

# Mark Twain Is To Settle Down.

After Winning the World's Record as a Wanderer He Buys a Home Site.

Will Build on a Connecticut Farm—Famous Author Has Occupied More Houses Than Anybody Else in Human History—Lived Everywhere and Everybody Knows Him—His Boyhood Dwelling in Hannibal and His Latest Visit There—The Shack He Built in Nevada. How He Astonished New England—The World Is His Home.

By ROBERTUS LOVE.

MARK TWAIN is going to settle down. Don't laugh. He says so himself, and when was he known to tell a lie? He is not even on the official administration list of Ananias. He has spent fully forty years telling the serious, sober truth in his own way, and when he makes the solemn declaration that he is going to build a home at a certain spot and stay there it behooves the public to give him the benefit of the doubt.

For nearly seventy years Mark Twain has been a wanderer. He was forcibly removed from the place of his birth at the tender age of three by being carried in arms to a farm wagon that was bound to another town with the Clemens household goods. The example thus set him by his elders he has been unable to resist, so ever since about 1838 he has been moving. Now and then he has tried to settle down. He has made brave efforts in that direction, but always the peaky little microbe of wanderlust has stirred him to be up and away. In his time he has enjoyed living at many places, but always he has preferred somewhere else.

Mark Twain has been a constitutional tramp all his life. He was actually a tramp printer in his later boyhood, though by no means one of the pan-handling sort. Throughout his more

about midway between the two forks of Salt river. This noble stream, celebrated in politics, runs into the Mississippi river just above Louisiana, Mo., in Pike county. Down at its mouth it is wide enough to make an impression and deep enough to fish in, but up above its fork it is merely a couple of silvery streaks. Yet Florida was located between the forks because the pioneers imagined that Salt river was navigable for steamboats or could be made so and with boat traffic touching both sides the town would become a metropolis. There never was water enough to float a washtub, and that is why the Clemens family finally moved away and most of the other people vanished.

Mark Twain's first home, where he was born, was a small one story house. Opinions are divided as to whether it still stands. Some persons aver that it was chopped up for stove wood years ago and burned in the larger house which now occupies the site. Others declare that the original house, like the star spangled banner, is still there.

### His Boyhood Home.

But the one really important Mark Twain home in Missouri, the house associated with his boyhood, is still in a fine state of preservation and still occupied. It stands smack up against

ed to learn of it, for it would have been an international calamity. Consequently that house must be there, and you can find it easily if you visit Hannibal.

### The House That Mark Built.

The next home of Mark Twain which history records and which still stands is a shack in the town of Aurora, Esmeralda county, Nev., on the cactus desert. It is stated by a lady journalist of San Francisco that Mark Twain built this house with his own hands. That may or may not be true. Let us not take issue with a lady. The shack is built of clapboards and other things, with a little board porch in front and a stovepipe sticking up through the roof. Here dwelt Sam Clemens and his partners, subsisting upon canned beans and hope while they tried to discover silver in the rock regions roundabout. It is of record that they failed. Mark Twain moved out, went to San Francisco, Honolulu and scores of other places, not to forget Virginia City, Nev., where he began to write for the newspapers and found his calling.

Of course Mark Twain had many temporary homes along the Mississippi river, from Hannibal to the Gulf, between trips as steamboat pilot or helper. But they do not count. He has said himself that when you stay a couple of months in a place it begins to look familiar, but that it requires at least two years to make a place your home. In his wanderings he seems to have adhered consistently to this theory, for he lived two years each at half a dozen places in Europe—London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Florence, Venice and so on. This was after his marriage. Each of those cities now has a Mark Twain home to show to future generations.

One feels like offering an apology to the public for mentioning the first home of Mark Twain after his marriage, because the story has been told so often. But as this is a veracious chronicle of Mark Twain's homes the present writer must hew to the line. That home was in Buffalo. The bridegroom's father-in-law gave it to him as a little wedding present. I am determined not to say a word about that familiar story of the young newspaper man and his bride being detained somewhere by unreliable friends while other tricksters lighted the gas in all the rooms of the new home and the cook prepared and spread a savory supper. I shall not even mention how Mr. and Mrs. Clemens finally were permitted to drive up to the house, supposing they were visiting friends, and were told when seated at the table that the house and all its fixtures were theirs.

### When Connecticut Gaped.

Mark Twain had a third interest in the Buffalo Express, but by that time "Innocents Abroad" had made him so famous that he could not afford to continue in newspaper work. He moved out of the gift house and away from Buffalo. Fur overcoats, he said, had something to do with his quitting that climate on the lake shore. The family dived for a brief time in Elmira, the girlhood home of Mrs. Clemens, but the charms of Hartford, Conn., were not to be resisted. A literary colony in that city lured Mark Twain thither. Charles Dudley Warner was a neighbor. Harriet Beecher Stowe was another.

The house built by Mark Twain in Hartford was so far in advance of the age that Connecticut gaped. It was like thrusting a twentieth century Unitarian into the New England atmosphere of Jonathan Edwards. That house was built for comfort. It had enough windows to let in the light where the light would do the most good. It had plenty of ventilation. It had porches suited to all climates, which it needed in Connecticut, and it had no regard whatever for the conventional New England architectural lines of the period.

In this house the Clemens family resided for the larger part of twenty years. It began to look as though Mark Twain had settled down. But appearances were deceiving. The wanderlust microbe was still working. The family pulled up stakes and went abroad. Mark Twain rode around the earth on the equator, wrote, lectured, established biennial homes here and there, occupied houses for the summer in the Adirondacks, on the Maine shore, in the New Hampshire mountains and a few other regions.

Early in 1902 he purchased a handsome country place near Tarrytown, N. Y., not far from Mr. Rockefeller's house. But this place he never occupied. The family went to Italy in the hope of restoring the health of Mrs. Clemens. After the bereavement of her death Mark Twain returned to the United States and took a house on Fifth avenue, in New York. He is living there now, or, at any rate, he was until he packed up and went off to Bermuda a few weeks ago. The Fifth avenue house is quite close to the Washington arch and Washington square.

### Where He Will Settle Down.

"So Mark Twain has settled down at last," said the public when he took this house. But once again the public reckoned without its guest. Mark Twain was born in the country, or practically so, and now in his seventy-second year the country entices him again. So he has purchased a farm in Connecticut near West Redding and is preparing to build a house there—and settle down! It is averred very stoutly by those who know him best that he really means it this time.

The new house will combine several European ideas with some American notions of architecture.

The farm has 180 acres—large enough for wandering around in. But Mark Twain is welcome to the rest of Connecticut and the world outside, and no bars will be set against his wandering. The world is his home. His humor and philosophy have made it a fitter place for human life than it used to be.

## NORTH DAKOTA NOTES

A committee at Park River has raised nearly \$5,000 for a farmers' elevator.

The sticker ticket didn't stand much show in the city election at Cando.

A hardware store was struck by lightning at Oberon during a snow storm.

Valley City would like to pull the state fair away from both Fargo and Grand Forks.

A sleight-of-hand performance was an attraction at Wilton that astonished the citizens.

Forty carloads of machinery have been received this spring at Plaza—up in Ward county.

The lignite limited traveled so fast the other day it set fire to the grass just outside of Wilton.

Lisbon will bud out this spring with several miles of new cement walks and a number of new residences.

In addition to its other honors the Pierce County Tribune has been made the official paper of Elling township.

The Mayville Farmer seems to have rather let up in its fight on President Carhart of the Mayville Normal school.

Ex-Editor Hogue of the Washburn Leader has gone to the Pacific coast—where a lot of other good printers are heading for.

Rugby has been without electric lights since last December and the Tribune of that town wants the service resumed at once.

The pungent paragraphs of Editor Irysh are adding new life to the Wheatland Eagle since his return from the nation's capital.

Secretary Hughes, the progressive publisher of the Wahpeton Gazette, is already whooping up things for the Richland county fair.

Just to spur some of the other boys on to future greatness the Gwinner Gazette tells of a German editor who left a fortune of \$22,000,000 and a paper 175 years old. The Germans are better stayers than most of us.

The Minot papers are dead sore because the county commissioners gave a lot of county printing to Fargo concerns, and they want the proceedings of the commissioners investigated as to the prices paid.

James Twamley stopped off at Valley City on his way home to Grand Forks from Bismarck and gave the normal students a good talking. Twamley is a good talker—when an insurgent gets him riled up.

At McClusky, McLean county, last week, one of the elevators burned with contents, amounting to 17,000 bushels of wheat. The loss is estimated at about \$20,000, with some insurance. The origin of the fire is unknown, but it is believed that the flames originated from spontaneous combustion.

Editor Hull will be hauled up—for contempt if he don't quit—publishing the Wilton News—inside out.

The Casselton Reporter thinks the new temperance commissioner has a job on his hands, but that he may make good.

The Edmore Herald-News thinks the necessity for publishing the session laws in the newspapers of the state is greater than ever.

During a blinding snowstorm, lightning struck the hardware store of A. W. Spencer at Oberon, setting the building on fire. The flames were extinguished before any particular damage was done.

This is how the Rugby situation appears to the Cooperstown Courier. A big, two hundred pound lawyer went into the office of the Rugby Optimist the other day, called out the editor, who weighs about one hundred and thirty-five pounds, and wanted to fight over something that appeared in the paper. The accommodating editor went outside, they had the fight, and after the big lawyer had received a good licking at the hands of the quill driver, the policeman came along and ran him into the cooler and the lawyer had to pay a fine. Moral: If you don't like what appears in the paper think twice before you call out the editor. Size don't always count.

### PASSING OF THE DRAM-SHOP.

Not infrequently we hear an advocacy of the better regulation of the liquor question by the better regulation of saloons and the well-enforced provisions of a high license system. While there are arguments to be made in favor of a well-regulated system of liquor selling in preference to a system which permits blind pigs and places with no regulation at all, it is a fact that in many places the systems for the regulation of the liquor traffic do not regulate, through the deliberate refusal of the saloon men themselves to be regulated.

An established organ of the liquor industry, Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular, has frankly announced that "if there is one thing that seems settled beyond all question, it is that the retail liquor trade of this country must either mend its ways materially, or be prohibited in all places save the business and tenderloin precincts of our large cities." While there are everywhere some scrupulous men in the business of liquor selling, it would certainly be hard to produce evidence that the dram-shop, as an institution, either appreciates or accepts the responsibility of being put on its good behavior. We may instance the cases of Vermont and New Hampshire. After state prohibition was repealed a large proportion of the towns voted to give the saloon a chance. If ever there was an occasion for restraint and decent conduct it was this. Yet, after the trial, more towns every year have gone back to a local "dry" policy.

Not a Land Shark. "I hear that you called me a land shark," said the real estate dealer hotly.

"Yes," said the customer, "and I desire to apologize for it. The lots you sold me are under water at high tide. You're really a marine shark."

However, even this concession did not seem to restore the entente cordiale.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## ARMY CHANGES

PROMOTIONS AND CHANGES OF STATIONS OFFICIALLY DECIDED UPON

It is authoritatively stated, says the Army and Navy Journal, that the following promotions in the Army have been officially decided upon: Brig. Gen. William S. McCaskey, to be major general; Col. Charles Morton, 7th Cav., to be appointed a brigadier general upon the next vacancy. Major Gen. Leonard Wood, it is stated, will go to Governors Island next fall, after the visit of Secretary Taft to the Philippines and the island elections; and Major Gen. John F. Weston will succeed General Wood in command of the Philippines Division. Major Gen. Frederick D. Grant at his own request will go to Chicago in command of the Northern Division. Col. C. B. Hall and E. S. Godfrey will be promoted to be brigadier generals and will remain at their present stations in charge of the service schools at Forts Leavenworth and Riley. Other division officers will be asked to express their first and second choices for stations and commands. Lieut. Gen. Arthur MacArthur will remain at Milwaukee in order to complete his report on his observations in the Orient, and for duty in connection with observing field maneuvers and other assignments. He will not be in command of the Northern Division. General MacArthur's relief from command of the Pacific Division takes place on April 30.

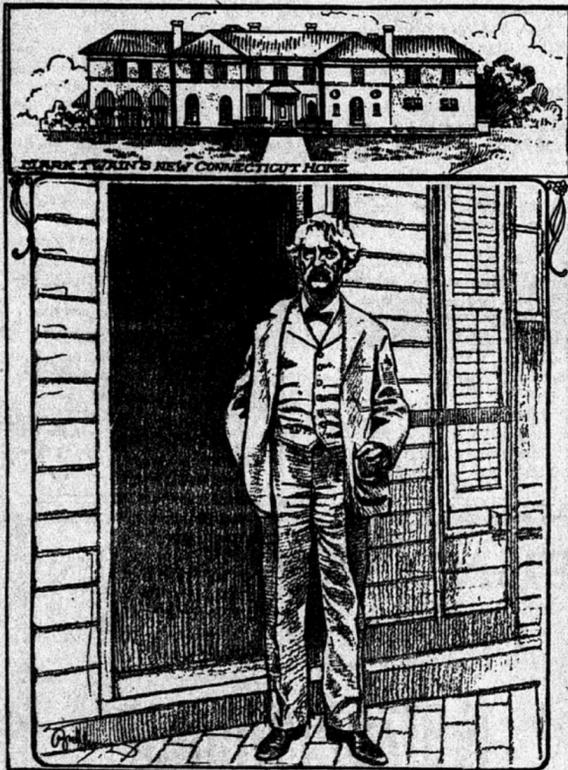
A battalion of the 10th Infantry—Companies I, K, L and M—will soon be transferred from Honolulu to Alaska to join the regiment. They will be relieved by the 20th Infantry, now at the Presidio of Monterey, Cal. Arrangements are being made for recruiting two companies as a permanent prison guard at Alcatraz Island, San Francisco, relieving the regular troops now on that duty. Plans are also under consideration for a new prison building.

Out of the Mouths of Babies. "Now, Willie," said the Sunday school teacher, "can you tell me why Satan tempted Eve first?" "Oh, I suppose he wanted to be polite," answered Willie. "Ladies always come first, you know."

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MARK TWAIN AT HIS BOYHOOD HOME IN HANNIBAL, MO.  
(Drawn from photograph by Robertus Love.)

mature life he has been a high class tramp, for which he need offer the world no apology. He has paid his own way and more, for everywhere he has scattered garlands of good cheer.

"I have lived more and in more places than any one else I ever knew," he once confessed.

There is none who will dispute him. Mark Twain probably holds the world's record as a wanderer. If anybody ever lived who has had more homes than he the world has forgotten the individual, for Mark Twain surely holds the championship so far as human chronicles indicate.

The present writer, being a fellow Missourian, once boasted that Mark Twain is the most famous man in the world. The other party, after a moment's reflection, replied:

"Well, he probably is, for he has lived everywhere in the world, and everybody knows him personally."

Mark Twain, who has changed his home so often, has changed his name only once. Off the stage and in private life he is still known to his intimates, when they happen to reflect, as Samuel Langhorne Clemens, LL. D. With the exception of the doctorate degree, which was conferred by Yale and the University of Missouri, that was his name when he was picked up and carried away from his first home, going with the second load, having been overlooked when the rest of the family started from Florida, Mo., to Hannibal, thirty miles away, in the same state.

### Where He Was Born.

Florida was a boom town in the thirties. It now has a population of about twenty-five people. The hamlet lies in Monroe county, northeast Missouri,

the brick sidewalk on Hill street in Hannibal. This I set forth of my own knowledge, for on Memorial day of 1902 Mark Twain himself positively identified and acknowledged it, and I took a photograph of the wanderer standing at the front door of his old home. The illustration on this page is redrawn from that photograph. That was the occasion of the humorist's latest and perhaps last visit to his boyhood home and haunts. It was the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and not mere curiosity that was responsible for my presence in Hannibal at the time. I am positive that it was Mark Twain who stood at the door of the old house, for I went up on the train with him and witnessed his signature, "S. L. Clemens," on the hotel register, heard him ask for a room with private bath and heard the clerk inform him that he might have a room near the bathroom, but the bath was not private.

Mark Twain lived in that house a dozen years or more before he began to rove again, and after that at intervals for a few years he reappeared. Then for nearly fifty years he never spent more than a day at a time in Hannibal until the occasion mentioned, when he went back and paid the old town a visit of nearly a week.

The house stands a block or so up from the Mississippi river. Tom Sawyer, who was Sam Clemens, could slide out of his back yard and into the back yard of Huck Finn, whose family name was Blankenship, without leaving the block. Huck lived on the next street north. Of Huck's house I also took a photograph, but that house has burned down since. The reason I am positive that Tom Sawyer's house has not been destroyed is that I could not have fallen

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