

INTRODUCTION

The value of the caricature as a fighting force is at last fully accepted, not only for international warfare, but for interstate combat. The cartoon does not courtesy to great kings nor bow to exalted social conditions; on the contrary, it regards all men and estates as equally eligible for its satirical attention.

The really civilized modern nation has come to feel the necessity of developing its own class of cartoonists along with its more or less obsolete army and navy, for every nation must eventually fight with the weapons of every other nation, and at present least of all can any civilized country afford to present opportunities for ridicule without striking back vigorously and swiftly with its own cartoonists. Not only is the humorist artist needed to meet the emergencies of international diplomacy, but even at home he is necessary to battle with evil conditions that must spring up in every powerful growing nation; political evils, sanitary evils, sociological evils, can all be fought silently and cheerfully by the well drawn, finely-sensitized caricature.

When the cartoonist is not correcting the nation or battling for it, then it is his high privilege to amuse it. In his hours of ease he may entertain both king and street sweeper; possibly teaching a little even while entertaining. And as he cannot amuse his own land without appealing straight to the kind of humor which is its national characteristic, then how neatly is it possible to judge a nation by its cartoons. The subject for laughter of a people is unquestionably the index to the mental.

I therefore take pleasure in presenting a series of cartoons under the head of "Our Men of Affairs," in black and white. I trust you will appreciate the fact that I have tried to faithfully portray Vancouver's business men, and, if no great beauty is depicted in his portrait, let the subject console himself with the reflection that these are Vancouverites, not as their wives and sweet-hearts see them—nor yet as they see themselves—but as they appear to me.

H.S. PALMER