from his son Joe and son-in-law John Hall: "Mrs. Twitchell seriously worse," read the message from Hall. Twichell sat through the hour-long service, gave a shaky prayer—the newspapers commented on how upset he seemed to be over his friend's death—and took the 4 o'clock train back to Hartford.

He arrived in time to talk to Harmony before she was operated on for ulceration of the bowels at Hartford Hospital. "It's all right," she told him, too weak to say more. She died shortly after midnight [267]. *Note: Harmony's death Apr. 25.*

MARK TWAIN AT REST; BURIED BESIDE WIFE

Simple Ceremony Held in the Home of His Brother-in-Law, General Langdon.

SCHOOL CHILDREN'S TRIBUTE

The 500 Boy Pupils of Louisville High School
Send Floral Piece—Rev. Samuel Eastman Officiated.

Special to The New York Times.

ELMIRA, N.Y.—April 24.—In a heavy downpour of rain the body of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) was buried this afternoon in Woodlawn Cemetery beside that of his wife.

The body was brought to this city at 9:30 o'clock this morning in the private car of Vice President Loomis of the Lackawanna. In the party accompanying it were Mark Twain's daughter, Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch and her husband; Mr. and Mrs. Loomis, Mr. and Mrs. Jervis Langdon, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Collier, Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, Major Fred T. Leigh, and F. A. Duneka. At 3:30 o'clock funeral services were conducted at the residence of Gen. Langdon, brother of the departed wife of Mr. Clemens. The Rev. Samuel Eastman, who succeeded Thomas K. Beecher as pastor of the Park Congregational Church, officiated.

In keeping with Mr. Clemens's wish the ceremony was simple. There were no music, no honorary pallbearers—just the brief address and prayer by Dr. Eastman. The body lay in state in the very parlor where Mr. Clemens's marriage of forty years ago was held, and some of those who attended the wedding were there today to look for the last time upon the face of their friend.

The services at the house were public, but the attendance was not large. Besides the funeral party which accompanied the body from Redding, the little gathering included only a few relatives and old friends. Dr. Eastman said in part:

"We are not here at this time to speak of the great man whose going hence the whole world mourns, nor to claim for him that place in the halls of fame which only time can give him. We are here to weep with those that weep, to give thanks with those whose own he was in the sacred bonds of human kinship and family affection."

The last visit of Mr. Clemens to Elmira was two years ago, when he came especially to be present at the dedication of the new organ in the Park Church. It was suggested then that he go to the old home on East

Hill, where he wrote many of his early stories, but he demurred, replying that such a visit would awaken sorrowful thoughts. He had not been to that former abode since before the death of his wife.

It was recalled today that forty years ago Mr. Beecher held Sunday afternoon services at the Elmira Opera House, engaging a brass band, and thus shocking the Protestant Ministers' Union, which suspended Mr. Beecher from its rolls. Mr. Clemens came to the defense of Mr. Beecher and the methods he employed to elevate the masses, writing several articles on the subject for the local press. Just south of the Langdon residence in the park stands the Beecher statue. On the occasion of his last visit here Mr. Clemens viewed the statue.

Just before the hour of the funeral there arrived a large floral design with the following card attached: "From five hundred boys of Louisville (Ky.) Male High School. In remembrance of Samuel L. Clemens, who has brightened their lives with innocent laughter and taught them squareness and grit and compassion."

The piece receive a conspicuous place at the bier. Much sorrow was expressed when it was learned that the wife of the Rev. Mr. Twichell, who officiated at the services yesterday and who expected to assist Mr. Eastman here today, was dead.

The *Elmira Advertiser*, Apr. 25, 1910 gave a fuller description of the Elmira funeral services:

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS TO-DAY LIES BESIDE HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN IN WOODLAWN

Under a tent on the grassy slope of the Langdon plot in Woodlawn Cemetery, with rain beating fiercely against the canvas cover, a little group of mourners silently watched yesterday [Apr. 24] as the body of Samuel L. Clemens was lowered into an evergreen-lined grave beside those of his wife and children. Rev. Samuel E. Eastman, pastor of Park Church and a close friend of the dead humorist, conducted a brief but simple service and Mark Twain's first pilgrimage was at an end. To-night he lies sleeping under a grave piled high with flowers, the tributes of loving friends from far and near.

A former governess of the Clemens family and two of her friends and half a dozen newspaper men watched the little procession as the hearse bearing its precious burden and the accompanying carriages would their way slowly through the cemetery in a pouring rain to the tent that had been erected to give shelter from the storm. Aside from these and the sexton there was no one to intrude on the privacy of the ceremony.

The funeral services at the residence of General Charles J. Langdon, on Main Street, were extremely simple and in keeping with the expressed wish of the deceased. There was no music, no honorary pall bearers—just a brief address by Rev. Mr. Eastman. The body of the distinguished man of letters lay in state in the parlor where forty years ago he was married to General Langdon's sister. Some of those who attended the wedding were there yesterday to look for the last time upon the face of their friend. But neither Thomas K. Beecher nor Rev. Joseph Twichell, who performed the wedding ceremony, were in attendance. A bronze statue of Mr. Beecher, who died several years ago, stands in the center of a park across the street from the Langdon home. Mr. Twichell sent word of his inability to come on account of the illness of his wife, who later died in Hartford, Conn.

The services at the house were public but the attendance was not large. Besides the funeral party which accompanied the body from Redding the little gathering included some of the relatives and old friends of the Clemenses who reside here.

The body of the great humorist lay in the plain mahogany casket in the front parlor of the Langdon home. To those who came to pay their last respects to this man who had brightened their lives because he lived, Mark Twain appeared to be sleeping. Just before he died the newspaper dispatches told of how he had fallen into the first restful slumber he had experienced in a long time and as he lay in his casket one could hardly help but remark of the look of contentment on the man's face. He had longed for death and it came to him as a peaceful sleep. Death had wrought no changes in his features. The stained moustache told of the one joy of his declining years, outside of his only living daughter, his cigar.

Elmirans who had known Mr. Clemens personally, despite their age braved the storm to look once more upon the features of the grand old man. A comparatively few sat about and gazed at one another conscious of the fact that in the casket nearby rested a man who had won world-wide renown, yet whose funeral was to be of the simplest kind. It appears as if Elmirans had just come to realize what it was to have Mark Twain in their midst, even though the pen had been laid away and the kindly features had set never to relax. No more

would he work for the entertainment of mankind. His work was done as far as he was concerned, but his memory and his works will long continue to be a monument, such as few men have ever enjoyed.

A Friend's Tribute

And then the reveries of these few was interrupted as the Rev. Samuel E. Eastman arose promptly at 3:30 o'clock and began the simple services. After reading several selected passages from scripture, he spoke briefly as follows: "Friends," he said, "we are not here at the time to speak of the great man whose going hence the whole world mourns, nor to claim for him that place in the halls of fame which time can give him. We are not here to try to estimate his worth to the world—the service he has rendered to civilization and the moral progress of mankind nor yet to eulogize him for the integrity, justice and magnanimity of his character. There will be time enough for all this in the days to come and many a voice more competent than mine to set for the lessons of his life. We are here to 'weep with those that weep,' to give thanks with those whose own he was in the sacred bonds of human kinship and family affection for all that he means to them, for the unfailing trust and help he gave them and gratefully took from them in turn: for the daily gospel of his life in his loving kindness which cluster about his name as father, husband, brother, uncle, friend, in their hearts."

Rev. Eastman's Prayer

Mr. Eastman then offered the following prayer which brought the services at the house to a close: "The heart knoweth its own bitterness and no stranger intermeddeth with its joy. We thank for each sorrowing soul's peculiar joy and its bitterness.

"May the joy deepen and the bitterness be dissolved in its depths, for sorrow indeed endureth for the night, but joy returneth with the morning."

"For the dear child who remains sole heir of a happy household's gracious memories we ask daily strength and wisdom and grace which shall make her rich inheritance a blessing to every soul she meets; for all those to whom the world is darkened by the going out of this light of a loving life, we pray thy comfort—the comfort of enobled thoughts, widening charity and enlarging hope. We lay to our hearts, the wise man's great words, "There can be no evil befall a good man either in life or after death," and the divine words of Jesus, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid, I go away and come back to you."

"We thank thee for the light that shineth in darkness, for the hope that riseth out of every good and beautiful life lived amid the shadows of mortality; even the hope of a higher service, a sweeter joy, a more abundant life beyond the sphere of time and space.

"We thank thee for all the works and words of cheer and good will our friend and sometimes neighbor has left us in the hearts of those who knew and loved him; that in his life he declared himself the friend of every living thing, that our hill side bears witness to this greatness of his heart who sought to bless even the passing beasts of burden with the joys that enriched his life.

"May we all take counsel in this hour with our better selves and learn that the only good which we can give away and yet possess forever, are honesty and justice, hope and love.

"So shall the house of mourning be better to us than the house of feasting and the blessing of them that mourn be ours.

"May the blessing of God that has followed us all the days of our lives abide with us all, though we be separated in worlds, but not in life. Amen."

Many A Tear-dimmed Eye

During his reading the reverend gentleman who had been a close friend of the deceased was nearly overcome with emotion and several times out of the fullness of his heart seemed to falter as he spoke. The little group present seemed to be imbued with the same spirit and there was a tear in many an eye. When the services were over those present slowly filed out of the house, and not until they had reached the street did they regain their composure.

Then began the slow procession to the cemetery where Mr. Clemens was to be laid beside the body of his beloved wife whose sudden death in Florence, Italy, had proven such a blow to his declining years. Here in the same plot lay the bodies of his three children, Langhorne, jr. [*sic* Langdon] Olivia Susan and Jean, the loss of whom together with his wife, had made Samuel L. Clemens weary of life. It was only last Christmas that Jean had died and at that time the father was in such feeble health that he could not come here to the burial. He was coming to rejoin her now.

As the burial was to be private, no one outside of the immediate family [and] a few faithful servants, except four newspapermen were on hand when the funeral cortege reached its destination on the top of a little hill where a tent had been put up as a shelter against the storm. The few outsiders stood at a distance while the casket was lowered in the midst of the sorrowing relatives.

Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, who was Clara Clemens, the only surviving daughter of the late author, bore up well under the trying ordeal and on leaving was escorted to her carriage by her husband, and cousin Jervis Langdon, of this city. After the carriages had left the scene Undertaker Smith permitted the few newspapermen to view the last resting place of the man who began his career in a newspaper office. The four stood with uncovered heads, the last to look upon all that was mortal of this great man.

His Last Resting Place

In years to come people will come from far and near to view this last resting place of Mark Twain as they have done for many years to Stratford-on-Avon where is buried William Shakespeare. Pilgrimages will be made to this spot in beautiful Woodlawn cemetery and thus has Mark Twain distinguished this Queen City where much of his labor was performed and where he met the girl whom he loved and where he finally came to lie in his last sleep. Elmira is to be envied in being the last resting place of this international figure. May he rest in peace.

Arrival of the Remains

The body arrived in this city from New York yesterday morning over the Lackawanna at 9:25 o'clock on the private car "Lake Forest." Accompanying it were the following: Mr. and Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Mr. Clemens' only surviving daughter and her husband; Edward E. Loomis, vice president of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad; and Mrs. Loomis [Julia Langdon Loomis], a niece; Albert Bigelow Paine; and Jarvis [sic] Langdon, a nephew; Katie Leary, the housekeeper, who thirty years ago entered the services of the Clemenses in this city; and Claude, the butler. F.A. Duneka and Major F.P. Leigh, of Harper Brothers, came on to Elmira to attend the funeral.

General Langdon was at the station to meet the party and the body was at once taken to the Langdon home.

It was hoped that the Rev. Joseph Twichell, of Hartford, Conn., a life-long personal friend of the later Mr. Clemens, could come to this city and deliver the funeral oration. The Rev. Joseph Twichell had intended to come but here another pathetic incident entered into this strange story. The wife of Mr. Twichell had been taken ill in Hartford and he had been hastily summoned from the funeral services over the remains of his friend in New York City, back to the bedside of his wife; and when morning came, the Angel of Death had entered his own household and snatched away a loving helpmate. The mourners around the Clemens' bier in this city were further grieved by the telegram announcing this death, yesterday morning. Mrs. Ossip Gabilowitsch immediately telegraphed to Hartford that she would hasten to that city together with her husband, as soon as the last rites had been held over the body of her dead father.

Elmira can not but help feeling a touch of pity for the daughter, the last of a noble family. Heartfelt sympathy goes out to her from even the remotest corner of the globe and [the] world mourns with her in this hour of sorrow. She has lost a father, and the world has lost a ray of sunshine that can never be replaced. Mark Twain sleeps in Woodlawn [Jerome & Wisbey quote, 155-9].

The New York *Times*, July 15, 1911

MARK TWAIN ESTATE ABOUT HALF MILLION Largely in Stocks and Estimated Worth of the Mark Twain Company PROPERTY IN TWO STATES

Principally In This City and at His Home in Redding, Conn.—Manuscripts Said to be Without Value. Deputy State Controller Julius Harburger filed with the Surrogates' Court yesterday the tax appraisal of the estate of Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain.) Mr. Clemens died at his home in Connecticut on April 21, 1910. He left in this State and Connecticut an estate aggregating \$471,136.

By the terms of the will, which was made on Aug. 7, 1909, the author leaves his entire estate to his sole surviving daughter, Mrs. Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch. The witnesses to the will were Albert Bigelow Paine, Harry A. Lounsbury of Redding, Conn., and Charles T. Lark of 571 West 139th Street, this city. The executors of the will were Zoheth S. Freeman and Edward E. Loomis, both of New York, and Jervis Langdon of Elmira.

Mr. Clemens left no real estate in this State, but his personal property here amounted to \$296,746. He held among his personal effects 929 shares of stock of five different companies at different times, which turned out to be worthless, as in most cases the companies were out of business.

Included in the estate in Connecticut were 1,750 shares of the Utah Consolidated Mining Company, valued at \$80,377; 165 shares of United Fruit Company, valued at \$29,370; 400 shares of Anaconda Copper Company, valued at \$18,100; and 100 shares of Union Pacific Railroad Company, valued at \$18,587.

His property at Redding, Conn., is valued at \$70,000. A trunk containing manuscripts was said to be without value. Some of his important holdings in this State were fifty shares of the Mark Twain Company, valued at \$200,000 and 100 shares of American Telephone and Telegraph Company, valued at \$13,687, and 813 shares of J. Langdon & Co., valued at \$21,674.

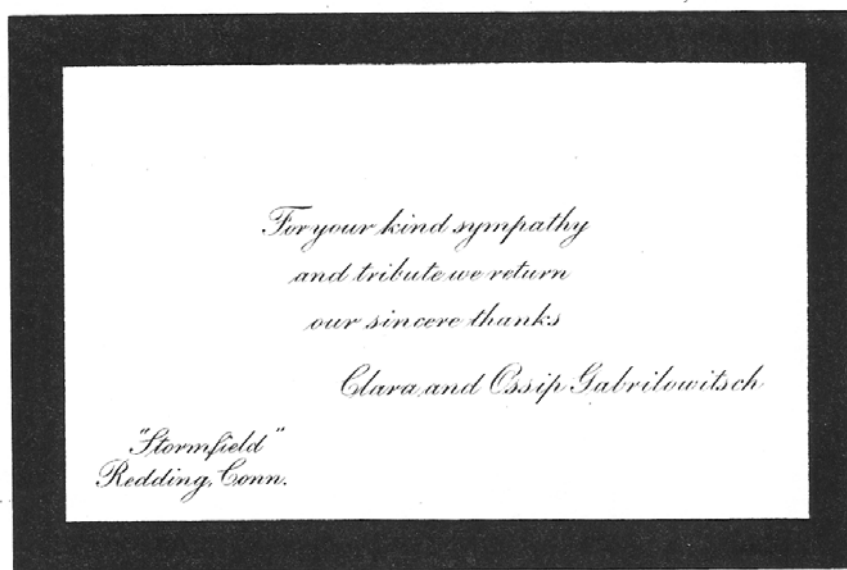
The author also left books valued at \$2,000. An affidavit by Charles Lark, the witness, states that the appraisal value of \$200,000 for the shares in the Mark Twain Company was considered too high by Harper & Brothers, who published Mr. Clemens's books, and who placed an upset value of \$180,000 on the stock.

In commenting upon the appraisal there is also a letter from F. A. Duneka of Harper & Brothers, which says:

"A copyright is a very perishable and usually non-marketable thing, growing of less and less value very rapidly after an author's death.

"While we expect that during the next four years the Mark Twain estate will receive under existing contracts \$18,000 a year upon copyright royalty account, yet this amount after the expiration of existing contracts will immediately tend to dwindle and diminish.

"We put an upset valuation of \$180,000 upon his copyrights, and even this we regard as excessive.



Clara and Ossip sent out the following engraved notice thanking those who sent sympathy.

One or two wrote after Twain's death seeking books they'd sent him to autograph. These were found and sent.

Frederick A. Duneka offered **Albert Bigelow Paine** \$10,000 for the serial rights to the biography he was writing on Clemens. He accepted on May 18 and selected chapters of the Biography ran in *Harper's Monthly* in 1911.

*Lord, what is man, that thou takest knowledge of him!
Or the son of man, that thou makest account of him!
Man is like to vanity:
His days are as a shadow that passeth away.
Psalms 144: 3-4*

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The index is organized alphabetically, not chronologically. The following have **not** been indexed: fictional characters, most newspaper articles and subheadings, all subjects of all letters, whether paraphrased, summarized, or quoted, as well as persons and places within autobiographical dictation summaries See *AMT 1*: for more on specifics. Not all subjects listed under Autobiographical Dictations have been indexed, but most have. These summaries were taken from *AMT* or *Mark Twain in Eruption* and are not comprehensive.

Items within the Addenda & Errata for Vol. III (as of print time) are included in this index. More recent updates may be found at *MarkTwainDaybyDay.webs.com*. This index includes books, plays and other literary works, as well as the authors of those works. Readers may seek up to date bibliographies for Samuel Clemens' vast array of writings, including the on-line site of Camfield's *Oxford Companion to Mark Twain*. Also, Thomas Tenney's *Mark Twain, A Reference Guide* (with many supplements) is still a central reference for works written about Clemens. Alan Gribben's *Mark Twain's Library: A Reconstruction* is an excellent source for Sam's literary interests and ownership of a vast library of works; many literary works and literary criticisms are beyond the scope of this work.

This index focuses on persons and places, with lesser emphasis on events and subjects, such as **baseball** or **International Copyright** efforts. Those who corresponded with Sam are indexed; locations are limited to those Sam stayed or planned to visit. Whenever possible, surname, first name and middle initial or middle name are listed. In some cases these are unknown; some individuals may be double listed, when it was undetermined if they were different people, such as a "Mrs." listing and a maiden name. If Sam referred to someone in a letter and only the last name is given, and no other reference was found, then the last name only is indexed. Merchants and commercial firms, when named as "John B. Smith, Plumber," are alphabetized and indexed in the same order as the literal company name, in this case under "John" not "Smith." Likewise, "Wm. H. Jackson & Co." as "Wm" not as "William" or "Jackson."

Mark Twain's major literary works, may be found directly by name of the work. His minor works, such as essays, sketches, poems, as well as a sprinkling of his interesting events, opinions and experiences may be found as **subheadings** under **Clemens, Samuel L.**: Sub headings are indented and underlined; sub-sub headings are doubly indented, etc.. The principal subheadings for Clemens are:

Attended
Autobio. Dictations
Declined
Essays
Fascinated by
Gave
Honored by
Inscribed
Interviewed by
Lectures/Readings
Opinion of

Objected to
Sketches
Solicited
Speeches
Suffered
Unfinished/Unpublished works
Upset with
Visited

Many listings are mere mentions; some significant, some trivial. In a day-by-day chronology, much of a trivial nature is included, which scholars and researchers may ultimately judge, in context, to be significant. Many speeches, readings and lectures are indexed, but these are not meant to be complete. Readers should seek individual entries in a given timeframe for more specifics. Many readings included several set pieces, and not all lectures were such in the common meaning of the term at that time.

Inquiries may be made to the publisher: HorizonMicroPub@gmail.com

The index of a book should always be written by the author, even though the book itself should be the work of another hand. — Attributed to M.T. by **Robert Underwood Johnson**, *Remembered Yesterdays*, p 190n1.

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