

Men Who Make a Nation Laugh

Most of Them Received Their Training on Newspapers and Got the Western Point of View Before They Developed



MISS CAROLYN WELLS

BY JOHN S. HARWOOD.
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GELETT BURGESS BORN ON THE ATLANTIC COAST AND TRAINED ON THE PACIFIC

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TOM MASSON FATHER OF THE PHRASE "SUMMER GIRL"

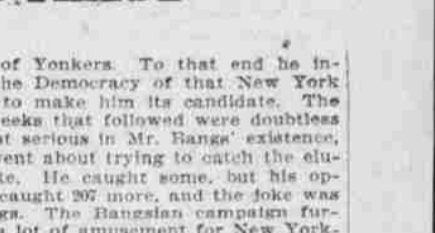
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EDWIN A. OLIVER, FATHER OF THE CONVERSATIONAL JOKE

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Major of Yorker. To that end he induced the Democracy of that New York suburb to make him its candidate. The three weeks that followed were doubtless the most serious in Mr. Bangs' existence, as he went about trying to catch the elusive vote. He caught some, but his opponent caught 30 more, and the joke was on Bangs. The Bangsian campaign furnished a lot of amusement for New Yorkers, who were kept posted by the daily papers of the progress of a humorist as a politician.

After he gave up all designs on the Mayorship, Mr. Bangs turned his attention to education, and in 1897 he became vice-president of the Yorker's school board, with the avowed intention, his opponents declared, of substituting his humorous works for the standard textbooks. However that may be, Mr. Bangs remained a prominent director of the Yorker's young idea till 1904. Since then he has eschewed public preferment.

Bangs has the distinction of being the most productive of our fun-makers. He thinks nothing of turning out two or three books a year, with scores of short stories and innumerable paragraph jokes on the side.

Edwin A. Oliver, Bangs' old fellow-townsmen, when he began writing on the Statesman, his father's paper, turned out short stories. From this work he drifted into the dialogue joke—this is his modest explanation of his creation of this form of laugh-producing writing. Oliver did this drifting some thirty-odd years ago, and since that time he has turned out jokes at the rate of six to ten a day. All told he has written about 80,000 jokes in print. It is safe to say that most of Mr. Oliver's jokes have been copied the world over. That publication which aims to print any humor whatever rarely neglects to exercise the clipping scissors on Oliver's column, signed with the pen of Ed I. Torialia.

Among the present day American humorists he divides with Mark Twain the distinction of having cracked jokes with the present King and Queen of England. He was entertained by them in 1896, when they were Prince and Princess of Wales. The Prince, it seems, had been smiling for years at jokes of Oliver's copied by the British publications.

When John W. Oliver, the humorist's father, died a year or two ago, he was the oldest newspaper editor in the country. The son now sits in the editorial chair so long filled by the father. Prior to his father's death he looked after the paper's business side. Today his eye is on all departments of the paper which his jokes have made internationally famous. But a year ago he published a column headed "Whim Whams," which he once seriously told an inquirer was written by the office boy after he had finished sweeping out the office and running his daily quota of errands.—Copyright, 1908, by the Associated Literary Press.

Jewish Institutional Church.
Chicago Dispatch.
Rev. Dr. Emil G. Hirsch has started a movement in Chicago for the establishment of a Jewish institute—a church, a school, a social center for physical, moral and spiritual aid for both Jews and Gentiles, with all the features of a modern Y. M. C. A. It is expected that a fund of at least \$200,000 will be required, toward which \$50,000 has already been pledged. In the sermon in which Dr. Hirsch gave the outline of his plan he predicted that the example which has been set by his congregation would be followed by the orthodox rabbis. That they would make their customs conform with modern times and observe Sunday instead of Saturday as the Sabbath. Speaking of the "negative reform congregation," he said: "They still cling to the customs that are possible in the ghetto, and in Palestine. They have not adjusted themselves to their present environments."

Horse Cars.
New York Sun.
I have wandered through the capitals from Singapore to Cork.
I have had a narrow escape from the clutches of the police.
I behold some wondrous changes on returning to New York.
But I had need to see the horse cars once again.
From Yonkers on the north the town has spread past Rockaway.
From the Baritan far out along the strand; its piers are reaching farther out into the bay—
But its horse cars still go jiggling around.
The downtown streets are canons roofed with narrow strips of sky.
And from the windows up beneath the roofs I can hear the jingle as the same old cars crawl by.
And the same old clatter of the horses' hoofs.
The rumble from the subway and the automobile's bray
Are blended with the old familiar jangle of the horse cars.
I can hear the rattle of the wheels, I can hear the rattle of the wheels, I can hear the rattle of the wheels.
There are places in the sandy, sunny land of pine and yams
And up among the Northern lumber men where patient mule teams sweep their tails while trundling the trams—
But I've heard I see real horse cars once again.