

# MARK TWAIN AS KEOKUK PRINTER

Interesting Memory Sketch of the Life of Samuel Clemens While a Citizen of This City.

## TRAGEDY OF FISH WIFE

Came Back Home During World Lecture Tour and Filled Opera House on a Snowy Night.

[By William E. Broadfield.]

Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) was an Iowa printer's helper before the civil war. He worked for his elder brother, Orion Clemens, who in the 50s operated a job printing office in Keokuk. Orion had the contract to print the city directory and Sam was one of the compositors. When he came to his own name in the directory, instead of allowing it to go through as "Clemens, Samuel, printer," the budding humorist changed it to "Clemens, Samuel, antiquarian." You can see this copy of the Keokuk city directory in the Keokuk public library today. Jokes were Sam's delight, and usually they were of a harmless sort. I was reporting an old soldier's reunion at Keokuk one fall when Orion was the center of attraction among a group of the old soldier boys.

"But Sam did a mean trick once," said Orion, who was relating some of his then-famous brother's boyhood days. "We were then living at Hannibal, Mo. Sam took a young girl to a party. Stickers and cockle burrs were ripe, and what did the young scamp do but lead her through the worst of the stickers purposely to witness the decorations. Her dress was a fright. The story of Tom Sawyer was largely an autobiography of Sam's early days, and the young girl that she speaks of in the story as Tom's girl friend was the young lady he led through the stickers."

Orion was somewhat older than Sam and in middle life he gave up the printing business to study law. But he did not practice much. He finally drifted into writing and became an author of no mean ability himself, according to local reputation. He wrote stories by the yard, and as I never saw his name in print he evidently used a nom de plume. At any rate some of the newspaper boys fixed it up in their own minds that Orion wrote many of his brother "Mark's" best work. This was a pure fabrication, however. His contributions were to story papers of the cheaper grade, which in the 70s and 80s flourished so vigorously. Nevertheless the printers of Keokuk at that time were proud of the fact that Mark Twain once "stuck type" there. His stay at the printing business in Iowa was not of long duration. He had learned his trade on the old Hannibal Courier and then worked for his brother Orion who first opened up his job office at Hannibal. Twain in recounting this experience not long before his death said that Orion was bent on running the shop for the benefit of his customers entirely and not himself as he took the work at ruinously low prices. It was in the days before cost findings as used in the modern printing office entered into the proprietor's thought. All he wanted then was the work, and the elder Clemens got it. Mark complained that pay days were few and far between. Orion then moved to Muscatine, Ia., where he was married. He took his bride to Keokuk, and there they resided the balance of his life. Mrs. Clemens, mother of Orion and the famous humorist, joined them, and for years her strong face and white hair was one of the familiar sights on the streets of the Gate City of Iowa, as it was called in the early days, when river traffic ruled over commerce.

John Fry, brother of Smith Fry, a long time Washington correspondent for western papers was circulation manager for The Gate City in the 80s and used to stuff we printer boys full of yarns of the early days.

However, in one of his earnest moments he remarked that Mark Twain was a real funny man even when a young printer. One year the printers were celebrating Franklin's birthday. Sam Clemens was one of the speakers and made an address that brought down the house and that was long remembered.

About that time Sam Clemens became a pilot on a Mississippi river steambot. It was one of the best paying jobs of the time, and as Clemens had never a knack of making money. It gave him a start in the direction he was aiming. It was then that he picked up the pen name of "Mark Twain." It was part of the trade of the riverman to "mark twain" or measure the depth of the river, and as Clemens heard the men on deck calling it off it became fixed in his memory. But he tells that someone else beat him to the name. An old river reporter at St. Louis used the nom de

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plume and when he died it passed out of use until Clemens took it up himself and made it famous.

It was the common custom of those days for newspaper writers below the position of editor-in-chief to use a pen name.

Sam Clemens was much like his brother Orion in his later years, and they both bore a striking likeness to their mother, especially the younger son. She was a strong featured old lady of remarkable appearance, and as he grew older the humorist resembled her more and more.

She was very fond of going to church though deaf, and sitting up near the pulpit, ear trumpet in hand, was a picture for local people and visitors to remember. Orion and his wife were faithful church-goers. He was long a leading member of the Westminster Presbyterian church. Finally he took it into his head to write an article for local consumption that the patriarch Abraham was not so good a saint in his early years as he was made out. He also said he was a fire worshipper. The Presbyterian brethren were much wrought up over this tampering with sacred writ. The pastor was Rev. Willis Craig, afterwards president of the Presbyterian theological college at Chicago. He announced that he would answer Mr. Clemens' article on a Sabbath morning. The church was thronged. Clemens and his wife and mother were there. After his sermon on the Abraham article the pastor announced that it was the sense of the brethren of the church that Mr. Clemens had excommunicated himself by his attitude. Prayfully they must part, hoping that he would see the error of his ways. There was much weeping over the affair, for the Clemenses were fine people and good neighbors. They immediately became connected with the Congregational church.

They lived in a neat brick house which it was said had been built for the mother by Mark Twain himself, and that Mark contributed regularly to his mother's keep.

About this time Twain had been observing the profits that his publishers had made from his works, and being himself an old-time printer, he concluded that to publish his own books would give him double profits. Now, observe what a keen eye he had for business. A company was formed at his then-home town of Hartford, Conn. and it was styled Chas. L. Webster & Co. You will guess who the company was. But it was not long before it failed with a great crash. I will remember how several of us young fellows at that time thought what a great pity it was that after a "lifetime" of work poor Mark Twain must lose all and end his days in poverty.

But that was before we fully realized what a business genius Mark Twain really was, aided and abetted by one H. H. Rogers, who was then not yet a national figure. Between them had sprung up a strong attachment. Not long ago some one said that Twain was as a child in money affairs. For my part I do not believe it. Twain was much like Shakespeare—out for the dough. Literature he liked as did "Spokesman," as he called him. But both were ever near the box office to hear the money rattle. Twain knew how to advertise himself before the advertising experts of today were in the primary grade. He did not sit down and pine over his losses.

Twain simply quit the easy life he had gotten into and went to work and paid off all his debts and those of the whole Webster company. Ever since then we have heard of the parallel between this feat and that of Sir Walter Scott, when the Scottish publishing house with which he was con-

nected failed. Scott was an older man, and grief and confinement over his task of continuous writing by hand killed him. Had Scott failed in these days he would have gone on the Chautauqua platform or done a winter's lecture course stunt or two, and gotten out of his troubles much easier. Scott went into the publishing business because he thought writing paid too little. Twain started as a writer, and thought the publisher got the big end of the profits.

Twain immediately went on the lecture platform and had lots of fun out of it as well as much sightseeing, for his tours took him out to Australia and around the world.

George Cable, the then New Orleans novelist, was in his prime at that time, and Twain started out with him. Cable soon after withdrew claiming that Twain was getting the best of the bargain. The fact was that Cable would have read to empty houses had it not been for his famous coworker. Rogers may have been back of it all, but it was evident that Twain was no spring chicken at 70.

John T. Raymond, who in the 70s played Mark Twain's "Gilded Age," quarreled with the author over the proceeds, which is another evidence that Twain was not letting any per cent slip by his busy fingers.

However, his care for his mother and his assuming the entire indebtedness of his publishing firm, stamp him in the main as a man of honor, no matter what his misunderstandings with Raymond and Cable may have been.

During a tour of the world Twain made it a point to include the town of Keokuk. The new opera house was crowded. A snow storm was on and the train was rather late, so that he had no other opportunity to greet his mother before the "show." Mark was at his best. His "Tragedy of a German Fish Wife," evidencing his growing knowledge of languages, and that his must have been far from an idle life. When the show was out the snow lay on the ground knee deep. Some of us young newspaper chaps wanted to get in a word with Mark, but when it was over he ran from the stage door like a boy to where his mother stood.

"Why, Sam, I scarcely knew you at first," was her greeting as she stood with Orion.

"That's because I've grown so good looking, mother," was Sam's response. And the crowd withdrew out of respect to the holy relationship of mother and son.

Next day there was a grand reception at the Clemens home to the now famous man who years ago in the same town had humorously referred to himself as an "antiquarian."

About that time it became apparent that the name antiquarian really fitted the author. He delved into ancient books and wrote, "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court." Then he gave to the world one of the best stores of "Joan of Arc" ever penned. The latter was first published in a magazine without the author's name, yet literary men said at once that it was Twain's from the peculiar individuality and type styles. Being a printer he had his own fad at introductions and the attendant flourishes and settings, that betrayed his personality to the keen-eyed literary men of the day.

One winter the corresponding secretary of the Keokuk printers gave a ball and Billy Douglas decided to send an invitation to Mark Twain. Billy received a personal letter from Clemens in which he said he hoped to make one more trip at least to the old home before the old friends should depart from his vision forever.

There was not a line of humor in the answer. I remember the thrill of sadness it gave us. It seemed as though Twain had gone through some trouble that weighed heavily upon him. It once more affirmed what I had observed in literary men, that their line of writing is often advertised more heavily by their readers. That once started a funny man is always a funny man to them, no matter how serious he sometimes becomes.

As editor of the paper for the ball, I tried to say something funny about Twain, but the published letter dampened all that part of the programme, and we simply had to depend upon local shots of the day for the humor, running in a joke on Billy when he wasn't looking, and we boys taking it out on the foreman, since we had one good chance.

Twain's last days were anything but humorous. But he had thrown mere humor aside years before he wrote the Story of Joan of Arc. There is something beautiful in his allusion to the fairies and sprites that surrounded the high-atmosphere soul of Joan. There is a subtle something in the writings of Twain that saves him from now and then creeping into his works. All through "Tom Sawyer" and his "Huckleberry Finn" there is a strong belief in the good spirit of boyishness that is saving. It is a vision of higher things. In "Roughing It" he went to sleep and dreamed of a tour of Europe and the Holy Land and showed his aspirations for the higher life and the thirst for education his younger life had missed. In the morning he and his comrade awoke to find their supposed mine had petered out.

But on and up he went. From printer's devil to pilot from pilot to miner, and then newspaper man in Nevada and California, then writer and lecturer and traveler, and author of world renown. Even Oxford called him over to England to honor him in the Sheldonian theatre, reserved for her choicest literary lights.

Many an Iowa boy has dreamed of such a goal. In "John Halifax, Gentleman," Mrs. Craig, the author, dwells upon an ancient saying that should be held before every boy of ev-

ery generation, "Cling, O man, to the dreams of thy youth." Business failure, the strife for bread and loved ones, often break the heart and ambitions of men. But they did not break down Mark Twain when he found himself a financial wreck on the shady side of life. He simply went to work again, took up the discomforts of a life on the road when most men grow tired of travel and not only paid off thousands of dollars of indebtedness, but also made a snug fortune for investment. It is not a common man who can do all this, and it is well for Iowa boys and girls to remember that Mark Twain had few advantages as a boy. His parents were not rich and work was ill paid in those days. His achievement is only one of many that Iowa boys grown to manhood are continually performing. He cultivated and educated himself because he loved good literature, and the love of boys and boyish ideals abided with him all his days.

James C. Dahliman, "Cowboy" Mayor of Omaha, "Throws the Lariat."

Mayor Jas. C. Dahliman started his career as a cowboy, and is at present mayor of Omaha, and has the following record. Sheriff of Dawes Co., Neb., three terms; mayor of Chadron, two terms; democratic national committeeman, eight years; mayor of Omaha, six years, and in 1910 candidate for governor of Nebraska. Writing to Foley & Co., Chicago, he says: "I have taken Foley Kidney Pills and they have given me a great deal of relief so I cheerfully recommend them." Yours truly, (Signed) James C. Dahliman. Wilkinson & Co.

## HYDE CASE IS BEING HEARD

Second Trial of Doctor Who is Accused of Murdering Colonel Swope.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 23.—The first venire of talemens for the Hyde jury has been drawn and it is estimated that 1,500 will be required as it will be hard to pick a jury. The second trial of Dr. B. C. Hyde for the murder of his wife's uncle, Colonel Thos. H. Swope, the millionaire philanthropist, is now being heard before Judge E. E. Porterfield in division two of the criminal court.

Hyde, after a sensational trial was convicted May 16, 1910 but the supreme court of Missouri reversed the case and remanded it for a new trial. The second trial will not be so long as the first, because the supreme court ruled out the evidence of other deaths and the typhoid epidemic in the Swope household. The defense filed a motion to quash the indictment on the ground that Judge Latham, from whom they took a change of venue from prejudice, helped to pick the talemens.

Hardly had the case been called at 9:30 Monday morning when the defense asked the right to examine the panel of veniremen. After a wordy war the court settled the question by ordering the list of eligible jurors to be read in open court. This delay, coupled with the fact that Senator Read was delayed in returning from Chicago, held up the proceedings for about an hour. The examination of veniremen then proceeded rapidly.

## LOOK FOR THE CAUSE

Follow the Advice of Other Women Who Have Had Experiences Similar to Yours.

Have you ever stopped to consider what is the meaning of the various symptoms from which you are suffering? Certainly the paleness, pain in the back, headaches, loss of appetite, nervousness, shortness of breath must have some one cause. They are not diseases in themselves but are complaints and warnings from the different organs of the body that these organs are not being supplied with pure blood and cannot do their daily work.

To be in good health a person must always have good rich blood. Every tissue of the body depends upon it for nourishment and strength. Knowledge of this fact makes possible a direct treatment for the various disorders from which women suffer. They can cure their troubles by making the blood pure with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Mrs. F. N. Kenning, of No. 411 Fifteenth avenue, North, Minneapolis, Minn., who was completely cured by this remedy, says:

"For over a year I was in very poor health. I was very weak and thin and stout taking no interest in my work. I had terrible pains through my back. I was subject to dizzy spells. My limbs would seem to give out and I would have no control of them during these spells. I was reduced in weight to 98 pounds and could not do my work."

"The doctor did not seem to help me until I took his treatment. It was then a cousin recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to me and I gave them a trial. I soon felt much better and I now weigh 115 pounds. For years I had terrible headaches but since taking the pills these have disappeared. My health is better than it has been in years and I give the credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I would advise all suffering women to take the pills for I know they will relieve them of much misery."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People should be used in anemia, chlorosis or green sickness, sick headache, or for nervousness and a general run-down condition of the health. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are for sale at all druggists, or will be mailed to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box; six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

# What's The Matter With Your Baby?

The young mother—and many an old one, too—is often puzzled to know the cause of her child's ill nature. The loudness of its crying does not necessarily indicate the seriousness of its trouble. It may have nothing more than a matter with it than a headache or a feeling of general dullness. It cannot, of course, describe its feelings, but as a preliminary measure you are safe in trying a mild laxative.

Nine times out of ten, you will find it is all the child needs, for its restlessness and peevishness are perhaps due to obstruction of the bowels, and once that has been remedied the many other evidences of sluggishness and indigestion will quickly disappear.

Don't give the little one salts, cathartic pills or nasty waters, for these will act as purgatives, and they are too strong for a child. In the families of

Mrs. J. E. Harmon, 506 Star Ave., Burlington, Iowa, and Mrs. E. Morse, Council Bluffs, Iowa, the only laxative given is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It has been found to answer most perfectly all the purposes of a laxative, and its very mildness and freedom from gripping recommend it especially for the use of children, women, and old folks generally—people who need a gentle bowel stimulant. Thousands of American families have been enthusiastic about it for more than a quarter of a century.

Anyone wishing to make a trial of this remedy before buying it in the regular way of a druggist at fifty cents or one dollar a large bottle (family size) can have a sample bottle sent to the home free of charge by simply addressing Dr. W. E. Caldwell, 405 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Your name and address on a postal card will do.

## Round Trip Winter Tourist Excursion Fares

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## MARVELOUS TIME OF FREIGHT TRAIN

Consumed Only Eighty-Two and a Quarter Hours From Seattle to New York City.

CHICAGO, Oct. 24.—Stories of marvelous flights in the air which birdmen beat the fast mail are daily flashed over the wire. But there will have to be a tremendous evolution in skylights before the aeroplane will endanger the marvelous coast-to-coast record just made by rail.

Eighty-two and a quarter hours from Seattle to New York City, 3,178 miles, is the new world's mark just established by a train laden with two million dollars' worth of silk via the Great Northern, the Burlington and the New York Central system.

This means that the train traveled at an average speed, counting stops, including a delay of more than two hours in switching at Chicago, of more than 38½ miles per hour all the way across the continent. When one reflects that two great mountain ranges were crossed and that frequent changes of engine and train crew were made necessary, the time made is nothing short of marvelous.

The special left Seattle on Friday, Oct. 13, at 4:45 a. m. The run to St. Paul clipped two hours off of the best previous record. The flyer reached St. Paul at 4:00 a. m. Sunday. Twenty minutes later it was speeding to Chicago over the tracks of the Burlington, arriving there at 2:05 p. m., having traversed the intervening 431 miles in 9 hours and 45 minutes.

Leaving Chicago at 4:30 p. m., Sunday via the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, the special arrived at the delivery station in New York City at 6 p. m. Monday.

Deducting three hours for the difference in time between New York City and Seattle, the actual running time of the train was 82½ hours. The best previous record by rail between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts was 97 hours and forty minutes. The new record of 82½ hours is 8 hours and 25 minutes faster than the fastest regular passenger time that it is possible to make at this time between New York and San Francisco.

In Mid-October. No autumn has been or will be more glorious than this. For long weltering weeks the pastures, lawns and landscapes were sere and brown. The farmer witnessed with unfeigned regret his herd of kine persistently seeking succulent grass and falling in their efforts.

## A Splendid Tonic.

Cor. Ky.—Mrs. Iva Moore, of this place, says, "I was so weak, I could hardly walk. I tried Cardui, and was greatly relieved. It is a splendid tonic. I have recommended Cardui to many friends, who tried it with good results." Testimony like this comes unsolicited, from thousands of earnest women, who have been benefited by the timely use of that successful tonic medicine, Cardui. Purely vegetable, mild, but reliable, Cardui well merits its high place in the esteem of those who have tried it. It relieves women's pains, and strengthens weak women. It is certainly worth a trial. Your druggist sells it.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. W. P. SHERLOCK, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office, 18 North Fifth street, in Howell building. Office hours—10 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 4 p. m.; evenings, 7 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 1 p. m.

W. J. HARTEFF, M. D., D. O. Osteopathic and Electric treatment a specialty. Office, 20 North Fourth street. Ground floor. Hours—10 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m. Evenings by appointment. Phone—Om., Iowa 1254-Red; residence, Iowa 870-Red.

DR. W. FRANK BROWN, 402 Main St., Keokuk, Iowa, Both Phones. Office Hours: 10 to 11:30 a. m.; 2:30 to 4 p. m.; 7:45 to 9 p. m.

DR. C. J. CHRISTENSEN, OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN. Y. M. C. A. Building. Office hours—9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 4 p. m. Residence, Iowa phone 1157; rings. Office, Iowa phone 1157, 1 ring; Residence 820 North Eighth St.

DR. H. B. WESCOTT, DENTIST. Office over Younker's store, corner Fifth and Main streets. Bell phone 676-Blue; Hub, phone 114.

DR. BRUCE F. GILFILLAN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office, 621½ Main street, over Crooks & Cox Millinery store. Bell Phone 190 Black. Residence 317 North Fourth street. Bell Phone 1280 Red. Hours: 10-12 a. m.; 2-4 p. m.; 7-9 p. m. Sunday by appointment.

DR. J. EATON JOHNSTON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. The only physician practicing Osteopathy in the county. The Smithsonian cross fitted and guaranteed, the only cross that holds. Office, North side of Main street, third door above Fifth. Phone 93. Residence, Ninth and Webster. Phone 481. P. O. Lock Box 41, Warsaw, Ill.

DR. H. RAINDGE, OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN. 716½ Main street, Keokuk. Office hours—9 to 12; 2 to 5 p. m. Bell phone 1326-Red.

DR. F. L. DEWEES, Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon. Office, 616 Main St. Hours: 10-12 a. m.; 2-5 p. m.; evening 7 to 8. Tel. Bell, 1366.

DR. C. E. RUTH, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Hours: 11 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 5 p. m. No. 407 Equitable Building, DES MOINES, IOWA.

DR. O. W. ROWE, Assistant State Veterinarian. 318 Blondeau street, Keokuk, Iowa. Iowa phone 294-Red; Hub, phone 1351.

O'HARRA, O'HARRA, WOOD AND WALKER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Corner of 5th and Main Streets Keokuk Iowa. Personnel: Apollon W. O'Harra, Clifton J. O'Harra, Earl W. Wood, Henry S. Walker. Offices: Keokuk, Hamilton, Carthage.

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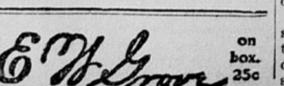
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