

He walked with Kings

He could not know, standing there in his bare feet and his rough clothes, with his little schooling that kings would do him honor when he died, and that all men who read would mourn a friend.

He could not dream that one day his work would stand in Chinese, in Russian, in Hebrew, in Hungarian, in Polish, in French, in many languages he could not read—and from humble doorman to proudest emperor, all would be gladdened at his coming.

He could not know that through it all he would remain as simple, as democratic, as he was that day as a boy on the Mississippi.

MARK TWAIN

He made us laugh, so that we had no time to see that his style was sublime, that he was biblical in simplicity, that he was to America another Lincoln in spirit.

To us, to every one in the United States, he was just Mark Twain—well-loved, one of ourselves, one to laugh with, one to go to for cheer, one to go to for sane, pointed views. Now he is gone, the trenchant pen is still. But his joyous spirit is still with us. Mark Twain's smile will live forever. His laughter is eternal.

He Was a Great Man; So His Works Are Great

The road ahead of that boy on the river bank was a hard one. Before "Mark Twain," a distinguished, white-haired man, and the King of England walked and talked together, his path was set with troubles that would have broken a weaker spirit. It was a truly American story—a small beginning—little schooling—hard work—disaster—good humor—and final, shining, astounding success.

He fought with poverty, he fought with disaster, he lost those dearest to him. But he

won. And then at the height of his fame he lost all his money and found himself heavily in debt, for he was no business man. He went back to the hated drudgery of the lecture platform until he had paid every cent.

Because he was of high and brave intellect, because he had a humor as deep and as true as the human heart, and because he had struggled with life, he was a great man. So his works are great.

As Children We Loved Him

They say that children know the inwardness of things. A child knows the heart of a man. A child knows the heart of a book. We as children instinctively knew Mark Twain was so much greater, so much truer than anybody else that there was no one to compare with him.

Now, grown up, we know the reason why. He had the heart of a child; he had the style of a master, so simple that neither art nor technique was even suspected for a moment; a character so splendid that the reading of him was clear and fine.

We had to be told first by English writers that Mark

Twain was incomparably great; that in the last half of the nineteenth and in the twentieth century he was not only the greatest of American writers, but he was the greatest prose writer that lived in any part of the world. He was so far ahead of his time that he surprised the people by views that seemed to them radical. Today we have come around to his thinking, and he has been proven right.

The Great American

He was American. He had the idealism of America—the humor, the kindness, the reaching toward a bigger thing, the simplicity. In his work we find all things, from the ridiculous in "Huckleberry Finn" to the sublime of "Joan of Arc"—the most spiritual book that was ever written in the English language, of serene and lovely beauty as lofty as Joan herself. A man who could write two such books as "Huckleberry Finn" and "Joan of Arc" was sublime in power. His youth and his laughter are eternal; his genius will never die.

Why This Half Price Sale Has to Stop

Mark Twain knew what hard times meant, and he knew what shortage of money meant—and he wanted everyone in America to own a set of his books. So one of the last things he asked us was that we make a set at so low a price that everyone might own it.

He said, "Don't make fine editions. Don't make editions to sell for \$200 and \$300 and \$1,000. Make good books, books good to look at and easy to read, and make their price low."

So we have made this set. And up to now we were able to sell it at this low price. But a thing has happened that Mark Twain could not foresee.

Paper and Ink Go Up

Before the war we had a contract price for paper, so we could sell the set of Mark Twain at this present price. But now the price of paper has gone up. It has almost doubled in price. Even the price of ink has gone up. So it is impossible to make any more sets and to sell them at this low price.

The last of the edition is in sight. There will never again be a set of Mark Twain at the present price.

This is the first announcement of the close of this sale. Take advantage of it while you can. Remember that it is because Mark Twain sacrificed some of his royalties that you can have a set at this price at all. Take advantage of that kindness that was so characteristic of him.

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