

## EDITING HIS OWN OBITUARIES

In Response to Mark Twain's Invitation the Obituaries Are Coming in Quite Lively.

To the Editor: Sir—I am approaching 70; it is in sight; it is only three years away. Necessarily, I must go soon. It is but a matter of course wisdom, then, that I should begin to set my worldly house in order now, so that it may be done calmly and with thoroughness, in place of waiting until the last day, when as we have often seen, the attempt to get both houses in order at the same time has been marred by the necessity for haste and by the confusion and waste of time arising from the inability of the notary and the ecclesiastic to work together harmoniously, taking turn about and giving each other friendly assistance—not perhaps in fielding, which could hardly be expected, but at least in the minor offices of keeping game and unringing; by consequence of which conflict of interests and absence of harmonious action a draw has frequently resulted where all fortune could not have happened if the houses had been set in order one at a time, and hurry avoided by beginning in season and giving to each the amount of time fairly and justly proper to it.

In setting my earthly house in order I find it of moment that I should attend in person to one or two matters which men in my position have long had the habit of leaving wholly to others, with consequence often most regrettable. I wish to speak of only one of these matters at this time—obituaries. Of necessity, an obituary is a thing which cannot be so judiciously edited by any hand as by that of the subject of it. In such a work it is not the facts that are of chief importance, but the light which the obituarist shall throw upon them, the meanings which he shall draw from them and the judgments which he shall deliver upon them. The verdicts, you must understand, that is the danger line.

In considering this matter, in view of my approaching change, it has seemed to me wise to take such measures as may be feasible to acquire by courtesy of the press access to my standing obituaries, with the privilege—if this is not asking too much—of editing, not their fact, but their verdicts. This, not for present profit as favorable influence useable on the Other Side, where there are some who are not friendly to me.

With this explanation of my motives, I will now ask you of your courtesy to make an appeal for me to the public press. It is my desire that such journals and periodicals as have obituaries of me lying in their pigeonholes, with a view to sudden use some day, will not wait longer, but will publish them now, and kindly send me a marked copy. My address is simply New York city—I have no other that is permanent and not transient.

I will correct them—not the facts, but the verdicts—striking out such clauses as could have a deleterious influence on the Other Side, and replacing them with the clause of a more judicious character. I should, of course, expect to pay double rates for both the omission and the substitutions, and I should also expect to pay quadruple rates for all obituaries which proved to be rightly and wisely worded in the

originals, thus requiring no emendations at all.

It is my desire to leave those Amended Obituaries neatly bound behind me as a perennial consolation and entertainment of my family, and as an heirloom which shall have a mournful but definite commercial value for my remote posterity.

I beg, sir, that you will insert this advertisement in your issue of to-day, and send the bill to your very respectfully,

MARK TWAIN.

P. S.—For the best obituary—one suitable for me to read in public and calculated to inspire regret—I desire to offer a prize, consisting of a portrait of me done entirely by myself in pen and ink without previous instruction. The ink warranted to be of the kind used by the very best artists.

Up in New England, in one of those cemeteries that seem to have accumulated all the busy sojourners in this world, which Mark Twain, according to the letter produced above, purposes to guard himself against. He wants the record exactly straight before he goes. He has seen the folly of departing before one's obituary notices are correctly edited and he desires to adopt the only reasonable method of assuring the proper supervision of such matter, namely, the editing it himself.

In recognition of the practical value of this novel undertaking the Post-Dispatch's Sunday magazine has obtained a number of advance obituary notices of Mr. Twain from certain persons who are his contemporaries in the general task of making smiles. These notices are here reproduced for his benefit. If he sees anything in them that he doesn't like he can cut it out.

On another page of this magazine will be found the story of a man who, by proper devotion to physical culture, an alopathic use of fresh air and a homeopathic use of food, has lived to the ripe age of 166, and stands ready to put on the boxing gloves with any younger of half his years.

The friends of Mark Twain—which is a general way of mentioning all the people of the United States and some in Europe—may well point him to this example, in the confident hope that he will have at least 30 future years for tinkering his obituaries, and, occasionally, as this work grows slack, for the creation of such masterpieces of humor as those that have made and kept him famous. It is not too much to expect, if Mr. Twain shall stop smoking and behave himself, that some time we shall have—along about his 300 and something volume—a book entitled "Tom Sawyer a Hundred Years After: or, The Centennial of Huckleberry Finn," which will be altogether the jolliest and most mischievous production of his pen.

BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS.

Mark Twain came into the game well heeled. He played steady, sometimes hitting it right and occasionally losing. But in the main his game was a scientific one and he seldom quit broke.

He didn't rely on no system to speak

of, but scattered his chips recklessly. Now and then he'd get a little warmed up and the dealer'd have to touch him on the arm, but he never made no great rough house, and even when he rode through the camp shootin' wild an' yellin' in scandalous for trouble, the boys'd generally just walk into the bar 'n' smile, sayin', "Mark's drunk again."

It was such lively traits as these that made his stay in the camp interesting, and as we think of him we can all say that he made the old world brighter.

They say he come from Missouri. None of us ever inquired into that. He might have been a preacher fallen from grace, or a bank cashier come for

sonal loss. We never liked lying in it. But he had such a knack of taking a snatched, ring-boned lie in and doing it and fixing it up with a new saddle and a bright blanket, and palming it off as a two-year-old gospel truth! Our loss is another locality's gain. For when Mark meets that ancient personage, George Washington, on the other side of the Peak, it is a moral certainty that the latter will absorb such knowledge on the subject of mendacity as an art that he will be able to give old Ananias cards and spades and beat him out for the casino championship.

Mark Twain was an esteemed citizen. We are sorry he has gone, for there won't be any more like him for quite a

### MINISTER BOWEN WHO IS ARBITRATING.



U.S. MINISTER BOWEN

One of the most important figures in the present Venezuelan situation is Minister Bowen, our representative at Caracas. He is largely responsible for Castro's decision to yield to arbitration. The administration at Washington is eminently satisfied at his skillful and diplomatic bearing in the present negotiations.

His health, when he arrived. He had the leading traits of all. But he was, in the long run, square.

Mark's greatest trouble was his occasional failure to tell you when he was joking. It's all right, of course, and plenty interesting, for a man to walk up behind another and shoot through his hat for a joke. But sometimes the other man, being not possessed of a keen sense of humor, is liable to feel hurt and shoot back.

Now that he has gone, we feel a per-

sonal loss. We never liked lying in it. But he had such a knack of taking a snatched, ring-boned lie in and doing it and fixing it up with a new saddle and a bright blanket, and palming it off as a two-year-old gospel truth! Our loss is another locality's gain. For when Mark meets that ancient personage, George Washington, on the other side of the Peak, it is a moral certainty that the latter will absorb such knowledge on the subject of mendacity as an art that he will be able to give old Ananias cards and spades and beat him out for the casino championship.

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BY GEORGE V. HOBART (D. DINKELSPIEL)

Ad age of 97 dre has passed into der pure vite light of memory a chen-geen I had no need of such a useless thing as an encyclopedia does not say.

Although born and christened Samuel Langhorne Clemens, the object of this postprandial post-mortem biography early expressed a preference for an alias.

He realized that he was too late to be the father of his country and he had no ambition to become its Uncle Sam, hence he called himself "Mark Twain."

That is Mark Twain—or Easy Mark. But his heart-hidden hope was, in this regard, that by so naming himself people would say as he passed:

"Mark, the upright man."

But, such is the irony of fate, he was always a trifle stooped shouldered!

As a boy and as a young man he was somewhat shiftless, which is very encouraging to contemplate to all of us who are thrall to the demon Laistude.

He went steamboating on the Mississippi and became a pilot. The pilot house deck on a river steamboat is called the Texas. It was Mark Twain who first noted the fact that this connection of places and occupation made the pilot a Texas Steer.

Later he went west, drifting out to California and becoming a printer. Getting tired of sticking to work of this type, he became a miner. But this last occupation did not pan out well. And a well meaning friend standing over him while at work as a gold hunter, said:

"Mark, you should have stuck to the printing office."

To which the subject of our obituary remarked (the point of his remarks is in capital letters to make it sharper):

"You attend to your own business and I will attend to MINE!"

Shortly after this Mark Twain became addicted to the habit of writing books.

He wrote "Roughing It," "Tramps Abroad," "Innocents Abroad," "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn" and many others of the six best selling books of the week.

BY LEE FAIRCHILD.

Here lies Mark Twain, still at his wonted task. His name—that is, the one he is best known by—is not his real name, but his ideal one. Mark Twain means that he made his mark twice, once when he failed as a publisher and once when he succeeded as a writer. However, his greatest feat was as a traveler, since the place he was going to was as glad to welcome him as the place he was leaving was to bid him adieu.

Mark Twain was the author of several books, the best known of which was entitled "Mark Twain's Scrap Book." In fact, all his books are made up largely of "scrap," which our general author was led into by his hearers not having as keen a sense of humor as Mark supposed them to have.

During the early part of his career he left his own country ostensibly for its sake and went abroad. While feeling his way, or, rather, while beating (for he talked in gestures) his way through Europe he had many narrow escapes. Upon his return he wrote a book entitled "Innocents Abroad," for the purpose of showing that none but the guilty should follow in his footsteps. Much to his surprise the book was never taken in earnest. This caused our author to give up his life work as he had planned it, which was "A History of the Pyramids as Seen Through the Biographies of the Mummies Found Therein," and a translation, with footnotes, of the Book of Job.

cracker efer coaxed a smile to der outside of der face and kept it dere.

BY ROY L. MCARDLELL.

Mark Twain was born in the year 1835, under the name of Mark Twain and the roof of his parents. What month and what day of the month or day of the week, my encyclopedia (which I purchased the same day at the same department store I bought our monkey, "Percy"—although heaven knows, I had no need of such a useless thing as an encyclopedia) does not say.

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Mark's antecedents were intricate made up of his tendencies to ante in a little game of chance while spending the winter (all he had to spend there) in Sacramento, Cal. It was here that he gave a lecture on the eruption of some active Mount Pelee of the Hawaiian Islands. So graphic was Mark's description of the event, so true his picture, that the audience broke out into uncontrollable laughter, to the bewilderment and astonishment of Mark, who had dampened his manuscript throughout with "weep herea." He went to his room broken hearted. Later the manager called and found Mark examining the gas fixtures to see if it would pay to waste a last breath on them. And imagine his surprise to learn that he had made a great hit as a funny man!

The unconscious—then conscious humorist pinning asked: "Well I have to write something humorous for my next appearance!"

"No," replied his manager, "you stick to your serious stuff; that's as funny as they'll stand!"

Had the public taken Mark for what he was worth in the beginning when he didn't have anything, he would have contributed many volumes of serious writings to our libraries—Harper's Weekly.

One Hundred Dollars a Box.

is the value H. A. Tidale, Symerton, S. C., places on Dett's Witch Hazel Salve. He says: "I had the piles for 20 years. I tried many doctors and medicines, but all failed except Dett's Witch Hazel Salve. It cured me." It is a combination of the healing properties of Witch Hazel with the most potent and effective of all the medicinal and emollient, relieves and permanently cures blind, bleeding itching and protruding piles, hemorrhoids, hemorrhoids, hemorrhoids and all skin diseases. Z. C. M. I. Drug Store, 111-113 Main St.

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OUR ANNUAL JANUARY CASH CLEARING SALE begins Monday

Morning at 9 o'clock. This sale is recognized by the residents of Salt

Lake City and vicinity as taking precedence over all other sales of any time of year or season. This is the sale that has been so anxiously awaited by every lady in the city. The values that are offered MAY NOT be duplicated by any house

in the West. Every article enumerated here will go on sale.

Monday Morning at 9 O'clock



At Just Half Off Regular Values.

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Just Half the Regular Price on all

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50 Per Cent Off

Just Half the Regular Price on all

CHILDREN'S JACKETS.

50 Per Cent Off

Just Half the Regular Price on all

LADIES' DRESS SKIRTS.

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Just Half the Regular Price on all

LADIES' WRAPPERS.

50 Per Cent Off

Just Half the Regular Price on all

LADIES' JACKETS AND COATS.

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Just Half the Regular Price on all

STERLING SILVER NOVELTIES.

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Just Half the Regular Price on all

LADIES' TEA GOWNS.

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Just Half the Regular Price on all

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Just Half the Regular Price on all

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LADIES' SILK AND WOOL KIMONOS.

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Store Opens at 9 O'clock Monday Morning. See full Page Ad in Sunday Papers for Bargains.—The Lace House.

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