EXORDIUM

THE inconvenience of being ten years dead, which is made a condition upon candidates for niches in the Hall of Fame, precludes many of our worthy citizens from striving for a place in that noble institution. And then the Hall of Fame is just a little bit too dignified anyway, and it would be tiring to the successful business man to stand in a cramped, marble attitude year in and year out. There would be nothing doing—or as the dignified occupants of the Hall would say "No activities transpiring."

But there is another pantheon, where the living may repose in comfort, and whose only conditions are that they be representative of the interests of people now on earth—and look pleasant. On these trifling conditions, the boon of immortality is conferred upon men by those latter-day Olympians, the caricaturists of the daily press. Little Gods of the Brush and Pencil whose creations shall endure so long as men prefer to smile rather than to weep.

This pantheon is a long way removed from the somber dignity of the Hall of Fame—but it is equally distant from the reproachful atmosphere of the Rogues' Gallery. It is made up of those men who preform their share of the world's work in such a manner as to bring them into public notice. Upon these the cartoonists pounce with rare avidity, and by emphasizing their most prominent characteristics present them in a proper perspective for the world to view. No man who comes within range of the cartoonist's vision may hope to wrap himself in a mantle of mystery. The X-ray eye of the caricaturist penetrates his mask and limns his soulsecrets as it were, for the benefit of his contemporaries and posterity.

From the broad galleries of the newspaper cartoonist's sketchbook, the following character sketches have been collated under the head of "Canadians As We See 'Em." And "We See 'Em" with a penetrating yet a friendly eye, picturing the character as it appears to "us." And if no great beauty is depicted in his portrait, let the subject console himself with the reflection that these are Canadians, not as their wives and sweethearts see them nor yet as they see themselves, but as they appear to the Little Gods of the Ink Pots—sometime miscalled "Devils"—the Cartoonists and the Caricaturists of the Daily Press.

Your truly,

E. H. HAYES, B.A., Sec.-Tres.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1905, by the Canada Newspaper Cartoonists' Association, at the Department of Agriculture.