

*Feeling that if I was to "Impress The Shah" At All, Now  
was My Time, I ventured a Little Squawk' Yell, Quite  
Distinct from the Other Shouts, But Just as Hearty*

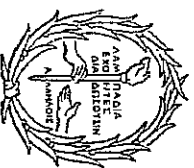
AUTHORIZED EDITION

*The Complete Works of*

# MARK TWAAIN

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EUROPE AND

ELSEWHERE



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HARPER AND BROTHERS  
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as his. Men with such a quality of mind are rare.

Anyone who discussed with him the things that stood a little awed to discover that here was a man who had carefully thought out what would be best for the world two or three generations hence, according to that standard. This was the man that covered all his interests; in detail that meant for universal peace about which he was small a thing as a plan to place flowers on the fire escapes of New York tenement houses and the advocacy of his pen, but his direct personal co-operation; again and again, in his department in this paper, he gave indorsement and aid to similar movements, whether broad or narrow in their scope—the saving of the American forests, fighting tuberculosis, providing free meals for poor school children in New York, old-age pensions, safety appliances for protecting factory employees, the beautifying of American cities, the creation of inland waterways, industrial peace.

He leaves behind him wife, daughter, and son— inconsolable mourners. The son is thirteen, a beautiful human creature, with the broad and square face of his father and his grandfather, a face in which one reads high character and intelligence. This boy will be distinguished, by and by, I think.

In closing this slight sketch of Samuel E. Moffett I wish to dwell with lingering and especial emphasis upon the dignity of his character and ideals. In an age when we would rather have money than health, and would rather have another man's money than our own, he lived and died unswerving; in a day when the surest road to national greatness and admiration is by showy and rotten demagoguery in politics and by giant crimes in finance, he lived and died a gentleman.

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## THE NEW PLANET

(The astronomers at Harvard have observed "perturbations in the orbital movement of Neptune," such as might be caused by the presence of a new planet in the vicinity.)

I BELIEVE in the new planet. I was eleven years old in 1846, when Leverrier and Adams and Mary Somerville discovered Neptune through the disturbance and discomfort it was causing Uranus. "Perturbations," they call that kind of disturbance. I had been having those perturbations myself, for more than two months; in fact, all through watermelon time, for they used to keep dogs in some of the patches in those days. You notice that these recent perturbations are considered remarkable because they perturbate through three seconds of arc, but really that is nothing; often I used to perturbate through as much as half an hour if it was a dog that was attending to the perturbing. There isn't any Neptune that can outperturbate a dog; and I know, because I am not speaking from hearsay. Why, if there was a planet two hundred and fifty thousand "light-years" the other side of Neptune's orbit, Professor Pickering would discover it in a minute if it could perturbate equal to a dog. Give me a dog every time, when it comes to perturbing. You let a dog jump out at you all of a sudden in the dark of the moon, and you will

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see what a small thing three seconds of arc is: the shudder that goes through you then would open the seams of Noah's Ark itself, from figurehead to rudder post, and you would drop that melon the same as if you had never had any but just a casual interest in it. I know about these things, because this is not tradition I am writing, but history.

Now then, notice this. About the end of August, 1846, a change came over me and I resolved to lead a better life, so I reformed; but it was just as well, anyway, because they had got to having guns and dogs both. Although I was reformed, the perturbations did not stop! Does that strike you? They did not stop, they went right on and on and on, for three weeks, clear up to the 23d of September; then Neptune was discovered and the whole mystery stood explained. It shows that I am so sensitively constructed that I perturbate when any other planet is disturbed. This has been going on all my life. It only happens in the watermelon season, but that has nothing to do with it, and has no significance: geologists and anthropologists and horticulturists all tell me it is only ancestral and hereditary, and that is what I think myself. Now then, I got to perturbating again, this summer—all summer through; all through watermelon time; and *where*, do you think? Up here on my farm in Connecticut. Is that significant? Unquestionably it is, for you couldn't raise a watermelon on this farm with a derrick.

That perturbating was caused by the new planet. That Washington Observatory may throw as much doubt as it wants to, it cannot affect me, because I

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know there is a new planet. I know it because I don't perturbate for nothing. There has got to be a dog or a planet, one or the other; and there isn't any dog around here, so there's got to be a planet. I hope it is going to be named after me; I should just love it if I can't have a constellation.