

**ABROAD WITH MARK
TWIN AND EUGENE FIELD;
TALES THEY TOLD TO A
FELLOW CORRESPONDENT**

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Abroad with Mark Twain and Eugene Field; tales they told to a fellow correspondent by Henry W. Fischer

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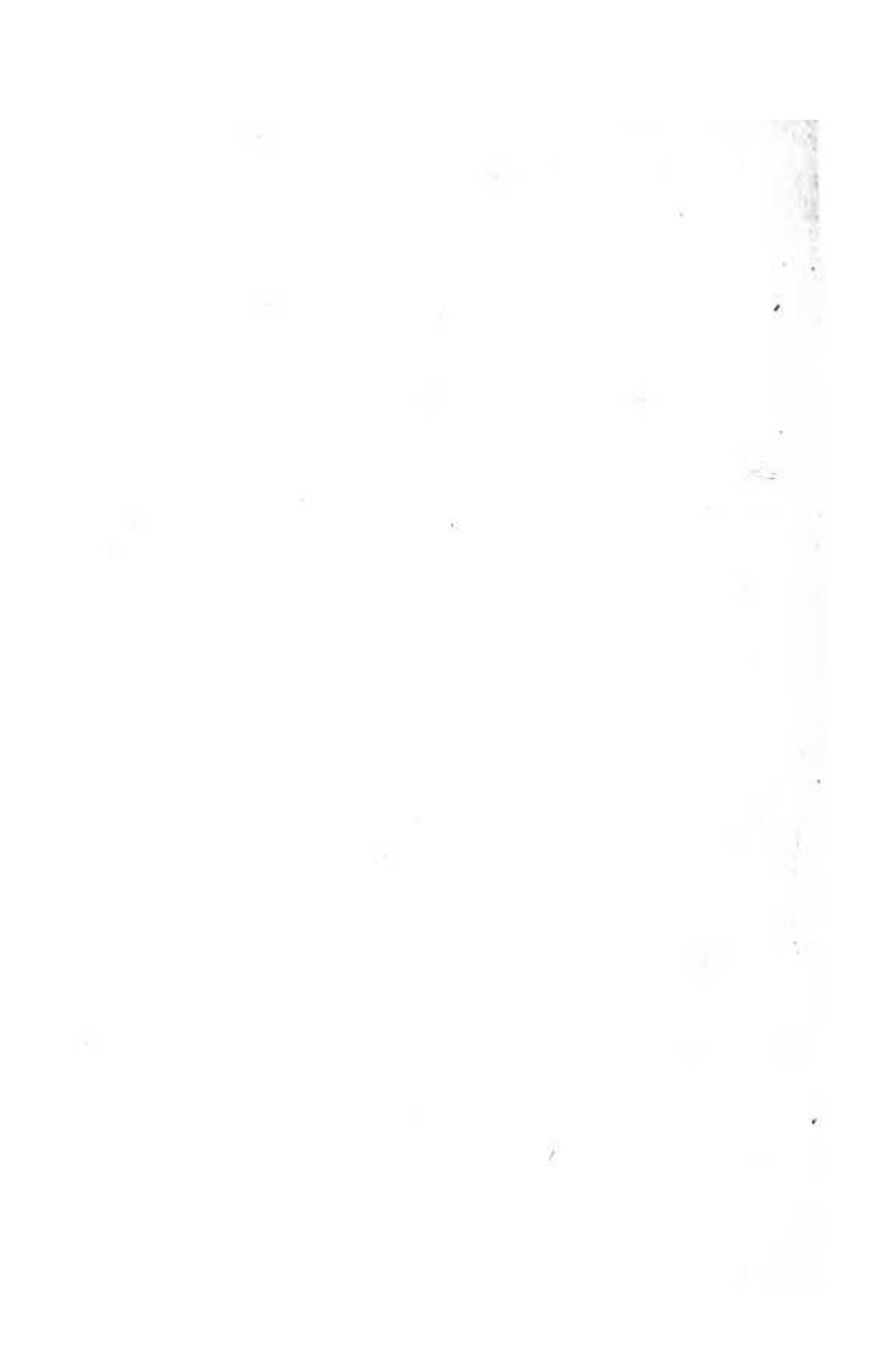
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HENRY W. FISCHER

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Tales They Told to a Fellow Correspondent

By

HENRY W. FISHER



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To

MARIAN PHELPS

(Mrs. Phelps-Peters)

whose youth, beauty and cleverness
delighted Mark Twain in his
troubled Berlin days.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Along in 1909, Fisher and I were working for the same newspaper, Fisher as a special writer and I in the art department. We both subsequently escaped, but that is another story. Just then I happened to be working on the BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MARK TWAIN (Harper, 1910). Fisher told me that he was going to do some magazine stories on Mark and promised to let me have proofs, but a week or two later he went away on one of his periodical trips to Europe, and I lost track of him for several years.

Some time in 1921, I met him on Broadway, New York. "Hello, Fisher," says I, "where have you been, what are you doing, and where are those flowing whiskers you used to sport?"

"Hello, Johnson," replied Fisher, peering at me through his thick glasses, "I am just back from London, the air raids scared off my whiskers, and my eyesight has become so bad, I am only fit to be a 'dictator' now."

"Well," says I, continuing our conversation of many years ago, "where are those Mark Twain yarns you promised me?"

"In my head," he said; "never had time to put them on paper." "You know," he added, "old Mark and I spent many weeks and months together in Berlin and Vienna and frequently met in London and Paris, not to mention more out-of-the-way places, and if I really put my mind to it, I can remember reams of Mark

Twain's sayings, while others are available in notebooks, diaries and such I kept off and on. And come to think of it, I can tell you about Eugene Field over there as well. I happened to occupy an editorial position in London, while Gene tried to set the Thames afire and—failed, poor chap."

"Then," says I, "come up to the studio any day, to-morrow if you like. I will have a stenographer there and you can start dictating your stories and we shall set the world laughing, putting them in a book."

Fisher did, and here's the book.

Twain and Field did not expatriate themselves to the extent of other gifted Americans—Henry James, Bret Harte, Whistler, Abbey and Sargent—yet Twain settled down for months, and even years, in various European countries, while Field tried, during a hundred days or more, to make a go of it in London, before capitulating to climate and home-hunger.

Previous glimpses of these two great American humorists during their several sojourns in Europe have come to us almost wholly through their letters to friends at home. Of course, a man reveals himself to a great extent in his private correspondence and diaries, but, even so, the picture is never complete; he cannot quite see himself as others see him. How Twain and Field appeared to another American in their strange environment is here set down for the first time.