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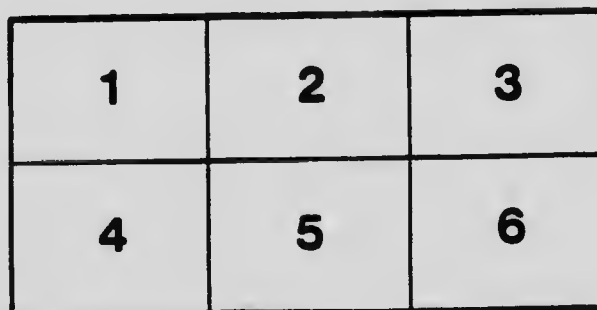
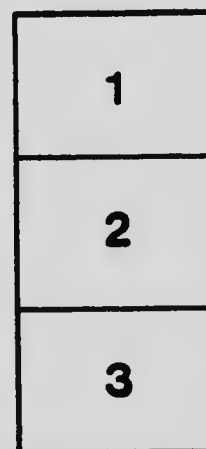
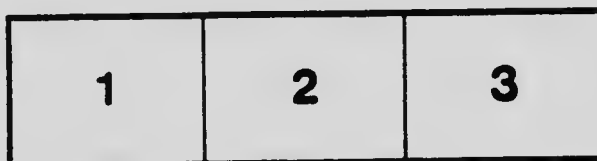
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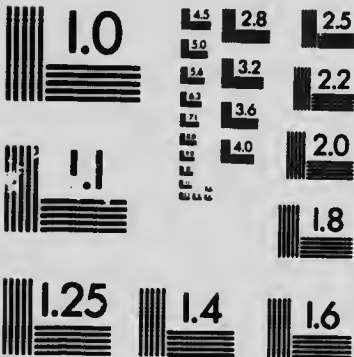
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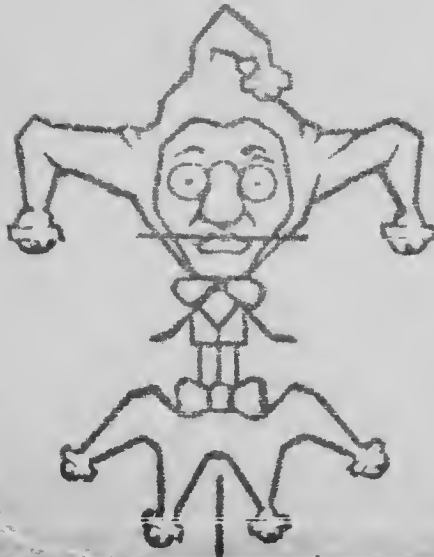
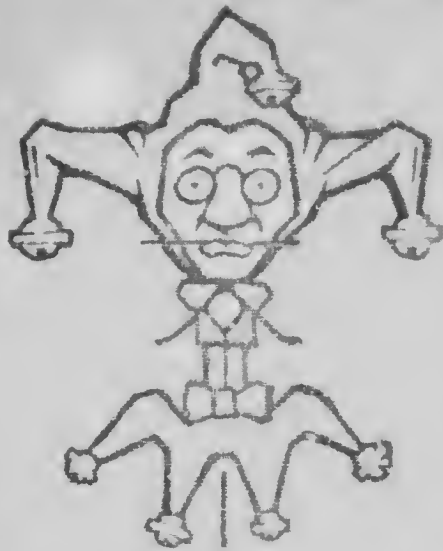
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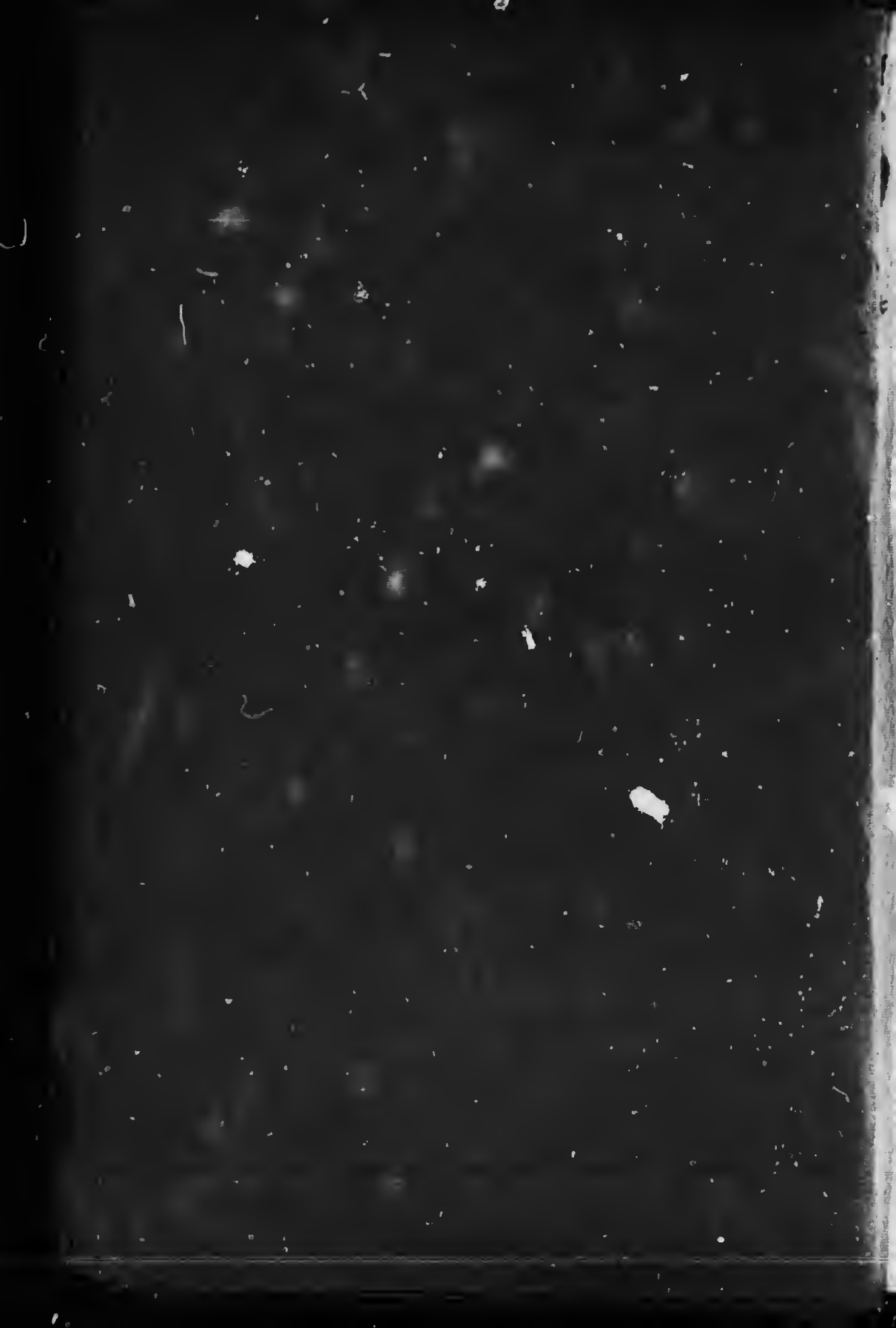
AMERICAN PRESS HUMANISTS



PN 4848
A54
c. 3

EIGHTH ANNUAL
CONVENTION
MONTREAL - CANADA
1910







**EIGHTH ANNUAL
CONVENTION
OF THE
AMERICAN
P R E S S
HUMORISTS
ASSOCIATION**

COMPLIMENTS OF THE
GRAND TRUNK
RAILWAY SYSTEM

AMERICAN PRESS HUMORISTS



EIGHTH ANNUAL
CONVENTION

AUGUST - 1910

MONTREAL
CANADA

PN4848

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The American Press Humorists at the Isleway Club, Lake St. Louis, August 2nd, 1910



**A SHORT HISTORY OF THE EIGHTH
ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE
AMERICAN PRESS HUMORISTS,
MONTREAL, AUGUST, NINETEEN TEN**

EDITED BY

Cy Warman, *President*

**John D. Wells,
*Past President***

**Newton Newkirk,
*Secretary-Treasurer***

Those members coming into Canada via Chicago left that city in a special Pullman car placed at their disposal by the Grand Trunk Railway System, at 3.00 p.m., July 30, 1910. We dined that day the guests of the road, Mr. Frank P. Dwyer, General Eastern Agent of the Grand Trunk at New York, acting as host.

Although the line was reported as greatly embarrassed by striking employees, we saw no sign of trouble and glided over the double track with the greatest speed and comfort.

At Port Huron we accumulated more guests and comforts—Edgar A. Guest of the "Detroit Free Press" and Mr. and Mrs. Comfort of "Rutledge Rides Alone."

At Toronto we were joined by the Wells and Roses and others from the Western Reserve, who had come up via the Niagara Frontier. Also we were met here by Mr. Cy Warman with a splendid special train of five cars, including a brand new dining car, which we broke in at breakfast and christened at luncheon, when we had things to eat and things to drink, including champagne and Poland water. On the rear end of the train was the Official car "Ontario," generously loaned to our Secretary by



AMERICAN ASSOCIATION
OF PRESS HUMORISTS



Mr. E. H. Fitzhugh, first vice-president of the Grand Trunk. Here we held forth, smoked and swapped stories as our train travelled along the scenic shores of Lake Ontario and, later, by the banks of the beautiful St. Lawrence, beyond which lay the northern reaches of

"My Country, 'tis of thee!"

We arrived in Montreal on that sunny Sunday afternoon in time to dine at the new Windsor with the New York and New England contingent, who came in from the south and east.

To our hotel on Monday morning Montreal sent Alderman Dandurand, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee. He brought carriages and carried us along the steep trail that winds away up to the summit of Mount Royal which is a great natural park kept by the city. At the summit we were joined by His Worship, Mayor Guerin, and with him, Alderman Dandurand, et Mme. Dandurand *et al.*, sat down to a feast modestly called a luncheon in Montreal.

Below us lay the splendid city, spread out for miles along the shores of the St. Lawrence River, spanned here by the great Victoria Jubilee bridge. Beyond the river, far to the south lay the Adirondacks, like the Blue Hills of Bohemia, lazily lounging in the haze.

Immediately below us lay the Royal Victoria Hospital and beyond this the grounds of McGill University, two institutions of which all Canada is justly proud.

A little way farther down the silver dome of Saint James' broke through the forest of shade trees that line the streets, and half a mile beyond this loomed the great church of Notre Dame.

In exchange for the freedom of the city we decorated His Worship, the Mayor, with the mystic badge of our noble order, explaining to him that with this badge upon his breast he could enter the post office unattended and demand his mail, he could enter any bank in the British Empire, where he had a balance, and, by having himself identified by the



Mayor Guerin

Parish Priest, draw out real money. He might approach the ticket window, show the badge, buy a ticket, board a Grand Trunk train and go as far as he liked.

The Mayor was so overcome with emotion, and things, that he could scarcely control himself, but managed to sob out the assurance that he would wear the decoration and try not to be ashamed of it.

From the Lookout we were driven to the Grand Trunk station, boarded a special train, and were whisked out to Lachine where we took a steamer and shot the ripples out of the rapids.

Tuesday, August 2, we were to be the guests at the Isleway Club, of Mr. W. E. Davis, Passenger Traffic Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway System and of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

Isleway is at the meeting of the waters of the mighty St. Lawrence and the Ottawa River, which, at this point, form Lake St. Louis, twenty miles from Montreal. It would be difficult to find a more delightful spot, to have a fairer day, a more genial host, or a better time than we had here. Mr. Davis was assisted in his efforts to make us remember by Mr. Lawrence A. Wilson, President of the Isleway Club, Mr. G. T. Bell, Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway System, and other members of his official staff.

Our host sat at the head of the long table which was laden with wild flowers, surrounded by his forty or more guests. Facing him at the foot of the table sat Cy Warman, who in his capacity as Toastmaster put the performers over the jumps. The show began with the soup and, save for a recess of fifteen minutes, for the photographer to do his worst, continued, with but one interruption, until the liquors and the sun went down. The one interruption was when the Toastmaster had to put the Editor of the "Yonkers Statesman" out with a fire extinguisher.

When the tumult and the shouting ceased we learned that a shorthand reporter had taken down all that was said. This, after two months of careful editing, is here set out in cold type.



**SPEECHES" DELIVERED AND STORIES
TOLD AT THE LUNCHEON GIVEN TO
THE MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN PRESS
HUMORISTS ASSOCIATION BY MR. W. E.
DAVIS AT THE ISLEWAY CLUB, LAKE
ST. LOUIS, MONTREAL, AUGUST 2, 1910**



Cy Warman

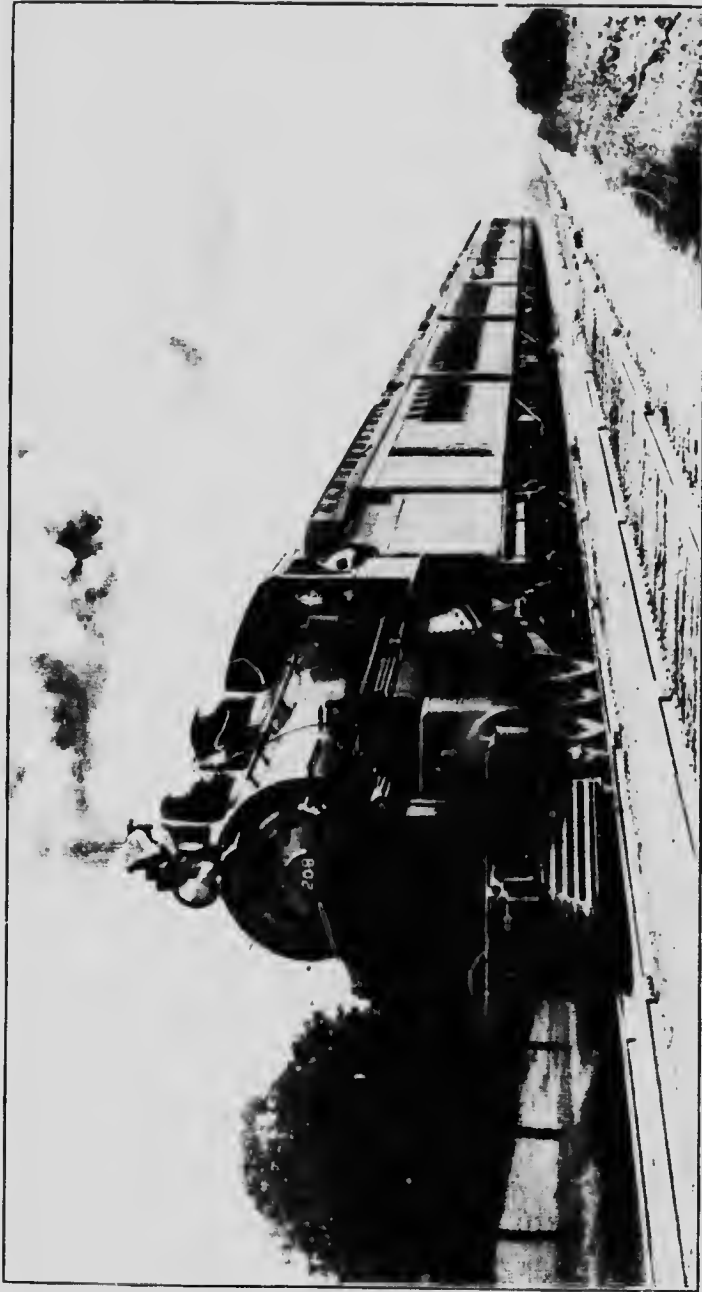


A Few of the Afflicted

("He was afflicted with the magic of words"—*Kipling*)

By **CY WARMAN**, in "*Judge*."

Tom Daly, with his Dago dope,
Supplies a Daly need;
"Arroyo" Chapman throws the rope,
And Yonson is "The Swede."
Joe Cone, the brilliant Bostonese,
Writes oodles of "Jocosities."
Sam Kiser, holding Nora's hand,
Sighs, leaning near, "My Queen,
Would I were Pierpont Morgan, and
That you were Hetty Green!"
While Wilbur Nesbit sits and sings
Of stars, soubrettes, and other things.
The Roses, down in Cleveland town,
Philosophize in Dutch;
And Schaefer and Ted Robinson,
They both do very much
As others do who write with ease—
Do just about as they durn'd please.
Young Edmund Cooke, who early thrived,
In spite of cramping youth,
Observes, "But two men have arrived—
The other one was Booth."
Whereat his namesake, Eddie Guest,
Lets a low laugh blow from his chest.
J. Mortimer Ted Lewis, he
Who lures the weekly ghost,
Exudes a daily jeu d'esprit
Down on the *Houston Post*
While Douglas Malloch, with his axe,
Carves poems for the lumberjacks.
The Yonkers *Statesman*, Oliver,
Bill Lampton, of the *World*,
Do mental flip-flaps, so much per.
John Kendrick Bangs, feet curled
Beneath him, gazing at the sun,
Paws poems from a Remington.
McLanburgh Wilson, gentle soul!
Sifts sunshine in the *Sun*,
Wherein 'Gene Field was first revealed
(At least one other one).
My hat to her—beg pardon!—him (?)
Likewise to Lee, of *JUDGE*, and Zim.



The American Press Humorist Special Train over the Grand Trunk Railway System





3



Newt. Newkirk, of the *Boston Post*
(Ike Walton's shade is here);
And John D. Wells, who was our host
At Buffalo last year,
He's president, *comment sapri!*
There's money in that name, John D.!

Batt. Loomis, king of humorists,
'Throned 'neath the Jersey skies—
Well, when he laughs he's funniest,
But funny when he cries.
From some rare souls rare humor flows,
As otters ooze otter of rose.

Frank Adams, of the *New York Mail*,
Our own Frank Gadsby, too
Are in the push and on the trail;
George Fitch is coming through,
But Gillilan is on again
With Flanagan and gone again.

After the toast:

"The King and your good President—
Your President and our good King," had been
duly honored, Mr. Davis said:

"Gentlemen, of course, it is not necessary for me
to tell you that it is our desire that you should make
yourselves thoroughly at home, because I know you
will make yourselves at home anyway. I see my
friend Mr. Cy Warman has attended to that.

About three weeks ago Mr. Warman blew into
my office, thrust out his grandfather's chest and
after some discussion, told me about you coming here,
and I can assure you I was more than delighted.
This luncheon is the result, and I cordially recommend
you to Mr. Cy Warman, your toastmaster.

A Voice—What is the matter with Cy?
The Association—He's alright.

"Has, anybody here seen Davis?
DAVIS
Has anybody here seen Davis?
Davis of the Club Isleway,
He's the boss of the Grand Trunk Line;
I'll take the old Grand Trunk for mine,
Has anybody here seen Davis?
Davis, Hooray."

A Voice—What's the matter with Davis?
The Association—"For he's a jolly good fellow."
—Hooray.

Mr. Warman—Mr. Davis, with becoming mod-
esty, has delivered you into my hands.



W. E. Davis



Now, you want to start right in and have a good time, but keep yourselves respectable, if you can. It is true there are no ladies present. It is also true there are no reporters here, so you can do pretty much as you please and say pretty much what you like. Only don't shock each other.

Where are the humorosities, George? I thought we were to have some roasted chestnuts. I am disappointed. For want of something better we will go to the soup; and to Mr. J. Bevans Giles:

Mr. Giles—Let me spring this on you. It was written by the late Dr. W. H. Drummond, and I will endeavor to give it to you as I think the Doctor interpreted it. Of course, I am not in the Doctor's class, but I will give you my idea of his interpretation.

Johnnie Courteau

Johnnie Courteau of de mountain,
Johnnie Courteau of de hill,
Dat was de boy can shoot de gun,
Dat was de boy can jomp an' run;
An' it's not very offen you ketch heem still.
—Johnnie Courteau.

Ax dem along de reever,
Ax dem along de shore,
Who was de mos' bes' fightin' man
From Managance to Shawinigan?
De place w'ere de great beeg rapids roar.
—Johnnie Courteau.

Sam't'ing on ev'ry shaintee
Up on de Mekinac
Who was de man can walk de log,
W'en w'ole of de reever she's black with fog
An' carry de beeges' load on hees back?
—Johnnie Courteau.

On de rapide you want to see heem,
If de raf' she's swingin' roun'
An' he's yellin' "Hooraw Bateese! good man!"
Way de oar come double on hees han'
W'en he's makin' dat raf' go flyin' down.
—Johnnie Courteau.

An' Tete de Boule chief can tole you
De feller w'at save hees life
W'en beeg moose ketch heem up a tree,
Who's shootin' dat moose on de head, sapree!
An' den run off wit' hees Injun wife?
—Johnnie Courteau.



An' he only have pike pole wit' heem
On Lac a la Tortue
W'en he meet de bear comin' down de hill
But de bear very soon is get hees fill!
An' he sole dat skin for ten dollar, too.
—Johnnie Courteau.



Oh he never was scare for not'ing
Lak de ole coureurs de bois,
But w'en he's gettin' hees winter pay
De bes't'ing sure is kip out de way
For he's goin' right off on de Hip Hooraw!
—Johnnie Courteau

Den' pullin' hees sash around heem
He dance on hees botte sauvage
'An shout "All aloar' if you want to fight!"
Wall! you never can see de finer sight
W'en he go lak dat on de w'ole village!
Johnnie Courteau.

But Johnnie Courteau get marry,
On Philomene Beaurepaire;
She's nice leetle girl was run de school,
On w't you call Parish of Sainte Ursele,
An' de see her off on de pique-nique dere.
Johnnie Courteau.

Den somet'ing come over Johnnie,
W'en he marry on Philomene,
For he stay on de farm de w'ole year roun'
He chop de wood an' he plough de groun';
An' he's quieter feller was never seen.
—Johnnie Courteau.

An' nev'ry wan feel astonish,
From La Tuque to Shawinigan,
W'en dey hear de news was goin' aroun',
Along on de reever up an' down;
How can leetle woman boss dat beeg man,
—Johnnie Courteau.

He never come out on de evening,
No matter de hard we try;
'Cos he stay on de kitchen an' sing hees song:
"A la claire fontaine,
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouve l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigner!
Lui y'a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai."
Rockin' de cradle de w'ole night long,
Till baby's sleep on de sweet bimeby.
—Johnnie Courteau.



AMERICAN ASSOCIATION
OF PRESS HUMORISTS



W. G. Rose

An' de house, wall! I wish you see it,
De place she's so nice an' clean,
Mus' wipe your foot on de outside door,
You're dead man sure if you spit on de floor,
An he never say not'ing on Philomene,
—Johnnie Courteau.

An' Philomene watch de monee,
An' put it all safe away
On very good place; I dunno w'ere,
But anyhow nobody see it dere,
So she's buying new farm de noder day.
—Madame Courteau!

Mr. Warman—Mr. Rose, it has been regularly moved and seconded that you be permitted to say something, if you can.

Mr. Rose—I thank you for the permission, and would like to exercise it by singing another song, as I have several here.

Mr. Warman—I did not understand you threatened to sing. Is that your intention?

Mr. Rose—Yes sir, I propose to sing.

Mr. Warman—Very well. I think we should know what you were doing as you proceeded.

Mr. Rose—First of all I would like to call attention to the alteration in the system of voting adopted by this Association. In order to vote it is done by chanting, not by ballot.

Mr. Warner—That's a joke?

Mr. Rose—It's not a joke.
What do you think of this song?

We thank you Mr. Davis for your hospitality,
The Isleway Club's a jolly place, with that we all
agree,

When we come back to Montreal be sure, we all
will bunk

Upon the road of Comfort, that's the safe and
smooth Grand Trunk.

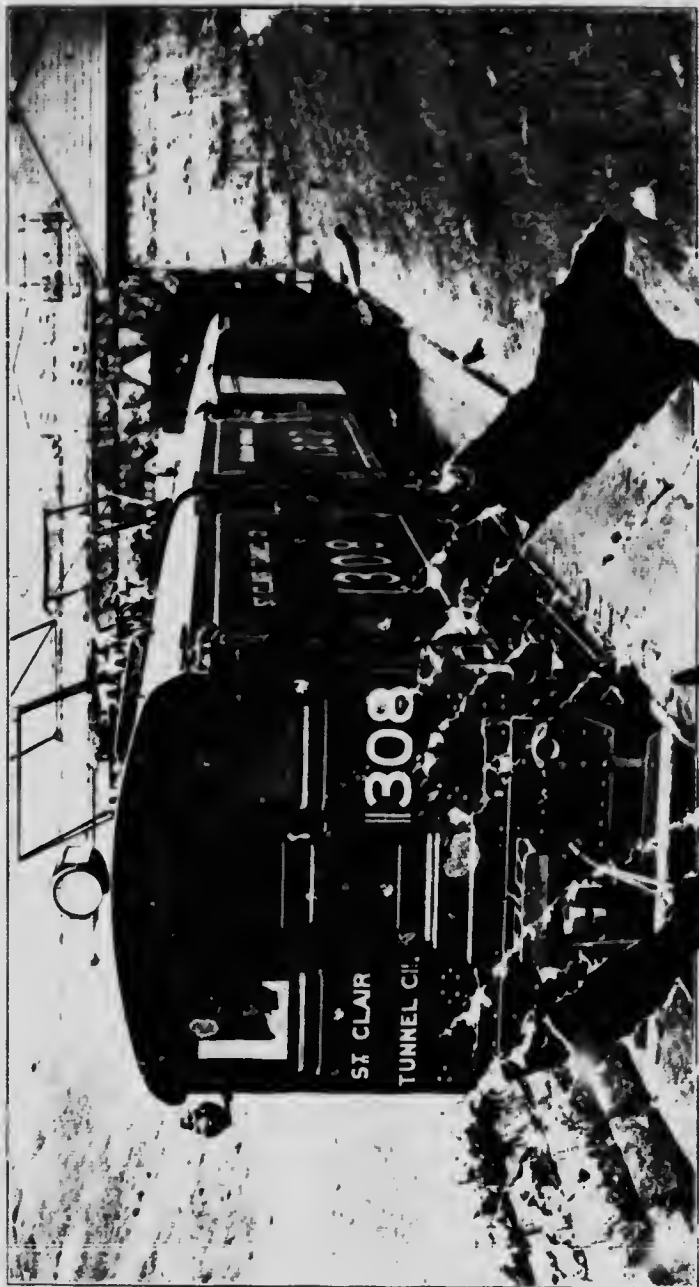
All who are in favor, please say "Aye"
"AYE"

All who are contrary raise your hands up high!
Mr. Davis now is owed our thanks for lending us
his road,

All who are in favor please say "Aye".
"AYE"



Mr. Smith—I would like to ask the Gentleman if the road was only lent to us. I thought it was given to us.



Grand Trunk 194 American Pres morists in the 1940s





Mr. Rose—I would like to ask the Gentleman to please allow me to do this singing. If he cannot repress himself he may join in the chorus.
I'm off again:

There's a town we're glad we've met
Montreal,
It's a place we'll n'er forget
Montreal;
It has much to please the eye,
There's another reason why,
It's the home of our old Cy,
Montreal.

Here's to Cy, good old Cy;
Here's to Cy, dear old Cy;
Oh! the moments swiftly fly
When you're by
You're a host beyond compare
And you drive away dull care,
You're a pleasure maker rare,
Dear old Cy.

Mr. Oliver—I move that the Gentleman be sentenced for six months.

Mr. Warman—I don't know whether to blame the young man or not. I presume his intentions are good.

Mr. Oliver—The last time I heard that song Mr. Rose insisted on singing seventy-seven verses.

Mr. Smith—I move a vote of thanks to Mr. Rose.

Mr. Warman—It is moved by Mr. Smith, seconded by Mr. Oliver, that a hearty vote of thanks be extended to Mr. Rose for leaving out the remaining verses.

(Loud applause).

Mr. Warman—We have here with us to-day, as you probably all know, one of the best known men of his kind, wherever he is known. I would therefore, ask you to listen to our friend Mr. Oliver, editor, owner and all there is to the "Yonkers Statesman," for two or three minutes. He has not very much to say.

Mr. Oliver—I suppose I may as well get over with it. It is true I have nothing to say to you, and if I had I would not say it.

As I understand it, Mr. Davis, on a festive occasion of this kind a man is supposed to get up and try to make himself ridiculous. Now, I don't suppose that would be a very hard thing for most of



E. A. Oliver



D. M. Smith

this bunch to do, but I have not been very long at it, so I may not meet with very much success.

However, I will tell you one or two stories to cheer your darkened path.

I have gone over the magazines and I have looked through the exchanges that we get, and have picked up some of the stories which have been told by the Smart Set—and when I speak of the Smart Set I mean Sam Kiser, Drunken M. Smith and Colonel Lampton, and Fitch, and others whom you don't know.

It is a very easy thing for a man to get out a lot of good stories as his own (just as my friend Warner of the Baltimore Sun, has done on many occasions); nobody knows whether they are his own stories or any one else's. Of course, they may suspect, but they would not know.

I suppose most of the men around this table, except Colonel Lampton, know that the Grand Trunk Railway is a railway which monopolizes most of Canada. Last year we went over the Grand Trunk Railway, and we had the grandest time.

There was a regiment went out from Ireland (I suppose some of you know that Ireland is a little island somewhere in the Atlantic Ocean). This regiment went out to the Boer War and did great service out there. The men in the regiment were not what you would call particularly honest. One of them, was a fellow by the name of O'Brien.

After their return from the war they were out on dress parade, being reviewed by the Colonel.

He was speaking to them while they were all standing at attention after the parade, and just at a critical moment a large rooster ran across the parade ground in full view of the regiment. Pat O'Brien could not stand for this, and he threw his musket down and started after this rooster. As he broke ranks the Colonel shouted "Halt! Halt." Pat paid no attention, but ran after the rooster. The Colonel shouted "Halt" again. Still Pat kept after the rooster, and overtaking it grabbed it and twisted its neck, and brought it back and threw it at the Colonel's feet, saying "Now damn ye, ye will halt the next time the Colonel tells ye to."

Mr. Warman—Immediately following this merry jest it is our lot to hear Mr. Drunken M. Smith recite the "Sons of Martha."



Mr. Smith—Excuse me, Mr. Toastmaster. I was talking to a gentleman at the other end of the table.

Mr. Warman—Well, leave the gentleman alone, and do as you are told.

Mr. Smith—If I leave the gentleman alone there will be nothing said at this end.

A Voice—So much the better.

Mr. Smith—Well, fellow citizens, when Mr. Warman asked me to recite this poem "The Sons of Martha," I said "Cy, I did not write that poem." He said: "I know you didn't, and you never will."

Mr. Schaefer—Why? Is it good?

Mr. Smith—I am certainly proud, Gentlemen, of the reception you have accorded me—this time.

A Voice—Never mind; go ahead, and get it off your chest.

Mr. Smith—Do you think I had better recite the whole of it at once?

A Voice—Not if you can help it.

Mr. Smith—Well, this is a poem and Mr. Kipling wrote it all except the words.

Perhaps some few of you may know the story of Martha and Mary. For the benefit of the majority I may say that when Martha and Mary were entertaining the Saviour at their house, Martha attended to the kitchen, while Mary sat at the feet of Christ. Martha came out after having washed the dishes, and it is commonly said that the Sons of Martha have inherited their mother's disposition, and have become the workers of the human race, whereas the sons of Mary have become the idlers, joy riders and humorists—the non-working class.

The Sons of Martha

The sons of Mary seldom bother for they have inherited that good part
But the sons of Martha favor their mother of the careful soul
and the troubled heart,
And because she lost her temper once, and because she was rude
to the Lord, her guest,
Her sons must wait on Mary's sons world without end, reprieve
or rest.

It is their care in all the ages to take the buffet and cushion
the shock;

It is their care that the gear engages; it is their care that the
switches lock;



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It is their care that the wheels run truly; it is their care to embark
and entrain,
Tally, transport and deliver duly, the Sons of Mary on land
and main.

They say to the mountains "Be ye removed," they say to the
lesser floods "Run dry,"
Under their rods are the rocks reproved; they are not afraid of
that which is high,
Then do the hill tops shake to the summi:; then is the bed of
the deep laid bare
That the Sons of Mary may overcome it pleasantly sleeping
and unaware.

They finger Death at their glove's ends when they piece and
repiece the living wire;
He rears against the gates they tend; they feed him, hungry,
behind their fires;
Early at dawn e'er man see clear, they stumble into his terrible
stall
And hale him forth like a haltered steer and turn him and goad
him till evenfall.

To these from birth is Belief forbid'den—from their's till death is
relief afar;
They are concerned with matters hidden—under the earth line
their altars are,
The secret fountains to follow up, waters withdrawn to restore
to the mouth,
Yea, and gather the floods as in a cup and pour them again at a
city's drouth.

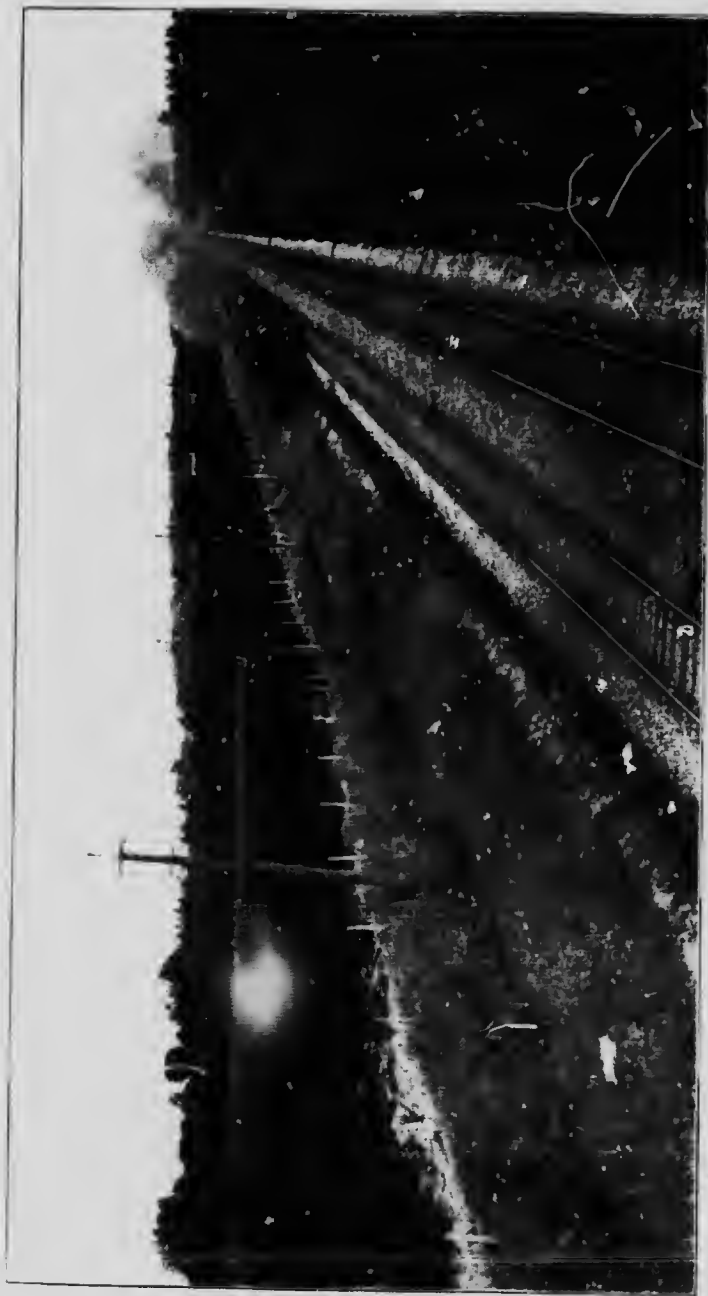
They do not teach that their God will rouse them a little before
the nuts work loose;
They do not teach that his pity allows them to leave their work
whenever they choose;
As in the thronged and lightened ways, so in the dark and the
desert they stand
Wary and watchful all their days that their brethren's days may
be long in the land.

Lift ye the stone or cleave the wood to make a path more fair
or flat;
Lo! It is black already with blood some Son of Martha shed
for that!
Not as a ladder from Earth to Heaven, not as an altar to any
creed,
But simple service simply given to their own kind in the common
need.

And the Sons of Mary smile and are blest; they know the angels
are on their side;
They know in them is the grace confessed and for them are the
mercies multiplied.
They sit at the feet and they hear the word; they know how
truly the promise runs;
They cast their burden on the Lord and the Lord he lays it on
Martha's Sons.

—Rudyard Kipling.





American Press Humorists Special Train en route to Montreal, passing through the Garden of Canada,
Grand Trunk Railway System





Mr. Warman—Mr. Giles has a horse story which he would like to tell us.

Mr. Giles—As you all know our French-Canadian people are very fond of a race horse, and any one who has forty-seven dollars buys one. The little story was told by Dr. Drummond, and relates to the time when the Montreal Street Railway Company gave up the old horse cars in favor of the electric cars. Quite a number of the old street car horses were sold to different people around the outlying districts. Some of these horses were a little better than the ordinary in the way of speed, one of them being bought by the fellow who is supposed to tell the story.

I'm poor man, ne, but I buy las' May,
Wan horse on de ComP'nie Passengaire,
An' auction feller w'at sole heem say
She's out of de full-breed "Messengaire".

Good trotter stock, also galluppe,
But work long tam on de city car,
Of course she's purty well break heem up,
So come leetle cheap—twenty-wan dollarre.

Firs' chance I sen' heem on St. Cesaire,
W'ere I t'ink he's have moche better sight,
Mebbe de grass an' de contree air
Very soon was feex heem up all right.

I lef' heem dere till de fall come 'long.
An' dat trotter he can't eat grass no more,
An' w'en I go dere, I fin' deem strong
Lak noting I never see before.

I heetch heem up on de light sulkee,
L'enfant! dat horse he is cover groun' '
Don't tak' long tam for de crowd to see
Mon choual he was leek all trotter roun'.

Come down de race course lak' oiseau
Tail over datch boar', nice you please,
Can't tell for sure de quick he go,
S'pose somew'ere 'bout two, t'ree forties.

I treat ma frien' on de whiskey blanc,
An' we drink "Castor" he's bonne sante,
From L'Achigan to St. Armand,
He's bes' horse sure on de whole comte.

'Bout week on front of dis, Lalime,
Dat man drive horse call "Cleveland' Bay"
Was challenge, so I match wit' heem
For wan mile heat on straight away.



J. B. Giles



AMERICAN ASSOCIATION
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Dat's twenty dollarre on wan side,
De lawyer's draw de paper out,
But if dem trotter come in tied,
Wall! all dat monee's go on spout.

Nex't'ing ma backer man, Labrie,
Tak' off his catch-book vingt cing cents,
An' toss Lalime bes' two on three
For see who's go on inside fence.

Bateese Lalime, he's purty smart,
An' gain dat toss wit' jock trick,
I don't care me, w'en "Castor" start,
Very soon I think he's mak' heem sick.

Beeg crowd of course was dere for see,
Dem trotter on de grand match race;
Some people come from St. Remi
An' some from plaintee 'noder place.

W'en all is ready, flag was fall
An' way dem trotter pass on fence
Lak not'ing you never see at all,
It mak' me t'ink of "St. Lawrence."

"Castor" hees tail was stan' so straight,
Could place chapeau on de en' of top,
An' w'en he struck two forty gait
Don't seem he's never go for stop.

Wall! dat's all right for firs' half mile
W'en Clevelan' Bay commence for break,
Dat mak' me feel very moche lak smile,
I'm sure "Castor" he's took de cake.

But Lalime pull heem hard on line
An' stop "Clevelan" before go far,
It's all no good, he can't ketch mine
I'm go more quicker lak express car.

I'm feel all right for my monee,
For sure mon Choual he's took firs' place,
W'en 'bout arpent from home, sapre,
Somet'ing she's happen, I'm los' de race.

Wan bad boy he's come out on track,
I cannot see dat bad boy's han';
He's hol' somet'ing behin' hees back,
It was small bell, I understan'.

Can spik for dat, ma horse go well,
An' never show no sign of sweat,
Until dat boy he's ring hees bell—
Misere! I t'ink I hear heem yet!

Wall! just so soon mon Choual "Castor"
Was hear dat bell go kling, klang, kling!
He's tink of course of city car
An' s'pose mus' be conductor ring.



Firs' t'ing I know ma trotter's drop
Dat tail was stand' so straight before,
An' affer dat, mebbe he stop,
For me, I don't know not'ing more.

But w'en I come alive again
I fin' dat horse call "Clevelan' Bay"
Was got firs' place, an' ' so he's gain
Dat wan mile heat on straight away.

An' now w'erever I go
Bad boy he's sure for holler an' yell,
Dis donc! Dis donc! Paul Archanibault!
Wat's matter wit' your chestnutte bell?

Mak' plaintee troub' dem bad garcons,
An' offen ring some bell also,
Was mad! Could plonge on de St. Laurent
An' w'at to do "Castor" don't know.

Las' tam I pass de railway track
For drive avec mon frere Alfred,
Injinne she's ring, "Castor" he's back,
Monjee! it's fonny I'm not come dead!

Toujours comme ca! an' mak' me sick,
But horse dat work long on les cars
Can't broke dem off on fancy trick,
So now I'm busy for sole "Castor".

Mr. Smith—That reminds me of a story, Mr. Warman.

Mr. Warman—The story will keep, Mr. Smith. We have had the pleasure of hearing from you before.

Mr. Smith—I thought you might like to hear it again.

Several Voices—Shut up!

Mr. Oliver—Mr Chairman—

Mr. Warman—Sit down, Theodore.

We will now hear from Mr. Judd Mortimer Lewis.

Mr. Lewis—Will you have a song, poem, or a story?

Mr. Smith—Tell us something you didn't write yourself.

Mr. Lewis—Some time ago when I was down at Corpus Christi a friend of mine came to visit me from San Antonio. He was interested in amusement enterprises, and was going over the new features which we had in order to find out if there was anything which might be profitable for his amusement park.



Judd M. Lewis



Being from an inland town he had not seen one of these shoot the chutes which run into the water. While we were standing there——

Mr. Schaefer—You don't mean to tell me, Mr. Lewis, that you have these simple things down there.

Mr. Lewis—Alas, yes.

While we were standing there looking up at the chute and watching the people slide into the water and seeing them come out of the water in their bathing costumes——

A Voice—The girls?

Mr. Lewis—It was very beautiful, but my friend was not particularly interested in the people. He was devoting more of his attention to the chute itself.

A Voice—Going up, or going down?

Mr. Lewis—Going down.

As he was looking at it he saw somebody come down the chute and he said "By George! that is magnificent. It is beautiful."

A lady in front of us turned round and said ——

Mr. Oliver—Mr. Chairman, stop the proceedings. I understood that there were no improper stories to be told here to-day. I appeal to Mr. Davis. I really will not listen.

Mr. Davis—There have been no improper stories told, so far as I have heard.

Mr. Oliver—Then, what does the gentleman mean?

Mr. Warman—For the information of the gentlemen from the suburbs of New York——

Mr. Oliver—Suburbs be hanged. Yonkers is next to the largest City in the United States; right up against it.

A Voice—What is that?

Mr. Oliver—Have you a map of the Grand Trunk Railway.

Mr. Warman—What's the use. We don't want to know. Oblige us, Mr. Oliver, by sitting down——again.

Has any one any idea as to where I was talking?

Mr. Smith—You had just started in to say nothing, Cy.





Among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River, near Gananoque, Ont.





Mr. Warman—Mr. Donahey, of Cleveland, the greatest unknown artist in the business—

Mr. Warner—Listen to this fellow, boys. He's good.

Mr. Donahey—Indeed, I have been so very busy to-day that I have not been able to think of anything. My throat is also out of kilter, but my Secretary has prepared a speech, and I will allow him—

A Voice—But we will not allow him.

Mr. Smith—We have had to listen to Mr. Rose before, and I think we can do without it. Cut it out! Let Donahey talk.

Mr. Oliver—I rise to a point of order.

Mr. Hoiberg—Mr. Oliver, will you kindly shut up! We have heard you three or four times already.

Mr. Oliver—I want to speak this speech. I must.

Mr. Davis—Will the gentleman to the right of the irrepressible Mr. Oliver kindly entertain him with some light persiflage or spinach so that we may be able to hear something.

Mr. Oliver—I will tell you a story, Santa Claus—

Several Voices—Oliver, sit down!

Mr. Schaefer—Cease! Rude man, cease! Interrupt not these sacred proceedings. It is unbecoming, indeed.

Mr. Rose—Some time ago a delegation called at the "Plain Dealer" office and said to the sporting editor—

Mr. Smith—Is this "Plain Dealer" a newspaper?

Mr. Rose—Yes. This delegation said to the sporting editor—

Mr. Oliver—That is you?

Mr. Rose—No, sir.

This delegation said to the sporting editor: 'We want you to decide a bet. Does your artist call himself 'O'Donaghay' or 'O'Donoghue.' We have twenty dollars on it.'

I don't know what he does call himself, but he has called me his Secretary, which was a very uncalled for thing to do.



J. H. Donahey



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W. R. Rose

Mr. Smith—No, I don't think so. I think he did it very politely, and paid you a compliment at the same time.

Mr. Rose—Mr. Davis, you have heard a good many things since we have been with you, some of them have been good. There is one thing, however, that we all know, and that is that we do not want to get off this delightful Island.—

Mr. Oliver—Explain that, Mr. Rose.

Mr. Rose—I would like to ask you, Mr. Davis, if we are not to be bound by any professional ethical rules?

Mr. Davis—It does not look a bit like it.

Mr. Rose—Anyway, to resume—when we like a man we tell him, when we don't like him we don't say anything about it.

Several Voices—Don't we?

Mr. Rose—No, we don't. We do not hesitate at all—

Voice—Who is this person who is talking, and what is he talking about?

Mr. Warman—This is Mr. Rose, of the "Cleveland Plain Dealer."

A Voice—What is he talking about?

Mr. Oliver—Damfino.

Mr. Rose—I want to add a little myself to what has been said. On the run out here this morning I prepared a little something, but I did not have time to commit it to memory. If you will allow me I will read it to you.

Mr. Smith—I don't think we ought to hear it.

Mr. Rose—Well, if you won't let me read it to you I will tell you the substance of it.

Cy Warman took a walk one night and saw a lady writing in a book. He asked her what she was writing and she said that she was writing therein the names of those whose jokes were new. Cy said to her "My name is Cy Warman," and she opened the book and lo! the page was bare.

Then "Write me down" friend Warman spoke, "as one who loves each ancient joke." The lady vanished, but to Cy's delight she came again another night.

A Voice—Fine, that, Cy.



Mr. Rose—I think that is rather poetical. I will say it again.

Mr. Smith—Please do.

Mr. Rose—The lady vanished, but to Cy's delight she came again another night.

Mr. Smith—Please say it again.

Mr. Rose—No. I will read the poem:

Abou Cy Warman

Abou Cy Warman, may his line stretch out,
Awake one night with sudden shout,
And saw a lady writing in a book of gold.
Publicity had made Cy Warman bold,
"What doest thou, my dear?" he said.
The lady paused and raised her head.
"Thou asketh what it is I do—
I write the names of those whose jokes are new."
Cy Warman cried, "Is my name there?"
She showed the book, and lo! each page was bare!
"Then write me down," brave Warman spoke,
"As one who loves each ancient joke."
The lady vanished, but to Cy's delight,
She came again, another night,—
And showed the names by joker's blest—
And lo! Cy Warman's name led all the rest!

August 2, 1910.

—W. R. Rose.

Mr. Oliver—Do I understand that you wish me to reduce all of my speeches to writing?

Mr. Warman—No. We certainly did not say anything of the kind. Sit down.

We have here with us to-day one of the greatest highbrows in the country, Mr. Sam Kiser. I would beg you to listen to Mr. Kiser.

Mr. Kiser—Why do you call upon me at this time, Cy? I was waiting until the gang got properly soused.

Mr. Smith—Never mind, Sam, by this time they can stand anything.

Mr. Kiser—I wanted to wait until they got helpless.

A Voice—Help us along, Sam.

Mr. Kiser—I see that Colonel Lampton is drinking water yet.

This being a crowd of alleged humorists, it is only proper that some reference should be made to



S. E. Kiser

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the sense of humor. There are some people who have no sense of humor at all, and it has been pointed out that a man who has no sense of humor is a man to be pitied. People like Oliver—

Mr. Hoischberg—Nobody likes Oliver.

Mr. Kiser—People who have no sense of humor, like Oliver, will see something which is good and clever and yet not be able to make anything out of it.

I heard of a man not long ago who was complaining about a friend of his. He said "That fellow lacks the sense of humor." I asked him why he thought so, and he answered me, "Why, not long ago I was at a little gathering, and when we were about ready to sit down to the dinner table I pulled his chair from behind him, just as he was sitting down, and do you know he treated me as if I was totally devoid of any sense of respectability, and as if I had no right to consider I was entitled to any respect. Why, he he absolutely lacked any sense of humor."

The same thing applied to the wife of the man whose little boy brought an almanac home from the drug store. In telling about the occurrence later on the boy said: "I took this almanac home, and I gave it to paw, and paw got to reading it. Pretty soon he commenced to laugh.

"What's rong?" maw ast.

"This is one of the best joaks I ever saw," paw says.

"Lissen and I'll read it to you. 'Why is the mistake of a dockter not as bad as that of a dentust?' Do you no? paw ast.

"No," maw told him.

"Becoz," paw red, "one fills six feet and the other fills an aker."

"How do they do that?" maw ast.

"Becoz they make A mistake," paw anserd.

"Which does?" maw says.

"Both of them," paw told her. "That's why the mistake of the dockter izzent as Bad as the dentust's."

"Why not?" says maw.

"The dockter only fills Six feat," paw told her, "and the dentust fills An aker."

"I don't understand About the feat," maw sed. "Why does he Fill six of them and What does he fill them with?" Paw began to look kind of glassy out of his eyes, and he Red the the joak again to himself So he would be sure he Didn't make enny mistake, Then he says;

"Why, you see if a dockter would make a mistake it mite be fatle, and so he would fill six feat of earth with a man because the man would Be about six feat tall you no."

"I don't see much to laugh a bout such a joak," maw told him. "May be it miten't be a man at all, Or he mite be short."





Isleway Club, Lake St. Louis, near St. Anne de Bellevue, Que.





"Oh well," paw says, "they just pretend He would be a six-footer so as to Make it come in with the aker.

"Why do they want to do that?" maw ast.

"That's the joak," paw says.

"Which is?" maw told him.

"Why, the aker," paw ansered.

"Where are they enny Joak about that?" maw ast.

"The dentust fills It, you no," paw sed, but he Didn't seem to be very sure about it By that time.

"Yes," maw says, "but you red that he made A mistake."

"Don't you no what an aker is?" paw ast. "A tooth that You fill is an aker, and They have akers of ground."

"But where does the mistake come in?" maw sed.

"Why he Fills the rong one," paw ansered, Wiping his forrid and kind of looking Around like if he was trying to see If the escape was all cut off.

"Well, then how does He fill the aker," maw ast." if the tooth he Fills is the wrong one And duzent ake?"

Then paw got up and tore the almannick in two and Threw it in the waist basket and sed;

"They are no use Trying to bring enny sunshine into This fambly. Let's drop the subject. The man that rote the joak Was a fool, and the one that printed it Was a worse one, but I'm not going to rong Either one of them by unjust suspishens. Mebby they didn't ever try to tell it To a woman."

A very excellent and lovely lady of my acquaintance was the cause of a somewhat similar one on one occasion.

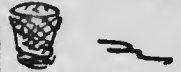
She was one of these ladies who have a great deal of trouble in getting to the point of a story. No doubt you have met with such people.

On one occasion she happened to be on a boat which was wrecked and driven on the rocks and was rapidly pounding to pieces. The life savers arrived on the scene and got the life saving apparatus to work. There was no time to be lost. They stretched a rope from the upper works of the vessel to the shore, and took the passengers off by means of the breeches buoy.

This lady was describing the episode afterwards, which she did somewhat after the following fashion:

"It was the most terrible experience I ever had in my life. I would not go through it again for anything in the world, but, at the same time the most funny thing happened to me.

"I was just about half way between the ship and the shore when I had the funnies' thought, and at the mere mention of it I know you will laugh until you cry.



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"It was the funniest thing that that thought should have occurred to me there of all the places in the world.

"There I was about half way between the ship and the shore swinging on the ropes up and down, with the waves dashing up against me—and dark! Why, dear me, I never saw it so dark in all my life. It was as dark as a chorus girl's past.

Well, there I was about half way between the ship and the shore and I never expected to get out of it alive. Suddenly this funny thought popped into my mind. You would never guess what it was. It was the funniest thing—

"Well, there I was between the ship and the shore—and I believe that Captain was wrong in his reckoning—and proud—why he was the proudest man I ever saw in my life, and pretty too—why he was a lovely man. Any way, there I was half way between the ship and the shore, and it seemed to me as if it was a lifetime. I could not help myself at all, and I could not help thinking of my poor children waiting at home, who would probably have a step-mother within a year if I was drowned.

"There I was half way between the ship and the shore and I think it must run in our family, because I had a cousin by marriage who was drowned. And, it would not be surprising to me at all if I had been drowned too. There I was between the ship and the shore, and the lightning, my goodness, the lightning was something awful. And the thunder too, oh! it was terrible.

"There I was between the ship and the shore, and suddenly this funny thought came into my mind just as if somebody had spoken it right out—and dark and wet, my gracious, I never saw anything like it.

"Isn't it the funniest thing that this thought should have occurred to me, suddenly, at this place, about half way between the ship and the shore—while I was there the thought suddenly came into my mind, "Well, I have the breeches on for once, anyhow."

Mr. Warman—There are a lot of good things in this world, and I am about to let you into one of them now. We have with us to-day Colonel Bill Lampton. I would call upon him.



Colonel Lampton—I never make any speeches in my own country, but, I must say that I am kind of stuck on Canada, and the oftener I come the better I like it. This has been the finest trip of them all.

When I was young I was not particularly pious, nor of a specially religious turn of mind. At the same time I went to Sunday School. There I was told about the promised land. However, I never knew what I was going to get to the promised land until somebody said this morning "We are going up to the Isleway Club."

I am very glad, indeed, to be here, but, I haven't anything to say.

Mr. Warman—We will now hear from Mr. Lee, of "Judge," New York.

Mr. Lee—Most of the remarks so far by the various members of the A.P.H. have been—(with apologies to the 'Century') "in the lighter vein." Possibly you will appreciate those that follow me the more if a bit of the serious side of humor is injected into the bill of fare.

Unless I am greatly mistaken, it was Gladstone who said that the distinguishing characteristic of American humor was its exaggeration. Beyond the permissibility of a doubt, exaggeration is one of its chief characteristics. Much of the humor that we have just heard, and I dare say much that will follow, is based upon exaggeration. America is so accustomed to sky-scrapers, mile-a-minute expresses, daily newspapers with hourly editions, etc., that it is but natural that it should want big things in its humor.

But exaggeration is not the only distinguishing characteristics of American humor. Another is what is known in the rural section from which most of us have come as "hoss sense." Strange as it may be the only people from whom the public will cheerfully take advice is the humorists. The reason may be that the pill is sugar-coated but that does not matter. In the remarks that have been made around this table will be found a lot of sense; the non- and the common- variety being pretty evenly balanced. The press humorist is not usually classed among the editorial writers, but many a clever epigram has driven home a truth with greater force than a corres-



W. J. Lampton





Mr. Lee of "Judge"

ponding able but heavy editorial leader. The philosophy of the press humorist is usually pretty sound.

Another distinguishing feature of American humor is its cleanliness.

In other words it leaves a good taste in the mouth. Those who are familiar with the humor of other countries—especially that of France for example—will understand what is meant. American humor has an antiseptic value.

Speaking of this value reminds me of what I read in a medical journal not long ago about the medicinal value of laugh. Inasmuch as all of us are engaged in the business of making people laugh the quotation is worth noting.

"It throws the diaphragm into healthful contractions, shaking the liver and the spleen on either side, massaging the stomach and bowels, titillating the lungs and heart, clarifying the brain, and sending fresh currents of blood through the cerebral mass—that is a laugh that is more potent than nerviness and has greater medicinal value than all the tonics in the world."

In view of what the medical journal said I am wondering whether the time will ever come when the America Medical Society and the American Press Humorists' Association will hold a joint convention.

Mr. Rose—I would like to call attention to the very respectful way in which we listened to Mr. Lee. It is barely possible that the fact that he is a purchaser of humorists' copy on the open market may have something to do with it.

Mr. Smith—Without any ulterior object in view I wish to state that Mr. Lee made the best speech here to-day, and I move a vote to that effect.

Mr. Warman—The speeches are not yet finished.

Mr. Smith—I know, but he made the best speech, anyway.

Mr. Warman—I know Mr. Lee is a receiver. I have had his "regrets" myself.

We are about to have a rare treat now. You will listen to Mr. Schaefer of Cleveland.

Mr. Oliver—Before Mr. Cleveland of Schaefer stands up I want to say something.

Several Voices—Sit down, and don't.





A View from the Isleway Club, Lake St. Louis, near St. Anne de Bellevue, Que.





Mr. Lee of "J"



Mr. Oliver—I won't. I did not hear the last speech. I would like to hear it again. I move that gentleman be asked to repeat his speech.

Several Voices—Shut up.

Mr. Schaefer—If you insist on me telling you something I would say that my text shall be "Wine is a mocker."

Mr. Oliver—Who told you that?

Mr. Schaefer—Nobody told me. The words of my text shall be "Wine is a mocker." You will find it in the third reader of sacred memory.

Mr. Smith—What reader does the dear gentleman refer to?

Mr. Schaefer—McGuffey's reader.

In McGuffey's third reader, you will run across this wonderful sermon, entitled "Wine is a mocker." It runs as follows:

"On a sunny morning one day Clarence Milktoast chanced to attend a basket picnic with Thomas Bungstarter. However, Clarence little dreamed that when he was led into Perkins' pasture he might also be led into mischief, for Thomas Bungstarter was a lad of vicious inclinations.

"Clarence was different. Clarence not only shunned wrong, but he looked severely upon all vices such as snowballing, whistling popular airs, playing marbles or tying up a neighbor's pump.

"They have now arrived at the picnic grounds. 'Hi! What say you, Clarence, to a treat?' exclaimed Thomas Bungstarter, extracting from his jumper, what do you think? A flask! 'Let me proffer you a good swig of prime ginger beer.' Equally surprised and vexed Clarence recoiled a step 'Perish the thought, I never touch the detestable brew.' 'But, ginger beer is not harmful' persisted the wicked Thomas, who was seeking to engage Clarence in conversation, and may be to indulge in the liquor. 'I assure you it is absolutely non-alcoholic.'

To his credit, be it said that Clarence was adamant. 'Away,' he said 'away with the flowing bowl. Full well you know, Thomas Bungstarter, that ginger beer leads to sarsparilla pop, and sarsparilla pop to lemon squash, and lemon squash to raspberry wine, until in the end one becomes a drunken sot, for whom no one cares.'



F. W. Schaefer



"Throwing back his head Thomas Bungstarter gave a loud and derisive laugh 'Ha! ha!' like that. "What a baby you are" he said, and then with a ribald remark to the effect that he had a snake bite on the great toe and that he would offset it with a can of antidote, he raised the brimming goblet to his lips.

"Desist," cried Clarence, "although I do not take strong drink I will not countenance the failing in others" and he seized the foaming beaker with such spirit that the helpless fellow must needs pause.

"For some moments Thomas Bungstarter directed a look of baffled rage at Clarence, but such was his bravado that presently his temporary timidity left him and with one fell swoop he drained the potion to the very dregs.

"Soon after we find him playing at 'Pitch and toss,' or 'Drop the handkerchief,' his visage inflamed with ginger beer.

"Twenty years have passed. The pathways of these two lads have diverged. Twenty years have flown, but, in that time their wires must have crossed, for to-day Thomas Bungstarter is Secretary of the Anti-Saloon League, whereas, on the other hand, Clarence Milktoast has become a brewery agent, with a very large waistcoat, and so rumor has it, he is not afraid to be seen entering a public house—or bar.

Mr. Warman—I think this sermon is not only entertaining but it is very instructive. Many of you younger members could derive a good deal of profit from a careful perusal of the sad tale of Clarence Milktoast and Thomas Bungstarter.

Mr. Warner, of Baltimore, first president of this association, will now tell us a fire story.

Mr. Warner—This is a story about a couple of New York newsboys, one of whom went by the name of Cimmy. Cimmy was telling the story, and said:

"Mickey an' me was standin' at de corner, an' de engines was comin' along an' de bells was ringin' like blue blazes, an' de horses was comin' down de struit. Micky says to me 'Let's go and see de fire.' I says 'Alright.' So we stoit on up de struit, and we follied de fire engine an' after we had gone about eight blocks we went 'roun' de corner where de fire was and de people was bellerin' and rushin' an' it



Hy. E. Warner

was awful. We kep' on after de engine and purty soon we came to de place where de fire was.

"De engine men jumped down an' put de hose on de plugs. De ladder men pulled out de ladders an' started to put them up to de house. We stood aroun' an' de smoke was rushin' out of de buildin'. Gee, it was high. I guess it was seven or eight stories. De fire was comin' out and everyone was yellin' and howlin' an' de bells was ringin' and de engines was smokin' an' dere was firemen in front an' dere was firemen at de side, but dere was no firemen in de alley. I says to Mickey 'Let's go 'roun' into de alley and see what's dere?' We went 'roun' dere and gee, de fire was just as bad as it was in de front. Dere was a guy lookin' out of a window on de seven' story. Gee, he was high up, an' dere was no firemen or ladders dere. He was shoutin' 'Help, help, Police.' Micky says to me 'holly gee look at dis' an' den de shouted to de guy 'Jump! we will ketch you in dis blanket, an' de guy jumped, and gee, I thought I'd die laughin'—we didn't have no blanket."

Mr. Warman—Mr. Ernest Smith, who supplied the dining cars on the Grand Trunk Special last Sunday, and who has made himself so agreeable is here with us to-day. He is a very modest man, but at the same time he is simply dying to say something to you. If I do not call on him there is a standing threat that I will not get any pie on the dining cars in the future.

Mr. Smith is, I may tell you, the Superintendent of Dining Cars on the Grand Trunk. He is—

A Voice—All right, Cy. We know him.

Mr. Smith—Mr. Chairman and fellow humorists (hear, hear) if I had known that this would have happened I would have caught Mr. Warman on the side and fixed him.

The qualifications of a dining car superintendent include the ability to keep in the background and do the work, and let the humorists do the talking.

A Voice—And the eating!

Mr. Oliver—And the drinking!

Mr. Smith—The talking, the eating—and the drinking, yes.



E. W. Smith



Eddie Guest

However, I am very glad to have an opportunity of assisting our officers in entertaining you and I hope it is not the last time we shall have that privilege.

Mr. Oliver—It will **not** be the last time.

Mr. Hoischberg—Shut up, Oliver!

Mr. Warman—We will now have the pleasure of hearing from Mr. Eddie Guest of the Detroit "Free Press," the worthy successor to Robert Barr, or "Luke Short."

Mr. Guest—Two fellows were talking heatedly at a corner one day, and one seeking to squelch the other said "Do you expect to go to Heaven when you die?" The other fellow said "I don't know. I never thought of it, and don't care much about it any way, because I own the other place."

Or another occasion one of these dry, long-winded persons, whom everybody has met was delivering a little speech, but his hearers were not paying a great deal of attention. When he got about half way through he shouted "You may not look upon this as a serious affair, but, I tell you I am speaking for posterity." An old fellow in the audience said, "Yes, and if you don't get through pretty soon your audience will commence to arrive."

Mr. Warman—Mr. Giles has a story to tell us about "Little Bateese." It is a particularly good one, and I would invite your special attention to it.

Mr. Giles—

You bad leetle boy, not moche you care
How busy you're kipin' your poor granpere
Tryin to stop you every day,
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay—
W'y dont you geev dem a chance to lay?
Leetle Bateese.

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough
Den w'en you're tire you scare de cow,
Sickin' de dog till they jump de wall
So de milk aint no good for not'ing at all—
And you're only five an' a half dis fall,
Leetle Bateese.

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to night?
Never min' I s'pose it'll be all right,
Say dem to-morrow—ah! dere he go!
Fas' asleep in a minute or so—
An' he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,
Leetle Bateese.





American Press Humorists leaving the Isleway Club





Eddie Guest



Den wake us up right away toute suite
Lookin' for some'ting more to eat,
Makin' me tink of dem long leg crane,
Soon as dey swaller dey start again,
I wonder your stomach dont get no pain,
Leetle Bateese.

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed
Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;
If he grow lak dat till he's twenty year
I bet he'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr,
An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,
Leetle Bateese.

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,
Won't geev heem moche bodder for carry pack
On de long portage, any size canoe,
Dere's not many t'ing dat boy won't do
For he's got double-joint on hees body too,
Leetle Bateese.

But Leetle Bateese! please don't forget
We rader you're stayin' de small boy yet,
So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare
An' do wat you lak wit' your ole gran'pere
For w'en you're beeg fe: r he won't be dere.
Leetle Bateese.

Mr. Warman—Now, as we mix the wine we will mix the variety of the entertainment. I am going to call upon the President of this Club, one of the best of good fellows in the City of Montreal. Gentlemen, Mr. Larry Wilson.

Mr. Wilson—Mr. Davis, Gentlemen, and American Friends; As you see I am not one of you, unfortunately. A few moments ago our esteemed and irrepressible friend, Mr. Oliver, asked me if I was a reporter. He saw me jotting down a few of the anecdotes and stories which you gentlemen were telling, and evidently thought that I was reporting the proceedings for the press.

I felt proud at the question, because I deduced from it that he considered I had an intellectual countenance and appearance.

I am like the fifth wheel on a wagon here to-day. I am not a humorist, I am not a speaker, and I am much less a literary man. And when Mr. Davis, your open-hearted host, asked me, through your confrere, Mr. Cy Warman, to attend this banquet I felt mightily honored to do so as President of this Club, but, at the same time I told Cy that I would be very much out of place in such a gathering of wit



L. A. Wilson

and wisdom. He said "Larry, after a few minutes these fellows will not know the difference." I must confess I feel a little more comfortable now.

On one occasion two ladies got into a crowded railway train on the Grand Trunk, running from Montreal to one of the suburbs. One of the ladies got to the train rather early and secured an inside seat in one of the cars. The other lady came down shortly afterwards and took the seat next to her. After a little while they opened up the conversation. "Are you going to St. Hilaire?" enquired the last arrival. "Oh, yes, I am going for two weeks. My employer gave me two weeks holidays, and is paying my railway fare and expenses while I am away. Is it not good of him?" "Yes, indeed. He must be a very good man," answered the first lady. "Not only that, but do you know he gave me this diamond ring last year, and he also gave me this diamond broach, and next year he is going to send me to Europe." "Well, my goodness, what do you do?" enquired the first lady. "I am only a Salome dancer, myself!"

I am willing to admit gentlemen, that my knowledge of American geography is somewhat limited. I have been a commercial man in the City of Montreal for the last thirty-five years, in a business of a very high nature,

Mr. Smith—Saloon business?

Mr. Wilson—Worse than that. I am President of the Licensed Victuallers of the Province of Quebec, and also President of the Federation of Breweries. Consequently, you are quite right when you say I am in the saloon business. As an offset against that, however, I am President of the Isleway Club, although what qualification I possess for that office is more than I can see. I never could understand why the members here made me President.

This Club dates back a quarter of a century, and I am proud to say that I have been a member of it since its inception. We occupied a little building over here in the beginning of our history, but as our membership grew we erected a larger building. Today our membership is limited to seventy-five.

At first this was supposed to be a very aristocratic club, for men of means—with the exception of the President. The original intention was that this



should be a Fish and Game Club for gentlemen who came here over week ends and had a good quiet time. As years crept on we allowed a little more latitude and this is the result!

Although I have not been officially connected with any of the newspapers I might say that I have had a great deal to do with them during my career at twenty cents a line. I have also figured to some extent in their editorial columns, but that is about the only free advertising I get.

It is an unfortunate thing, but a great many of our Montreal newspaper men are not humorists.

A Voice—Do you mean the fellows who run the funny columns in the Montreal papers?

Mr. Wilson—No, the publishers and editors.

We all know that journalism is a great thing—a very great thing indeed, and that most people who are connected with it are people of intelligence, reputation and wealth.

Several Voices—Hear, hear.

As an instance of your wonderful methods of doing business I was particularly impressed with the reports on the Crippen affair. I was reading some of these reports here in Montreal at five o'clock on the afternoon of the arrest.

I have heard several references here to-day to the falling off of humor in the press. I noticed particularly one gentleman who said something to the effect that some people had no sense of humor at all. I do not think, however, that this applies to the present bunch. As a proof of this, let me ask you what result you would get if you had a lot of thirty or forty ordinary business or professional men seated around this table at dinner. What a stupid, uninteresting lot of people they would be.

Mr. Davis—I think I should tell you, my friends, that, notwithstanding his profession and confession, Mr. Wilson is really one of the modest men in Canada. He has not told you, for instance, that among the ironclad rules of this Club, which you cannot break, there is one to the effect that on a holiday or on a Sunday ladies are not expected here. This is **our** holiday.

Mr. Oliver—If I had known that I could have told you a couple of good stories.



AMERICAN ASSOCIATION
OF PRESS HUMORISTS

Mr. Warner—Do I understand that Mr. Wilson said he had never heard of Yonkers.

Mr. Wilson—Never to any extent.

Mr. Warner—That is not very strange. For your information I may tell you that Yonkers is a village outside of New York bounded on the north, south, east and west by Mr. Ed. Oliver.

Mr. Warman—We will now have the pleasure of listening for two minutes to Mr. Herr Von Hoischberg.

Mr. Smith—Who is this person who dares interrupt my dreams?

Mr. Rose—This is Mr. Warman, of the Grand Trunk.

Mr. Smith—Oh, thank you.

Mr. Hoischberg—Mr. Chairman, Mr. Davis, ladies and gentlemen. Before I begin I wish to tell you that I have not always been as low and debased as I am at present. I was not always a newspaper man. At one time I was comparatively decent.

I will now imbibe a glass of wine and proceed.

While I was still respectable I happened to be City Attorney of a little town, and as such had to attend to the prosecution of persons who were apprehended for infractions of the law.

One Monday morning one of the policemen brought up a man by the name of Joseph Edmond Smith, charged with being a dangerous and suspicious character. The policeman was placed in the witness box, and I said to him "You charge this man with being a dangerous and suspicious character. Can you prove it?" "Can I prove it? Why, Mr. Hoischberg, I reckon he is a suspicious character. At the last election, when we all got in, that man not only voted against us but he worked against us. Suspicious character, well, I reckon he is."

Mr. Warman—Allow me to introduce to you Mr. Joe Cone, who writes "Jocosities" for the Boston Herald.

Mr. Cone—I have only a word to say.

A Voice—Never mind, Joe, we can stand you for a while.

Mr. Cone—You know what you did in regard to electing the Vice-President of this Association. Well, he said to me: "Joe, for God's sake remember



Joe Cone



City of Montreal from Mount Royal





Joe

you will get the first show." I being the Vice-President of this Association and wanting to pull the Convention off at Boston, if there is any possibility of letting me be heard please do it."

I said to him: "I know I can make a better speech than you can, and I know I can represent Boston better than you can, but, at the same time I have a kind of a fellow feeling in my heart for you."

Therefore, I withdraw in favor of Newt—

Mr. Smith—Gentlemen, I will give you one of Joe's verses.

Mr. Hoischberg—No, you won't, because if you do the first thing we know it will appear as original in the Yonkers Statesman.

Mr. Oliver—I will bet you forty dollars it won't.

Mr. Warman—Out of kind consideration for our friend Joe Cone we will allow Mr. Newton Newkirk, of Boston, to say a few words.

Mr. Newkirk—I know you gentlemen have not forgotten the kindness of the Grand Trunk in getting us here.

Mr. Oliver—Tell us a joke, Newt. I have not heard a good joke to-day.

Mr. Newkirk—I am not going to tell any jokes. I am going to tell you how much pleasure it was to ride up on the Grand Trunk line yesterday. I was with Joe Cone and Mrs. Cone and Mrs. Newkirk

The train stopped at one station and Joe and I left the car to get a—a—breath of air. There was a rather stout lady about to get on, but she seemed to hesitate about the manner of doing so. She kept running back and forth, until the Conductor said "Madam, which end do you want to get in?" and she said "If you just give me time I will try to get both ends in."

After we had reached the hotel I found it necessary to have a small bill changed, and I received a lot of Canadian money. I said to Joe, "There is one thing that worries me about coming up here to Canada and that is the Canadian money which I will get in change. When I get back to Boston I will have a lot of it, and I won't know what to do with it." He said "I would not worry about that if I were you. You probably won't have a damn cent when you get back to Boston." However, I am very



Newt. Newkirk

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John D. Wells

glad to be here, and I appreciate what the Grand Trunk and dear old Cy have done for us, and if I dared I would put in a spoke for Boston next year, but I do not dare do this, because this is not the time nor the place.

However, turn the thought over in your mind.

Mr. Warman—I want to introduce to you now a gentleman of a modest and retiring disposition—one from whom we do not hear a great deal, but at the same time who is exceptionally brilliant. I refer to our President, Mr. John D. Wells.

Mr. Oliver—I rise to take exception.

Several Voices—Sit down!

Mr. Wells—I am unfortunate to-day in that I am suffering from the excesses of last night. Long hours of merry-making have, perhaps, affected me. My friend, Larry Wilson, says he knows the newspaper men of Montreal. Well, so do I, now. It was a long siege, but I found out all about them, and got through just about in time to catch the train this morning.

Now, gentlemen, it is the province and privilege of the President of this Association to be funny or refrain from being funny just as he likes. Sometimes he refrains because he cannot be funny. This is one of these occasions.

I think we should thank Mr. Davis for this delightful entertainment, which is one of the brightest I have ever attended. We had a special railroad to bring us here, and now we are having a special club to entertain us.

Mr. Oliver—That is not a joke.

I want to say one thing. I don't know—

Mr. Davis—Will somebody please get Mr. Oliver to sit down, again?

Mr. Warman—Seeing that Mr. Oliver is quieted I will call upon Mr. Douglas Malloch to tell us something about the lumber-jack.

Mr. Malloch—Gentlemen, and Mr. Oliver, in beginning I wish to ask you, as a Canadian, what is the close season in Canada for Olivers.

Mr. Davis—There is no close season.

Mr. Malloch—I am glad to hear that, sir.

I had come here with the intention of being edified morally and mentally. Mr. Wilson told

some stories which nearly succeeded in edifying me. I might tell you a little story, just to show you that I am respectable.

Our friend Warman on one occasion shaved off his moustache, and was very proud of his appearance after it was gone. He was particularly proud of the effect he would have on the ladies. Rigging himself out in his best Sunday clothes he went down to one of the public squares in Montreal and stood there thinking of his own magic beauty. Looking at the grand buildings and looking at the magnificent statue which was situated in the centre of the square, thinking all the while of what a fine figure he cut, he felt that he must look like the statue; indeed, he felt he was a statue.

Just then, a little dog came across the street and he thought Cy was a statue.

Mr. Davis, for my part I wish to thank you personally for the entertainment you have provided us with here to-day. I hope you will appreciate the truth of what I say when I tell you that this is really an international gathering, and that as an international gathering they all appreciate what you have done for their entertainment.

I will not take up much more of your time, but I would like to recite to you a serious poem. I may tell you that this is a good poem because I wrote it myself, and I have attempted to express some of the ideals of this Association.

"All the earths' recorded years,
All the knowledge of all time,
All the prayer and hopes and tears,
All the Martyrs' faith sublime,
They have left no better word,
Better creed since time began
Than the Fatherhood of God,
And the Brotherhood of Man.

Ye who argue at the shrine,
As the money changers fought,
Saying truth is wholly thine
And the other creeds are naught,
Know ye not one creed there is
Large enough for every clan—
Just the Fatherhood of God,
And the Brotherhood of Man.

Stone by stone ye build your creed
Yet one test shall prove their worth;
Did ye build for human needs
For the humble sons of earth?



Douglas Malloch

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION
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Did ye follow as ye built
Deity's Divinest plan,
Just the Fatherhood of God
And the Brotherhood of Man?

By this measure must ye square
Every corner, arch and stone,
Each foundation must prepare,
By one measurement alone.
And, your dogma shall survive
Only if ye right began,
With the Fatherhood of God,
And the Brotherhood of Man."

Mr. Warner—I did not think you could do it,
Douglas.

Mr. Malloch—Neither did I.

Mr. Warner—I am told that Mr. Malloch composed another very beautiful poem which he calls "Leisure." I would like to hear him recite it, if he can remember it.

Mr. Davis—After what we have heard from him I should be very pleased indeed to hear his other poem.

Mr. Malloch—

"I thank the Lord that I have time
For things that pay no dividends,
For song and book and sunset gleam
And sweet companionship of friends.
The song may be some simple theme,
The book some poet's dreary rhyme,
For those who dare to pause and dream—
I thank the Lord that I have time.

I thank the Lord that I have time
To stop a moment by the way,
To kiss the scented lips of flowers
And hear the voice of songbirds gay.
The lark announces morning hours,
Around my door, the roses climb,
And Nature lures me to her bowers—
I thank the Lord that I have time.

I thank the Lord that I have time
To pause beside some other soul
That falters by my poor abode,
Upon the path to greater goal.
If I can help him on his road,
Can aid his weary feet to climb,
If I can ease him of his load,
I thank the Lord that I have time.





Windsor Hotel and Early Mother's Home, Scene, Dominion Square, Montreal





I thank the Lord that I have time
For humbler joys and humbler things.
I thank the Lord for lips that smile
I thank the Lord for heart that sings.
If I in life's uncertain while
With word or song or cheery rime
Can light some pilgrim's dreary mile
I thank the Lord that I have time."

Mr. Warman—I will now call upon Mr. George Fitch, of Peoria, Illinois.

Mr. Fitch—I am going to do what the Grand Trunk did for me yesterday—I will make up time by speaking only three minutes, and will leave you two minutes to the good.

Some sixty out of the eighty million people of the United States say that the English do not understand humor. This is not a fact. The truth of the matter is they do not understand our humor and we do not understand theirs. As an illustration: A while ago I tried an English joke in my paper which went something like this (by way of explanation, I may tell you that there is in England a peculiar breed of cat called "Manx." This cat has no tail.)

A traveller went into a railway station, and as he bought his ticket at the booking office he noticed above the window a very fine specimen of a cat, stuffed, but, without any tail. He said to the booking clerk "Manx?", and the man inside said "No, goods train."

I am still getting answers to this joke. It appeared some time ago, but within the last few days I got an answer from a fellow who said he had it.

Mr. Davis—That is a real good old English joke, but I have a better one.

As you probably don't know, I was born in the United States; however, I don't think you can blame me for that. When I lived in Chicago many persons came to me with letters of introduction from England. Invariably, the first question asked would be "How long have you been over?" The first time a man asked me the question I did not know what to answer, but I said to him "Come back to morrow and I will tell you." He came back next day and repeated his question. I said "Thirty-eight years." He said "My, but you must have been young when you came over."



George Fitch

As the years went by I added one year to it until it got to be forty-five. Then I was deported from the United States. Now, if a man should ask me how long since I came over I tell him that this is the second day of August, and that it is my birthday, and that I am sixty years of age.

The thought has just occurred to me that if I live another five hundred years I will never have such a birthday as this, and I don't believe that if any of you here lived to be one hundred years of age, you will ever have a sixtieth birthday in the midst of this bunch.

Mr. Wilson—Th's is a surprise to us, to learn that this is the birtliday of our friend Mr. Davis.

Here's hoping that he may live to be a thousand and grow younger every year.

Mr. Warman—In order that you may know a little bit of our host as I know him I want to tell you as newspaper men and as writers how I got acquainted with him.

Of course, I had been introduced and had worked him for transportation, but I never knew him properly until I had an order from Colliers for an article of about two thousand words on "Railroad wrecks." I needed the money at the time, and I never refused an assignment under those circumstances, so I accepted. In those days I had no visible means of support apart from writing. I wrote an article on "Railway wrecks" which appeared in Colliers, and which was very interesting, but not just the kind of literature that railway officials like to read, as Mr. Davis reminded me at the time.

I wrote to Mr. Davis as follows:—

'My Dear Mr. Davis:—

Once there was a man whose wife's mother lay very sick of illne.s. The doctor came in and, having diagnosed her case, said: "My Dear Sir, your wife's mother will never be right until she goes to a warmer place.' The man went out to the woodshed and came back with the axe and said: 'Here, Doc, you do it. I haven't the nerve.' This thing had to be done, and I thought it might better be done by a man in sympathy with the patient, and that's why I wrote the story."

After that we understood each other.



I just mention this in order to clear up the doubtful origin of this story, and to take up some of your time.

Mr. Lee, managing editor of "Judge," has something to say to us.

Mr. Lee—Whereas it has been my pleasure to share in this hospitality and entertainment, and whereas I never had the pleasure of having been the guest of better hosts than we have had on this journey, I think it very proper that we should give expression to our appreciation by a rising vote of thanks to Mr. Davis and the Grand Trunk for the courtesies they have extended to us on this trip.

This motion being duly seconded by Mr. Sam Kiser was carried amid prolonged applause.

Mr. Davis—It is very pleasant, indeed, to listen to these things. Sometimes as we go through life we wonder how and why it is that we get so many verbal boquets thrown at us. However, the Grand Trunk Railway is delighted to have you, gentlemen, and the Grand Trunk is always delighted to entertain the largest or the smallest of the press. We realize that, after all, the press is what we have to fall back upon when we are in trouble. It is the press which gets us out of our difficulties. Through the press we reach the public and if our story is right, we are alright.

I am very glad, indeed, that on this, the occasion of my sixtieth birthday, I have had this opportunity of entertaining the brightest company of newspaper men on earth.

I deeply lament that Mark Twain has passed away, and that many of your honorary members are not permitted to be with us to-day, but I sincerely hope that many of you younger men will be accorded the privilege of passing your sixtieth birthdays as guests at some such gathering as this.

Mr. Warman—In addition to Mr. Davis we have with us to-day his able assistant—the Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway System and of the Grand Trunk Pacific—a railway which extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I wish to introduce to you my friend, Mr. G. T. Bell.



AMERICAN ASSOCIATION
OF PRESS HUMORISTS



G. T. Bell

Mr. Bell—Mr. Davis, Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen—

Mr. Oliver—That's not us.

Mr. Bell—Some of you.

I lack the sense of humor to—

Mr. Smith—You don't appreciate Oliver, eh?

Mr. Bell—I think I appreciate Roland more; but Oliver is alright.

I was commencing to say that being of English-Scotch ancestry, only flavored with a little Irish, my sense of humor is naturally somewhat dwarfed. The president of this Isleway Club, who also presides over many other good things and good fellows as you have already learned, alluded a few minutes ago to our rigid winters in Canada. He touched a tender subject.

Mr. Smith—Both rigid and tender, Mr. Bell.

Mr. Bell—Yes, and it made me think of a story showing how much these rigid winters and the rail-ways have done to supply our great need of population, but President Taft probably knows already how climate and transportation together may be used to advance national interests, as the story relates to the district in which for years he gambolled on the golf greens. If he does not turn it to account he will miss a glorious chance to deal with the serious subject of race suicide so close to the heart of his prolific friend and predecessor. As this is a parlor story I will tell it privately. I thank Mr. Davis most cordially for the privilege of meeting you all in this pleasant way on his sixtieth birthday.

Mr. Oliver—I just want to say one word. Chief Justice Brewer wrote this thing two weeks before he died, and I want you to listen to it.

"One of the things I am most thankful for in this life is my ability to see a joke and my joy in laughing at it. If it was not for humor or fun I would have been dead long ago. If I should look on life as seriously and as dolorously as many men I would be a very unhappy person. It may seem a rather undignified thing to admit, but I really get more enjoyment out of the funny columns of a newspaper than I do out of the editorial page. It has been a hobby of mine for years to cut out some of the jokes that the country papers print, and either





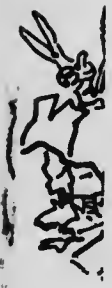
City Hall and Court House, Montreal





G. T

1896



carry them around with me, or send them home to my family. The funny pages in the back part of a magazine I always tear out and preserve. It is my mental recreation and my intellectual exercise."

Chief Justice Brewer wrote these lines to me about two weeks before he died.

Mr. Smith—Then he died.

Mr. Warman—Gentlemen, I wish to introduce to you one of the greatest entertainers on this continent, Mr. Edmund Vance Cooke.

Mr. Cooke—Cy, I had almost given up hope, but if Pittsburg will keep still, and if Mr. Oliver will keep on his shirt, I may possibly be able to get through with my speech.

There were several remarks made during the course of this afternoon upon which I might very well base a text. For instance, there was a comparison made between a bunch of humorists and a bunch of ordinary lowbrows. I think I could get something out of that.

Then, it occurred to me that, leaving aside all false modesty we have got together here the very best thoughts in the "Profesh," and another thing which struck me more forcibly is the fact that it is not necessary for a man to retire into the privacy of his den, and spend nights of solitude in trying to be funny. A man may be funny spontaneously. For example, coming up on the boat to-day, with some of the boys, I heard just as good impromptu jokes from Mr. Smith's colored table stewards as anything I have heard here. I have also noticed in going around the country that the best humor I get is not from humorists, but from some layman. We have had this thought illustrated here to-day by the remarks of the gentlemen present who are outside of the profession.

This thought was particularly brought home to me on one occasion when I made a visit to Fort Madison Penitentiary—

Mr. Oliver—Was it a compulsory visit?

Mr. Cooke—No, induced.

There were two poets in that penitentiary, both of whom could write just as good if not better poetry than Judd Lewis or Sam Kiser.

Mr. Smith—"And the other one was Booth."

Mr. Cooke—That was what I was leading up to.





Edmund Vance Cooke

Some of these fellows had been in there twenty years, and all the humor they knew dated about twenty years back, and consequently was fragrantly new and fresh to me. Some of it I have seen since in the columns of the Chicago Record-Herald and the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

I remember one joke which impressed me at the time, and which I have been trying to trace since.

Mr. Smith—I know it before you tell it.

Mr. Cooke—The scene was an ordinary country village. There was an old village lawyer who very seldom got a case, and he was in conversation with a farmer. The farmer had an old spavined mule which he wanted to sell, but which he pretended he did not want to sell. The lawyer wanted to buy the mule and said "Jed, I would like to buy that mule of yours." The farmer said, "Well, I don't believe I want to sell that mule. I have had that mule for a long time, and I don't think I want to sell it." "Well, would you sell it if you got the price?" To this the farmer replied, "Yes. If I got my price." "How much do you want for the mule?" asked the lawyer. "Well, I don't know. How much would you give?" "Well, I don't know what you would take." "What would you give?" "Oh, about fifty dollars." Fifty dollars was finally agreed upon as the price for the mule, the farmer saying "Alright, I will take fifty dollars. The mule is yours. Where is the fifty dollars?" "Well, I will tell you what it is," said the lawyer. "Business has been a little bad of late, but I am going to get some business pretty soon. In the meantime I will give you my note at three months." "Oh, no you don't" said the farmer, "I have enough reading matter now."

I have been trying to run that joke down ever since I heard it.

Mr. Malloch—It was very prevalent in Kansas about twenty-five years ago.

Mr. Cooke—What do you think of this?

When the Two Flags Fly Together

Whenever a human breath is breathed, or the bonny brave
men lie,
The ruddy warmth of the English flag has flamed against the sky.
Wherever Columbia's stars have shown, since ever their course
began,
The lowly ones of the earth have known they stood for the
Rights of Man.

And proud are we men of the Saxon blood of the centuries,
which are gone,
And proud that the flags ride side by side in the twentieth
century's dawn,
So, who shall tear at the lion's hair, who pluck at the eagle's
feather,
If the sum of our might be firm for the right, as the two flags
fly together.

For not as a Gog and Magog shall the Saxon sons be twined
To sweep the earth with a sword of fire, or blast with a blighting
wind.

When the two flags fly together, then the wolf of war must cease
To howl his sinister note and prowl on the world preserves of
peace.

Should we measure our height in the scale of life by the length of
tooth and claw?

Should we beat the brow to a narrow ridge and broaden the
brutal jaw?

Or shall we use our swelling thews with the war-wolf held in
tether,

Till zeons shall praise the blessed days, when the two flags fly
together?

Oh, Thermopylae and Marathon were glorious words in Greece,
But the Greek lives only for us to-day in the letters and arts
of peace.

The Roman sword and the Roman shield have rotted in rust
away,

But the Roman roads are paths of peace in many a land to-day.
There were Marlboroughs, there were Wellingtons to further the
English fame,

But heap them up by the score and more and they pale at
Shakespeare's name.

And shall we have the wrath of the cyclone's path, or the shine
of the harvest weather?

Shall we choose the course of love, or force, when the two flags
fly together?

For we—are we always guiltless? And you—are you always sure
That your children's children will proudly say, "It was well
and their plans were pure?"

Can we stand and say "This thing which I do to my brother
across the sea

Is the thing which I pray, ere the close of the day, my brother
may do unto me?"

Should ever the sons of the nation fall and the fields breathe fire
and smoke?

Should ever we who are proud to be free hard fasten another's
yoke?

As we reason these in their just degrees, as we answer their why
and whether,

In so much shall the light of our race burn bright, as the two
flags fly together.

Mr. Warman—I will now call upon Mr. Comfort
author of "Rutledge Rides Alone."



Will L. Comfort



E. W. Miller

Mr. Comfort—Mr. Davis, Cy, Mr. Wilson and Gentlemen: It has been a great thing to be with you all and I just want to tell you that I love you all

Mr. Smith—Oh, this is so sudden!

Mr. Warman—We have also with us Mr. Miller. I would ask you to listen to him for a few minutes.

Mr. Miller—

"No Doctor!" said Sherlock Holmes; "this is a plain case of suicide."

"The deceased was an unmarried man; he never drank; had no sense of humor; always shaved himself, and was an unbeliever!"

"How do you make these deductions, Sherlock?" asked the Doctor.

"As simple and as plain as are your own dear features, Doctor!"

"I never saw an easier case to determine!

"He has no worn and haggard look which would denote that he was married.

"We found no empty flask upon his person which proves conclusively that he never drank.

"We find in his pockets no clippings from London Punch—positive evidence that he had no sense of humor.

"And his throat was cut with a razor; it proves that he always shaved himself; otherwise, why would he own a razor?"

"There being no testament or prayer book among his effects proves that he was an unbeliever; and if he had been a believer he never would have committed suicide, as the uncertainty regarding the future state is sufficient to deter a believer from taking a chance on entering a New World until he is obliged to."

"Wonderful, Sherlock! Wonderful!" exclaimed the Doctor; "some day you'll solve for me the mystery of the World to Come!"

Mr. Warman—You will now please listen to Mr. Leedy, of the Youngstown Herald.

Mr. Leedy—The first time I remember being called on to say something I had prepared a very nice little rhyme in which to express my sentiments,



Chas. A. Leedy



St. James Street, Montreal



Chas.

but when I got up the thing left me and I forgot what I had to say, so I stammered, and stuttered, and wiggled about until finally some fellow said "Whistle it."

I tried to whistle it and this was the result:—

(And Mr. Leedy favored the audience with a remarkable rendition of something which might have been "Harrigan's Moonlight Sonata" or "Beethoven, that's me.")

Mr. Warman—I want to hear Mr. Cooke recite "The Other One Was Booth" for the benefit of Mr. Davis, Mr. Bell and Larry Wilson. Mr. Cooke and I met in the columns of the New York Sun a dozen years ago, and here to-day, in the flesh and spirits.

Mr. Cooke—

The Other One Was Booth

(Suggested by Conversation with certain "retired" actors)

Now, by the rood, as Hamlet says, it grieves me sore to say
The stage is not as once it was, when I was wont to play;
'Tis true Hank Irving, dear old chap, still gives a decent show,
And Mansfield and Ed. Willard really act the best they know;
'Tis true that Duse and Bernhardt, for we mustn't be too hard,
Are very fair (for women) though of course they ought to guard
Against some bad-art tendencies; but as for all the rest
There's hardly one, I may say none, who stands the artist's test.
True artists are a rare, rare breed; there were but two forsooth,
In all me time, the stage's prime; and the other one was Booth.

"Why, Mac — I mean Macready— but we always called him Mac,

And old Ned Forrest used to say, or so, they once told Jack;
Or, that is, Jack McCullough, that—well, this is what they said;
"There were but two who really knew how Shakespeare should
be read.

They didn't mean the younder Kean, or Jack; and so perhaps
It caused a little jealousy among the lesser chaps.
They said that Larry Barrett was entitled to respect,
But as for Tom Salvini, well his dago dialect
Would never do for Shakespeare; so to tell the simple truth,
There were only two men in it; and the other one was Booth.

"Don't think conceit is in me tongue; 'tis something I detest;
But I may say that in me day I've figured with the best.
Why, Kalamazoo, and Oshkosh, too, and Kanakee as well,
Went fairly wild, nor man, nor child, stirred when the curtain fell.
The S.R.O. was hung each night; our show was such a rage
They took the ushers off the floor and ushered from the stage.
From Buzzard's Bay to San Jose, from Nawreans to Duluth,
Just two stars hit a little bit; and the other one was Booth.



AMERICAN ASSOCIATION
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"I liked Ned Booth, for he was such a royal-hearted fellow,
We never had a jealousy. When he put out on Othello
His Iago was much like mine too, likewise his stage direction;
But what cared Ed. what critics said, since I made no objection?
Ah, me! That day is past; the play has lost its honored station;
Who reads aright, rage, sorrow, fright, or tragic desolation?
Aye, who can reach to Hamlet's speech, "To be or not to be"?
Or wild Macbeth's cry, "Never shake thy gory locks at me"
Or Lear's appeal; "O, let me not be mad, sweet Heavens, not
mad."

Or Shylock's rage; "I'll have me bond" Ah, me; it makes me sad
To think it all, and then recall the drama of me youth,
When there were two who read lines true, and the other one was
Booth."

Mr. Davis—It may be, gentlemen, that some other
day or some other year we will be gathered together
again—we do not know. Before you disperse there
is one beautiful thought I would like to have expressed
to you. It was expressed by Doctor Drummond in
one of the last poems he wrote, and my friend
Mr. Giles will recite for us "Mebbe."

Mr. Giles—Well—Mebbe!

"A quiet boy was Joe Bedotte,
An' no sign anyw'ere
Of anyt'ing at all he got
Is up to ordinaire—
An' w'en de teacher tell hec, go
An' tak' a holiday,
For wake heem up, becos' he's slow,
Poor Joe would only say,

"Wall! meb-be"

Don't bodder no wan on de school
Unless dey bodder heem,
But all de scholar t'ink he's fool
Or walkin' on a dream—
So w'en dey're closin' on de spring
Of course dey're moche surprise,
Dat Joe is takin' ev'ry-t'ing
Of w'at you call de prize.

An' den de teacher say 'Jo-seph,'
I know you're workin' hard—
Becos' w'en I am pass mese'f
I see you on de yard
A-splittin' wood—no doubt you stay
An' study half de night?
An' Joe he spit de sam' ole way,
So quiet an' polite,

"Wall! meb-be".

Hees fader an' hees moder die
An' lef 'heem dere alone
Wit' chil'ren small enough to cry,
An' farm all rock an' stone—
But Joe is fader, moder too,
An' work bote day an' night
An' clear de place—dat's w'at he do,
An' bring dem up all right.

De Cure say, 'Joseph, you know
Le bon Dieu's very good—
He feed de small bird on de snow,
De caribou on de wood—
But you deserve some credit too—
I spik of dis before'
So Joe he dunno w'at to do
An' only say wance more,

"Wall! meb-be."

An' Joe he leev' for many year
An' helpin' ev'ry wan,
Upon de parish far an' near
Till all hees money's gone—
An' den de Cure come again
Wit' tear-drop on hees eye—
He know for sure poor Joe, hees frien',
Is well prepare to die.

"Wall! Joe de work you done will tell
W'en you get up above—
De good God he will treat you well,
An' geev' you all hees love,
De poor an' sick down here below,
I'm sure dey'll not forget"
An' w'at you t'ink he say, poor Joe,
Drawin' hees only breat'?

"Wall! meb-be."

In the evening following the great day at Isleway Club we were the personally-conducted guests of Mr. Harry Dorsey, President of the Dominion Park Association, at the Coney Island of Canada.

Wednesday, August 3, we lunched in a private dining room at the Windsor, the guests of Mr. Warman. Having him alone we made him a handsome present, which greatly surprised and pleased him.

Thursday, August 4, we made Cy Warman President of the Association, W. J. Lampton Vice-President, and Newton Newkirk Secretary-Treasurer, leaving the next meeting place between Boston and the Blue Atlantic.



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A. L. Biaby

Also, on that fine day we paid our respects, *en masse* to the Grand Trunk Railway. We were received by the President, Mr. Chas. M. Hays, in the Board room on the fifth floor of the big office building, and he made us feel as welcome there as his Traffic Manager had made us at Isleway. Mr. Hays made us a little speech in which he said newspaper men were always welcomed any time and anywhere on the Grand Trunk and never so welcome as at that time.

With the aid of one of our members he had been trying to convince the public that the line was open and doing business as usual, and now we had come to corroborate these statements. The President complimented his staff, said he was glad we had called, glad they had entertained us, and hoped we would continue to have as good a time as we appeared to have had since we crossed the boundary line.

After leaving the Grand Trunk Offices we paid a "party hall" on Mr. Lawrence A. Wilson, President of the Isleway Club, where we had such a scandalously nice time two days earlier.

Mr. Wilson, seated in his private office was presently disturbed by a male quartette; twenty strong, singing lustily:

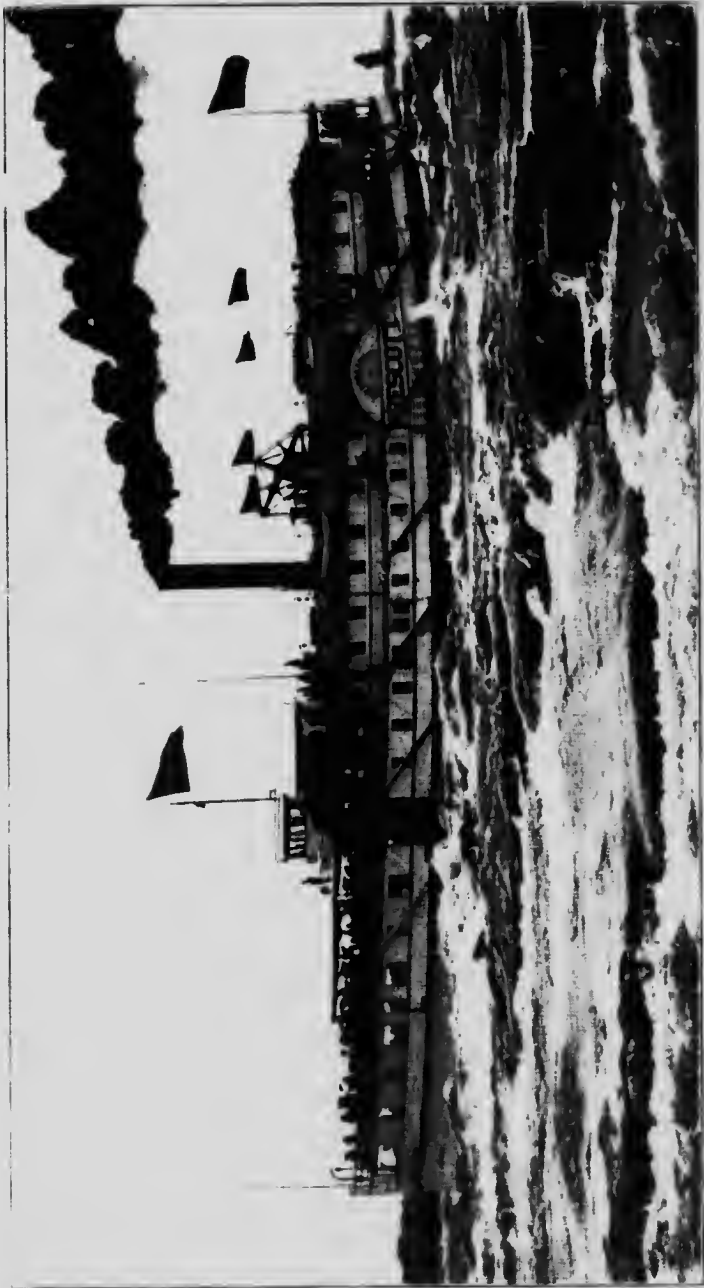
Has anybody here seen Larry?
L — A double R — Y,
Has anybody here seen Larry,
We've come to make a call.
Where we want a ride its up to Cy,
But we like Larry when we are dry,
Has anybody here seen Larry,
Wilson—that's all.

The following account of the call is from the fertile pen of Mr. George Fitch:—

"Mr. Wilson bowed his thanks and began to shake hands all round, upon which the choir bawled melodiously:

'We don't think much of shaking hands,
Our throats are dry as desert sands.'
Has anybody here seen Larry,
Wilson—that's all.'

The host blushed and immediately declared his intention of coming to the rescue, but he lingered to show the bunch his office which is lined with signed photographs from Canadian and English notables,



Shooting the Lachine Rapids



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from King George to Premier Laurier. Thereupon, the choir effervesced as follows:

'These mugs you've got are surely fine,
But not so nice as mugs of wine,
Has anybody here seen Larry,
Wilson—that's all.'

Slightly confused, Mr. Wilson led the way through his establishment and exhibited a handsome statue of Bacchus. The choir immediately sang:

'We like your statue, we don't think,
It cannot say, 'Come, have a drink!'

Much mortified, Wilson hastily led the way to the cellar. The choir was immediately so impressed that it sang once more:

'We've come to a distressing pass,
Ten thousand kegs and not one glass.'

Upon which Mr. Wilson responded by leading them down to yet another cellar, adorned by even more casks and barrels than the first and adorned with a magnificent sideboard. Now, indeed, was the choir visibly affected and without further ado they raised their voices and sang:

'Not one inch farther will we roam,
We'll stay right here and call this home.'

The last verse proved efficacious, and such members as were not firmly clamped to the water wagon received exceedingly hospitable treatment at the hands of Mr. Wilson, who declared his intention of shutting up the choir if he had to drown the entire association. But he didn't succeed, for upon leaving the place the unterrified singers bade him farewell as follows:

'Has everybody here seen Larry,
L — A — double R — Y.
'Has everybody here seen Larry,
Coming through the Rye?
We like your place, it's grand to see,
If you don't mind we'll take the key,
'Has everybody here seen Larry,
Wilson—Good-bye.'

In the evening of the 4th day of the convention we took the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company's beautiful Steamer "Montreal" for that world-



Wm. Johnson

famed sail down the St. Lawrence to the ancient and interesting city of Quebec.

Friday, the 5th, Mr. Carr, General Manager of the Quebec Electric Railway System, and all its allied and subsidiary companies, took us in his private car to Montmorency Falls and on to the celebrated shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre—the Lourdes of Canada, giving us a day not soon to be forgotten. By the same steamer we sailed back up the St. Lawrence to Montreal, where we said au revoir.

As we bade our friends and hosts adieu, the feeling was general that we had enjoyed the trip to Canada to the limit of human enjoyment, that we had learned much of a most interesting, prosperous and promising country, and that we would all like to "Come Back."



IMPRESSIONS

Mr. Edgar A. Guest, Detroit "Free Press,"
Detroit, Mich.:

"One of the most striking things about Montreal is the honor that has been paid to the saints, and the number of saints that Montrealers have found to honor."

Mr. S. E. Kiser, Chicago "Record-Herald,"
Chicago, Ill.:

Quebec

"Ah, this is hallowed ground indeed,
These hills are sacred to romance;
'Twas here that heroes dared to bleed
For sainted Louis and for France;
Here chivalrous Montcalm refused
To bend before his gallant foes,
And here the Iroquois once bruised
The proud Algonquin on the nose.

Upon these fertile peaceful slopes
Where now the buckwheat is in bloom
Brave men once clung to splendid hopes
That finally went up the flume;
Where yonder spotted cow proceeds
To comb her offspring with her tongue
Men dared to do heroic deeds
When this old land was wild and young."

Mr. W. R. Rose, Cleveland "Plain Dealer,"
Cleveland, O.:

"The Road to Montreal, where the blue-green waters fall,
was the Grand Trunk, and the delegates were the guests of the
railway in a special train, from Chicago to the Canadian metro-
polis, arriving in the latter city exactly on time."

Mr. Newton Newkirk, Boston "Post," Boston,
Mass.:

"And all this hospitality was offered and carried out without
a hitch or a twitch anywhere, in spite of the fact that during
the week of the Convention in Montreal, the Grand Trunk
Railroad had a strike of serious proportions on its hands. One
day Cy Warman collected the boys and took em down to the
General Offices of the Grand Trunk in Montreal where we were
all presented to Chas. M. Hays, President of the Grand Trunk



**AMERICAN ASSOCIATION
OF PRESS HUMORISTS**

System, in his private office. John D. Wells, of the Buffalo News, President of the Association, in a neat little speech thanked President Hays for the courtesy he had extended the humorists, and President Hays in reply said, that the pleasure was all his and that since we were all together, he wanted to thank each member of the Association for his presence in Montreal. He said the jokes they had sprung which he had read in the Montreal newspapers had made him smile, and that he was deeply grateful."

**Mr. Henry Edward Warner, Baltimore "Sun,"
Baltimore, Md.:**

"From Baltimore to Buffalo, across Suspension Bridge to Toronto, on to Montreal and down the St. Lawrence to the far north City of Quebec, with its frowning Citadel and picturesque people, and then on to Montmorency Falls, where the home once occupied by the Father of Queen Victoria has been turned into a boarding house, and still on to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, the Mother of Mary, where pilgrims wear a path in the hopes of health—it is a wonderful trip. The Grand Trunk line picked up the humorists from every corner of the States at Toronto, and took them to Montreal. Every minute of the trip was filled with the delight of luxurious travel. On every hand the tourists found new joys until they bubbled, from the time they crossed the line at Niagara Falls until they turned a last, reluctant farewell gaze to the beauties of a sunset in the foreground of which loomed a modern castle over the antiquity of Old Quebec."

**Mr. Douglas Malloch, "American Lumberman,"
Chicago, Ill.:**

"At Montreal ocean navigation and river navigation join hands. Not only the Richelieu and Ontario steamers ply up and down the St. Lawrence, most majestic of American rivers, but the Trans-Atlantic steamers here arrive and depart. Montreal is also a railroad centre. It is the headquarters of the Grand Trunk Railroad. It is notable as the present headquarters of Cy Warman. Cy wrote the song 'Sweet Marie' and has moved more or less ever since.

"Near Montreal are the celebrated Lachine Rapids of the St. Lawrence. One of the chief amusements in Montreal is going up river and shooting the rapids on a steamer. There is no better shooting in Canada.

"One night's sail from Montreal lies Quebec, most picturesque and interesting of all the cities on the American Continent. Quaint and compact, it is most convenient for the tourist. Even Messrs. Wolfe and Montcalm, when they met for the championship of Canada on the plains of Abraham, fought it out in one of the upper town wards, easy of access by trolley, caleche or walking boots.

"Quebec was founded in 1608 by Champlain. When it comes to picking out a townsite, hats off to that gentleman. It has been called the Gibraltar of America, and it looks the part."





Dufferin Terrace, from the Citadel, Quebec



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Old Quebec

"Quaint souvenir of older years
Beside the flowing stream,
With weary eyes asleep it lies
A city of a dream.
The night comes down upon the town,
The moonlit tide is still,
And ghosts of old in cloth and gold
Mount up the ancient hill.

"These flaunt no white upon the night
To chill the hearts of man,
For these are ghosts of singing hosts
That walk these shores again,
The voyageur in garb of fur,
His oar with n his palm,
The holy friar with eyes of fire
Who chants his simple psalm.

"The soldier comes with muffled drums
And cloak and shining sword
To win perchance a land for France
And subjects for his lord.
With measured tread the mighty dead
The empty street parade,
Where once they wrought, where once they fought,
Where once they knelt and prayed.

"Another flag from cannoned crag
Flies over old Quebec,
And guns command the sea and land
Upon an English deck;
But time has left to these bereft,
These ghosts of ancient braves
A refuge still beneath the hill,
A tomb beside the waves.

Quebec of old, Quebec of gold,
Quebec of ancient days.
Where ghosts of men walk forth again
And tread the ancient ways,
Though years roll on with eve and dawn,
Though centuries advance,
What banner flies, what kings arise,
Forever this is France."

Mr. H. R. R. Hertzberg, Chicago "Inter-Ocean,"
Chicago, Ill.:

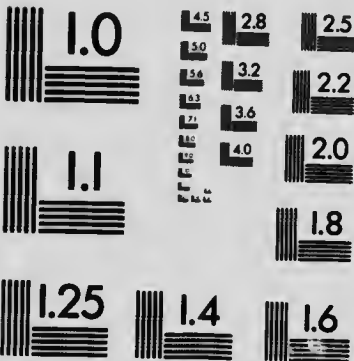
"A bigger, truer, friendlier and more unstinting hospitality than that shown to these writers of America who try—in dailies, weeklies and the magazines—to please and cheer the reading public with their stingless jests and laughing rhymes, the





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writers best known as press humorists, by the Grand Trunk (acting through several of its high officials and through one who is the Humorists' president, to wit: Cy Warman) could not be imagined possibly by any one short of the author of 'Arabian Nights.'

"'Twas perfect in its splendid thoroughness and its unpretentious heartiness—the latter crowning it most royally."

Mr. Fred Schaffer, Newspaper Enterprise Association, Cleveland, O.:



MONTREAL

"King George V. rules the Dominion of Canada, but an Irish-Canadian subject rules Montreal—Dr. Jos. J. Guerin. His worship—yes they call a mayor "his worship" here—is a gentleman so polished that he could be president of France, and still have the honor sit lightly upon him. But he had an even more exalted honor thrust upon him, when as host to the American Press Humorists at an elaborate feed, he was decorated with a badge of honor by Cy Warman and given the freedom of his own city.

"This badge, your worship, entitles you to enter any post-office in Montreal and ask for your own mail," spoke Cy in a low, sweet, gentle tone of voice. 'It permits you to breathe the air; opens the door of any free art gallery to you, and allows you to ride on any street car in the city when presented along with the correct fare!'

"As the head of this city of 500,000 souls eagerly clutched the talisman his heaving bosom showed he was more moved than he cared to own. 'I shall wear it and try hard not to disgrace it—if such a thing is possible,' he sobbed.

"All of this happened upon the summit of Mount Royal, the 900-foot high jump of forest covered rock that tries vainly to crowd the 'Gateway of Canada' into the St. Lawrence River.

"From the summit you can see all of the city, and you can see the longest railroad bridge in the world. From the railroad bridge you can see the Lachine Rapids. And from the rapids or anywhere else you can see Mount Royal. Mount Royal, Grand Trunk bridge, Rapids, Mount Royal. That's the order in which the big attractions of Montreal are listed.

"Trans-atlantic steamers come right up to Montreal, with their freight and passengers from the sea, over 800 miles. They could go all the way up to Toronto if they wanted to—and the Lachine Rapids weren't in the way."

QUEBEC

"No wonder we saw tears well into the eyes of W. E. Davis, railroad magnate and yacht club commodore of Montreal, profoundly versed in the 'Habitant' lore of the French-Canadian provinces, when he listened to the loved poems of the late Dr. Drummond recited by his friend, J. Bevans Giles. In 'O! Quebec' you get the very essence of the pathos and picturesqueness of the 'Habitant.' Quebec is old, very old; and very very quaint. A day spent there is forever a pleasant memory and a week spent there an education."

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Wolfe and Montcalm Monument, Quebec



W. J. Johnson—"Knudson"—in "The Rockford Register-Cazette":

"Vile I crack no yokes causing explosions of laughs mung de funny fellows at Montreal, in my kviet, unobtrusic vay I contribution my west button to de yentral success of de convenshun.

"I was dare vid de snore vot inspiration de masterpiece of de meet in de line of inwoking de muse. It vass a case of:

Yust a leetle nightmare,
Yust a leetle snore
Makes soam fallers famous,
Makes soam fallers sore.

"I menshun diss yust to show vot humble achencies yeanyus often selecks to vin a place on de Hall of Fame.

"But I vass glad at shance giving me de opportunity to fill my destined niche in de convenshun structure, an by de results it luk like I deliver de goods in caliopean cadence an yig time. Diss iss cause I got few side lines up my sleeve as a candate for limelight honors, an snoring be vone of dem.

"Ven I got mung dat bunch of brain stormers, yoke architecks of globe renown, I felt yust like a Siberian crab in de centre of a bushel basket full of big red apples, but I took all de consolation I could out of de taught dat probly, after all, maybe, I vass at least doing my duty in adding my mite to svell de total veight of gray matter repsented by diss glorious aggregation, doing it sheerfully an uncomplainingly, like each grain of sand in de grocer's poun of sugar.

Ve put in vone afternoon vid Col. Davis, de traffic manayer of de Gran Trunk road at a club house dare, an diss vass vone of de side trips to be remembered. Col. Davis got a memory, too, ven it coam to dat. He vent on record as being able to remember bote a faller's name an hiss face over night. Ven ve call on him nex day he call each an every vone of us by name. As a host he measure up vid de Grand Trunk System, an dass saying he be a mighty "braw pojik." All de Grand Trunk fallers ve met seemed to be built on same line mentally som Davis but differing soam physically. An it iss no vunder diss road bevare it be. Pressdent Hays, vid a kinely eye an a firm yaw luke like de typical ralvay king."



AFTER THOUGHTS

"Judge" Editorial Rooms,
225 Fifth Avenue,
New York, Aug. 12, '10.

"It's all right, Cy."

J. MELVILLE LEE.

* * *

"I am sure we never had a better time."

JOHN D. WELLS,
Buffalo "Evening News."

* * *

"Many thanks for a tremendous week."

GEORGE FITCH.

* * *

The Eighth of August.

"My Dear Friend Cy:

"At this distance, and after calm reflection, I am prepared to say that I never had a better time in my life with better people."

HENRY EDWARD WARNER,
Baltimore "Sun."

* * *

"The Cone's have asked me to say to you, 'Thanks for the time of our lives.'"

JOE. CONE,
Boston "Herald."

* * *

August 10, '10.

"My Dear Mr. Warman:

"Mrs. D. and I wish to thank your road for the delightful trip. We have not got down to earth yet."

J. H. DONAHEY,
Cleveland "Plaindealer."

* * *

From the "Yonkers Statesman,"
New Brunswick, Buy the C:

"Mr. President:

"Col. Bill Lampton is doing the talking—I'm thinking. Were I permitted to talk I should say, in the language of Uncle Joe Connor, 'The Grand Trunk's a hell of a success.'"

Yours right along,

ED. OLIVER.



"Dear Cy Warman:

"I am back from that bit of a western trip and take this first opportunity to drop you a line of appreciation. From the time we got on the Grand Trunk train at Port Huron to the time I left that beautiful view of the St. Lawrence from the Citadel, I felt the touch of your constant courtesy and thoughtfulness. That little dinner en route and that dainty luncheon at the Windsor will long linger in my gastronomic memory. Especially I congratulate you on the luncheon which was one of the best chosen and tastiest in my experience.

"Looking back over the week, my one regret is that I was not able to trespass more upon your time so as to become better acquainted with you.

"Again thanking you and wishing you a most successful administration as Head and Front of the A.P.H., I am,

Sincerely and cordially,

EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

Adams Mill,
Aug. 14, 1910."

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Geo. Fitch, Peoria "Transcript":

"Speaking of railways, the Grand Trunk line has the finest roadbed in America with no very prominent exceptions. Donahy, the Cleveland "Platdealer" artist, drew cartoons of the press humorists all the way home from Montreal last week while the train was making fifty miles an hour.

"The Grand Trunk is a great builder. It built the finest Suspension Bridge across the Niagara Gorge. It built the tremendous Victoria Bridge at Montreal and will cross the St. Lawrence at Quebec over the new cantilever bridge, the biggest in the world."

• • •

"La Presse," Montreal, Que., Aug. 5, '10:

M. CY WARMAN ELU PRESIDENT

Les Humoristes Américains Le Choissent Comme
Premier Officier, a Leur Assemblée D'Hier—
Plusieurs Nouveaux Membres
Sont Acceptés.

M. Cy Warman, de Montréal, a été choisi hier comme le nouveau président des humoristes américains. Bien que d'autres candidatures fussent posées pour remplir cette même charge, les éminents services rendus par M. Cy Warman, comme secrétaire, et nombre d'autres raisons, mettaient le nouveau président hors de pair, pourrions-nous dire. Alors que les employés en grève déclaraient que tout était paralysé dans le trafic, M. Warman, comme preuve du contraire, amenait à Montréal, par voie du Grand Tronc, la plus nombreuse convention d'humoristes tenue depuis la formation de cette société.

Une rivalité considérable se déploie actuellement entre



AMERICAN ASSOCIATION
OF PRESS HUMORISTS

Détroit, Boston et Peoria, Illinois, pour l'honneur d'avoir en chacun de ces endroits, la prochaine convention.

De plus, M. Henry Edward Warner a soumis un plan qui n'est pas sans ambition, mais qui a de grandes chances de réussir. Il s'agirait d'un voyage en Europe, la convention ayant lieu en plein océan. Une décision sera prise à ce sujet d'ici 24 heures, vu que la réunion se termine samedi matin.

Le colonel Wm. G. Lambton, du "New York Herald", a été élu vice président et Newton Newkirk, du "Boston Post", secrétaire.

Henry Edward Warner a été déclaré membre à vie de l'Association, et cet hommage ne pouvait, être mieux mérité, puisque M. Warner est le père de l'Association et, a pris de son enfant un soin plus que bienfaisant. Les nouveaux membres élus ont été: MM. E. Tracy Sweet, du "Scranton Republican"; H. F. Gadsby, du "Collier's Weekly", de Toronto; Wm. Johnson, du "Rockford Illinois Gazette"; Chas. A. Leedy, du "Telegram" de Youngstown, Ohio, et A. J. Russell, du "Minneapolis Journal".

Des lettres et messages furent lus de la part de Sir Wilfrid Laurier, de Théodore Roosevelt et de John D. Rockefeller.

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Telegrams of regret at being unable to be present were read as follows:

'William G. Rose,

'Windsor Hotel, Montreal:

"Please convey to the American Press Humorists' Association assembled at their eighth annual convention at Montreal, my most cordial greetings. I recall with so much pleasure our first meeting at Forest Hill, and much regret that it is impossible for me to be with you this year. My best wishes for the success of the convention. I wish for each and every one of you what makes life worth living, and I hope you will not pass me by when you are next in my neighborhood."

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

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Following is a copy of the letter received from Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, ex-President of the United States:

'My Dear Sir:

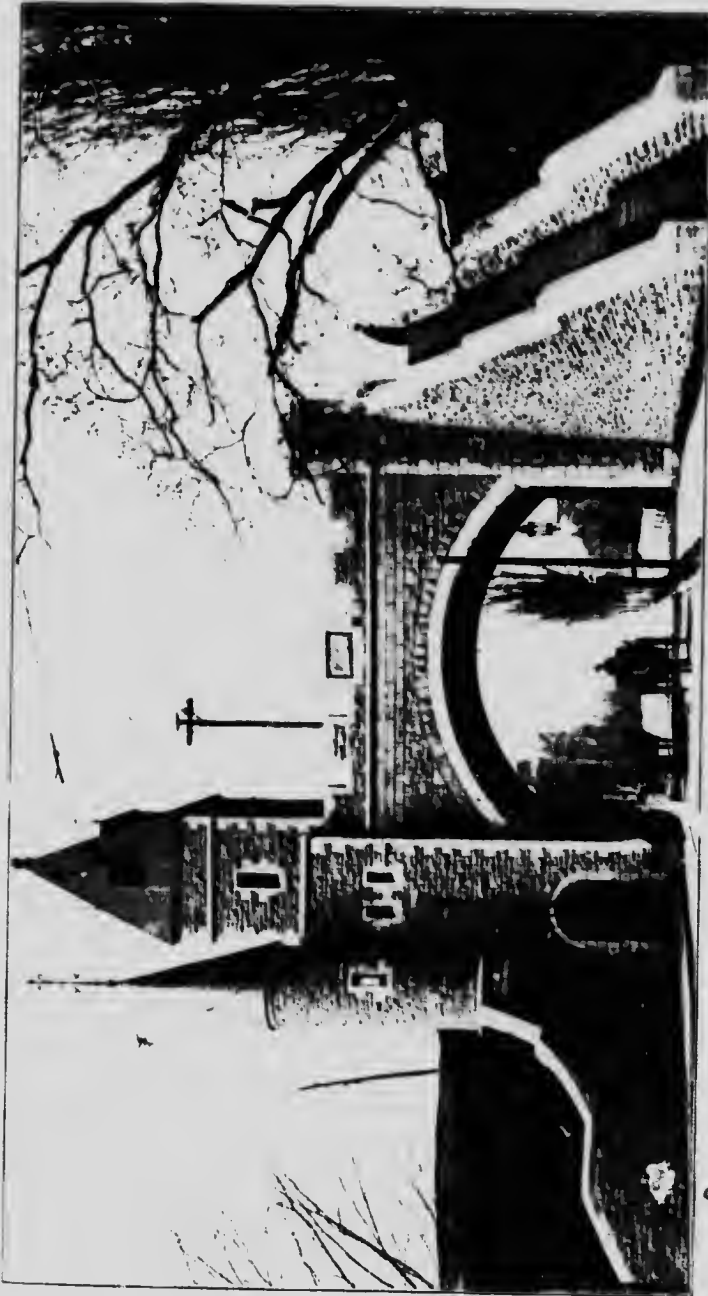
'I wish I could accept, but it is a simple impossibility. You have no conception of the multitude of requests to speak and invitations to attend banquets and re-unions which I have received. It is physically impossible for me to accept even one in a hundred. I am deeply touched by the courtesy shown to me in asking me to go to these banquets and re-unions and to make speeches, but I could not possibly accept more than a relatively small proportion unless I absolutely abandoned doing everything else of any kind or sort—and I mention this as applying to the invitations which I should really like to accept.

'Faithfully yours,

'THEODORE ROOSEVELT.'

'To Cy Warman, Esq., Secretary-Treasurer. Montreal.'

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St. Louis Gate, Quebec



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Sir Wilfrid Laurier wrote as follows:

'Dear Sir:—I beg you to accept my sincere thanks for your favor of yesterday but as I shall be on a tour of the Western provinces at the time mentioned I shall be unable to accept your kind invitation to be present at the 8th annual convention of the American Press Humorists Association.

'Yours very sincerely,

'WILFRID LAURIER.

'To Cy Warman, Esq.,
Sec'y-Treas., American Ass'n of Press Humorists, Montreal.'

• • •

I send the dear old bunch a toast:

"Here's luck, old boys, and happiness,
And all things good; and I
Hope we'll be Good Friends while we live,
And Old Friends when we die."

Fraternally yours,

L. O. REESE.

• • •

Walt Mason, Emporia, Kansas:

June 9.

"Dear Mr. Warman:—I have been building a house here. The architect figured that it would cost about a dollar and a half, but there has been no end to the expense, and for months and months I have been walking the floor wondering how I'd pay the bills. It's a pretty nice house, now that it's done, but the way it cost money is a sin. Because of this building expense and the resulting poverty, I won't be able to go to Montreal this year. I wish I could. I am sending you a photo by registered mail. As a work of art it is punk but it looks like me after a hard day's work.

"Sincerely your friend,

WALT MASON."

• • •

Roland Park, Md., Sept. 17.

"Dear Cy—I sure was desolated in being deprived of the privilege of seeing you in your habitant habitat this summer.

"And I did so much want to see all the boys again in a flock. It seems ages since I saw them cawed.

"With most cordial regards

STRICKLAND GILLILAN."

• • •

McLanburgh Wilson, "New York Times":

Regrets

"Though the summer breezes call on the road to Montreal and the lure of them for coolness I have felt I have got to linger, Cy, her in little old N.Y., where the cobbles are starting in to melt.

"May your party know success and the most of happiness, be the jolliest convention of them all. In the meantime you can bet it will be my one regret I'm not with you on the road to Montreal."



