

to do anything. He still owed \$2,500, and he was an old man, this was too much for him to carry, and he thought he would sell. As Bill Nye read this his eyes began to fill. He is, you know, a mighty sensitive fellow, with all his fun. He happened to have some money on deposit in the bank, and he took out his check book, and filed out a check for \$2,500. He signed it in such big letters that it almost covered the face of the check, and wrote his name in full; Edgar Wilson Nye. This he sent to his father, and told him to pay off the mortgage, and as he did so, away down in his soul, I venture, said he to himself, "Well, I guess they'll think something now of the sickly little cuss whom they thought they would have to support, who didn't know figures, and who had to go west to make his fortune."

I see it stated that James Whitcomb Riley is to go on the lecture platform again this winter. If this is true, he has changed his mind during the last few months. At Indianapolis I was told that the best way to make James Whitcomb Riley angry was to mention the word "lecture," and that he had given the work up for good. A close friend of his, who has much to do with his legal business, told me how Riley recently received a big lecture offer from New York. A manager there wrote, offering him \$1,000 for four lectures. Riley went to the telegraph office and promptly declined, and he said at the time that the knowledge that he could afford to refuse an offer of that kind made him happy. He has been making a great deal of money out of his books of late years, and his income is now bigger than that of a Congressman. He is not an extravagant man, and he lives quietly in Indianapolis with his brother-in-law, who, by the way, has a good deal to do in the management of his business. He reads a great deal, and during the past two years has been devoting himself to the English classics. He is very fond of Longfellow, and one of his greatest favorites is Robert Burns.

The real secret of Mark Twain's tour around the world is the publication of a new book of travels. His lecturing will pay his expenses and will net him a small sum, but in all probability not enough to pay his debts. A new book of travels will bring him tens of thousands of dollars and it will have a sale all over the world. Mark Twain's experience in book publishing has given him a knowledge of what sells best, and he has great faith in travel. Not long ago I called upon him at Hartford to get his advice as to a book of this kind. In answer, he drawled out the following:

"There—is—only—one—kind—of—a—book—that—will—sell—better—than—a—book—of—travels—and—that's—a—pious—book."

He then went on to tell me something about his own experience in travel work, and gave me a far different story as to some of them than that generally believed. He told me that the publishers, and not the authors, made, as a rule, the most of the money out of a book, and he said he got a royalty of only five per cent on "The Innocents Abroad," or from fifteen to twenty-five cents per volume. He will do better with his "Round the World Travel," for he will publish it himself. He told me that the company that published "The Innocents Abroad" made a for-

tune out of it, and upon asking him if his royalty was not a very small one, he replied:

"No, not as such things usually go, though I thought it was when I made the contract. I was advised to accept it, however, by my friend, A. D. Richardson, who told me that he only got four per cent for writing 'Beyond the Mississippi,' and five per cent was a good royalty."

One hundred and twenty-five thousand copies of "The Innocents Abroad" were sold within three years after it was published, and the Hartford Publishing Company, which issued it, made more than \$100,000 out of it. I doubt whether Mark Twain got \$25,000, and it was probably through his desire to remedy such an unjust division of the profits that he went into the firm of Charles L. Webster & Co., through which he issued many of his books, and in connection with which he lost his fortune. I have heard it said that Mr. Clemens will issue a new volume of travels upon his return, and there is no doubt but that, if he does so, it will be he who will make \$100,000, and the publishing company that will get the smaller end of the profits.

It was here in Washington that "The Innocents Abroad" was written. It was away back in 1868, when Mark Twain was thirty-two years old. He was at the time writing letters for the San Francisco newspapers and adding to his income by a salary of \$6 a day as a clerk of one of the committees of the United States Senate. Senator Stewart, the famous advocate of the silver question, was the chairman of the committee, and he gave Clemens the job in order that he might have the leisure to write the book. There was little work connected with the committee, and Senator Stewart hired a man at \$100 per month to do the work. He had seen Clemens' notes of his trip with that party of pilgrims who went through the Holy Land, and he believed with him that the book would be a success. However hard a worker he may have become afterwards, Mark Twain at this time liked to loaf as well as write, and it was all that Senator Stewart and his friends could do to get him at his work. After he got started, however, he kept it up like a steam engine. He wrote from noon till midnight every day, and he finished the book in two months. Every line of it was penned with his own hand, and he had no stenographer or typewriter to help him along. This is the way he does most of his work, and when he has a book on hand he makes it a principle to stick to it until he gets through, writing a certain amount every day. He was very particular in the composition of "The Innocents Abroad," and he tore up many a chapter before he got the matter into the shape in which it was published. He wrote the book in a little back room on F street, in a part of the city which has since been given up to business, and a man who knew him at the time tells me that Mark Twain had about the dirtiest room he ever saw.

"It was heated," said he, "by a little drum stove, which was full of ashes, and out of which a great dust came whenever a bit of coal was thrown into it. The air was sour with tobacco smoke, and the cigar ashes was scattered over the carpet. The floor was littered with newspaper clippings, and Mark Twain

with his coat and vest off, worked away at the book in the midst of the muss. He seldom stopped work before midnight, and would sit up until nearly morning reading, smoking and singing. The success of the work was a great surprise to him, and he proudly wrote one of his friends shortly after it was published that it had taken thirty tons of paper to print it. I have been over most of the ground which is described in it, and it was wonderfully true to the life. It is far more accurate than many of the guide books, and Mr. Clemens must have made every full notes in the midst of the scenes which he describes.

The books which followed paid him much better, as far as royalty was concerned, and the royalties which he received from dramatization of his stories have been considerable. "The Gilded Age," in which John T. Raymond made an international reputation for Colonel Mulberry Sellers, was especially profitable. In connection with this, I saw the other day an oil painting with Raymond and Twain standing together shaking hands with each other. The painting was framed in the refuse pup which comes from the grinding up of old greenbacks by the Treasury department. On a brass plate below it were printed the words which so often came from Colonel Sellers' mouth, "Millions in it," and as I looked I could not help wishing that these words would tell the story of the results of Mark Twain's tour around the world, and that there would be "millions in it" for him.

Frank G. Carpenter

BARNEY BARNATO THE KAFFIR KING

Barring, Napoleon, there has been no man during the nineteenth century who has received so much public attention and has had his name blazoned from pole to pole through the medium of the press and otherwise, more than has Barney Barnato the king of the Kaffirs, as he is nicknamed throughout the English-speaking world.

His life, such of it as is known to the public, reads like a romance in this "fin de siècle" age. Born in the Whitechapel slums of the East end of London the child of a Jewess (a certain London paper has been printing that he is of noble if not royal birth on the parental side), he was dragged up in the regulation Whitechapel style where the survival of the fittest is the rule and not the exception. Barney finally at the age of eighteen or twenty decided to hunt more remunerative fields of action than the London streets afforded, and so started "steerage" for Cape Town, South Africa, and drifted into the Kimberly diamond fields with the proverbial half a crown in his pocket. Here he was successively a dealer in "old cloe," a conjurer, and incidentally on dit he was not above improving the shining hour in the fascinating pastime of the three card trick, or more vulgar, but perhaps more profitable thimble rigging. But then every great man has a past which envious malcontents delight in ventilating and otherwise embellishing in a manner detrimental to the character of his more fortunate brother. Be that as it may, Barnato started a small Kaffir general store on the out-